

ON NO. 8, meets on third Wednesday at 1863 Notre Dame St. Officers: Al- lery, M.P., Pres- ident; J. F. Quinn, Vice-President; Wm. Rec-Secretary, street, L. Brophy, an Hughes, Financial Young street; M. nan Standing Com- O'Donnell, Marshal.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. Witness

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1188.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

KIND WORDS.

Montreal, 8th Dec., 1902.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Dear Sir,—As a subscriber and attentive reader of your splendid paper, I wish to give expression to my personal opinion about some of its features. I do not know what your circulation is; but it certainly is not, and cannot be as large as it deserves. I wish that every Irishman in Canada, and even in America, could read some of the contributions to your paper. While all of them are of a high class and deserving of great praise, I may be allowed to point out, in particular, that series of articles now being published and written by a contributor who signs "Crux." I have no hesitation in saying that these articles are alone a liberal education. They contain more than is elevating in Irish history, than any book I have ever seen contains. In fact, they are the kind of articles that make me feel proud both of creed and race, and that tend to give the Irish people a proper estimate of their own importance and value. They also serve to open the eyes of others to the worth of Irish genius, and they bring out a great amount of rare information that is not usually given to the public. In my opinion, and I am not alone in it, these articles by "Crux" are worth, of themselves, the year's subscription, possibly a dozen subscriptions. I write this simply to encourage you in your great work, and to assure you that time will yet prove the value of your Catholic organ.

R. C. T.

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS are reminded that the subscription clerk in our business office is eagerly scanning the letters that arrive by each mail, naturally thinking that at this season when Santa Claus is lavishing his presents right and left, a number of people whose names are on his list may recall the good old adage which exhorts us to be just before we are generous.

PARISH MIGRATION.—A subscriber writes to draw attention to the strange desire for migration which has taken possession of many parishioners in recent years. As the "True Witness" circulates in all the parishes, we do not think it advisable to publish his letter, although it contains some very good and sound advice. The good old days when parishioners, young and old, considered it a duty to stand by their parish church, in all its temporal vicissitudes, seem to have disappeared. Parishioners have now acquired the habit of travelling about from church to church without evincing any particular affection for one or another of them. What will be the result of all this? Time alone will show.

THE FUEL QUESTION.—If the City Fathers desired to keep poor people from making application to them for orders to obtain wood at cost price, they could not have adopted a more effectual plan than by indulging in the long-winded and pointless harangues which have characterized the proceedings at recent committee meetings where the fuel question was discussed. The fact that very few poor people have bought wood of the city proves that the action of the aldermen in going into the fuel business has been of no benefit to people who are in want. If the wood were distributed free, on the order of clergymen, or of officials of parochial charitable societies, much good would have been done. The whole fuel business has been muddled by the City Fathers, who have made much noise but done little good.

JOURNALISTIC GUESS-WORK.—The correspondents of some of the great dailies in America are splendid adepts in guessing. Above all the Roman correspondents have a peculiar faculty for drawing conclusions from imaginary conditions and supposed facts. He of the Boston "Herald" has been indulging in a little laryngeal speculation concerning the question of Papal succession. He has decided that Cardinal Rampola,

"Jesuit that he is," has succeeded pretty well in paying the way to his succession as Pope after the death of Leo XIII. He says that such has been the Cardinal's ambition, and that his lofty aim is about to be realized. This is delightful reading. It is, unfortunately a fact, however, that Cardinal Rampola is not a Jesuit, but a Dominican. The difference may seem but of slight significance to the "Herald" man; still the difference exists, and we cannot, with all the good will on earth, get over the stubborn fact that a Dominican is not a Jesuit, any more than a Franciscan is an Oblate, or a Christian Brother is a Redemptorist. As the writer of this bit of ecclesiastical information evidently knows as little about the Cardinal's aims and ambitions as he does about the order to which he belongs, we need not attach any importance to his guess-work on the subject. Were the Cardinal a Jesuit his chances of ever reaching the Papal throne—even supposing him to have such a desire, which we have no reason to suppose—would be very slim. The rule of the Jesuit Order debars its members from any ecclesiastical honors or preferments. It is true that in rare cases, so isolated that form marked exceptions, members of the Order have been obliged to accept the mitre. But this is only when the far-off lands wherein the Jesuit missionaries are the only eligible priests require most absolutely that episcopal authority exist in them, and then it is with the greatest difficulty that the appointment of a Jesuit can be obtained. In fact, it is the spirit of obedience alone that over-rides the rule of the Order—for the Jesuit, like all Catholics, lay, clerical, secular or regular—owe obedience to the sovereign will of the Vicar of Christ.

It is a pity that these correspondents cannot find subjects with which they are conversant to form the basis of their letters. The management of a great paper should be more careful, for its own credit, in accepting such guess-work contributions.

VACANT SENATORSHIP.—We observe, in connection with the vacancy caused in the Senate by the death of a representative from the sister Province of Ontario—the late Senator O'Donoghue—that the name of an esteemed Irish Catholic journalist, Mr. Thomas Coffey, of the "Catholic Record," London, Ont., is prominently mentioned in the daily press. While we do not desire to interfere in matters which immediately concern our fellow-countrymen in another province, we may be pardoned for expressing the pleasure it gives us to notice the name of our co-worker in the cause of Catholic journalism spoken of in such deservedly flattering terms in the Protestant newspapers of the city wherein he resides.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.—Each year, as Christmas and New Year approach, the columns of the "True Witness" contain some striking and important advertisements. We owe it to the many friends who patronize our paper, in such a practical manner, that we should call the attention of our readers to their establishments and request of all, who can do so, to give them a preference when it comes to a question of holiday purchases. There are many ways of encouraging Catholic journalism. One is by subscribing for the paper and by getting others to do the same. Another is by advertising in its columns. Decidedly the one who gives the Catholic organ a share of his advertising patronage calculates on some return in the form of increased business. If the subscriber wishes to aid us in building up a strong and solid organ, he can give material help by encouraging the merchants and others who accord us their advertising patronage. This may almost be called a matter of business.

In the first place, a glance over our columns will suffice to show that almost every line of trade is therein represented. The purchaser wants to get full value for his money, and he is right. No matter what may be the nature of his intended purchase he can remain certain that a look into the stores mentioned in our columns will repay him. And the

merchant thereby learns the value of the paper and is encouraged to continue, throughout the year, in giving us the aid that he now affords us. Thus the subscriber attains a two-fold object; he gets the best and the cheapest goods for his money, and in so doing, he actually multiplies many fold the value of his subscription.

We, therefore, invite our readers, one and all, to not neglect the careful perusal of our advertising columns at this season of the year. And above all we ask them, as a special favor, before making their holiday purchases to give our advertisers a call, and thereby an opportunity of carrying into practice that which they promise in their business announcements.

OBITUARY.

MRS. J. B. LANE.—On December 4th there passed away to her eternal reward Mrs. J. B. Lane, wife of Mr. J. B. Lane, so well known in Irish Catholic circles in Montreal. Mrs. Lane was a member of St. Patrick's parish, and belonged to the Ladies of Charity in connection with it. She was also associated with several national societies, particularly with the local branch of the Gaelic League, which, as our readers are aware, was founded for the purpose of reviving a knowledge of the national language and literature of Ireland. Hers was a devout and charitable disposition, and her good deeds were unknown to the world. She had been ailing for several years. Mrs. Lane was an affectionate mother, and an exemplary parishioner. She leaves a husband and one daughter—Mrs. Papadopoulos—and three sons, Thomas, James and Henry. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted by the pastor, the Rev. Martin Callaghan, assisted by the Rev. Father McKenna and the Rev. Father McShane, as deacon and sub-deacon. To Mr. J. B. Lane, who has been in the past associated with this journal, and to the other members of the family, the "True Witness" offers its sincerest condolences in their sad loss.—R.I.P.

MR. JOHN LOVE.—After a brief illness Mr. John Love, a member of St. Anthony's parish, passed away to his reward on Tuesday morning. Deceased was a son of the late Matthew Love, and brother of Messrs. James, Thomas H. Robert and Matthew Love, well known in business circles, of Montreal, and of Mrs. Joseph Quinn, also of this city. Mr. Love was of a genial and kindly disposition, and made many friends who now deeply regret his death. He was a member of the C.O.F., No. 126. He leaves a widow and five children to mourn his loss. The funeral, which was held to St. Anthony's Church, on Thursday, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted by the pastor, Rev. John E. Donnelly, assisted by Rev. Fathers Heffernan and Shea, as deacon and sub-deacon, was attended by a large concourse of citizens.—R.I.P.

SISTER M. CLARE.—This talented and devoted member of the community of St. Joseph, died at the St. Alban's street Convent, Toronto, of pneumonia, on the 23rd of November. She was the youngest daughter of Mr. George Spencer, Police Magistrate at Owen Sound, Ont., and was educated at St. Hyacinth Convent. For many years prior to entering religious life, she was organist of St. Mary's Church, at Owen Sound. About four years ago she entered the novitiate of the community of St. Joseph at Toronto, and made her profession in August, 1901.

A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted in the chapel of the community, at which her bereaved father, brothers, sisters and friends were present, as well as a large number of the community and the pupils of the academy connected with it, and representatives of other religious communities. The interment took place at St. Michael's cemetery, Toronto, in the plot belonging to the community of which Sister Clare was so estimable and beloved a member.—R.I.P.

A Lesson of Public Spirit.

From the temperance view we might hold Hoopston up as a most remarkable example of what can be done by honest intentioned and determined citizens, in the line of wiping out the sources of intemperance. It also furnishes a good study for those—in village, town or city—who are engaged in municipal work. We might comment by the hour upon the strange story of Hoopston, and still find something useful left unsaid. We prefer, however, to reproduce the article as we take it from an American exchange. It runs thus:—

Great has been the growth of the Illinois town where they have no saloons and the municipal officers serve for the munificent salaries of fifty cents a year for the Mayor and twenty-five cents a year for the aldermen. The members of the Council would serve for nothing, but should they do so their acts, under the laws of Illinois, would have no legal force. They have, therefore, fixed the salaries at as low a figure as possible, and when the end of the year comes they either donate their warrants, aggregating \$2.50, to some poor widow or to the free public library, or turn them back into the City Treasury.

This state of affairs was inaugurated in the spring of 1877, when the municipality was changed from a village to a city organization, and has been religiously observed ever since. In its early days Hoopston was organized as a village, and money was needed to make public improvements, so one of the village boards concluded to license saloons. It fixed the license at \$1,000 a year. During six months of that year one man paid his license and ran a saloon and another man paid for the privilege for three months, so that for a short time the town had two saloons. These places were just like other saloons in small towns. Men who ought to have known better spent money there that ought to have been used for the support of their families. Boys took their first drink and acquired habits which wrecked their after lives. The regular habitues got drunk and fought each other and abused their wives and children. Occasionally some one would become sufficiently intoxicated to lie down on a railroad track and get killed, and one or two murders resulted from the saloons, that had paid \$750 into the village treasury for license to produce such results.

A number of public spirited citizens got together and decided to make a change in the condition of affairs, if possible. A. Honywell, Lyford Marston, R. M. Knox, H. H. Dyer, William Moore, George H. White, Dr. T. C. McCaughey and a number of others decided to change the organization into a city and see if they could elect a Mayor and Board of Aldermen who would wipe out the saloons. They asked Jacob S. McFerren, the young president of the village bank, if he would undertake the task. He replied that he would, and said he would serve without salary in order to help make up for the loss of saloon licenses.

The number of inhabitants necessary to organize as a city under the Illinois law is one thousand. Those who wanted a city government were a little doubtful of the village having that number, and it was whispered about that they waited for election day to make the count. They found the necessary number some way or other and immediately applied for and received a charter authorizing them to organize as a city, and the new Mayor and Council were elected without serious opposition. They went right to work and repealed the saloon ordinances and fixed their salaries at \$1 for the two years' term of the Mayor and fifty cents for the two years' term of the aldermen. They expended the meagre revenues of the little municipality with wisdom, and at the end of the first year they had affairs in better shape than they had expected. They had builded better than they knew. They had set a pattern which has been religiously followed by each succeeding administration, and the affairs of the municipality have been

a source of pride to the inhabitants and of wonder to their neighbors ever since.

Hoopston's roll of honor—the names of the Mayors who have served the city faithfully for fifty cents a year, and all of whom, with one exception, are now residents of Hoopston—is as follows:—J. S. McFerren, two years; A. Honywell, two years; J. S. McFerren, three years; Dr. S. P. Thompson, one year; H. L. Bushnell, three years; A. H. Treggo, one year; Dr. W. P. Peirce, two years; Dr. W. R. Wilson, two years; J. H. Dyer, two years; J. S. McFerren, two years; John L. Hamilton, four years; J. S. McFerren, to date.

During the administration of these men, all of whom are successful for themselves in a financial way, and against whose administration of the little city's affairs there has never been the slightest suspicion of wrongdoing, there have been inaugurated extensive municipal improvements much greater and more numerous than usually fall to the lot of towns of the same size and income. An excellent system of water works has been installed, representing an outlay of \$75,000; a fine city building has been erected at a cost of \$10,000; several miles of brick and asphalt pavements have been laid in the streets, and twice as many miles of permanent sidewalks have been added to the list.

BRIEF NOTES.

ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—The rumor is again circulated that the King Edward will visit Ireland next spring. Speaking at Belfast recently, Earl Dudley declared that all Ireland, north, south, east, and west, would unite in offering an enthusiastic welcome to the Sovereign of these realms.

Commenting upon the remarks of Earl Dudley, the London "Universe" remarks:—"We have no doubt, for our part, that if only the King goes to Ireland as the ruler of the people and not as the puppet of one particular political party, he will receive at the hands of the people of Ireland a welcome quite in keeping with the traditions of the Celtic races for chivalry and generosity."

THE PAPAL CONSISTORY, which was announced for the month of December, will not be held until February or March.

BIBLICAL COMMISSION.—His Holiness Leo XIII. has named Cardinals Parocchi, Rampolla, Santoli, Segna, and Vives members of the Biblical Commission.

THE DIGNITY OF A VOTE.—Speaking at Manchester, Eng., Father Anselm Pook said: "It was a noble work to train the young to respect the dignity and religious character of the vote. It was an honorable and Christian ambition to aspire to civic honors. Watch committees, slum properties, and the drink trade were largely in the hands of the voter."

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.—His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan is steadily improving in health.

PROSELYTISM IN ROME.—Two years ago the Holy Father formed at Rome an association intended to prevent proselytism by Protestant associations. His Holiness has now published a Brief appointing a commission composed of Cardinals to supervise and promote the action of the association.

UNREASONING PREJUDICE.—In sending his subscription to the fund to defray the expenses of the crusade against the injustice of the Great Southern Railway of Ireland, whose policy has been to exclude Catholics from the higher offices in its service, the Bishop of Galway, Right Rev. Dr. MacCormack, refers to the company's attitude as "audacious bigotry."

Pointers for Catholics On the "Free Education" Fad.

Under the caption "The Cost of State Education," the New Zealand "Tablet" says:—

In glancing through the election speeches which are being poured forth on the electors at the present time, we notice that one subject crops up very frequently. The question to which we refer is 'Free education from the primary schools to the University.' The aspirants for Parliamentary honors either state their views on this subject in the course of their speeches, or are asked to state them by a question from the audience, and answer almost invariably that they are in favor of 'Free education from the primary schools to the University.' This is a most important proposition, which if adopted would materially increase the cost of education in the Colony and proportionately affect the working man, out of whose pockets through taxation must come most of the money required. We propose in the course of this article to give some pertinent facts and figures which will show that even at present the working man has to bear an educational burden out of all proportion to the advantages he receives, and if, as is proposed, the vote for 'free education' be increased by some tens of thousands of pounds, his burden will become almost unbearable, while his advantages will remain much as they are at present.

From the statistics of New Zealand, we learn that in December, 1900, a total of 180,724 children were attending the public primary schools of the Colony. The expenditure on their education in the same year was £490,378 2s. 2d., or something like £3 15s. for each pupil; or, if we reckon on the average attendance, which was 110,092, on which payment was made, we find that it cost the Colony £4 9s. 10d. to educate each child in the State schools. From the same source we learn that there are close on 75,000 children attending the primary State schools of the ages of eight, nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years. After twelve the attendance shows a very remarkable and significant falling-off, so that only 10,641 remain at school to the age of fourteen, only 5,558 to fifteen, and only 2,665 pass their fifteenth year at school. This table proves decidedly that the vast majority of the children do not remain at school to take advantage of the education given, the reason being that the great majority of parents are not in a position to allow that they can find employment, and thereby help to earn their own living. We may also state that the more advanced the class the greater the expense in providing instruction, as teachers of advanced classes receive large salaries and the accommodation for such classes is on a proportionately more elaborate scale. We take it, therefore, that it costs the Colony more to provide instruction for the 2,665 children whose parents can afford to leave them at school up to and after the age of fifteen than it does to provide instruction for 15,000 children of twelve years of age. Yet the parents of the latter, whose circumstances do not allow them to leave their children at school, are compelled by our system to pay for them at school, and are also presumably better able to pay for extra tuition. Here we see that even in our primary schools an absolute injustice is done to the working classes in compelling them to pay for a system of education of which their circumstances will not allow them to take advantage.

The injustice of our educational system to our poorer citizens may be seen still more clearly by a look at our High Schools, the class of students who attend them, and the expense to the Colony of their upkeep. The returns show that at the end of the year 1900, there were 2,792 pupils at the State High Schools of the Colony. There was expended during that year on the education of these pupils £76,561 7s. a fraction over £27 15s 7d per pupil. The direct fees received during the same year from the pupils amounted to £31,067 4s 9d, which left £45,494 2s 3d to be made up by the State or about £16 5s per pupil. Here we have the State paying about four pounds for the education of the child of the average working man, while it pays over £16 a year, or four times as much for the education of the child of its richer citizen, and the working man is compelled to pay more than his

due proportion to this educational tax. This is 'Free Education' with a vengeance, which costs twenty-seven pounds per pupil—sixteen of it borne by the State. And our would-be law-makers are not yet satisfied, they are very anxious that the working men should present their richer neighbors with this £16, or in other words that the Colony bear the further burden of £31,067 4s 9d, so that its richest citizens should have their children educated at the expense of the poorer classes.

