

The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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MATTERS OF MOMENT

The Music of the Cathedral—A School Suggested—Immigration—What Canada Needs.

A communication in another part of this week's issue gives a detailed account of, and pays a well merited compliment to the music of the Cathedral and its efficient director, Mr. James Dickinson, Mus.Doc. The communication is somewhat lengthy, but as the writer treats his subject ably and interestingly we make no apology for publishing in full. The music of our churches has for the people of Toronto, always been something that occupied their attention and a considerable amount of thought, and since the publication of the "Motu Proprio" of His Holiness, the subject has taken on fresh interest. Toronto is par excellence the musical centre of Canada on general claims. She has larger and better known musical organizations than any of the sister cities. Toronto, too, has the privilege of hearing the best of musical artists that visit the Continent and these sources together with the knowledge diffused by our colleges and schools, have given a general musical atmosphere to the Queen City and its people.

There are, however, many different classes and styles of music and the student and admirer of one or more of these is not always the student and admirer of all others. Music may be followed from the popular rag-time on through the gamut of concert, operatic and oratorio, ending with the music of the Church, which when properly interpreted, is as it should be, the keystone in the musical portion of this terrestrial sphere. And the music of the Church is apart and a class by itself which requires and is deserving of the fullest appreciation and study.

Church music in Toronto has gone through many vicissitudes. There are those who tell us that despite our opportunities the close of the 19th century and the beginning of the present cycle, heard nothing equal to the beauty and grandeur of the music as sung in the Cathedral and St. Basil's fifty years ago. The decade or so preceding the publication of the "Motu Proprio" in all probability saw the zenith of the knowledge and interpretations of our choirs in the matter of florid, or what are commonly called musical Masses. The declaration of the Holy Father for a revival of Plain Chant and general liturgical music, together with the expressed wish of the Archbishop of the Archdiocese, that the "Motu Proprio" should be conformed to where possible, caused a positive and marked change in the constitution and work of our choirs. This change is still in progress, the period of transition is not yet passed, and in a few instances the initial stage of change is not yet attained.

To the credit of the choirs it must be told that the change was begun in the spirit which made for good results in so far as circumstances permitted. Besides the Cathedral, every church in the city may be pointed to as having produced results in the direction aimed, and several of the parishes might be mentioned with the Cathedral for congratulations on results. Regarding the training of the boys, St. Mary's undoubtedly stands first.

Despite all this, however, there is room for the suggestion that there is yet an immense field unexplored by many, even those filled with the best intentions possible. What we learn from outside sources of the possibilities of Plain Chant and kindred music, teaches us that there is yet much to be done before we attain a plane that may be thought desirable. The Cathedral, as presented by our correspondent and also by the commendation given by His Grace the Archbishop, when on Sunday last he expressed his approval of the music given during the year, has attained a certain degree, and that a high one, along the road to a dignified and intelligent interpretation of the music of the Church as outlined by the "Motu Proprio." Would it not be possible for like results throughout the diocese?

Why not inaugurate a school for the special study of liturgical music? And why not the Cathedral take the initiative? St. Michael's is already in possession of a musical organization having the "Motu Proprio" as its primary inspiration. Its work, however, is largely parochial. What we have in mind is a school to meet perhaps weekly, the members of which would be, organists, directors, choirists, and those interested in carrying out to the best possible point the spirit and letter of the wishes of His Holiness in the matter of the music of the Church. Any organization of the character contemplated must have a head and the Cathedral with its competent musical director, Mr. Dickinson, is in good position for the venture. This does not mean an exclusion of the knowledge of all others, but rather would it mean a consensus of the forces, where the knowledge of the musicians of the city would be gathered and under proper pedagogical conditions would be best diffused and assimilated, making for a uniformity while leaving sufficient scope for originality, and a general resultant, that could not but tell and that beneficially, upon our music. Outsiders, too, might be invited with mutual benefits. Perhaps our musicians may be favorably impressed by our suggestion.

It would seem to be to the interests of the people of Canada and to the many from different countries who seek our shores, if a truer estimate

and understanding of conditions were more general than at present seems to maintain. For months past we have had those coming to us, who are altogether unfitted both by circumstances and training, to meet the exigencies and conditions that face them at the very moment of coming—exigencies and conditions of such a nature as to be intimidating at first sight, and if not coped with successfully will eventually prove overwhelming. Newspapers in the old lands have been criticizing the Dominion Government for the deceptive and misleading advertisements that have been the means of giving an impetus to the immigration during the year just past. This is scarcely fair, because on the face of the proposition it is evident that conditions under which the majority reach our shore, render their coming undesirable and often times burdensome, and no government would wish to foist such upon the country. The fault lies not with the government, but with the cupidity of self-seeking agents, and with the simplicity amounting to ignorance of many who fall within their reach.

There are at least two ways of looking at every question. The one under discussion may be viewed from the standpoint of the new-comer and from the point of those to whom he comes. The stranger coming to Canada is either set down in one of our large cities with one chance in a thousand of finding employment direct, or to be taken by an employer to some point near, or he is sent at once to begin on the distant farm or construction work of the railroad. In either case he faces new conditions, the hardships of which are intensified many times. Few, if any, who come to us, come prepared to face the austerities of our cold seasons. Work, even if obtained, is performed under new and heretofore untried physical conditions, and thus at the very start a bad impression is given. It would be well if all winter immigration were discontinued, for carried on as at present, it is not only ineffectual for good, but burdensome to the country and disastrous to the many who are the subjects of it.

It seems time too that a more detailed account of the country and its resources should be cast abroad. We have perhaps the grandest country physically speaking on the face of the globe. The natural resources, possibilities and immense areas still awaiting colonization are perhaps unequalled. Yet this does not mean that indiscriminate immigration is advisable. It should be recognized that the cities and towns for the most part are already supplied with a population enough for present needs, and that the only newcomers likely to succeed are those with capital or with expert experience along some particular line. Opportunity even for the latter class is limited, and for the majority to come to our cities or towns with the expectation of at once finding work and a livelihood, is a delusion that should be dispelled as soon as possible. The difficulties that Toronto has and is experiencing in order to be hospitable to the newcomers are manifold, and word from outside centres shows that the perplexities of the situation are felt elsewhere. What is wanted for Canada is a contingent consisting of men and women prepared to work on the farms and in the homes of the agricultural districts. Even here a special apprenticeship seems necessary. Farming in the old countries and in the new is something quite different, and the time to serve an initial term under happy auspices in Canada is not the winter season. To those inured and who understand the situation, farm-life in Canada is all right at any season, but for the new-comer the first experience, if encountered in the winter season, is not found to be palatable. The pitiable sight of the many who come to this country often penniless and without provision to meet the exigencies awaiting them, seems to point to the imprudence of undertaking a change of home without knowing all possible about the one for which exchange is being made. While Canada would wish her hospitality to be general, her resources all only for men and women of vitality and adaptability, who are not afraid of work, and even for those the spring and not the winter is the best for meeting their necessities with a view to best results.

Ordination at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.

