

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established March 8th, 1866, incorporated revised 1864. Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Meetings last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, P. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Sec., J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Corresponding Sec., J. Kahala; Recording Sec., T. P. Tansey.

WOMEN'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday month in St. Patrick's hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8 o'clock. Committee of Management in same hall on the 1st of every month at 8 o'clock. Rev. J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Sec., P. Gunning, 716 St. Henri.

T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—1883.—Rev. Director, J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, D. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 18 St. Augustin; Treasurer, J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Young and Ottawa, 1.80 p.m.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—26 meetings at St. Alexander street, on the 1st of every month, at 8 p.m. Spiritualists, C.S.S.R.; President, J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Thomas J. Curran, B.C.L.; Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

CANADA BRANCH.—26 meetings at St. Alexander street, on the 1st of every month, at 8 p.m. Spiritualists, C.S.S.R.; President, J. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Thomas J. Curran, B.C.L.; Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

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190

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190

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190

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190

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PALM SUNDAY.—To-morrow will be Palm Sunday. With the celebration of that day, the great event from which its name is derived, we begin the Holy Week—the week during which the culminating scenes in earth's greatest tragedy occurred. Lent is drawing to a close, and like all important movements that result in a climax, the crowning glories of those weeks of penance and preparation are at hand. But before we come to them, in Easter's splendor, there is a dark, desolate and weary pathway to travel—it leads from beyond the Jordan, through the streets of Jerusalem, and out upon the slopes of Calvary and right up to its summit. From Thursday till Saturday we will be called upon to walk, in spirit, along that most memorable of all roads. But before even that journey is undertaken we have to follow another procession, on the day of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

The fame of Christ's preaching and that of his menials spread along both sides of the Jordan, penetrated all the villages and towns from Nazareth to Jerusalem, and as He proceeded from place to place the multitudes that followed Him grew more and more numerous; the anxiety of the Jewish priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees waxed stronger; finally the people seemed to have become enthusiastic and fervid in their craving to hear Him, to honor Him, and even to see Him.

It had been made known that on a given day He was to enter Jerusalem. The ears of the people were ringing with the stories of Cana's wedding feast, of the Centurion's daughter, of the widow's son at Naim, of the lepers made well, of Lazarus arisen; and they sought to honor the Prophet, the Messiah, the King of the Jews. Consequently they took advantage of His coming into Jerusalem to prepare for Him a triumphal reception. Thus it is that we see Him, seated upon an ass, bearing a palm branch in His hand, and approaching the wonderful city of the world's greatest miracles. They meet Him along the way, and they are thousands in number; they are young and old, male and female, saintly and sinner; and they spread their cloaks on the roadway, and covered the path with branches, they strew flowers on all sides, and in bands bearing palms aloft—they sang "Hosannas" of welcome to the Savior of Israel. And from every attainable point of vantage spectators watched the procession, and they, too, waved palms and joined in the hymns.

And it was thus that the Son of God entered Jerusalem, on His way to a cruel and long prepared death. The people knew it not; His very Apostles were unaware of it; but He saw in all this exultation and honor paid Him, the grim spectacle of the Judas kiss, the mortal agony, the halls of the High Priest, the Palace of Pilate, the pillar of scourging, the via Dolorosa and the Cross, the consummation of all upon the height of Golgotha, and He was sad. He saw beyond the veil of the human heart and He knew that many of those who were applauding Him at that moment would be loud in their cries of denunciation before the sun would have grown many days older. He knew they were creatures of impulse, and while they might be sincere in their songs of praise, it needed but the breath of adversity to turn them to shouts of execration. And He proceeded on that triumphal way, neither rejoicing nor quivering at the contemplation of the change to soon come; it was the quiet power of the Infinite that He displayed in

the superhuman fortitude that neither the vanity of human praise nor the malignity of human torture could shake.

To-morrow, the world over, the Church of Christ will celebrate that triumphal entry of the Son of God into the City of Jerusalem, by appropriate ceremonies, the blessing of palms, the carrying of them in procession, and the chanting of Hosannas to the Son of David. But, mark well, the Church will don the penitential garments of purple, and she will also sing the entire Passion, for she knows, as He then knew, that all these hymnings of triumph are but the advance echo of the terrible scenes of human iniquity about to be perpetrated on the Son of God.

The commemoration of that solemn event is fittingly selected as the subject for hundreds of sermons in the Churches of the world; and the lessons that we are to take from it are exactly the most perfect means of preparation for the coming of the sadder, but eventually the more permanently triumphant scenes of Friday and Sunday.

FAMILY PRAYER.—In a recent issue of "Canadian Good Housekeeping," there is an article on the subject of "Family Prayers," from the pen of the widely known editor, W. T. Stead. Of course this contribution is written from the non-Catholic point of view, but it is, nevertheless, timely. We will quote a few lines from the opening of it—the body of the article deals principally with hymn-singing and Bible-reading in the family—and then we will comment upon it according to our own view. Mr. Stead says:

"There is one subject upon which I should very much like to have some accurate information, and that is to what extent the ancient Puritan practice of having family prayers is kept up in the present day. Has it died out, or does it still linger on among the families of religious people? Of course, among those families which are not religious, family worship does not exist. Among religious people, has the rush and hurry of modern life destroyed the practice which for centuries was regarded by our ancestors as essential to the development of Christian life? So far as I can ascertain from inquiries which I have made, this excellent practice has died out almost as completely in the New World as it has, unfortunately, in the United Kingdom.

If this be so, I cannot but regard it with profound regret. I fail to find that modern society has any adequate substitute for the social benefits which resulted from the old institution. At family prayers all the residents of the household met together for once on an equal footing, the master and mistress, the children of the family, and the servants, without distinction of age, sex or rank, and were reminded for at least ten minutes every day that they were all alike human beings, who were not only equal in the eyes of their Maker but who had a duty to one another."

In the first place we must agree with Mr. Stead that there is nothing that is more admirable in a home than the practice of regular family prayers. While we cannot agree that anything can possibly be found that may serve as a substitute therefor, and, at the same time, be of equal importance religiously, educationally and socially, we are yet obliged to admit that in the New World, especially in the United States, the olden custom is falling into disuse. The only thing we find fault with in Mr. Stead's exposition of the sub-

ject is an error of omission rather than one of commission, on his part. He very rightly ascribes to the old Puritans the custom of family reunions, each evening, for prayer in common, but one would be led to suppose, by what he says, that the Puritans alone were accustomed to practise this method of prayer. On the contrary, while the Puritans have been a great exception, in this regard, amongst the various sections of Protestantism, the custom has belonged to the Catholic Church from time immemorial. Long centuries before Puritanism was dreamed of, before even Protestantism was within the range of the possible or probable, the Catholic Church had taught to the faithful the necessity of family prayer; and, to-day, when the loose and scattered Christianity of Protestantism is engendering that indifference which leads to the neglect of the family prayer, the Catholic Church still keeps it up, as in days of yore, still preaches it to the faithful, and the faithful still practice it to an admirable degree.

We might go even further than Mr. Stead and say that not only family prayer, but even individual prayer, night and morning, is becoming obsolete for thousands. It would surprise many good Catholics were we to tell them that we are aware of so-called Christians who never say a prayer, either before retiring or after rising. The good old custom of teaching the child to offer his heart to God on awakening, is not known amongst thousands at this very hour. There is one more evidence of the Church's fidelity to the same century-consecrated principles and practices; and if Christianity, with all its hallowed associations, is to be saved, by that Church alone can it be perpetuated for all time.

CARICATURES.—We observe with deep regret that Catholic American writers are contributing stories to Protestant magazines which are calculated to do injury to our religion and nationality. There is no need of reproducing sketches to make the non-Catholic laugh at the simplicity of our clergy or the weaknesses of the Irish peasantry. These are all qualities, or defects, that the adversaries of the Church and of the Irish race love to dwell upon and to maintain as true life.

We are now getting gradually out of that miserable ditch, and it is to be very much regretted that Catholic writers should select such themes for their contributions to magazines that are circulated in non-Catholic circles.

LATE MRS. E. E. PERREAULT

The death of Mrs. E. E. Perreault, wife of former City Engineer Perreault of Ottawa, took place quite unexpectedly on the 18th instant of heart failure. The deceased, whose maiden name was Martha Walsh, was born at Lacolle, P.Q., and was but 37 years of age. She leaves a husband and five young children to mourn her loss. Mrs. Perreault was of a gentle, unassuming nature, and was widely known and beloved for her many works of unostentatious charity. The funeral took place on Monday morning to the Sacred Heart Church, where the Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by the Rev. Father Portelance, O.M.I., assisted by the Rev. Fathers McGowan and Legault, O.M.I. A very large concourse of relatives and friends then followed the remains to Notre Dame Cemetery where the interment took place.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS.

It is well to remind our readers from time to time how Catholicity stands in regard to numbers on this continent. A writer says: There are about 37,000,000 Catholics in South America; 5,000,000 in the West Indies; 16,000,000 in Central America; nearly 15,000,000 in the United States; 2,500,000 in Canada. The entire population of all America amounts to 150,000,000 or 155,000,000 inhabitants. One-half of all America is Catholic. South and Central America are by majority Catholic, whereas the United States is by majority non-Catholic or Protestant.

THE WAR.

From Tokio, under date of Wednesday, details received throw very little additional light on the situation of both armies. Accounts from Moji, opposite Shimonoseki, Japan, says that the Japanese fleet made another attack on Port Arthur March 18, bombarded the city and its defenses, and fought an engagement with the Russian fleet outside the harbor, destroying one Russian battleship. Seven Japanese casualties are reported. There is no information concerning the Japanese fleet's condition. The Navy Department has not been advised of this engagement.

St. Petersburg, March 23.—Further details of the attack on Port Arthur early yesterday morning are expected during the day, but nothing in the way of private or newspaper despatches supplementing the official accounts has been received up to the hour this despatch is sent. According to the information received here, there now exists a complete embargo upon newspaper despatches direct from Port Arthur. During the last ten days there has been a general shutting down upon newspaper despatches from the Far East, owing to increased precautions to prevent the Japanese from obtaining news of movements of Russian troops.

The military authorities seem not displeased by the Japanese tactics yesterday. They assert that such bombardments only wear out the guns and machinery of the ships and waste ammunition, without compensating advantages. They point to the comparatively insignificant damages done by the bombardment of Santiago by the American fleet as proof of their futility. From the positions taken by the Japanese, the latter could not see either the town or the batteries. The range was from six to eight miles, with a high angle of fire, and precision was impossible. Although the general target was large, only a lucky chance could really damage the batteries or ships.

So far as known, the Japanese accomplished nothing yesterday. The Russians had better luck, a shell from the battleship Retvizin, which was firing over the hill, landing on one of the Japanese battleships. It is admitted that these pot shots are trying to the garrison.

Vice-Admiral Marooff, the naval commander at Port Arthur, is commended for his self-restraint in not risking his ships in an engagement with the enemy. A prominent Russian admiral explained to the correspondent of the Associated Press how essential conservatism on the part of the Russian naval commander at Port Arthur is at present. He said:

"If Admiral Makaroff, whose disposition would be to go out and meet the enemy, should give battle upon the approach of the Japanese, and defeat them, his victory would be fruitless, as necessarily it would be purchased by some injury to ships, and our lack of adequate docking facilities at Port Arthur would render it impossible to refit them, whereas the Japanese have ample docks in which to repair their vessels."

The feeling here is that the Japanese tactics are preliminary to a landing on the peninsula in an attempt to cut off Port Arthur. The Russians declare they are fully ready for a siege. Forty trucks of grain reach the fortress daily.

The Russians are being massed in force along their first line, from Feng-Huang Cheng northward for thirty miles, while their second line extends from Mukden to Hai-Cheng.

All the rolling stock required for use in the Far East has now crossed Lake Baikal. The last locomotive was taken over yesterday. Prince Khilkoff, the Minister of Public Works and Railroads, who has been personally superintending this work, leaves Baikal in a few days.

The correspondent of the Novy Kral, of Port Arthur, who is proceeding to the Yalu River, writes that he saw crowds of Chinese coolies throwing up earthworks on the heights at Kin-Chou, north of Port Dalny, showing that the Russians are determined to resist the Japanese attempt to land on the neck of the Lia-tung peninsula.

LOCAL NOTES.

THE CHINESE.—A few years ago our local readers very frequently witnessed the spectacle of Chinese residents of Montreal entering non-Catholic places of worship. Recently there has been a change. Now the Celestials are to be seen occupying the pews in our parish Churches, notably St. Patrick's. It is said that there are not less than 150 Catholic Chinese in this city, and that on Sunday next a large deputation will call upon Archbishop Bruchesi to obtain the necessary permission to erect a chapel and to secure a priest conversant with their language to minister to their spiritual requirements.

The French Academy.

We hear and read a great deal about the French Academy, its "forty chairs," and its "forty elect members," its strict rules, its high authority in all literary matters; but few of us know aught about the origin, the subsequent history, and the present status of that time-honored institution. Some nights ago, Miss Vianzone, who is a professor of French literature at St. Petersburg, gave an admirable lecture at Laval University, on the subject.

In the Seventeenth Century, in the days of the "Great Monarch," a number of friends used to meet at the home of Conrart, on certain nights of the week, to talk of art, letters and science. This group attracted the attention of Cardinal Richelieu, who offered them his protection and desired to constitute that little society the nucleus of a great institution. He soon made a regular association of it, and gave it the name of the "French Academy." After its establishment and at the request of Richelieu, they began the famous dictionary, which in turn has served to immortalize the Academy.

At first the institution became the object of sneers and ridicule, jealousy and envy; but under Louis XIV., who was its second founder, so to speak, it received into its ranks the highest and most learned personages of France. From that date comes the legend of Academic chairs, the story of which few have ever heard. Up to that time there were only three large chairs, or Academic "fauteuils" used by the President, Chancellor and Secretary. The Cardinals who became members asked for like chairs and declined to attend the meetings because they had not the same accommodation. As their request was contrary to the rules, which said that all members should be equal, the King settled the difficulty by having forty of those chairs placed there. These remained so until the time of the Revolution, and when then abolished were never restored; so that the famous "forty chairs" have become a mere fiction. Under subsequent reigns the Academy lost ground till, in 1793, the Convention suppressed it, and confiscated its property. It was only in 1816 that the Institute of to-day was founded, and since then, while conserving the ancient traditions of the first Academy, it has expanded, grown more important, and has become the criterion of all great literary merit, as far as the French language is concerned.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

AT HULL.—At an entertainment under the auspices of St. Patrick's Literary Society, Mr. E. B. Devlin was the speaker of the evening. He opened with an outline of the conditions of the new land bill, and told how it would beneficially affect the oppressed tenants. Mr. Devlin gave credit to the British Government for the generous provisions of the bill. He spoke of the demand of Irish Catholics for freedom in establishing universities under their own Church, and compared the restricted university privileges of Erin to those of Canada, instancing the harmonious existence of McGill, Protestant, and Laval, Catholic, in Montreal. He compared in other ways the freedom of Canadians to that of the Irish people and concluded with an eloquent peroration in support of Home Rule.

IRISHMEN AT THE TOP.

As in Canada, Australia, and elsewhere, Irishmen in South Africa have displayed and are now showing their capacity as administrators. Mr. W. St. John Carr, the first Mayor of Johannesburg, is an Irishman and a Catholic. The Mayor of Pretoria is Mr. Bourke, whose name betrays his nationality. Mr. O'Reilly, a Limerick man, who was recently on a visit to this country, was Mayor of Cape Town a few years ago. Mr. Moses Cornwall, the Mayor of Kimberley before the outbreak of the war, is a Dublin man, and attended the Convention of the Irish Race in his native city a few years ago as a Home Rule delegate from the Diamond fields.

THOUGHTS OF HOLY WEEK.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

HOLY THURSDAY.—Next week will be Holy Week, the last of the Lenten season, and the most important of all the year, since it is commemorative of the most striking events in the history of our redemption. Holy Thursday is the day that witnessed the establishment of the Church. Upon that momentous occasion, when partaking of the Last Supper, Our Divine Lord sent forth His Apostles, giving to them the mission to establish His Church all over the earth, to preach, to convert, to administer the Sacraments. It was that night, before Judas had performed his act of perfidy, and before the tragic scenes in Gethsemane's Garden took place, that Christ delivered His last will, and gave His final instructions, to all who were to begin the perpetuation of the mighty work He was about to commence.

On Holy Thursday the Redeemer broke bread and handing it to His chosen few, performed the miracle of transubstantiation. At that moment for the first time, were the words, "This is my body," pronounced; and immediately the Eucharistic Sacrament was created. This, next to His death, was the greatest act of superhuman love that the Son of God could perform. He thereby guaranteed us His perpetual presence in the Sacrament of our altars. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament was not enough. It was followed, almost immediately, by the words, "go ye and do likewise," go and preserve for the human race the food that is of the soul for its salvation; go and be the priests of the Church; go and represent, in a visible manner, the ever present but invisible Head of the Church. He, there and then, created the order of the Priesthood; He bequeathed His power to St. Peter and his successors. The Sacrament of Holy Orders came into existence on the occasion of that great ordination under the new dispensation.

No wonder then that the day is called Holy Thursday. The kiss of Iscariot told the master that numbers of traitors would follow the example of the fallen Apostle, and receive unworthily the precious gift of His Body and Blood. The weakness and denials of St. Peter prefigured the priests and guardians of souls that would some day fall away from the awful graces they had received, and would deny the Truth that had been given to them. But Christ also beheld, down the vista of centuries, the noble, pious and fervent millions whose communions of reparation would ascend, like incense, to heaven, and the vast army of His sacerdotal soldiers that would "fight the good fight" on the field of existence. In truth it is a day of sacred and holy memories, and one upon which all faithful Catholics should pay special honor to the Eucharistic presence, and renew their devotion towards the Vicar of Christ and their confidence in the priesthood that He established. Thereby will they prepare themselves for a worthy celebration of the still more tragic events reserved for the following and closing days of the grace-burdened period of Holy Week. Let us then, on Thursday, pause to reflect upon the mysteries commemorated and upon the unfastionable love that dictated the institution of the Eucharist and the Priesthood! Without the latter the former could not be perpetuated; and without the former we would have but a cold, hollow, meaningless creed—one that would be despoiled of its choicest treasure—the perpetual presence of Jesus Christ in our tabernacles.

GOOD FRIDAY.—The saddest and most glorious day of all the year! The day of twilight grandeur; the weaving of funeral darkness into perpetual light. In the story of the Passion we read of those scenes that have thrilled the human race with awe, and the mere mention of which has gone down the ages, like a trumpet-call summoning the spiritually dead to a resurrection of eternal duration. We need not ask our readers to linger with us in contemplation of the events of Good Friday; in our Churches they are pictured in the "Stations of the Cross"; from our pulpits they are repeated in the varied tones of different preachers. No matter how eloquent the speaker, he can add nothing to the sublimity of the drama enacted on Golgotha; no matter how simple his style, it cannot fail to fire us with a species of enthusiasm and devotion that on no other occasion can be felt. Could we but transport ourselves in imagination to the period of the Redem-

tion, and surround ourselves with the actual scenes and the living actors, what an astounding panorama would we not behold. Standing upon some eminence outside the doomed Jerusalem, we would behold the fate of millions of dead patriarchs and just ones hanging in the balance, the future salvation of millions yet unborn awaiting the consummation on yonder skull-shaped mountain. Over the valley and across the Jordan would come the cry of the raider, the clashing of spears, the tramp of soldiery, the curses of the Jews, the execrations of the Scribes, the moans of the sympathetic, the weeping of women, and the groaning of the vast multitude. Adown the Via Dolorosa would we catch a glimpse of one solitary, deserted figure, moving under the weight of a cross, and clad in the trappings of a mock monarch. We would see Him fall; then hear the kicks and blows that caused Him to arise again. At last the yelling, domineering throng would issue from the Fish Gate, and dance, in wild anticipation of bloody scenes, up the rocks of Golgotha. Finally we would see the Creator, Redeemer and future Judge of our race, suspended between heaven and earth. The price of our salvation flowing down the wood and dampening the earth; the barbaric conduct of the military around the Cross; the loving St. John, the weeping Magdalene, the agonizing Mary, the Mother. At last we would hear a voice cry out, "Consummation Est;" as the work of Redemption was immediately accomplished.

Then, turning again to the mountain, we would see the soldiers depart; the centurions casting lots for the garments of the Mighty Dead; and the faithful few looking up to the silent Saviour. But then; Ah! A transformation. Clouds rolling up and along the horizon; lightning leaping across the expanse; the sun glowing dark upon the western sky; the earth rocking like a tempest-lashed ocean; the dead coming forth from their graves and walking among the living; the veil of the temple rent from top to bottom. Nature in awe and consternation in presence of Divinity in the agony of superhuman love. All this would we have seen and heard, were we to have stood near Calvary nineteen hundred and odd years ago. All this we know to have taken place; and all for our salvation. Were we to have witnessed the tragedy, we naturally would have felt our blood boil, our indignation arise, our horror at the sacrileges overcome our every faculty. Yet to-day, the same scenes are enacted around us, and we anticipate in them.