We know it will be argued that this sum which goes to the support of the high schools does not come out of the taxpayers' pockets, that it comes from educational endowments. It does not matter from what source it comes, what is the property of the people is the property of the poorest as much as the richest citizen, and the educational endowments are the property of the people, therefore it is only a question of which pocket the money is taken out of—the right or the left. Yes, it is more, it is here a question of taking money out of the pocket of the poor man and putting it in the pocket of the rich. We contend that the word 'Free' is a misnomer when applied to our educational system, where education costs as much—probably more—than in any other part of the world. We have also shown how unjust is this tax on the poor man, who is compelled to pay dearly for the education of his own children, and when no longer in a position to keep them at school, is still forced to pay yet more dearly for the education of the children of his well-to-do neighbors. Yet such is the effect of the fine-sounding phrase 'Free education' that the workers of the Colony continue willingly to bear their unjust burden, and seem only anxious to have it increased. They say, 'We are not only willing to have the Sixth and Seventh Standards free, to which a few of our children may go, but we are willing to present to our richer neighbors a free secondary course, through which one or two of the more favored ones from our own ranks may pass. This does not even exhaust our generosity, as we are willing to present you with a free university practically for the use of your children alone.' In other words, the workers of the Colony are willing to tax themselves to the extent of many thousands sterling per annum that they may help to educate the children of the wealthy classes. But if the system is unjust to those who can take some advantage of it, what shall we say in regard to those who cannot conscientiously make use of it. We refer to the Catholics of the Colony. The Government statistics for 1900 tell us that at the end of that year there were 10,687 children attending the Catholic schools of New Zealand, for whose education the Colony was not paying one penny. This means that according to the scale of charges in the public schools the Catholic body was being robbed (we cannot use a milder expression) of £48,000 annually, which amount, large though it is, does not represent our whole loss, as many of our children are receiving a secondary education, which in the State schools costs about £16 for each pupil. We feel we are within the limit when we say that the present system of education robs the Catholic body of £60,000 a year. And our legislators are not yet satisfied; they are keenly desirous to increase the burden, and, like Roboam, they answer our petitions to lighten it: 'My father put a heavy yoke upon you, but I will add to your yoke; my father beat you with whips, but I will beat you with scorpions.'

The people of the Colony, as far as this question of education is concerned, may be compared to a vast co-operative association. This association has to obtain an article—namely, a certain standard of education—for which it has to pay a certain price. Two subordinate firms, the one the public schools, the other the private schools, have undertaken to supply that article; the members of these supplying firms are also members of the purchasing association, therefore equally interested in the article supplied and the price paid. In justice, then, it should make no difference which firm supplied the article. The buyers should be paid for equal value. What would be said of a similar association where the majority of its members used their power to crush the firm represented by the minority, even when they knew that this minority

had conscientious objections to deal with the firm represented by the majority, but were supplying and were willing to continue supplying equally as good an article. Such action could only be described as tyrannical and unjust, yet this is how the State treats its Catholic members. It compels them to pay for an article which it knows they cannot use, and in addition it places on them the burden of providing themselves with the similar article obtained from a different source. Such is our present educational system. It is unjust to the poor man, who cannot take advantage of it to the extent that he is compelled to contribute to it. It is unjust and tyrannical on the Catholics, as it compels them to pay for an article which they cannot use, and, in addition, places on them the burden of supplying an article of equal value to the State, which they can use.

Conversion of Coppee.

Some few years ago the world was surprised, and the Catholic world was delighted, to read of the complete conversion of Francis Coppee, the eminent author and member of the French Academy. Since the day of his return to the Faith, Coppee has penned some of his most enchanting pages—and they are as bright with the rays of religious fervor, as were those of his earlier years dark with the clouds of infidelity. In one of his recent contributions to French periodical literature he gives a sketch, in which he represents a man, on the first Sunday of Advent (himself of course), coming out of a meeting of politicians, wending his way homeward in the grey mist of a December evening, and turning into a little low church in a suburb of Paris. The account of what happened well deserves to be translated and we do so.

"The man entered, and at once perceived that there were not very many at the Vespers. About thirty women, and a few white caps of nuns, were about all; in the nave the three-fourths of the seats were vacant. But yonder, behind the altar, a choir of solemn voices, accompanied by the organ, chanted the beautiful Advent canticle:

"Rorate coeli, de super
Et nubes pluant justum."

Then the visitor of that humble church dropped into a deep reverie. That canticle recalled to his mind the period of penance and prayer during which the Church prepares to celebrate the mystery of Christmas and the birth of a Savior-God who besprinkled the world with such a fruitful dew of justice and of goodness. He also recalled the expression of ardent desire and of feverish awaiting that he had seen an hour before upon the faces of all the crowd which he had left.

"Alas," he thought, "what those madmen desire and expect with such impatience, what the political preachers cause them to anticipate for their grand-nephews only, and beyond the fogs of the future, is simply perfect happiness; and, in order to attain it, not for themselves, but always for the generations yet unborn, they are incited to fearful struggles and to fratricidal wars. Now perfect happiness is eternal—for it can only be perfect on that condition—and for over nineteen centuries it has been promised them for the day after their death, and even immediately, in this world, since they can here have the joy of meriting it by loving their neighbors as themselves, as well as the delicious joy of being very good while awaiting a state in which they will be perfectly happy. Why turn they away from that school of human happiness and love, the sublimest that this world has ever known? Why do they close by, crowd into that den where they drink deep of folly and falsehood; and why is this humble house of God so empty—house of the God who became man merely to bring to earth the gifts of hope and consolation?"

"While this passer-by gave way to such melancholy reflections, the organ and the choir continued the 'Rorate,' that Latin prayer, centuries old, as if to assert that the Christian's faith is certain to survive all persecutions, to conquer all indifference, and also to proclaim in presence of triumphant error and iniquity, that in the mysterious skies, the organ of Eternal Justice rolls its volumes. The visitor went out a changed man! That man was Francois Coppee."

Conduct ever must get its impulse from the highest purpose in which we live. We must manage present concerns in consistency with the better things we hope to attain.

American Christianity.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

"La Revue Bleue," of Paris, publishes a criticism of a recently issued French work entitled "Religion in American Society." The author of this book appears to have been making a special study of religious conditions on the American continent, and specially in the United States. He has discovered that Christianity in the American Republic is a "social religion;" meaning that it concerns itself more with society than with individuals—a strange conception of religion, just as if its purpose was not the saving of individual souls, but the reconstruction of the social organization. He also finds that it is a "positive religion;" meaning that its interest is in what is human rather than in what is supernatural—a queer conception, again, of religion, just as if it were not with the spiritual, but with the temporal that it has to do. He declares the "religion of the Americans to differ from theologies of Europe as the Greek philosophy stood out in contrast to the theologies of the Orient." He says that it stands chiefly for the idea of morality; and that "above the diversity of sects, apart from the theories of theologians and scholars, has grown up a feeling of Christian unity." He claims that it is not Protestantism, and that the title of Christianity is the only one broad enough to designate the American religion.

In support of his peculiar arguments the author quotes Mr. John Fiske, whom he reports as saying:—

"The United States does not offer so much the lesson of Protestantism as the lesson of colonization. American liberalism has its causes in American history rather than in the reform of Luther; it has flourished in Catholic Maryland or English Virginia as well as in the Puritan States; it is as inseparable from the Jewish churches as the Roman Catholic Church as from the reformed churches; it is a product of the soil. The American religion is living and fruitful because it is national. It is born of three centuries of effort to organize a society and create a civilization in an unpeopled land. Its aim is human progress, because its origin is human work. It is a religion of humanity grafted upon Christianity."

Now here is a long rig-ma-role about something that bears an intelligible title, but, in the bottom, means absolutely nothing else than a chaotic mass of confused ideas. Imagine a religion whose aim is human progress, that deals with the temporal affairs of this world and ignores the supernatural affairs of the next, that is based upon an idea of morality, without any dogma—that is principles of faith. Conceive a religion that has for its aim the construction of a social organization and that has naught to do with the individual. In a word, this French savant, has found out a new religion that he characterizes as "American" and which he wishes to dignify with the title of Christianity, while divesting it of every Christian religious attribute. We have no intention to enter into the details of this peculiar contribution, but we cannot avoid indicating it as one of the most striking evidences possible of the dechristianizing of religion by the men who seek to wear the cloak of Christianity as a cover to hide the deformities of their principles.

It is quite evident that the writer in question does not possess even the most elementary idea of what religion is, or of what is an essential characteristic of religion. Without going into any minute examination of the claims set forth by different sections of Christianity as to the possession of the truth, it is sufficient to point out that a religion must deal with the supernatural, the spiritual, and the individual, that it must have its dogma, or teachings, and that it must have its moral principles. Lacking any of these it cannot be called a religion. It may be a social organism, a national, or political, or humanitarian polity; it may be anything else—but not a religion. Consequently to call that something, that condition, or that state of development, which the writer describes, the American religion, or the religion of America, is mere nonsense. In fact, this is the real anti-religionist propaganda of the materialist. It is the work of

men anxious to blind the public to the interests of the soul, by flinging the dust of a false reasoning in their eyes. Taking that which is the very opposite of religion and holding it up as "a religion," means the abolition of the idea of God and the satisfying of man's innate craving for a Divinity, by substituting therefor the idea of demi-gods, or idols. It is the work of iconoclasm carried on with the refinement of the expert in the trade of infidel propaganda.

A Lesson On Peace.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Sometime ago Mrs. Hannah J. Bailey wrote a lengthy article for the New York "American" upon the subject of "The Evils of Warrior Worship." In the course of her remarks upon the manner in which history is written, as if it were only a long list of campaigns and battles, the writer says:—

"It would greatly promote a true internationalism if the influence for militarism and the so-called glory of war should be obliterated from the school books of the nations.

"If school histories should give accounts of the achievements of governments, nations and prominent individuals, of scientists, politicians, educators and philanthropists in times of peace, or independent of warfare, omitting the mention of war, except as an event, the cruel practice of settling international difficulties by force of arms would soon be relegated to the past and men would 'learn war no more.'"

"If the honor and glory now bestowed upon warriors who have done the most harm to the losing side were given to worthy poets and other authors, to inventors, discoverers, leaders in righteous causes, in moral reforms and in genuine religious teaching and the promulgation of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, there soon would be 'no need of arsenals and forts.' The song of the angels on the first Christmas morning would be the victory song of the world, and all nations would join in the march of peace."

We have no hesitation in saying that there is much truth in these remarks and that this lady sets before us a very important issue. It is quite possible that she looks at the question from an extreme standpoint, but it is equally true that she is seeking to convince those who have long regarded it from the very opposite extreme. It is absolutely true that many of our most universally adopted school histories are nothing other than a series of enumerations of wars and of lists of great conquerors. Ask the average pupil to tell you something about France—for example—in the seventeenth, or eighteenth, or nineteenth century, and he will start off with the story of all the warriors from the great Conde to Napoleon. He is under the impression that having learned the story of all their battles he knows all about the history of their country. Were you to tell him that Napoleon's greatest achievement was the codification of the French laws, and that the Code Napoleon will perpetuate his name and fame, long after the perishable trophies under the dome of the Invalides shall have been reduced, by the hand of time, to dust, he would very probably consider that you did not know about what you were talking. This short passage, which we take from that article, would furnish subject-matter for many a page of useful comment. It is not possible to efface from the black board of history the dates and other details of the great feats of mighty leaders; but it would be a boon if some person would write a school history that might serve to instruct pupils in the customs, the habits, the literature, the creeds of the various peoples that have passed across the stage of this world during the long centuries that are dead. Certainly Christianity would be the gainer by such a history.

WALTER G. KENNEDY,
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MONTREAL.

The Dean Of Ripon.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Last week we had occasion to dwell upon the troubles that are affecting Presbyterianism, and now we find that the great Anglican communion is threatened with something like a general split. The attitude of the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle, Dean of Ripon, at the Churchman's Union in London is one that is too significant to be absolutely ignored. As a rule, we do not occupy space with the discussion of any of the million and one differences that Protestantism and its divers sects present, nor even the differences between adherents of any particular sect. They are all characteristic of Protestantism, are of its very essence, and must go on multiplying as long as the cause, of which they are the logical results exists. But one is forced to pause in presence of the spectacle of a leading minister in a great and powerful religious denomination continuing to preach the fundamental dogmas of Christianity while openly proclaiming his disbelief in the same. There must be something very wrong some place; either with the Church to which the Dean belongs, or with the Dean himself, or with both.

The Dean of Ripon proclaims his doubts in regard to the miracles of the New Testament, and even the central miracle of all Christianity—the Resurrection. The Bishop of Ripon wrote to Dean Freemantle, expressing the hope that the contradiction could find some explanation. In the letter to the Dean the Bishop said: "Knowing you as I do, remembering how earnestly you have preached Christ to men, and recalling your triumphant voice in reciting the creed, I am confident you would not retain your position for an hour, if the declaration of your faith made in public worship were contradicted by your own convictions."

In his reply the Dean says that it is remarkable that he should "be supposed to be doubtful about the truths on which I live from day to day, and without which the world would be unmeaning to me." He says that he repeats the creeds because they enable him "to express Christ as God manifest in the flesh" and he adds that his sole object is "to preach Him as the Savior of mankind and to make Him supreme over every part of human life."

All this is delightfully bewildering and vague. The Dean must be very innocent if he is surprised that the world should suppose him to be in doubt about the truths of the Gospel, when he takes the trouble to expressly inform the world that he does not believe in them except in a figurative manner. It is not our business to inquire into the Dean's belief or disbelief; but we cannot help remarking the peculiar condition of faith in any Church that is manifested in such striking contradictions. However, we have a great degree of respect for the Dean, even while we feel pity for his illogical position, because he has the courage to openly state his doubts. He is not alone, far from it, in his estimate of Christian "creeds," but the thousands who have guided into infidelity, as a consequence of the free and easy principles, of the Protestantism that they profess, and who, for one reason or another, make an outward show of believing that which they actually disbelieve, to be found in every denomination outside the Catholic Church. It is evident that the Dean has stood at the cross roads of life, and has found himself hesitating between that which leads to confirmed Faith and Rome, and the other which conducts to religious doubt and agnosticism. He had not the courage to take the former; he felt impelled to follow the latter; and he still could not break with the Church of his childhood, his education, his ministry, and his lengthy years of preaching. Hence the peculiar position that the poor Dean finds himself in. Manning, Newman and others have stood at the cross-roads; but they solved the difficulty of choice in a determined manner. It is not probable that the Dean of Ripon will ever reach a like solution; the more the pity, for the tortured stage of life through which he is passing would deserve some greater result and reward than is likely to come to him as matters now stand.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.

The "S"

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The "Sun-Burst" of Ireland

By "CRUX."

AS I am not bound to any special line in these articles, I expect that I am at liberty to break in upon their course with a theme that is not wholly foreign to the general subject. Recently I was asked by a learned gentleman, and one well versed in Irish history and Celtic lore, if I could tell him the meaning, or the origin of the "Sun-Burst." It is the first time that I ever heard the question asked, and I must admit that I have never met with any direct statement regarding the origin of that ancient standard. Moreover, it never occurred to me to make any inquiry concerning it. Now that the matter was thus brought to my attention I have ransacked the authorities at my disposal, and I will give the readers the benefit of my investigation.

Firstly, in a note to his melody—"Tis Gone, and Forever," under the fourth line of the second stanza, Moore says: "The 'Sun-Burst' was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner." Now, to my mind, this is pretty vague. It neither tells us when that banner was adopted, nor how the rising sun came to be painted on its folds, nor yet why the name was "fanciful." I am inclined to believe that there was no fancy about it; it was a reality; and as I will show was not a banner.

In "O'Hart's Pedigrees" I find that Milesius, in his youth, went into Scythia and there married the King's daughter, and became a general commander. Thence he went to Egypt, where Pharaoh Nectonibus, the King, made him general of all his forces in the war with the King of Ethiopia. He there learned all the trades and arts that he might teach them to his own people on his return to Spain. After his death, in obedience to a commandment of his, the eight brothers, his sons set sail from Spain for Ireland. They met with untold difficulties in their attempts to land. The arts, sorceries and enchantments of the Tuatha-de-Danaus were used against them. That part of the fleet commanded by Heber, Heremon, and Amergin (the three surviving brothers) landed in safety, fought and routed the natives, and establish themselves in the land. Heber and Heremon divided the country between themselves, allotting lands to Amergin, who was the archpriest, or Druid, or magician, and poet of the band. Moore commemorates this event in his "Song of Inisfail." In the third stanza he sings:—

"Then turned they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky."

Thus we see that allusion is made to the rising sun as the Day-God of the Milesian invaders of the Island. Now if we turn to McGee's notes to his poems, we find the following under his grand poem "The Celts." Referring to his own line:—

"Cromach, their day-god and their thunderer."

McGee says:—
"Crom, or Crom-eacha, was the name given by the ancient and pagan Irish to their Fire-God, the sun—the dispenser of vital heat, and the author of fecundity and prosperity. He was their Deus Optimus Maximus, from whom all other deities descended. The name is derived from the Egyptian word Chrom—Ignis, fire—which was the only visible object of devotion permitted, and that only as the symbol of the Supreme. Consistently, however, with this view, they deified also the powers of nature. The Irish Crom-Cruith—God the Creator—was the same as that adored by Zoroaster and the Persians for more than five hundred years before Christ." It is evident, and I base my assertion upon the best and most competent authorities, that the Milesian princes were fire-worshippers. The sun was their day-god, and they received from Egypt that form of faith. The Persians were essentially fire-worshippers; and in Persia did Milesius imbibe the precepts that he subsequently brought home to Spain. If we study Moore's "Lalla Rookh," we will find that, under the veil of its Orientalism, it is purely an Irish poem. This is a subject I would like very much to write upon; but this is not the time.

When the Milesian princes were struggling in vain to land in Ire-

land, it was only when their Day-God, the sun arose in the East, bursting forth in glory from a cloud, that the enchantments of their enemies were broken and that they triumphed over the sorceries of the wicked. Amergin, their poet sang of that victory, and attributed it to the "Sun-Burst" of promise that flashed in the East." It may be not unreasonably concluded from this that the sun bursting out of a cloud was accepted as the symbol most appropriate for the royal standard.

O'Hart says: "The banners of the ancient Irish were termed bratach, and the standard meirge; the standard-bearer was called Meirgear, and a banner-bearer was called fear-brataige." So we have here the distinction between the "standard" and the "banner."

Mooney, in his "History of Ireland" says:—"The harp was the earliest national symbol of the Firbolgs, or first inhabitants. When Heber and Heremon divided the kingdom between them, they differed about a musician and poet; but the matter was settled in a friendly manner by Amergin, their brother, who adjudged the musician to Heber and the poet to Heremon; the brothers then assumed the Harp as an emblem of the harmony that prevailed between them." This emblem was woven into banners carried by both brothers. When Rodrick O'Connor, King of Connaught, went to interview Henry the Second of England, he bore a yellow banner, emblazoned with the dead serpent and the rod of Moses. But these were all banners, belonging to princes or chieftains. Mooney says:—"Brian Boru bore on his standard, at Clontarf, the sun bursting through a cloud." Mark it well. The "Sun-Burst" was on the royal standard; the other emblems were on banners.

We may, therefore, conclude that the "Sun-Burst" had its origin in the sun-worship, or fire-worship of the sons of Milesius, and that it was for them the emblem of victory, of hope, of glory; while the Harp was their emblem of concord between themselves. The Harp, then, would naturally be found on their respective banners, while the "Sun-Burst" would have been their standard.

In one of his poems, "The Munster War Song," Williams has the line:—
"The Sun-Burst that slumbered, embalmed in your tears,
Tipperary, shall wave o'er your tall mountaineers."

The "Sun-Burst" must have "slumbered," or disappeared for several centuries, until the aged Brian emblazoned upon his royal standard, the day that drove the "Raven" of Denmark from the shores of Erin. As the Harp of Tara was silent during the long ages of mourning, so the Sun-Burst was effaced while those centuries of misery and strife, of suffering and death rolled over the Celts.