On Saturday, Dec. 21st, at St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., His Lordship, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D.D., ordained three young men to the holy priesthood. Rev. Hubert Robert, of Chatham, Rev. Thomas Ford of Kingsbridge, Ont., and Rev. James Hogan of Lucknow, Ont. The newly ordained are for the Diocese of London. They made their classical and philosophical course at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont., finishing their theological course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. Each offered up his first Holy Mass Sunday, Dec. 22nd, in his respective parish. Fathers Ford and Hogan in the same church, St. Patrick's, Kingsbridge, whose pastor is Rev. M. McCormack. Father Ford was assisted at his Mass by Father McCormack, and Father John Hogan. Father Jas. Hogan was assisted by Father John Hogan, his brother priest, and Father McCormack. After the Masses Father McCormack, P.P., delivered an address of welcome to the young priests, to the parents words of appreciation of their love of Holy Church and their noble generosity; to the people he offered congratulations, their parish having the largest number ordained for the Diocese of London, thus encouraging others to the holy vocation. The newly-ordained are assisting temporarily at the Cathedral, London, Ont.

BACK TO ROME

Thinking Protestants Everywhere Are Turning Their Eyes Towards The Catholic Church.

(From the Western Watchman.)

"We must go back to the Catholic Church." This statement was publicly made by two of the most prominent Congregational ministers in New England last week. It was provoked by a movement designed to revive the Pilgrim spirit throughout the East by means of revivals. After weighing the matter long and dispassionately, these two ministers concluded that Protestantism was dead, and revival was no longer to be thought of. It was dead and decomposed, and its fetid carcass would never bear a "veni foras."

This conclusion must force itself on every thinking mind. There is no religious Protestantism left in the world. There is political Protestantism, and social Protestantism, and factional Protestantism in plenty; but as a form of religion it has disappeared completely, and the world will never know it again. A like conclusion is gradually forcing itself among thinking Anglicans and Episcopalians. Some of their leading organs have begun to agitate, not union with Rome, which was the shibboleth of High Churchism long ago, but submission to Rome. They openly declare that a crime was committed when the Papacy was rejected, and that the experience of three hundred years has only emphasized the blunder and strengthened the conviction of the crime. England has tried to be Catholic without the Pope; but she finds that the very keystone of the arch of her apostolicity is wanting without the primacy. The crown is no substitute for the tiara; and the State cannot supply the jurisdiction that was given to Peter and through him to the whole episcopal body. Anglicanism is falling to pieces, like the other divisions of Protestantism, and all its pretenses to Catholicity are becoming the hollowest mockery.

This result was foreseen by Catholics from the beginning; and the wonder has been that it did not come sooner. There can be no Christianity without the Catholic Church; and there can be no Catholic Church without a visible head. Russia and the whole Orthodox East will soon follow the Protestant West back to Rome. The sad experience of a state schismatic church in England has been duplicated in Russia, where the highest men in the episcopate feel that it is high time for the schism to come to an end. The road from Rome has always led to ruin; and the future of schism and heresy was never so overcast as now, at a time, too, when it would seem that the Papacy were never so powerless.

There is a providence in all this. The world was left to its own devices for four thousand years, that God might inculcate the lesson that without Him man can do nothing. It was an awful ordeal; the sight of humanity the first Christmas morning was calculated to evoke pity from the demons in hell. But it seems man could in no other way be taught the lesson of obedience.

What God is to the world that the Church is to Christianity. Without God man can do nothing; without the Church Christians can do nothing. And the Church is built on the Papacy. "Upon this rock I will build My Church." As it took forty centuries to inculcate the former truth, it may take many to demonstrate the latter. But it is a truth that must be taught at any cost. The work of our Lord must be maintained; the price of His blood shall not be wasted. The gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of Jesus Christ. That is the word of God, and that word shall not pass away. This conclusion has not yet dawned on the so-called Evangelicals; but their is scarcely a religion. Where it is not a profession, or a social caste, it is a philosophy. The Bible has ceased to be their rule of faith or the guide of their morals. They believe what they please and do what they please; and they insist that what they do and believe shall be the form of all men's doing and believing. They give themselves different names, but their spirit is always and everywhere the same. They are storm clouds, born of strife and confusion and freighted with the tempest. There is no taking account of them; they are necessary accompaniments of all religious society, and will disappear only when the curtain falls upon the stage of earthly life. Catholics must not think that because thinking Protestants are turning their eyes towards the Church their work is done. We must redouble our efforts to prove to them, not only that our faith is right, but that our morals are in keeping with our faith, and that seeing our fruits they may know what we are, and through us know the Church whose children we are.

Holy Name Men Save Member's Life

(From the Monitor, Newark.)

Frank Waters, a member of the Holy Name Society, of St. Lucy's Church, Jersey City, had a joyful Christmas which was shared by thirty fellow-members who had allowed physicians to cut healthy skin from their arms to heal the frightful burns on the young man's body. The display of fraternal devotion is a topic of conversation on all sides, and not a more pleased person concerned in the affair can be seen than Father H. J. Watterson, director of the society.

Waters was burned last Fourth of July by a premature explosion of fireworks. Up to a few weeks ago there appeared little hope for the young man. Then there was a decided

improvement in his condition and the physicians told the Rev. H. J. Watterson, first assistant pastor of St. Lucy's Church, that they would probably be able to make him whole by the skin grafting process. Such a vast amount of healthy cuticle was required, however, to cover the burned area that they hesitated to undertake the contract of getting a sufficient supply.

At the next meeting of the Holy Name Society Father Watterson told about 450 young men who were present about the condition of their fellow-member and asked how many would be willing to part with some skin to help Waters to recovery. To the delight of the priest, every person in the room volunteered to bare his arm to the surgeons' knife and promised to help themselves to all the cuticle they wanted.

Thirty young men, in blocks of five, at different times, surrendered five strips each, and the surgeons agreed that every inch of cuticle was of the very best.

It used to be the proud boast that a man would give the shirt off his back to a friend in need. This giddy Holy Name Society has gone a step further in generosity.

Rules for National Pilgrimage to Rome

Mgr. Bisleti, majordomo of the Vatican, has written a letter to Count D'Ursel, honorary president of the committee of Belgian pilgrimages. A synopsis of it will constitute a rough rule for national pilgrimages anxious to visit Rome for the celebrations of the Papal jubilee.

On account of the disturbed state of the times in Italy, the Holy Father, says Mgr. Bisleti is anxious that foreign pilgrimages keep away from the scenes of confusion. Instead of coming to Rome, those anxious to rejoice with the Pontiff in the fiftieth year of his priesthood ought, according to the wishes of Pius X., observe the event in the bosom of their own people, by working for the moral and material elevation of their brothers, gathered together in prayer and good works. This is the desire of the Holy Father, but he does not wish to coerce any body of Catholics to follow it.

It is, in spite of troubled times, they wish to visit Rome to take part in the jubilee festivities. His Holiness will give them a hearty welcome and bless them with all the benevolence of his heart. But before he can allow even this Pius X., in his solicitude for the peace and safety of his Catholic children, requires one important condition to be fulfilled. This is that the organizers and agents of foreign pilgrimages must take full measures to ensure respectful treatment and a tranquil sojourn to the pilgrims while they stay in Rome.

I may add here that Italy has suffered heavily from the absence of Catholic foreigners from coming to Rome this year. As most of Rome lives on the tourist—who, I must add, is often treated as if he had no idea of money, so heavily is he preyed upon—all classes in the city have felt his absence seriously. Hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, bakers, cabmen (many of whose horses are half-starved), wine-sellers, etc., all are complaining of the absence of the "forestieri," and rail bitterly against the rascality of the rabble of worthless outscourings who have made them and their families feel what want is when it really stares one in the face.