Even as we write—even as you read—are we daily playing the part of the Roman soldier, the cruel centurion, the black-hearted scribe, or the bloodthirsty Jew. By our sins we are causing the same Divine Victim to renew the agonies of Good Friday and to suffer over again the horrors of that sanguinary sacrifice. We drive in the nails with the hammer of our passions; we pierce the side with the spear of our iniquities. And yet we are not indignant with ourselves. Good Friday is at hand; let every true Catholic celebrate it in a befitting manner by doing penance for all his errors and by striving to repair the wounds he has inflicted upon Calvary's Victim. In that way alone can we expect to worthily prepare for a resurrection with Him on Easter morning. We must bury in His tomb all the evil of our being, and await the three days to come forth glorious in spiritual grace. Then will this be a truly Good Friday for us all.

HOLY SATURDAY.—This is a day of repose, of transition between the gloomy scenes of Friday and the glorious event of Sunday. Although it was not until Sunday morning that the Saviour came forth from his tomb, still the prelude to the hymns of rejoicing is heard on Saturday. From the repository the Sacred Host is carried to the altar; at the Gloria the bells ring again; the lights around the tabernacle are more numerous and the vestments of black are exchanged for white, the ceremonies preparatory for the coming year are performed. The holy water, to be used for all Church purposes, is blessed; the oil and holy chism are also prepared; the great Pascal candle, an image of Christ, with the five wounds arisen and glorious, is blessed and lighted. On the Gospel side of the altar it is placed, and there it remains until the day of the Ascension. It tells us of the light of Truth, the

gospel of revelation, that the envoys of Christ must carry all over the earth and unto every future generation.

Holy Saturday is also the day upon which the Catholic is supposed to withdraw into the hermitage of his own heart and there prepare himself fittingly for the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre of his sinfulness, when the Angel of the Resurrection descends on the morrow. It is a day most holy because it is the eve of the greatest event since creation. To close the Lenten season in a worthy manner and to be assured of a spiritual rising on the morning of Easter, it is necessary to enter into the spirit of the Church upon that day. She invites us to penance, to absolute, to a purification in the salutary waters of penance. By following her instructions and obeying her precepts we cannot but secure a happy and glorious Easter. Holy Week will soon be a thing of the past for this year. Of the thousands, the millions called upon to celebrate the commemoration of the sacred deeds that the first Holy Week witnessed, how many will there remain to join in the ceremonies next year? This fearful uncertainty should make the true Catholic so act as if he were positive that this will be his last Holy Week on earth, and that his next Easter will be a resurrection into a life that knows no ending. A happy Easter to all our readers!

VARIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS.

MICHAEL DAVITT ILL.—This widely known Irish Nationalist, now in California, is reported to be ill, and threatened with pneumonia.

COOMBES MAY BE DETHRONED.—Despatches from Paris, under date of March 19, describe the situation in which Premier Coombes' ministry is at present, as becoming gradually precarious. Some of the recent majorities have been below the traditional 20, which is the limit of safety.

PREJUDICE.—With all the boasted liberty of the 20th century, it is astounding that there should be so much prejudice displayed towards those who profess Catholicity. At a religious meeting in London some weeks ago, Sir George Kekewich was moved to say that he opposed the education act "because he was a Protestant first, a Christian next, and an Anglican afterward." On which Catholic Book Notes remarks, somewhat dryly: "It has long been manifest that a large number of folk put their Protestantism before their Christianity, but we do not remember to have seen, until now, any open profession of the fact."

CHOIR BOYS.—Another peculiar reason, emanating from a non-Catholic source, why religion should be taught in schools, is that furnished by a recent strike of the choir boys of an Episcopal church, which urged the minister to declare it to be one of the baleful results of an absolutely non-religious system of education.

CHURCH MAY LOSE DEPOSIT.—A Catholic American exchange says: An effort is being made to save from the wreckage of the Sheldon Iowa State Bank \$8000, which belongs to St. Patrick's Catholic Church of Sheldon, and which was on deposit in the bank at the time of the failure. Frank E. Gill, of Sioux City, who represents claims against the Bank of the sum of \$40,000, has filed for Rt. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, Bishop of Sioux City, a petition of intervention seeking to establish a preferred lien on the grounds that the Bishop was trustee, this \$8000 was a trust fund, and that the officers of the bank understood it to be such at the time it was accepted as a deposit.

THE POPE AND FRANCE.—Correspondents of American newspapers, with headquarters in Paris, are busy just now writing about the approaching visit of President Loubet to Italy. Here is a sample of their style: "A prominent personage says President Loubet will go to Rome more like Charlemagne, as a representative of authority instead of dependence. The visit will also be notable in breaking the long standing custom

that the visit of a ruler of a Catholic country to Rome requires a visit to the Vatican. It is a recognized fact among diplomats that Emperor Francis Joseph has not returned the visit of the King of Italy because he would be expected to call at the Vatican. The Kings of Spain and Portugal have refrained from going to Rome for similar reasons. M. Loubet's visit will emphasize a departure from this accepted usage. But the tension between France and the Vatican promises to be offset by a strengthening of the bonds between France and Italy."

This is on a par with the general tone of the daily press of to-day, yet Catholics are its mainstay.

FIRST LOAN.—In connection with the Irish Land Purchase Bill, which is certain to be the forerunner of other great changes in Ireland ere long, the Government has announced the issue of \$25,000,000 in 2 1/2 per cent stock. The issue price is 88. The list closed yesterday.

DUBLIN'S LORD MAYOR.—At a recent meeting of the Dublin Corporation, a resolution to reduce the salary of the Lord Mayor from £3700 a year to £1700 was carried by 40 votes to 26. The resolution will not take effect until next year.

EVIL SIGNS.—European exchanges received this week contain the following note of a sacrilegious occurrence in Cannes, France: Thieves entered the parish Church from the roof of an adjacent shed, and stripped the building of its most valuable contents. The rich vestments and all the silver plate were stolen, while the tabernacle on the altar, containing the Sacred Host, was burst open and its contents scattered on the ground.

RITUALISM.—Mr. Balfour intimates that he will recommend to the King the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the disorderly practices in the Church of England.

A STATUE OF CHRIST

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A despatch dated New York, 15th March, reads as follows:

"The dedication of a great statue, of Jesus Christ, on the boundary line between Chile and Argentina, has been made the occasion of impressive ceremonies in which high officials of both countries participated, cables the Valparaiso correspondent of the New York Herald. The dedication gave an opportunity for the expression of most cordial feelings of friendship and ended in the Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs accepting an invitation to visit Santiago de Chile."

What a magnificent text for a sermon, for a lecture, for a volume. The statue of Christ on the frontier of two nations, the emblem of peace, of friendship, of love, of harmony, of Christian unity. No matter what may be the differences that may arise between two such peoples, no matter what the causes of international disagreement, or even hostility there stands the glorious emblem, and as their eyes turn to it, from either side of their international border line, they can read in it the precepts that the Divine One, Whom it represents, has preached, taught and scattered to the entire human family. If seen in the proper light, considered in the true spirit, what "a sermon in marble" must not that statue furnish!

It was He who said to the waves, "Peace, be still"; He it was who said, "Love One another"; He it was who said that "whosoever loveth the sword shall perish by the sword"; He was foretold as the "King of Peace"; and on the night of His nativity, the Angel host sang "Glorias" to God and "Peace on earth to men of good will." All through that life of thirty three years did he preach Peace, Love and Fraternity. And, dying, He bequeathed to His Church the same sacred mission of Peace throughout the world, unto the end of time. And, faithful to that mission, the Church has never ceased, during nineteen hundred years to send her missionaries to the uttermost ends of the earth and to instill into the hearts of men that love of God and Peace between brethren which have been so characteristic of our doctrines.

It is only, then, between two Ca-

CHRIST'S OMNISCIENCE.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"Christ led a humble and unostentatious life; He preached by example as well as by word, and He never taught that His Church should be what the Romish Church of to-day is—namely, a theatre of pomp and an institution of new-fangled doctrines. If that Church is His Church, Christ could not have foreseen the pride and wealth that were to replace one day the humility and poverty that He taught." So spoke Rev. H. J. Harris, D.D., in his lecture on "Romish Innovations," in London.

Without squandering space on this Doctor's calumnies and historical inaccuracies, in his first remark, we will confine our attention to the last sentence of the above-quoted passage. "If that Church is His Church, Christ could not have foreseen, etc." Here is a direct attack upon the Omniscience, therefore the Divinity of Christ. It is the casting of a doubt upon the truth of Christianity.

Either Christ was the Son of God, co-equal with the Father, or He was not. If He was not, then He was not what He represented Himself to be; He deceived His followers; He was an impostor amongst men; and all the system—great and wonderful as it may be—which He built up, is only a mere human institution, a gigantic fraud. Christianity is one vast and long-acted farce, if Christ was not what He proclaimed Himself to be. It is not likely that Rev. Dr. Harris, or any other Christian, lay or cleric, would push audacity to the point of sustaining such a contention. There, then, remains only one alternative; that Christ was what He said to the people, the Son of God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; God—equal in everything to the Father, the Creator. If co-equal and co-eternal, He must be possessed of each and all of God's attributes—not one of which could possibly be wanting in Him. He must be omnipotent, all-wise, all-just the truth itself, and omniscient. Time is a limited, Eternity is an unlimited duration. Time is a line, more or less lengthy, drawn between two points; the one called "the beginning," the other called "the end." Eternity is a point that has no beginning and no end. Past, present and future are all as one in Eternity. The most remote period that the mind of man can imagine in the dizzy past, and the most extreme epoch that we can conceive in the unmeasured future, are both equally present as far as Eternity is concerned. The eye of the Eternal takes in at one glance all that is measurable and all that is immeasurable. The Omnipresence of God applies not only to every place known to the present, but also to all places, and periods inside and outside the circle of Time. The span from Creation to final judgment is merely an undistinguishable dot in the illimitable extent of Eternity. Therefore, if Christ is God, He is eternal, omnipresent and omniscient; consequently twenty centuries ago He knew all that is being done at this present, as He was then as equally present with Pius X, as He was with St. Peter. He not only foresaw the future of His Church, but He saw it without foreseeing it. He knew then, as He knows now, and as He knew ages before creation, exactly what is transpiring at this moment upon earth.

"And this would demand a perpetual miracle, or infraction of nature's laws," says Rev. Dr. Harris. That depends upon how you consider a miracle. Did it ever strike the mind of that learned Doctor that a miracle is really not a violation of nature's laws? A strange and somewhat startling assertion for a Catholic writer? Not half as much so as are the absurd suppositions of Rev. Dr. Harris. It depends on what nature you mean. A miracle is decidedly a violation of the laws governing our nature, which belongs to created beings and created things; but it is in strict accordance with the laws governing the divine nature, or the nature that belongs to the Creator of all beings and things. Our finite minds cannot grasp the idea of eternity; nor of an Eternal Being; no more, then, can we comprehend the laws of that nature in harmony with which are all these humanly incomprehensible facts that are called miracles. The Omniscience of Christ is no more extraordinary, no more miraculous, no more an infraction of the laws governing a Divine nature, than is the Omnipotence of the Eternal.

Christ compared the Kingdom of Heaven to a mustard seed that is sown by man; it grows, becomes a plant; finally the birds make their nests in its branches. If the Kingdom of Heaven is such, the Kingdom of God on earth—His Church—is similar. Christ cast the seed into the earth, when He was among men; since His departure it took root, it was watered by the blood of martyrdom; it grew, it expanded, it became what it is to-day. Christ saw all that, and it was part of His eternal plan that it should be so. The seed is an unattractive little object, but beautiful are the flowers and rich the perfume from the tree that it produces. Small the beginnings, but wonderful the growth of the Church, and all the splendors of ceremony and the pomp of adoration that we now know are merely the natural outcome of the seed sown by the Hand of the Omniscient Christ.

Father Fidelis (I. Kent Stone), in his beautiful chapter on "The Primacy and Prophecy," puts the matter in a few clear words. Let his words answer that Doctor of Divinity, who seems to admit the possibility of Christ's knowledge being limited. "Protestants," says Father Fidelis, "either do not believe what they profess, or do not understand what they profess to believe. I mean that they either have no faith, or a most unintelligent faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They have no real apprehension of Our Lord's Omniscience. They do not truly understand that what He did during His brief ministry He did with the future all before Him, as it had been before Him from all Eternity; that every word which fell from His human lips had been predetermined in the counsels of the Trinity, and was uttered with the most absolute foreknowledge of its consequences. Neither do they comprehend His Omnipotence. They are not conscious that whatsoever He promised He has Himself performed. To them it is as if Christ gave men a religion, and then left it to push its own way to conquest, or rather left it in the hands of men, to be debated over, and misunderstood, and tampered with and perverted. They know not that He who laid the first stone has superintended the whole construction; that the Church has been built up, as it was founded, by the power of God."

It might be advisable for Rev. Dr. Harris to revise his theological studies, if ever he really studied theology; and at the same time to take in a few ordinary lectures on both profane and sacred history; he might be led to understand the nature of the Founder of Christianity and the perfect harmony and unity of the Church that He has given to the world.

WORTHY SONS.

Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, one of the officers of the Federal Parliament of Australia, is a son of the ex-Premier, ex-Speaker, and 48th insurrectionist. All the Duffy boys, says a writer in the "Sydney Freeman," inherit their father's ability. John is a legislator and King's Counsel; Frank holds a responsible position in the Crown Lands Department.

OUR T

ST. PATRICK'S DAY in Toronto honored than this year were sung in the Church. Saint was extolled from the shamrock was even dance, and all seemed claim relationship even with the Emerald Isle orations and musical programs for the Erin's children and the felt that the day at least tears for the time being and naught but smiles where seen. The bright present Erin and come of still greater felt in the spirit hour, and it was faith and hope in the through all the happen joined in the National Save Ireland."

WITH THE HIBERN

Massey Hall a great ed the Hibernians on night, when a program the great order was pre Hall itself was in leep occasion; a background across which in letters the welcome "Caed M faced the audience, and form were seated some of the children of the girls in white formed t were flanked by the boys suits; green flags hung lars, and palms and fern between the footlights ar boxes. In the centre form a beautiful gold throughout the evening the shamrock was displa on the breasts of the ar in the hands of the ar John T. Keating, of orator of the evening, h address, was present basket of the dainty Those who took part i gramme were Miss Mad harpist; Mrs. Annie Har Teresa Flanagan, Miss Miss Theresa McAvoy, Paul and R. Ruthven M the children, under the accompanied on the gre Miss Agneta Tone Breen.

The entertainers have been chosen on account of class standing, and all what was expected from chorus of children sang spirit, and after "O'Don enore was demanded. McAvoy showed ability o order in the management instrument—the violin—and drew from the harp, cho only a child of Erin co Mrs. Hargrave simply t dence by storm when ing of the Green" she r the bunch of shamrocks pressive notes told of this lady is a singer wh Irish sentiment in a way the hearts of her listeners would like to hear her Teresa Flanagan, always was a welcome songst Miss Nellie Byrne surpr who had not before heard music and power of her v. J. A. Paul sang "Kittar "The Minstrel Boy" in a while Mr. Ruthven McD the honors with Mrs. H winning his way into the his hearers.

The chairman of the A. T. Hannon, read tele greeting from the Hiber Montreal and Cornwall, interesting resume of Irel story introduced the orate evening, Hon. John T. Ke Chicago, Ill., ex-National A.O.H. The eloquent ad listened to throughout w most interest, the only r that owing to the size of the voice of the speaker times lost. Mr. Keating er from whom the word the utmost case, and his c irresistible.

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THE CELTIC LEAGUE

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OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—St. Patrick's Day in Toronto was never more honored than this year. High Masses were sung in the Churches, Hibernia's Saint was extolled from our choirs; the shamrock was everywhere in evidence, and all seemed anxious to claim relationship even if far remote, with the Emerald Isle. Banquets, with the Emerald Isle. Banquets, orations and musical numbers were the programme for the evening, and Erin's children and their descendants felt that the day at least was theirs; tears for the time being were dried, and naught but smiles were everywhere seen. The brighter days of the present Erin and the days of the past Erin were brighter were come of still greater brightness were felt in the spirit which moved hour, and it was with heightened faith and hope in the future that all through all the happenings of the joined in the National hymn, "God Save Ireland."

WITH THE HIBERNIANS.—At Massey Hall a great gathering greeted the Hibernians on St. Patrick's night, when a programme worthy of the great order was presented. The Hall itself was in keeping with the occasion; a background of green across which in letters of gold ran the welcome "Cae'd Mille Fialthe," faced the audience, and on the platform were seated some four hundred of the children of the schools; the girls in white formed the centre and were flanked by the boys in neat dark suits; green flags hung from the pillars, and palms and ferns rested between the footlights and around the boxes. In the centre of the platform a beautiful golden harp stood throughout the evening, and the little shamrock was displayed profusely on the breasts of the audience and in the hands of the artists. Hon. John T. Keating, of Chicago, the orator of the evening, at the end of his address, was presented with a basket of the dainty green leaf. Those who took part in the programme were Miss Madeline Ryan, harpist; Mrs. Annie Hargrave, Miss Teresa Flanagan, Miss Nellie Byrne, Miss Theresa McAvoy, Messrs. J. A. Paul and R. Ruthven McDonald and the children, under the direction and accompanied on the great organ by Miss Agneta Tone Breen.

The entertainers throughout had been chosen on account of their first-class standing, and all came up to what was expected from them. The chorus of children sang with fine spirit, and after "O'Donnell Abu" an encore was demanded. Miss Theresa McAvoy showed ability of a superior order in the management of her instrument—the violin—and Miss Ryan drew from the harp, chords such as only a child of Erin could produce. Mrs. Hargrave simply took her audience by storm when in the "Wearing of the Green" she raised aloft the bunch of shamrocks and in expressive notes told of Erin's past; this lady is a singer who interprets Irish sentiment in a way that touches the hearts of her listeners; Toronto would like to hear her often. Miss Teresa Flanagan, always a favorite, was a welcome songstress, while Miss Nellie Byrne surprised those who had not before heard her by the music and power of her voice. Mons. J. A. Paul sang "Killarney," and "The Minstrel Boy" in a sweet tenor while Mr. Ruthven McDonald shared the honors with Mrs. Hargrave in winning his way into the hearts of his hearers.

The chairman of the evening, Mr. A. T. Hernon, read telegrams of greeting from the Hibernians of Montreal and Cornwall, and after an interesting resume of Ireland's history introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. John T. Keating, of Chicago, Ill., ex-National President, A.O.H. The eloquent address was listened to throughout with the utmost interest, the only regret being that owing to the size of the hall, the voice of the speaker was sometimes lost. Mr. Keating is a speaker from whom the words flow with the utmost ease, and his climaxes are irresistible.

One feature of the entertainment was the absence of the "funny man," who in reality was never funny but simply grotesque. The Hibernians of Toronto have done their part in eliminating this feature from their entertainment. The evening throughout was the finest of the many fine evenings this Association has given the city.

THE CELTIC LEAGUE.—St. Andrew's Hall received its full complement of Irish men and women on St. Patrick's night, when the chair

was taken by Rev. L. Minnehan and an address delivered by Mr. Jas. Conmee, M.P.P., supplemented by an agreeable presentation of song and story. Father Minnehan, in his own happy way, fulfilled the duties of chairman, and Mr. Conmee, in his address, dwelt on the happy days in store for Ireland as foreshadowed in present conditions. Mr. Conmee is one of our representative Irishmen, who has won his way until our Provincial Legislature holds none whose voice and word have more weight, and whose influence for the country's good is greater. On St. Patrick's night he was warmly welcomed and his words cheered to the echo. The musical numbers and elocutionary presentations were appreciated and warmly applauded by the large audience present.

ST. PATRICK'S RECTOR.—Saint Patrick's Day, the Patronal feast of Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's, was made the occasion by the Brothers and boys of the school of an entertainment in every way creditable to all concerned; one, too, of which St. Patrick's Rector might well be proud as evidencing the work being done in the schools of his parish, while at the same time he could not but appreciate the spirit which prompted the exhibition in his honor.

Though given in the afternoon, the popularity of the event brought together an audience that taxed the accommodation of the hall to the utmost; the Redemptorist Fathers, Rev. L. Minnehan, Inspector Prendergast, and trustees of the school were amongst those present.

The pretty stage scenery and the inscription "Vivat Pastor Bonus," in large letters across the platform together with the festoons of greenery decorating the walls and pillars, gave the hall quite a festive air. The programme, though lengthy, was carried out with despatch; it consisted of choruses, solos, part-songs, exhibitions of drill, piano and violin solos and concluded with a little drama entitled "The sign of the Rose." The accompaniments were played by Miss N. Costello. Where all did well, it is hard to specialize; the superior tone of the voices in singing, however, should not go unmarked as evidencing the good work being done by Prof. Donville in this direction amongst the children of our schools.

The part songs, usually difficult for children, were creditably sung in every instance, and one or two voices were of a remarkably sweet tone and quality. The recitation "A Southern Chief's Revenge," was delivered with fine spirit and intelligent interpretation by a boy whose name on the programme looked like S. Meade, though I cannot be sure of this, as it was blurred. The little drama with which the entertainment closed was a surprise in its variety of costume, varied scenery and the admirable manner in which each young actor took the part allotted him. "God Save Ireland" and speeches from gentlemen present closed the afternoon, leaving all loud in congratulations, justly deserved, to the Brothers and boys of the school.

An event which took much from the pleasure of all present was the fact that the one for whom it was all intended was far away; Rev. Father Barrett was called by telegram to the Ledside of his father, then thought to be dying, on the very morning of the feast. The sympathy of all was with the Rev. Rector, even while in compliance with his wishes the festivity went on in his absence.

AN ORDINATION.—On Saturday, the Feast of St. Joseph, the Convent of the Precious Blood was the scene of events much more than ordinary, and held for the members of the community a pleasure and interest long to be remembered.

