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Vol LI, No. 11

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

# PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DEAD.

Scarcely had the "True Witness" gone to press with its last issue when the sad, but not totally unexpected news of the death of President McKinley was received. It would be no easy task to chronicle the outburst of sorrow and indignation that followed the momentous announcement; it would occupy many a column to tell of the universal expressions of sympathy that swept in from all directions—sympathy with the bereaved wife and family whose life-companion and head was so suddenly and cruelly taken away, as well as sympathy for the whole American nation, whose chief executive officer, whose chosen ruler, was laid low by the fell hand of a miserable assassin. Now that the first tide of astounding grief has subsided and the tumult of sentiment consequent upon the immediate news of the catastrophe has given place, in a measure, to a calmness that is equally intense, we may reflect upon the dramatic and tragic events of the past couple of weeks with a more self-possessed feeling.

Undoubtedly the name of President McKinley would have, under any circumstances, occupied a conspicuous and elevated place on the tablet of America's history. But, at present, and after what has occurred, above all shall he be remembered as a martyr. If Lincoln fell the victim of a insane enthusiasm, and Garfield of a maniacal infatuation, McKinley has actually given his life for the future salvation of his country. The chosen ruler of seventy-five millions of people, the popularly elected potentate of one of the greatest nations on earth, the man of power, of honors, of emolument, of authority, in his very last words, as his grand spirit hovered over the brink of eternity, he bequeathed a legacy of faith in God and of submission to the Almighty Ruler of all men and of all nations, that will go ringing down the vestibule of the future, and may yet be the keynote of America's salvation and of the Republic's glory in centuries yet to come.

"It is God's way! Let His will, not ours, be done." In grand relief and fruitful contradiction to the prayerless, faithless, soulless vapors of anarchistic indolence, will this grand adieu and act of resignation shine before the eyes of untold millions yet unborn; and it may be the death-knell of that infamous frenzy which seems to have wormed its way into the heart of a people whose constitution and whose liberties are the envy of the oppressed and the down-trodden in all lands. If by the death McKinley has aroused the people of his time, who have served so faithfully and governed so nobly, to such a realization of the dread enemy that menaces their entire future, that their indignation will stamp out forever that hydra of desecration, like the Roman Consul of old, from his blood will have sprung the glory, the greatness and the stability of the Republic for all time. And, personally, he was of that heroic class of men who would gladly make the sacrifice for the salvation of the country.

Was it the hand of anarchy that effaced that splendid life? Or was it the hand of an irresponsible maniac? In either case, we feel confident that the so-called principles, the loud-voiced teachings of those enemies of all order and authority, constituted the primal cause of the terrible crime. Of all the men, in prominent positions, either on this or the other side of the Atlantic, surely McKinley was the very last

to have been made the target of vile assassination. We will not ask if the poor creature who has been the immediate cause of so much misery knew aught of William McKinley. In all probability, even did he know the story of the late President's life, such knowledge would not have deterred him in his murderous purpose; such beings are incapable of appreciating goodness, virtue, nobility, or greatness.

In 1875 an event took place, which had a telling influence upon the future career of McKinley. It was in Stark County; the miners had been in strike; the mining shanties had been burned, and about forty of the miners were arrested and tried for the offence. McKinley defended the miners, and such was his eloquence, the fervor of his plea, the logic of his arguments, that only one of the forty was found guilty—and he soon obtained that one's pardon from the Governor. He then so identified himself with the workman's cause that the labor element carried him forward from that day, into succeeding positions, until it eventually landed him in the White House.

And it was this friend of the working man, of the poor, of oppressed, of the common people, that the arm of a misguided fanatic has wiped out of mortal existence!

Who, that has read the life and speeches of McKinley, does not recall his magnificent oration on Lincoln. It was shortly after his first election as President that he delivered that address, every line of which erred to the word-painting of the tragic death of Lincoln, might apply to his own life, his own character, his own qualities of heart and brain, and above all his own death. Quoting Bancroft, the historian and referring to Lincoln's love for the people, Mr. McKinley said:

"As a child, of a dark night and on a difficult path, grasps his father's hand for help and protection, so Lincoln took the hand of his people in his own, and walked with calm assurance through every storm."

Might we not to-day repeat those same words and apply them to McKinley's own career? Yes; was he not in the literal and actual act of "taking the hand of his people" when he met his death by that very hand—or rather by a hand that, in his confidence and generous love of mankind, he believed to represent the people over whom he ruled, and by virtue of whose mandate he was a ruler? Could the great soul of McKinley see a masked weapon, or suspect the presence of one, in the hand that he so trustingly extended to him and which he clasped "like a child of a dark night, on a difficult path, grasping his father's hand"?

And this was the class of ruler that the principles of anarchy have laid low! He grasps the hand of his people, and he supposes to be a free and independent citizen of a liberty-abounding Republic; the contact means death to him, the friend of the poor, the oppressed, the struggling, and the dying; he declares to the world that "it is God's way," and asks that "His will be done." In very truth, it may be one of the mysterious ways of Providence for the awakening of a whole nation on the brink of social ruin, the danger which lurks within its bosom, the American people take the lesson to heart; let them efface, once for all, the phantom of the threshold, the evil spirit of anarchy; let them realize the terrible results of infidelity, of Godless education, of anti-Christian propaganda; let them bow to the will of Heaven, and the last wish of their dead President will be fulfilled, and his martyr's ending will not be an entirely fruitless sacrifice.

or thinks to be true is scarcely a fault where faith is considered, but "bigotry" implies fault. Martyrs are held by some to have been obstinate, but they do not thereby merit the reproach of bigotry. Bigotry holds to the teaching of his creed in the face of death itself, but that does not warrant his being styled "bigot." Nor is the case any better when the word "unreasonable" or "unmilitant" is added to the obstinacy; for what, in religion, is unreasonable? or what is meant by unmilitant? who in Protestant England is to decide what is reasonable and what is able? to whom are we to look for enlightenment? Obviously, in a land where the principle of private judgment holds so wide a sway, each person will have his own pet ideas in matters of religion, and as far as the proposed definition goes, he will deem all who differ from himself to be bigots! Every man not prepared to follow the lead of fashion in religion, Granting the most obstinate, unenlightened, and consequently, bigotic. If, however, he is content to be broad-minded and assert all forms of religion to be equal in the long run, he will cease to be a bigot only by becoming a fool; for Christianity without dogma or creed is in no sense Christianity. The connection of dogma with the idea of bigotry, as so far dealt with, has been observed long ago by Watts in 1741 who wrote "a dogmatist in religion is not a long way off from a bigot." This is a hard saying for Catholics, for of all creeds the Roman Catholic is the most truly and uncompromisingly dogmatic, a fact which the use of the word "bigotry" in English literature only confirms; for it is nowhere so freely used in connection with Catholics as elsewhere. Granting the suggestive definition of bigotry, and assuming the right of private judgment, a shrewd mind of the "Reformation" period might have predicted that the word "bigot" would inevitably, in the long run, attach itself to Catholics; for Catholicism, to the non-Catholic is obstinacy, and the Catholic acceptance of impregnable mystery seems to the natural man unenlightened and unnatural.

From what has been said the thoughtful reader will perceive that a hazy notion as to the real meaning of bigotry must have led to many of the bigoted styles of "bigot," who in their own minds take the more different thing. The man who watches himself and scrupulously obeys the dictates of his own conscience, may certainly act erroneously, but he is not a bigot. The man who is blamed as a "bigot," so the question returns, as to what is a bigot properly so-called? Definition is proverbially a difficult and delicate matter; therefore, before attempting to formulate one, let us take the more familiar method in inquiry known as ample; we will thus attain to description if not to definition.

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Space forbids detailed accounts of how professional men have forfeited much of their practice on embracing the Catholic faith; of how other professional men convinced of Catholic truth remain outside the fold, for fear of the consequences of real or

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A Catholic may, and ought to, extend his charity towards a non-Catholic neighbor, and he must be as the Good Samaritan, and in faith he must be as the Jew and cannot pray with the Samaritan. A Catholic who is true to his faith unconditionally, and who is not misled by the non-Catholic, will be called thereby dogmatist; with him dogmatist is not a long way off from a bigot. However dogmatic he be the Catholic does not allow his loyalty to bigotry; he fulfills his duties in things social and charitable, and deems him a bigot who does so allow.

# WONDERFUL SCENES AT LOURDES.

It is not easy to describe scenes that have in them more of Heaven than of earth. How give an adequate idea of what went on at Lourdes at the afternoon processions of the Blessed Sacrament in connection with the National pilgrimage? We have to do with Thursday, the last day of the pilgrimage. The sick were lying or reclining in rows on the great open space in front of the Church of the Rosary in anticipation of the expected cortege. Behind them on each side a dense crowd darkened the ground. Dark, too, the steps and ways leading up to the basilica. Ledges and parapets were lined with human beings. Great hundreds of eyes were gathered on the heights behind. Every available space was occupied whence the anticipated scene of splendor could be looked at or down upon. At least 50,000 persons were gathered together in a comparatively small compass, for a lengthy procession starting from the grotto, had wound round the Church of the Rosary, and its main body had already taken its place in front of the great portal when its rear entered the precincts allotted to the sick. All eyes were turned towards the Blessed Sacrament, followed immediately by the Bishop of Le Mans and a line of ecclesiastics in cloth of gold. All knew that solemn and sublime moments were near. All knew that Jesus Christ in His sacramental Presence was about to visit in person and pause above each of His suffering members there assembled. The very few seconds, as said, in the words of an English poet, "The prayers of men and angels are as one." The attitude of the immense multitude was at once one of prayer. Arms were extended in the heights above. This was noticeable at each sign of a supernatural cure, having been effected in the sick throng among whom the Sacrament of Presence was passing the hosannahs redoubled in intensity.

And according to all appearance more than one supernatural cure was effected that afternoon—more than one sick person rose apparently to his feet, and his infirmities by the passing of Jesus of Nazareth. We saw maimed beings rise from their pellets and walk; we saw crutches lifted in the air in triumph. The rejoicings continued. "Thou art Christ, the Resurrecting God of Life!" "Thou art Christ, Son of the Virgin Mary!" "O Lord, glorify Thy Mother!" "We adore Thee, we glorify in Thee, and we praise Thee!" rang out from the multitude, there was no discordant note in the triumphant ovation, nothing of febrile religious excitement in the single cry coming from the mouths of thousands. Though the scene was pervaded by an intensity of religious life which the chain of the Christian ages cannot have seen surpassed, it was at the same time marked by perfect calm and perfect order. To those who looked at the Host in the gleaming pyrexia, as if the Man-God were before them in the same human presence with which He trod the Judean hills nineteen centuries before. When the last strains of the "Te Deum Ergo" had died away and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament had been given, the crowd massed in front of the Church of the Rosary broke up. An indescribable scene of animation followed. While the few considered to have just been the object of visible intervention on the part of Providence were accompanied in triumph to the "Bureau des Constataions" for the purpose of medical examination by the hundreds of uncurd ones lay waiting for their "brancardiers" to bear them away. Not a sign of disappointment could be detected on the face of one—no murmur from the lips of any could we hear. To one, a young man with bright eyes and a face worn by suffering, we said in passing: "Perhaps it will be your turn to-morrow—or next year." He replied with a smile that lit up his whole countenance: "If it is not God's will that I should get well I am not troubled on that account." A minute afterwards we received a similar reply from an old woman returning to a wretched home with the full weight of her infirmities upon her.

While "brancardiers" were busy, and the sick lay waiting, and people were forming into groups and knots, attention was drawn to a moving circle surrounding a young girl in

white. The girl was dying, and was being slowly borne away. The protecting circle around her, affording aid and keeping off the crowd, had been quickly formed by "brancardiers," who, instead of joining hands, had strung their leather straps together and were holding by them. Within the circle two other "brancardiers" bore the patient with its slight weight, but with a step so measured and gentle that had the sufferer been on her bed she would not have felt the motion less. Two ladies, "dames hospitalieres," walked beside her, fanning her. Meanwhile, the "Ave Maria" was being fervently recited around. Never had Gabriel's "Ave" been uttered under circumstances more calculated to soothe a passing soul in its passage to eternity. Another one in her death agony was borne from the scene in a similar manner that evening. The brancardiers of Notre Dame de Salut, who act as servants to the sick of the National pilgrimage, call forth our especial admiration. Numbers of them are young and good-looking; some have a marked aristocratic bearing; the majority evidently belong to the upper classes. With this they are not only gentle as women, but as Sisters of Charity in handling their sick and conveying them from place to place—some of these sick being little more than remnants of diseased humanity from the Paris hospitals. It seems to us that the "preux chevaliers" of old were as nothing compared with the Lourdes "brancardiers." These lend every phase of human sympathy. These toil, not for the praise of an earthly lady-love, but for the unseen smile of her whose white shawl looks down from the rock of Massabielle. It was the hour for the evening meal, and while numbers of the great numbers, too, ate in the open air, camping in front of the piscina and in the neighborhood of the Grotto. The Grotto rolled by, silvery just before, but now crimsoned by the last rays of the setting sun flashing into its chafing waters.

The first of the illuminations of that splendid evening were the moon in her full glory and a few great stars. Then the great cross of Eric on the height of Nazareth, the night du Jer appeared against the night sky. Then the Chateau Fort showed its lines of fire in the distance. Then the Church of the Rosary, crowned by the graceful basilica, suddenly became a blaze of colored lights. The incomparable night picture was not complete until the torch-light procession, with its something like 50,000 tapers, had encircled the church, and with it the Explanade of the Grotto, from end to end as with a broad moving band of flame. The "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria" chanted by the thousands, could be heard all over Lourdes. The National pilgrimage, which may be regarded as the nucleus of the Lourdes manifestations, has thirty years of history. The Christian world can point to nothing like it. It is the work of the Assumptionist Fathers, whom their country takes pleasure in banishing, and who are about to carry something of their zeal and energy into England. The cardinal Vaughan has offered them the charge of a London parish, which they have accepted. Moreover, according to what the Rev. Pere Baillly, who was at Lourdes for the National pilgrimage, said recently to a friend, they are about to found a mission in the neighborhood of London.—Special correspondence, Liverpool Catholic Times.