I conclude from all this that the origin of the "Sun-Burst" is to be found in the sun-worship of the early Irish; a worship that links them to the oldest races of antiquity. Its use on the Royal Standard of Ireland can only be traced to the dawn of the eleventh century, to Brian Boru. And the Harp, the emblem of Erin to-day, was originally intended for particular banners belonging to individual chiefs.

I might add, although it casts no fresh light on our immediate subject, that the "Sun-Burst" finds its place at all times in the annals of Irish literature. Poet, orator and essayist have all made use of it in their works, either as a symbol of Ireland's future emancipation, or as the accepted national standard. Osian's address to the sun is possibly the sublimest passage in all profane literature, ancient or modern, and the inspiration of that "Inspired Giant" was the faith of his race in the majestic day-god, worshipped as a symbol of the Eternal Deity. The Clan of MacCaura, or McCarthy, whose royal line extends back to what Denis Florence McCarthy calls "the dawn of the world," had the "Sun-Burst" upon its standard. He tells us that:—

"When Heber and Ir, and the Spanish patriars
Came free Inisfail from the spell of magicians."
the house of MacCaura flourished. And he adds:—
"Proud should thy heart beat descendant of Heber;

Lofty thy head as the shrines of the Gueber;
Like theirs are the halls of thy forefathers shattered;
Like theirs is the wealth of thy palaces scattered;
Their fire is extinguished; your Sun-Burst unfurled;
But how proud were ye both at the dawn of the world."

This Sun-Burst was the royal standard of the House of Desmond. We may, therefore, conclude that in our peaceful times, in our age of constitutional agitation and union, and harmony between Ireland's representatives, the Harp should be considered as the national symbol for the country's flag.

"But if ever the day should come again
When Irish women and Irish men"

should have to join in the headlong charge, the wild dash for liberty, the standard that would be then most suitable would be the Sun-Burst of Erin. It was the standard of the Irish Brigade "from Dunkirk to Belgrade," and in its folds was King Dathi wrapped when stricken to death amidst the poises of the Alps. But whether it would be an appropriate standard for a kingless Ireland is a question that may come up, when the day of Ireland's actual Freedom will dawn.

A Hint to Our Readers

The subscribers and readers of the "True Witness" are often aware of events, the record of which would be of interest to themselves and to their friends—and yet, how few of them ever think of sending us an account of them!

Chats with Parishioners

The editor of the "Church Progress" puts a few leading questions apropos the parochial duties of Catholics:

Does it not seem strange that the man who can spend dollars for drinks and cigars every day in the week, cannot find a dime for religion on Sunday?

That the woman who can describe all the new hats and dresses at church cannot see the contribution box, no matter how large?

That the man who never gives a dime to the church fund always finds the most fault about the manner in which it is distributed?

That the pastor who does his full duty to God is usually unpopular with many of his parishioners?

That persons who are always pressing their employers for larger salaries expect their pastors to live on good wishes and the grace of God?

That parents who never attend their religious duties expect their children to become model Christians? That many of the men who worship in the rear of the church and block the entrance are always found in the front seats at questionable places of amusement?

That the sermon which touches the guilty conscience never fails to find warm commendation?

That those who never help to defray the church expenses demand the most comforts and conveniences?

That those who make the least haste to get to service on time are always in a rush to get away before it is over?

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

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

Archbishop Bruchesi In Rome.

The special correspondent of "La Semaine Religieuse" at Rome writes the following interesting description of the farewell audience which Archbishop Bruchesi had with His Holiness the Pope, and of the audience of a large number of Canadians, including some non-Catholics with the Sovereign Pontiff on the same day, the latter having been introduced by the Archbishop of Montreal.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock, His Grace was received in private audience by the Holy Father, while the other Canadians who had been notified that His Holiness would grant their desire to be received in audience waited in the ante-rooms. His Holiness manifested great affection for the Montreal prelate and when the audience was over said as he leaned on the arm of the Archbishop: "And now, Monseigneur, let us go and bless your Canadian patriots." The Holy Father had scarcely reached the door-sill when, walking unaided, he proceeded with rapid steps to the throne-room, and took his seat on a couch placed on a slightly raised platform. He wore, according to custom, his white soutane, and as soon as he had taken his seat the attending chamberlains threw his red, gold embroidered cloak over his shoulders. Having made the usual genuflection, Archbishop Bruchesi, spoke as follows:

"Most Holy Father,—You now see before you representatives of most of the dioceses of Canada. Our country is known to you. Your Holiness is aware that there, more than anywhere else perhaps, the Catholic Church enjoys its sacred liberties; that there the Faith is strong and ardent; and that there the Pope is held in deep affection. Deign, Most Holy Father, to accept with our gratitude for the paternal solicitude you have always shown us, our most respectful congratulations on the occasion of your glorious jubilee, the homage of our filial devotion, and of our complete submission. And while we are kneeling at your feet, we ask you to bless us and our brethren, while from the bottom of our hearts we address to God the prayer which so often ascends to His throne from our temples:

"Oremus pro Pontifice nostro Leone, Dominus conservet eum, et vivificet eum et beatum faciat eum in terra, et non tradat eum in inimicorum ejus."

The Archbishop pronounced this prayer in a clear voice and in tones which showed that it came from his heart.

The Holy Father thanked His Grace for his brief speech, and the audience began, those present passing before the Supreme Pontiff in single file, kneeling before him and kissing his feet and the hand which he cordially held out to them. Archbishop Bruchesi presented each to the Holy Father, who had a kind word for every one of them. The ladies were admitted first. In presenting one family to the Pope, Archbishop Bruchesi told him that it comprised fourteen children. "Fourteen children!" exclaimed His Holiness. "Why," rejoined the Archbishop, "in Canada we have families in which there are twenty-six children." "Twenty-six children," said the Pope in astonishment. Then after reflecting a little while, he added: "What a number of voices which are blessing the Lord!"

When the Archbishop was introducing the Protestants to the Holy Father he said: "These are not Catholics, but they would like to receive Your Holiness' blessing." The Pope smiled tenderly as he placed his hand on the brow of each. One of these Protestants recommended to the prayers of the Pope a member of his family who was seriously ill. "Yes," said the Pope to him, "I shall ask God to grant your prayers." I noticed tears falling from the eyes of some of the members of this family.

Next came the turn of the young Canadians who are studying in Rome. The Canadian college contains 23 of them; 8 more are at the College of the Propaganda; 4 are with the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul; and 2 at the North American College. The Holy Father asked each of them the name of the diocese to which he belonged. Then came Canon Dauth of Montreal, who was highly praised to His Holiness by Archbishop Bruchesi, and who asked and received a blessing upon "La Semaine Religieuse." The rector and procurator of the Canadian College, the Rev. Fathers Clapin and Vadier. At the request of Father Clapin, the Pope accorded his apostolic blessing to the Abbe Colin, Superior of St. Sulpice, Montreal. Having given all present his Pontifical benediction, the Pope de-

sended from his throne, and without any assistance proceeded towards his private apartments, accompanied by Archbishop Bruchesi. After bidding His Holiness goodbye, the Archbishop said to him: "Holy Father, I cannot return until three years." "Very well," said the Pope with a smile, "I shall expect you then, Monseigneur."

May Divine Providence preserve the life of His Holiness until he and the distinguished Archbishop of Montreal meet again!

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The letter which I find next in my bundle is, perhaps, of greater interest to me personally than it can be to the public. Moreover, I feel obliged to suppress the name of the writer, because I have not his permission to use his letter in this manner, and his former connection with Canadian institutions might become a reason why he would not care to have his name published; especially as the author of correspondence that was intended for the eyes of only one person. This is all surmise on my part; the letter contains nothing that might not be posted up on the city walls, to the credit of the writer, but not having his consent, and he being still alive, I prefer to simply give the letter and no more. Its value to me is a personal matter; but as far as the readers go, it will only prove another evidence of how useful a Catholic newspaper may be, and how seriously some of our French priests seek to master, under great difficulties, the English language. The letter is in two parts; the first written at Lyons, the second at Grenoble, in France. The one who wrote it is an Oblate Father, and one of the most erudite men in any religious community of the Church to-day. He had spent a short time in Canada, and he undertook to learn English. He was making rapid progress when duty summoned him away to France. This letter is a sample of the English written by one who had but a brief opportunity of hearing, studying, and using the language. I will draw special attention to the dates on the letter, then to the prophetic remarks on the subject of France and the Church; viewed in the light of recent events in that country, especially the Law of Associations, and the brutal course taken by Premier Combes, these few words of the gifted priest may be both pertinent and significant. The letter is as follows:

"Lyon, France,
"46 Rue de la Charite
"Feb., 24th, '94
"My Dear Friend:
"I come very late; but whose fault? I told me in your letter of the 18th of December 'I will write soon again'—yet I have received no further news from you. I know how busy you are, and must be, and I exonerate you.
"The paper that you so kindly send me comes every week, as a ray of the Canadian sun, or as a breeze of the Ottawa or St. Lawrence; and it is so gladly welcome. I thank you with all my old Canadian heart for this kindness of yours. In return I would like to do more, but all I can do is to send you this short letter, and to promise you others more interesting, when I will have mastered my situation.
"I am now preaching the Lenten sermons in the St. Francis of Sales' Church at Lyons; it is one of the most aristocratic churches in the city, and I have, of course, a great deal to do to be up to the mark. But I always believed in the practice of obedience, and, in twenty years, I never had to complain of having strictly adhered to it.
"It is midnight; I commenced my letter quite late, after having spent several hours preparing sermons, but I will complete it in time for the next mail to Canada. Next month I will send you a few descriptive letters—if you can find any use for them, or think they can do any good, just use, change, enlarge, curtail, destroy them.....as you like."

Here the first part of the letter ends. For eight months it had found a resting place in the bundles of the good Father's manuscripts, and on its being unearthed—I suppose to show me that I had not been intentionally forgotten—he proceeds to complete it, and to post the entire epistle to me. Here is the second part:

"Grenoble, Oct. 9th, '94.
"My Good Friend:
"Imagine my surprise on finding the foregoing in my papers. How you must have thought me neglectful and forgetful, during all these summer months. And I, on my part, wondered why you did not write to me. Well, I suppose that the world has not suffered to a great extent in consequence, so we need not worry over the matter.
"I write to you, now, at the foot of a mountain more than 1,000 feet high, and surrounded by hundreds of others, some of which are as lofty, others less so, but all of which are covered by fortresses and cannons of every description. It is simply sublime and I am sure you would feel an inspiration were you on these first steps of the Alps. Unfortunately I am not a poet; in fact, I am less poetic than ever before, having to preach a retreat in a convent of the Good Shepherd, where life is found to be a mere and sad reality, and many things of this world a tragic farce.
"Mark that last expression! It is decidedly a stroke of the true artist's pencil. I am obliged to skip two very beautiful pages, on account of allusions to certain events in which I was conspicuous in the early nineties; but the readers lose very little. I come now to the portion of this letter that, to my mind, is the most remarkable. He continues: "I have been severely tried this year by the so-called influenza. For three months I could not move out of my room. Doctors said it was due both to overwork and the change of climate. I do not know whether they were right or wrong; but I know too well that this condition of health was extremely unpleasant to bear and exceedingly annoying.
"Thanks be to God, I feel stronger, and I have begun again to go around preaching and hearing confessions. Pray that I may do some good in our old France. It is a glorious country after all; but I assure you it sadly needs the pulpit and the confessional. If I read the signs aright, a grave change has come gradually over the land since I left here to live my few years in Canada. We preachers and confessors know how Catholic to the core is the nation's heart; but we also see with fear and trembling the hourly onsets of evil days for the Church and her children in this country. Mirabeau once alluded in a famous speech to Cataline at the gates of Rome and the Romans hesitating; the days that followed Mirabeau may yet return to us, for the evening, the relentless spirit of infidelity is at our gates and we hesitate. Pray God that we may not hesitate long enough to give the helm of state into the grasp of that cruel hand. If the favorable hour comes, and the man of sufficient vindictiveness appears, the preacher and the confessor may take care, for the road to exile will be his only pathway of escape.
"I thank you most heartily for the 'True Witness.' It is just now, with a few letters, the only means I have of keeping up my English and of knowing something about our 'Fatherland,' as I love to call Canada. You may be sure that I read every line of the paper each week, and even the advertisements do I read, for they are like old friends. You will please present with my warmest regards those of my former friends whom you may meet, and believe me forever, yours in X. and M.I."

the foregoing in my papers. How you must have thought me neglectful and forgetful, during all these summer months. And I, on my part, wondered why you did not write to me. Well, I suppose that the world has not suffered to a great extent in consequence, so we need not worry over the matter.

"I write to you, now, at the foot of a mountain more than 1,000 feet high, and surrounded by hundreds of others, some of which are as lofty, others less so, but all of which are covered by fortresses and cannons of every description. It is simply sublime and I am sure you would feel an inspiration were you on these first steps of the Alps. Unfortunately I am not a poet; in fact, I am less poetic than ever before, having to preach a retreat in a convent of the Good Shepherd, where life is found to be a mere and sad reality, and many things of this world a tragic farce."

Mark that last expression! It is decidedly a stroke of the true artist's pencil. I am obliged to skip two very beautiful pages, on account of allusions to certain events in which I was conspicuous in the early nineties; but the readers lose very little. I come now to the portion of this letter that, to my mind, is the most remarkable. He continues: "I have been severely tried this year by the so-called influenza. For three months I could not move out of my room. Doctors said it was due both to overwork and the change of climate. I do not know whether they were right or wrong; but I know too well that this condition of health was extremely unpleasant to bear and exceedingly annoying.

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The reader cannot but recognize the present Law of Associations and Premier Combes, as well as the exiled members of religious orders of to-day, in that sentence: "If the favorable hour comes, and the man of sufficient vindictiveness appears, the preacher and confessor may take care, for the road of exile will be his only pathway of escape." Decidedly the Rev. Father, who wrote this double letter, was a keen judge of the situation in France; and if I only knew his address to-day I would feel inclined to write him on the subject, enclosing a copy of his own prophetic letter of eight years ago. But, unhappily, his spirit of obedience has sent him into some mission unknown to me, and his whereabouts is a matter of uncertainty.

I have not made any selections in going over these letters. I find that I have numbers of others much older and much more interesting than any I have yet given, and I hope to have the opportunity of presenting a few more of them to the readers of the "True Witness."

In a course of reading the first thing necessary is a vital interest in some subject; then, in tracing this out through its maze and relying upon yourself for the connecting links, your mind will be occupied. You will read and think, and while your interest grows your mental faculties strengthen.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

ON OLD CHRISTMAS HYMNS

BEFORE another issue of this organ reaches the readers the Christmas of 1902 will have come and gone. Although this cannot be called the Christmas issue, yet we are within the atmosphere of that holy season, and, in my rambles—for I ramble a great deal in these contributions, as well as actually from curbstone—I love to dwell upon the olden attractions of this most delightful period of the year. There is something about Christmas, apart from its sacred religious character, that is full of the spirit of home. It is the time when the fireside is the brightest, when the aged and the young gather around the table and hold a yearly communion of heart.

"When 'round the festive Christmas board,
Or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured,
Wine, melody, and mirth;
When friends long absent tell low-toned,
Their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eye-lids fill,
And lips meet lips once more;
Oh! in that hour, 'twere kindly done
Some woman's voice might say:
'Forget not those who weep to-night,
Poor exiles far away.'"

At this time these lines of Martin McDermott come to my mind, and I feel the better for the mere act of transcribing them. And if there is joy and light in the heart on the holy Christmas Eve, and the sacred Christmas Day, the very reunions, the very exchange of little tokens, the very turkey that traditionally adorns the board, have all their sad associations—for there are so many vacant chairs in the homes of the world. But not of these striking reminders of losses sustained and of sorrows experienced did I propose writing this day; my theme is Christmas hymns.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.—It seems to me that there is no more solemn and no more glorious hour, in all the year, than midnight of the twenty-fourth of December. The Mass that we attend may be offered up beneath the majestic dome of a great basilica, or under the roof of a convent chapel, or within the walls of a pioneer, remote country church; it is still the same midnight Mass that has been sung, all over the world each year, throughout the ages of the Christian era. When one kneels in presence of the crib, and follows the priest as he performs the greatest act of adoration known to man, there is something in the air that breathes memories of the past, that tells of days long gone, and that conjures up faces that have forever vanished. I never attend a midnight Mass that I do not live over, for an hour or so, several of the happy days, when in the company of those that have long ago gone to heaven, I knelt at other altars, in other temples, but at the same Mass. How the manger, the images of the Holy Mother and St. Joseph, the tiny infant, the familiar forms of ox and donkey, the tapers, the floats, the various decorations recall similar objects seen in younger years, and by the side of a parent or a near relative, or a school companion, or of some dear one, whose presence added to the happiness of the hour. Then the chant of the Mass; the hymns that were familiar to the ear and that seem so specially adopted to and centered around Christmas! It is of these I would write to-day.

OLD CHRISTMAS HYMNS.—There are three Masses on Christmas Eve. The Midnight Mass is usually a High Mass; the second and third Masses are Low Masses. For the High Mass as a rule, especially in large cities, where we have trained and extensive choirs, some specially prepared Mass is sung—as a rule, it is a classical rendering of grand music. Then come appropriate canticles, arranged by skilled musicians, serve to impart harmony and life to the more silent devotions of the subsequent Masses. Here it is that I desire to come in with my few reflections; and to be

honest, I scarcely know in what form to express the thoughts that my mind harbors. There are times when one may be exposed to the danger of being considered critical, when to criticize is furthest from the intention. It may be that I am lacking in my musical training, but I confess that I am not enthusiastic over classical music—possibly because I do not understand it. But I am very fond of melodies, of the simple, old-time airs, the songs and hymns that were so familiar in youth, with which my mother rocked me to sleep in the days that were golden. And I love the Christmas hymns of the past; but they seem to have lost, to a great extent, their former place of prominence in our midnight and Christmas Day devotions. Of late years I have noted how few of these dear old hymns are sung in our churches. Yet Christmas does not seem real without them. Last year I attended Midnight Mass in one of the most "popular" churches of this city (as the modern term goes), and I believe that the singing and music were equal to anything upon this continent; but I would have so much loved to have heard the old "Adeste Fideles;" the new one, with its variations, its flights of harmonic accompaniments and variations did not seem to be the Christmas hymn that I was accustomed to associate with the Nativity. The year before I heard the Midnight Mass in Notre Dame. The mighty swell of the organ, the splendid rendering of the Mass by the full choir, and the gorgeous ceremonies in that vast temple were all most inspiring, and elevating; but the simple "Il Est Ne, Le Divine Enfant," sung during the Low Mass, went to my heart and brought back to my mind the picture of a much humbler Church, far distant from here, where I made my First Communion, where I had learned to serve Mass, and where, on Christmas Eve, we lads of that day congregated around the altar and felt all the charms and devotional emotions of that holy night. I could mention a half score of those hymns that appear to have been relegated to oblivion by the amateurs of high class music. Even the "Noel" of Adam has undergone such transformations that no person would recognize the original hymn in the fantastic composition that I heard last Christmas. "Les Anges dans nos Campagnes," has vanished with its inspiring chorus of "Glorias," just as if we no longer commemorated the chanting of the celestial choirs that once startled the shepherds of Judaea from their slumbers, and filled the heavens over the royal city of David.