Mine Workers' Leader Enters True Fold

Some days ago, according to a press despatch from Indianapolis, a special delivery letter was handed to the wife of John Mitchell, the widely-known president of the United Mine Workers of America, at her modest home in Spring Valley, Ill., telling her that the wish of her life had been realized by the reception of her husband into the Catholic Church.

Mr. Mitchell, who has been in ill health for some time, recently underwent a serious operation. He was in Indianapolis attending the conference of the miners and operators, and was engaged in several long sessions at the Claypool Hotel. Friday afternoon, December 20, while addressing the conference at the Claypool, Mr. Mitchell was suddenly seized with an attack, and was taken to his room in the hotel. While his friends were hurrying for a doctor Mr. Mitchell said it was more important to get a priest, and at his request Rev. F. H. Gavis, of St. John's Church, was sent for. Father Gavis was not at the parochial house at the time, but Father Killian responded to the call. He was soon at the bedside of Mr. Mitchell, who was received into the Church and prepared for death. Mr. Mitchell asked Father Killian at once to notify his wife that he had received the rites of the Church.

In the afternoon Mr. Mitchell rallied from his attack, and his physicians expressed the hope that he would recover, but absolutely forbade him to undertake any work in connection with his duties as president of the Mine Workers. Complete rest, they say, is necessary if Mr. Mitchell is to become strong again. For many years Mr. Mitchell, whose wife is a Catholic, has been leaning towards the Catholic faith. During his previous illness he received some instructions, and announced his intentions of becoming a Catholic at an early date.

His Grace, Archbishop Duhamel assisted by Rev. Fathers Brunet, Lalonde and Guerton, officiated at a quiet ceremony recently when over twenty young ladies, including several Ottawans, were endowed with the holy habit of the Grey Nuns Community. The ceremony was held at the Mother House, on Water street.

SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

The World is Governed by Public Opinion—The Press Governs Opinion.

(From "Rome.")

The present number (December 7) of the "Civiltà Cattolica" contains an article which may well be numbered among the most interesting and important of those that have appeared in the great Jesuit review during the fifty-eight years of its existence. It is not a long article—it fills only sixteen pages of the "Civiltà"; it is not a profound article—any man or woman who can read a newspaper will be able to understand every word of it; it is not an article that reveals any truth hitherto concealed from thinkers—when you read it you recognize that the sixteen pages of it hardly contain a fact that you did not already know. There is not (at least on the surface) any special brilliancy about it—in fact, it leaves on you the (mistaken) impression that you could write as good an article yourself. It is called "The Omnipotence of Journalism," and it begins with the pregnant sentence: "The world is governed by public opinion, and this by journalism." Nine-tenths of those who read newspapers allow their editors to do their thinking for them, and, as the "Civiltà" writer concisely puts it, "in public life to-day there is no other criterion of truth, honesty, uprightness, justice, except that which is coined and administered by journalism."

In Catholic countries where Catholics have been alive to this truth, the Church and the cause of religion more than holds its own. The German Catholics have used the press to such good purpose that they have been able to form the great Centre Party, to put an end to the Kulturkampf, to send Bismarck to Canossa, to organize the people politically, socially, economically. "German Catholics," said Dr. Barth at the Catholic Congress of Ratisbon, "had with them a great gift from heaven as a harbinger of better days, of firm and faithful unity, of unwearied constancy in the struggle of defense and of supreme interests of the people and of humanity. This gift is the Catholic press, robust, skillful, aggressive. Both as to quality and quantity, it has developed until it has become a power in public life which cannot be ignored."

In the course of fifty years the number of newspapers resolutely Catholic has increased from five to six to nearly three hundred and thirty, and the subscribers, who after 1860 were not more than fifty or sixty thousand, divided among about a score of newspapers, have since then increased to hundreds of thousands and millions. The result is that the public opinion of German Catholics is respected in Germany.

In Belgium a Catholic Government has been in power for twenty-three years without a break. Why? In little Belgium, the most progressive country in the world, and at the same time noted for its splendid Catholic spirit, the Catholic newspapers, "National" and "Patriote," sell 170,000 copies every day between them; the "Nieuws van den Dag" sells 70,000 on week days and 80,000 on Sundays; the "Gazet van Antwerpen," 70,000; the "Pays Vallon," 35,000, and the weekly "Vlaming," 50,000.

France affords an example of the other side of the picture. France up to a couple of years ago was wonderfully rich in Catholic institutions of all kinds—except one. The whole country was covered with churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals, religious houses; French Catholics surpassed those of any other country (not excepting Germany) in the field of science and literature. Indeed, even now nearly all the best French writers and the most distinguished men of science in France are practicing Catholics. And yet we have seen with our own eyes a long series of hideous outrages perpetrated by law on the Catholic Church in France; we have seen an overwhelming majority of French Catholics going to the polls to vote the destruction of religion, and we are puzzled to account for this deplorable state of things. It is easy enough to account for it. Throughout the length and breadth of France there is only one great Catholic newspaper worthy of the name—"La Croix." Seventy years ago the great Montalembert borrowed 25,000 francs to save "L'Univers," the only Catholic newspaper on the continent of Europe, from death. He did more; he subscribed 1,000 francs a month to the funds of the paper; he gave his splendid pen to its service; he got his friends to do the same, but after a while he was obliged to confess: "I could not get a sou for the work—everybody was ready to give me advice, but nobody would give me money."

Forty years later M. Baudouin, president general of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, on December 11, 1877, wrote the following letter, which contained a terrible prophecy: "In my opinion, the great importance of the press is not sufficiently understood by the faithful. We are thinking about building churches, founding congregations, multiplying asylums for the orphans and the poor—all of them necessary. But we forget that besides all these needs there is one which, by the force of things, surpasses all the rest—that is the diffusion of the Catholic press. If the Catholic press is not sufficiently supported, encouraged, raised to the position it ought to occupy, the churches, if they be not burned, will be deserted, the congregations will be multiplied only to be driven out, and the charitable institutions and the schools themselves will be taken away from the religion that founded them." * * * The Catholics put at the head of all their works that of the press, as it is being done in Germany, if they devoted two or three millions of francs to

it every year, it is safe to say that everything would change at once and that the faith would spring up again in hundreds of thousands of intelligences."

Alas! Alas! What has happened in France will most certainly happen in Italy unless something is done. The "Corriere d'Italia," of Rome; the "Momento," of Turin; the "Avvenire d'Italia," of Bologna, are the only important Catholic newspapers in the whole of Italy. For every person that reads them there are fifty who are fed daily on the truculent anti-clericalism of papers like the "Messaggero," or who breathe the more subtle poison of organs like the "Giornale d'Italia." The whole Catholic world must have been shocked on learning a few weeks ago that Rome, the capital of the Christian universe, had fallen into the hands of anti-clericals. Many explanations of this fact have been advanced, but there is one fact which of itself suffices to explain the ugly phenomenon: There is only one Catholic newspaper in Rome, while there are half a dozen organs that avow more or less openly their hostility to the Church and the Holy See. Treating of Italian journalism, the writer in the "Civiltà" concludes: "If Catholic journalism is not developed, both in value and numbers, in such a way as to wrest from anti-clerical journalism the monopoly of public opinion, history will have to tell our grandchildren that in the twentieth century Italy was reduced so low as to become a mere tail-piece of Jacobin and decadent France."