# BIGOTRY AND CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

Were all men entirely agreed as to the exact meaning of the words they use (writes P. J. Grady in the September number of "St. Andrew's Magazine," controversies would be shorter and conclusions less subject to revision. Unhappily men not only use words in a sense peculiar to themselves, but assume that their neighbors are under no misapprehension in the matter; hence the spectacle of disputants arguing at length each on a different subject which all think to be identical, since all agree in giving the same name to the object they discuss. This kind of fighting in the dark is perhaps most common in the wordy warfare which rages around religion; the commonest words such as "church," "Scripture," and "priest," frequently bear as many meanings as there happens to be disputants. Often enough each writer or speaker is conscious of the truth which underlies the words he may use, but fails to recognize that he does not include the whole truth and that his adversary has fastened upon the very fragment of truth which he is neglecting. Much rhetoric ensues, there is the noise of sounding brass, and tinkling cymbals, and a vain beating of air, ending in the combatants separating with mutual

charges of bigotry. But each belligerent means by "bigotry" something different to that in the mind of his adversary. Each declares the other "bigoted" for sticking to his own opinion, and usually each is blind to the fact that, in making the charge, he likewise convicts himself. The aim of the present paper is to arrive at a true definition of what a "bigot" is, and how far his seeming courage of conviction is rightly esteemed to be Christian courage.

It seems tolerably certain that the word "bigot" became a part of our language about the time of the "Reformation." Probably it is of French origin, but scholars differ in their accounts of the word's early history. A glance at the quotations given under the word in Dr. Murray's great dictionary, now being compiled, shows that it has been used by many of our best writers in the combined sense of adhering to a creed, opinion or system, with obstinacy and unreasonableness; it is, mainly, though not exclusively, associated with things religious. But if we define "bigotry" to be an obstinate and unenlightened adherence to a creed, we shall do little or nothing towards removing vagueness in its meaning and application; for obstinacy in clinging to what one knows

or thinks to be true is scarcely a fault where faith is considered, but "bigotry" implies fault. Martyrs are held by some to have been obstinate, but they do not thereby merit the reproach of bigotry. Bigotry holds to the teaching of his creed in the face of death itself, but that does not warrant his being styled "bigot." Nor is the case any better when the word "unreasonable" or "unmilitant" is added to the obstinacy; for what, in religion, is unreasonable? or what is meant by unmilitant? who in Protestant England is to decide what is reasonable and what is able? to whom are we to look for enlightenment? Obviously, in a land where the principle of private judgment holds so wide a sway, each person will have his own pet ideas in matters of religion, and as far as the proposed definition goes, he will deem all who differ from himself to be bigots! Every man not prepared to follow the lead of fashion in religion, Granting the most obstinate, unenlightened, and consequently, bigotic. If, however, he is content to be broad-minded and assert all forms of religion to be equal in the long run, he will cease to be a bigot only by becoming a fool; for Christianity without dogma or creed is in no sense Christianity. The connection of dogma with the idea of bigotry, as so far dealt with, has been observed long ago by Watts in 1741 who wrote "a dogmatist in religion is not a long way off from a bigot." This is a hard saying for Catholics, for of all creeds the Roman Catholic is the most truly and uncompromisingly dogmatic, a fact which the use of the word "bigotry" in English literature only confirms; for it is nowhere so freely used in connection with Catholics as elsewhere. Granting the suggestive definition of bigotry, and assuming the right of private judgment, a shrewd mind of the "Reformation" period might have predicted that the word "bigot" would inevitably, in the long run, attach itself to Catholics; for Catholicism, to the non-Catholic is obstinacy, and the Catholic acceptance of impregnable mystery seems to the natural man unenlightened and unnatural.

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imaginary bigotry; of shops shunned simply because the proprietors were Catholics, and in short of hindrances set up in every walk of life by religious prejudice and bigotry. The examples given will suffice to indicate what is meant, exactly by bigotry and lead us to distinguish the veritable bigot from the man who merely acts according to his conscience. In each instance there is something that means an obstacle and unreasonable adherence to creed, in an attempt to make religious that which is not religious. In the examples above mentioned chicken broth, music, concerts, law, and medicine were quite besides religious principles. And that would seem to be the peculiarity of the bigot properly so-called; so far as he holds tenaciously to his creed he may be allowed to be conscientious, but when he makes his creed a thorn in the side of his neighbor he exercises not religion but bigotry. I would suggest then that a bigot may be defined as one who exercises religious principle on undue matter. But some Catholics may urge against this that when a non-Catholic minister in his pulpit inveighs against what he calls Romanism we believe ourselves right in calling him a bigot; and this though he be only acting in harmony with his belief or form of creed. True; but can it be shown with any force that our religion or our practices are "undue matter" in the non-Catholic pulpit? Surely this must be answered in the negative since the fact that non-Catholic sects so often seem to have no reason for their existence but to protest against the teachings of Christianity, and to suppose that one body of Christians should exist simply to oppose and calumniate another. No sect will admit such a reason for its being, as Catholics bring a breach of the great law of charity; Catholicism in a dissenting pulpit is "undue matter," and preachers who indulge in tirades against Rome are bigots. But may not a Catholic be a bigot also? Certainly he may, and he is a bigot when he brings his religion to bear on undue matter, when he is lacking in charity to his neighbor on religious pretences, when he questions that any non-Catholic can be secure in anything because it does not happen to be Catholic. In ways such as these a Catholic may be a bigot; but he is wrongly called bigot when he refuses to support in any way the teaching and dogmatic of any other form of Christianity than his own, yet it is on this ground that Catholics are usually styled bigot.

A Catholic may, and ought to, extend his charity towards a non-Catholic neighbor, and he must be as the Good Samaritan, and in faith he must be as the Jew and cannot pray with the Samaritan. A Catholic who is true to his faith unconditionally, and who is not misled by the non-Catholic, will be called thereby dogmatist; with him dogmatist is not a long way off from a bigot. However dogmatic he be the Catholic does not allow his loyalty to bigotry; he fulfills his duties in things social and charitable, and deems him a bigot who does so allow.

It is not easy to describe scenes that have in them more of Heaven than of earth. How give an adequate idea of what went on at Lourdes at the afternoon processions of the Blessed Sacrament in connection with the National pilgrimage? We have to do with Thursday, the last day of the pilgrimage. The sick were lying or reclining in rows on the great open space in front of the Church of the Rosary in anticipation of the expected cortege. Behind them on each side a dense crowd darkened the ground. Dark, too, the steps and ways leading up to the basilica. Ledges and parapets were lined with human beings. Great hundreds of eyes were gathered on the heights behind. Every available space was occupied whence the anticipated scene of splendor could be looked at or down upon. At least 50,000 persons were gathered together in a comparatively small compass, for a lengthy procession starting from the grotto, had wound round the Church of the Rosary, and its main body had already taken its place in front of the great portal when its rear entered the precincts allotted to the sick. All eyes were turned towards the Blessed Sacrament, followed immediately by the Bishop of Le Mans and a line of ecclesiastics in cloth of gold. All knew that solemn and sublime moments were near. All knew that Jesus Christ in His sacramental Presence was about to visit in person and pause above each of His suffering members there assembled. The very few seconds, as said, in the words of an English poet, "The prayers of men and angels are as one." The attitude of the immense multitude was at once one of prayer. Arms were extended in the heights above. This was noticeable at each sign of a supernatural cure, having been effected in the sick throng among whom the Sacrament of Presence was passing the hosannahs redoubled in intensity.

And according to all appearance more than one supernatural cure was effected that afternoon—more than one sick person rose apparently to his feet, and his infirmities by the passing of Jesus of Nazareth. We saw maimed beings rise from their pellets and walk; we saw crutches lifted in the air in triumph. The rejoicings continued. "Thou art Christ, the Resurrecting God of Life!" "Thou art Christ, Son of the Virgin Mary!" "O Lord, glorify Thy Mother!" "We adore Thee, we glorify in Thee, and we praise Thee!" rang out from the multitude, there was no discordant note in the triumphant ovation, nothing of febrile religious excitement in the single cry coming from the mouths of thousands. Though the scene was pervaded by an intensity of religious life which the chain of the Christian ages cannot have seen surpassed, it was at the same time marked by perfect calm and perfect order. To those who looked at the Host in the gleaming pyrexia, as if the Man-God were before them in the same human presence with which He trod the Judean hills nineteen centuries before. When the last strains of the "Te Deum Ergo" had died away and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament had been given, the crowd massed in front of the Church of the Rosary broke up. An indescribable scene of animation followed. While the few considered to have just been the object of visible intervention on the part of Providence were accompanied in triumph to the "Bureau des Constataions" for the purpose of medical examination by the hundreds of uncurd ones lay waiting for their "brancardiers" to bear them away. Not a sign of disappointment could be detected on the face of one—no murmur from the lips of any could we hear. To one, a young man with bright eyes and a face worn by suffering, we said in passing: "Perhaps it will be your turn to-morrow—or next year." He replied with a smile that lit up his whole countenance: "If it is not God's will that I should get well I am not troubled on that account." A minute afterwards we received a similar reply from an old woman returning to a wretched home with the full weight of her infirmities upon her.

While "brancardiers" were busy, and the sick lay waiting, and people were forming into groups and knots, attention was drawn to a moving circle surrounding a young girl in

white. The girl was dying, and was being slowly borne away. The protecting circle around her, affording aid and keeping off the crowd, had been quickly formed by "brancardiers," who, instead of joining hands, had strung their leather straps together and were holding by them. Within the circle two other "brancardiers" bore the patient with its slight weight, but with a step so measured and gentle that had the sufferer been on her bed she would not have felt the motion less. Two ladies, "dames hospitalieres," walked beside her, fanning her. Meanwhile, the "Ave Maria" was being fervently recited around. Never had Gabriel's "Ave" been uttered under circumstances more calculated to soothe a passing soul in its passage to eternity. Another one in her death agony was borne from the scene in a similar manner that evening. The brancardiers of Notre Dame de Salut, who act as servants to the sick of the National pilgrimage, call forth our especial admiration. Numbers of them are young and good-looking; some have a marked aristocratic bearing; the majority evidently belong to the upper classes. With this they are not only gentle as women, but as Sisters of Charity in handling their sick and conveying them from place to place—some of these sick being little more than remnants of diseased humanity from the Paris hospitals. It seems to us that the "preux chevaliers" of old were as nothing compared with the Lourdes "brancardiers." These lend every phase of human sympathy. These toil, not for the praise of an earthly lady-love, but for the unseen smile of her whose white shawl looks down from the rock of Massabielle. It was the hour for the evening meal, and while numbers of the great numbers, too, ate in the open air, camping in front of the piscina and in the neighborhood of the Grotto. The Grotto rolled by, silvery just before, but now crimsoned by the last rays of the setting sun flashing into its chafing waters.

The first of the illuminations of that splendid evening were the moon in her full glory and a few great stars. Then the great cross of Eric on the height of Nazareth, the night du Jer appeared against the night sky. Then the Chateau Fort showed its lines of fire in the distance. Then the Church of the Rosary, crowned by the graceful basilica, suddenly became a blaze of colored lights. The incomparable night picture was not complete until the torch-light procession, with its something like 50,000 tapers, had encircled the church, and with it the Explanade of the Grotto, from end to end as with a broad moving band of flame. The "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria" chanted by the thousands, could be heard all over Lourdes. The National pilgrimage, which may be regarded as the nucleus of the Lourdes manifestations, has thirty years of history. The Christian world can point to nothing like it. It is the work of the Assumptionist Fathers, whom their country takes pleasure in banishing, and who are about to carry something of their zeal and energy into England. The cardinal Vaughan has offered them the charge of a London parish, which they have accepted. Moreover, according to what the Rev. Pere Baillly, who was at Lourdes for the National pilgrimage, said recently to a friend, they are about to found a mission in the neighborhood of London.—Special correspondence, Liverpool Catholic Times.

JOHN MORLEY. — There is one man, who, at a former time, bade fair to reach the highest place to which an English subject can aspire. In John Morley, the Liberal party once possessed a bright particular star whose lustre no accident of time could dim or extinguish. Says the London correspondent of the Philadelphia "Ledger," Mr. Morley has delivered a single speech during the past session. It was one of the happiest efforts of his political career; but it fell flat, for Mr. Morley himself now represents a bygone era that has passed away forever. Mr. Morley, moreover, is engaged in writing Mr. Gladstone's life, and the task absorbs all his available energy.

Parliament is a jealous mistress. No man has the right to expect success in literature and politics at one and the same time; and even Mr. Morley is no exception to the rule. Still, Mr. Morley occupies a special position in public life. He is one of the few politicians of the day who is not only liked but respected by those who most acutely differ from all his opinions. "Honest John" has tried to carry principle into public life. He was not successful. A voice, crying in the wilderness, rarely convinces a city full of worldlings and materialists; and Mr. Morley is no exception to the rule. His health is no longer good, and I much fear that, except for occasional excursions into literature, Mr. Morley's day is over.

One thing only is necessary—the commitment of the soul to God. Look that thou thyself art in order, and leave to God the task of unravelling the skein of the world and of destiny.



IRISH EMIGRATION and Catholic Education In the Last Century.