In the first place it was the feast day of the Rev. Superiress, and it was the day to be marked hereafter as the occasion on which the first ordination in their Chapel took place. The recipient of the Sacrament of Holy Orders was Rev. Joseph F. Dittman, who had just completed his course at St. Michael's College. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, who ordained the young Levite, was assisted by Very Rev. Father Marlon, C.S.S.B., and Rev. Doctor Teefey, C.S.S.B., while Father Dittman was assisted by Rev. Father Cherrier, C.S.S.B.; there were also in the Sanctuary Rev. Fathers Walsh and Murray, and Rev. Messrs. J. W. Byrne, P. J.

McGrath, Sullivan and Burke, all of St. Basil's. The solemn ceremony was watched with interest by the congregation, which filled the little Chapel to overflowing. The altar was adorned with lilies and lights, and the handsome cluster of red lobes surrounding the Sanctuary lamp made a fitting for the impressive ceremony. At the conclusion of the Mass, the newly ordained priest gave his blessing to all those present. In the afternoon Rev. Father Dittman gave Benediction in the same Chapel, and said his first Mass—the High Mass—at St. Basil's parish Church on the following Sunday.

Rev. Father Dittman is from Germany, but spent some time in Philadelphia before coming to Toronto. He is to be stationed at Marquette, Michigan, but before beginning active work is to make a two months visit with his friends in the Fatherland. Father Dittman will take with him the prayers and good wishes of his friends in Toronto, all of whom wish him bon voyage and au revoir.

MISSION AT ST. BASIL'S.—A mission opened at St. Basil's on Sunday and is to continue throughout the week. The missionaries in charge are Rev. Fathers Zimes and Connelly, C.S.S.R., from Pennsylvania. I hope to tell you more of this next week.

THE FORTY HOURS are still going on at St. Patrick's they closed a most successful and beautifully carried out devotion on Sunday; at St. Helen's they are still in progress. Rev. Doctor Teefey, Superior of St. Michael's College, preached the opening sermon on Sunday night; Father Doherty is to preach on Monday and a Redemptorist Father on Tuesday. His Grace the Archbishop will be at the solemn closing on Tuesday morning. Long before the hour of Vespers on Sunday the Church was crowded even into the vestibule, and many had to withdraw for want of room; the altars, as usual, were greatly admired.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE

Some local daily newspapers, in referring to the Speech from the throne read at the opening of the Quebec Legislature this week, and which we publish below, state that the session will be the last of the present Parliament. The business to be considered by the legislators is varied and includes about 104 private bills.

Following is the Speech from the Throne:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

I am happy to welcome you once more to express my wishes for the success of your labors. I am convinced that I voice your sentiments when I say that I regret the sad and painful event that so suddenly removed the Hon. Mr. Duffy from our midst, while enjoying the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. The public career of that high-minded gentleman was not a long one, but in the few years during which he presided over two of the most important departments of my government he displayed administrative abilities of the highest order. By his loss the province has been deprived of a public servant possessing broad, sound and just views and endowed with a praiseworthy spirit of conciliation.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the great prosperity which the province continues to enjoy and the remarkable progress effected in the development of its natural resources during the past few years. My Ministers will, with your assistance, continue still further to promote this development in the interests of the public weal.

The negotiations with the Dominion Government to obtain recognition of our rights over the fisheries in the territorial waters of the province, though not yet ended, lead us to hope for a favorable solution. My Government, convinced of the importance of the work of colonization, which seems to be the chief factor in our prosperity, and whose success will assuredly decide the role of this province in the confederation, has eagerly sought for means to free it more effectively from the obstacles that actual legislation may offer to its progress. It has not failed, more over, to study the question of the lumbering industry, which for many years to come will constitute one of the most important elements of public and private wealth. The commission appointed to enquire into everything connected with this national question of colonization will

shortly make its report, which will immediately be submitted to you and such legislation as may be rendered necessary by the conclusions of that report will be laid before you for your appreciation within the shortest delay possible.

The development of our mineral resources continues, and the recent discovery of new and valuable minerals, radium amongst others, is a proof of the richness of our province.

The regulations sanctioned by my government and enforced by the Provincial Board of Health for the protection of public health have produced satisfactory results, and the co-operation of the municipal authorities has been effective.

My government has every reason to believe that the importance of the readjustment of the provincial subsidies, the conditions whereof were approved by you last session, is being seriously considered by the Government of Canada.

Several bills of general interest will be submitted to you. I may mention in particular a measure concerning the revision of the statutes passed by this Legislature since 1888, and another respecting accidents incident to labor.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly: The public accounts of the past year will shortly be laid before you. I am happy to be able to inform you that there is again a surplus for that year. The estimates for the coming fiscal year will be submitted to you without delay. They have been prepared with all the economy consistent with the efficiency of the public service.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

In conclusion I am happy to say I am convinced that in studying the questions forming the object of your deliberations, you will bring to bear that spirit of concord and harmony wherewith your devotedness to the interests of the province will be sure to inspire you.

THE DIGNITY OF WOMEN.

His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow refers in his Lenten Pastoral to the celebration of the jubilee of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, and in conclusion writes:

Our Lady brings before us the true idea of woman's place in the world. It is most important that this idea should be insisted on in our time and in our surroundings. The example, which comes from many who occupy high places is not of a kind to increase men's reverence for women, or women's respect for themselves. The desire of display, or even of notoriety, has done much to make home life, with moderate social amusements, and entertainment, give way to a round of almost continued excitement. Reasonable expenditure befitting one's condition on dress and housekeeping has been replaced by luxury and extravagance. Eagerness to gain the means required has led some to risky business speculation, and others to social degradation. Not a few women of good position have become hindrances instead of helps to their husbands. Young men, unwilling to face undue burdens, have avoided marriage and have drifted into a dangerous and vicious course of life. In the social intercourse of young people we do not always find the decorum and restraint which make it wholesome and which add to its true rational enjoyment. As a result of a lowered public opinion unhealthy literature has increased, and the stage which might provide innocent amusement and even elevating lessons is often given up to sensuous, or, perhaps, dangerous spectacles.

It is our duty to do our best to keep ourselves and our children free from these evil influences. For this it is necessary to have before us constantly the true ideas of social life and family life, which are founded on purity and self-respect in women. Our young people must be taught to value modesty and self-restraint. While full opportunity is given to them for recreation, they ought to be kept from the dangers of over-familiarity, and rudeness in their manners. Mothers ought to remember that their own chief pleasure should not be found in running from one amusement to another, but in making happy, companionable homes for their husbands and families, in living with their children and supervising, without undue interference, their recreations and companionships. Undesirable friend-

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

(By our Own Correspondent.)

UP GOES INSURANCE.—Under the pretext that Quebec's fire brigade is disorganized, and the marked danger from conflagration to which our city is subject, the Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association has decided to increase the already too high insurance rates. Local agents were informed of this fact in a circular letter from the Secretary of the Association last week. The new rates to be introduced render it practically impossible for a certain class in the community to insure at all. The people were naturally both surprised and indignant when the news was made public.

PRIEST DIES SUDDENLY.—Rev. Father M. Tremblay, parish priest of Les Eboulements, died quite suddenly recently. Father Tremblay, while robing to celebrate Mass, fell to the floor and expired. Deceased was about 50 years of age, and was at one time attached to the Quebec Seminary. For a number of years past he was curate of several parishes in the Diocese of Chicoutimi.

THE MISSION AT ST. JOHN'S.—St. Jean Baptiste Church was crowded for the past week by the men of that parish, attending the mission given by the Jesuit Fathers. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Father Adam, whose sermons on the eternal truths made a deep impression on all who heard him. The mission came to a most successful close on Monday evening, the 21st instant.

EASTER MUSIC.—The different city choirs are practicing for Easter Sunday, when some choice music will be heard. After that date, it is said mixed choirs will be polished and nothing but plain chant by male voices will be rendered.

DEATH OF A SISTER.—The death is announced of Sister Marie Evangeline Dufresne, an auxiliary at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity in this city. Deceased, who was 46 years of age, has spent 27 years of her life as a member of the above religious community.

THE WEATHER.—After one of the most severe winters within the recollection of the oldest residents, fine weather has at last set in, and the snow is beginning to disappear, giving us the hope that we will soon be once more "in the good old summer time." In the rural districts the making of maple sugar has commenced, but unless rain falls in the near future the crop will not be a very plentiful one.

RETREAT FOR YOUNG MEN.—Sunday next will be the closing day of the retreat now being preached to young men in the Jesuit Church. All the services are very largely attended, even standing room being at a premium. A general communion will take place at the 7 o'clock Mass on Sunday next, and at 7.30 in the evening the closing sermon will be preached.

ships are often easily checked at the beginning, and many a danger and even sin can be prevented by a little watchfulness and a word of kindly warning. The family life of the next generation depends on our training; if our young people are allowed to associate without reserve and decorum, and to engage in exciting and unbecoming amusements, we can hardly expect for their future homes the true happiness for which mutual respect is essential.

Many parents fulfil their duties most carefully; the object of what has been said is to increase the number of such parents, and to endeavor to bring into every home the true Christian ideal of social life, the reverence which men should have for women, the respect which women should have for their sex. We have succeeded to a noble heritage from our fathers of the times of persecution, whose morality was as pure as their faith. No doubt they owed much of this to

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH.—The feast of St. Joseph, patron of the Universal Church, was celebrated with unusual pomp and solemnity on Saturday last. There was solemn Grand Mass in the different parish churches and Grand Mass in the Convent chapels. Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., was the celebrant at St. Patrick's, assisted by Rev. Fathers Sterne and Gannon as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

It being also the feast day of Rev. Father Henning, the pupils of St. Patrick's School took advantage of the occasion to present the esteemed Rector of St. Patrick's with a complimentary address. The event took place in Tara Hall on Sunday afternoon, the hall being crowded to the doors. On this occasion the following programme was carried out, each item being vigorously applauded:

- Overture—Orchestra. Chorus—Choral Union. Recitation—"The Paschal Fire of St. Patrick," Geo. Mulrooney. Song—"Always in the Way," Harry Lecouteur. Recitation—Jos. Byrne. Chorus—Choral Union. Recitation—"The Pilot," M. Ward. Cornet Solo—Mr. A. Gingras. Recitation—"The Everlasting Church," J. Walsh. Flute Solo—Mr. L. Dumas. Recitation—"Seminioli's Reply," M. Hanrahan. Dance—Messrs. T. Ryan and J. Connors. Chorus—Choral Union. Address—M. Labbe. Song—"God Save Ireland," Choral Union.

Father Henning's appearance on the stage to reply to the well-worded address was the signal for an outburst of enthusiastic applause, which lasted for a considerable time. Father Henning referred to the interest which he, in common with all priests, especially pastors, took in the education of boys. Education without a good Christian training was useless. It was a matter which interested both priests and parents, as upon the education of youth depended the future welfare of the Church and society. If boys did not receive a good, sound, Christian education, what would become of the Church in the years to come? He complimented Rev. Father Delargy, Director of the school, as well as the good Brothers, on the efficiency which the school had attained, and made their mark in the world who said many young men had already started out with no other recommendation than that they had received their education in St. Patrick's School, Quebec. At the conclusion of his remarks, Father Henning announced that if there was no objection on the part of the boys he would give them a holiday on Monday. This announcement was received with wild cheering by the boys, who filled both galleries of the hall.

St. Patrick's School is another monument to the self-sacrificing zeal of the highly esteemed Rector, as it was during his pastorate some 27 years ago that the foundation stone of the school was laid, and ever since has gone on increasing in efficiency and popularity, until to-day it stands as one of the foremost educational institutions of the Ancient Capital. Boys from other parishes and even outside the Church have graduated from the school, all of whom look back with pleasure on the days spent in their Alma Mater.

their devotion to the Virgin Mother. We have the same devotion, and if we are faithful it will bring to us the same results.

Let us, then, during this year of special honor to our Mother, beg for her intercession for ourselves and for our children. Let us renew our good resolutions to walk in the ways of purity and self-control of which Mary is the model. If we have admitted in our own lives, or in the guardianship of our young people, any of the relaxed customs which are so common, let us at once cast them off. So we may, by God's grace, keep ourselves, as Mary did, unspotted from the world, and be the worthy children of an Immaculate Mother.

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of St. Laurent

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

day of thanksgiving who, forging the iron into the steel of man...

THE SESSION is on, and yet it has so far accomplished but little. It would seem as if they were only marking time until the Easter recess would be over.

A LECTURE—For this week we will have to turn to another subject, and one that cannot fail to interest many of the readers of the "True Witness."

At the very outset Mr. Waters informed his audience that he had no intention of approaching his subject from the standpoint of religious controversy, nor did he desire to touch upon the perpetual struggle between the claims of the Anglicans and of the Catholic Churches, in regard to the period in which Mary Tudor reigned.

Gregorian music is very much exaggerated in any case.

After Pope Gregory's decree church music was changed more and more by the individual singers, who put into it changes that appealed to them.

"Until half a century ago the real Gregorian chant survived only in the monasteries. What was sung, when it was sung at all, was a perverted species of plain song, very often harmonized and bearing very little relation to the Gregorian chant.

"There among the monks whose duties had kept the tradition of Gregorian song from generation to generation, he found the original music that had fallen out of secular use.

"The day came at last when her father, a 'bloated ruffian prince,' as Macaulay styled him, went down to the grave, and she was called upon to succeed to the throne.

"Then it will be possible for composers to write music in the style of these masses. Pending a decision from Archbishop Farley whether the churches will have to use Gregorian music, Mr. Gaston Dethier, the organist of our Church, has composed a mass in the fashion of the old writers for Easter.

in the former editions made by the monks could bring out the expression of the music, and he could understand the sense of a phrase even if his notation did not indicate all the details of interpretation.

"If the organist allowed himself as much liberty, the result was never pleasant to any one unfortunate enough to hear it. These new editions, by means of very simple and clear notation, indicate the accents until there is no room for doubt.

Father Young was asked if he thought that congregations would be as well satisfied with Gregorian as with the more elaborate and often operatic masses sung in the Churches to-day.

"I think," he said, "that after hearing the Gregorian music for a short while they will like it better than any other, and from its frequent repetitions congregations will be enabled to join in the singing to a degree that has not been possible in years.

"Two weeks ago the choir sang an anthem by one of the old composers written in unison. The following Sunday they sang a harmonized version of the same music. I was told by several persons in the congregation that it was much more beautiful the week before, in its simple form.

"Of course, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn will go, and much more music of modern composition. After Archbishop Farley has given his order as to the interpretation of the encyclical, committees will be formed in every diocese. This committee will decide what Masses are to be sung, as being in accordance with the terms of the Holy Father's letter.

"I have never sung Mozart in St. Francis Xavier Church. Much of the modern music is frivolous. It is sometimes possible to find in it some that is grave, without being sad, but usually it is emotional and operatic.

"The same is not true of the rest of the mass. It is the same combination of austerity and sentimentalism that Gounod was himself. There are modern composers, however, who are writing music that can be sung by the choir.

"I want to say two things in reference to this important change in the music of the Church. The first is that the Gregorian chant can, within a year, be taught to any choir provided the plain song editions made by the Benedictines of Solesmes are used, and that no church organist who follows the Strasburg organ accompaniments is going to find his way so difficult; and the second is, the Gregorian chant should be taught in all the Catholic schools. In that way this great oration in the music of the Church can be brought about in a few years."

Father Young says that Gregorian music expresses as does no other the sentiment of the Roman Catholic Mass.

"The Gregorian music survives from the very first days of the Church, when the people gathered together and chanted the Psalms. Then came the reading of the Letters of the Apostles, which survives to-day in the reading of the Gospels; then the Creed; then came the explanation, which we have to-day in the sermon.

The Mass proper begins only with the Offertory. Of the singing of the Psalms at the beginning of the service there survives to-day only the 'Introit,' which is sung as the priest enters the Sanctuary.

"The Gregorian music alone retains proper differences between what is merely preliminary to the Mass and the solemn part of the service, which it constitutes. Later composers devoted as much time and care to one part of the Mass as to another, and made no attempt to point out the most solemn moments.

"In every way it remains the most beautiful expression of Christian adoration in music."

LATE MRS. JOHN QUINN.

The parish of St. Anicet, County of Huntingdon, loses one of its oldest inhabitants in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Byrne, who died on the 7th of March, 1904, at the advanced age of 82 years.

The remains were conveyed to the parish Church of St. Anicet, where a solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul, by the parish priest, Rev. Father Toupin. May her soul rest in peace.

LATE MR. U. E. ARCHAMBAULT.

Last week our city, and our Catholic educational cause, lost a most worthy and distinguished man, in the death of the late Mr. U. E. Archambault. For many weeks the deceased gentleman suffered from a disease that proved finally mortal.

"I think," he said, "that after hearing the Gregorian music for a short while they will like it better than any other, and from its frequent repetitions congregations will be enabled to join in the singing to a degree that has not been possible in years.

"If congregational singing is desired, the use of the Gregorian chant will be the best means of bringing it about. Our choir here has sung music by Palestrina and by other old composers, and the congregation has taken more delight out of it than any other music.

"Two weeks ago the choir sang an anthem by one of the old composers written in unison. The following Sunday they sang a harmonized version of the same music. I was told by several persons in the congregation that it was much more beautiful the week before, in its simple form.

"Of course, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn will go, and much more music of modern composition. After Archbishop Farley has given his order as to the interpretation of the encyclical, committees will be formed in every diocese. This committee will decide what Masses are to be sung, as being in accordance with the terms of the Holy Father's letter.

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educational circles, in which he was a most active worker. He was the dean of the educational section of this Province, and for over thirty years he had been constantly attached to the Plateau Commercial Academy.

Being a fervent Catholic, he was connected with all movements calculated to advance the cause of Catholic education. Mr. Urgel Eugene Archambault was a son of Louis Archambault and Marie Angelique Prud'homme. He was born at l'Assomption, the 27th of May, 1834. He made his course of studies at the Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal. He graduated in 1851, and was appointed Professor at the school of St. Ambroise de Kildare, then at l'Assomption, and then at Chateaugay, St. Constant and finally Montreal. In 1859 he was appointed Principal of the Catholic Commercial Academy of Montreal.

Mr. Archambault occupied several positions of trust and importance, such as: Principal of the Montreal Polytechnic School; Professor of Industrial Economy at Laval University; director general of the schools under control of the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal, warden of Notre Dame Church, Montreal; vice-president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and manager of the Journal of Education.

In 1878, Principal Archambault was appointed commissioner for school exhibits of the Province of Quebec, at the Paris exhibition. He was made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre in 1881, and in 1886 a Knight of the Universal Humanitarian Society of the Salvage Knights of the Maritime Alps, and also an officer of the French Academy. R.I.P.

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Father Young's On Plain Chant.

A representative of the New York Sun had an interview with Rev. Father Young, who has charge of the music of St. Francis Xavier Church of that city, in regard to the recent Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pius X. on the subject of Church music. Father Young said: "I am only awaiting Archbishop Farley's decision before using the

Gregorian chant in all the services. That will not be difficult for us, as we have been using that music for the past ten years.

"If Gregorian music is to be sung in all our Churches, as it must ultimately be, singing will have to be taught in all the Roman Catholic schools. I have always been an advocate of that, and want to insist now more than ever on its extreme importance.

"In that way Gregorian music can be taught to the children, and it will make simple the recruiting of our choirs. It is very easily taught to children. They learn, merely by hearing it sung by others, how to place the accents. The difficulty of singing

Two years ago the French Associations bill compelled the Benedictines to leave France, and it looked for a while as if the results of Abbot Pothier's labors to revive the Gregorian chant would be lost. But the exiled monks have taken refuge in England and in their temporary monastery near Wroxall, on the Isle of Wight, they are preparing the editions of the Gregorian chant.

"The ease of singing the Gregorian chant from these editions," said Father Young, "comes from the fact that they restore the Gregorian rhythm. It was the secret of the rhythm that was lost. A musician with a piece of chant

OLD PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

I have before me two volumes of the "Poems of Ossian, the Son of Fingal," published in 1804. One hundred years ago this month, these volumes came from the press. The translation is by James Macpherson. It will be remembered by many of our readers that, about a century ago, it was claimed, by many critics, that Ossian was a myth and that Macpherson was the real author of those wonderful poems. The claim was absurd in the extreme. As this is a period of revival of Celtic letters, I may be excused if I occupy a few columns, during the coming weeks, to disprove Macpherson's ridiculous pretensions, and at the same time to give, those interested in the subject, a general idea of the age in which Ossian lived and wrote, as well as of his principal works. I will commence by citing the preface to these volumes, written at Edinburgh, March 1, 1792.

"It is now more than thirty years since an English translation of the Poems of Ossian has been submitted to the public. Their reception in this Island, and, if possible, the still more ardent admiration which they have excited on the Continent of Europe, supersedes, on this occasion, every purpose of attempting to praise them.

"In the year 1773, the translator, Mr. Macpherson, published a new edition with considerable alterations. In a Preface to this edition, he begins by informing the reader that he ran over the whole with attention." The rest of the Preface might, without injury to his literary credit, be suffered to sink peacefully into oblivion. He concludes by informing us, that "a translator who cannot equal his original, is incapable of expressing its beauties." (In another of Macpherson's dissertations we meet with the following extraordinary information: "Without vanity I say it, I think I could write tolerable poetry; and I assure my antagonists, that I should not translate what I could not imitate.")