REFLECTIONS.—It would be that I am growing old and old-fashioned, that I am falling behind in the race, that the age is too far in advance for my feeble steps to keep pace with it; yet I do not consider myself beyond the noon of life. Still whenever Christmas comes I have a longing for olden customs, traditions, methods, and pleasures, and equally for olden devotions. I have lived long enough in the world and have observed sufficiently to know that the wheel of custom is constantly turning and that sooner or later we come back to the practices that have grown obsolete. It is so even in the realm of fashion; the costumes that our grandmothers wore are being revived by the most modern of dress-designers, and no person seems shocked, nor does any one appear to think, for that reason, that the world is retrograding. The tens of thousands of printing presses all over the earth, are pouring out a daily supply of literature that can only be compared to a vast deluge; yet, we are obliged to wade out of that tide and to seek the authors and authorities of other days. They have come down to us, through the years, bearing the imprimatur of universal appreciation, and their places cannot be taken by those who come after them. It is the same with our melodies and songs, with our music and hymns. They were written for all time, they were composed for immortality, and though we may consign them to comparative neglect to-day, they are certain to arise again to fill the places they once held in the hearts of the faithful. If I knew exactly the church in which the old hymns would be sung, there would I go to the Midnight Mass—even though I had to walk miles.

The Financial Aspect Of the Irish Land Question.

To the special correspondent in Ireland of the Chicago "Record-Herald" Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., has just indicated, in a clear and concise statement, how simple and how practicable the permanent settlement of the Irish land question will be. With that great question out of the way, Home Rule, as he points out, would quickly come, for the reasons which he gives. Mr. O'Brien, says the correspondent, "is to-day one of the leaders of the Irish people in their struggle for their rights."

In reality, as Mr. O'Brien shows, the Irish land question is not a difficult problem. There are 480,000 tenants in Ireland. We want a scheme that will enable 400,000 of them to buy their holdings. The remaining 80,000 are the larger and more prosperous farmers, who can take care of themselves. It is the 400,000 who are living from hand to mouth on little patches of bad land that we care about.

"Now, the difficulty is just here. The landlords want a higher price for their lands than the tenants can afford to pay. Generally speaking, the landlords would be willing to sell at twenty years' purchase—twenty times the yearly rental. They would jump at the chance to do so. But at an average the tenants can afford to give only sixteen years' purchase, and they would jump at the chance to buy at that figure. So this little barrier of four years' purchase is all that stands between the two sides—all that is in the way of carrying out the great project of turning the land over to the people. "Here is where we want the government to come in and bridge over the difference. It can afford to do as a matter of public policy, even if it has to bear all the costs of the margin. But as a matter of fact it can take up that four years' experience without the cost of a single penny to itself."

How can this be done? Very easily. Mr. O'Brien says:—"The annual rental of these 400,000 poorer tenants averages about £8. That makes a total of, about, £3,200,000 a year. If the government gives the landlords twenty years' purchase the total sum involved will be £64,000,000. If the tenants are permitted to buy at sixteen years' purchase in yearly installments. The difference is about £13,000,000. This is the sum which the government would have to undertake as a sort of bonus for peace and prosperity. It is a trifle, considering the good that would flow from it. If it all had to come out of the exchequer it would be the best investment the empire ever made. "But, as I have said, it would not cost a penny in the long run. The government would lend its credit. It would issue stock or consols at say 3 per cent. interest. The yearly interest on £13,000,000 would be about £400,000 a year. Six hundred thousand a year would pay the interest and provide an ample sinking fund for extinguishment of the principal."

"Where could the government recoup this outlay? Well, the police force maintained in Ireland consists of about 14,000 men, and it costs £1,350,000 a year. It is a standing army of occupation. There is no earthly need of it. Ireland is the least criminal country in the world. Is that what Sir Antony MacDonnell told you? He is right. Broadly speaking, there is no crime in Ireland. There is no stealing and no pilfering. We never lock our doors in this country. They are the most honest people in the world. The only possible excuse for the maintenance of this standing army is because the landlords want them. They imagine they need protection. "When we settle the land question and abolish landlordism there will be no more need, real or fanciful, for this useless army of constabulary. No one will want them. There will be nothing for them to do. There is very little now, beyond looking after a few tipsy people on market days and spying on members of Parliament and officers of the Irish League."

"Settle the land question and the constabulary army can be reduced to one-third or one-quarter its present dimensions. Say it is reduced only one-half, and that saves over £600,000 a year, or enough to meet the interest and sinking fund on the entire sum the government is to undertake between land sellers and land buyers. "There is another way in which

the government could get at the problem," was the reply. "Many of the landlords are heavily in debt. They are carrying mortgages or bonds on their estates and paying interest at the rate of 5, 6 or 7 percent. Many landlords are so indebted that with nominal incomes of, say, £2,500 each, they have but £300 or £400 left they can call their own. If the government were to provide a scheme of purchase which should take up this paper and convert into stock bearing 3 or 3½ per cent. interest, the money saved would go far toward delaying the cost of the margin which the government is to manage as between the seller and the purchaser. The landlords should be pleased with such a project, because it solves their financial difficulties and gives them a certain rather than an uncertain income. Then creditors should be content, because in the conversion they would gain greater security in compensation for accepting a lower rate of interest. In this way, by simply lending its credit, the government could go very far toward reimbursing itself for whatever outlay might be required. These two plans could be worked in combination, for in any scheme of land settlement the creditors of the present landlords must be reckoned with."

As to the condition of a number of the tenants whose farms are at present too small, Mr. O'Brien says: "I think the act should create a land department to deal with this question. It is a problem which pertains almost exclusively to this province of Connaught. In the other parts of Ireland a great majority of the tenants can get along with the land they now have. But in Connaught there are 80,000 so-called farmers trying to live on four or five acres of poor land apiece. They could not exist at all did not something like 20,000 of them migrate every summer to England or Scotland to work in the harvest fields, sleeping in barns and suffering all sorts of privation that they may return home with from £8 to £15 each. These earnings, coupled with heroic self-denial, enable them and their families to eke through the winter. "These brave, poor people must be given a chance. If the English and Scottish harvests were to fail starvation would be their fate. Already they are menaced this year by failure of the potato crop in some sections, as on Arrah Island. "The government must make up its mind to face this problem. It must take the great areas of rich lands now devoted to cattle and turn them over to the people. Thousands of families must be transported from the congested districts, where men and women and children swarm on wretched little patches, to the lands now held by the graziers. The removals will give more land for those who are left behind. If the government is in earnest in its desire to solve the Irish problem it must put an end to the reproach which we have here in the West that where there is plenty of good land there are no people, and where the people are there is no good land. The trouble is not that there is not enough land, for there is. The trouble is that the people were thirty or forty years ago forced off the fertile areas and jammed together upon the bogs in order to make room for cattle. Any government scheme that fails to deal, and deal on a big scale, with this phase of the problem will be a failure."

Notes From the United States.

MONSIGNOR FALCONIO.—The welcome accorded to Monsignor Falconio, the new Apostolic Delegate to the United States, on his visit to the Catholic University at Washington, was of an enthusiastic character. In the course of his address Bishop Conaty, Rector of the University, said:—"There is a special delight for us in welcoming Your Excellency, because as a religious and a superior of religious, you have had years of experience in our country. We are not a little proud that while clothed with the highest authority of the Holy See among us, and exercising the fullest spiritual jurisdiction, you are also a citizen of our Republic and enjoy all its political privileges. Then, again, as the son of the great St. Francis, your learning and piety and gentleness commend you to all who know you. In our neighboring Canada your mission as Apostolic Delegate has called forth the kindest sentiments of respect and affection for your personal character. You have that traditional love of learning which has been the inspiration of so many

scholars of your Order who are identified with the universities of the world and rank as saints of God. You will find among our Affiliated Colleges, the college of your brethren, and among our students the members of your beloved Order. I take it as a good omen that you are here on our Patronal Feast, sharing with us the glory and the graces of this day. We remember with gratification that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception found its foremost champions among the sons of St. Francis. As Rector of the University, and in the name of its trustees, Faculties, Affiliated Colleges, ecclesiastics, laymen, I welcome you among us as the Apostolic Delegate, the representative of Leo XIII. our illustrious Pontiff and beloved Father. We welcome you as the successor of delegates who by their learning, piety, and kindly sympathy have won the deepest affection of our hearts."

In reply Monsignor Falconio said: Your sentiments of attachment and gratitude towards the Supreme Pontiff for all that he has done for the welfare of this institution are a source of great consolation to me, and afford me the hope that the Catholics of America will appreciate the deep interest which the Holy Father has taken in promoting more and more, through this University, the higher culture of the youth of this Republic, and that they will profit by it. Encouraged by the Supreme Pastor of the Church, and acting upon his wise counsels, the superiors will know how to govern with success, the professors how to teach with soundness of principles, and the students how to treasure up with confidence in their minds and in their hearts the precious teachings of science and religion, and to put them in practice. Attached as you are to the Supreme Pontiff, the infallible teacher of truth, I have no doubt that, under his guidance, you will be able to work with success, and that the blessings I have mentioned will form the happy inheritance of this institution."

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M. P., and Mrs. Blake were amongst the guests entertained by the Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, on the occasion of the celebration of the patronal feast of the institution.

IRISH DELEGATES.—Senator Patterson, of Colorado, presided at the meeting held in Washington, to hear the Irish envoys, Messrs. Blake and Davitt. In introducing them he said:—"I greet the two patriots, Michael Davitt and Edward Blake, the men who are so successfully bringing about a unity of Irish sentiment in America. The struggle in which they are engaged is not being accomplished by carnage, but in humane ways. These men are fighting for Home Rule. What may we not expect with an Irish Parliament meeting at Dublin, making laws for their fellow-men, providing for the education of the rising generations? I can now hear the hum of the wheels of industries and the joyful notes of a happy nation. Home Rule for Ireland is an inspiration in every Irish breast."

LESSONS AND EXAMPLES.—In a sketch of Mgr. Farley, the New York "Sun" says:—"Tales of the practical Christianity of the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York are spread over the long period of his priesthood in this city. Priests who have been in daily touch with Mgr. Farley since his ordination in 1870, and laymen who have been close to his work as pastor of St. Gabriel's in East Thirty-seventh street since 1884, know of the earnest and resultful labors for his church and for humanity. Recognized by all New York as a man of gentleness and piety, he has other characteristics that shine forth from time to time showing the aggressive, practical, gainful mind. He is a determined man, some times to the extent that he might be called a fighting man in his pursuit of some beneficent object. A story is told of his early days in the pastorate of St. Gabriel's. The death of the head of a family in Father Farley's parish left the family with no source of income except a son, whose salary in a downtown office was so small that it would not go half way toward the maintenance of the house. Father Farley knew the boy to be unusually bright and well informed. He went down town one morning to find a better employment for the young man. His first call was at the office of a figure in the business world with whom the priest had a purpose. The business man was in a hurry. Said he:—"I'll take the young man's name, Father Farley, and if I see an opening for him I'll send you word. I haven't anything in sight now."

"That won't do," said the priest. "He must have a place right away. I've got to be back at the house in two hours, but I'm not going back till I've placed the boy, and you're going to help me."

The man was surprised at this positive announcement from the priest. "Father Farley, you'd make a good politician," he said. "Send the young man down to-morrow morning and I'll put him at work."

The boy is now one of the most liberal contributors to the many charities of Archbishop Farley. After the announcement that the Pope had promoted the priest to succeed Archbishop Corrigan, the "boy" carried his compliments to the Archbishop and for the fiftieth time referred to the story of the place which the priest had found for him. "Sometimes when I read about the wickedness down in your Wall Street," said the Archbishop with a twinkle in his eye, "I wonder if I put you on the right road. At any rate, some of the money is going in the right direction."

Father Farley was summoned for a sick call one morning. He found a parishioner dying of a stroke of apoplexy. Knowing that the man was the only wage earner in the family he made some inquiries of the wife and daughter to learn what provision the dying breadwinner had made for them. He was, the priest learned, a member of a mutual benefit association in which he had an insurance of \$2,000. The latest assessment was overdue, and if not paid by noon the man was liable to suspension, in which event his family could not collect the money after his death. The priest administered the sacraments for the dying. Wife and daughter were in such a state of mind that they were indifferent for the time to the possibility of losing the insurance benefit. The priest got the assessment slip, learned the address of the treasurer of the lodge and hurried into the street. On his way, the carriage of a wealthy man of his parish overtook him. As the priest spoke to him the man stopped and at his motion the brougham wheeled up to the curb. "Mr. A.," said the priest, "as you are travelling in that direction, might I ask you to set me down at No. — street?" The man was delighted to be of service to his pastor. "And now another favor," said the priest, who had glanced at his old silver watch and found that 12 o'clock was drawing near. "Don't abuse the horses, but may we drive a little faster?" The driver on the box was a member of the priest's congregation also, and the horses did travel. Arrived at the office of the lodge secretary the priest went in, but he came out a moment later just a bit confused. In his haste in responding to the sick call he had left the house without money. "Mr. A.," said Father Farley, "you have been very good to bring me here. May I presume on your kindness to borrow \$2 from you until this afternoon?" The assessment was paid, and the priest returned the loan that afternoon, although the lender insisted that he did not want the money back. That night the patient died, and thanks to the priest's practical ministrations, the wife and daughter got the insurance money.

While he was Auxiliary Bishop of New York, Bishop Farley wrote an article on a theological question for a review. The Bishop accepted the very liberal compensation of the magazine for the article. A literary man who had read it spoke of it to a member of the Bishop's household. "It is a splendid argument," said the man. "It is sure to bear fruit."

"It has borne fruit," said the priest. "It has bought brooches and shoes for a lot of youngsters who couldn't go to school in their rags."

Personal gifts of money to the Bishop from time to time always went to his charities. His church, in the heart of the East Side, embraces a lot of rich people, but a great many more very poor ones.

A politician went to see Father Farley at the priest's house in the middle of a close local campaign. The priest's pastorate extended over his political field, and the politician wanted his help with the parish. "If you help me and I win," said the politician, "I'll give \$500 to the poor of your parish."

"They do need money," said the priest in his mildest voice, "but they don't need it that badly."

THE SEE OF CHICAGO.—The American secular press state that the Congregation of the Propaganda has decided to propose to the Pope the appointment of Bishop James E. Quigley, of Buffalo, N.Y., as Archbishop of Chicago, in succession to the late Archbishop Peahan.

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The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League. Dublin, Dec. 6, 1902.

THE EDUCATION BILL. — Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Chairman of the Irish Party, has published the following letter which he has addressed to the members of the Irish Party:—

Dublin, 29th Nov., 1902.

My Dear Sir.—I have noted with deep concern that the action of the members of the Irish Party in remaining in Ireland during the closing stages of the English Education Bill has been misunderstood by very many sincere friends of the National cause, and especially by the Irish Bishops, who, of course, on a question of this kind, have a special right to have their views listened to with the deepest respect.

I pay no attention to the utterances of those who are well known enemies of the present movement and Party, and who are manifestly using the present situation, not in the interest of Catholic Education, but in the interest of disruption and dissension.

It may be well to record the fact that on the Second Reading of this Bill, and during the very many weary weeks of the Committee Stage, up to August last, when the Bill might be held to be in real jeopardy, the Party remained in London, at great sacrifice, and voted solidly for the measure, though those members of Parliament who now clamour about their interest in Catholic Education remained almost entirely absent.

When I returned from America I anxiously considered whether we could gain anything by then resuming attendance to the House of Commons, and I was forced to the conclusion that all we could do would be to swell an already enormous Government majority in favor of the clauses of the Bill which were in no danger whatever, or else to vote now and again with Lord Hugh Cecil, in ridiculous minorities, against proposals upon which, by a coalition of both sides of the House, the Government had majorities of from 200 to 300.

The facts of the proposition now are, that the Bill has passed through the Report Stage in the House of Commons. Its only remaining danger is in the House of Lords. It is possible, though not, in my opinion, probable, that it may be injured in the House of Lords, or, on the other hand, some improvements, from our point of view, may be made in its provisions. In either case, the presence of the Irish members in the House of Commons, when the measure returns to that Assembly, may be of real importance.

I remain, etc., JOHN E. REDMOND.

MORE COERCION.—Messrs. John Roche, M.P.; Denis Johnston, P. J. Monahan, Charles O'Keefe, and Michael Garrick have been summoned for speaking at a meeting on Nov. 9, at Knockroghery, under the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act to appear at the Lecarrow Petty Sessions on Wednesday, the 10th December, 1902, before such justices as shall be there in pursuance of the said Act.

THE MURPHY ESTATE.—The last few weeks have brought incidents of far-reaching importance to light on the Associated Estates. A man called Costello, lately returned from England, over the heads of the tenants took up the herding of Silverfield farm for Mr. Murphy, given up twelve months ago by Henry Clifford, who resigned his position as bailiff on the estate out of sympathy with the tenants' claims.

THE POLICE RETIRE.—A very large and enthusiastic meeting of the members of the Dungarvan branch of the United Irish League was held in the Town Hall, Dungarvan, Dec. 1st. Mr. John M'Carthy occupied the chair. As the crowd were coming into the hall there came with the people three members of the police force—Sergeant Devereux and Constables Forde and Connell.

CHAIRMAN'S PRIVATE PROPERTY.—Mr. Sheehan—I might say that this building is private property, and the police have no right to be present once they are asked to withdraw (applause). I tell them it is their duty to withdraw, and that they must withdraw (applause). You have no right to be here, and you must leave.

A LIMERICK CASE.—At a large meeting of the local branch of the United Irish League on Sunday the following resolution of thanks to the chairman, Rev. Father Casey, P.P., was passed, amidst cheers:—"That we congratulate our reverend and patriotic chairman on the successful result of his efforts in bringing the Ellis tenants' fight to a successful issue. We are deeply grateful to him for his disinterested exertions on behalf of the farmers of this parish, whom he has succeeded in putting in fee-simple possession of the lands they till. We wish him every happiness and long life to enjoy the pleasure which the remembrance of his useful lifework must in future bring him."

A LANDLORD CAVES IN.—The notice given to claimants and incumbrancers on the Marquis of Ely's estates in Wexford and Fermanagh that the owner has himself presented a petition in the Land Judge's Court for their sale, is a remarkable sign of the times. There are nearly seventeen hundred tenants on these estates, who, it is to be assured, will have the opportunity of making an offer for their farms to the Court. Whether, under Mr. Justice Ross's aegis, they will be able to come to terms with their landlord is, of course, somewhat doubtful.

IRISH WINTER ASSIZES.—Maryborough, Dec. 1st.—Judge Kenny opened the Leinster Assizes here today. Addressing the Grand Jury, he said that the Assize embraced 13 counties, from which there were 28 cases. Of those, only two were of a serious character. One involved a charge of murder, and in the other Denis Kilbride, ex-M.P., was charged with inciting to murder, in a speech delivered by him in Westmeath. Since the summer Assizes the number of specially reported cases was 162, which represented an increase of only nine over the corresponding period of last year.