Two Pen-Pictures From the Last Report of Canada's Archivist.

There is no history as reliable as that which is compiled from the original documents conserved in the archives of a country. As far as Canada is concerned the annual reports of the Dominion Archivist are worth their weight in gold. No more painstaking man could be found than Mr. Douglas Brymner, LL.D., F.R.S.C., and his work amongst the archives is calculated to form the basis of a future complete history of this Dominion. That work is thorough in its every detail, and the one who will take up the series of his annual reports could almost write the authentic account of any great movement, change, struggle, or triumph that appears on the field of our country's past. As I have the exceptional privilege of receiving from that gentleman, each year, the compilation which he presents to the Government, I have the advantage of gleaning some very rare and important information concerning the great Catholic questions that have occupied public attention here since the country passed from the French to the British domination. In studying Mr. Brymner's last report, a copy of which came to me last week, I discovered two very important questions treated: one, in regard to Irish immigration to this province, about the time of Catholic Emancipation; the other, concerning the educational institutions of the country at that same time. I have taken some passages from the report, and will ask permission to reproduce them in this week's issue.

We have a pretty fair idea of all that was suffered by the Irish emigrants who fell victims of the fever; we also know of those that came out in the cholera years; we can tell the story of the veritable martyrdom that our race has undergone, both at home, on the high seas, and in the hands of their anticipated future prosperity. But we do not know the whole story of what our fellow-countrymen endured in this new land. It is merely for the purpose of reviving a period in the history of emigration that may have passed unnoticed by the recorders of past events, that I take the following paragraphs from Mr. Brymner's report. They are to be found on pages XIII, and XIV, under the special title of "Sessional Paper, No. 8."

"The practice of sending out pauper emigrants to Canada was neither of advantage to them nor to the country. Sir James Kempt reported in August, 1830, that a ship load had been landed at Quebec of destitute people sent by the magistrates of the county of Kildare, their passage having been paid by public subscription, for whom no work could be found at Quebec, the only hope of employment for them being in the Eastern Townships, where roads were being opened, but there was no fund to send them there. By the charity of the masters of two steamboats they were conveyed to Three Rivers and Montreal whence they might reach the Eastern Townships, otherwise they would have been left starving in Quebec. Even after arriving at Three Rivers and Montreal they had a long way to go before they could reach their destination and their sufferings whilst on the road under the heat and rain which then prevailed, according to the manuscript journal of the late Mr. Dorwin of Montreal, may be imagined, for no attempt had been made to describe them. Sir James Kempt wrote to the superintendent of the roads in the Eastern Townships to employ them but his most sanguine expectations do not seem to have extended beyond the chance of their obtaining employment for some weeks and that ended what was to become of them in winter? Sir James Kempt remonstrated in the strongest terms on the cruelty of attempting to relieve the English and Irish parishes by sending persons as paupers to a colony where they arrived perfectly destitute amongst strangers on whose bounty they were thrown for immediate support. (Series Q, volume 198-1, page 224). In addition to the ordinary distress which might have been expected, there was that which arose from the emigrants being hurried ashore and exposed to lie on the wharves from which much sickness resulted. (Series Q, volume 198-2, page 375), and Mr. Buchanan, the emigration agent, complained that the ship masters continued to land their emigrants at all hours without, in the slightest degree, consulting the convenience of the poor stranger, and he suggested that permission should not be granted to land emigrants until the ship was cleaned and not after four o'clock in the afternoon. The emigrants on board the ship reported on particularly by Sir James Kempt brought a recommendation from the magistrates to the committee in Quebec, in which it was said that the emigrants on board were well conducted, industrious people, who had been trained to some branch of the woollen manufacture, but who would

cheerfully accept any employment that might be offered. Where they settled does not appear from the papers under review."

"The return of the number of emigrants arriving in the province of Lower Canada, is very imperfect. The House of Commons on the 4th of March, 1831, desired to have an account of the arrival of emigrants in the British North American provinces from 1790 to the latest period, but all that the Lower Canadian authorities could do, after corresponding with other provinces, was to furnish so far as possible the returns for that province. From 1790 to 1815 it was estimated that 5,000 emigrants arrived at Quebec, and that 2,000 came to Lower Canada by way of Gaspe and New Carlisle. These figures, but for Lord Aylmer's Report, would have seemed to be mere guesses. From 1815 to 1830, there arrived at Quebec according to the report of the emigration agent, 67,515. The numbers arriving in 1826 to 1830 reported by the customs authorities do not agree with those reported by the emigration agent, being considerably more in these years in the report of the latter when those are compared with those of the former. The reason given by the customs authorities for thinking their own figures short of the actual numbers is that the return furnished to the Custom House by the master cannot be depended on as strictly accurate, as we have reason to believe that the numbers landed in many instances exceed the number stated in the return, no muster being required to be made by the officers. Subsequently, Lord Aylmer, then Governor, wrote that he had examined the books of the harbor master of Quebec and felt convinced that the returns made by Buchanan were as near the truth as was necessary for all principal purposes.

"The arrival of a large number of pauper emigrants caused anxiety to the provincial authorities and Lord Aylmer urged that no pecuniary relief should be given on arrival in Canada to persons capable of earning a livelihood, recommending that the only assistance given by government should be: (1). Providing temporary shelter by the erection of sheds to save the expense of lodging on first landing, and with a view to keep the emigrants separate from the mass of the population. (2). Gratuitous medical assistance to the sick pauper emigrant on his arrival. (3). The means of transporting himself and family to the place he may choose or may be chosen for his residence in the province. (4). Printing, publishing and distributing in abundance to the emigrants, small pamphlets containing useful practical information regarding the country and setting up in conspicuous places printed notices of the conveyances with their prices to the several parts of the province."

When so much has been written about the Manitoba schools, about the injustices done the Catholic element in regard to the education of their children, and about the famous Jesuit estates questions, we will not be surprised to learn, that these same estates supported the Protestant schools of this province during the first half of the nineteenth century, while the Catholic institutions of education were entirely dependent upon their own resources and upon the fees paid by pupils. I will quote, firstly, an extract from Sir James Kempt's letter to Sir George Murray, (Archives, Series Q, Vol. 150-2, P. 392), dated "Castle St. Louis, Quebec, 21st December, 1829. Read this attentively:—

"Sir.—The Protestant institutions for education consist of the two grammar schools, one at Quebec and one at Montreal, and of a Seminary lately established at Chambly under the auspices of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, where, in addition to the ordinary course of classics, young men are instructed in Divinity, preparatory to taking Holy Orders. The institution is however entirely of a private nature and solely supported by the students attending it."

"There are also some academies in the towns of Quebec, Montreal and Three Rivers, where instruction is given in the classics, tho' the course of study is probably not carried so far as in the Seminary at Chambly. These are altogether private, and of course depend upon the scholars for their support."

"There are six Roman Catholic seminaries or colleges in the province, including the two establishments that are under the direction and principally maintained by the funds of the seminaries of Quebec and Montreal.—these two bodies are possessed of considerable estates, tho' not by their endowment specially appropriated to the purposes of education, and those of the latter in particular, as you are aware, are of very great value."

"Of the four other Roman Catholic seminaries, only one, that at Nicolet, has been erected by letters patent, and all four are principally supported by voluntary contributions, or the price paid by the students for their instruction."

"Of all these seminaries both Protestant and Roman Catholic the two grammar schools at Quebec and Montreal alone receive any permanent

assistance from the public funds. The school at Quebec as shown in the return receives an allowance of £200 a year and £90 for the rent of a school house from the funds accruing from the estates heretofore belonging to the late Order of Jesuits.—

"That at Montreal £200 a year, and £54 for the rent of a school house from the same revenues."

I will now pass to the "Return of Schools in Lower Canada." (Archives, Series Q, Vol. 190-2, p. 401). Before presenting this analytical return let us consider the "postscriptum" to Sir James Kempt's letter, which reads thus:—

"P.S. It may be necessary to mention that the two grammar schools at Quebec and Montreal that receive an allowance from the Jesuit estates were established in the year 1816,—three gentlemen having arrived from England in that year appointed by the Secretary of State to superintend them as well as a grammar school in U. Canada. The authority for the amount of the salary to be allowed is conveyed in a dispatch from Lord Bathurst dated 24 February, 1817."

"The salary for the master of the grammar school in U. Canada was ordered by your dispatch of the 2nd June, 1828, to be transferred to that province, but a demand has been lately made upon the Jesuit estates for the arrears of his salary for 18 months prior to that period;—the claim is correct, but the estates are at present unable to defray it."

The return for the Protestant schools show us:— 1. Royal Grammar School, Quebec, supported as follows: £200 a year and £90 a year for the rent of school house, paid from the funds accruing from Jesuits' estates under an authority from Lord Bathurst, dated 24th February, 1817. 2. Royal Grammar School, Montreal, supported as follows: £200 a year and £54 a year for rent of school house from the funds arising from the Jesuits' estates under an authority from Lord Bathurst, dated 24th February, 1817. 3. Seminary at Chambly, supported by contributions of students."

Now for the Catholic institutions: 1. Seminary at Quebec.—No revenue specifically appropriated to the purposes of education, but is possessed of the following considerable property: The Seigneurie of Beauport—15 leagues in front by 6 leagues in depth on the River St. Lawrence below Quebec. 2. Seigneurie of Isle Aux Coudres, seignior of Cap Brule, seignior of Coulanges, seignior of St. Michael, seignior of Sault au Matelot (in the town of Quebec), seignior of Isle Jesus (in the district of Montreal).

The precise value of these estates is unknown, but by an avowal and denouement made many years ago it was calculated to be about £2,000 a year, besides large contributions in grain and lots et ventes on mutations of property which in the seignior of Montreal, comprehend the whole of the town must amount to a large sum. 3. Seminary at Nicolet.—Principally by the contributions of individuals, the small landed property in the neighborhood of which it is possessed being stated to be of very little value. 4. Seminary at St. Hyacinthe.—By a small property possessed by the Rev. Mr. Girouard, the proprietor and the contributions of individuals. Received a grant of £500 from the Legislature in the last session. 5. Seminary at Chambly.—Contributions of scholars, received a gratuity from the Legislature of £250 in the last session. 6. College of St. Anne.—Contributions of the scholars."

With these data, drawn from the most authentic source, it is indeed easy to explain how, in the competition for success, the Protestant educational institutions should have outstripped those belonging to the Catholic Church. The latter supported themselves, unaided by grants, and at the same time supported the former by means of the revenues from the Jesuit estates. This certainly is information sufficient to afford the basis of an interesting historical and educational treatise."

AN ARCHBISHOP'S WORK.—The proprietor of a Main street saloon in Dubuque, Ia., says that Archbishop Keane's active efforts in the cause of temperance have borne such

fruit that the whole saloon business has been materially affected.

"Business is dead in our line," said the saloonkeeper, as he stood in front of his place of business and looking up and down Main street called the reporter's attention to the almost deserted street. It was only a few minutes past ten o'clock and a Saturday night. The reporter suggested that probably the rounders hadn't taken a start and would show up later.

"No they won't," replied the man who mixes drinks and hands out high ones, "because they've quit the game. There aren't two places in town that are making more than a living. The majority are taking in just enough to pay their mule, and keep their table going, and some of them have to scratch to do that. There is a number of them who manage to keep open who I know don't have their heads out of water is a mystery to me. Some of them are backed by the breweries and are kept going just because the competition between the breweries is strong."

"How do you account for it?" he was asked. "It is the result of Archbishop Keane's sermons," he replied. "Now I am in a position to know what I am talking about and it's a fact. The people are regarding his temperance sermons and are keeping away from the saloons. If they are doing any drinking they do it at home. The absence of young men is noticeable. The young ladies had its effect, too, and many young people took the pledge. If it hadn't been for the excursions brought into the city this summer a number of shutters would be up in some places."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

"RIGHTS OF PARENTS."—Under this heading Rev. Father Lambert, in the "Freeman's Journal," has a very telling criticism of the "Brooklyn Times," which has gone into hysterics over some remarks of Bishop Scalabrini, about the teaching of different languages in the parochial schools. Our purpose in referring to this article is not exactly on account of the question of modern languages, rather is it in regard to a reply which Father Lambert gives, at the close of his article, to the "Times," on the point of religious instruction in schools. It appears that the Brooklyn organ objects to parochial schools, "because religious instructions are given in them. They tend to foster religious prejudices and to divide the population into hostile sects." We have more than once met with this same argument against separate or parochial schools, but we have rarely found it answered more effectively than in the last paragraph of the article in question. Father Lambert says:—

"If the teaching of religion to children in school be an unnatural cause of strife and division it is equally a cause of strife and division when taught to them out of school, in their homes and churches. The same reason, then, which you give why religion should not be taught in school is a reason why it should not be taught out of school, in homes and churches. To get rid of strife and divisions, to get rid of religion altogether, is the only way. The same reason, then, which you give why religion should not be taught in school is a reason why it should not be taught out of school, in homes and churches. To get rid of strife and divisions, to get rid of religion altogether, is the only way. The same reason, then, which you give why religion should not be taught in school is a reason why it should not be taught out of school, in homes and churches. To get rid of strife and divisions, to get rid of religion altogether, is the only way."