"If we understand the meaning of this expression, it seems to be, that Mr. Macpherson possesses a degree of poetical genius not inferior to the original author; and we are most disposed to adopt this explanation as he has, in other passages of this very Preface, mentioned his own version, in terms of highest self-complacency; it has even been generally understood, on both sides of the Tweed, that he wished to keep the question respecting the authenticity of these poems, in a sort of oracular suspense. This suspicion is by no means started at present to serve a temporary purpose. We have had numerous opportunities of conversing on the subject with gentlemen who were intimately acquainted with the Gaelic language, and with several to whom the Poems of Ossian were familiar, long before Mr. Macpherson was born. Their sentiments, with respect to his conduct, were uniform, and, upon every occasion, they made no scruple of expressing their indignation at such an instance of ungenerous and ungrateful ambiguity. It was to the translation of these poems that Mr. Macpherson was first induced for distinction in the literary world. After the first publication, many cavils, for they cannot deserve a better name, were thrown out respecting the reality of the existence of the work in the Gaelic language. To extinguish every doubt of this nature, Dr. Blair collected a copious list of testimonies, transmitted by gentlemen of the first rank in the Highlands of Scotland. These testimonies were reprinted in every subsequent edition till that of 1773, when the translator seems to have conceived the project of making the whole, or at least a great part, of the poetry to be understood as his own composition. To accelerate this hopeful purpose, he suppressed the testimonies which we have just now mentioned, at least we can conjecture no other motive for such an ill-timed and injudicious mutilation. We have been careful to insert them here."

"Another part of this Preface, which deserves notice, is the following sentence: 'One of the chief improvements in this edition, is the care taken, in arranging the Poems in the order of time; so as to form a regular history of the age to which they relate.' We may venture to assert that there is not, in the English language, a paragraph in more direct opposition to truth. For ex-

ample, the two poems of Lathmon and Oithona, are as closely related as the first and second books of Homer's Iliad, for the latter of these pieces, is merely a continuation of the former, and accordingly in all the editions of this version, preceding that of 1773, these two poems were printed together, and in their proper historical order; but in this new edition, the poem of Oithona is printed near the beginning of the work, and that of Lathmon, which ought to have preceded it, is inserted at an immense distance, and almost in the very rear of the collection. What is not less ridiculous, both these poems ought to have been inserted among the first in order, as they narrate some of the early military exploits of the venerable and admirable bard Morven. The poem of Darthula is merely a sequel to that entitled the Death of Cuchullin, and, as such, was inserted in its proper place in all the former editions. In this last one it precedes the Death of Cuchullin, which is a mere contradiction. The Battle of Lora ought to have succeeded immediately to the Poem of Fingal, as it contains an express reference to the Irish expedition of Swaran, as a recent event. Instead of this, three different pieces intervene. We have first the Poem of Fingal, in which Oscar, the Son of Ossian, performs a distinguished part. We have next Lathmon, which records a transaction that happened before Oscar was born; and then, after the insertion of two other pieces, not less misplaced, we are presented with the Battle of Lora."

"We have thought it necessary to hazard these remarks upon the alleged improvement in the arrangement of this edition of the Poems of Ossian, in 1773, as a sufficient vindication of our conduct in declining to adopt it. As in the first edition of the Poems, but little attention had been paid to chronological order, it might have been proposed to classify the poetry in a third series. But many objects which are specious at a distant view, assume an opposite appearance upon a closer inspection. Such a measure would have been setting an example of fanciful variation before every future editor. We have therefore thought it better to restore the Poems to their primitive arrangement. In particular, we saw a most striking propriety in replacing the Poem of Fingal at the head of the collection. Fingal himself is the great hero of the whole work, and in this piece we have an episode describing some of the first exploits of his youth, and his passion for Agandeca, the first of his loves. In the same poem, Ossian, with a strange mixture of tenderness and ferocity, describes his courtship with Everal-lin, the mother of Oscar; and, in short, there is no single poem in the whole collection which affords such a general introduction to the characters and incidents described in the rest."

"As to the improvement in the style of the edition of 1773, we cannot coincide with the sentiments of the translator. The elegant simplicity of the former version, is often strained into absolute distortion. In two or three passages where we judged that the late alterations in the text had heightened its beauty, they have been preserved; but, in general, they are far inferior, and seldom or never preferable to the original translation."

"Mr. Macpherson has obliged us with a dissertation concerning the Aera of Ossian, and that nothing, however trifling, might be wanting, we have inserted it. The importance of this dissertation may be easily ascertained in a very few words. He tells us that in the year of Christ 211, Fingal, at the head of a Caledonian army, gave battle to Caracul, the son of Severus, Emperor of Rome. At this time, we must suppose that Fingal was at least twenty years of age. He likewise tells us that Oscar, the grandson of Fingal, engaged and defeated Caracul, who, in the year 287, has seized the government of Britain. At the time of this second battle, therefore, Fingal, if alive, must have been at the advanced age of ninety-six. Now, the poem of Temora opened with the death of Oscar, and closed with the death of Cathmor, the Irish general whom Fingal, after rallying the routed Caledonians, and displaying prodigies of valor, kills with his own hand. These are strange performances for a man at the age of

one hundred. Both ends of this hypothesis have been embraced by Lord Kames and Mr. Whitaker, and thus has the aera of Ossian been ascertained."

I will not add anything to this refutation of Macpherson's half claim to the originality of the Poems of Ossian, which he translated; nor will I use any of his dissertation. But I will take the first poem of the ancient Celtic bard, "Fingal," and will show how Pope, Milton, and others of our great poets, drew their best inspiration and their most striking imagery from the pages of the one whom McGee called the "Inspired Giant of the Past."

Canada's Game In United States

The New York Evening Post says: The spread of lacrosse, quarter of a century ago an unknown and unscientific game, confined to the Indians of Canada, until it has reached a recognized position among English speaking peoples in two continents and both hemispheres, is a testimony not only to its real merits as a game, but also to the quick perception of a good thing by a sport-loving people, and a willingness to make way for it among scores of other diversions which already seemingly monopolize the field. Lacrosse is still far from occupying the vogue here that it has in Canada or England, but, although it has lost as well as gained converts during the last decade, it has hung on long enough to claim an established footing, and the prompt appearance of well-filled schedules on the part of the leading teams of the East this spring points to a definite interest and healthy conditions in this comparatively new branch of sport.

The organization last year of a lacrosse team in the Greater New York Irish Athletic Association has justified itself, and the team will be continued this season, materially adding to the interest of the game in this city, heretofore taken up by the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn, Columbia University, and the College of the City of New York. The greatest development in Lacrosse during the last year or so, however, has been in the South, particularly among the colleges. There is a proposal on foot now to organize a team in Georgetown University, while the Johns Hopkins players, champions last year of the Intercollegiate League, promise to be stronger this season than ever, even during the early days when this university sent out high-class teams, and Baltimore City College will also put out a good team. The increasing interest in lacrosse in the colleges to the southward is probably due to the fact that it can be indulged in during the winter, as in England, and, with the exception of the intercollegiate contests, needs not be pitted against half a dozen other sports all entered in a hot competition with one another for student interest and support during the two last months of the college year.

The visit of the Oxford-Cambridge lacrosse team to this country last season doubtless did much to advertise and awaken interest in lacrosse. The Britishers defeated Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Swarthmore and Hobart Colleges, but were beaten by the Crescents. They then went to Canada to play a series. Out of twenty-eight games they won fourteen, lost eleven and were tied in three.

This summer lacrosse will probably get considerable of a lift by the tournament which will take place at the St. Louis Exposition. The dates of this, July 5, 6 and 7, necessarily preclude the entrance of college teams, which will by then be disbanded, but the lacrosse teams of the Western athletic clubs are anxious to compete, entries having already been made by the St. Paul Lacrosse Club, the Calumet of Chicago, the St. Louis Lacrosse Club, the Detroit Lacrosse Club, and teams from Duluth and Minneapolis. A championship banner will be awarded to the winning team, and gold medals to its individual players. Entries must be made by June 1.

The fact that lacrosse has made its way among the colleges is probably more than anything else a test of its virtue, because the limited season at the disposal of college students for outdoor sports makes the competition for place among them keener than elsewhere, and only the best have

any possible chance of permanency. There are now two lacrosse leagues among the colleges, the Intercollegiate, consisting of Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, Stevens Institute and Lehigh, organized about ten years ago, and the more recent Inter-University four, made up of Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and Pennsylvania. Last year Johns Hopkins came out on top in its league, while in the other Harvard and Pennsylvania tied for first place. Cornell won the year before. Hobart College also has a lacrosse team, although like that of the College of the City of New York, it is not in any league. Yale and Princeton formerly had teams, but gave them up.

The athletic clubs of the East have not generally taken up lacrosse as yet, although Rochester and Schenectady in this State have teams. Here in New York the game was started nearly a score of years ago by the New York Lacrosse Club. Subsequently the Staten Island Athletic Club and the Brooklyn Lacrosse Club entered the field, but all three went by the board a good many years ago. In 1900 a team was got together in the New York Athletic Club, but as most of the players were Brooklynites they subsequently went into the Crescent Athletic Club, whose team is now the leading one in the United States. The Crescent lacrosse players visited England in 1897, and although they overdid themselves by playing fourteen games in about three weeks, they nevertheless made a good showing, winning seven, losing five and tying in two.

The Crescents, owing to their position in the lacrosse world, schedule games only on their own grounds at Bay Ridge. As an exhibition game lacrosse stands well at the top, and the Crescents' contests are regularly witnessed by several thousand persons, while others have to be denied entrance on account of the lack of room. When the players first appeared there more than ten years ago, people looked at the curious sticks, and remarked to each other, "That must be a crazy game." Now they are all eyes to see the contests, and say enthusiastically among themselves, "This is certainly a fine game." The Crescents now have both first and second teams, under the management of Lewis J. Doyle, whose wide connection with the game has given him the name of the father of lacrosse in the United States. He also has charge of the lacrosse championships at St. Louis. The captain of the Crescent twelve is Robert J. Wall.

It is needless to inform readers of the "True Witness" that the Mr. Wall here mentioned is the well-known stalwart of the Shamrock Seniors of the season 1894-5.

Random Notes on Industrial Matters.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP—A convention will, it is said, be held in Ontario, to discuss the question of operative ownership of public utilities. Several of the leading cities and towns of the sister province, according to a report published in a Toronto daily paper, will send representatives to the convention. The promoters of the idea of municipal ownership will need a good supply of patience and a large bank account to achieve practical results.

SPECULATION MANIA is one of the sad features of the hour. Thousands of men, and women too, on this and other continents imbued with the "get rich quickly" idea, have made splurges far in excess of their means and the result is disaster from which they seldom recover. Reports from one of the leading centres in the neighboring republic announce the suspension of a large commercial firm operators in cotton, with liabilities, estimated by people in the same line, to be about \$2,000,000. The value of the assets will depend upon the average market value of cotton as it is quoted to-day. It is said that Mr. Sully's firm holds slightly more than 225,000 bales of cotton. At the quotations prevailing at the close on the day of suspension, this cotton is placed at various estimates. The report refers to the panic which immediately followed the announcement, and says that it will affect the textile trade of the world.

STRIKES—With the approach of Spring the rumors of strikes in various trades are set afloat. In New York building operations are practically suspended through the difficulty

Irish Party in Westminster

The following interesting pen-sketch of the recent defeat of the Government in the British House of Commons, in which the Irish Parliamentary party took the leading part, briefly referred to in our last issue, is taken from an American journal. It says:

By a brilliant coup engineered by the Irish members, Premier Balfour's government was defeated on Tuesday in the House of Commons by the combined Nationalist and Liberal vote. The announcement of victory was hailed by the Irish contingent with wild cheers, the like of which have not been heard in Westminster in many a day.

The government reverse was due to the prohibition by Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, on the teaching of Gaelic in the junior grades of the Irish Nationalist schools. Mr. Balfour, though defeated by a majority of 11 on this question, will not resign. His determination was strengthened by the fact that shortly after the foregoing defeat he was able to secure a majority of 25.

"Those terrible Irish," as the Nationalists are described for the moment by the Unionists, were responsible for Mr. Balfour's defeat. On the question of Catholic education Monday night, the Nationalists had voted with the Unionist Government, but even while so doing they were planning the downfall of the Conservatives. Tuesday afternoon the mine so ingeniously laid was set off with a success that thrilled the country. The strategy with which the whole coup was planned and the scenes that marked its culmination recalled the times when Gladstone and Parnell waged a Titanic struggle in the same arena.

When the House of Commons met at two o'clock many Unionist members were scattered throughout the clubs, hotels and restaurants, lan- everything except politics. All thought the Irish members would loudly discussing the war news and take up the whole of the afternoon with a discussion of a question of but little interest except to the speakers themselves. In this serenity of the luncheon hour hordes of newspaper boys suddenly appeared yelling "The Government defeated."

Within the House of Commons itself strange scenes were being enacted.

John Redmond made a complaint about the prohibition of Gaelic in the school, but instead of a long speech it seemed he had prepared, judging by the volume of notes in his hand, the Irish leader said only a few words. Mr. Wyndham replied with equal brevity, and it was evident he was saving himself for a string of protests from other Irish members. The treasury bench was deserted, save for the Chief Secretary for Ireland and three of his junior colleagues, barely twenty supporters of the Government were in their places. Mr. Balfour chatted merrily in the spectators' gallery with a friend. Then the bolt fell.

No one rose to reply to Mr. Wyndham, the Irish party for once utilizing silence as its deadliest weapon. Mr. Redmond had said there were to be no speeches, and though the rami- and file of the Nationalists did not know the reason, not having been admitted to the secret plan set afoot by their leader and their chief whip, they obeyed implicitly.

Discipline triumphed and not one word came from the Irish benches. The Liberals, too, sat silent, though they were ignorant of the projected

between the Masons Builders Association and laborers, which also involved the Bricklayers' Union. The case of the latter is stated by one of its agents as follows:

"On December 10 last the Mason Builders' Association notified the laborers that after December 14 they would have to work Saturday afternoons for single time. This was regarded as an injustice, but as a hard winter was coming on, they concluded to put up with it, and did so. Two weeks ago to-day the Mason Builders' Association went a step further and posted notices that all laborers would have to work ten hours a day at thirty-five cents an hour. In many cases they had been getting time and a half and double time for all time over eight hours and they refused to comply with the order. In both cases the employers violated rule 16 of their arbitration agreement, which reads: 'Resolved, That

the wages now paid in the unskilled trades shall not be reduced nor the hours increased for one year from the date of the general acceptance of this agreement.'

"As a result of the laborers quitting, the bricklayers were, of course, compelled to stop, and during the three days following, the various locals of the bricklayers met and decided to wait.

CORONATION OATH. The Council of the Catholic Union of Ceylon has memorialized the British Government, through the Duke of Norfolk, for the amendment or abolition of the Royal Declaration. It is pointed out in the petition that the number of Christians in the island is 349,239, and of these 85 per cent. are Catholics.

coups, and without a reply a division was inevitable. Only then did Mr. Wyndham and the Government whips realize how deliberately they had been outwitted.

It is learned that John Redmond and Sir Thomas Esmond had planned the division for 3 o'clock, and the bells therefore clanged out through the house at 2.55. In desperation the government whips sent messengers in cabs and with telegrams and to the telephones, but without avail for when the tellers of the vote returned the clerk of the House handed Sir Thomas Edmond the coveted little slip of paper which is given to the winning side.

In a second the members who had crowded in realized that the Government had been beaten, and then there arose such a cheer as Westminster has not heard for many a day. The Irish and Liberal members clambered on benches and yelled themselves hoarse, and for nearly five minutes pandemonium reigned. Several times Sir Thomas Esmond tried to read out the figures, but his voice was drowned in the uproar. Mr. Balfour, who had been just in time to vote for the Government, sat smiling grimly. Finally there was comparative quiet, and Sir Thomas Esmond read: "Yeas, 141; nays, 130." At this the storm broke out afresh. The government was defeated by eleven votes on a motion to reduce the estimates for Irish education.

A rush to the lobby followed and the members animatedly discussed whether Mr. Balfour would resign. The Premier, however, quickly set these doubts at rest by saying that he saw no reason for such an action. Owing to the prolonged exuberance of the Irish cheers and the hectoring of Mr. Balfour, the Government whips got the chance of summoning their supporters, and when, about ten minutes later, John Redmond moved to report progress on the ground that the government had not a majority able to transact the business of the country, the Government secured the narrow majority of twenty-five.

The Premier, who by this time had regained his accustomed composure, philosophically surveyed the excited House. Then the Opposition moved to report progress. Premier Balfour opposed the motion. He admitted, amid much laughter, that it was obvious the Government had been defeated on a proposal to reduce the vote for Irish education by \$500 and the Government accepted the opinion of the House on that subject.

Mr. Redmond retorted: "We have defeated the Government." John Redmond said: "To sum up briefly the cause of the division it may be said that the Government recently introduced a rule forbidding the teaching of the Irish language in four of the first classes of the Irish national schools. This caused widespread indignation, to voice which I moved for a reduction of the vote." "Mr. Wyndham, chief secretary for Ireland, and we defeated the government, gave no satisfactory explanation. As a result of the defeat the objectionable rule will undoubtedly be withdrawn.

"While the general position of the government has not been weakened, my impression is that a dissolution will follow another such blow. Naturally we are elated. Last evening when the Nationalists voted with the Government on Catholic education in England, Mr. Balfour had a majority of 120. To-day, with the Irish against him, he had a minority of 11. The moral is that the time is at hand when Ireland will hold the balance of power."

This is a month of memorials, anniversaries, outside of those religious character—and especially commemorate events of interest to the Irish race. I will further refer to a few of the most important of the month, and in next issue we will do the same. As there are several days each day recalls we attempt to select those the most noteworthy—giving to each case.

First March:—Gladstone and the Church Disestablishment into the House of Commons, 1869.

Second March:—Archbishop of Canterbury reads before the Catholic Bishops a communication from the Irish prelates against the 1810.

Third March:—James St. Paul escaped from England to France, 1866.

Fourth March:—"Bill to further growth of Popery," royal assent, 1703.

Fifth March:—Act for the union of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, 1825. Rising in Dublin County, Limerick, and Drogheda, 1848.

Sixth March:—Most Rev. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, at Tuam, in the presence of the diocese of Adergoole, and diocese of Mayo, 1796.

Seventh March:—"The Protestant Irish organ, seized, destroyed by Government, 1810.

Eighth March:—King William died, 1701.

Ninth March:—Mr. Grattan, English House of Commons for a committee of the whole on the Catholic question, 1793.

Tenth March:—Maynooth 1835; Emancipation Bill in time of House of Commons, 1801.

Eleventh March:—Volunteers proclaimed, 1845.

Twelfth March:—King James II. at Kinsale, 1688. Oliver and fourteen United Irishmen arrested in the house of O'Connell, 1819.

Thirteenth March:—Two Feagh McHugh O'Byrne to Dublin Castle, 1653. Unionists beaten at "Breakmore," 1689.

Fourteenth March:—Six French under Lauzanne, expelled, 1689.

Fifteenth March:—Redmond, Bishop of Derry, but English soldiers in his eight, 1601. Father Sheehy hangs

(From the Catholic Union don.)

As briefly stated in our magnificent bazaar was Thursday in the unfinished of Leeds. The object was funds to aid in the completion of the building. For the purity improvements, the Legislature deemed it necessary to erect the high altar. There large and fashionable gable sent at the opening of the and the stalls, etc., were arranged, as was also the unfinished edifice. I most performed the opening and there were also present Baroness Clifton, Lady Ivy and Sir Percival and Lady Lady Beaumont, as was by the Very Rev. Canon O'Connell, Administrator of St. Ann's opening address, belongs to which has been a great help religion in the diocese. A missions, notably those of Skipton and Brotton, owe its existence to the Tempest returned for their benefaction Mass is celebrated in the Cathedral every second year

New Cathedral In Leeds

Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association

The annual meeting of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association will be held on Monday evening next, when the following reports will be submitted to the members.

To the Members of the Association:

Gentlemen,—Your Directors have much pleasure in submitting the Eleventh Annual Report containing a summary of their administration during the past year, which has been one of prosperity. The liabilities have been reduced from \$17,598.76 to \$15,258.13, a reduction of \$2,335.68, of which sum \$12,500.00 represents a mortgage upon premises occupied by your Association.

During the year a new roof was put on the grand stand, which cost \$588.00; the grand stand was repainted at an outlay of \$295.43, a new fence was erected on southern side of grounds for spectators, which involved an expenditure of \$254.60. These three amounts forming a total sum of \$1,138.03, have been treated as extraordinary expenditure, and inconsequence charged to capital account. It is the intention to write of a certain portion of this amount each year. Your Directors have made in addition to the foregoing the usual repairs to equipment, the whole of which is now in excellent order.

The membership has increased during the year, but there is yet scope for the energies of all interested in our undertaking to still increase it.

The affiliated clubs have all been actively engaged in their respective departments. The senior affiliated body has had a season of unexceptional success in the field, winning the championship of the Senior League, and retaining possession of the Minto Cup. The financial returns have been most satisfactory, as may be seen by a reference to the statement of the Treasurer.

The Hockey Club, for reasons with which you are pretty familiar, particularly owing to the fact that a new team had to be trained on account of the retirement of members of the old team, shows a deficit, the first for many years. Your Directors, however, look forward to a large surplus in this department in future.

The Young Shamrock Club has won the championship in its league, and as was expected, there is a small deficit in connection with it.