THE EVICTION ROLL.—According to the Parliamentary return issued on the 4th December, the total number of tenants "turned out of their holdings"—to use the words of

the return—in Ireland in the September quarter this year was 53, the County Roscommon alone accounting for 18 of the cases. Of tenants converted into caretakers under the eviction-made-easy clause of the Act of 1887, the total for the September quarter was 848, as compared with 987 for the June quarter, and 536 for the quarter ended in March. Curiously enough, Ulster has nearly one-half of all the eviction-made-easy notices for the September quarter to its credit. The number for the provinces are—Ulster, 385; Leinster, 158; Connaught, 188; and Munster, 117. In Dublin County there were only three of these notices, in Meath there were five, in Waterford six, and in Queen's County nine.

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congratulating them on that fact. At the request of the Crown, the hearing of the King v. Kilbride was fixed for Monday next, at 11 o'clock.

Sligo, 2nd December.—To-day at eleven o'clock the Connaught winter Assizes were opened before the Hon. Mr. Justice Wright. In addressing the Grand Jury, His Lordship said there appeared to be a general decrease in crime of all classes, and in specially reported cases in Leitrim, Sligo, Mayo, Roscommon, and the West Riding of Galway; but in the East Riding of Galway there was an increase in specially reported cases from 14 to 22, and all these were of a nature that tended to intimidate people from doing what they had a legal right to do.

Cork, 2nd December.—The Munster winter Assizes were opened this morning by Mr. Justice Barton. Addressing the Grand Jury, His Lordship said that there were forty cases waiting for trial, and, with the exception of the North Riding of Tipperary, there appeared to be some improvement in the remainder of the area covered by the winter Assizes.

ALL THE JUDGES ARE AGAIN ACKNOWLEDGING CRIMELESS IRELAND. The only big case for trial at the present Assizes is one brought by the Government against the Unionist Studderts for alleged frauds on the taxpayers. And a new batch of Coercion prosecutions are announced this week!

Notes From Scotland.

CALEDONIAN ASSOCIATION.—The members and friends of the Catholic Caledonian Association held, under the most distinguished patronage, their 26th annual reunion in the Glasgow Waterloo rooms recently, when there was a crowded and most enthusiastic gathering. The chair was occupied by the Very Rev. Lord Archibald Canon Douglas, who delivered a spirited address, full of Catholic and patriotic sentiment, in classic keeping with the notable occasion which brought together under the association's auspices the members of the Scottish Hierarchy, the Catholic nobility, and commoners of the land. After tea, Mr. John Stuart read the annual report, which gave a concise account of the good the association had achieved in the way of charity and mutual self-help during the past twelve months.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.—The annual diocesan meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland was held on Tuesday evening of last week in the Oddfellows' Hall, Forrest road, Edinburgh, when there was a record attendance of members and friends, the best gathering at the yearly meeting ever held in Edinburgh since the society was instituted. The proceedings consisted of a vigorous address in defence of Catholic truth by Archbishop Smith, who presided, an admirably sustained concert and elocutionary entertainment followed.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I love to hear the joy bells ring, As they peal out far and near, Which tells the world at midnight's hour That the birth of the Christ is here.

Like the angels' Gloria sung of old, In that far-off Eastern clime, That to listening shepherds told, Of the coming of Christmas time.

In every land doth joy abound, And the children carols sing, The hymns their fathers sang of old, Greeting the birth of the King.

Round many hearths are the stockings hung, While the children wait with glee For the coming of old Santa Claus, And the gleam of the Christmas tree.

Round every ingle friends unite And in the Yule-log's glow They talk of those, once blithe with them, In the Christmas long ago.

The midnight stars light up the sky, And the Christmas lights clear shine, As on every side do men rejoice At the birth of the Babe Divine.

So Merry Christmas may it be, To mortals one and all, As tunefully from every tone, The bells of Yule-tide call.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all Stations east of Fort Arthur, Saint St. Marie, Mich., and Detroit, Mich., for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Holiday Excursion, At One Way First Class Fare.

Dec. 24th and 25th, '02, good to return until Dec. 26th, '02, and on Dec. 31st, '02, and Jan. 1st, '03, good to return until January 2nd, '03.

One Way First Class Fare and One-Third For School Vacations

From Dec. 6th to 31st inclusive, good to return until January 19th, '03. Special Fares to points in

MARITIME PROVINCES.

For Tickets and other information apply to Pacific Railway Agent

Springfield, Mass., Through Coach

Car. From Windsor St. 7.45 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 120 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Holiday Excursion Rates.

Single First-Class Fare. Going Dec. 24 and 25. Return limit, Dec. 26, 1902.

First-Class Fare and One-Third. Going Dec. 22 to 25, inclusive, also Dec. 29 to Jan. 1, 1903, inclusive. Return limit Jan. 5th, 1903.

SCHOOL VACATIONS

First-Class Fare and One-Third for Round Trip. Going Dec. 6 to 31, inclusive. Return limit Jan. 15, 1903.

Special Rates for Commercial Travellers. For further particulars apply at

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 127 St. James Street. Telephone Main 4604 & 4611, and B. Avenue Station.

Fraternal Societies.

At the regular meeting of Div. No. 5, A.O.H., the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, W. D. Guilfoyle; vice-president, Jas. Enright; recording-secretary, Jas. Brophy, 33 St. Margaret St.; financial secretary, H. Tracy; treasurer, C. H. Dockum; Standing Committee, chairman, M. Duffy; sentinel, J. P. McCool; sergeant-at-arms, J. L. Devine; marshal, D. Maloney; Finance Committee, J. McNichol, M. Tracy, J. Enright, J. L. Devine, D. Maloney; Literary Committee, chairman, J. L. Devine, C. H. Dockum, M. Duffy, M. Tracy, J. Brophy, J. O'Brien of No. 8 Division, and D. Maloney, acted as scrutineers.

Speeches were made by J. O'Brien, the visiting Brother, and several of the members of the Division. After the meeting a friendly game of euchre was played amongst the members.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

THE "GESU"—The Christmas musical services at the Church of the "Gesù" will be rendered by a choir of 100 voices, under the direction of the Rev. Father Garceau, S.J. The soprano and alto parts sung by specially selected children's voices taken from among the students of St. Mary's College.

The powerful new organ presided over by Mr. Arthur Letondal, will be supplemented by an orchestra of string instruments. The music sung at Midnight Mass will be repeated at Grand Mass at 10 o'clock on Christmas Day. On Sunday evening, Dec. 28th, the Christmas Benediction will be sung at 8 p.m., the programme of which is given below:—

MIDNIGHT MASS.—Prelude. — "Gloire au Tres-Haut," (1st time in Canada), barytone solo and chorus. Heide!, orchestra and organ; Kyrie, Gloria and Credo, "First Mass," Haydn; Offertory, "Adeste Fideles," Durbois; Sanctus and Agnus, "Messe Solennelle" (St. Cecilia) Gounod; second Mass, Christmas Carols, soli and chorus.

BENEDICTION.—"Cor Jesu," solo and chorus, Mendelssohn, orchestra and organ; "Sanctus," "Messe Solennelle" (St. Cecilia), Gounod, tenor solo, chorus; "Benedictus," "Messe Solennelle," (St. Cecilia), Gounod, tenor solo and chorus; "Adeste Fideles," soli and chorus, Durbois; "Tantum Ergo," solo and chorus, Mendelssohn.

"EVERGREENS,"

"EVERGREENS," "EVERGREENS"

FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

In wreaths of full 10 yards each, only 20 cents per wreath. 40,000 yards of the finest Evergreen wreathing, in full measured wreaths, 10 yards each, only 2 cents per yard.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

FLORIDA GRAPES.

Fresh Shipments Just to Hand.

Mammoths, Superlatives, and Queen

Florida Shaddocks, Mammoths, The Golden Eagle Brand, Healthy and delicious, 25 cents each, \$2.75 per dozen. Florida Shaddocks, "Superlatives," The Golden Eagle Brand, 20 cents each, \$2.00 per dozen. Florida Shaddocks, "Queen's," 15 cents each, \$1.50 per dozen.

APPLES, APPLES, APPLES.

Selected No. 1, "Gravenstein" Apples; Selected No. 1, "King" Apples, from the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia.

We have reserved a few barrels each of choice specially selected "Gravenstein" and "King" Apples for our Christmas trade.

Selected No. 1, "Gravensteins," 85 cents per large basket, \$5.25 per barrel.

Selected No. 1, "Kings," 95 cents per large basket, \$5.75 per barrel.

Choice Almeria Grapes in Kegs.

Only 20 cents per pound. \$7.50 per Keg.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

JUST IN TIME FOR OUR CHRISTMAS TRADE

100 Cases Finest Extra Quality CALIFORNIA TABLE FRUITS In Cans and Glass Jars.

The "J. H. Flickinger" Brand 1902 Pack.

In Quart Glass Jars. In 3 lb. full weight, Cans. In 2 lb. Cans.

The "J. H. Flickinger" Fruits In Quart Glass Jars.

	Per Jar.	Per Doz.
"White Royal Anne" Cherries	80c	\$9.00
"Moor Park" Apricots	75c	8.50
Sliced Apricots for Cream	80c	9.00
Peeled Apricots for Cream	80c	9.00
Lemon Cling Peaches	75c	8.50
Sliced Lemon Cling Peaches	80c	9.00
Bartlett Pears	80c	9.00
Greengage Plums	75c	9.00
Egg Plums	75c	9.00

The "J. H. Flickinger" Fruits in 3 lb. cans.

	Per Can.	Per Doz.
Apricots, "Moor Park"	40c	\$4.50
Apricots, Hemsirk	40c	4.50
Apricots, Peeled for Cream	40c	4.50
Cherries, "White Royal Anne"	45c	5.00
Plums, "Greengage"	40c	4.50
Plums, "Egg"	40c	4.50
Peaches, "Yellow Crawford"	45c	5.00

The "J. H. Flickinger" Fruits, in No. 2 cans.

	Per Can.	Per Doz.
Cherries, "White Royal Anne"	30c	\$3.00
Apricots, "Sliced for Cream"	30c	3.00
Apricots, "Peeled for Cream"	30c	3.00
Peaches, "Yellow Crawford"	30c	3.00
Peaches, "Lemon Cling"	30c	3.00
Peaches, "Sliced Lemon Cling"	30c	3.00
Plums, "Greengage"	30c	3.00
Pears, "Bartlett"	30c	3.00

We unhesitatingly recommend the "J. H. Flickinger" Brand of California Table Fruits, as the very finest possible to procure.

FRASER, VIGER & CO. ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

207, 209 and 211 St. James St.

List of Subscribers.

Devlin-Blake Meeting, Dec. 2nd.

Table listing subscribers and their amounts, including Saint Patrick's Society, Hon. Marcus Doherty, and various individuals.

Table listing names and amounts, including Thomas Maloney, P. Monahan, Thos. McCracken, and others.

Advent Pastorals of Catholic Prelates in England.

BIRMINGHAM.—His Lordship the Bishop of Birmingham in a letter to the Faithful points out the blessing of true Faith. In the month of May last it was our duty to present to the Holy See a full and faithful report of the whole diocese, with such detailed information as is required of us concerning the missions, the clergy that serve them, the seminary, the schools, religious houses, the faithful laity, etc.

CLIFTON.—The Bishop in his Advent Pastoral earnestly begs and entreats all to dispose themselves during this holy season by true compunction of heart and by fervent prayer for the worthy reception of the Sacraments of Christmastide. Such as have the leisure should, he says, receive their Lord on Christmas Day itself, and any who choose may avail themselves of the privilege, granted again this year by the Holy See, of communicating at the Midnight Mass.

NEWPORT.—His Lordship in his Advent Pastoral deals with the subject of Catholic reading. He says: "It has been our endeavor to impress upon all that, at the present time, it is virtually impossible for a Catholic to keep the Faith firmly and to practise it satisfactorily without the assistance of reading. Everyone reads now. The non-Catholic press, which covers the whole country, does harm to the Catholic religion in two ways: sometimes it attacks the Faith, and at all times it occupies people's time and attention so as to push religion into the background. On both these accounts Catholic reading is indispensable. If we read things that are written against our holy religion, we are bound to read the statements and explanations which will enable us to know what is the truth, and to be ready to give information to others. And since we give up so much of our time to the news, the paragraphs, the sporting intelligence, and the amusing or thrilling stories that pour from the press day by day, it is certain that God and Jesus Christ, the Gospel, the Church, and the Sacraments, must to a great extent fade and shrink in our thoughts unless we have also some kind of reading that will effectually keep them before the eyes of the mind."

PLYMOUTH.—In his Advent Pastoral the Right Rev. Dr. Graham

says: "There was scarcely a sermon that Bishop Vaughan preached, or charge that he wrote, but what contained this important sentence, 'Look into yourselves,' as a practical point of the discourse, he wished to develop. The words betray to us, then, the thought of his soul, the ruling idea of his religious mind, and the spirit that he would have us all in this diocese breathe in unison with himself, Bishop Vaughan has but just left us, after nearly fifty years. He necessarily a long and prosperous pontificate of dwells still in our hearts, and it is well that his predominant thought and advice should linger in our mind, 'Look into yourselves, and see what you are before God.' If his Lordship warned us so often to ask ourselves this question, how much oftener did he ask himself the same, as he pondered over the various arduous duties that pressed upon him—duties to himself and to his clergy—thinking, speaking, writing, and acting; the same with regard to the laity, tradesmen, servants, and children: Catholics and non-Catholics of all classes, in cases of advice, of disputes, of bargains, or of scandals. How stood he before God at the end of that sort of day?"

SALFORD.—The Advent Pastoral of His Lordship the Bishop of Salford (Right Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow), dated from Torquay, Devon, was read in all the churches and chapels in the Salford diocese on Sunday last. The Letter this year deals with the Poor and New Mission Fund. He appeals, he says, on behalf of the fund this year with even greater urgency than hitherto. His Lordship points out the wants of the missions of St. Theresa's, Irlam, St. Cuthbert's, Withington, and the extremely poor district of Turton. "In answer to the last appeal, two charitable ladies and sisters forwarded to us the munificent contribution of £200. Last year also, a gentleman who is ever in the front rank when any work of charity has to be undertaken for the diocese, but who withholds his name from the public row, entrusted to us a like sum. We have already purchased a most desirable site for church, school and presbytery, and this purchase has required the greater portion of the earlier gift. The progress of the contemplated new mission in Ayres street, near Brooks' Bar, has been slow, but plans have already been drawn and approved for a new school chapel and priest's house, and the valuable plot of ground given by Sir Humphrey de Trafford will soon be devoted to the purpose for which he gave it; it will be one of the first works we shall undertake after our return."

MENEVIA.—His Lordship the Bishop in his Advent Pastoral, referring to the Feast of Christmas, says: A Christian, as the very word tells us, is one who professes to follow Jesus Christ. He is one who accepts Him as his Master and Teacher, and who proclaims himself ready to obey His commands and to listen to His teaching. He is one who acknowledges that his Divine Master founded a Church, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church." He is one who accepts the teaching of that Church, in all matters appertaining to faith or morals, as infallible, knowing that she cannot err in what she teaches, because her Founder has promised that the gates of hell shall never prevail against His Church; that the Holy Ghost shall teach her all things; and that He Himself will be with her all days, even to the consummation of the world (Matt. xvi, 18; John xiv, 16-26; Matt. xxviii, 20). He is even more than a mere follower; he is a member of Jesus Christ.

A Christian should be raised above the vicissitudes of this life, for he should ever bear in mind that this world is not his home, and he should ever keep his eyes firmly fixed on his true home, Heaven. If, therefore, it pleases God, in His infinite wisdom, to allow His disciple's earthly goods to be torn from him, his health to be taken away, or his friends to abandon him, he should account himself as having lost nothing. He still has his Faith, he is still a true follower of Christ, and he still has perfect confidence in the promises of his Divine Master.—Extracts from Reports in Catholic Times, Liverpool.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles. From all grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

THE S. CARSLY C. CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street.

SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1903.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR. The Big Store's leadership in Men's Underwear has never been disputed. Men's heavy Shetland Lamb's Wool Underwear, Shirts double-breasted, Drawers made Trouser style. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 in. \$2c, 88c, 94c, \$1.00, \$1.05, \$1.15, \$1.20 each. Men's Medium weight Natural Wool Underwear, Shirts double-breasted, Pants Trouser style. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 in. \$2c, 88c, 94c, \$1.00, \$1.05, \$1.15, \$1.20 each.

MEN'S CLOTHING. Men's All-Wool Dark Grey Cheviot Winter Overcoats, finished in (Raglan-ette) style, with cuffs, side pockets and full wide skirt, well made and good Farmers' satin lining. Price, \$8.90, \$13.00, \$15.00. Men's All-Wool Gray and Brown Tweed Suits, sacque and double-breasted style, neatly finished, silk sewn, good Farmers' satin lining. Price \$9.00, \$11.00, \$13.00.

LADIES' LINED GLOVES. Ladies' Wool Lined Kid Gloves, 2-dome fasteners, in colors of tau and brown, fur top finish. Size, 6 to 8. Special 92c pair. Ladies' Kid Gloves, wool lined, 2-dome fasteners, chinchilla fur tops, colors tan, brown, black. Size, 6 to 8. Special \$1.35. Ladies' Kid Gloves, fur top, elastic wrist, colors tan. Size, 6 to 8. Special \$1.50.

CHRISTMAS FURS. HOLIDAY FURS—New Black Russian Lamb Caprines, trimmed electric seal with 2 heads and 4 large tails, plain and fancy lining, perfect fit, worth \$9.00. Carlsley's special offer \$6.55. HOLIDAY FURS—New Alaska Sable Ruffs, selected skins, with 2 neat heads and 4 large tails, semi-long, extra value at \$10.50. Carlsley's Special offer \$8.25. HOLIDAY FURS—Men's Fur lined Coats, all sizes, lined with best Marmoth, large German Otter collar and lapel, choice skins. Worth \$45. Carlsley's Special offer. \$33.00.

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS. Men's pure Japanese White Silk Handkerchiefs, hem-stitched borders with pretty silk initial. Size, 18 by 18 inches. Special 22c. A beautiful range of high class Japanese White Silk Handkerchiefs, hemstitched borders, richly embroidered initials. Prices 45c, 60c, 85c, \$1.15.

TUQUES AND SASHES. A splendid line of All-Wool Tuques and sashes, in black, scarlet, royal navy, etc. 88c each. Extra quality Tuques and Sashes, in all colors, made of best Scotch Fingering. Special 65c each. Tuques, Sashes, Mitts or Stockings, in any color to match knit to order on shortest possible notice.

PARLOR TABLES. Makes a handsome Christmas Gift. Pretty Parlor Tables made of quarter cut oak, highly polished and well made, golden oak finish. Special \$1.75.

'XMAS UMBRELLAS. Ladies' Umbrellas, best quality silk paragon frame, st. el. frame, steel rod, fancy handle in horn, pearl, natura, wood, silver mounted \$3.50, \$3.00, \$4. Men's Umbrellas, in all the latest designs of handle, silk covered, paragon frame, steel rod, silver mounted. Prices \$2.50 to \$14.00.

CHILD'S DRESSES. Children's dainty fine Cream China Silk Dresses, trimmed skirt, with two rows of trimmed lace insertion and wide lace yoke, cuffs, epaulettes and neck trimmed with wide lace. Sp. cal, 20, 22, 24 inches. \$1.85, \$1.95, \$2.05.