"TECHNICAL SCHOOLS."—In the "Catholic World's" educational number Carica C. Eaglesfield has an able article upon the need of technical schools in the United States. According to that writer the warfare of the coming century will be an industrial one, and the conclusion is that the nation which has the best educational advantages will be the one best prepared to wage it successfully. This does not refer to the education received in existing colleges and universities, but to the special and technical training which prepares the masses for the great struggle for daily bread. It would appear that Germany has a model system of technical schools, according to the writer above mentioned. To our mind the question seems to be in how far such a system as that which obtains in Germany could be made practical and applicable in a country under the social and other conditions which characterize the United States. This is a problem which we are not called upon to solve, so we need not attempt its investigation. But for information, sake we may reproduce what the writer has to say about the three causes to which the enormous growth of technical industry in Germany is owing. We will quote a few lines from the article, beginning with the assertion that these three causes are:—

"The temperament of the people, the educative facilities, and the methodical adaptation of scientific research to industrial practice. We may not be able to so discipline our

national temperament as to acquire the plodding, staying power and slow patience of the German character; but we can improve our educational advantages, and we must establish a closer union between practical and scientific technical work. If we can find such schools as they now have in Germany, and educate our large number of young men of native inventive and mechanical genius, we can easily compete successfully with the trade of the whole world and win over every competitor. Social conditions are so much easier with us than they are in Germany that our artisans ought to lead happy and contented lives. Our wages are higher in every line of work, and the cost of living very much lower; so the annual savings are always in favor of the American workman. The absence of class distinctions is a spur to constant endeavor, and the American workman, providing he is frugal and temperate, is bound to better his lot."

We are not quite prepared to say in how far all this may be applicable in Canada; but we have a firm belief in the utility of technical training and we believe that, under our present conditions, very much could be done by having technical branches in all our existing schools, colleges and other educational institutions."

LIVES BECOMING LONGER.—In the United States and in England for some time past actuaries have been investigating actuaries are preparing new tables of life experience, and it is expected that the results on the present insurance system will be far reaching. In 1903 the International Congress of Actuaries meets, and these tables are intended to be laid before a special committee of that Congress, with a view to securing such alterations in the general conditions of life insurance policies as may correspond more exactly with the evidently improved state of life risks. One of the new tables shows how many males healthy at the age of ten years may be expected to live old. The old table comprised results up to 1863, the new one gives the results between 1863 and 1903. It is evident that the new table shows a lighter mortality than the old one. The following is the table— which, if of any encouragement to persons who desire to enjoy many long years of life, we give for their satisfaction:—

Table with 3 columns: Age, Old, New. Rows for ages 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85.

TWO COMMENTS.—"The Boston Journal" commenting on the fact that Mr. Charles Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation, is going to build a \$2,000,000 house on an 860,000 lot of land in New York city, says, "Mr. Schwab has been a worker all his life, not a striker."

The "Boston Pilot" commenting upon his remark says:—"Does the 'Journal' think it strange that a man with \$1,000,000 a year salary is not tempted to be a 'striker'?"

It seems to us that both are astray. It is quite possible that, in the common acceptance of the term, Mr. Schwab is not a "striker," he has no need to "strike for higher wages." But during all his early years of probation, before he reached the turning point at which he began to be wealthy, was it not exactly because he was always "striking" and "kicking" that he succeeded in securing what he desired to have?

CATHOLIC EMPLOYEES.—In glancing over a recent number of the New Zealand "Tablet" we came upon an article entitled "Catholic Public Servants." As we read it through, we found that it consisted of quotations from another article, on the same subject, that appeared in the "Catholic Press" of that country. It would seem that the Orange faction has succeeded in creating disturbance over in the Australasian colonies. This is not to be wondered at, since the experience of the last century amply demonstrates that the Order is to be found in every land over which a British flag floats, and that it is an element of trouble in all quarters of the globe. At the Orange demonstration in Sydney, on July 12th last, Grand Master Wheeler complained that the Protestant element had not a fair share of representation in the public service of the country. In view of our position as Irish Catholics in Canada, we will quote the balance of the article, which runs thus:—

This statement led the "Catholic Press" to search the Blue Book from Dan to Beersheba, and with results which it properly describes as "a

truly startling nature." In its issue of July 20 it published in detail a full and detailed list of "the positions under the Government of which the pay is £700 a year and upwards (£6-23/6), and which, in addition to the high salary, carry power and influence." In fact, "they control the departments and practically govern the country, besides giving much of the tone to social life." These positions number 125, and yet only three Catholics are to be found in them. There is well to explain, too," says our esteemed contemporary, "that two of the Catholics are English, and that one was only recently received into the Church. At the time of his appointment he was a Protestant. The amount paid by Government in the above list," the "Press" adds, "is £180,338; the amount paid by Government every year to Catholics is £3,900."

"Catholics," says the "Press," "form at least a fourth of the population, therefore by any law of average you would expect to find, at the very least, Catholics occupying one position out of every five in the Civil Service, and it is fair to assume that they would preserve that proportion if they were not in the position at that service. Instead of that, however, we find that the richer the office the less likelihood there is of a Catholic filling it, and whereas in the lower ranks of the service it might be possible to find one Catholic out of 15 servants, in the high places, among the higher gentlemen, known as the 'soft fat jobs,' Catholics have obtained only one position in every 45. There can only be one explanation of this extraordinary condition. Beyond all doubt there is an anti-Catholic ring dominating the Civil Service and official circles, and these results are the outcome, not of accident, but of malicious and methodical plotting. It is absurd to contend that the cause lies in a lack of ability in the Catholic population. Outside the Government offices, the more than hold their own in every department of civil life. In the professions, in politics, in commerce, in the arts and trades—wherever cleverness and adaptability spell success—Catholics are to be found proportionately in Australia have educational advantages equal to those of the average citizen, outside their religion. That their natural ability is no more Boottian than that of the Anglican, Presbyterian, or the Methodist, they have demonstrated time and again. So, for heaven's sake do not let us have any such silly and inadequate excuse offered in explanation of the conspiracy we have unmasked."

So we see that the Catholic has no easy road to travel out in New Zealand, any more than if he were in the British Isles, or on this continent. In the same article there is a paragraph which we cannot refrain from quoting, because it contains the exact words used some years ago, by an eminent Irish Catholic representative—who, to-day, occupies, with great distinction, a place on the Bench. The Sydney organ says:—

"We do not expect for a moment that a man should get a Government appointment because he is a Catholic, even if a Catholic was never appointed to the service. But we do object to men being excluded because they are Catholics. That is what has occurred here, and if there is any sense of fair play in the State the story of the Blue Book should fill our Protestant fellow-citizens with shame."

Strange, is it not, that the conditions and the arguments should be so much alike here and at the Antipodes.

NEW YORK'S CATHOLIC CHAPEL.—Excavation has just begun for the new Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The undertaking includes a general remodeling of the whole east end of the cathedral, and the additions and alterations will cost approximately \$400,000.

A competition was instituted in 1900 by the Eugene Kelly estate for plans covering the erection of an elaborate Lady Chapel and crypt. Architects from France, England, Canada, and all parts of the United States were invited to submit drawings. To avoid any likelihood of favoritism these plans were submitted anonymously.

Professor Ware of Columbia University, was the expert for the architectural part, while Archbishop Corrigan took charge of the ecclesiastical side. Both agreed upon the design known as No. 13, which proved to be the plan submitted by G. T. Mathews of New York.

The general style of the new chapel will be thirteenth century French Gothic. It will be simple and severe below, and delicately tracery and pinnacled above.

The roof and belfry are to be green bronze, touched sparingly here and there with gold. The cresting is to be treated in the same rich manner. In order to suggest the Gothic idea of restlessness and aspiration, the vertical lines will be multiplied to an unusual extent and the horizontal lines suppressed. All the construction features belong to the thirteenth century, but the detail breathes itself into the fuller lines and interlacing of the fourteenth century at the top. Within the chapel will depend entirely upon stained windows for color and light. The interior carving will be generally in low relief, of Genoese delicacy, and embodying much symbolism.

Some very dull and sad people have genius though the world may not count it as such, a genius for love or for patience, or for prayer, maybe. We know the divine spark is here and there in the world; we shall see how the world will react upon it. Some very dull and sad people have genius though the world may not count it as such, a genius for love or for patience, or for prayer, maybe. We know the divine spark is here and there in the world; we shall see how the world will react upon it.



RICHES OF RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS

A SYNOPSIS CONTINUED, by "CRUX"

In recent issues I have reproduced portions of the admirable series of articles, from the pen of the gifted Father A. Belanger, S.J., in the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart." Under the general heading of "Disowned," Father Belanger has been exposing the true situation of the religious congregations that are now menaced by the Law of Associations in France. His last contribution, which is to be continued in future numbers, deals with what he styles—using the language of the anti-clericals—"The Scandalous Riches of Religious Congregations."

I will have but scant space to comment upon this splendid article; in fact, to do it justice, I see no other way than to simply reproduce its principal paragraphs, and confine my own remarks, for the present at least, to indicating the trend of the writer's arguments. In truth he has, as far as this contribution goes, exhausted the subject, and, for the life of me, I cannot see where the enemies of the religious Orders can find a single inch of ground whereon to base a reply.

He commences with the cry of the virtuous of anti-clericalism, to the effect that "hundreds of millions" represent the hoarded wealth of the religious congregations, a cry which a sensation-loving press takes up and repeats in every key. They tell, with indignation not untinged with exaltation, how "these poor religious men magnificent colleges, with freestone fronts and large windows admitting plenty of light and air, the buildings being off by extensive and beautiful gardens. None of them but have property in the most desirable neighborhoods. They own immense boarding schools, hospitals built on a strictly modern plan, wonderfully appointed homes for the aged poor," etc.

The reverend writer then sets forth his case, after an appropriate exordium, by the following proposition of his subject— "There was a time when the enemies of congregations, boldly and with a superb a priori, estimated the wealth of the latter at millions; but, alas for this charitable phantasmagoria, statistics have appeared which have singularly impoverished Aladdin's palace!"

The statistics that follow constitute the foundation of all the arguments advanced by Rev. Father Belanger. As this phase of the subject can, with the slight alterations needed to make the figures correspond with the different local cases, be made absolutely applicable to the financial status of religious communities in our own country, I will simply have to ask the readers to carefully peruse the figures and data set forth. Firstly, we have a comparison between the aggregate wealth of all the religious congregations in France and the fortunes possessed by individuals. I now quote uninterruptedly—

"The commission of 1881 estimated the total fortune (that is, real and personal) at 900,000,000 francs (\$180,000,000), but in 1890 'L'Administration de l'Enregistrement' lowered this valuation to 560,000,000 francs. In 1892 M. Henri Brisson himself spoke of no more than 500,000,000, and this figure was upheld by the government before the Senate in 1895. At present, however, \* \* \* but wait! The first thing to observe is that in different parts of the world there are private fortunes exceeding this total. Jay Gould owns 1,000,000,000 francs (\$200,000,000), the Rothschilds' wealth is estimated at 1,000,000,000 francs, and that of the Vanderbilts at 800,000,000. (2) Therefore, instead of being alarmed over 500,000,000 divided among 130,000 religious, would it not be more reasonable to tremble at the thought of such a stupendous amount of capital being in the hands of a few individuals?"

He now calculates what this sum, large as it seems, represents for each individual religious.

"But, no matter; 500,000,000 francs seems a large figure when it is periodically considered apart from the number of those whom it keeps alive. Suppose, however, that it were divided among 130,000 bankers, 130,000 agriculturists or 130,000 small merchants, would not a still more alarming result be obtained? Hence, there is but one way of estimating the wealth of congregations, and that is by calculating what it represents for each member. Now, 500,000,000 divided by 130,000 would equal 3,846 francs (\$625), which amount would insure each religious an annual income of ninety-four francs, nearly \$19. If this decisive capital were productive, but it is not, or else so slightly as to amount to nothing, as we shall see. Let us pause a moment at this figure. Here, then, are these scandalously rich men each possessed of a capital of 3,846 francs, which is to say, that each of them receives an income of twenty-six cen-

times (five cents) a day in exchange for the innumerable services he renders and of which Taine spoke so touchingly."

The fiction of a revenue is thus clearly exposed— "But, in reality, this annual income of ninety-four francs is a pure chimera, for, most of the time, the capital is productive of naught but taxes. . . . and these, alas, are far in excess of living expenses. In the total revenue of a congregation real estate figures in the proportion of 83 1/2 per cent. Therefore, what does a hospital building yield, handsomely though it be? What revenue is there from an orphanage or a home for the aged poor? From a financial point of view, even colleges are a sad failure. It is a well-known fact that all university establishments depend upon the budget, and that to no small extent and that gratuitous teaching, deprived of this governmental manna, could in general yield but very modest profits. Briefly, in the great majority of cases, the assumed revenue of ninety-four francs does not exist at all and, where it does, it is swallowed up by taxes and the cost of necessary repairs, so that the only advantage derived by the religious from their imposing-looking property is the shelter it gives them, and this they often find only in a garret, a pupil's dormitory or an infirmary room. Now, when it is remembered that these men and women condemn themselves to live upon this fictitious income in the midst of beautiful gardens and surroundings, without a family, destitute of human happiness and even the hope of attaining worldly prosperity, it is not harrowing to hear them censured and denounced for possessing wealth which they have not? If the wealth of congregations were to become ten, twenty times greater, it would still be insufficient to insure each of their members the income of a small shareholder. This, then, is the scandalous wealth which brings the blush of indignation to the brow of M. Brisson!"

He then passes on to sensible people ("and in doing so we take a mighty leap") who are dazzled by certain religious houses standing in the midst of beautiful gardens and surroundings. We read— "In the first place we must remember that, in many instances, these comfortable-looking establishments are not the homes of the members of the congregations. Hospitals, societies founded for the institution of schools, etc., etc., appeal to their devotedness, and they go forth to help these good works. In exchange for their labors these religious receive a small remuneration (sufficient to clothe and feed them) and lodgings. The fact of this residence may, as M. Aug. Rivet has observed, mislead the public; but it is clear that it proves nothing in regard to the wealth of the congregations. As well estimate the riches of a domestic according to the mansion in which he gives his services. Indeed, in that case there might be some proportion between his wages and his master's opulence; but here there is nothing of the kind. The finest hospitals are often the poorest, and the devoted nurses are willing to diminish the building debt by cheerfully accepting a meagre sustenance."