During the year deaths has deprived your Association of members who have been prominently associated with it since its foundation, and with the affiliated clubs prior to their organization. Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, K.C., a life member, one of the staunchest and most enthusiastic in his loyalty; another, Mr. Michael Loughman, also a life member of much zeal. Of those who came into our ranks at a later period we have to record the names of Mr. James H. McNally, John McNally and John Halpin. R.I.P.

Arrangements have been completed with the Baseball Company for the rental of the grounds for the season 1904.

Your Directors found it necessary to make a change in the position of caretaker. Although the present occupant gave satisfaction, it was considered advisable to have a man qualified as trainer, and have the position, as heretofore, occupied by a person as caretaker and trainer. Your Directors have acquired the services of Patrick Rooney, who will begin his duties on May 1st.

Your Directors held 26 meetings, and the attendance was as follows:

H. J. Trihey	25
W. J. Hinchey	23
E. Quinn	24
T. O'Connell	22
W. J. McGee	22
P. J. Brennan	21
T. F. Slattery	20
M. J. Brennan	19
H. Hoobin	17
H. E. McLaughlin	15
W. P. Kearney	15

The annual statements showing Revenue and Expenditure, Assets and Liabilities, and Auditors' Report are offered for your approval.

The whole respectfully submitted.

HENRY J. TRIHEY,
President.

STATEMENT

Showing Revenue and Expenditure for Term Commencing April 1st, 1903, and Ending February 29th, 1904.

REVENUE.	
Membership fees	\$ 954.00
Repairs Grand Stand fences and Club	170.00
Shamrock Lacrosse Club	3,754.18
	<hr/>
	\$4,878.18
EXPENDITURE.	
Interest on Mortgage and Notes	\$803.69
Insurance	130.00
Fuel and Light	164.06
Repairs Grand Stand fences and Club House	203.34
School and other Taxes	109.00
Telephone Services	70.00
Wages	617.00
Fees, C. A. A. U.	15.00
Printing and Stationery	114.12
Plumbing	64.59
Law Expenses	61.40
Funeral Expenses	77.80
Sundries	197.87
	<hr/>
	2,627.87
DEFICITS AND SPECIAL EXPENDITURE.	
Deficit Football	31.35
Deficit Young Shamrock	85.77
Deficit Hockey Club	153.84
	<hr/>
	270.96
Surplus Earnings for Year	\$1,979.35

Eleventh Annual Statement OF THE SHAMROCK AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Presented at the Annual Meeting, 28th March, 1904.

ASSETS.

Real estate, comprising Land, Club House, Grand stand, open stands, and other permanent equipment at grounds, St. Louis de Mile End	\$44,061.96
Mortgages held on Lots sold at St. Louis de Mile End and accrued interest	1,220.71
Furniture	743.29
Insurance	46.50
Cash on hand	127.61
	<hr/>
	46,200.07

LIABILITIES.

The Trust and Loan Co. of Canada, Mortgage	12,500.00
Six months interest due 1st May, 1904	375.00
	<hr/>
	12,875.00

ORDINARY CLAIMS.

Bills payable	\$1600.00
Open account	783.13
	<hr/>
	2,383.13
Net capital, 1st March, 1904	\$30,941.94

W. P. LUNNY,
Secretary Treasurer.

Certified correct.

W. J. MCGEE,
M. J. BRENNAN,
Auditors.

Montreal, 9th March, 1904.

THE DIVORCE ISSUE.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A New York despatch tells us that agitation against divorce and the marriage of divorced people has resulted in a meeting there of eminent Protestant ministers and laymen, who will attempt to solve the problem of uniform legislation on the subject by the States of the Union. A meeting of the executive committee of the conference, presided over by Bishop Doane of Albany, drafted a rough outline of the proposed law. The conference is the direct result of action taken by the Protestant Episcopal Church, in its general conference at San Francisco.

"Every effort will be made to solve the divorce evil so far as Protestant churches are concerned," said Rev. D. H. Greer, Bishop coadjutor of the Episcopal Archdiocese (Protestant) of New York.

The same gentleman made use of the following significant remarks:

"The Roman Catholic Church was invited to participate in the deliberations of the conference, but declined. The opposition of that Church regarding divorce is well known, however, Personally I do not believe in divorce or re-marriage, but in separation only. Other gentlemen at the conference may have other views; but it is the purpose of the representatives of the Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Evangelical, Lutheran, Baptist, Congregational, Universalist-Unitarian and Reformed Presbyterian churches to decide upon some final method involving a comity of relation and uniform practice to treat the great evil of divorce in this country, so that persons who were married under the rites of one church cannot, after securing divorces, re-marry under the rites of some other Protestant church."

We fully appreciate the reasons why the Catholic Church cannot participate in the crusade, as stated in the foregoing paragraph. It may not be untimely to state why, among other good reasons we adduce only a couple, the Catholic Church cannot cooperate directly with the various outside denominations of Christianity in this vital matter.

The Church regards matrimony as a Sacrament, and as such its celebration or its violation affects one of the most sacred things in the Church, namely, one of the sources of grace. Hence the impossibility for her to have any common cause with those whose principles are antagonistic to hers and whose fundamentals have been the source whence came divorce itself.

In the next place the Catholic Church never did and never could admit any compromise on this question. From the higher religious and sacramental plane, divorce became and becomes an absolute impossibility as far as she is concerned. Her methods are of one kind, and the

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES FOR EASTER

To Stations in Canada, Fort William and East,

AT SINGLE FARE.

On March 31st, April 1, 2, 3, and 4.

Returning until April 5th, 1904

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 129 ST. JAMES STREET, Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, Mo. April 30. Dec. 1, 1904.

Wide waters beautifying the main picture. Largest waterfall ever constructed by man.

NEW YORK EXCURSION

FROM MONTREAL Round Trip Fare - \$10.65

Going Dates—March 31, April 1 and 2, Return Limit—April 11, 1904.

EASTER HOLIDAY FARES.

Round trip tickets will be issued between stations in Canada, and to Detroit and Port Huron, also to St. Seneca Springs, N. Y. at

SINGLE First Class FARE

Stations Fort Covington, N.Y., to Mass. Going March 31 to April 4, includes Fort Covington, N.Y., to Mass. Return limit April 5, 1904.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 87 St. James Street Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station

methods of those outside her fold are of another kind. They are seizing upon the question from a simply social, a moral—if you will—standpoint; she deals with it not only morally but dogmatically. They see the evil both, but to the Catholic Church it has a deeper, a higher, and a broader significance than to the denominations.

Finally, the Catholic Church knows well that there is no possibility, not to speak of probability, of there ever being any union—even on this subject—amongst those various sects; and she knows that to succeed in their aim they must eventually come back in practice, as in precept, to her teachings; otherwise all their efforts are foredoomed to failure. Hence it is that we trust they may help to lessen the evil to some extent, but we have no trust in any unity ever existing amongst them. There is only one unity, and that is in the Church of Christ.

If we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for their sake rather than for our own.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

FAMOUS ALL OVER CANADA.

Costumes - Mantles - Blouses

Will Pass in Brilliant Review To-Day.

A beautiful and wonderful showing of all that is new and correct to wear—an exposition that has no counterpart anywhere.

PARIS COMES FIRST, with a superb collection of the newest ideas in Rich Costumes, Elegant Mantles, and Elaborate Silk/Waists. Saturday is impossible. As well try to paint a flower garden in black and white.

You're extended a cordial invitation to come and see them.

BUSY DAYS IN SILKS.

The five silk counters are crowded every day with an enthusiastic assembly of purchasers, delighted with their investments in such faultless qualities of Silks, and particularly at the exceptionally low prices they're selling at.

TAFFETA SILKS AT 48c.—There's still a splendid assortment of these beautiful Silks to choose from, choicest of shades. Specially worth 75c a yard. Silk Sale price

TAFFETA SILKS AT \$1.10—This elegant line of French Taffeta Silks is 36 inches wide, in a good variety of high grade colorings. The quality is that of regular \$1.50 Silks. Silk Sale price

NEW BLOUSE SILKS AT 53c.—A late novelty, sure to win popularity for its beauty, a drawn-thread effect, transparent stripes, three-quarters of an inch apart, all the most popular new shades. Special. 53c.

Crush Kid Belts and Bags

Crush Kid Belts, 3 inches wide, in the newest shades of gray, tan, brown, blue green and black, with plain steel buckles, all sizes. Special price 49c.

Walrus Wrist Bags, \$1.00 WRIST BAGS FOR 69c.

Another splendid Crush Kid Belt, with Gunmetal Buckle, 4 inches wide, in black or white. Special. 59c

Is the tersely told story of this special Bargain, made in shades of gray, tan, brown or black, with strong metal frame, piped gusset ends, lined mercerized moire, fitted with inside pocket, containing riveted frame purse, patent leather handle, with wrist adjustment holder. Regular \$1.00. Sale price. 69c

Wash Goods Store Crowded

Every fabric is radically new and bewitchingly pretty, a truly handsome array of exclusive textiles, economically priced.

NEW MUSLINS AT 11c.—In dainty floral designs and fancy colored stripes, on navy blue, pale blue, pink and heliotrope foundations.

SCOTCH GINGHAMS AT 20c, direct from the land of brown heath, not audacious counterfeits, but emphatically Scotch. Fancy checks in pretty colorings, predominate. Special price

LINEN CANVAS, 50c, mercerized, a dainty conception of the weaver, in delicate color, tones and Persian effects

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1788 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street Montreal

Cablegram.

This day advising heavy advances on Brussels, Wilton, Crown Velvet and Super Wilton Carpets, dating from March 17th. This simply means thousands of dollars more value in our stock, having ordered largely at the former low prices.

Our immense stock will enable us as in past years to give our customers the special benefit for this season accruing from our close buying, and now, enhanced by this unavoidable large advance by manufacturers. Order early at

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

LATE THOMAS McNULTY, PATRONAL FEAST OF PIUS X.

Shortly after our last week's issue had been published, a well-known Irishman, and member of St. Patrick's parish, this city, passed to his reward, in the person of Mr. Thomas McNulty.

Deceased had, since the inauguration of the Mount Royal Park, occupied the position of assistant ranger. He was esteemed and respected by a large section of the citizens of Montreal, with whom he daily came into contact in various ways.

The funeral was held on Monday morning to St. Patrick's Church, when a solemn Requiem Mass was sung, and was attended by a large number of friends and acquaintances. The chief mourners were: Messrs. Dominick and John McNulty, brothers of deceased; Thomas W. Henry, James and Dominick, sons; Richard Burke and John Sullivan, sons-in-law and T. Burke and T. Sullivan, grandchildren.

The interment took place in Cote des Neiges cemetery. R.I.P.

We attain to heaven by using this world well, though it is to pass away, we perfect our natures not by undoing it, but by adding to it what is more than nature, and directing it towards aims higher than its own.

On Saturday, 19th March, the Feast of St. Joseph, His Holiness Pope Pius X. celebrated that day as his own patronal one. Addresses and telegrams of congratulations came to him from all over Italy. The members of St. Peter's Club, consisting of the elite of Roman Society, presented him with a splendid basket of flowers and fruits, in the form of a Venetian gondola. In his reply of thanks, the Holy Father spoke feelingly of his dear Venice, and he added: "I pray that I may be a good Gondolier of St. Peter's barque."

Over 30,000 persons met in St. Peter's to hear the Te Deum chanted by Cardinal Rampolla, in honor of the Pope's patronal feast. In the evening entertainments were given in the hall Belvedere, in the Vatican, in which all the high dignitaries of the court took part. The Holy Father appeared at the window and expressed his gratitude to all present. The band played the Papal anthem and the crowd cheered "Long Live Pius X." "Long Live our Pope."

"The fact is," he said, "my appointment here with a frantically expected to find him—yet I am disappointed. appointments are not new to one more won't hurt. I dare unfold his napkin. He said: 'Perhaps your friend is the storm,' suggested the 'If you care to wait a while, he won't come. I can't expect it. He said two Christmas day, 1901. I never late to an appointment. He won't come now, for, if it is right, it is already a quarter of the hour."

"The clock is right to sir. But—pardon my curiosity—understand that the engagement long standing?"

"It was made ten years ago, coming June, sir."

"Ah! then it is just possible it has escaped your friend's memory. Ten years is a long time. I am sorry you have not met your appointment." The proprietor was so evident and the stranger warmed to him.

"You're very good," he said. "You're very good," he said. "You're very good," he said. "You're very good," he said. "You're very good," he said.

"And, look here, the proprietor of the inn was employed the man at the desk. It was, and the little clock struck two. Outside, it was softly, monotonously, and taut was silent and did at the front, where the waiter struggled in through the snow-clothes pines, and gentle soothing and rustle storm made themselves heard.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1904.

HEIGH

The proprietor of the inn was employed the man at the desk. It was, and the little clock struck two. Outside, it was softly, monotonously, and taut was silent and did at the front, where the waiter struggled in through the snow-clothes pines, and gentle soothing and rustle storm made themselves heard.

The proprietor looked from the window to-day, and yet he passed the window and then a fumbling at the latch expressed no surprise, opened and a man entered the snow off his coat and umbrella in the stand.

The proprietor slid off his chair and greeted him.

"How do you do, sir?"

"A stormy day."

"Very," replied the other, looked about him, searching for unoccupied tables seeking some one, and smiling when he discovered the empty, save for the proprietor and himself.

"Will you have dinner?"

proprietor. "I regret to cannot offer you a great of it being Christmas, I have all my help to go except the cook. You see, my patron most all business men, and the offices and stores are do not look for custom. I can give you a steak, or chicken of venison. Turkey, I to say, is not among the perhaps the half of chicken would do as well?"

"It doesn't matter," replied the other. He glanced irresolutely toward his umbrella, as though tating retreat. But he had drawn back a chair from the table nearest the end, after a moment, the allowed him to take his hat, coat, and sank somewhat ly into the seat.

"The fact is," he said, "my appointment here with a frantically expected to find him—yet I am disappointed. appointments are not new to one more won't hurt. I dare unfold his napkin. He said: 'Perhaps your friend is the storm,' suggested the 'If you care to wait a while, he won't come. I can't expect it. He said two Christmas day, 1901. I never late to an appointment. He won't come now, for, if it is right, it is already a quarter of the hour."

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CANADA.

- Blouses

W To-Day.

is new and correct to here.

on of the newest ideas Silk-Waists.

as will be shown on lower garden in black and see them.

SILKS.

an enthusiastic admirer in such faultless quality low prices they're

lendid assortment of colors. Specially

of French Taffeta Silks colorings. The

sure to win popular stripes, three-

ades. Special. 53c.

and Bags

Wrist Bags.

IT BAGS FOR 69c.

old story of this made in shades of gray,

black, with strong striped gusset ends, in

noire, fitted with in- containing riveted

ent leather handle, adjustment holder

Sale price.. 69c

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..... 20c

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Co. LIMITED.

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IRE BUILDING

474 and 2476

HERINE STREET

L FEAST

OF PIUS X.

HEIGHTS OF FAME.

The proprietor of The Wayside Inn sat behind his little desk by the door and gazed into the narrow snow-covered street. He was a man of thirty-five or six years, on whose genial face Care had left its imprint of lines and furrows. Yet those lines seemed to have added attractiveness, emphasizing the resolute but kindly form of mouth and chin, and drawing attention to the deep yet frankly pleasant blue eyes. The proprietor was a wholesome-looking man, whom birth, you would have said, had intended for higher things than running a tiny restaurant in a side street of lower New York.

Despite its smallness—partly, perhaps, because of it—the Wayside Inn was eminently attractive, and more than hinted at the personality of the proprietor. Outside, over the narrow entrance, a wooden signboard swung from an old-style wrought-iron crane. The front of the building was stained to the smoky hue of old oak, and the leaded panes of door and windows lent to the place an inviting aspect of comfort and good cheer. Within all was of the plainest and neatest. The two rows of undraped tables stretched away into the semi-darkness of the long room on either side of an avenue of bright carpet. The ceiling was crossed by dark beams, and the walls were wainscotted to shoulder-height and hung above with pictures, good pictures, framed plainly and inexpensively.

To-day the inn was empty save for the man at the desk. It was Christmas, and the little clock had just struck two. Outside, it was snowing softly, monotonously, and the restaurant was silent and dim, except at the front, where the white light struggled in through the tiny, snow-plotted panes, and where the gentle sighing and rustle of the storm made themselves heard.

The proprietor looked for no patrons to-day, and yet when a figure passed the window and there followed a fumbling at the latch his face expressed no surprise. The door opened and a man entered. He shook the snow off his coat and placed his umbrella in the stand.

The proprietor slid off the high chair and greeted him.

"How do you do, sir?" he said.

"A stormy day."

"Very," replied the other. He looked about him, searching the dim vista of unoccupied tables as though seeking some one, and emitting a sigh when he discovered the room to be empty, save for the presence of the proprietor and himself.

"Will you have dinner?" asked the proprietor. "I regret to say that I cannot offer you a great deal, since, it being Christmas, I have allowed all my help to go except the second cook. You see, my patrons are almost all business men, and so when the offices and stores are closed, I do not look for custom. However, I can give you a steak, or chops, or a slice of venison. Turkey, I am sorry to say, is not among the possibilities but perhaps the half of a young chicken would do as well?"

"It doesn't matter," replied the other. He glanced irresolutely toward his umbrella, as though meditating retreat. But the proprietor had drawn back a chair invitingly from the table nearest the window, and, after a moment, the new-comer allowed him to take his shabby overcoat, and sank somewhat dispiritedly into the seat.

"The fact is," he said, "I had an appointment here with a friend. I scarcely expected to find him, and yet—yet I am disappointed. Well, disappointments are not new to me, and one more won't hurt. I dare say." He unfolded his napkin listlessly.

"Perhaps your friend is delayed by the storm," suggested the proprietor. "If you care to wait a while—"

"No, he won't come. I could hardly expect it. He said two o'clock on Christmas day, 1901. Jim was never late to an appointment in his life. He won't come now, for, if your clock is right, it is already a quarter after the hour."

"The clock is right to a minute, sir. But—pardon my curiosity—do I understand that the engagement is of long standing?"

"It was made ten years ago this coming June, sir."

"Ah! then it is just possible that it has escaped your friend's memory. Ten years is a long time in this age. I am sorry you have met with disappointment." The proprietor's regret was so evident and sincere that the stranger warmed to him.

"You're very good," he said smiling for the first time since he had entered. "And, look here, I've eaten

my meals alone for five years and more, and I'm sick to death of the dreariness of it. I've been looking forward to this dinner for months past, hoping and yet not daring to hope that Jim would turn up, and tasting in anticipation the pleasure of once more dining with a human being and a friend. Well, it was not to be, but if you'll order a nice dinner for two—not too expensive, I beg of you—and join me in eating it, you'll be doing a real charity and kindness to a fellow-mortal who is quite ready to jump into the river to escape loneliness. What do you say?"

"With all the pleasure in the world sir," replied the other heartily. "I have not yet dined, and I shall be almost as glad as you, I dare say, to have a companion. There is, however, one amendment to your proposition I am forced to insist upon."

"And that?" asked the stranger.

"And that, sir, is that you become my guest, for it is one of my rules that on Christmas Day no money goes in or out of the till. And so, if you will overlook the fact that I am a stranger to you, and accept my hospitality, you, in turn, will be conferring a kindness, sir."

The other hesitated a moment, glancing the while mistrustfully at the proprietor. Finally his face cleared and he laughed a trifle harshly.

"Very well. Pardon my hesitation. The fact is, I have had so few offers of kindness within the last ten years that I am like to view any such with suspicion. I accept your hospitality, sir, in the spirit in which it is made." He bowed courteously.

"You are very good," responded the proprietor. "And now, if you will excuse me for a few moments, I will awaken the cook who is, I am certain, asleep in the storeroom, and see about our Christmas dinner. I have the morning paper here, if you care to look at it."

But the other shook his head.

"Thank you, no; I shall be quite comfortable until your return. Pray, don't put yourself out any more than is necessary upon my account."

The proprietor passed down the aisle and through a door at the far end, and the newcomer, left to himself, tilted back his chair and stared thoughtfully out of the window and through the falling flakes at the row of silent, old-fashioned brick houses across the street. He was a man of apparently forty years, and, as in the case of the proprietor, Cara had beam of his countenance. But in his case the seams had not bettered it. Instead, his face, good-looking though it was, held an expression of worry and irritation. Life had dealt harshly with him. His attire was neat and clean, and yet careful observation would have discovered that his cuffs were frayed, his coat decidedly glossy under the sleeves and back of the shoulders; that his shoes had seen much wear and were not guiltless of patches. He tugged at an imitation gold watch chain which hung across his vest and looked down. When only a bunch of keys warded his gaze he shrugged his shoulders.

"I might have kept it," he muttered, "had I foreseen that there was one man in the world fool enough to give away a dinner."

He restored the keys to his pocket and once more returned to a listless contemplation of the cheerless scene without. A quarter of an hour passed, and then the proprietor returned and laid the table with clean white cloth and gleaming silver and glass, chatting pleasantly as he came and went. Finally, another trip to the kitchen was made, and when he returned he bore a great tray, on which reposed many covered dishes and a white-swathed bottle. He set the viands on the table, placed the glasses and filled them, and then took a chair opposite the stranger.

"I hope you will approve of my selection," he said, smiling across, as he served the clear, steaming soup. "I have omitted fish, but have tried to atone for it by adding a pate of kidneys with mushrooms to the broiled chicken, which I think you will like. It is a creation of my own. This Burgundy is good without being heavy. Your health, sir!"