The article in the "Civiltà" makes no reference to the influence of journalism upon Catholicism in English-speaking countries. The English press is almost unanimously anti-Catholic—of malice prepense; the American press not unfrequently shows a similar tendency—mainly through ignorance, and because its Catholic news from Europe comes to it mostly from tainted sources. In short, it may be affirmed that throughout the whole civilized world to-day the daily press, which makes public opinion, is useless, when it is not openly hostile to the Catholic religion. It would be absurd to put the blame of this on "the Church," but it would be idle to deny that wealthy and influential Catholics have not considered the matter sufficiently.

It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even possible, to have great Catholic dailies in the United States or in England, but, even short of this, a great deal might be done to reform the tone of the press in a Catholic sense. Whenever possible, there should be some Catholic shareholders in great newspapers and in great news agencies. Catholic readers should make themselves felt whenever their favorite newspaper shows a tendency to go wrong; Catholic advertisers should have nothing to do with journals that are ill-disposed to the Church. A great many other things might be done, but first of all the importance of the subject should be brought home to those who are able to influence the situation.

In past times everything that could influence the human mind was employed in the service of the Church and of religion—painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, poetry, philosophy. Even to-day we are making untold sacrifices to throw a religious influence around the education of the young. Is it not deplorable that we think so little of the perpetual, pervading, all-embracing influence of the daily press? Louis Veuillot used to say: "If I knew that the world was to end to-morrow, I would think first of all of getting out my paper, with the certainty that this last effort would not be useless."

Catholics Stoned in China

A despatch to the New York Herald from Havana, date of December 27, says:

In San Antonio de los Baños, Havana Province, is a society of freethinkers, which distributes Thomas Paine's works and anti-religious French literature of the eighteenth century. It publishes a newspaper combating especially the Catholic Church.

A Catholic procession was parading the streets yesterday with images of the Blessed Virgin and St. Antonio as patron of the town when freethinkers stopped it, stoning a priest and followers and shouting "Death to priests!" Down with the Catholic religion!

The Catholics, who, according to "El Mundo," numbered four thousand, were panic-stricken. But a few of them resisted, throwing stones at the assailants. An acolyte was struck on the head and seriously wounded. Three children in the procession were also injured. The freethinkers were dispersed by the police.

Ursuline Nuns' Golden Jubilee

Two Ursuline nuns, Mother Rose and Mother de Sales, celebrated their golden jubilee yesterday at the Ursuline convent at Bedford Park.

Mother de Sales was born in Berlin in 1837. Her father, William Tregow, was a confidential member of the suite of Princess Clementina, and his only daughter, Wilhelmina, spent her childhood at the Court of Vienna. Her parents were Lutherans, but at thirteen Mother de Sales became a Catholic. She is directress of the Bedford Park Academy, and one of the councillors of the order, and although past seventy, she continues her active work as a teacher.

Mother Rose, who was Matilda Heils, was born at Gratz seventy years ago. Her father, a lawyer, was a devout Catholic. She came to America with Wilhelmina Tregow. The two girls began their religious life together, and have worked side by side. Mother Rose is one of the most accomplished musicians in the Ursuline order.



EVER AGAIN.

I wish the kettle would sing again, Just as it used to do—

I wish the kettle would sing again, Just as it used to do.

I wish it would sing of war's alarms, The booming of cannon and clash of arms

I wish the kettle would sing again, Just as it used to do.

Prevent Disorder.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately.

PROVERBS.

Proverbs may be designated as multum in parvo. They contain boiled-down wisdom and the essence of experience.

He is a fair-weather friend. He is a friend at sneezing time—the most that can be got from him is, "God bless you."

He is better fed than bred.—Irish. He is idle that might be better employed.

He is truly great that hath great charity.—Thomas A. Kempis. He jeers at scars that never felt a wound.

He measures others by his own standard. He ruins himself in promise and clears himself by giving nothing.

He that always complains is never pitied. He that blows upon dust fills his eyes with it.

He that boasts of his own knowledge proclaims his ignorance. He that comes uninvited will sit down unasked.—Irish.

He that follows two hares catches neither. He that hath no money in his purse should have money in his mouth.

He that is carried down the current catches at everything. He that is proud of his fine clothes gets his reputation from his tailor.

He that is up is toasted; he that is down is kicked. He that lags behind in a road where many are driving, will always be in a cloud of dust.—Dutch.

He that puts on a public gown must put off the private person. He that shows his passion tells his enemy where to hit him.

He that spareth the rod hateth his son.—Bible.

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

He that wants hope is the poorest man alive. He that waits for dead men's shoes may long go barefoot.

He that will not when he can, can not when he will. He that would enjoy the fruit must not destroy the blossom.—Irish.

He that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil and his lips that they speak no guile.—Bible.

He who has injured you will never forgive you. He who uses too many irons in the fire must let some of them burn.

VEGETABLE MEDICINES.

Many people still have the "drug habit," as the enormous sale of patent medicines and drug preparations well proves.

Turnips, onions, cabbage, cauliflower, watercress and horseradish contain sulphur.

Spinach, salts of potassium and iron. Food specialists rate this the most precious of vegetables.

Beets and turnips purify the blood and improve the appetite. Lettuce for tired nerves.

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He that puts on a public gown must put off the private person. He that shows his passion tells his enemy where to hit him.

He that spareth the rod hateth his son.—Bible.

Among the trees that are the most sensitive to the wind are the cherry, the plum, the walnut, the black poplar, the service tree, the ash and certain varieties of pine.

Jeweler.—You say you want some name engraved on this ring? Young Man.—Yes; I want the words "George, to his dearest Alice," engraved on the inside of the ring.

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged." "Well, if I were you I would not have 'George to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind you can't use the ring again."

The Prussians and the Poles

Is there to be a new Kulturkampf in Germany? asks "Rome." One can never be too sure of anything these days. Here in Italy until a few months ago it did seem as if the Italian Government were anxious to spare trouble, as far as possible under difficult circumstances, to the Holy See; since then we have seen it act in tacit connivance with the lowest elements of anti-clericalism.

In truth the policy is not a new one. Twenty-five years ago the Landtag voted a credit of one hundred million marks to be spent in purchasing estates held by Poles and colonizing them with Germans, to whom the Government offered advantages of all kinds—loans, subventions, facilitation of payments, everything, in short, to enable them to become numerous and prosperous in Prussian Poland.

Under the circumstances, Chancellor Bulow is not unlike the egregious Mrs. Partington, trying to keep back the Atlantic with a broom, when he asks for still another four hundred million marks.

The Holy See is very painfully concerned in this deplorable situation. The Prussian Government has just withdrawn its representative at the Vatican, Baron von Rottenhan, not so much because he is getting old as because he has failed to induce the Holy See to take part in this barbarous policy, and it has replaced him by Baron von Muhlberg, who is credited in the newspapers with a special mission to carry out the same idea.

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the name of the Centre, announced that they regarded it as unconstitutional and would vote against it. With profound satisfaction, too, do we read in the Catholic organ of Cologne, the "Kölnische Volkszeitung": "We shall see what success will attend Prussia's latest plans. We believe they will all fail as former measures have failed. It is well upon an occasion of this kind to bear in mind that there is such a thing as 'divine justice.' In our time and in a civilized State during peace, never has such an outrage on justice been attempted by any nation. An outrage so gross will assuredly be punished, for God's justice is distinctively provoked by such a legislative proposal. Let the Prussian statesmen think of this—men who oftentimes put people to death as if they were commissioners of the Almighty and justly had the right to represent the God of heaven." Noble words! The German Catholics are true, under every circumstance, to the watchwords of human brotherhood, and justice and good faith. For such a fine example of fidelity to principle we all owe them gratitude and support, so far as we can give it, in the good cause they are championing.