LADIES' WATCHES. Ladies' Watch, solid silver case, open face, stem winder and set, engine turned or fancy engraved, fitted with Waltham movement. Special...\$8.65. Ladies' solid ro. kt. gold case, fancy engraved hunting case, fitted Waltham movement, fully guaranteed. Special. \$18.75.

SNOWY LINENS. For 'Xmas Gifts—Nothing is more acceptable to the Housekeeper at 'Xmas than a present of Fine Linen. TAMBOURED TRAY CLOTHS, very handsome patterns, new for holi day trade. Size 18 x 27 in. 29c each. TAMBOURED 5 O'CLOCK TEA CLOTHS, entirely new patterns. Size 33 x 33 in. Prices 30c to \$1.90. TAMBOURED BUREAU COVERS, in the newest designs, Size, 18 by 72 inches 72c each.

CHRISTMAS SILK. French Taffeta Silk in all shades, extra value for Ladies' wear. Per yard 59c. Fancy Blouse Silks in a large variety of coloring and designs. Per yd. 95c. Fancy Glasse Silk for Blouses in per new coloring and patterns. Per yard \$1.45.

THE S. CARSLY C. CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street, Montreal.

CARPETS! Our Winter Discount Sale of Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Etc., now at its height. This is a splendid opportunity to furnish your Homes at such Reduced Cost. MAIL ORDERS FILLED WITH CARE. THOMAS LIGGETT, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Father Dowd—of St. Patrick's Church. The "True Witness" honors the occasion in a manner and offer its tribute to the memory of the noble and spiritual guide of these days than in published from the sermon which on the last New Year's epiused the pulpit of h Church. It is as follow

Your passing time, saintly pastor, bring together once more to on the solemn fact, other year is gone that we have taken step towards the gra

It is very proper for u and to congratulate one the promise of a new ye even make projects and happiness; but yet the is there, that one of th of our life is gone for ev we are brought a year n graves. This reflection brings on another which serious, are we better pr for our graves, and eter we were on the first da year? It is our interest question an honest answ simply yes or no, before one day of the new ye Hence if we have made s gress in the service of G day twelve month; if we fewer vices, and have ac new virtues; if, in a wor advanced our preparation la's home,—the grave; th what we have to do thi We have to persevere, we merit to merit by daily our fervor in the service If, on the other hand, w knowledge that we are e prepared to-day, than we day last year, for our and for eternity, then ou

CO. LIMITED St. James Street

DEC. 20, 1903.

CLOTHING.

Dark Grey Cheviot, finished in Raglan cuffs, side pockets and well made and good looking. Price, \$8.00, \$15.00.

Gray and Brown, double-breasted and double-breasted, neatly finished, silk and satin lining. Price \$10.00, \$13.00.

MAS FURS.

URS - New Black Capelines, trimmed with 2 bears and 4 large fancy lining, perfect Carsley's special \$6.55. FURS - New Alaska skins, with 2 neat tails, semi-long, excellent Carsley's Special \$8.25. FURS - Men's Fur coats, lined with best German Otter collar and skins. Worth \$45. Offer. \$33.00.

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solid silver case, fender and set, engine engraved, fitted with best. Special \$8.65. Gold case, fancy case, fitted Waltham guaranteed. Special \$18.75.

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Silk in all shades, Ladies' wear. Per \$59c.

blouses in a large variety of designs. Per yd. 95c.

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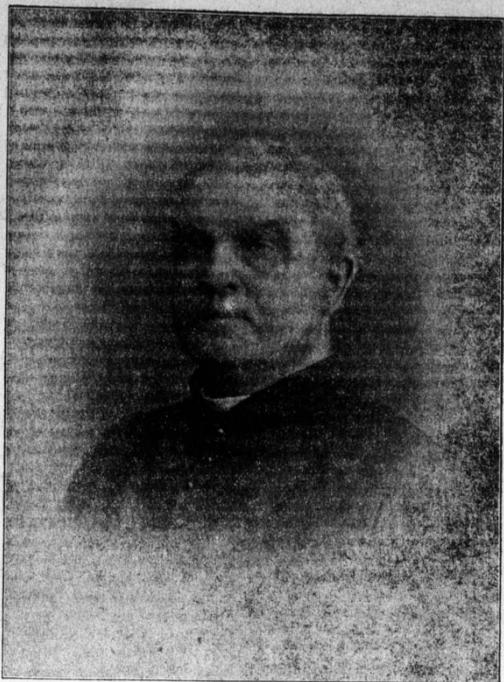
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IN MEMORIAM OF FATHER DOWD.



REV. P. DOWD.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Father Dowd—second pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal. The "True Witness" cannot honor the occasion in a more fitting manner and offer its tribute to the memory of the noble and affectionate spiritual guide of the good old days than in publishing extracts from the sermon which he delivered on the last New Year's Day he occupied the pulpit of his beloved Church. It is as follows:—

Our passing time, said the saintly pastor, brings us together once more to reflect on the solemn fact, that another year is gone by, and that we have taken another step towards the grave.

It is very proper for us to rejoice, and to congratulate one another on the promise of a new year; we may even make projects and plans for its happiness; but yet the serious fact is there, that one of the few years of our life is gone for ever; and that we are brought a year nearer to our graves. This reflection naturally brings on another which is not less serious, are we better prepared now for our graves, and eternity, than we were on the first day of last year? It is our interest to give this question an honest answer, to say simply yes or no, before we allow one day of the new year to pass. Hence if we have made some progress in the service of God since this year twelve months; if we have now fewer vices, and have acquired some new virtues; if, in a word, we have advanced our preparation for our last home,—the grave; then we see what we have to do this new year. We have to persevere, we have to add merit to merit by daily increasing our fervor in the service of God. If, on the other hand, we must acknowledge that we are even worse prepared to-day, than we were this year last year, for our own graves and for eternity, then our duty is

clear; we must know that the new year is given us in order that we may repent of, and cancel in the Sacrament of Penance the sins committed during the past year; in the intentions of God the new year is given you for no other purpose. All time is given to prepare for eternity.

The first duty, therefore, of our time is to employ it in renouncing every obstacle to a happy eternity. Sin is the only obstacle. Sin has therefore to be removed; it must be cancelled—destroyed in the Sacrament of Penance, on the condition that we have a true and sincere sorrow for having committed it and a firm resolution to lead a new life. This newness of life will consist in a sincere determination to redeem our lost time by a regular, constant, and fervent discharge of all our duties to God. In this way alone can we maintain this newness of life, and make atonement for the sins of omission we have committed by the frequent abuse of the richest gifts and graces with which we were favored by God.

The use we are expected to make of the present year, must be determined by the use we made of the past year. Hence it is our duty to enter upon a strict examination of our conduct during the past year. It is true that past time cannot be recalled in order to use it again; past time is beyond our reach; it is no longer ours, and can never become ours again; it has passed into the hands of God to be examined and judged. Yes, this is exactly the nature of past time. It has passed out of our hands, into the hands of God, to be examined and judged. But by giving us the use of the present time of the new year, God permits us to act on the past time of the old year in the same manner He does. We can examine and judge it. And if our examination is well made, if our judgment be correct and in accordance with the laws of Divine Justice, we can control and determine the examination and final judgment of God. In this way, and in this way alone, we can act on the past time of the old year. In every other possible respect it is gone from us for ever.

I said that if the examination and judgment of our conduct during the past year be properly made, we can control and determine the final judgment of God.

ment of God. Yes, brethren, this is true. In giving us the use of the present time of the new year, God also gives us an extraordinary privilege. By the proper use of the present moment, you can change all the past.

Is it not true that judged by your conduct during the past year you would have been condemned as guilty.

In reality what was your conduct during the past year? You committed not one, but perhaps many mortal sins; you abused not one day, nor one week of the past year by living in a state of sin, and in the habit of committing sin, but perhaps you spent the great part of the past year in the state of mortal sin, all the time an enemy to God. All this you can now change; employ the new year which God gives you in sincerely repenting of these faults, you can blot them all out, your sins, no matter how numerous will be forgiven, the judgment that hung over your head on account of them will be reversed, and from having been the enemy of God, you will become his beloved friend.

And to effect this wonderful change to blot out your sins, and to make you friends from having been the enemies of God, how long, how much of the new year will be required? A moment, a single moment of time. No longer is required. The new year comes to you, as Christians, teaming with all the merits of the death and passion of our blessed Redeemer. A moment of Christians' time is worth an eternity in heaven. You are guilty of mortal sin, of a million of mortal sins; by a moment of true repentance of sincere sorrow for your sins with absolution, all is blotted out, and from being victims of hell, you become the children of Heaven.

I will go further. If a moment of your time, of your Christian time of grace, were given to the souls of the damned in hell, that moment of grace would empty hell of all its unhappy souls, and would transfer them to the regions of eternal bliss. Beloved brethren, will this suffice to enlighten you as to the value of this new year, and of the debt of gratitude you owe to God for it. A moment of this new year will suffice to efface not only the sins of the past year, but the sins of all the years of your

past life. Value therefore the time of grace that is given you in this new year. Don't lose a moment of it. You can make of every moment of it the price of eternity. You were created for eternity, you were created to live for ever in heaven. The good use of the new year can secure for you a happy eternity, can make you worthy of the bliss of heaven.

Besides the immense value of the time of this Christian new year, you have another urgent motive to spend it well,—the uncertainty you are in whether this will be your last year, or not. And in regard to this uncertainty also, you can receive instruction from the old year. Where are the many well known faces that were to be met with this day last year,—some of them were present in this congregation? How many gaps have been in your family circles since this day twelve months? And they who have left us, were not all old; some were in the prime of life, even some had not yet reached the prime of life; all of them, on this day last year were as full of hope that they would enjoy the whole year, as you are to-day. Yet, it was not to be so. They were beginning their last year, and they did not know it. And so it is to-day. There are many amongst us, and some of them are here present, who are beginning their last year, and they do not know it, they do not even give it a serious thought.

Then be wise, and under this uncertainty resolve to begin this new year in the same manner, as if you were certain it was to be your last year. If disappointed, that is if you are spared longer, you lose nothing; but if not disappointed, you gain everything. This serious advice concerns all—the young and the old alike. "What I say to you, I say to all Watch." Watch, for you know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man will come."

The Catholic Church And the Bible.

"Critic" writes as follows in the New York "Freeman's Journal":— I have just read an article, contributed by the Rev. David Tice to the "Christian Advocate," entitled, "An Archbishop's Mistake." As the article deals with the position of the Catholic Church in respect of the reading of the Scriptures, some account of it may prove of interest to your readers. The initial paragraph is as follows:

"Archbishop Ryan's article in 'The Baltimore Tablet' in May contains what must be regarded as an astonishing statement, contrary to the well-known history of the Roman Catholic Church. These are his words as published: 'The Church does not hide the Scriptures from the people. She does not and never did forbid the people to read the word of God. On the contrary, she recommends her children to read the Scriptures.'"

The Rev. David Tice considers this statement "astonishing." Truth, however, is indeed often stranger than fiction. The fiction industriously propagated by a certain class of our separated brethren is, that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures; the truth is, that they are encouraged to do so. Mr. Tice nevertheless is determined, as he says, to "furnish the proof at once from his (the Archbishop's) own Church" that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures. The proof consists of quotations from the Council of Toulouse (1229), the Council of Trent, Cardinal Bellarmine, Gregory XVI., Pius IX. and of references to the Council of Constantine (1415), and the University of Copenhagen (1418).

The statement of the Archbishop is threefold:

- 1. The Church does not hide the Scriptures from the people.
2. She does not and never did forbid the people to read the Word of God.
3. On the contrary, she recommends her children to read the Scriptures.

If No. 3 can be satisfactorily proved, it will follow that "The Church does not hide the Scriptures from the people" (No. 1); and that "She does not forbid her children to read the Scriptures" (part of No. 2). The assertion that the Church "never did forbid the people to read the word of God" will then remain to be answered.

First, then, let us see if it be true that "the Church recommends her children to read the Scriptures." Mr. Tice must be aware of the fact that the Catholic laity have a number of translations of the Bible into English, such as the Douay version, the same version revised by Dr. Challoner, the excellent translation of Bishop Kenrick; and that Catholic publishers are advertising and selling translations of the Bible to Catholic laymen who, therefore, presumably read these translations. He, perhaps, is aware that the Bible is also translated for the use of Catholic laymen into the other tongues of civilization; and that translations into Middle English and German were made before those of Wycliff and Luther. If Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures, it surely must seem strange to Mr. Tice that the prohibition has met and is meeting so much opposition from authorized Catholic publishers and even from an Archbishop of the Church. Should he not, in simple prudence, ask himself whether his view of the prohibition is correct? But perhaps Catholics are evading the law and acting contrary to the spirit of the Church? One little fact should dispel such a notion. When Archbishop Martini, of Florence, had translated the Bible into Italian, Pope Pius VI. wrote to him in the following laudatory terms:

"At a time when a vast number of bad books, which most grossly attacked the Catholic religion, are circulated among the unlearned, to the great destruction of souls, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times. This you have seasonably effected, as you declare, by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country, suitable to every one's capacity; especially when you show and set forth that you have added explanatory notes, which, being extracted from the holy Fathers, preclude

every possible danger of abuse. Thus you have not swerved either from the laws of the Congregation of the Index, on this subject by Benedict XIV., that immortal Pope, our predecessor in the Pontificate, and formerly when we held a place near his person, our excellent master in ecclesiastical learning; circumstances which we mention as honorable to us. We therefore applaud your eminent learning, joined with your extraordinary piety, and we return to you our due acknowledgment for the books you have transmitted to us, and which, when convenient, we will read over. In the mean time, as a token of our Pontifical benevolence, receive our Apostolic Benediction, which to you, beloved son, we very affectionately impart. Given at Rome, on the Calends of April, 1778, the fourth year of our Pontificate."

Can anything be conceived as warmer approbation than this? Could any more thorough reply be made to the fiction that Catholics are forbidden to read the Scriptures? The commendation is not languid and perfunctory, but warm and energetic; and the Pope declares that the translator has judged "exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures." He further declares that in translating the Bible into Italian, the learned Archbishop Martini had not "swerved either from the laws of the Congregation of the Index, or from the Constitution published on this subject by Benedict XIV."

And now there remains but the question: "Did the Church ever forbid the people to read the word of God? The question might be answered in the same way as an American would answer this question: Did the United States ever forbid its people the right of trial by jury? In both cases the reply might very well be "No." And yet, in some particular instances, the United States did and does forbid the use of the prerogative of trial by jury; namely, where martial law has been proclaimed in some particular locality. In the same way the Church did forbid the people to read unauthorized versions of the Bible. Against such versions a Catholic has surely a right to protest; and I presume that Mr. Tice would not be diligent in encouraging his flock to read the Douay version of the Bible, and might be heard from in protest against the reading of that Catholic version in the public schools. Would such action of his be fairly described as a prohibition of the Bible to his flock, or to their children?

The position of the Church on the whole question might be summarized as follows:—

- I. Catholics are encouraged to read the sacred Scriptures.
II. In some authorized version.
III. With due reverence for the inspired text, with humility, with a desire to profit spiritually.

To return to the Bible societies. It would be surprising, indeed, if the Church did not protest against the industry of men whose avowed object was to pervert the faith of simple Catholics by translations which omitted some of the Sacred Books, and corrupted the text of the others. Luther added the word "alone" to the text of St. Paul (Rom., iii., 28): "We account a man to be justified by faith," making it read, "We account a man to be justified by faith alone."

Was this reverent? Was it not tricky? Tyndal rendered "anointing" by "smearing" (smearing), "consecrate" by "charm," "priest" by "senior," "church" by "congregation," "sacraments" by "ceremonies," and "ceremonies" by "withcraft," and all this because he so hated "popery."

Beza was a master at corrupting the text; in changing punctuation, and thus trying to alter the meaning; in substituting a wrong word for the one in the Sacred Text, and so on; he frankly confesses his purpose of dealing in a spirit of sectarian apologetics. The story of the obloquy heaped by the Reformers on one another's versions is as interesting as it is instructive. A Catholic may well be pardoned if without taking trouble to scrutinize the infinite possibilities of error offered by the many Protestant versions of the Bible, he prefers to forbid them in general to his children. And the Church may very well adopt a similar attitude toward her children.

Mr. Tice concludes by asking a question very easy to answer, namely: "To what country or people the Roman Church has given the 'open Bible'?" Even a moderately well read man should unhesitatingly answer, "To every country and people." Mr. Tice joins to this another question: "Did the people of Mexico, or Cuba, or the Philippines receive the Bible from that source?" The answer to such a bewilderingly foolish question is: "Why, of course, and didn't you know that already?"

A Christmas Tale from Newfoundland.

Christmas Eve, and the snow falling fast; but cosy warmth in the library of Acton Hall, where, gazing thoughtfully into the glowing coals, sat a young man in the dress of a Divinity Student. He started, and rose respectfully to his feet, as the door opened and a white-haired priest entered, his coat sprinkled with snow, and his aged form bowed with fatigue. "Did you think I was never coming, my boy? Thank God, there were many at confession to-night, and I could not leave the Church earlier." "The time has not seemed long to me, Father. I have had much to think of. If I live, where shall I be next Christmas?" and he glanced at the crimson sash he wore, marking him as set apart for missionary work. "As long as you are working, ay, or even suffering for our dear Lord, Cyril, it does not much matter—not that I shall not be glad to have your strong arm to lean on going to the convent to-night," he added, with a kind smile and affectionate pressure of his hand on the young man's shoulder. Then, drawing a chair to the fire, he sat down, and stirring the coals into a bright blaze, said thoughtfully: "The cold and the snow and your red sash have reminded me strongly to-night of an adventure that happened to me many a long year ago on Christmas Eve; would you care to hear it?" "Indeed I should," said the young student with an interested look, and his uncle resumed.

"I had not been ordained priest many months, when I was sent out on the mission to Newfoundland, a lovely country in summer, but cold, desolate and dreary through the long winter. But if the outer aspect of things is dark, the Faith and love of the people are warm and bright, and it seemed to my youthful enthusiasm as if the early days of Christianity had returned, when I saw the fervent Faith, implicit obedience, and humble trust in their priests, of these simple Newfoundlanders. An old college friend of mine was stationed at a distant out-harbor, and thither a week before Christmas the Bishop sent me in his own catamaran, a small sledge like an Irish car set with runners. I was two days on my journey, sleeping each night at some out-harbor Presbytery, and meeting always with a warm welcome and hearty hospitality. Very lonely these priestly dwellings appeared to me, but when on the third afternoon I neared my destination, it looked the very acme of desolation. The village, composed of small wooden houses, was built close down on the harbor, but the Church and the Presbytery were perched half-way up the hill some two miles distant, and seemed to stand quite alone. I learned afterwards that this was to put them within reach of two other villages, four and five miles off. At the sound of sledge-bells the door of the Presbytery was flung open, and in another moment I was standing in front of a blazing fire and clasping the hand of my dear friend, Cyril Northcote. It is fifty years since, but I can see, as if it were yesterday, the tall slight figure, the bright brown eyes, and the fair cheek colored with an almost hectic flush, and his clear voice speaking words of welcome and encouragement.