"Next, we should not judge the whole by a few samples seen in large cities. How many are the poor, old, incoherent hordes, so insignificant as to fail to attract any notice? But so mercilessly rigid are we in regard to what we exact of those devoted religious that one imposing-looking college would scandalize us, whereas more than ten humble, unpretentious Carthusian convents or houses of the Little Sisters of the Poor would fail to edify us. Go, therefore, and observe some of these modest establishments before flying out against the wealth of the congregations. At all events, despite the some few exceptions and certain appearances of which we will give an explanation, it remains a harsh, inevitable fact, proven as it is by figures, that each religious share of real property averages 2,054 francs, which would represent in the maximum a minimum of 125 francs (\$25) per capita, and you will know that at such a rate one cannot live in a palace. Besides, as this property is almost all destined for the lodging of the sick, the aged and pupils, it is easy to see what is left for the congregations themselves."

After all these, what I might call preliminaries, the writer goes to the bottom of the question, which is how to excuse religious families who, though professing poverty, are nevertheless in possession of these grand establishments which are causes in such extended and unfavorable comment. Read carefully the following statement— "First of all we must bear in mind that appearances are frequently deceptive, and that the value of property is often out of all proportion to the absurd estimate placed upon it by Puritans. M. Brisson denounces in the Chamber a certain Ursuline convent valued at 700,000 francs. As the owners valued it at only 107,000 francs, the violation of religious poverty became complicated with imposition upon the law. A judicial investigation was made and the building valued at 700,000 francs was found to be worth 173,000. It sheltered a goodly number of pupils and religious who were in-

deed delighted to have made a false estimate, especially by one to their own detriment. If many a religious establishment were thus put into the hands of appraisers the result would be similar. They seem more valuable than they really are, because they are so scrupulously clean, so exquisitely kept, and, not infrequently, because of the good taste displayed by their owners and architects. Finally, where valuable buildings are really found, it is not the congregations owning them who most enjoy them, for they are chiefly, almost exclusively, given over to the use of boarders or other lay inmates. Take, for instance, a well-built, hygienic, well-ventilated home for the aged poor. In its gardens, attractively laid out with shaded walks and artistic flower beds, the poor old folks can exercise their weary limbs. The rooms of the building are high, airy, well-lighted, and, with their clean white curtains, present a most refreshing appearance. But for whom all this cleanliness and luxury? For the sick. The Sisters' dormitory is often a garret exposed to the winter's cold and the summer's heat. At any rate, it is nearly always in one of the least desirable locations in the house. Of all the apartments in the luxuriously appointed dormitory and dormitory and the chapel are also reserved to the religious. They have scarcely any leisure to take a turn in the garden, so engrossed are they with the care of the sick. They spend but little time in the spacious corridors, unless when sweeping them, and perhaps they would then be satisfied to have them smaller. If, indeed, they gain anything from their comforts about them, it helps them to labor still more effectively for the welfare of their fellow proteges. Therefore we ask if such luxury should in any way scandalize those who want for nothing. We think not."

Dealing with colleges and homes of education the author thus proceeds— "And as to colleges, there is no great difference. Large, well-ventilated recreation halls, classrooms and dormitories, all are so splendidly equipped with encasements, etc.—all are for the benefit of the pupils, their health and their good cheer. No doubt the professors derive some advantage from this material progress. Nevertheless, how do they take the last places. In some of the handsomest colleges, masters and disciplinarians occupy small cells, and perhaps twenty times a day must climb to the fourth story where their humble quarters are located. Many of them sleep in dormitories, and though all possible precautions be taken to insure proper ventilation, this is not over-agreeable, especially in the winter, when the elasticity of youth is not so much readily seen that it is the pupils, and scarcely ever the religious, who enjoy the advantages of these supposed palaces. Yes, but they have a garden, and more precisely a garden, and more precisely a garden, and more precisely a garden. But what is a luxury or a necessity, this world is for them a necessity. This is obvious where there is a question of semi-cloistered religious. Cerveaux occupy small cells, and as regards the fourth story, it must be borne in mind that it is the most impossible for them to walk out. Picture them correcting their lessons, exercising, preparing class lessons, or reading their breviary on the Boulevard Haussmann. The life of teaching religious is so hard that it costs many their health. Therefore, why reproach them for having a few feet of ground necessary to maintain the strength which they put to such good use?"

The strongest assertion, by way of argument, used by the anti-clericals in regard to this phase of the question is thus answered— "Now, with some show of reason, fault might be found in regard to the use of congregations, novitiates, houses of study, and other old or infirm religious. But would luxury be likely to hide itself here? It is true that modern hygienic devices have necessitated the improvement of these establishments in order to render them an indispensable salubrity. The man system has become so frail that, to refuse to take certain precautions, would be to render young religious incapable of later fulfilling their hard tasks, and it is for this reason that at present we see better built, more spacious and commodious houses than were permitted by old-time austerity. Nevertheless, we still practice austerity, and though our weakened temperaments have rendered modern hygienic conditions a necessity, we are not, therefore, exempt from suffering."

He closes with an admission followed by a very clear explanation: "Lastly, I shall not deny that here and there may be found religious property too luxurious in its appointments. But the fault often lies with founders, who were more generous and artistic than practical. In other days certain superiors thought it well to allow a little ornamentation, but herein lay their mistake. However, it only brings out in stronger relief the wisdom of the latest sanitary improvements, and how to observe religious moderation. Here, then, is what remains of this analysis founded upon facts and figures: that the colossal wealth of congregations is reduced to 1,125 francs per capita, capital almost entirely at the disposal of the poor and from which the religious dwelling place and perhaps—yes, perhaps—a yearly income of a few paltry francs. The remainder of their support is gained by dint of labor and devotedness."

There is yet a column on the very interesting question of the famous mountain; but I have encroached so

much on my space this week that I will leave this subject for another time. Yet, I feel that the readers will not hold any grudge against me for having given so fully the foregoing splendid contribution.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

On "Kneeling."

Josh Perkins of Punkinville says: "You will be purty safe in Konkudin' that the feller what kneels on any knee in church don't kneel on any at home." And "Quip" of New Zealand says:—"That is about right." I happen to have considerable reason for agreeing with both of these eminent gentlemen. If they ever happened to be in the vicinity of Montreal on Sunday, and undertook to attend High Mass, in some of our churches they would find ample evidence of the inconvenience to stranger resulting from this one-kneed system congregating at church doors. They would equally, upon their own argument or basis of reasoning, be forced to conclude that a considerable percentage of our male population, at least, was not given to very much kneeling or praying at home.

These remarks have brought to my mind some observations of my own which, on more than one occasion, I had intended transcribing for the benefit—if not for the edification—of the readers of the "True Witness." I will just tell you what happened to me four weeks ago last Sunday. I happened to be visiting a friend in one of the suburban parishes of Montreal, and as our business kept us up a good portion of Saturday night, he invited me to remain with him till next day. I accepted. In the morning I sauntered out, intending, as usual to hear Mass. I was much edified to notice the large attendance at the parish church; but I soon found that it was no easy matter for a person who held no pew in that church to secure a place. After I had stumbled over a score of men, all kneeling as above described—a few having handkerchiefs under their knees—I managed to get inside the door. There I discovered that I had to work my way, as best I could, through another phalanx of one-kneed kneelers, stepping with great care, in order to avoid upsetting any one, and being knocked from my own equilibrium. Finally I cleared the crowd—some of whom made use of language, in regard to my intrusion, that was more emphatic than elegant, and more precise than religious—and reached an open space in the main aisle. The Mass had just commenced.

I saw an empty pew, about five yards from the door, and quietly stepped into it. I had just settled down, and was collecting my mind preparatory to following the Mass, when a lady, accompanied by a gentleman and a young girl, entered the aisle, stopped at the empty pew, and emphatically signalled me to get out. I did so.

For a few moments I stood in the mid-aisle looking around for another empty pew. I saw four or five that were not filled, but I feared to avoid any one of them. I stood exactly between two pews—one on either side of me—that had only one occupant each. The Mass proceeded; the "Gloria," the "Epistle," the Gospel; still I stood there, expecting that some one of the two would invite me to take a seat. But I waited in vain. Then came the sermon. Every person was seated, except myself, and I stood there, "like Patience on a monument" feeling the conspicuousness of my position. Yet, not one offered to share the empty places with me. Finally I turned towards the door, where I found ample standing room for nearly all the one-kneed kneelers had gone outside—either to exercise their knees, to take fresh air, or have a smoke.

Leaning against a pillar I followed the sermon as best I could; once it was over, I found that I would have to shift my position, as the one-kneed gentlemen came trooping in, and evidently were bent on making it as comfortable as possible for me. At last I found a seat for myself on one of the steps of the stairway leading up to the organ loft. Although I was out of sight of the altar and sanctuary, still I hoped, with the aid of a prayer book, to follow the remainder of the Mass, I was getting on swimmingly, when an official, in all the glory of a many-colored cloak—possibly after the pattern of that worn by Joseph of old—gave me a sharp tap on the shoulder, and informed me that it was forbidden to sit there. I asked him if he would be good enough to tell me where I might sit. "Not here, anyway," was his reply; and he walked off to disturb some of the one-kneed worshippers, who were holding a quiet chat (about their crops, or the hot weather, very likely) under the protection of the high backs that close the last pews in the aisle.

It is quiet possible that had I assumed my courage and asked any of the persons in the pews that were not fully occupied, I might have got a seat, but I did not do so. It seemed to me that common courtesy might have suggested to some one of them to offer me a seat. It is also probable that had I met with the forsworn official, at an earlier stage during the Mass, and represented to him that I was a stranger and wanted a seat, he would have found me out; but he was not in sight at the time. I believe that if I had gone to see the parish priest before Mass, he would have indicated to me what

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fr. In its issue shed in detail a of "the" possi- ment of which ear and upwards each, in addition carry power fact. They con- and practically beside giving to social life." ber 125, and ics are to be ill will to ex- or esteemed cen- of the Catho- d that one was ed into the of his appoint- protestant. The vement even- gentlemen in the ss" adds, "is it paid by Gov- to Catholics is the "Press," th of the popu- law of aver- to find, at the occupying one every five in the is fair to as- preserve that progressed in of this, how- richer the of- ed there is of a and whereas in the service it find one Catho- in the high are vulgarly can. Presby- only one posi- can only be his extraordin- all doubt olle ring dom- ics and official ults are the but, of mal- plotting. It that the cause in the Cath- the Govern- re than had department of essions, in po- the arts and erness and ad- es and holes ortionately re- in Australia equa- ce citizen out- that their na- ors Boettian The under- i remodel- the catho- and altera- and altera- \$400.- at the condi- should be at the Anti- CHAPEL. begun for the Patrick's the under- i remodel- the catho- and altera- and altera- \$400.- at the condi- should be at the Anti- to be green here an- esting is to ch manner. otlike idea tion the tippled to s horizon- tures be- but into the ings of the top. With- ed entirely color and will be of Genoese such, sym- d people may nites for in such is



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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

Now that a most eventful session, as far as the Irish Nationalist Party is concerned, has come to an end, and that much speculation is indulged in regarding the probable future outlook for Ireland and Home Rule, it may not be amiss to reflect for a moment upon the situation. The principle subject that occupies the attention of all interested in Ireland's affairs, is the paving of the way for the introduction, next session, of a Bill to reduce the number of Irish representatives from one hundred to seventy-five. Mr. Chamberlain has already made it very clear that such is the intention of the Unionist supporters of the present Government. We notice that Mr. Redmond is by no means disturbed by any such threat. In fact, he has even bid defiance to the avowed enemies of Ireland's cause, by telling them that Ireland's future prospects depend more upon the union and harmony existing in the ranks of her representatives than upon the actual number of such representatives. In this he is evidently right; for seventy-five united Irish members would have more strength and weight than would one hundred, or one hundred and fifty men, divided into several hostile sections and working at cross-purposes with each other.

While this view of the possible situation may be correct in one way, still it does not mean that either Mr. Redmond or the Nationalist Party is prepared to submit to any such proposed reduction.

If we are rightly informed, or if we at all grasp the situation, we understand that the Unionists are such merely on account of Home Rule, and that the Irish question alone sways them in their political attitude. It is also a fact that they base their opposition to all Ireland's demands upon the "Act of Union." Ireland and her representatives have always repudiated that act; but nevertheless it has been made the basis of every refusal of justice to the sister island by the statesman of England. If, therefore, Mr. Chamberlain and company seek to have Ireland's affairs governed by the Act of Union entirely, they should adhere to the terms of that statute in every particular. In Article IV. of the Act of Union we read that "100 Commoners be the number to sit and vote on the part of Ireland in the House of Commons of the Parliament of the United Kingdom." Thus the very act upon which they base their action in regard to Ireland forbids the reduction of Ireland's representation.

But, after all, there is no immediate danger of any such measure being brought in, much less of its becoming law. We would not wish to attempt any long-range prophecies in regard to the situation of Ireland, or of the Irish party, at any given time in the future. We have found so many prophets to have failed during the past quarter of a century that we have no ambition to figure in any such capacity. But we can, without much risk, foretell that, of the two results, the obtaining of Home Rule is much more probable than the reduction of Ireland's representation in the Imperial House.