Of the sufferings of some races one is inclined to say "Quousque tandem?" How long are they to continue? The Poles have been brayed in a mortar, and yet there is no sign that their trials are approaching an end. In the fifteenth century the area of Poland was larger than that of France. Through interregna and internal dissensions, promoted by foreign gold, opportunities were offered for the execution of the unscrupulous schemes of covetous neighboring nations, and the name of the country as a European power was erased from the map. In 1772 a plot for its annexation was hatched by Russia, Prussia and Austria. Stanislaus II., the King of Poland, was deprived of a large part of his finest provinces. He struggled to preserve what was left and to make his position secure against further encroachments, but in vain. By a fresh spoliation the country's area was reduced to eighty-two thousand square miles. The military ardor of the Poles was kindled. They bravely defended their land under Kosciusko, and drove the Russian garrison out of Warsaw. The contest was, however, an unequal one. They were ill-armed, and with their farm implements and other unsuitable weapons were unable to withstand the onslaught of the disciplined troops which were poured in to crush them. The last hope of the Poles was extinguished when on October 4, 1794, the Russian general, Sawarow, de-

feated and captured Kosciusko at the battle of Maciejowice. Suwarow laid the land desolate with fire and sword, and it was finally partitioned between Russia, Prussia and Austria. Since that time the Poles have become familiar with every sort of ill-usage. But being a proud and spirited race, they have never tamely bent their necks to the yoke.

Conversion of a Russian Archpriest (From the London Catholic Times.) The conversion of a Russian Archpriest, Father Sergius Verigin, to Catholicism has made a great sensation in ecclesiastical circles in St. Petersburg, although it was not entirely unexpected. The report had arrived in the capital that he was suffering from what is termed in Anglican Ritualistic circles "Roman fever." It was even said that it was due to his influence that Queen Natalie of Servia became a Catholic, and the conversion of several well-known Russians at Bordeaux was attributed to him. So disquieted were the Orthodox authorities that the Russian priest in Paris was sent to the south of France to show him the error of his ways. He met with small success. Father Verigin told him that he found that the Orthodox Church was contaminated with Protestant errors and that he had become convinced that St. Peter was the Prince of the Apostles. He argued the point at great length, proving from Scripture, the Fathers and the liturgy still used by the Orthodox Church the truth of the teaching of the Catholic Church about the position of St. Peter and his successors, the Bishops of Rome.

The priest from Paris tried to persuade him to go to St. Petersburg to consult the prominent theologians of the Russian Church. He replied: "It is easy enough to go back to Russia, but not so easy to get out of it again." Had he returned he would almost certainly have been imprisoned in a monastery by the Holy Synod. The account of this conversation sent to St. Petersburg made such an impression on the Metropolitan that he at once instituted proceedings to secure the excommunication of a priest who was in danger of leaving the only church where, according to its teaching, salvation can be found; for it must not be imagined that the Orthodox are content to regard themselves as a branch of the Universal Church; they teach definitely that they are the only true members of the society founded by Christ, and when the Empress Marie, sister of the Queen of England, was received into the Russian Church she had to state in the presence of the whole court that it was impossible for any one outside the Holy Orthodox Church to be saved.

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The Children's Page

BILLY.

One day Billy was a stranger—at the end of a week he was as much at home as any boy on the street. "We are glad he came," Teddy Farr said. "We like him."

"Why is this Billy such a favorite?" Mr. Farr asked Mrs. Farr. "I don't know yet," said Mrs. Farr. "I am watching to find out."

When three more weeks had passed, she thought that she knew.

A group of boys were out in front of her gate one afternoon, and she heard one of them say:

"Fshaw! What can we play? I wish the snow hadn't gone all to mud." "We had just finished our fort," said another, "and were ready to begin. But it washed down in the night."

"Anyway, we had fun making it," said Billy. "Let's not waste the whole afternoon. Let's start and play something that doesn't need snow."

When Mrs. Farr looked again they were sailing ships down the gutter and discovered the Mississippi with great excitement.

Another time Teddy had to go on an errand and asked the others to keep him company.

"Oh, we can't!" objected somebody. "We've got it all planned to walk out in the other direction and see the place where the fire was last night."

"Why wouldn't it do," said Billy, "to go with Teddy first? We needn't come all the way back, need we? There ought to be some short cuts, I think."

Well, when they had put their heads together, they remembered that there were.

Then there was the day when Joe Hall lost his arithmetic. Joe and Billy were the best in the school in arithmetic. Joe hated to miss any of his lessons.

"Never mind," said Billy. "My book will do for both until yours turns up. We are pretty quick at it, you know. We can manage."

When the mud froze hard and the snow came again, and the boys brought out their sleds to go coasting, Billy appeared with the funniest home-made one that was ever seen.

"It isn't very pretty," he said, cheerfully, when the others were trying to be polite, and look as if they saw nothing different in it. "But it will do. When you go scending down hill on it the feeling is just the same."

"If," said Teddy, during a rainy recess, "Will Prichard had only come to school to-day, we could try that new game he was telling us about."

"Let's try it anyway," said Billy. "We can play all we remember and make up the rest. That will do until we can get the real thing."

On one sad afternoon, when they were having a game of ball in the schoolyard, Billy broke a cellar window.

After a crash there was a pause of dismay.

"We must have kept getting nearer to the house without noticing it," said Billy.

"How would it do," suggested Joe, "to be quiet until we are asked about it? May be Mr. Mervin will think the street boys did it. They broke one."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Billy, quickly. "It wouldn't be fair."

He told Mr. Mervin, and paid for the pane, and after that he was short of money for some time; for Billy was poor.

After the three weeks Mrs. Farr said to Mr. Farr:

"I think I know why the boys like Billy."

"Why?"

"Because he has a delightful habit of getting the best for himself and his friends out of what he has at hand. He makes things do—except the things that won't do at all. I like Billy myself," she said, smiling.

His Reason.

When Bobbie brought his report card to papa there was a little black cross in the section marked "deportment." Bobby knew papa's eyes would find that the first thing, and he twisted his handkerchief into hard knots, and tried to hide part of his chubby head behind the chair in which his father sat.

"What does this mean, Bobbie?" asked his father.

"I was late to school," said Bobbie, who knew that his mother had seen him leave the house in good season each day. "The teacher rang the bell when I was just in the yard, but—but I couldn't run." Bobbie was near to tears, but he was winking manfully.

"Well, that is rather bad," said papa, gravely. "I don't want my son to grow up into a man who is always behind time. Now I am going to be very severe. I shall not tell

you to-night what the punishment will be, but unless you can show me a good reason why you were late—" "I can show you!" cried Bobbie. "I can show you! You just wait."

He ran out of the room, and soon came running back, holding in his hands the smallest mite of a kitten. It was poor and scraggy and forsaken in appearance. Its large, frightened eyes fixed themselves on Bobbie's papa as if pleading for him.