"With the daily Mass and the work to be done for Christ's flock, we could not be dull, and it was very kind and thoughtful of the Bishop to let us be together; left alone one did sometimes get a trifle depressed. The hours kept in Newfoundland are early, and by ten o'clock I found myself in my little bedroom at the back of my friend's; he had given it to me, he explained, as the warmest. We had said night prayers in the tiny oratory, at which the solitary domestic, a nice old Irish woman, Bridget McCarthy, had assisted, and now my friend only lingered to see that I had all I wanted, and I faced with a half desire to say something particular, but at last he contented himself with reminding me that my room was over the kitchen, and that therefore I must not be surprised if I heard knocking for a 'sick call' during the night, and with an earnest 'God bless you,' he left me to repose.

"I watched the slow dying of the embers of the fire kindled in honor of my 'first night,' and fell asleep about eleven. Always a light sleeper, I was sure to be specially so in a new place, but it seemed a very short time before I started up quite awake with the impression of hear-

ing some noise outside. I listened and distinctly heard a knocking at the kitchen door just below me. I lay back with the ejaculation, 'A sick-call; poor Cyril! what a night for him to go out into!' for it had begun to sleet disagreeably before going to bed. I knew he would not let me go, so thought it was no use to stir. I was very tired with my journey. The knocking continued, and I shortly heard a woman's step come out of the opposite room, descend the stairs, and open the kitchen door. A short parley followed, and then Bridget, as I supposed, mounted the stairs again and spoke to her master. I heard him go down and cross the yard to the little stable, bring out the sledge, and evidently put to the horse, as I heard the soft jingle of the little bells, with which the harness of a sledge is always provided in Newfoundland. Then the vehicle ground for a minute on the stone paved-yard and the bells chimed merrily as the sledge glided away over the snow. I listened till all was perfectly still again and then dropped into a deep sleep that lasted till Bridget's tap at the door.

"It had been arranged the night before that I should say Mass in the Oratory, so Cyril and I did not meet until breakfast; then he inquired anxiously if I had slept well. "Yes, but of course your sick-call awoke me," I replied. "My sick-call," he said slowly and enquiringly. "Yes, what is the matter? I heard you harness the sledge, and never heard the bells sound so sweet." A look of the deepest sorrow came across his face as he said hesitatingly, "I had no sick-call last night; you must have heard the Ghost, as the people about here call it, whenever a fresh priest sleeps in the house, he hears the sounds. Alas! for the poor souls by reason of whom they are heard." "You think it then," I said, somewhat awed by his manner, "a mode in which some poor souls are begging our prayers to aid them in their sufferings for a fault committed here." "Some sick-call neglected while on earth," he said quickly, his eyes shining with compassion. "I have said Masses, prayed, and as yet in vain, but," he added with a bright smile, "I think our Blessed Lady will obtain for me that I may help them at last. I have tried to find out any story or tradition that could possibly throw a light on the matter, but as yet have discovered nothing. You will give them an intention, won't you, Stephen?" I promised I would do so, and going out into the village with him, tried to get over the weird, uncomfortable feelings which the events of the night had left in my mind, but was constantly reminded of them by the questions of the people, who were most anxious to know whether or no I had heard the 'Ghost.'

"The week passed quickly in parish visiting, devotions, composition of sermons, and long confidential talks. It seemed to me that Cyril had attained to heights of holiness, in the short time we had been separated, that placed him far above me, but he tried in his humility to place himself beneath me, and to defer to my judgment and opinion. The only thing that grieved me was the extremely delicate state of his health; his cough was frequent, and I heard of terrible night perspirations from Bridget.

"On the morning of Christmas Eve as we were sitting at breakfast, a boy on a rick pony rode up to the door and demanded to see Father Northcote. Cyril went out, brought him in to the fire, and gave him a cup of coffee and a hunch of bread and butter. He was a bright-faced sailor lad and said he had come to fetch the Father to see Mrs. Donovan at West Cove. 'But I thought Mrs. Donovan was a Protestant; I'm sure she told me so,' remarked Cyril. 'Yes, Father, and a werry black-un, I've always heard, but she's took bad now and says she won't have the Parson and must see you.' 'Let me go, Cyril,' I broke in. 'I shall do for this as well as you, and you have more to do to-day than you have strength for.' 'Reg pardon, Sir, but Mother Donovan said as how nobody but Father Northcote was to enter her doors,' interrupted the boy. 'There, Stephen,' said Cyril, cheerily, 'you see you won't do as well as I; but I will ask you to do other things for me if you will.' I assented gladly, and after receiving his directions saw him depart for West Cove on nearly as rough a pony as that of his guide.

"In the dusk of the evening Cyril returned and came into the sitting room, as I was taking a few minutes' rest. He looked weary, but there was a suppressed excitement in his manner, and he said abruptly, 'Stephen, I've found out the mystery of the midnight sick-call, and have permission to reveal it. Thirty years ago a young priest was stationed here and lived alone with his mother. One Christmas Eve, Mrs. Donovan, the woman I have been to see to-day, sent for him in haste to her dying husband, who, once a good Catholic, had fallen into bad company and bad ways. As death approached, Donovan became terribly frightened, and made no opposition when his wife insisted on sending for the priest. It was an awful night, and bitterly did the priest's mother resent his being disturbed, and pleaded the importance of the next services. To the point, however, of preparing the sledge, and setting forth, the young priest was firm, but as they came out into the open and felt the whole force of the terrible snow storm, his courage gave away, and, alas! he returned home. All through the night Mrs. Donovan watched and waited, trembling at the sound of her husband's groans, and vainly trying to elicit acts of Contrition. 'Wait till the priest comes,' was all he would say, and so, unrepentant and unabsolved, as morning dawned he passed away.

"In the course of the day the priest came over, but Mrs. Donovan cursed him to his face, and from that time to this, abjured her Faith and was thought to be a black Protestant by the people in West Cove, where she moved from Lord Bay. The priest never held up his head from that sad Christmas Eve, but pined away into a sort of decline and died within the year, and ever since—' Cyril paused and hid his face. We each murmured a 'De Profundis,' and then I enquired if Mrs. Donovan had come back to the Church. 'No, all my persuasions were unavailing. 'She would have no more to do with a Church that had let her husband die like a dog,' she said; 'but I cannot help hoping she may send for me at the last, and that might be to-night,' he added eagerly, 'and perhaps—' he paused and I added, 'God might accept the sacrifice and pardon the guilty.'

"I did not know then how entire a sacrifice would be required. Cyril's cough was incessant, that evening, but he would go to the confessional and was detained there until '10 o'clock. Then he acknowledge himself worn out and let me put him to bed and give him a warm drink. I left him asleep, breathing more quietly and with a brow relaxed and peaceful as a child's. I too was soon asleep, but was aroused, while it was still quite dark, by a knocking at the kitchen door. At first I shuddered and said a prayer, dreading to hear the tinkle of the mysterious sledge bells, but soon recognized the sound as very human knocking, and the shouts as being for 'Father Northcote.' I threw on my dressing gown and met Cyril on the landing. We went down together and found the same fisher boy as had come yesterday from West Cove. 'Mother Donovan is going fast, please, Father, and is calling out fearful for you,' he said with chattering teeth, 'but, oh my! ain't it cold?' I had drawn him in and shut the door; the cold air had already made Cyril cough as if he would never stop. 'Mother says it's downright aggravating of her not to have made up her mind this afternoon, but it's just like women,' he added, contemptuously. 'Oh! and please, Father, may I stop here till Mass time to-morrow?' 'Certainly, my boy,' said Cyril kindly; 'you shall have my bed; it's past twelve, and I mustn't offer you anything to eat.' 'No, thank ye, Father.'

"Cyril, I said, 'are you sure you must go? don't you think this time I might do? I shall never forget his look in answer; it was an expression I could imagine on the face of a martyr, and yet full of exultation. 'Dear Stephen, no, I must go myself; you will say the first two Masses early, and the last at ten in case I may not be able to return, and pray for me.' 'But must you go alone?' 'Yes, with my Guardian Angel,' he said with a smile. I made him muffle his mouth in my warmest comforter, and my heart was heavy, you may be sure, as I watched him ride away.

"Such a night I have never seen in Newfoundland; the wind blew, the snow drifted, the sky was dark with heavy clouds, and Cyril had five miles to go and to return. I had heard numerous confessions, given Holy Communion to crowds of devout worshippers, and said my third Mass, when, just as eleven struck, Cyril entered the Church. He looked fearfully exhausted, and a crimson spot burned on each cheek, but the most perfect peace and thankfulness were on his brow. He said his short

confession to me, and smiled happily, as he spoke of the deep contrition, forgiveness and faith in which Mrs. Donovan had died. 'The course is removed, I trust,' he added, 'and now I am going to say my Mass for the poor souls.' He could hardly speak, and his breathing was very short. I helped him to vest and served his Mass; when it was completed he turned as if to begin the second, staggered and fell back insensible. I hastened to his side, and we carried him to the first bench we could find, and threw water in his face. His eyes opened wide and turned to the altar; he said once, 'Jesus,' and then, as I gave him the Absolution and Blessing, dropped back dead.

"Three or four strange priests came to the funeral and slept in the house the night before it, but neither they, nor any others ever again heard the ghostly sick-call, and we may truly hope that the faithfulness of the one priest even unto death, had atoned for the weakness of the other.

"And now, my boy, you know another reason why I persuaded your mother to call you Cyril, and rejoiced when you told me you desired to become a missionary."

"God Grant I may follow the example set before me," said the young Student earnestly.

"Hark!" said the old man, rising and resuming his cloak, "the chimes are beginning for the Midnight Mass;" and taking his pupil's arm they went together through the snow to kneel in the Convent Chapel, and thank God for His great Gift, the origin and source of all Faith and all self-devotion.—H. M. Lushington, in St. Andrew's Magazine.

Notes for Farmers

Following are 12 leading varieties of Indian corn for 1902:—

	Tons.	Pounds.
Eureka	32	460
North Dakota Yellow	31	1800
Saltzer's All Gold	30	60
King Philip	28	820
Early Butler	26	1020
Thoroughbred White Flint	26	860
Mammoth Eight Rowed Flint	26	140
Country Gentleman	25	1700
Superior Fodder	25	900
White Cap Yellow Dint	24	1500
Sanford	24	1280
North Dakota White	24	840

Thirty-six varieties were tested, compared with 37 last year. Superior Fodder, Early Butler and Thoroughbred White Flint are three varieties that were among the 12 best last year.

Twelve varieties that have given good results for an average of from 3 to 7 years with their yields are:

	Tons.	Pounds.
Early Mastodon	21	690
Cloud's Early Yellow	19	1001
Yellow Cob Ensilage	19	657
Thoroughbred White Flint	19	184
Selected Learning	18	1210
Early Butler	18	928
Mammoth Cuban	18	626
Giant Prolific Ensilage	17	1976
Pride of the North	17	1141
Champion White Pearl	17	1054
Angel of Midnight	17	257
Mammoth East Rowed Flint	16	1536

Thoroughbred White Flint, Early Butler and Mammoth Eight Rowed Flint are the three leading varieties in 1902 which appear among the best for a period of years.

It is noticed that the past year was an unusually good one for test plots of corn. The 12 best varieties range from 24 1/2 tons per acre to 32 tons, while in 1901 the yield was from 21 to 24 tons.

The test for 1901 was as follows. Twelve of the best from 37 varieties tested are given:

	Tons.	Pounds.
Superior Fodder	24	840
Early Mastodon	24	400
Early Butler	23	1800
Thoroughbred White Flint	23	200
Extra Early Huron	22	1760
Cloud's Early Yellow	22	1540
Giant Prolific Ensilage	22	1540
Selected Learning	22	1120
Red Cob Ensilage	22	460
Evergreen Sugar	21	460
Champion White Pearl	21	460
Rennies B. B.	21	460

These lists show farmers the importance of selecting their seed. In 1901, varieties yielded as low as 8 1/2 tons. Those that yielded less than 10 tons are Saltzer's Earliest Ripe, Extra Early Syclopedia, Yellow Six Weeks, Mitchell's Extra Early.

Low yielding varieties chosen from the best of seeds tested for an average of from Long Eared, 14 tons 1,887 pounds; Kendall's Early Giant, 14 tons 1,787 pounds; Black Mexican, 14 tons 1,127 pounds; Extra Early Huron Dent, 14 tons 1,004 pounds; Extra Early Syclopedia, 12 tons 789 pounds; Mitchell's Extra Early, 11 tons 1,042 pounds; Yellow Six Weeks, 10 tons 1,574 pounds.

Farmers having these varieties in stock would do well to supplant them with others.

Corn is an important crop, and the area under corn on most farms is increasing every year. Silos in this part of Ontario are numerous and good results are obtained from them. It would be unwise to expend money on silo structure and other incidental expenses in connection with corn cutting, and neglect the salient point of sowing the best seed. It is frequently the case that farmers blame poor land and poor seasons, when the real cause of the small yields is sowing inferior seed.

The Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association has arranged for an important convention in Ottawa on January 7th, 8th and 9th. It is expected that 1,000 dairymen will be present. The meetings will be held in the Normal School. Subjects of much importance will be dealt with by some of the best authorities in the Dominion, assisted by eminent Americans.

The manufacture of butter and cheese is essential to the most profitable management of every farm. It will therefore be to the benefit of all farmers to attend this important convention, the best of its kind ever held for Ottawa.

Among the leading dairymen who have been invited to speak, and most of whom have already consented are the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Dominion

Minister of Agriculture, Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, Ontario; Prof. Jas. W. Robertson, Commissioner Agriculture and Dairying; Mr. J. A. Ruddick, chief dairy division, Dominion Department Agriculture; Prof. C. C. James, Deputy Minister Agriculture, Ontario; Dr. Connell and Superintendent J. W. Hart, Kingston Dairy School; the instructors of the Dairymen's Association, and many others. It is altogether likely that Major Alvord, of Washington, D.C., chief of the dairy division, United States Department of Agriculture, will be present. He has been invited, and replied that he hopes to be able to be present.

The citizens of Ottawa will attend an open meeting Wednesday, the first day of the convention. A musical programme will be added to the list of speeches.

The other special sessions will include one for cheese makers, one for butter makers, and one for patrons of cheese factories.

Reduced railway rates have been secured.

The district covered by the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association extends from Toronto to the eastern limit of the province. The convention at Whitty last year was very successful. It is a departure from previous custom to have the convention in a town so far north as Ottawa. If dairymen in this district take the interest that they should take, Ottawa will soon be given the consideration that it deserves. The success of the recent cheese boards banquet has done much to give the Capital a reputation.

Professor J. W. Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, is doing much to assist the enterprise. For the promotion of dairying in Ontario, the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association expend in the neighborhood of \$10,000 annually.

St. Edward's Shrine.

One very queer feature of English Protestantism is that it has invariably commenced by abolishing and uprooting everything distinctively Catholic, and then, just as invariably, attempted to revive that which it had destroyed in a form that merely indicated a degree of meaningless imitation. Take for example the recent action of the authorities in connection with Westminster Abbey, who have sought to erect an altar to the honor of St. Edward, the royal Confessor, to replace that which had been destroyed generations ago. In the west end of the Abbey, at the shrine of St. Edward this strange kind of altar has been erected by those now in charge of the edifice. The remarks of a London Catholic organ, on the subject, are very pertinent. It says:—

"In former days it is certain that an altar did stand on this exact spot. It was erected by no less exalted a client of the great English King-Saint than Henry III. himself who spent a huge sum of money preparing what has been described as a jewelled shrine for the relics of the Confessor. The present altar, which has been put up by the Protestant custodians of the Abbey, is utterly out of place with the style of the surrounding structure. It is composed of a slab of heavy black marble, standing on four plain marble legs, which bulge in the middle, and sagged beneath and in front with black marble to match. In still worse taste probably is the gilded frieze which has been plastered on the shrine itself to carry the nails bearing the curtains that have been removed from the rear of the altar. As some one has written, 'a piece of gaudy Axminster carpet sewn into an antique, silk Persian rug could scarcely be more incongruous.'

We fail to see what the object of such an altar can be. It is neither intended for a sacrifice to be offered thereon—the general purpose of an altar—nor yet does it seem to be intended as a monument. According to the description we would take it to be a very funeral-looking table with a marble cover. However, it is not our concern and we need not trouble ourselves, any more than does St. Edward, about it.

"When Mass was walked home to changing a word. 'We'll be two dinner now,' asserted the house, py, Susan, that sat the finest dinner cooked."

"Never mind the san. 'Let us sit talk to you.'"

"But the breast cleared. 'I'll just way.'"

"Oh, never mind Susan picked up and sat down, close to her sister. 'Mary, we morning that we up inside and simple truth, but dear, as you might I in my blind se shrivelling. And tell you why I di mean to. I was

Why, what is it Susan Garvey? sitting there a breakfast for the utes! Christmas you after coming after frying the pies just for you mas! I'm sure ming Adeste Fide dressing and G. 'Thanks be to G eleven years since you've never sun never told you of Father Martin h you back to the he only the Sun do wish Susan v the Christmas m is home,' says he days and that re 'that Susan has choir since Hele how you sang th shall never forgo to Father Marti ther! Susan has her ways. You was at that Mas ven days after M way to our grie down and mope nobody ever had in the world but what I told him the truth. Of co the front door a improvements w place—five good store rooms and everything ren'd clear. Yet, it se ourselves are all and out. It's C and here we sit. Not a living sou happy Christmas when we begrud small share of it upon us. You proached you or may as well tell hard thoughts of at first Mass whi dren singing a Here her voice of her face in her h and fro with the emotion.

The younger s dark-haired wom five years, rose o to where her sist hands beseeching frightened way, suddenness of h Mary, come back sing in the choru Oh, yes, I mean cried as her sist much surprised t with her wraps them on.

"I just took a a longing, to jo explained Susan or, as he came f hands and wish mas.

"So good of y said, handing h which he held w expected her, Su and with fast-b burning cheeks, "

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While Conscience Slept.

Why, what is the matter with you, Susan Garvey? If you haven't been sitting there a-crying over your breakfast for the last fifteen minutes! Christmas morning, too, and you after coming from Mass and me after frying them sausages and apples just for you because it's Christmas! I'm sure I heard you humming Adeste Fideles while you were dressing and I said to myself, 'Thanks be to God,' for its almost eleven years since mother died and you've never sung a note since. I've never told you of half the times that Father Martin has asked me to coax you back to the choir. 'Mary,' said he only the Sunday before last, 'I do wish Susan would help us with the Christmas music. Helen Grady is home,' says he, 'to spend the holidays and that reminds me,' he says, 'that Susan has never been in the choir since Helen's wedding.' My, how you sang that day, Susan! I shall never forget it. Well, I said to Father Martin, its no use Father! Susan has got to be so set in her ways. You know poor mother was at that Mass; she died just eleven days after and we've just given way to our grief and just narrowed down and moped, says I, just as if nobody ever had any trouble or loss in the world but ourselves. That's what I told him, Susan, and that's the truth. Of course we can go to the front door and look at all the improvements we've made on the place—five good brick houses, two store rooms and a six stalled barn, everything renewed and everything clear. Yet, it seems to me that we ourselves are all shrivelled up inside and out. It's Christmas morning and here we sit, two lonely women. Not a living soul has wished us a happy Christmas, and no wonder, when we begrudge even to God a small share of the gifts He heaped upon us. You know I never reproached you or nagged you, but I may as well tell you that I did think hard thoughts of you this morning at first Mass when I heard the children singing and remembered—'Here her voice ceased and burying her face in her hands, she swayed to and fro with the strength of her emotion.