Of the mistaken prophets of the past, one of the most noteworthy, was a writer in the "Fortnightly" for June, 1904. This gentleman's article was entitled "The Rhetoricians of Ireland," and it was deemed of sufficient importance to be quoted and commented on in the "Review of Reviews." As the writer merely signs "X," and as "X" represents an unknown quantity, we cannot judge of his standing or claims to recognition as an authority. But we do know that his views were those of the anti-Home Rule faction in the House, and his predictions have, one and all, proved false. Seven years have gone past, and, in every particular, the very opposite of what "X" foretold, has taken place. Consequently, we can have but small faith in the predictions of the prophets of evil for Ireland who try to cast the horoscope to-day.

Before leaving this subject we will

give one sample of "X's" keensightedness. After passing a few cutting, but very stupid comments upon William O'Brien, Dillon, Davitt, T. P. O'Connor, and some other Irish representatives, this dealer in, what the "Review of Reviews" calls "Cameos in Epigram," tells us that: "Mr. Edward Blake, who was imported from Canada will go back again some time at the spontaneous suggestion of an entire Irish party. It was hardly worth while to go so far at this late day for an inferior imitation of Butt."

Seven years have passed away, and as yet we see no indication of "an entire Irish party" making any "spontaneous suggestion" in regard to Mr. Blake's retirement. It looks to be quite the contrary. From this alone Canadians may judge how far at sea the prophets of the "X" class are when they undertake to shape Ireland's destinies—according to their own desires.

A DISCORDANT NOTE.

It would be passing strange if, on an occasion such as the visit of the heir-apparent to Canada, our very narrow contemporary the "Herald" could not find an opportunity of displaying, in a most gratuitous manner, a little of its accustomed bigotry. The presence of Royalty within our Dominion and the deplorable event which has cast such a gloom over the neighboring Republic, are incidents which are highly calculated to create a sentiment of harmony and mutual sympathy in all the varied elements of our community. At such an hour the least discordant note grates intensely upon the ear and shocks proportionately the spirit of the people. Possibly because it is incapable of distinguishing itself in any more praiseworthy manner, the "Herald" has deemed it opportune to strike loudly upon the old string that has vibrated itself into dissonance long years ago.

We notice that the New York "Tribune's" London correspondent lays stress upon the fact that the Duke of Cornwall's reply to the address presented by the Catholic clergy of the archdiocese of Quebec, has been considered exceedingly appropriate and happy, by the exponents of public opinion in England. To fully appreciate the significance of that statement we will reproduce a few lines from that address, and an extract from the reply of His Royal Highness.

"The Church of Quebec, cheerfully shares in these joyous sentiments and we have much pleasure in coming here in her name to offer to your Royal Highness, expressions of our respectful homage and to wish you a most hearty welcome. In fulfilling this duty we remain faithful to the traditions of that Church and to the true spirit that animates her. The history of our country proves that to the Catholic Church belongs the honor of having forged between the English throne and a French-Canadian people, solid bonds which neither adversity nor bribery could sever."

"The Catholic Church rightfully claims the honor of having brought forth and of fostering such sentiments of loyalty. In the eyes of her children, religion and country are inseparable, and they demand that both be inviolable and respected. The tenets and practices of the faith constitute the very foundation of their patriotism. And when they are on the battlefield for the Crown, it may be taken for granted that they would not hesitate to shed their blood for the integrity of their faith. These two sentiments harmonize and complete one another. Both inspire great and noble deeds; both deserve respect and command admiration. We are the watchful guardians of that Catholic faith, over these Canadian Catholics so loyal to the British Crown we extend our pastoral care. That faith inspires us, and in the name of that people, we come to-day to lay at the feet of Your Royal Highness the homage of our faithful attachment to the illustrious family which you so worthily represent."

Nothing could be more in accord with historical truth and with the circumstances under which this address was presented, than were the foregoing remarks. And, in reply, which reply included one to the address presented at the same time by

the faculty of Laval University, the Duke of Cornwall said—

"We have listened with much gratification to the words of welcome with which you have greeted us to-day on behalf of the bishops and clergy of your diocese, and of the Laval University."

"I am glad to acknowledge the noble part which the Catholic Church has played throughout its history. The hallowed memories of the martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage, and in the great and beneficent work of education, and in implanting and fostering it, a spirit of patriotism and loyalty, it has rendered signal service to Canada and the Empire."

"If the Crown has faithfully and honorably fulfilled its engagements to protect and respect your faith, the Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligation not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instil a sentiment of loyalty and devotion into the hearts of those to whom it ministers."

There could be nothing more pleasant, more satisfactory, more full of promise for the future than the frank and honest spirit evinced in this address and the dignified and cordial manner in which it was accepted. There was no room left for comment, much less for harsh criticism.

Contrasting the strife that exists in South Africa with the harmony that obtains in Canada, the "Herald" would like to know if His Royal Highness will be curious enough to ask for an explanation of what he sees. Then, in a wisdom that is certainly wonderful, that organ adds:

"It is to be hoped so, for the one furnished by the address of the Catholic hierarchy does not tell the whole story. It is true, indeed, that the Church authorities by their great influence upon the people prevented Canada from throwing in its lot with the American colonies in the war of the Revolution. It is true that the same influence was on the side of Government in 1837 and later a potent force in smoothing the way for Confederation. But on the other hand it has to be conceded that the Church offered little opposition to political conditions which at one time brought on rebellion despite its exertions, and that the present satisfaction is due to ameliorated conditions which came by the exertions of statesmen rather than of clerics."

Apart from the uncalled for ugliness of this comment it is a remarkable indication of the literary and historical calibre of the one who penned it. The "address of the Catholic hierarchy" does not tell the whole story. Did the "Herald" expect that address to be an epitome of Canadian history, containing every detail of past events, of causes and effects, so arranged as to be crammed into the compass of a few hundred lines? The "Herald" evidently purposed supplying that want, when it proceeded to quote a sentence from one of Baldwin's speeches, another from one of Lafontaine's statements, and a third from a French writer who gave an estimate of Holton. That responsibility was secured by the action of statesmen no person wishes to deny; but the fact of such a result flowing from the patriotic endeavors of public-minded men, in no way takes from the exactness of what the Catholic clergy's address sets forth, nor from the completeness of the Duke's reply. After admitting the influence of the Church in the preservation of Canada to the British Crown at the time of the American Revolution, and the loyalty to the Government of that same influence in 1837, as well as its efforts in paving the way for Confederation, this contradictory writer says that "the Church offered little opposition to political conditions which at one time brought on rebellion despite its exertions." This is a point blank contradiction of the statement that the Church was on the side of the Government in 1837. It is worse; it is a self-contradictory statement. If rebellion was brought about "despite the church's exertions," it stands to reason that the church must have done more than "offer little opposition." In fact, the whole article is conceived in such a narrow spirit and written in such a disjointed manner, is concocted upon such a flimsy basis and presented in such an uncouth style, that it is clear to all who read that its author was simply bent on finding fault with the Catholic clergy, even at the expense of loyalty, of harmony, of honesty, and of historical truth.

We have taken the trouble to expose this mean method of journalism, not so much on account of its importance attached to the "Herald's" eccentric utterances, as on account of the utility it may be to unmask its pretended Canadian spirit and to let our readers perceive for themselves the character of the antagonism they must expect to encounter.

I am a friend to subordination as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.—Dr. Johnson.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HOME AND SCHOOL.

We have frequently remarked that men, holding certain positions, develop a faculty for explaining their occupations and of making others feel the importance of their functions. While there may be a considerable amount of benefit to be derived from the perusal of such people's writings, still there is a tendency amongst them to dogmatize that the "lay" mind is at a considerable disadvantage, being naturally unfamiliar with details which are never explained. Without wishing to be at all critical we might say that this is a fault we find with many educationalists who undertake to write, or to lecture upon matters pertaining to pedagogy or to higher instruction. A man may be an admirable teacher and yet be absolutely incapable of explaining his methods or conveying his ideas to the general public. In fact, it is not always the most learned that are the best teachers; nor are the best teachers always persons possessed of extensive erudition. We have been led to make these remarks by the reading of an article upon "Teaching the Young Idea," from the pen of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. This gentleman, who must necessarily have a degree of experience beyond the ordinary in matters of education, has a very good conception of the practical utility of kindergarten, and is of the impression that a closer linking of the home and the school would secure most satisfactory results. Again he wisely points out that songs and games play important parts in directing the young towards real study. While we admire very much the fundamental principles sought by Dr. Harris to be inculcated, still we regret being unable to fully grasp all his meaning, especially in the exposition of what we suppose he intends to be certain general rules. For example, he says:

"The school cannot make itself a substitute for the family without injury to the children who are assigned to it. This is in fact the crying evil of the orphan asylum, which provides for children who have no other home. It offers a school and not a home for the child. Within the home the child finds scope for the development of his individuality in a hundred ways that the school or the kindergarten cannot permit. For the child needs at times to exercise his pure caprice and arbitrariness. He cannot learn to know himself and be sure of his inborn powers in any other way. To be sure this is not all, but it is something very important—may, essential. The child must develop a self of his own, and he can never do this unless he exercises his own initiative and follows his own fancy many hours of the day, unrestrained by the school or by the governess or by the strict parent."

This may be all very true, he well based on experience, and have a particular bearing upon the subject in hand; but we confess that it is more than we are able to understand, or to properly appreciate. Evidently the Doctor's intimate knowledge of his subject is such that for lack of an equal degree of acquaintance with it, we fail to benefit by his learning or experience. For example, it sounds very strange to hear a person speaking about a child learning to know himself and to be sure of his own inborn powers. Such a child would be a born philosopher, and one likely to need but very little instruction to complete his education. A child who can develop "a self of his own" would be capable of reasoning from De Cartes' axiom, "cogito, ergo sum." We are not desirous of fault-finding; on the contrary, we are grateful for all the information imparted by such men as Dr. Harris; but we cannot be blamed if we fail, at times, to understand them.

INTEMPERATE REMARKS.—"If I had been there I would have blown the scoundrel to atoms if I had had a pistol," said Rev. R. H. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in speaking of the attempt upon the life of President McKinley. At the Westminster Presbyterian Church in New York Rev. John Lloyd Lee said: "The only way now at hand is to lynch him on the spot." The Rev. Dr. Talmadge said: "I wish with all my heart that the policemen who arrested Czolgosz had, with the butt end of that pistol, dashed his life out."

These expressions, which we find reported in the "Catholic Universe," and followed by some very appropriate comments, would indicate that the reverend gentlemen who made use of them are somewhat inclined to anarchy. Certainly they preach very anti-Christian ideas. We are perfectly willing to concede their indignation, their abhorrence of the crime committed, their detestation of the deed, their wrath against the criminal, their patriotic anger in presence of such a national calamity as the cold-blooded murder of the late President; but all that does not justify a preacher of the Gospel; one who claims to follow the precepts and spirit of Christ, in bidding defiance to the law, and advocating

against the criminal the same principles upon which he acted, or claimed to have acted, in perpetrating his crime.

No person, at least no law-abiding citizen, would wish to see the murderer of President McKinley receive the slightest mercy, or consideration. He has done that which merits the severest punishment that the law can inflict. Human justice has been outraged by his act, and to that justice he owes whatever satisfaction his miserable life can afford. But it is the law that must punish him, not any individual—no matter how deeply the latter may feel in the matter. We are in perfect accord with our contemporary when it argues thus:—

"Talk like the foregoing is the very essence of anarchy. If it is right for one preacher to lynch men and another to blow their brains out, in what do they differ from Czolgosz? If it is right for ministers of the Gospel to follow the impulse of passion or personal opinion in the correction of crime, why is it not equally right for anyone else following his personal ideas to go out on the highways and do the same? It is evident that these reverend gentlemen know little about moral theology or perhaps care less."

PROTESTANTISM IN ROME.

A Roman Catholic correspondent of the "Guardian," has written a lengthy letter, reproduced in several of our exchanges, upon the subject of "Protestantism in Rome," and the "Strength of the Protestant Movement and of the Catholic Persistence to it." This is a subject upon which we would be very glad to receive exact information. To a certain degree we are at the mercy of the correspondents, since they are on the ground, have the opportunity of observing at short range the current events, and are supposed to supply their respective organs with fairly accurate statements. It would be well, however, if such writers as the "Guardian's" correspondent were to re-read their copy and rearrange their facts. At least, such a course would be conducive to a better understanding of their letters. In the letter before us we read:—

"The ostensible statistics do not certainly appear to warrant any alarm—thirty years ago there were 20,000 Protestants in Italy; the last census shows 50,000, and this includes the (not inconsiderable) number of English and other resident Protestants. In the 40,000,000 of the population there are in any case not a quarter of a million who profess a religion other than the Catholic."

Now this would not indicate any alarming advance made by Protestantism in Rome, or in Italy. Yet in the next paragraph we are told that the Society for the Preservation of the Faith has, within three years, withdrawn over 2,000 children from Protestant influence, and that:—

"The whole population of Rome is only 430,000. It will be seen, then, that the strides of Protestantism have been giant strides. The Society for the Preservation of the Faith proposes to meet the need in the way above indicated; not schools only, but recreation grounds, even money subsidies, must be provided, while Irish, American and English religious of both sexes have been especially pressed into the work, thus opposing English-speaking Catholics as a bulwark against the ravages of their Protestant fellow countrymen."

PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS.