"This little cat was bound to follow me, and I tried to get away, and I kept putting him over the fence and running very, very hard, but he just jumped over and struck his claws in my pants until I had to leave him with the lady in the candy shop until school was done, and then I brought him home. That was the reason," Bobbie finished, all out of breath.

Papa put on his glasses and looked at the kitten. Something in its forlorn, frightened face touched him. "Well, I think we shall have to forgive you this time," he said. "Nora would better feed him on cream awhile!"

"Then I needn't have that punishment—that one that was too awful to think up?" asked Bobbie.

"No, that is all forgiven," said papa.—Exchange.

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SAVING.

Do your saving at the beginning of the week, you who live upon allowances, or, what is the same, so far as this counts, upon a salary. The extra expenses which often come upon you unexpectedly in the latter part of the week may be easily met if you have been husbanding your resources a little instead of spending up to the last cent. A good plan is to allow yourself so much for little expenses for a given length of time, and then to keep within daily bounds, saving even a bit from that, if possible. Then, if it is not called upon by some little emergency, either put it away or use it toward some definite purpose such as subscribing to a good magazine, getting a good book or seeing a good play, all of which should be considered as mental investments.

HOW MY WIFE DID HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

My wife's a whale for shopping, and when Christmas-time came round she took the biggest basket and got early on the ground.

She took me with her too, of course, by way of chaperon.

Though, entre nous, I'd rather do a journey of my own.

She spent the first gay hour punching turkeys in the ribs, and scolding scowling marketmen for telling thumping fibs.

She thinks she knows a thing or two, but it comes pretty rough when the bird she finally selects is "rising five" and tough.

I'm basket-carrier in chief—she dumps the goods on me.

Till I become at midnight's hour a walking Christmas-tree, a Jordan's store, a Houghton's team, or White's team if you choose.

Until I wish that someone else was walking in my shoes.

The basket's not half large enough, and so I quickly grow from forty inches round the waist to ninety-nine or so.

For though the shopmen warn they'll send the goods "with pleasure, mum," my wife to all their blandishments is deaf—and I am dumb.

Of course she has a pocket, though it's mighty hard to find, but I've a dozen, more or less, and so she doesn't mind.

I've nuts and apples fore and aft, and, not to be denied, three pounds of bacon, ditto ham upon the starboard side.

My overcoat's a blessing, for the lining's torn a bit.

So eggs and fruit, canned tongue and cheese, go sliding down the slit. They wander at while walking and they bump against my legs.

And, sorting out, I find I've smashed a dozen cooking eggs.

I find a place for Johnny's horse and Polly's box of bricks.

A doll for baby's stocking and a pollywog for Dick's.

A conjurer, of course, would stow a rabbit in his hat.

But though my wife suggests it, yet I draw the line at that.

It Lays a Stilling Hand on Pain.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value lies in its magic property of removing pain from the body, and for that good quality it is prized.

THE EGOIST.

The teacher was endeavoring to explain the meaning of "egoism" to the class.

"Who is it," he said, "who expects never to be neglected, who expects the best of everything, imagines that he is the centre of everything, who never thinks nor does anything for anybody else but expects everything done for him?"

"Please, teacher," said a small boy, one of a large family, "the baby."—Flegenda Blaetter.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a horse like a house? When he has blinds on.

Why are clouds like coachmen? Because they hold the reins.

Why did the young lady return the dumb waiter? Because it didn't answer!

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence solely by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

The Moral Obligation of a Bankrupt

In the present agitated state of the financial and commercial world the moral aspect of bankruptcy takes on a special interest. The subject is treated most instructively and interestingly by the well-known English Jesuit, Rev. Thomas Slater, of St. Beuno's College, in the second volume of The Catholic Encyclopedia, which is now ready. In this article, which sets forth what the Catholic Church teaches in regard to the moral obligation of paying one's just debts, Father Slater says, among other things:

"If, as is usually the case, the creditors only receive a portion of what is due them, they have suffered loss through the action of the bankrupt; and if he is the voluntary cause of that loss, he is morally to blame as the cause of injustice to his neighbor. There is no moral blame attributable to a man who through misfortune and by no fault of his own has become a bankrupt and unable to pay his debts. But if bankruptcy has been brought about by the debtor's own fault, the moral law is extended to the bankrupt debtor if he faithfully complies with all its just requirements. To do this, then, is a matter of conscience. He is bound to make a full disclosure of all his property and to surrender it all for the benefit of his creditors. He may indeed retain what the law allows him to retain, but nothing else, unless the law makes no provision at all for him and the result of surrendering everything would be to reduce himself and those dependent on him to destitution. Such a result, however, must not be readily presumed in the case of modern bankruptcy law, which is humane in its treatment of the unfortunate debtor, and makes what provision is necessary for him. It is obvious that it is against the rights of creditors and against justice for an insolvent debtor to transfer some of his property to his wife or to a friend who will keep it for him till the storm blows over, so that the creditors cannot get at it. In the same way a debtor is guilty of dishonesty and fraud if he hides or removes some of his property, or if he allow a fictitious debt to be proved against the estate.

"Loss is caused the creditors and injustice is committed by an insolvent debtor who continues to trade after the time when he fully recognizes that he is insolvent, and that there is no reasonable hope of recovering himself. He may continue to pay what debts he can as they become due if payment is demanded by his creditors, and he may make current payment for value received. But if, in contemplation of bankruptcy, he pays some creditor in full, with a view to giving that creditor a preference over the others, he becomes guilty of a fraudulent preference."

"Lawyers and theologians are agreed that in most countries the effect of a discharge is merely to bar legal proceedings for debt against the bankrupt. His moral obligation to pay all his debts in full when he is able still remains. He may not of payment till such time as he can con-

veniently fulfill his obligations, and in the meanwhile he is guaranteed freedom from molestation. This seems to be the effect of the national bankruptcy law of the United States. "Since the discharge is personal to the bankrupt, he may waive it; and since it does not destroy the debt but merely releases him from liability—that is, removes the legal obligation to pay the debt, leaving the moral obligation unaffected—such moral obligation is a sufficient consideration to support a new promise." (Bradenburg, "The Law of Bankruptcy," 391.)

"On the contrary, an absolute discharge, when granted to the honest bankrupt, according to English law, frees the bankrupt from his debts, with certain exceptions, and makes him a clear man again. This is admitted by English lawyers and by theologians who treat of the effect of the English law of bankruptcy. When, therefore, an honest bankrupt has obtained his absolute discharge in an English court, he is under no strict obligation, legal or moral, to pay his past debts in full, though if he choose to do so, his scrupulous rectitude will be much appreciated. What has been said about bankruptcy applies also to compositions or schemes of arrangement with one's creditors when they have received the sanction of the court."

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THURSDAY, JAN. 9TH, 1908.

THE EPIPHANY.

The beautiful and appropriate name of the last of the Christmas holy days shows how very infelicitous is the appellation of "Little Christmas" by which it is generally known amongst us.

Nor is the event commemorated unworthy of the splendor of the name and Office of the Epiphany. On this day the Gentiles were called to the Faith by a star which St. Augustine beautifully terms "the tongue of the heavens," and they responded in the persons of the Maji, to the invitation.

Worthy pioneers were those Eastern kings, who recognizing in the star which appeared to them the finger of God pointing out the way to the Saviour the world was then expecting, left their luxurious homes, braved the dangers of robber-infested deserts and the greater peril of the jealous cruelty of Herod, in order to adore the Messiah of whose birth that star was to them a certain indication—worthy pioneers were they of the intrepid missionaries "who brought to our mountains the gift of God's faith, the sweet light of His love."