The younger sister, a handsome, dark-haired woman of about thirty-five years, rose quickly, and turning to where her sister sat, held out her hands beseechingly, saying in a frightened way, as if she feared the suddenness of her resolve: 'Come Mary, come back with me and I'll sing in the chorus at the last Mass. Oh, yes, I mean it! Do hurry!' she cried as her sister sat still, too much surprised to move until Susan with her wraps and almost threw them on.

'I just took a notion, or perhaps a longing, to join in your chorus,' explained Susan to the choir director, as he came forward to shake hands and wish her a happy Christmas.

'So good of you, I'm sure,' he said, handing her a piece of music which he held waiting as if he quite expected her, Susan said afterwards, and with fast-beating heart and burning cheeks, she stayed.

When Mass was over the sisters walked home together without exchanging a word.

'We'll be two hours late with our dinner now,' said Mary as they entered the house, 'but I'm that happy, Susan, that I know I couldn't eat the finest dinner that ever was cooked.'

'Never mind the dinner,' said Susan. 'Let us sit down. I want to talk to you.'

'But the breakfast table isn't cleared. I'll just put the food away.'

'Oh, never mind the food to-day!' Susan picked up a large envelope and sat down, drawing her chair close to her sister's, and said softly: 'Mary, when you said this morning that we were all shrivelled up inside and out, you spoke the simple truth, but you didn't say, dear, as you might have said, that I in my blind selfishness did all the shrivelling. And now I'm going to tell you why I did. Of course I didn't mean to. I was too much wrapped

up in my own fancied wrongs to give a thought to yours. I just accepted your patience and devotion as my just due and spoiled your life as well as my own. No, don't interrupt me! I was bringing myself to judgment this morning when you saw me crying, and your reproaches were not half so bitter as my own. 'You never knew, Mary,' she said, as her eyes fell and she paused for a moment to hide a break in her voice, 'you never suspected that I loved Henry Grady, did you? No, you never did,' she went on, 'not waiting for an answer. 'How could you, when he never knew it and Helen never knew it—and she my nearest friend! I loved her too, dear little Helen! Do you remember, Mary, just twelve years ago to-day, how happy we all were? And how mother insisted on Helen's coming the night before so as to have the whole long, happy Christmas day with us, how she snuggled her and petted her because she had no mother of her own?'

'Yes, indeed, I remember,' interrupted Mary. 'Henry pretended to be jealous of mother's attentions to Helen and insisted on her caressing him also, saying he had been the one and only orphan up to that time and he wouldn't have his place usurped without a struggle.'

'And then,' continued Susan, 'our sleighing party that night, when he whispered to me of his love—I did not answer him because my own was too deep for expression. And I thanked God for that when later, in the confidence of a midnight chat, Helen told me blushing that Henry was the only man she ever felt could care for her. It sounded never bold nor unladylike from her. She was too sweet and womanly ever to beg the question or to scheme in any way whatever. —And —and then, you remember, mother fell ill and we went out very late that winter. Henry came as usual, but somehow things were different. He had lost the old boyish, brotherly ways and I blamed myself at times. Then again I would say to myself—Whatever is to come, will come.'

'Will you ever forget that Easter morning,' she said after a pause, 'when Helen came to Mother's bedside and with tears of joy asked her to kiss her and bless her, for Henry and she were engaged and were to be married in October? All through that long, weary summer I could feel my heart turning to stone, but I laughed and sang and helped Helen with her trousseau, all along promising myself a time when I would throw all the miserable acting to the four winds and refuse to be any longer agonized. Then the wedding and the singing, which you were all so proud of and which has echoed back to me through years of misery like the last long cry of a lost soul. Then followed poor mother's death and Henry's promotion and transfer to New York. For a time Helen wrote, though never a line did I send her. You thought I was sour and embittered through grief for our loss. Oh, it is never grief, Mary, that makes a person stingy and crabbed and hateful! I had worn myself out keeping up and pretending, and I never wanted to meet a through it all I never had a harsh soul or go anywhere again. And yet thought of Helen, but that's all the good I can say of myself, for in my blind selfishness I forgot and kept you warped and narrowed all these years. No, don't try to excuse me, Mary. I wronged you and you know it. You see, it was lack of moral balance and lack of faith. I had been brave and perhaps unselfish in regard to Helen and thought that gave me a right to be a miserable coward for the rest of my life. No, I never thought at all. I just went on gratifying myself and growing smaller and smaller until I almost begrudged the sunshine to any human being on earth. Well, this morning, as I was sneaking into second Mass, who should walk up to me but Helen Grady, looking as she pinched and worn as ourselves. Her eyes were red and sunken, as if she had cried all night. You remember Helen's eyes, Mary? Mother used to call them forget-me-nots.'

'Yes, mother loved her,' responded Mary. 'Why, when Helen would run in with a tower for her, you

would think she'd got a fortune, she'd lie there so smiling and happy.'

'I remember, and it all rushed over me this morning when she came up to me and handed me this,' Susan picked up the envelope, which had fallen on the floor. 'I wish you a happy Christmas, Susan,' she said. 'Here is my baby's picture. And maybe you'll sing at the Mass to-morrow?' What Mass, Helen, said I. There won't be any special Mass to-morrow, will there? This is Christmas day, you know. 'Yes, I know,' she said, 'but my baby will be buried to-morrow. He has been dead for two days. He is only four years old,' she went on, 'and for three of them he has been a cripple. He loved music so, and I'm having a High Mass for him. Father Martin has asked the choir to sing all the Christmas music. Won't you sing for him, Susan? Your mother would have loved him, I know. She was always so good to me and to all who were friendless or motherless or—' and here she hid her face in her hands and sobbed out—'fatherless.'

'Why, Helen, I asked through my tears, for the mention of mother had softened my miserable heart and I was crying for the first time since she died—is Henry dead? 'No, Susan, not dead,' she answered, 'but I'm here alone at Uncle Richard's and my baby is dead. That's his picture. You'll sing for him, won't you? I wouldn't ask you only it's Christmas.' Then she hurried into Mass and I hurried after her and knelt beside her but she didn't speak again. I couldn't have told you this when I came home this morning. I was almost crazed with remorse for my hardness, and with pity for poor Helen. Now we'll go to her and try to comfort her and to-morrow we'll bring her here.'

'But Henry?' asked Mary. 'I wonder where he is and what can have happened to him when the little boy is dead, and he living and not here?'

'Oh, I can't imagine, Mary, and this is no time to wonder or question. Poor Helen needs friends and we'll go at once.'

'Well, if this isn't a strange Christmas day,' murmured Mary as she prepared a hasty lunch. 'Tears, death, reunion and softened hearts, and please God, there will be peace and good will. But poor Henry,' she wondered, 'where can he be?'

'Susan Garvey,' she said as they walked over to Helen's in the gathering twilight, 'I tried to interrupt you many times when you were blaming yourself for making my life bitter as well as your own. It wasn't you that made it bitter. I loved Henry Grady too. I knew he never noticed me because I was not clever like you and Helen and had no education to speak of. But all the same I loved him. Somehow I thought you knew. I had so few kind words for Helen. Je never could have been so kind and helpful to her as you were.'

'Poor Mary!' whispered Susan. 'Hush now, dear. We will forget everything but that Helen's needs us. Thank God, whatever happens, we have a home and peace and comfort to give her.'

'Susan,' said Father Martin the next day as they stood together for a moment over the grave of Helen's boy. 'It was like old times to hear you singing to-day. Be good to Helen and God will bless you. Poor Henry was vain and weak and irresponsible and altogether unworthy of a good woman's love.'

'Just imagine the blindness of us all!' said Susan to Mary when they reached home late that evening. 'Think of all the good men we turned away! And the poor weakling who was undeserving of any had the love of three good women. Good saved us from grief and misery while we thought He had forgotten us and left our lives empty. Surely no one has more reason to adore Him and thank Him this holy Christmastide.'

'Poor Henry! Let us first pray for him,' said Mary; and they knelt together in the darkness. — Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, in the Rosary Magazine.

A Non-Catholic View Of France and the Associations Law.

Freedom of conscience, so-called, whether religious or non-religious, is probably the most important guarantee of modern civilized society. It is a light which illuminates the past and beacons the future. It protects superstition, but it guides intelligence. It was natural, therefore, that the extraordinary religio-militant demonstrations which France has witnessed this summer should arouse keen interest throughout the world. It was natural, too, that widespread sympathy should be felt for those servants of the Roman Catholic Church who were the victims of a law which seemed to strike at the very root of individual liberty.

The record of events as transmitted by cable offered encouragement, if not absolute justification, for the sympathy aroused. Between June 27 and August 20, nearly 2,500 schools and seminaries controlled by Religious Orders were closed by decrees signed by the President of the Republic. Often the execution of these decrees was attended by acts of violence. In certain departments, so formidable was the resistance the people offered that the police at the command of the local prefects was found to be insufficient, and the military was employed. Scenes of great dramatic and human interest took place, particularly in West Brittany and in the Vendee south of Brittany. At Lanouee, 600 nuns and peasant women armed with scythes and pikes defended a school until dispersed by the soldiers. At Saint-Meen, a conflict between the enraged populace and the soldiers was narrowly avoided. A school at Plondanville was heavily barricaded and the Lady Superior said to the gendarmes sent to expel her: 'You see our defenses. You must shoot us before we yield. There will be bloodshed if any one attempts to enter.'

The Lady Superior at Landerneay Convent said: 'Like true Bretons, we will yield only to force. The women and other people who are guarding the school night and day have given us a courageous example.' The common people were not alone in championing the cause of the Sisters. At Sully, the Marquisse MacMahon, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, took her place with the nuns in the local convent and was forcibly expelled with them. In the same manner the Duchesse de Braganza stood by the nuns of St. Benedict. Two officers of the army, Col. de Saint-Remy and Commandant Le Roy Ladurie, refused to obey orders to expel nuns on the ground that they were Christians first, soldiers afterwards.

These are only a few of the incidents attending the execution of the decrees. In the meantime, public meetings were held in various towns where the action of the Government was condemned with mighty vociferation. Certain local Courts of Appeal declared the placing of seals on the school doors illegal. Several magistrates resigned rather than prosecute those who had met the police and soldiers with assault. A delegation of Parisian society ladies waited on Mme. Loubet, praying that she would use her influence with her husband to stop 'this monstrous outrage.' It was all in vain. Decrees of closure continued to be signed and enforced. By the last of August the work was complete. Every school in France which had not willingly acknowledged the authority of the state had been closed. At the eleventh hour the Government made this concession; the schools might be re-opened with lay teachers, pending the settlement of the estates.

But what was the exact character of the schools closed?

Why had they declined to comply with the law?

What was this law, its origin, its aim?

These schools, the closing of which has aroused such profound sympathy abroad, may be divided into three classes: (1) those in which pupils were received free of charge, but which were supported by subscriptions, or by profit from the pupils' work; (2) those maintained as stock companies, deriving their means from the tuition paid by pupils; and (3) those receiving charity pupils as well as paid pupils and supported by various means—direct subscription, tuition, or through stipend granted them by the Religious Order in whose name they were operated. All came under the generally accepted definition of 'private schools' for they were conducted by independent, organized bodies, and capable of producing pecuniary profit.

In denying the right of the state

to interfere with the schools, both the Concordat of 1801 and the Falloux Law of 1850 were evoked. One guaranteed to the Catholic Church full exercise of its rubric. The second made religious education independent of state authority. Popularly, Catholic resentment may be best expressed by the words of the Lady Superior of the Assumptionist Convent, in the Rue Violet, Paris: 'We deny the right of the Government to pay domiciliary visits to our convents. We deny its right to supervise our methods or inquire into our aims. We have nothing to conceal, but a principle is at stake and we mean to defend it.'

It seems proper to pause here and consider the other side of the question.

In 1891 the Religious Orders included 152 male and 1,511 female associations, possessing 16,468 establishments—hospitals, asylums, reformatories and schools. In the last ten years these establishments had increased by twenty per cent.

But neither monarchy nor empire was actively inimical to their aims and ends. With the Republic it has been otherwise. Laws have been introduced taxing their properties; decrees have been enforced dispersing this or that Order. Still, the Orders prospered.

The Associations Law was the masterpiece of the Waldeck-Rousseau administration. It had three objects in view; to enable the Government to declare null and void, without process of law, any association which, in character, design or influence, was deemed contrary to existing laws; to force native associations to recognize the state as their source of power; to force associations in France controlled from abroad to show cause why they should be permitted to exist within the jurisdiction of the Republic. An association was defined as an organization 'of two or more persons, whereby they place in common their knowledge or activity with a purpose other than that of sharing profits.' Proper punishments were provided for violations of this law. In the case of an illegal association, its property was to be returned to the original donors or their heirs, as far as possible; to those of its members whose labors had contributed to its wealth; or, finally, it was to be set aside for a superannuated workman's pension fund.

The bill was passed by a majority of 79 in the Chamber and 74 in the Senate. It became a law on July 1, 1901. Six months were given the Orders in which to apply for authorization. The time was then extended for three months; then for three months more.

Although Religious Orders were not specially designated in the law, it was obvious that its application would completely disrupt and disorganize their system. Militant societies like the Assumptionists and Jesuits would at once come under the class of illegal associations; the great Latin Orders of Dominicans, Carmelites, Capuchins, Benedictines, etc., controlled from abroad, could only receive authorization to operate in France after a most searching inquiry into their methods and aims; other Orders must acknowledge the sovereignty of the state.

By October 2, 1901, only 1,779 male and 3,362 female establishments of the Orders had sent in petitions praying for authorization by the French Government, leaving 11,827 out of 16,468 establishments which made no application. Many congregations—Carthusians, Jesuits, Carmelites, Benedictines, Assumptionists, etc.—were preparing to leave France or had already done so. Among those who had applied for and received authorization, were the Capuchins, Dominicans and Trappists. Others declared that they would await events. The Pope, before the passage of the Associations Law, had in a letter addressed to the Bishops of France protested against its principle and aim. He now instructed the Orders to apply for authorization if they so desired.

Last autumn the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry became the longest-lived of any Government in the career of the Third Republic. M. Waldeck-Rousseau withdrew, and was succeeded by M. Combes as President of the Council and Minister of Public Worship.

And here a word about M. Combes. Upon his shoulders, as Minister of Interior and of Public Worship, rested the execution of the Law of Associations. M. Combes, who has been a Senator since 1885, is a doctor by profession. He was educated by the Jesuits. His knowledge of church history is profound. He is author of an authoritative work entitled 'Psychologie de Saint Thomas d'Aquin.' On June 10 he read the Government declaration from the tribune of the Chamber. Those parts of the address pertaining to the subject in hand are worthy of remembrance:

'Universal suffrage has pronounced. It has approved the conduct of

the Government, it has returned a stronger majority and one not less determined to hold together. The Associations Law has entered upon the period of administrative and judicial application. The Government will see to it that none of its provisions remains null and void. We shall propose to you at the same time the abrogation of the Education (Falloux) Law of March 15, 1850, and the restoration to the state, without being obliged to revert to a university monopoly, of the rights and guarantees which it now utterly lacks.'

As I have stated, the first budget of decrees ordering the closing of Association schools was presented to President Loubet for his signature on June 27. This dealt with 185 schools, which were closed. July 4 witnessed a spirited debate on the subject in the Chamber. MM. Denys Cochin de Ramel and Abbe Gayraud complained of the force employed by the Government. They contended that the schools established since the promulgation of the Associations Law did not require authorization, and that in any case the Government should wait until the tribunals had pronounced on this point before taking such drastic measures against devoted women.

In his reply M. Combes insisted that the Government was bound to act as it had done. The Government was resolved, supported as it was by a majority in both Chambers, to make the spirit of the Revolution triumph in matters of religious policy. It would be absurd if the Government, while empowered to dissolve formerly authorized communities, were powerless against the unauthorized. M. Combes added:

'This is the first act, which will soon be followed by others. It is well that this first act should be unanimously approved by the Republicans in this Chamber. I am certain that they will do so, for our decree is but the execution of the Ministerial declaration which you applauded and which we maintain intact. Republican France has sent here a majority of representatives resolved on securing the definite victory of lay society over monastic disobedience.'—Walter Littlefield, in the North American Review.

He Never Heard Of the Incarnation.

The darkness in which some portions of our country live concerning Catholic practices and the teaching of the Church is almost incredible to persons who dwell in more favored localities. A priest who lately gave a mission in the mountains not many miles from New York thus describes one of the settlements which he visited:

'Here,' he writes, 'are many persons who have never seen a priest, who have been raised in unquestioning faith in all the fairy tales concerning the Church which have been handed down from the earliest settlement of the country, and which to their knowledge have never been contradicted—the worshipping of idols, the purchase of permission to commit sin, the inquisition, racks, thumb-screws. They believe profoundly in them all. There are grown men who are firmly convinced that a priest is an impersonation of the devil, and they would sooner have one of their mountain bears hug them than let a priest shake their hand.'

It is into such regions as this—and for all our boasted civilization there are not a few of them—that our missionaries penetrate.

This same priest tells of a conversion which he made on this mission. There was a 'native' who had no particular belief in any religion. All he knew was that he hated the Church because some one had told him that the wicked priests wanted to gain control of the country, and then stamp out Protestantism by burning all its votaries at the stake. 'Very well,' said the priest: 'If I can show you that the Church certainly does not intend to massacre all the non-Catholics, but to convert them; if I can show you that, will you believe?' The man said he would; so the priest patiently and carefully, like one instructing a child taught him the mysteries of the faith. The man had never so much as heard of the Incarnation. As the priest explained it he sat quite absorbed in new thought, and when finally the missionary said, 'This God was made man like you and suffered death for our sake,' the old man burst out, 'If that is what the Catholic Church teaches I want to be a Catholic, for a thing so beautiful cannot be taught by a false church.' So the man was finally baptized.—The Missionary.

Edward's Shrine.

queer feature of English ism is that it has invariably been distinguished by abolishing and everything distinctively and then, just as invariably destroyed in a form that indicated a degree of meantation. Take for example action of the authorities with Westminster Abbe have sought to erect as the honor of St. Edward, Confessor, to replace that d been destroyed genera. In the west end of the the shrine of St. Edward kind of altar has been those now in charge of The remarks of a Lonlic organ, on the subject, pertinent. It says:—er days it is certain that did stand on this exact was erected by no ed a client of the glish King-Saint than f. himself who spent of money preparing what described as a jewelled the relics of the Confes- present altar, which has by the Protestant custo- the Abbey, is utterly out- ith the style of the ar- structure. It is composed of heavy black marble, n four plain marble legs, e in the middle, and flag- and in front with black match. In still worse bably is the gilded frieze been plastered on the if to carry the nails bear- tains that have been re- in the rear of the altar. me has written, 'a piece xaminator carpet sewn in- que, silk Persian rug could more incongruous.'

AND PUBLIC DUTIES

no part in public affairs as wrong as to bestow no- for the common good. Ca- are so because. Ca- the- by the very do- the discharge of office; but- give but small guarantee- being of the State will- the reins of govern- om Encyclical of Leo- Constitution of State