On the 20th August last the now famous Pan-Celtic Congress was held in Dublin. The Mayor of the Irish capital had extended the hospitality of the city to the members of this congress. It was clear that it meant a gathering of the representatives of every branch of the Celtic race. In fact, the Irish section, considering that this first assembly was held in Ireland, was the least fully represented. There were Scotch, Welsh, Breton, and Manx delegates present. Decidedly it was a meeting that should have important results for the revival of the ancient languages, literatures, customs, and pastimes

of the Celtic race. The Cork "Examiner," commenting on the work of the Congress, said:—

"Some superior persons may sneer at the attitude of the congress towards other questions, but the Pan-Celtic movement will not be checked by any small cavillings of that kind. Movements either social or political are always in their early struggles subject to the sarcasm and jibes of hostile and sceptical observers. But if a movement have in it a heart of sincerity and earnestness it is not to be killed by ridicule. Certainly this Pan-Celtic movement is very far from being killed by the shafts of scorn. The Gaelic revival is one of the great and unquestionable facts of our later days. Ten years ago study of the Gaelic language and literature was still mainly an academic business, and the sports and pastimes of the ancient race were known only through the fixtures of the Gaelic Athletic Association. To-day the study of Gaelic language and literature is part of the ordinary educational work of the national schools of the country. What seemed at one time to be the harmless fad of a comparatively small section of the community has become an important and a cherished part of the daily national life. The Pan-Celtic congress should bring home to the minds of all Irishmen the great importance of this movement, and the fact that it is not confined to a country or to a province, but embraces the inhabitants of many lands. The study of the Gaelic language and literature and of all things pertaining to the golden days of Irish history must receive a very decided stimulus from this representative and many-sided congress. The future of the Gaelic movement seems to be assured."

DUTY OF CATHOLICS.

While the conditions here and in England are somewhat different, still there is much in connection with public life, especially as regards Catholics, that finds equal application in both lands. In this sense do we find that a recent article, which Rev. W. E. Brown, M.L.S.B., contributed to the "Franciscan Annals," applies to our country, and above all to the Irish Catholic element in this province. In his article the Rev. Father seeks to induce Catholics, who have the ability and the time, to come forward and offer themselves for election to municipal bodies. At all events, we take the following extract from that contribution, leaving to our readers the easy task of judging in how far the remarks therein fit the situation in which we find ourselves placed in Canada. Father Brown writes:—

"The public service for the public good" is perhaps a somewhat trite axiom, but it affirms a very important truth. No community can be well governed unless men of high aims and upright life undertake the work of controlling its affairs. If such men hold aloof from public life, sooner or later corruption will steal into the Council Chamber, and a general lowering tone will be the result. This has been proved times without number in recent years, especially in public bodies which do their work in secret and escape even the limited check that a press report can put upon their proceedings.

Secret commissions, jobbery in appointments, screening backsliders, coercing men in authority, are some of the disgraceful practices that have prevailed in the local authorities entrusted with many important responsibilities. No doubt, while human nature remains what it is such malpractices will always find some place in public bodies, but they will be reduced to a very small minimum if men of high principles and good life can be induced to take up the burden of public service. Unfortunately, Catholics in many parts of the country have shown a marked disposition to leave local government to others, and in some cases have argued that any works not directly connected with religion have no claim upon Catholic men and women. I know well that there are many works to be undertaken for the good of religion which cannot be carried on for the want of workers, and that, as we are a small minority, we cannot be expected to sacrifice our own interests for the welfare of the community at large. But I cannot close my eyes to the fact that Catholic interests are bound up in many ways with local government, and that, even where no such interests are involved, it is a matter of honest administration of the powers entrusted by Parliament to local authorities. Besides, in the main, the people who are active and industrious are the people to whom you may turn with confidence when work has to be done, and many important Catholic undertakings owe their success in a great measure to men and women who are engaged in public work. Did anyone ever get a prompt reply to an important letter from the man who has abundant leisure? So much for general principles.

As to the details they are of a local nature and do not apply to conditions in this country.

A HINT.—We would remind our subscribers that the most effective way in which they can assist the "True Witness" is to patronize its advertisers. There are some people who seem to have an idea that Catholic newspapers are a poor medium for advertisers to reach the masses. If our readers would help us we would succeed in convincing that class that they are laboring under a delusion. Mention the name of the "True Witness" when making your purchases.

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# A SACRIFICE.

The moon had risen behind the mountains and shone brightly down into the valley. In its clear light the ice-topped mountains shimmered above the snows that clung to them lower down.

A delicious quiet filled forest and field, broken only by the rhythmic murmur of the mountain stream, singing in a thousand varying melodies its old yet ever new song.

Nearly every light in the village was out. In the window of one house, standing a little back from the road, the anxious housewife, however, had placed a lamp, which sent out its feebly guiding ray.

On the bench outside of the house a twelve-year-old girl was sitting—the only child of the house. The cool wind dishevelled her blonde hair and blew it over her face, so that she pushed it back every now and then impatiently. The child was listening anxiously.

"Now I believe I hear something," she whispered excitedly to a dark-robed woman who stood in the doorway, and then both listened again.

From away off came the sound of a harsh voice singing in discordant snatches.

"It's he," burst out the child, as she sprang to her feet. "You go to bed, mother dear; he's terrible to-night—I can tell it."

"No, Louise," answered the woman in a tiresome tone, "I am used to the misery and I must stay. Who knows what might happen if I didn't? Many a man like him has set fire to himself and to the house, not knowing what he was doing. But you get into your chamber. Quick, quick!" she urged, as she saw a reeling figure approach the garden fence.

She kissed the little girl hastily and pushed her into the house toward the stairs. Then she went to meet the drunken man and took hold of his arm.

There was a look of scorn in her still handsome face as she tried to get him to let go the fence, to which he was clinging.

"Are you here, Anna?" he muttered, thickly. "That's sensible of you—no, it isn't sensible—it is some of your cursed spying. I know you, Anna. You're a hypocrite—that's what you are, and you don't want a poor man to have any fun—not a thing—not a thing—would you leave me I know not?"

Silently she led the staggering man into the house. Here, as if filled with disgust, she suddenly let go of him, and he reeled backward and fell on to the bench.

"What's come over you that you treat me like that?" he cried, angrily, and struck at her with his clenched fist. But she dodged deftly.

"To you want to go to bed, or do you want to sit there all night?" she asked, and her black eyes glittered in her pale face.

"I want to go to bed," he hiccupped, defiantly. Again the woman supported him, helped him into the chamber, and into his bed. In a moment he was breathing loudly and sunken into a drunken stupor. The woman stood by the bed and looked down at him with burning eyes.

"And that is the man I loved once! I put down my hands for him to walk on, and this is the thanks for it. All she pulled up her sleeves and looked at the blue and black marks on her arms. He beats me like a dog. Oh, if I were only dead and buried," she sobbed.

"No, mother," a small voice spoke up, and two soft arms crept around the neck of the unhappy woman. "You must not die, what would I do without you?"

Anna pressed her child to her bosom and covered the little face with kisses.

"You, dear, you are my only consolation, my dear, dear darling. No, I will not die as long as you need me. Our Lord may give me the strength to live on through all this misery."

"He will help, mother," whispered Louise, and gently stroked her mother's thick cheeks.

"Do you think so?" she asked bitterly. "I believe He has long since forgotten me. I have prayed and pleaded so long, but it has done no good."

"O mother," answered the child, with a quivering voice, as she leaned her face against that of her desolate mother, "we must not say that."

"You are right, my darling. And I do not mean it just that way either. But sometimes I feel as though I could stand it no longer, and I must get up and run away over the hills—just to get away, away, where I can no longer hear the wails, the noise, and disgrace."

"I'll go with you, mother," said the girl, decidedly. Then suddenly she stopped, and added slowly, "No, that will not do. Who will take care of poor father then? He would be all alone."

"Then both of us must stay, I suppose," the mother answered, with a wan smile. "And now hurry and get to bed. It is very late. Good night, my good little girl."

Louise ran up the stairs to her little bedroom, and the woman turned to her own bed, which stood beside her husband's.

The lamp had gone out. But the moonlight lay silver and brilliant on the chamber floor and fell on the reclusive figure on the bed. With open mouth, swollen red face, thick and labored of breath, thus was she sleeping whom Anna had once promised to love, honor, and obey. She saw him still as he had been when he first won her love—a bright, pleasant young man with a handsome face—and now, O heaven, what a change!

She shuddered. With unconquerable aversion she turned from him, took a pillow and some bed clothes

his work and everything was going to ruin on the place, for no matter how hard Louise and her mother might work, the strength of a man was lacking on the little farm.

When the family was at dinner the next day Louise refused everything again except bread and water.

"What is the matter, child?" the mother asked, anxiously. "See how pale you are. Are you sick?"

"No, mother, do not worry yourself. Nothing is wrong with me."

"What nonsense is this!" her father exclaimed, angrily. "If you are well, eat."

"I may not, father."

"Is that so? I'd like to know why! Who is forbidding you?" the man asked, sarcastically.

"Then the child rose and stood in front of her father. Fearless and unshowered her blue eyes looked at him.

"I may not," she said. In a low voice, "because I have promised our dear Lord that as long as you come home at night—you know how, father—and swear, and make my poor mother cry, I am going to eat nothing but bread and water. I want to suffer, so God will not punish you."

The silence of death was in the room. Anna covered her face with both hands. Florian looked fixedly down in front of him upon the table. His face became dark red, and then he suddenly threw down his spoon, rose, and left the house.

Louise looked after him through the window. Then she ran back to her mother, and threw her arms around her neck.

"He has the rakes," she cried, "he is going to make hay."

And not only that, but Florian stayed at home that evening, too.

His little daughter, who was most hungry by this time, ate heartily. Florian watched her slyly, but he said nothing.

(Continued on Page Seven.)

## Our Boys and Girls.

### A CHILD'S PETITION.

She stole into the church alone  
A little child with wondrous eyes;  
And smiling, dimpled face,  
"I come to see you, dearest Lord,  
Sweet Jesus, are you here?  
Ah! yes, the light is burning bright,  
I know that you are near.

"I'm glad that we are all alone  
Because I want to bring  
A letter to your Sacred Heart  
'To ask for everything.

"Now, if some older people saw  
My write this little letter,  
They'd take it, maybe from my hand  
And try to make it better.

"But no one saw me write it, Lord;  
I think it's written right;  
And you won't mind if it's spelt  
Because it's clean and white.

"I'd drop it in your treasure box,  
And kiss it so 'twill speed  
Right up to heaven to your Heart,  
To ask for all we need.

"And then, to make it very sure,  
I'll say a decade too,  
To forward quick this little note  
I wrote, dear Lord, to you."

### HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.—His Excellency Earl Beauchamp, the Governor of New South Wales, in an interesting speech to the children of a Catholic school at Goulburn, said he knew that every school boy and school girl wished to obtain a prize at the end of the year, and showed how to win it. His Excellency's advice is timely and memorable. He said: "Well, now you will be sure to win a prize if you just observe how the word 'prize' is spelled. P is for punctuality; be always punctual; never absent yourself a day from school. I is for industry; be ever industrious; work hard at your lessons. Z is for zeal; if you are zealous in the discharge of your school duties you are certain to succeed. Lastly, E is for earnestness. When one works earnestly throughout the year, one deserves a prize."

### LITTLE SOLDIER SAINT.—In the year 1568 there lived in the sunny land of Italy a noble of high degree, a prince of the Roman Empire, the Marquis of Gonzaga.

Wars and rumors of wars disturbed the peace of the patricians. The eldest son of the Marquis, a bright, winsome little lad of four summers, was his father's pride and joy.

"My son," thought the prince, who had been appointed to the command of the Italian army, "shall aid luster to the glories of our princely house; he shall become a valiant soldier."

The Marchioness at that moment was engaged in teaching her little son greetings to her sweet Mother, Mary.

"Aloysius, my son, you will always be a faithful child of God, and our Lady. Remember, my child, true piety is far more precious than a king's crown."

Aloysius, with an expression of grave determination on his childish face, promised ever to remain a loving child of God.

The father entered at that moment. "What! Aloysius on his knees again! Martha, we do not intend to make a monk of our boy, but a chivalrous knight, whose valiant deeds will add new luster to the honored name of Gonzaga. Come hither, boy, wouldst thou have a beautiful sword?"

"O yes, yes, father!" exclaimed the eager child, his dark eyes flashing.

"They shall be thine," Martha, I will take the boy to camp with me on the morrow."

"My Lord," answered the mother, "that cannot be the intention. The child's age and health are far too delicate."

"Thou art over anxious about him, my dearest. Exercise, fresh

air, and excitement will brace him up. He's a Gonzaga, and must not be a carpet knight. Thou wilt be surprised at the change camp training will bring about in that puny boy."

Despite the mother's tearful entreaties, the young Aloysius was borne off in triumph by his warrior father. How the heart of the fond mother bled! Her innocent boy exposed to the influences of camp life.

Meantime the youthful soldier was arrayed in rich uniform as captain of the Fifth Division of the grand army. He rode proudly at the head of his men, on a milk white pony, grasping in his tiny hand his loved sword.

The little prince was the pet and plighting, not only of his own division, but of the whole army.

As time wore on, the sweet hymns to Jesus and Mary lost somewhat of their charms for Aloysius; martial strains were so much more stirring. The memory of the teachings of his devoted mother waxed dim in the whirl of the excitement of his new surroundings. The proud father became daily more certain that his son was destined to be a world-renowned warrior. Certainly his tastes were quite warlike. Nothing made the lad happier than the roar of the cannon, and the clashing of swords. Very hard for the active little soldier was the daily siesta, or afternoon nap, common in tropical climates.

(In one occasion, after all had retired, young Aloysius came forth from his tent in search of some amusement. Suddenly a large, new cannon caught his eye. "Ah! here's the cannon for my mother and what a beauty! Would it not be grand to load and fire it off all by myself? I'll try it."

Away he sped. The cannon indeed was there—but the powder—Aloysius started in a moment—"I have it!" he cried joyfully, and off he ran, light and feet as the wind; in and out of the tent he fitted, helping himself quite generously to the soldiers' stock of powder.