May we enter the New Year in the spirit of readiness in responding to perseverance in following, generosity in embracing, the invitations and inspirations of grace, of which the Maji gave us so grand an example, and the Epiphany on earth will be for us a star which will guide us through the valley to the grand Epiphany or Manifestation of the Saviour in Heaven.

THE LITURGY.

Some one said to us the other day: Why does not the Catholic Register give us something about the services and offices of the Church? That was a pleasant request when Christmas cheer was going on all round us.

Expecting a spirit of thankfulness on the part of her children for the light of faith, the Church on the day which commemorates that heavenly gift, invites them to make a contribution for the purpose of bringing to

years. From the simple ceremonies of Low Mass to the grandeur and pomp of Pontifical Mass in some historic cathedral—from the ordinary administration of baptism to the solemn rite of Holy Orders—from the solitary recitation of his breviary by some lonely missionary to the sweet cadence of chant by the cowed monks in Benedictine or other monasteries—from all the Church there is the sound as of many waters—praise and prayer, every word and motion and sign. To trace its history, to explain its meaning, to indicate the harmony of it all and the completeness of its parts, to instil a deeper reverence for what is all reverent, overpowers as at the very thought of it. Where to begin, what plan to follow, how to keep it within reasonable limits; these are our difficulties. We are not averse to the undertaking, for anything concerning the Church is dear to us.

We speak of it as public piety, for whilst it may be the nourishing sweetness of a great deal of private devotion, it is the worship of the whole Church, the administration by the whole Church. That means so much that we do not take it in at a glance. It may be a simple priest reading and expounding the Sunday Gospel to a handful of faithful people. That is one thing, but the Mass which that priest is celebrating is quite another thing. With the former the whole Church is only concerned in so far as the teaching is in harmony with Catholic doctrine. With the Mass the humble surroundings do not hinder the sweep and action of divine love.

If we look at the liturgical year it is a cycle of mystery and praise. There are the mysteries and feasts of our Blessed Lord, from birth to death and resurrection. His Holy Name, His Sacred Heart, His triumph of Corpus Christi—the feasts of Our Blessed Lady scattered through the year like stars in the firmament, and the saints whose lives bespeak the triumph of God's grace—first the apostles, then the ruby martyrs, and the Confessors, and virgins with their lilies. The year is but one continued feast. The year is Jesus Christ Himself Who from first to last, through mystery and feast is the source and object of all Liturgy. It is the manifestation of Christ, in His mysteries, in the Church and in the saintly soul. Each year the Church sees Him in the manger, offering Himself upon the cross, rising from the dead, founding His Church, instituting the Sacraments, ascending into heaven, sending His Holy Spirit. Every year the Church derives an increase of life and devotion from the feasts of the Blessed Virgin—her joys, her sorrows and her glories. Every year the seasons renew their seed and harvest; so also the Church renews her praise of God, and bids her children plant afresh in their soul the seed of all devotion and virtue.

MISSIONARY ZEAL.

No more suitable opportunity than the Octave of the Feast of the Epiphany could present itself for the consideration of what we are doing, and what we ought to do, for foreign missions. In an article in our last number we hailed the awakening of missionary zeal in the United States. Now we ask why there should not be a similar movement in Canada? The Feast which is shedding its light around us—the Feast which calls upon us to thank God for the inestimable gift of the true faith—the Feast which reminds us that Christ was born and died for all men and therefore longs that all should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved—ought to turn our thoughts to those who are yet in the darkness in which our ancestors were enveloped in the far off past.

Expecting a spirit of thankfulness on the part of her children for the light of faith, the Church on the day which commemorates that heavenly gift, invites them to make a contribution for the purpose of bringing to

COMPOUND INTEREST The earning power of compound interest is not as generally understood and appreciated as it should be. It may be illustrated by the following news item which recently appeared in the press: A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL AT INTEREST (From the Philadelphia Star) Mr. L. C. St. John of this city has a curiosity in his possession in a five-dollar bill which is 125 years old. He has just gained possession of it, although it was left to him by his mother, who died some twelve years ago. The bill was given her when a child by a relative. It was issued under the Act of July 2, 1770, by the State of Rhode Island, drawing five per cent. interest per annum, and signed by John Arnold. Figuring compound interest, it is now worth \$2500. We pay interest at Three and One-half per cent. per annum, compounded four times each year. CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION Toronto Street, Toronto

those still in darkness the blessings they enjoy. We know the result of that invitation. A few dollars are contributed, and perhaps this paltry contribution is the sum total of the yearly assistance given by many a prosperous parish to the cause. This state of affairs, which contrasts so unfavorably with the generosity of Protestant congregations in subscribing to the cause of foreign missions, is due to lack of systematic effort. Protestant energy in this matter is the result of excellent organization. In their Sunday schools and Bible class-rooms charts showing the proportion of the world's population still outside the pale of Christianity are prominently displayed. The amount spent on drink, on cigars, on finery, on wasteful luxuries, is contrasted with what is spent on foreign missionary work.

Nothing of this kind is to be found amongst our Catholics as a whole. We do not insinuate for a moment that the contributions given on the Epiphany for African Missions and on Good Friday for the maintenance of the Catholic centres in the Holy Land represent the total of Catholic aid to those who are laboring in far-off lands. From many a Canadian home offerings are sent to organizations in the United States for the maintenance of colored and Indian schools. Individual priests and their parishioners respond quickly and generously to appeals for help which come to them at times from afar. The drawback is that these offerings are intermittent and spasmodic, and that no steady, general organized effort is made in this direction.

CHRISTIANITY IN CANADA.

Christianity is a term growing more indefinite every generation. This is chiefly due to the want of dogma. Outside the Catholic Church it is hard to find real Christianity; for each man frames his religion for himself. His creed he knows not, his profession is simply: "I am a Christian." Language serves two purposes. It is used to conceal as well as to reveal thought. If the country be Christian many citizens may deem it a matter of loyalty to subscribe themselves as Christians without attaching any further importance. Were they summoned before some Roman emperor who should give them their choice between sacrificing to the state gods and death by lions, we do not know but that they could reason themselves into saving their own lives. Rationalism can do a good deal nowadays, and the martyr spirit is not strong. But all this is getting away from our first thought. If the test of Christianism were an intellectual one, how few would pass it. Christianity needs defining—want of definition is the ruin of mental clearness, the fog that prevents the mariner from entering the port of conviction. There is no use scolding non-Catholics are nearly all nominalists anyway. They may just as well be called Christians as not. It is more matter of sentiment than thought, and more a thing of fashion than question of belief. Christianity in Canada will compare favorably enough with most other countries. So far as our own Church is concerned we have many reasons for thankfulness and satisfaction, though it must be admitted that we confine our attention to ourselves. Religion from a Catholic standpoint is not merely prayer and the reception of the sacraments. It includes education and charity. Our school system, with all its shortcomings, leaves our people in a number of the provinces free to educate their children. Our charitable institutions are deservedly recognized by the different authorities, municipal and provincial. Taking things all round, therefore, matters religious are steadily progressing. Our churches are well attended; the number staying away is very insignificant. If we turn to other denominations we find zeal in certain directions, but no religious movement as we have in England. Notwithstanding a certain number of conversions every year the increased is not such as might be desired. Why it should be so it is hard to say. Looking at it broadly and historically we think it an attribute of Puritanism. Wherever Puritanism has held sway besides its severe tone it has been persistently prejudiced against the Catholic Church. Will it ever look upon us with a different eye? There should be amongst us a league of prayer for that and many other purposes. If God's mercy continues with us for the next fifty years as for the past, we hope for a change in the way of a greater indrawing for the Church, and that our fields may show careful cultivation and abundant harvest.