They drank together, and the stranger laid aside his spoon with a sigh of pleasure. Some of the lines faded from his face and his lips took on a smile.

"Good!" he said softly, "but it is good to eat like a Christian again! Why, sir, for years I have not, I give you my word, eaten a meal with any save strangers. And it's many a year, too, since I tasted wine with my dinner. Not," he added hastily,

with a queer little pomposness of tone, "not, sir, that I am—ah—deserted. Pray don't think that. It is merely that I have no friends, and have grown to look upon eating as a duty, something disagreeable, like visiting the dentist, you understand, rather than a pleasure. That is all, sir."

The proprietor of the inn bowed politely. "A great mistake to fall into," he said. "Eating is a duty, to be sure, but it should be a pleasant duty. But I confess that there was a time when your case was my own. I was pretty well down in the world and as a last resort applied for a position as waiter at this restaurant. It so happened that the proprietor was in need of a man, and he took me on. I had two years of it, and it was hard work. But it kept me alive. And then it was that eating seemed only the means to an end, and not the pleasure that it really is. Let me help you to a trifle more. No? You're not doing justice to the dinner, sir."

"On the contrary, I am doing very well, and what is more important, enjoying every mouthful of it. And so you worked up from the position of waiter to that of owner?"

"Yes. It took me six years. After I had been here two years I was made head waiter, and four years later I was in position to make the owner an offer for the establishment and good-will, an offer which he was glad to accept, for the place had been rapidly running down. I took hold of it, fixed it up as you see, and now while my fortune is still to make, I am doing remarkably well. My patrons are mostly men who appreciate good meals and are willing to pay well for them. I have five millionaires among my regular customers, and I may add, incidentally, that they are by far the most modest lunchers. Well,"—the speaker paused and smiled retrospectively—"it is not what I looked for. I had other dreams, as you may imagine, ten years ago, but, after all, I might fare far worse, and, at least, I am contented, for it is better to manage a restaurant well than to misdirect the affairs of an empire—or so, sir, it seems to me."

"You are right," answered the other, as he accepted the breast and leg of a plump, well-boiled chicken, "and I wish to heaven I could truthfully say that I have ever in my life done a single thing well."

"Ah! there you exaggerate, I am certain," responded the host earnestly. "We are liable to fall into the error of thinking that because an occupation does not fill our pockets with gold that we are poor performers. There are those who toil all their lives and never find wealth, yet live happily, contentedly, certain in the knowledge that they are doing their work well, taking an artist's satisfaction and finding their reward in that knowledge."

"It may be," answered the other, dejectedly. "I cannot say. I only know that my own life thus far has been one of the most miserable failures imaginable. Like you, sir, I had dreams of great things. I was educated for the law, a graduate of Princeton and of the Yale Law School. It was ten years ago this coming spring that I came to New York, filled to overflowing with the most reckless confidence and the most delicious hopes that even entered into a man's heart."

"With me came my friend, almost the only friend I ever had. His name was Stafford, Jim Stafford. We were in the same class, and while I was in the Law School he took up special work in philosophy, for he was fitting himself for an instructorship. The last time we met we sat just here, at this very table, it may have been."

"It was on the eve of his departure to a small Western college, where he had found a position. We had been down town all the afternoon seeing a few acquaintances and buying things he needed for his journey. Dinner-time found us at the end of this street. We came here and dined, very merrily, very hopefully, over roast beef and mugs of ale. We sat here until late, dreaming aloud of the great things we were to accomplish and toasting the future, that wonderful future. We were fools, but what happy fools! Well, sir, I have bored you enough. That is all."

"On the contrary, you interest me. The tale is sad and yet it may end happily; who can tell? The play's not over until the curtain's down. And what became of your friend?"

"Jim? I heard from him very regularly for three years; then he dropped out of my life. It was partly my fault. Misfortune after misfortune had befallen me, until I was soured and morose; I was even envious of Jim's good fortune, and I think he read as much between the lines of my letters. In the end our correspondence ceased."

"I moved here and there, ever seeking less expensive lodgings, for luck never once came my way. Five

years ago I wrote to Jim at the old address, but the letter came back. He had gone from there. Later, I wrote to our class secretary, but without success. Jim has dropped out of sight, much, I dare say, as I have. Perhaps he is dead; I think he must be, for were he alive he would have kept his appointment here this afternoon. Jim never missed appointments."

"And yet—ten years—"

"I know, but we agreed solemnly to meet here this day, no matter in what part of the world we might find ourselves. No, Jim must be gone."

"And yet, perhaps you may have passed him in the street a dozen times within the last year and not have known him," mused the host. "Ten years of work and vicissitudes altar a man's looks, you know. Do you think you'd recognize your friend if you saw him?"

The other hesitated and looked troubled. "I think so, and yet I own that Jim's features are utterly forgotten to me. Only, if I saw them again memory would cry out to me on the instant. I'm certain of that."

The other shook his head, smiling.

"Who knows? A beard gone, a whitening of the hair about the temples, a new design in wrinkles, any of these is sufficient to alter a man so that, in ten years, even his mother might hesitate to greet him. I've seen it. But let me help you to some more salad. This is Christmas Day, a day of good-will and of peace, so let us forget our troubles and worries, even if it be for only a short hour on two. Is it a bargain?"

"Well, you have a way of making troubles seem trivial," said his guest, smiling, "and so I'll do my best. But I fear the bargain is a bit one-sided. I'll wager you have no worry on earth."

"Wrong," laughed the other. "Yesterday I lost my head waiter. He was too good to remain down-town any longer, so he graduated, and tomorrow begins his new life in a Fifth Avenue hotel. Well, I wish him luck—but he has left me in a dilemma. Head waiters, like poets, are born, and not made."

The other paused, with fork in hand, and stared intently out into the snow-carpeted street. The host watched him closely, with a little smile on his lips. Presently the stranger with a sudden paling of his sallow cheeks, turned his gaze across the table.

"Give me the place," he begged, in a voice that trembled. "For God's sake, sir, give it to me. I'm at the end of my rope. I pawned my watch this morning for two dollars, all they would give me on it, for it is only brass, in order to come here, and, if Jim turned up, pay my part of the score. If he did not come—Well, I refused to think of that. Somehow, wrongly, as it has turned out, I was certain I would find him. And, now—Look here, I've tried the law and I've failed; I've tried writing and I've starved; I've canvassed, and made a pittance, and three days ago I bought a lot of tin toys with almost all the money I had left, and went into the street in front of one of the big stores to sell them. The first person my eyes fell on was a woman I'd known years ago. I saw the look in her eyes as she recognized me. I turned and fled. I sold the toys to a Jew vendor for half what I gave for them. Yesterday I tried to find work as a porter. To-day—You see, I've tried almost everything but I've never tried waiting. They say that every man is capable of doing something well if he can find it; perhaps I can wait; I don't ask for much; give me my meals and a dollar or two. I can learn quickly—for God's sake, sir, give me the place!"

"I may explain," answered the proprietor of the inn, with a kindly smile and a suspicious moistness of his blue eyes, "that I am somewhat of a believer in fate. When you entered an hour ago I said to myself, 'Here is my new head waiter.' You see, sir, I was not mistaken. The place is yours; may it lead to better things."

"You—you mean it?" gasped the other, breathing hard and reaching a shaking hand across the table.

"I mean it." The two clasped hands.

Then the stranger dropped back against his chair and sat with lowered eyes that the other might not see the tears in them.

The host arose, humming a song, and removed the plates from the table, substituting a dish of red grapes and a bowl of walnuts and raisins. He brought cigars from the little case beside the desk, and a tray of matches. All the while he smiled happily. Once, when he could not be seen, he brushed a tear from his cheek. He filled the stranger's glass and his own until the red wine flooding, stained the white cloth. Standing behind his chair, erect and gravely smiling, he raised his glass

moment, then he looked out the window at the lane, as much as to say, "throw it out there," but he was silent and did not say that. After a moment I repeated my question, and he simply answered: "I am blown if I know." Well, when I saw that the official who had been sent to put me on my guard could not tell me what to do, I made up my mind to do as I pleased—I did so, and I was bombarded all the winter with big words from my neighbors,—until I discovered that what I did in broad day-light they all did the moment they were sure that everyone was in bed. Now, who is to blame in all this? That is a question that I will not attempt to answer. I got sick of living on a third flat, so I removed to a lower one, and for the next year I had the glorious privilege of doing as best suited, and of eating all the dust, dirt and snow, ashes, cinders and refuse—as well as ice—that my upstairs neighbors saw fit to throw down upon me. I said nothing; took it all; and removed to a new block where each of the flats had a yard.

* * *

OUR
CURBSTONE
OBSERVER.
* * *

ON COAL SIFTING

The winter is almost over, at least we would naturally suppose that spring was at hand, and soon the snow will be gone, the long and lingering cold will have gone to its lair in the Arctic regions, and the coal-scuttle and poker will have a rest for a few months—thank goodness. It might seem more timely were I to write some spring poetry at this moment, than to dabble in coal and the sifting thereof. But I am not a poet, and I detest spring poetry, so I prefer to take a hand at coal-sifting. I am not obliged to suffer from the spring poetry, for the very good reason that no person obliges me to read it; but I cannot escape the coal-sifting—for if I have none of my own to do I must endure that of my neighbors. I am in a complaining mood, and as I do not wish to say harsh things that might not make friends for me, I will just tell my own experiences, and I am sure that others there are who will agree with me.

EXPERIENCE NO. 1.—I loved one winter on the third flat, and I had to go down thirty steps of a cork-screw stairs to reach the lane. We lit our furnace in the early winter, and I began my twice daily tramp up and down the stairs with my coal ashes. I put it in the barrels at the lane door. Each time I went down I found heaps of coal dust and ashes scattered all around the lane; and one day I saw a coal-picker come along, upset the barrels, scatter the ashes, and pick out the half-burned coal. A few days later a City Hall official rang my door-bell and informed me that I would be fined if I did not put my ashes in the barrels. I told him that I did so; he said I did not, because they were scattered all over the lane. What was the use of arguing with him? I continued to tramp up and down, till one of my neighbors came and told me that the sifting of my ashes in the lane soiled her clean washing on the line. Now I did not sift my ashes, for the good reason that if I did it in the lane the City Hall people would be on me; if I did it on my gallery, the neighbors would devour me; and I could not do it in my house. So I burned one ton and a quarter more coal that winter than I would have burned had I been free to sift my ashes; and I got a curved back from climbing up and down stairs, just to be able to swear that I put my coal in a barrel, although I knew it would not remain there an hour before it was scattered by the coal-pickers.

EXPERIENCE NO. 2.—The following year I made up my mind that things would go differently and I simply did as I saw all my other neighbors doing; as long as the snow was not deep on the ground I went up and down with my ashes, and I sifted them in the lane. But after a while I found that the neighbors in the rear had lodged a complaint against me, and I finally received a visit from a city official. I took the gentleman with the brass buttons upstairs, and into my shed, and down the back stairs to the lane. After he had seen all that was to be seen I took him up again and then I asked him the square question: "Now, sir, what am I to do with my ashes all this winter?" He thought for a

THE RESULTS.—What between coal-sifting, lane cleaning, top-flats and bottom flats, Recorder's summonses, and neighbors that were on a par with the fellows that parade the lanes to upset the barrels, I made up my mind to give up house-keeping, and to decline, in future, to be a citizen—in the sense of a taxpayer, of the city of Montreal. I may some day, in the future, again take up my citizenship, but it will be when the city has some regulations, and representatives capable and willing to put them in force, and make life tolerable here.

in fingers that trembled a little.

"Sir, will you drink a toast with me?" he asked.

The other started abruptly, as from a daze, and following his host's example, took his glass and stood up.

"A toast?" he cried, his voice ringing happily. "A thousand toasts!" His eyes were wet, but the lines of worry were fading out of his face.

The two faced each other across the table. The room was very still. Only the little brushing sound of the snow against the dimming panes was heard. The guest waited for the other to break the silence; and as he waited, somewhere within his memory whispered faintly, indistinctly. The host put forth his hand, until the two glasses touched, clinking, over the board. "To the Heights of Fame!" he said.

The stranger's glass fell from his stiffening fingers and broke in fragments upon the table.

"Jim!" he gasped.

—R. H. Barbour in Ainslie's Magazine.

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Archbishop O'Brien's Pastoral.

(Continued.)

In our last issue we gave a synopsis, with copious extracts, from the remarkable Pastoral Letter of the gifted Archbishop of Halifax. We reproduced his striking account of the Creation of man, and his still more illustrative comments on the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. We will now continue the subject, leaving almost all of the words of the Archbishop, but simply condensing certain portions for the sake of space.

Having quoted from St. Paul, St. Luke and St. Peter to show from Scripture the certainty of eternal punishment for those who do not spend this life in harmony with God's law and God's will, the Pastoral letter thus proceeds:

"We are, therefore, still in danger of losing our souls, of being condemned to eternal separation from God, of enduring all that this entails in a place which we call Hell. Its uncomfotableness may be diminished to the ear of the unthinking by calling it Sheol, or some other fancy name, but assuredly its sufferings will not be mitigated thereby. The question which concerns us is not the name, but the nature of the place. Serious men should avoid childish contentions when discussing a serious topic. Moreover, not in the Old, but in the New Testament, are we to seek the fulness of divine revelation. From its teachings we are to learn the means to be employed in "re-establishing all things in Christ," (Eph. 1: 10), so that "Christ may be all in all." (Col. III. 11.)"

That we must have Faith, and that Faith must come to us by hearing are plain facts that need not be supported, at this moment, by all the Scriptural evidence adduced by His Grace; but from that evidence he draws the following clear-cut doctrine:

"Therefore there must be preachers of God's word to the end of time, but the Apostle adds this important remark — "And how shall they preach unless they be sent?" No one, therefore, is to assume the office of preacher of Christ's message unless he be duly commissioned and "sent" by Jesus Christ. "As the Father hath sent me so I send you." They "sent" others who in due course "sent" still others, and thus a living line of successors, an unbroken chain of senders, and sent from Christ the Eternal Head of His Church, to our day has been verified. As we know from history, countless millions have accepted, during the interval, His revealed word as taught by the Church, and much has been effected towards "re-establishing all things in Christ."

The old and new tactics of the Enemy of mankind are then set before us, and it is wonderful how the same evil end is sought to be attained by means so different.

"But the enemy who brought through sin, disorder into the world, has never ceased to use all efforts to thwart, or retard, the accomplishment of this great purpose. Through all the centuries of Christianity they were, alas, together with heroic deeds of virtue, and a general observance of God's law, many acts of violence and crime. But these were rather individual than national, rather outbreaks of passion than the effects of a settled policy. The saving root of justification, faith, was ever alive, though at times, perchance, asleep in the individual consciences, and generally grievous transgressions were followed by exemplary penance and reparation. There was no thought of putting God out of the world, either in school or university, in private life or public policy. Many sins of passion there were, but few, or none, of malice. Such evil doing as existed was against the person and property of the individual, not against the eternal welfare of his soul.

"In more recent years, however, the enemy of God and man has employed new methods in his warfare or rather has gone back to the one first used in Eden, viz., that of corrupting the intelligence. Now, as then, he promises knowledge as the reward for disregarding God's will; and now, as then, his success is very great. "No, you shall not die the death," but when you shall have set up your own will as the standard of right and wrong "your eyes shall be opened; and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." (Gen. III., 4. 5). The great sin of to-day is not strife and bloodshed; it is not any form of violence against property or

person; it is the more deadly one of a revolt of the intellect against the revelation of God. The world, impatient of control, does not wish to recognize a ruler who exacts obedience of the intelligence and of the will, because the forbidden things are "fair to the eyes"; hence it begins by disobeying, and ends by denying this authority. A settled policy is then adopted of excluding God from private as well as from public and civic life; and souls, not bodies, are attacked."

Having warned the faithful of not allowing themselves to be deceived by a refinement less cruel than in barbarous days, for it is the dry rot of unbelief that permeates the laws, literature and administration of public affairs of the day.

"When all this is considered there is good reason to fear lest this great perversity may be, as it were, a forerunner, and perhaps the beginning of those evils which are reserved for the last days; and that there may be already in the world the "Son of Perdition" of whom the Apostle speaks — (Thess. ii., 3). Such, in truth, is the audacity and the wrath employed everywhere in prosecuting religion, in combating the dogmas of faith, in brazen effort to uproot and destroy all relations between man and the Divinity. While, on the other hand, and this, according to the same Apostle, is the distinguishing mark of Antichrist, man has, with infinite temerity, put himself in the place of God, raising himself above all that is called God; in such a way that although he cannot utterly extinguish in himself all knowledge of God, he has contemned God's majesty, and, as it were, made of the universe a temple wherein he himself is to be adored. "He sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God." (II. Thess. ii., 2.)"

The Archbishop then tells us that "the unthinking may smile at this; the unbeliever may deride it; but men who look below the thin veneer of our civilization, men who place the eternal above the temporal, the good of souls before worldly advantages, will recognize the truth of the picture, and the timeliness of the solemn call made by the Pope to all lovers of true peace, to endeavor to bring as many as possible to the "majesty and empire of God." But this can be done only through "means of Jesus Christ," for "other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid which is Christ Jesus." (I. Cor. iii., 11.)"

Having quoted the words of wisdom of the Holy Father, regarding the open confession and profession of the Faith of Christ, the Pastoral thus closes:

"According to those weighty words, the first aim of men, whether as members of a Catholic organization, or as private citizens, shall be to sanctify themselves by leading a true Christian life. Let us, therefore, dearly beloved, during the Lenten season, seriously ask ourselves—Am I living in Christ? Does Christ reign over my soul? Am I truly reconciled to God through Him? I shall not help forward, effectively, the work of bringing others back to God, unless I also retrace my steps, and go to Him. We need not point out to you how this is to be done. You have learnt it in childhood, and you know the treasures of grace that are stored up in the Sacraments. Perhaps your Faith has grown weak, by contact with an unbelieving, but good-natured world, and by frequent perusal of works in which religion is treated rather as a superstition of the uncultured, and weak-minded, than as the revealed will of God put in practice. If so, read carefully, and in a prayerful mood, the New Testament. The story of Our Lord's life and teaching, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of those, the noblest of earth's heroes, who, poor and weak, and despised, waged war on error and darkness, conquered a proud and cruel world, and bore the Cross to victory, but at the cost of their own blood. Read the glorious deeds, in every subsequent age, of the Saints of God's Church. Procure a few good Catholic books, and bring into your homes well-written Catholic papers and other publications. We trust the members of Catholic Societies will aim at something higher, and more profitable to their souls, than the making of their

Halls mere places of amusement. Let them lend a cheerful aid in all works which concern the interests of God, and souls, but, as the Holy Father warns them, not according to their own views, but always under the direction and orders of the Bishops."

If the times are evil, there are many signs of a large restoration of things in Christ in the near future. A false knowledge of what has been wrongly termed "science," and which led captive many intellects, amongst them some Catholic ones, is dying, and dying in bankruptcy, its supposed treasures of wisdom having been shown to be counterfeit. Only the shallow graduates in scrappy text books, now hold to it; learned men have rejected nearly all its conclusions. So shall every error vanish before the one, unchangeable doctrine of Him who is the true light, and who lives and speaks in His Church to-day, as really as he did in the streets of Jerusalem. Therefore, be strong in Faith because, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith," (I John v., 4.)"

THE BLIND SISTERS.

A person may have lived long in Paris and may be even well acquainted with its religious orders, and yet not know the one which is the subject of this sketch. It is unique in the kind that it is the only one of its kind in the world.

Almost opposite the observatory is the long street, Rue Denfert-Rochereau, so full of religious houses that in the olden days it was given the name of the street of Charity or Paradise. Most of these convents have branch houses in many countries. One there is that, while doing a work not so much as attempted by any other religious order in the world, is yet so unassuming in its quiet usefulness that its existence is known to very few.

At the far end of the Rue Denfert-Rochereau (No. 88) we arrive at the long gray wall that incloses the convent of the "Blind Sisters of St. Paul."

The object of this Order is to offer to those who are blind, and who wish to give themselves wholly to God, the happiness and help of the religious life; for to those whose eyes are closed to all the beauties of this life there is often given an especial love for the God to whom their infirmity rendered them the dearest, and for whom the life of a nun is more suited. Before the sightless eyes of the blind there hangs a veil that forms a life-long cloister.

At St. Paul's there are about 66 nuns, of whom are blind. All these Sisters, Les Soeurs Voyantes, those who have their sight as well as the blind, follow the same rule. On those who have their sight devolves the greater part of the manual work, the work in the kitchen, the service of the meals, the cleaning and care of the house and the care of the blind children. The blind devote themselves more especially to prayer, and so bring down blessings on the convent.

They have, however, plenty of useful occupation. Some have classes of music, reading or even writing. They take their turn in reading aloud in the refectory, at the time of the meals, and so well have they mastered the art of reading with their fingers that the most distinct of all the voices are those of the blind Sisters. Many occupy themselves in printing journals and books for the use of the blind.

Very close is the union between those Sisters who have their sight and those who have it not. It is a Soeur Voyante who conducts her blind Sister to the holy table, where, kneeling, they together receive raptly Communion. But it is often the blind Sister that leads the way to the tribunal of that loved God to whose service they have both consecrated themselves, for it has been remarked that when a blind Sister dies it is almost always a Soeur Voyante who is next to follow.