The cannon was not easily supplied, but Aloysius was determined and persevering. At length the cannon was filled, and with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes, he proceeded to light the powder. The great cannon went off with a terrible roar, and had not the angel of the young cannoner, at sweet Mother's bidding, rushed in and snatched the boy, he would inevitably have been crushed.

As the hoarse bray of the cannon woke the echoes, soldiers and chiefs started from their slumbers. "The powder for the arsenal!" shouted the leaders, and such hurrying and stirring, and bustle of preparation, as went on in the panic-stricken camp, Aloysius had never before witnessed but, he enjoyed it fully.

"The boy," the young Marquis called out to the commander-in-chief.

"Ah! my lord, hasten, the noble father is anxious for thy safety," said an adjutant riding up, and taking the boy on his charger he dashed forward to the commander's quarters.

"My God, can the dastardly enemy have harmed my son? His face is blackened with powder and scorched. Speak, Aloysius, sharp on the soldiers. 'Art thou wounded, my boy?'"

"No, my father, I think the powder made me black."

"Well, father, I was not sleepy, and my eyes wouldn't shut. I saw my cannon, and I just stuffed it full of powder, and it went off so grand, and frightened you all!" and the little fellow clapped his hands glee-fully.

A ringing shout of applause greeted these words. "The young prince was trying the cannon while we slept," passed from mouth to mouth. There was no end of cheering while the child smiled and blushed, but still he looked rather crestfallen, for his face remained stern and severe. Noting the general frown, the soldiers ceased being so vociferous in their admiration.

"Where did my son procure the powder?" asked the Marquis severely.

"From the soldiers."

"Was it your powder?" asked the prince, sternly.

"No, my father, but I left some, and my cannon's mouth was so large, I needed it all to fill it."

"I see, but if the powder belonged to you, sirrah, answer!"

"I suppose it belonged to some of my soldiers, but I thought they would lend it to me. After a while I will buy them some more, and he held up his little blackened face, and smiled sweetly at his stern parent.

"What are those called who take other people's property?" demanded the father curtly.

"It was not property, my father, it was powder," lisped the little cannoner.

"But it was not yours, and now what has my son become—a thief, or a thief in the sight of the whole army?"

"To-day you take the soldiers' powder, to-morrow you will most likely take something else."

"No, no, father, I never want anything but powder," and here the young captain covered his tearful face with his blackened hands, which action did not improve his appearance.

"General," continued the stern father, "the captain of the Fifth Division is hereby degraded and must be flogged."

Poor Aloysius, and that wicked cannon that made him do it.

The General bowed and was about to arrest the little culprit in due form, when up rushed the "Fifth" at double quick, caught up their little robbing captain, and dashed off with him, while an adjutant, with a very determined air explained that the "Fifth" would never submit to the disgrace of their beloved little captain, who by his bold act had proved himself greater hero than Hannibal or Scipio.

The Marquis frowned and spoke of subordination, but still it was evident that he was proud of the little fellow's dash and bravery, and touched by the devotion of his men, willing them to keep a more watch-

ful eye on their rash young captain, he dismissed them.

That evening there was high merriment in the camp, the daring bravery of the little prince won the admiration of all, but the Marquis was gloomy. Had he not been in the greatest danger of losing his darling boy? Yes, lady Martha was right, the child was too young for the dangers and turmoil of camp life. He would send him home again without delay; it would be a relief to the Marchioness, and a benefit to the child. Accordingly, Aloysius' military career came to a sudden end. With what joy and gratitude did not the anxious mother clasp him to her heart, and how fervently she thanked God, who had delivered him from surrounding dangers which would surely have endangered his innocence and piety.

Indeed, the child was, even in this short space of time, much changed, and that not for the better. Some days after his arrival at the castle something thwarted him, and to emphasize his displeasure he uttered vile expressions. His mother was horror-stricken. Calling the boy to her, she told him with tears, how much that sinful exclamation had displeased the good God, and wounded her heart.

"But why, mother mine?" inquired the child, as he fondly kissed her tear-stained cheek. "All the soldiers of the 'Fifth'—my soldiers—you know—say that all the time, and everybody laughed and like it, and so I learned it too."

His pious mother now explained how wicked such expressions are, and how the good God forbids their use. She also referred to the great fact he had committed by appropriating the soldiers' powder, and how the dear God and Our Lady had preserved him from death at the very moment he was breaking the divine commandments.

The little boy was shocked; he seemed lost in thought, then suddenly raising his head, he exclaimed: "Mama mia, mama mia, I will never, never be a soldier any more. I will stay at home with thee and read beautiful hymns and prayers, and become a very good child of God."

He became a great saint, the patron of youth, and the only saint on the dazzling whiteness of his baptismal robe were those made by the repetition of some vile expressions which he did not understand. He became a soldier of the cross, and the laurels he won will bloom forever in the land of the blessed.

### PATRON OF ALTAR BOYS.—On the last day of August the feast of a staunch little hero, St. Dominic de Val, who suffered martyrdom at the age of 7 years was celebrated.

He was born in Saragossa, Spain, in the year 1248, about ten years after the canonization of the great St. Dominic de Guzman, and in whose honor he was named. He was remarkable for the devout manner in which he served at the altar, and he is venerated as the special patron of altar boys and choristers.

On Holy Thursday of the year 1250, little Dominic was passing from out the cathedral of his native city when he was seized by an infuriated mob of Jews and was nailed to the very walls of the cathedral. His heart was pierced with a dagger as did his Master, and the Jews of frenzied Jews. His body was taken down and cast into the river Ebro. An unusual splendor played on the spot where the body lay. Many miracles were wrought by his interces-

### BABY IN THE HOME.

#### A Joy and Treasure When Good Nourished and Healthy.

All children in every home in the country need at some time or other a medicine such as Baby's Own Tablets, and this famous remedy has cured many a serious illness and saved many a little life. Mothers insist upon having it because it contains no opium or harmful drugs. It is purely vegetable, sweet and pleasant to take and prompt in its effect.

For simple fevers, colic, diarrhoea, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth and indigestion, Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure. In fact, in almost any disorder common to children these tablets should be given at once and relief may be promptly looked for.

Never give the babies so-called soothing medicines which simply put them into an unnatural sleep. These tablets are natural, sweet, pleasant to take and prompt in their effect. In water, they will be taken readily by the smallest infant.

Mrs. John McEwan, Bathurst village, N.B., writes: "My baby was almost constantly troubled with colic before I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, but since giving them to him he has not since suffered. Every mother should keep these tablets always at hand."

They cost 25 cents a box. You can find them at your druggists or, if they do not, forward the money direct to us and we will send the tablets prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

A girl named plain "Mary" at her birth dropped the "y" when she grew up and became Miss May. As she began to shine in a social way she changed the "y" to "e" and signed her letters "Mae." About a year ago she was married, and now she has dropped the "e" and it's just plain "Ma." That's evolution.

Charles Kingsley thus counselled to a friend:—"Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it. If possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made no happier or a little better this day.' You will find me easier than you think, and pleasant."

## Society Directory.

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

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY**—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1893, revised 1894. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vicar, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vicar, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

**LADIES' AUXILIARY** to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Mrs. Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Miss Annie Donovan; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Lyle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Nora Kavanagh, 155 Inspector Street; Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 307 1/2 Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

**A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2**—Meets in lower Vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2329; Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 513 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Gelfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

**A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3**, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: President, M. McCarthy, M.P.; President, Fred. J. Devlin, Vice-Secretary, 1528E Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; Fennell, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY**—Organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. B. Strubbe, C.S.B.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League—J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

**ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY**—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary; 715 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

**C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANOE 26**—(Organized, 13th November, 1888.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, By-Clerk; President, P. J. McDonagh; Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

**ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY**, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, J. J. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. P. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street. M. L. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

**GRAND TRUNK**  
**THE INTERNATIONAL LIMITED**  
Leave Montreal daily at 9 a.m., reaching Toronto at 4 p.m., and 10 p.m., London 7.30 p.m., Detroit 9.45 p.m. (Central time), and Chicago at 7.30 following morning.

**FAST SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.**  
Fast train leaves Montreal daily, except Sunday at 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., arriving at Ottawa at 1.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. Return train leaves Ottawa at 7.45 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 1.15 p.m. daily.

**CITY TICKET OFFICES,**  
187 St. James Street and Esplanade Station.

**SAVE YOUR SWEET SAGE.**  
The sweet sage is a very valuable herb and is used in many of our best medicines. It is also used in the preparation of many of our perfumes and cosmetics. It is a very good herb to have in your garden, and it is very easy to grow.

## MISSISSIPPI

St. Anthony's Court, C. O. F. meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Selbourne and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

At a certain principal station of the Korokoro, is situated a small house, the roof of which is made of the bark of the tree. Three times a week these people go to the school to receive instruction in the principles of the religion. At ordinary times the children are not allowed to play in the streets, but they are allowed to play in the school grounds. The children are very obedient and well behaved. They are very fond of their school and their teachers.

For a long time the children had been awaiting with eagerness the arrival of the health officer. The point of being pregnant was very deep. The children were very fond of their school and their teachers. They were very obedient and well behaved. They were very fond of their school and their teachers.

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MISSIONS IN BASUTOLAND.

Saint Joseph's, Korokoro, and Massabielle are two missions in Basutoland. The whole Prefecture Apostolic as yet numbers only some ten stations with resident missionaries.

At a certain distance from the principal station of Saint Joseph of Korokoro is situated the mission of Massabielle, prettily perched at the foot of an arid mountain and emerging like an islet of green sward above the ravines surrounding it.

This year the close of the Lenten retreat took place on Passion Sunday. We had prepared some half score of adults and children for First Communion, and thirty catechumens for Baptism.

The chapel was decorated with banners and garlands, but alas! the Catholics alone suffice to fill it, whilst the 3,000 Pagans and Protestants, who had come to the festival, could observe from outside only the Holy Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

The procession starts, conducting the future Christians, garbed in white, to the place where they are about to be born again to God and to His Holy Church.

At the middle of the mission enclosure stands a simple altar, surrounded with Venetian masks linked to each other with white wreaths, and bearing aloft the banners of our Lord and His Immaculate Mother.

The enthusiastic singing of the congregation ceases for a short time, and after a stirring discourse, from Father Biard, the exorcisms are begun. The Pagans follow all with much attention; they do not understand, indeed, what is going on.

The budding together in our workhouses of the various persons who become inmates either voluntarily or through necessity, produces an amount of irregularity, degradation, and absence that is simply appalling.

The absence of goodness are encouraged, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of solicitude and above the highest mark of contempt.

tion to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin, and this is followed by the renewal of the baptismal promises, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A few days later, on Wednesday in Holy Week, the retreat began at Korokoro. At each exercise the church, measuring 90 ft. by 25 ft., was filled, and the blacks are not shy, I would have defied you to find a single place more. Like their brethren at Massabielle, they listen to the missionary with the most religious attention.

On Maunday Thursday the service began at six o'clock. After Mass, those in retreat take turns in watching before the Most Holy Sacrament. Our Lord sees pass before him all the Christian villages of mountain and plain. He hears the prayers of these souls, and delights to load the children, keeps a dispensary and distributes remedies to the sick.

At length behold great Easter Day! A beautiful sky, hence a beautiful celebration. All faces beamed with joy. At Massabielle we reckoned about 3,000 Pagans who came to witness the ceremonies of the Romans; here, there were more than twice as many, led by a score of chiefs who are desirous of one day seeing a priest settled amongst them.

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night, went down on his knees, said that was the only power on earth that could have him and if I did not consent to become his wife he would fill a drunkard's grave.

A SACRIFICE.

(Continued from Page Six.)

What, his poor child meant to go hungry like a dog on his account? That must not be. Her health, in the end, perhaps, her life, would be on his conscience.

And how she did try now to please her father, to entertain him, telling him all sorts of things that happened at school, giving him riddles to guess, playing back with him, and so on.

"God be with you here!" he called out, and lifted his hand. Anna acknowledged the greeting with a barely noticeable nod, helped Louise clear the table, and then went into the kitchen with Louise.

"I don't have to ask anybody's permission," answered Florian, angrily. "I think I am still master of my own house, and for that matter it would be her way to make me do the mending."

"The two in the kitchen listened anxiously. They heard Florian's slam door in the hall, then the outer door slammed, and he was gone.

"Oh, mother," she called out in a trembling voice, and began to cry. "Are there really people so bad that they try to make others suffer?"

"Serve him right," thought her mother, but aloud she only said coldly: "Maybe so."

It was very late at night when the heavy step of the drunken man came up the walk, and his rain-soaked hat, pressed down over his forehead, the eyes looked sullen and ugly.

After a little while Anna came down to the kitchen to get some water, and Florian tipped up to her. "Anna," he said timidly, "how is she?"

She looked at him with glowing, forbidding eyes, from head to foot, and then turned her back on him and left him standing there.

When day dawned he could stand it no longer. In his bare feet he crept up to Louise's chamber. On account of the heat the door was half open. In the gray light Florian saw his wife lying on the bed, fully dressed, holding the sleeping child in the heart of the watcher.

"He is still sleeping soundly, mother, but when he gets up I'll go up to my chamber, shouldn't I?" "No," said Anna's voice unyieldingly. "You'll stay here."

"Mother, please let me go. I wouldn't like to have father see me." "You heard what I said," said the mother.

"If the poor little thing afraid of me," the man listening thought of himself. "I will show her that in all her life she never need be afraid of me again."

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tive; Louise, the light of the house, smiling, cheerful, the consolation and the pride of her parents.

Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement.

Business Cards.

M. SHARKEY, Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Palms

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street, Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter

DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK

T. F. TRIHEY, Real Estate, Money to Loan on City Property and Improved Farms

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FRANK J. CURRAN, B. A., B. C. L., ADVOCATE, SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS

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