The little blind children learn from the Sisters how to endure patiently and with courage, for the sake of the good God, the trials and the necessary afflictions of their dark lives. This courage sometimes manifests itself in a most unexpected manner. One little child, during a terrible operation which was performed on her eyes, begged not to be chloroformed, but that instead that the Superior would let her hold in her hand a crucifix. For a long quarter of an hour the little one suffered without so much as a cry, and when the operation was completed the crucifix was found bent from the pressure of the little fingers convulsed with pain.

There are little altars of Our Lady in all the rooms, and in the work-room where blind women of all ages

employ themselves in making nets or brushes, or in knitting. There is an especially beautiful altar in the novitiate, where there are both Soeurs Voyantes and those who have lost their sight. It is difficult to explain to those who have not witnessed it how sheltered and sweet are the lives of these blind religious.

Except the holy Mass, that, perhaps, is the happiest hour of the day when, kneeling in the darkened chapel, they say their last words of love and gratitude to Him who through the whole day has never been far from their thoughts. Who can say what acts of love and devotion go up then from these blind Sisters, who yet have their inward sight so clear. Then all together in the dim light they leave the chapel in procession and pass up the stairs chanting the "Miserere."

Very solemn is this passage of the nuns from the chapel to their cells. The rigorous silence has begun that will not be broken until after Mass the next day. As each cell is reached the occupant detaches herself from the procession and enters, leaving the others to pass on.

At this convent they take in as boarders young women who are blind and who have not an assured position in the world. Little blind girls are also received from the age of four years, some of whom remain all their lives in the house. They also give a Christian education to a limited number of poor young girls. They also provide a home for blind women. These women are served in their own rooms, and the Sisters endeavor to enlighten their lot by reading to them, by conversing with them, and by a thousand little attentions and delicate cares inspired by Christian charity.

TEMPERANCE THE BEDROCK.

Under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of the city, the annual meeting of the members and friends of the Father Matthew Memorial Hall, says the Dublin correspondent of the Catholic Times, Liverpool, was held on Sunday. Every part of the spacious building in Church street was crowded, and the proceedings from first to last were characterized by great enthusiasm. His Lordship, who has been identified for upwards of thirty-five years with the movement, said he was proud that the first public meeting at which he had the honor of presiding as Lord Mayor of Dublin was one in furtherance of the great and glorious cause of temperance. He thought his connection with this movement had a good deal to do with his occupying the position he was now so proud to fill. The temperance and the Gaelic movement were now great forces in the country; year after year their influence was becoming greater; they were teaching the people lessons of thrift, of industry, of self-respect, and of perseverance. The day was not far distant, he thought, when the people of Ireland, irrespective of class or creed would be ruling its destinies.

Considerable progress has been made during the past year in the onward march of temperance, both in the provinces and in Dublin. In view of the fact that so much depends on the rising generation, it is indeed gratifying to learn from the annual report which was read at Sunday's meeting by Mr. Mooney, that temperance has found a firm foothold among the youth of Dublin. "We have on our side," it says, "the rising youth of the city, who, through the revived and right spirit of nationality and patriotism, fostered and cultivated by the Gaelic League and kindred societies, take a high and noble view of the duties they owe their country, and who place temperance and total abstinence as the bedrock and foundation of their labors for the uplifting, advancement and nationalization of their motherland." The action taken by the Archbishops and Bishops has no doubt done much to bring about this happy state of affairs. For many years past they have administered the total abstinence pledge to all children about to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation with the result now evident on every side. Their wisdom has been abundantly proved. The school children of to-day will in a few years hence be the men and women of the country. At the present rate of progress it looks as if in a short time we should realize the ideal of one of Ireland's patriotic sons: "Ireland sober; Ireland free."

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 20th March, 1904: Irish, 154; French, 130; English, 31; other nationalities, 23. Total, 338.

IRISH LITERARY CRITICISM.

BY "CRUX."

Some short time ago Mr. W. B. Yeates, the Irish litterateur and critical lecturer, delivered an address in Toronto in which he reviewed all that he and his companions, or associates had done for the advancement of Irish letters and of Celtic influence. In all that he set forth there was perfect truth, and I am even inclined to believe that he allowed his personal humility to prevent him from claiming all the credit that he and his co-workers deserve. In the course of his lecture, however, he endeavored to show to his audience the respective merits of the earlier Irish writers and their influence upon their own times, as well as upon subsequent years. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the "Young Ireland" movement in the "forties" and he assigned a place to Thomas Davis the founder of the "Nation," poet, essayist and political guide and inspiration of that band of young men who created a revival in Ireland's literature and aspirations. The lecturer said: "Davis was not a great writer, nor a great poet, but he gave all he had to the cause"; and he proceeded to explain that Davis was an exceptional man at that time, but left us to infer that his work was not to be compared to that which has been subsequently done. It is not for an humble individual like me to try and judge between Davis and his critic, nor to establish a comparison between their respective works, but I will simply say that nearly sixty years have elapsed since Davis died, and he only wrote for three years, and yet his name and works have still a powerful sway over the Irish race, and his influence and the effects of his writings are still felt. I will allow others to speak—men who knew him, labored with him, and were in a position to do him justice.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.—There is no need for me to tell the story of Duffy's connection with the Young Ireland party, with the foundation of the "Nation," with the revival of Irish literature in the mid-nineteenth century, nor of his subsequent exceptionally grand career. It suffices to know that no man ever lived who was in a better position to properly estimate Davis and his work. On Christmas Eve, 1845—three months after the death of Davis—Duffy wrote as follows:

"It is not death alone, but Time and Death that canonize the patriot. "We are still too near to see his proportions truly. The friends to whom his singularly noble and lovable character was familiar, and who knew all the great designs he was bringing to maturity, are in no fit condition to measure his intellectual force with calm judgment. The people who knew him imperfectly, or not at all—for it was one of the practical lessons he taught the young men of his generation, to be chary of notoriety—have still to gather from his works whatever faint image of a true great man can ever be collected from books. Till they have done this, they will not be prepared to hear the whole truth of him.

"All he was, and might have become, they can never fully know; as it is, their unconsciousness of what they have lost impresses those who knew him, and them, with the pitying pain we feel for the indifference of a child to the death of his father. Students who will be eager to estimate him for themselves, must take in connection with his works the fact that over the grave of this man, living only to manhood, and occupying only a private station, there gathered a union of parties, and a combination of intellect that would have met round the tomb of no other man living, or who has lived in our time. No life—not that of Gutenberg, or Franklin, or Tone, illustrates more strikingly than his, how often it is necessary to turn aside from the dias on which stand the great and titled, for the real moving power of the time—the men who are stirring like a soul in the bosom of society. Such a one they will speedily discover Davis to have been."

HIS BIOGRAPHER.—The foregoing quotation from Duffy should suffice to show that, for some reason or other, Mr. Yeates has miscalculated the importance of Davis and his work and has failed to properly appreciate him. I now take a couple of extracts, from a preface of his works, written in April, 1846, by

"T. W.," his subsequent biographer. His appreciation runs, in part, as follows:

"The momentary grief of the people for his loss was loud and ardent enough. I have heard some touching instances of the intensity with which it manifested itself in thousands, who had never seen his face, or heard his voice,—to whom, indeed, his very name and being were unknown, until the tidings of his death awoke in them the vain regret that they had not earlier known and honored the good great man who worked unseen among them."

Speaking then of his great humility and even lack of confidence in himself and his retiring disposition, until the hour of action came, when he burst forth in all his power and glory the writer says:

"There is no assurance of greatness so unmistakable as this. No power is so overwhelming, no energy so untiring, no enthusiasm so undomitable, as that which slumbers for years, unconscious and unsuspected, until the character is completely formed, and then bursts at once into light and life, when the time for action is come. This was the true guarantee of Davis' greatness—of a genius which was equal to any emergency, which would have been constantly placing itself in new aspects, overcoming new difficulties, and winning fresh love and honor from his countrymen and from mankind. A character so rich in love and hope, as his, and at the same time so suited for public life, is a rarity in history."

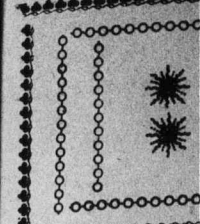
Then he adds: "Apart from his want of leisure, and his early death, his poems above all must not be judged without a reference to his aims and his mode of life. I do not believe that, since the invention of printing, there has been a volume of such sincere effect, and varied power, produced under like circumstances."

Then commenting upon that which the modern critic seems to look upon as a weakness, the same author says: "True, the great man will often shun society and court obscurity and solitude; but let him withdraw into himself ever so much, his soul will only expand the more with thought and passion. The mystery of life will be the greater to him, the more time he has to study it; the loveliness of nature will be the sweeter to him, the less his converse with her is disturbed by the thoughtless comment of the worldly or the vain. Let him retire into utter solitude, and even if he were not great (as Davis was) that solitude—if nature whispers to him and he listens to her—would go near to make him so; as Selkirk, when after his four years of solitude, he trod again the streets of London, looked for a while a king, and talked like a philosopher. For a while, since, as Richard Steele ably tells the story, in six months or so, the royalty had faded from his face, and he had grown again, what he was at first, a sturdy but common-place sailor. But nature herself haunts incessantly the really great man, and nothing can vulgarize him."

And I give just one final quotation out of the two hundred pages of similar tributes:

"Men, true to their own convictions, and prompt in their country's need, but knowing well the hived sweetness that abides in an unnoticed life—and yet not shrinking from responsibility, or avoiding danger, when the hour of trial comes; it is such men that this country needs, and not flaunting hibernists, or empty platform patriots. She wants men who can and will work as well as talk. Men glad to live, and yet prepared to die. For Ireland is approaching her majority, and what she wants is men. Such was Davis, for his works are a Palear of Nationality, in which every aspiration of your hearts will meet its due response—your every aim and effort encouragement and sympathy, and wisest admonition."

I might fill two large volumes with like tributes to the genius and the greatness of Davis, all from those who knew him, and who had seen and felt his influence upon the people. I place these few, however, side by side with the opinion of Mr. Yeates, that "Davis was not a great writer, nor a great poet," and side by side with his opinion of the limited character of Davis' influence: I leave the reader to sit in judgment upon the issue.



CHAPTER A

It was the feast of Heart, and the altars of Holy Communion two years brilliant with flowers and pers. The great church ed with people from eve the city, for to-day's cele to be such as had seldom Sisters from different pa there, several from the lum, and among them was nes Bernard, who anticip pleasure of hearing he Agnes, sing a beautiful honor of the Sacred Heart been composed for (the a member of the order.

It had been a little over since the return of the Virginia, who had continu the winter to spend her v in study, had been admitt Catholic Church early in but her first Communion lferred until the day before for home. Could Alexi the fervor with which she the holy table she would herself well rewarded for h her own life to the servi Creator, but still she was soverance.

Several times since Agnes had been to the a Virginia only once, and th been unable to see her ce of her conversion, but wo her learn the news from o than her own. When Agn the celebration which was pared for, she said, "Mam has had happiness enough sent in seeing me entirely why not keep your secret the feast of the Sacred H

"Let it be as you say, said Virginia, and this she did not make a second Sister Agnes Bernard that the miracle that had formed for Agnes, and th her cousin must have see would have some effect u and vainly did she await of it. Once she said "What does your mamma your cure?"

"Oh, Sister," was the ply, "it has made her so l "Poor Virginia," was th mental comment, "the gra has not yet touched her it had Agnes would know would certainly tell me," said, "Let us continue to her, Agnes."

"Yes, Sister," was the the twinkle of her eyes esc notice of her companion. Alexia's next question w hasn't your mamma call since your return?"

To this Agnes replied, once, Sister, but you were she has been too busy sin will call again."

Alexia's prayers for her ce redoubled, and she left her care of the Sacred Hear that the approaching fea bring some grace to her.

Mrs. Hurley in the mean busy preparing for the event ther, she and Agnes made in honor of the Sacred He attended Mass, each with a fervor in which each seemed excel the other. The day w in study, hearing Agnes pr hymns, and working on the she was to wear. Instead robe of satin and silk lace Agnes had worn at her fir munion, the one chosen fo occasion was of simple whi the plainness of which wa only by a blue sash and fr vicatage at the throat an Virginia on the happy mo occupied a front seat on the directly opposite those rese the participants in the proce only two seats behind her w ral of the Sisters of Mercy; though unconscious of it at she could not have chosen where her cousin could have her more closely.

THE TWO COUSINS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the feast of the Sacred Heart, and the altars of the church where Agnes had received her first Holy Communion two years ago were brilliant with flowers and lighted tapers. The great church was thronged with people from every parish in the city, for to-day's celebration was to be such as had seldom been seen. Sisters from different parishes were there, several from the orphan asylum, and among them was Sister Agnes Bernard, who anticipated the pleasure of hearing her favorite, Agnes, sing a beautiful hymn in honor of the Sacred Heart which had been composed for the occasion by a member of the order.

It had been a little over two weeks since the return of the travellers. Virginia, who had continued through the winter to spend her whole time in study, had been admitted into the Catholic Church early in the spring but her first Communion had been deferred until the day before she started for home. Could Alexia have seen the fervor with which she approached the holy table she would have felt herself well rewarded for having given her own life to the service of her Creator, but still she was kept in ignorance.

Several times since her return Agnes had been to the asylum; but Virginia only once, and then she had been unable to see her cousin. She had intended that day to tell Alexia of her conversion, but would not let her learn the news from other lips than her own. When Agnes heard of the celebration which was being prepared for, she said, "Mamma, Sister has had happiness enough for the present in seeing me entirely cured, and why not keep your secret now until the feast of the Sacred Heart."

"Let it be as you say, Agnes," said Virginia, and this was why she did not make a second visit. Sister Agnes Bernard had hoped that the miracle that had been performed for Agnes, and the devotion her cousin must have seen abroad, would have some effect upon her, and vainly did she await some sign of it. Once she said to Agnes, "What does your mamma think of your cure?"

"Oh, Sister," was the evasive reply, "it has made her so happy." "Poor Virginia," was the Sister's mental comment, "the grace of God has not yet touched her heart, for if it had Agnes would know it and would certainly tell me," then she said, "Let us continue to pray for her, Agnes."

"Yes, Sister," was the reply, but the twinkle of her eyes escaped the notice of her companion. Alexia's next question was "Why hasn't your mamma called on me since your return?"

To this Agnes replied, "She did once, Sister, but you were not in and she has been too busy since. She will call again."

Alexia's prayers for her cousin were redoubled, and she left her to the care of the Sacred Heart, hoping that the approaching feast might bring some grace to her. Mrs. Hurley in the meantime was busy preparing for the event. Together, she and Agnes made a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, and attended Mass, each with an humble fervor in which each seemed eager to excel the other. The day was spent in study, hearing Agnes practice her hymns, and working on the wardrobe she was to wear. Instead of a costly robe of satin and silk lace such as Agnes had worn at her first Communion, the one chosen for this occasion was of simple white muslin, the plainness of which was relieved only by a blue sash and frills of delicate lace at the throat and wrists.

Virginia on the happy morning occupied a front seat on the side aisle directly opposite those reserved for the participants in the procession and only two seats behind her were several of the Sisters of Mercy; so, although unconscious of it at the time, she could not have chosen a place where her cousin could have watched her more closely.

The convert having said a short prayer, had taken her seat before the Sisters entered, and Alexia noticed that she was sitting while many around her knelt. But at the sound of the organ she saw her fall on her knees and she thought she made the sign of the cross, but put it aside as only the effect of her imagination. Now the long procession winds its way slowly down the aisle, first came

the younger members of the League of the Sacred Heart, carrying a beautiful banner of the Sacred Heart painted on white satin with streamers of blood red ribbon, the girls wearing white dresses and red sashes; then the older members followed by the Children of Mary, with their banner bearing a picture of the Immaculate Conception and their white dresses relieved by sashes of delicate blue. Notwithstanding that Agnes had not yet been admitted to the society, it had been deemed proper that one who had received such wonderful favors from the Immaculate Mother of Christ should be permitted to carry her banner, so now we see her at the head of this band; and next came the various other societies all singing a hymn appropriate to the occasion. At the same time another procession moved into the sanctuary and solemn High Mass was commenced.

Sister Agnes Bernard was so intent first in watching her who was no longer a delicate child, but whose cheeks bloomed with roses of health; then the celebrant at the altar, that for a time her cousin was forgotten; but Virginia was still devoutly kneeling and held a book when she looked again. A faint suspicion that she might have some thoughts of becoming a Catholic occurred to her, but banished directly, for Agnes, who would know all, had told her nothing. The Domine non sum dignus had been pronounced, and at the sound of the bell Virginia's book was closed and her head bent low; but it was only for a minute, for the Communion cloth had been turned, and she arose and approached the altar.

Like one transfixed to the spot Alexia watched her in wonder. She felt her blood chill within her as if she were beholding a great sacrilege which she was powerless to prevent; but she felt confident that her cousin would never dare to commit so bold a deed. Besides her devotion had been such as no one but a Catholic could affect. She glanced at Agnes, who was directly opposite her, and their eyes met. On the face of the girl was a look of holy triumph and she smiled slightly nodding her head, as if to say that all was well, then her head was bowed in prayer.

At the close of the Mass there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the little girls strewing the bright June flowers from silver baskets walked ahead of the priest who carried the Holy Sacrament under a white satin canopy. When the monstrance was placed on the altar, all knelt in adoration, then before the consecration to the Sacred Heart the clear sweet voice of Agnes floated through the edifice as she sung the beautiful hymn alone. For the time she seemed raised in ecstasy above her surroundings; and, as if regardless that she had an earthly listener, she sang as to her God alone, her voice growing sweeter and more plaintive, finally dying away in a sweet melody that thrilled many hearts. She was not heard again until after the Benediction, when she joined in singing the Te Deum.

One heart had been touched by her voice. A man of about forty, or younger, but on whose handsome face might be seen the marks of dissipation, had been attracted to the Church by the procession which had entered as he chanced to be passing by. During the Mass, which in childhood he had loved to attend, he sat near the door with a heart that could not be moved until he heard that sweet voice. Something recalled a voice he had once known and loved, and as she sang his mind went back to the lost days of his youth. He could not see her face until she was leaving the Church, when she passed near him, a bright vision, which reminded him still more strongly of the dead.

Soon the Church was deserted; he alone remained near the door, his heart moved by Agnes' hymn to contrition for his wasted life, and a desire to return to the long neglected practice of his religion. How long he knelt there he hardly realized, but when he left the church it was with a firm resolution to amend his life and he sought one of the priests to whom he told a story which was listened to with a double interest, inasmuch as the man proved to be, not only a wanderer who wished to return to the Church, but was no other than the father of Agnes Malloy.

The priest, who had known Agnes

from her infancy, knew the story of her life as well as the Sisters themselves, so that he soon became fully convinced as to who his visitor was, and when in conclusion he learned that the heart of the hardened sinner had been touched by the voice of his own child, he could scarcely withhold showing the emotion he felt; but he would not for the present let him know who she was. When he asked her name his calm reply was "Agnes Hurley."

On the night that he had turned his young wife out in the cold he had gone to a saloon, where he remained until morning, then returned home in hopes of finding her, but when he found that she had fled with his child his anguish knew no bounds. All day he waited her return, and on the next went to look for her, visiting several institutions where he thought that she might have left the baby, but it never occurred to him to call at any of the convents. By this time he had become fully sobered. He realized now how much he loved his patient, loving wife and the little one, and resolved if he found them to do better for their sakes.

As the days passed and his search proved fruitless he feared that she might have wandered into the country and perished in the snow. The thought drove him almost to frenzy, and he sought to bury his grief in dissipation. Early in the spring he went West, hoping to do better, but ill luck seemed to pursue him, and the rough companions dragged him deeper into vice. He returned home after several years to find his parents living and quite well off, but in his present condition he dared not visit them or even make himself known to his friends. Next he visited the city where he had spent the few months of his married life which his own folly had made so unhappy for his wife and from whence he had wandered from place to place until he reached the city where he was to find his child.

Fortunately he was entirely sober now, and had been for several days, so that he was able to relate the incidents of his life with perfect clearness and on leaving the priest he sought a room in a quiet boarding house where he shut himself up to make preparation for his confession, which he was to make to-morrow.

In the afternoon Virginia and Agnes drove to the asylum, where the former received a most hearty welcome from her cousin, who wept for joy when she learned the full details of the miracle performed at Lourdes.

"Sister," Virginia said in conclusion, "it would be impossible for me to tell you how happy I am now. I could ask no greater blessing and I am so glad when I remember that my little Arthur was baptized, for I know that he is praying for me in heaven, and has perhaps done more for me than he could had he been spared." But still, thought resigned to her loss, the mother could not help weeping at the remembrance of her child.

"Yes, Virginia, he has been praying for you, and his prayers, together with those of our little Agnes, have caused your conversion," said her cousin.

"Please do not give me credit for it, Sister," said Agnes, "it was Our Lady of Lourdes did it all, and how happy we should be."

"I know you are happy, Agnes," said the Sister, "and suppose you too might say that you ask no greater blessing."

"Sister," said Agnes almost sadly, "God and Our Lady of Lourdes have been very kind to me, but there is one thing more. If I only knew where papa is and knew that he was a good man I would be happy. I prayed for him at Mass this morning and begged the Sacred Heart to bring him to me."

"Continue praying, child," said Sister Agnes Bernard, "and if he lives your prayers may be soon answered."

"I hope so," said Agnes, "for I cannot believe him dead."

Mrs. Hurley's face clouded as she thought of the heartless drunkard, whom she had pictured as Agnes' father, coming to claim her darling, but feeling confident that since he had not come in all these years he never would, she smiled and said, "Agnes and I will be very happy now and I hope we shall never be separated."

"I hope not, mamma," said Agnes sweetly.

CHAPTER XII.

For nearly four months Mr. Malloy watched his child from a distance, never daring to approach the one who, in his eyes, seemed more angelic each time he saw her, until he could prove himself the man he was not vainly trying to be. With the assistance of the priest he had procured respectable, and what promised to be steady employment, in the factory and so faithful had he been that in these few weeks he had won the respect both of his employers and companions, the only fault the latter found in him being his persistence in refusing to spend the evenings with them.

His boarding place was but a short distance from the Church, and in the evening he seldom left it excepting to go to church, or call on the priest, from whom he learned much of his daughter, or occasionally, after dark he would go around by Mrs. Hurley's home and walk past several times, in hopes of catching a glimpse of her whom he longed more and more to clasp in his arms and call his own darling child. Each morning he would arise while his companions were asleep, and go to early Mass, after which he had only time to take a hurried breakfast and be off to his work. Often when leaving the Church he met Virginia and Agnes going to the second Mass, and on these days his work seemed lighter.

Each time he saw her he was reminded more of his gentle child-wife, of whom she was a perfect counterpart, and he was moved to deeper homes than when he listened to the story of the long years she had spent in darkness, and all through his fault. He was not ashamed of the tears which dimmed his own eyes, but they were wiped away, and he thanked God for his mercies when he heard of her wonderful cure. "Dear child," he would say, "I know it was her holy prayers raised me from the depths into which I had fallen; and how good God was when he caused her sweet voice to touch my heart. Heaven bless her, how I wish that I might speak to her and hear her voice again. Only to hear her call me father, just once; but I dare not, for she is too good to be approached by a drunkard."

The priest had been pleased with Mr. Malloy's refusal to present himself to Agnes until he had proved himself an honorable man; but after a few weeks' trial had suggested that his identity be made known to Mrs. Hurley and the Sisters; but still he persisted in his self-imposed penance. Love, however, made him blind to the fact that he was watching his daughter too closely for one who pretended to be a stranger. Agnes had soon discovered the attention she was attracting and was greatly annoyed; but wished to make no complaint; so she, in turn, began to silently study the man.

When she saw how devout he was her fears of him were in a measure abated, and she tried to forget him, but it seemed that whenever she left the house, whether she saw him or not, his eyes followed her like a shadow; but she did not wish to trouble Virginia by complaining of him. She tried to make herself believe that it might be only the result of nervousness, and seeing him at church so often, but nothing, however, could drive him from her mind, and she saw him even in her dreams.

One Saturday evening, in October, she went alone to the Church, to go to confession. So intent was she upon what she was about to do that on leaving the house she had no thought of danger until she saw the outline of a dark figure but a few feet away from her, and at a close glance she discovered that it was the strange man. Her first impulse was to return, but as it was still quite early, although very dark, she went on fearlessly until she heard his foot steps close behind her. She knew not why, but her heart beat rapidly with fear, and she quickened her steps so that by the time she had reached the Church she was panting for breath and could not speak.

The priest was just entering the front door of the Church and said "Good evening, Agnes."

With an effort she answered with a breathless tone, while on her face was a frightened look. "Good evening, father."

him as if loath to speak, but his eyes were tenderly fixed upon her and when she remembered how kind he had ever been to her from her infancy she said, "Father, I have so often been frightened by a strange man who seems to be watching me every time I have been out since a short time after I came home."

"Is that it," said the priest calmly, being almost convinced as to whom the man was, "where is he please, describe him and tell me about it." He spoke so kindly that Agnes obeyed him, and being assured that the man would do her no harm and the annoyance would be discontinued, she returned home fearlessly without seeing the man again.

The result was that the priest urged Malloy to make himself known at once. He was presented first to Mrs. Hurley the next day, and to Agnes after she had learned the story of his life and conversion. He deeply regretted having frightened her and made many apologies for his thoughtlessness in having so annoyed her, but Agnes was too happy to think of it now. To her it was only a proof of his affection, and she censured him only for holding himself aloof from her so long when she was earnestly praying for his return.

To Virginia his coming was not a source of quite so much happiness, and although to Agnes she manifested no outward sign, she was half unwilling to believe in his identity until he had shown stronger proofs than he had. It pleased her to see how happy Agnes was now but still she was jealous of her darling for she feared that the father who had first claim on her, might wish to take her away.

But Mr. Malloy had no such intentions, for seeing what a good home his daughter had, and how greatly Mrs. Hurley was attached to her, he would not take her away. When he went with her to find the long-neglected grave of his wife, which he had refused to visit until his child could accompany him, Virginia went also.

It was with no little difficulty that the sacred spot was found in the potato field, and the diligence with which he searched, first the records, then the grounds, was a proof to Virginia that she had not been deceived. When at last the grave was found, he threw himself among the dying weeds which had been touched by the frost and gave vent to his feelings by sobs and tears which would have softened the hardest of hearts. It was with great difficulty that Agnes drew him away and as he was leaving he said, "my poor child-wife, will God ever forgive me for having caused her death?"

"Yes, papa," was the reply, "God forgives all things to those who repent and ask His forgiveness."

"And you, Agnes," he said, "I hardly dare call you my child when I think of my crimes—do you forgive me?"

"Yes, papa," said Agnes gently, "I forgive you with all my heart for I know that you are truly sorry; so let the past be forgotten; let us bury it here in mamma's grave and we can be happy."

"Dear child," he said, "God has been too good in sending me such an angel as you are. It is more than I deserve."

"Say not so, papa," said Agnes, "for I know that you did try to do right but found it hard when the world was against you; but you are so good now that the past should never be recalled."

On his return to the city where he had taken up his abode, Mr. Malloy bought a lot in the pleasantest part of the Catholic cemetery, and here he removed the remains of his young wife. He would have given her a headstone, but he had already spent nearly all that he had saved, so Mrs. Hurley supplied the deficiency by erecting a small but handsome monument, and when he asked her why she did it, her reply was that to Agnes the credit was due.

The wanderer's next work was to write to his parents and ask them to receive him for the sake of their grand-daughter, whose picture he sent them, and whom he described in the most glowing terms, not omitting to tell them the story of her blindness and wonderful cure. The aged people, who had long mourned their only son as dead, were rejoiced to hear from him, and still more pleased to hear of his child. They begged him to visit them, so, with Agnes and Virginia, whom they could not leave at home alone, he spent the Christmas holidays for the first

time in fifteen years at his dear old home.

For nearly two years Mr. Malloy worked with increasing diligence, thus making himself almost invaluable to his employer, who from time to time raised him from one position to a higher, and likewise increased his wages. But these were minor matters to him, for he was working at first only for his daughter. It was the vision of her sweet face which went with him everywhere, making his work light and helping him to be a most faithful member of the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society to which he belonged; then after a time another vision of blue eyes and golden hair began to haunt his day dreams, and he became aware that he was once more in love. The woman who had been a mother to his child he felt certain would make a loving wife.

Of this Mrs. Hurley had never dreamed. Instead her heart had long been filled with sad misgivings of the time when she felt certain that he would ask her to surrender to him her darling; and at first her proud, jealous spirit had rebelled at the thought, for Agnes was lawfully hers and she could not give her up. But like a ray of light from Heaven a new idea had dawned upon her after reading the life of St. Jane de Chantal, and she was not only willing now to give her up, but was almost anxiously waiting until she should be old enough to be installed as his housekeeper in the home which had once been Alexia's.

Mr. Malloy had now reached the highest place in the factory, with greatly increased salary, and with a light heart, he hastened to Mrs. Hurley's after his day's work was done to ask that lady to become his wife. How happy they would be, he thought, as he carefully made his toilette, "Just we three." Virginia's apparent haughtiness had often chilled him, but he had learned to look upon it as only her way, and felt sure that she could not refuse him, when she remembered that as his wife she might never be separated from her.

Although nearly thirty-eight, Virginia was still a beautiful woman, for hers was one of those youthful faces that never grow old. She had that same golden hair which Robert Hurley had admired in her youth, her blue eyes were as bright as then, and a stranger could hardly have been convinced that she had seen her thirtieth birthday. It was undoubtedly the life, so free from care and hard work, which had been hers after the dark shadow caused by death had passed away, that kept her face so young and fair.

Mr. Malloy took in her charms at a glance as she admitted him to the parlor, saying, in her old musical voice, "Agnes is not in, but she will be here soon."

"It is yourself whom I wish to talk to this evening, Mrs. Hurley," he said, handing her his hat, "and perhaps it will be as well for us to be alone for a few minutes."

Virginia felt herself growing weak at his remark, for something seemed to say, "He has come to take Agnes." She had looked forward to the separation with a feeling of holy resignation, almost joy, when she had thought of the new life upon which she was to enter; but now that she felt it to be at hand her strength almost gave way. A ray of grace came to her assistance and smiling sweetly she said, "As I suppose it is in reference to Agnes I shall be too happy to listen."

He commenced by telling of his great love for his child and his long cherished ambition to have her with him in a home of her own, then he told her of his promotion and his ability to support a home.

"I am pleased to hear of your fortune," said Virginia, "and you have doubtless come to ask for your daughter." In spite of her effort to control herself, she knew that her voice faltered.

"Yes," he said, "I would like to have my daughter with me, for I love her devotedly; but I love you, too, Mrs. Hurley, and if you will become my wife I know that we three can be very happy together."

(To be Continued.)

ENVY.

Envy is epidemic at all times. It is strange how it enters hearts and makes them weary.

CATHOLIC CHURCH FIRE INSURANCE.

Under the heading "Fire Insurance—Catholic Churches—Increased Rates" the Catholic Universe of Cleveland says:

We are told that the fire companies are now in a humor to be confronted or questioned by policy-holders concerning rates; that the losses in Baltimore and in Rochester have made them sore and sensitive.

In the next breath the same agent, to give us the impression that his companies are the ne plus ultra, says: "We have paid all our losses from our surplus earnings."

Since business is business and since there must be at least two parties to a contract, the insured ought to "get the floor" in his turn. As far as Catholic Church property is concerned, all the fire insurance companies list it as A1. Hence it is very desirable and is considered the "silk" and "velvet" of the business.

To show how "fine" it is in this diocese with its millions of insurable property, we need but mention the fact that for the past thirty years and we might say since its foundation in 1847, the fire losses have not amounted to three per cent of the premiums which have been paid to the companies.

We are so prudent and so timid and so business-like that we have petitioned Tom, Dick and Harry who fill out insurance policies, to please give us three cents for each good dollar we hand them. Tom, Dick and Harry condescended to oblige us at that rate for years, but now they have perfected a "board organization" and their ultimatum is: "You must give us \$2.50 for 3 cents or we won't play the game any longer, and we won't let anyone else play with you or deal with you. We know it has been for us 'Heads we win and tails you lose,' but we want larger coins in the game."

Poor we find ourselves on hard lines and "up to it." We have been "real good" for years to the companies, but the companies now have a board and if we are not a good deal better we will get it.

What shall we do? Take our bills and write 50. Take our own insurance and carry it. Keep our own dollars and not barter them away at 3 per cent of their value. Let us not permit ourselves to be treated as imbeciles any longer. Let us saddle our own strong horse that has been idle too long. If we had not thrown so much "fat" into the fire companies' ungrateful tills, we would not need to seek the king's favor.

We have taken up this subject once more by reason of the high-handed work of the local board. The Ursuline Convent of Cleveland, a well built brick and stone structure, isolated and well cared for, has been lately re-rated by the board. The Sisters found that the rates on the expiring \$40,000 insurance has been so increased that the amount now demanded is 140 per cent. of the original cost. Think of that. Look at it. Compare it with our fire losses. How can it be justified?

One board member says: "The companies have suffered much in Baltimore, they suffer much in losses on manufacturing plants and the rates must be readjusted." We said: "Possibly you may kill the goose that has been laying the golden eggs." Possibly and probably the goose may make a nest of its own. If it does not it will be a very stupid goose indeed. Wise insurance men would at least have let the goose alone for the sake of the golden eggs.

A man may find that he is paying too much for "futures." Many have so found and were then "made wise." The public school buildings in Cleveland were regularly insured some 25 years ago. The cost made the board of education "wise," and the schools carry their own risks. Many corporations do likewise. The best properties of all, widely scattered and well guarded, except from insurance sharks, are still at the mercy of board combines and board rates—these properties are the churches, the schools, the convents, the hospitals, the asylums, the pastoral residences of the Catholic Church.

Some say, "Anything for a quiet life," and pay dear for peace and then do not get it. When a strong man armed keepeth his court these things are in peace which he possesseth. The Church in this diocese and in the province is strong. It should arm in self-defence against companies whose agents combine to collect triple fares. There should be a Church insurance company. It would thrive on a 75 cent rate for five years. It could loan its surplus at 11 per cent to struggling churches. Were it made general, the profits would support the Indian and negro schools and missions.

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. Includes images of soap boxes and a central graphic with the word 'SURPRISE' in large letters.

Should a Provincial Insurance Company be formed, it should be a stock company. The stock of \$500,000 or even \$1,000,000 would soon be taken were the franchise, if we might so designate the exclusive right to the insurance of all Church and school buildings, given to such a company. The stock could be taken by the dioceses, or by individuals or by communities. The affairs of such a company should be conducted on strictly business principles. The rate of insurance could be settled and agreed upon in the "franchise," and be approved by the bishops of each diocese represented in the company.

Some dioceses have inaugurated plans for at least partial insurance. We would like to see the insurance ship so strongly built and so well manned that it could launch out for deep waters.

The Methodists have for years carried on an insurance company for their church property. We do not know if they carry all the risks or not, but they have an insurance association.

We are rather pleased that the board has raised the rates. Fire is not quenched with tow. It requires a good deal to arouse us. The companies have always found us "easy" and placid and quite amenable to increased rates. They combine, we don't. "Everybody's business is nobody's business." "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them." We have furnished a lot of fat for the companies. Possibly the increased heat will make the spit less tolerable to those who are spitted. "God help the rich, the poor can beg."

The Ursuline Convent is being held up. Others will get their turn. Are we to be spitted? Who will raise a voice on this subject? Will there be an organization? The Bishops can give the word to move. "He who stays in the valley will never get over the hill."

Through Intercession of Mother Bourgeoys

A cure obtained through the intercession of Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys—Ste Anne de Beaupre, January 12th, 1904. Dona Barette, a young girl of about twelve years of age, having been obliged on account of bad health to leave the boarding school of the Franciscan Sisters, stayed at home for nearly two years. During that time, general debility, inflammation of the intestines, and intermittent fever, rendered her unable to digest even groats, the only food she was allowed to take. Then the doctor advised the parents to confide the sick girl to the care of a specialist at the Hotel Dieu of Quebec. But they did not like to be separated from their dear child. In October last they invited a Rev. Father to visit the sick girl. Seeing her pitiful state, he counselled her to begin a novena to the Venerable Sister Margaret Bourgeoys, and handed her a picture of the "Saint of Canada." The whole family began at once to recite ten times the Hall Mary in her honor, adding the invocation, "Good St. Anne and Blessed Gerard, pray also for the sick girl." From that very first day, a change took place and little Dona could enjoy any food whatsoever. But on the third day of the novena, she had a severe attack of colic and nervous convulsions. Then she applied once more the picture at the aching place, and the suffering grew less intense and finally disappeared. Since that time, Dona goes once more to Church, which she could not do for more than a year. A neighbor marvelled at seeing this wonderful improvement, for, as he said, she was surely done for. Three months have elapsed since the novena, and, according to her mother's statement, Dona now works, takes all kinds of nourishment, sleeps soundly and regains her former stoutness. The parents and the sick child had pro-

mitted to relate the signal favor in the Annals, and they joyfully express their gratitude towards Venerable Margaret Bourgeoys, and also towards Good St. Anne and Blessed Gerard, to whose intercession they attribute this remarkable restoration to health.—P. W., C.S.S.R., in Annals of St. Anne.

METHODICAL STUDY.

At the inauguration of St. Colman's Hall in Newry on Monday night by the Lord Bishop of Down and the Rev. Father Finlay, S.J., in the course of an instructive address, spoke of the usefulness to the youth of the country of such places of resort, both as centres of social intercourse and educational improvement. Associations cluster round the building opened last night calculated to inspire patriotic ideals, but the practical benefits which it is to be the medium of affording the youth of the border town, in order to prepare them for the battle of life, have been kept well in view. In his encouraging and practical address Father Finlay referred to his recent visit to the United States as a member of the Moseley Commission of investigation on American educational methods, and related instances of the self-sacrificing efforts of young people there some only a short time from Ireland towards advancing themselves in their particular spheres of work. He conceded that in Ireland we had not the same facilities for study that were to be found in America and elsewhere, but there was no occupation in which they were engaged in which they could not improve themselves by methodical study. The institution opened last night provides excellent means to engage in useful studies.

Father Finlay advocates the cultivation of the critical faculty as being especially necessary in a country like Ireland, where all of them were so very liable to become the slaves of figures of speech. "One of their besetting sins," he said, "was the extravagant use of rhetoric. Rhetoric appeared to have an intoxicating effect upon them, and whether uttering to themselves or listening to it from others it seemed to take in them the place of sound reasoning. In that manner thoughtful, critical reading would help them greatly to think and to think rationally, and to view from a rational standard the thought and the words of others." The splendid hall of St. Colman under its improved conditions has had a good send-off on its new career, and it is to be hoped that the facilities for self-improvement which it offers will be fully appreciated, and the rewards of diligent and honest endeavor alluded to by Father Finlay be an inspiration to those who take advantage of them.—Irish News, Belfast.

SAT UP IN COFFIN.

While the nuns in the convent of the Sisters of St. Anne, at Aversa, near Naples, Italy, were engaged in reciting prayers for the dead over the confined body of aged Sister Josephine recently, who was supposed to have died the day before, Sister Josephine sat up in her coffin, which was encircled with lights and flowers. The Sister was finally carried to her cell, put to bed, and died during the night.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. Includes an image of a coffee cup and text describing the product.

Patent Report.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Nos. 85,661—George Bryar, St. John, N.B., joint for lead pipe. 85,663—Albert L. Nowry, St. John, N.B., lock nut. 85,684—Stanislas M. Barre, Winnipeg, Man., apparatus for pasturizing or leaping cream and milk. 85,686—Jas. C. Anderson, Victoria, B.C., preserving jar. 85,695—Edward F. Wilson, Elkhorn, Man., fruit harvester. 85,773—Richard L. Myres, Winnipeg, Man., fence construction. 85,880—James T. Griffith, Lachute Mills, Que. Carding machine attachment. 85,933—Fred. E. Woodworth, Gratton, N.S., saw-mill feed. 85,934—Arthur Lattinville, Hamilton, Ont., shoe lace. 85,935—Alexander Murray, Golspie, Ont., gate latch.

A REMINDER.

Some men go through life injuring their fellow-men in deceitful ways. They seem secure. But the day of the death-bed will dawn—and then remorse.—Exchange.

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Business Cards.

THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co. The following was clipped from the "Granite," Boston, Mass.: "Illustrated in the advertisement of E. L. Smith & Co., Barre, Vt., on another page, is practically their complete plant, with the exception of their derricks. This Company was the first of the quarry owners to use compressed air for operating rock drills, and also the first to take up the pug drill. We can say, without exaggeration, that this quarry has the best equipped granite quarry in the country." THE SMITH BROS.' GRANITE CO., 290 Bleury street, are the sole representatives of these famous quarries in Canada. The granite is principally used for the finest class of monumental work.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 8th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devils, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tanney.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 1823) November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcy; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

MORE PROTESTS.—number of Protestant Missions in England out the Empire, who are the members of the Imperial League to vote against the removal of Roman Catholicism. They have sent all the members of the League to the Catholics. They say if this Bill becomes law disabilities be removed from Catholics, the throne of God would be in great danger. It would make it possible for the throne to sit upon the throne of Britain. What a fearful imagination the man must have, who can conceive such far-off possibilities, such arguments in favor of a vast section of the best subjects perpetually shadow of an ostracism unjust and humiliating, not the least surprised at the obsolete and now ridiculous oath, like all those that A.P.A.'s invention, like all the terrors one time by the mere name Jesuit, and like all attributed to the Catholics all which have long since faded—this fear of a Catholicism upon the throne, seem from minds that are feverish and distorted with Time was when the same were invoked against the Catholics of preferment in profession; yet we have seen of Chief Justice of England Catholic, and the world did to revolve on its axis, no constitution or laws of Great Britain in any way suffer—quite the contrary. These holy members of Christian organizations see the matter the same as the unchaining of a menagerie beasts—giving liberty tigers. In the latter case would be almost a certain liberated animals would do damage; in the former they the remotest chance of the Catholics committing a crime to deprive the legitimate possessor. Still would seem to be the same and even learned, and in an amiable man, say to "Let us not remove all the legal chains—from the those Catholics. They yoke under the weight of certain ties, and it is better to be so." Not but they would generous and considered far as broad-minded, but that terrible dread of some occult powers that secretly possess, and that freed from legal disabilities might use to the destruction established institutions.

Yet history is there to show there is nothing secret in either Church or her aims, or her She does not belong to the temporal politics; her kingdom of this world, any more than of her Founder. Here is a life and none other concerns only. She has no ambition the thrones and crowns of the Pontifical throne and are enough for her needs. The appearance of this cry of fear-mention of the more possible Catholics being legally freed their unjust chains indicates a total weakness of the organs of those who make use of it.