INEXCUSABLE DISRESPECT.

The Mail and Empire has every morning a column which it has been pleased to regard as a semi-editorial. It treats of a great variety of subjects, historical, political and otherwise. In fact the ground covered is too wide to be well tilled, although as a general thing the articles are treated with calm moderation and very fair ability. For the writer, therefore, to change his tone, to go out of his way in order to insult Irish Catholics, is not, we should have thought, characteristic of him. For this reason more than for any other, we regard his article on Leap Year as inexcusable. We know it is popular to throw mud at this class—and nowhere more fashionable than in the Mail and Empire. Scarcely a week goes by without low jokes or mean contempt against the Irish. But there seemed to be one honorable exception. He could stand out no longer. He had an opportunity; nor did he lose it. There was some insulting legend which this writer had read, concerning St. Patrick and St. Bridget, and which, however vulgar, coarse and suggestive it might be, would be an introduction for the writer's display of astronomical knowledge and anti-Irish feeling. The story is woven out of full cloth. We daresay there are many such yarns in the same lumber-room, anti-Catholic, anti-Irish, unfriendly, better suited for other company than the readers of a journal with any claim for self-respect. Let them stay in that room; the semi-editorial ought not to bring them out.

COMMUNICATION

CHRISTMAS MUSIC AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

Of recent times many and varied have been the discussions on the now famous encyclical of Pope Pius X., entitled "Motu Proprio," and many and varied have been the results in different countries attending the carrying out of the wishes of the Holy Father. It is, therefore, not at all unlikely that the visitor to St. Michael's Cathedral during the services of Advent and Christmastide has gone away with the impression that two very different kinds of music may be rendered in the Catholic Church, and yet, true as this impression may be, with a little qualification, it is nevertheless equally true that the choir of St. Michael's rendered the music of the season of penance and the season of rejoicing quite in accordance with the mind of the Holy Father as laid down in his recent decrees.

To convince ourselves of the truth that what the "Motu Proprio" lays down is according to the mind of the Church—and we as Catholics ought to be of one mind with the Church—we need only reflect for a moment on the Church's aim in our regard. The reason for the building of the sacred edifice should be found also in all the acts of worship therein.

Voice and verse have been aptly called the "Blest pair of Sirens" and surely when used in God's house we expect to find a suitable "voice" for the most sublime "verse" ever contemplated, viz., the Word of God. Thus it is that the Holy Father has said, and with no uncertain voice, that the music of the Church shall be only of that kind which shall keep man's mind in tune with that of the Creator; that, when the small proportion of the week's time is being given in an especial manner to God, no internal influence in the shape of music shall draw his mind away to those external allurements which he has left during the time he is within the sacred edifice.

Applying the principles contained above to the services at St. Michael's Cathedral during the last four weeks, we find, firstly, that as the Church lays down that during the season of Advent no organ accompaniment shall be used to assist the music in such a time of penance and preparation, we are brought face to face with the very severe music of the Church, nevertheless after hearing the well-rendered chant (the Church's own Plain Song) in the Proper and Common of the Mass, and the harmonized setting of the responses, one could hardly leave the church without the feeling that the Church's ruling was right, and that to talk about and advocate other styles of music on such occasions was to display ignorance concerning the mission of the Church. I leave this portion of the ecclesiastical year with the remark that the rendering of the severe school of Church music during the Sundays of Advent, when the organ was silent, was a performance of no ordinary merit and reflects great credit upon St. Michael's brilliant choir-master and organist, Mr. James Dickinson, Mus. Doc., who is responsible for the fine setting of the harmonized responses as used in the Cathedral.

Still keeping to our principles, we find, secondly, that with the purple of Advent has gone also the very severe music and Christmas comes with its corresponding brightness, when the bright colors of the Church's vestments are reflected in her song, announcing the joyful tidings of the birth of Christ. On Christmas morning at the first "Missa Cantata," the choirs of the

sanctuary and west gallery combined in their rendering of the Proper and Common of the Mass, while the responses were harmonized and at the offertory were heard the first strains of Novello's arrangement of the "Adeste Fideles," that beautiful anthem of invitation to the Crib of Bethlehem, which ever seems to give additional charm to the sweetest of the church's festivals. At the last Mass of Christmas, at which His Grace Archbishop O'Connor pontificated, the choir of the west gallery rendered very effectively Biedermann's Mass in D (In honor of Beatae Virginis Mariae), while the "Adeste Fideles" was again sung as an offertory piece. The Proper of the Mass (Introit Gradual offertory and Communion) was sung (as it invariably is at St. Michael's according to the authorized version of the "Graduale Romanum"—the responses being left in the hands of the sanctuary choir.

It may be added that at this Mass a learned and eloquent discourse was delivered on "The word made Flesh" by the Very Rev. Dr. McBrady, C.S.B. The Sunday within the octave of Christmas gave an opportunity for the rendering of a typical programme of appropriate music as allowed by Rome, and although, as has been hinted, some of the limitations of Church music must of necessity be against flesh and blood, I do not hesitate to say that no unprejudiced worshipper left St. Michael's on Sunday evening last without an appreciation of the work and its rendering.

The High Mass was a repetition of Christmas morning with the exception of the Plain Chant Proper of the Mass sung by the adult members of the west gallery choir led by Messrs. J. Dickinson and J. Lyons as cantors. The vespers in the evening were sung with that swing and precision which is to be expected from a Cathedral choir, the two divisions (sanctuary and west gallery) alternating in the verses of the psalms. The completing anthem of vespers, the "Alma Redemptoris Mater" (Webbe) sung in treble solo and harmonized chorus, showed the quality of the boy voices to be exceptionally good, while the "Adeste Fideles" sung after the sermon, left nothing to be desired. The principal voices in this latter were Harold Cashman and William Soul (trebles), T. J. O'Neill (alto), T. C. Barrecca (1st tenor), M. J. McNamara (2nd tenor), and J. Lyons (bass).

During the Benediction the "O Salutaris" (Holden), was given in excellent voice by Mr. Arthur Leitheuser, while the same gentleman also rendered the solo passages in Reiga's "Tantum Ergo" (solo and harmonized chorus).

The service concluded with the "Laudate Dominum" in Falso-Bordone. Organ preludes and postludes were improvisations and the Alleluia chorus. No greater tribute can be given to Mr. James Dickinson, Mus. Doc., the talented organist and choir-master, than to say that, given the mere essentials as regards voices, with the rich storehouse of ecclesiastical music from which the Catholic Church can always draw, St. Michael's Cathedral will be in possession of a choir of its kind second to none in Toronto, and a choir able to render music not only befitting all occasions, but also worthy of the premier church of the archdiocese. ADMIRER.

The Pope expressed himself as having enjoyed an unusual treat a few days ago, when the Abbe Perosi, the famous composer, went to the Vatican at the special invitation of Pius X., and played several selections from his new composition, the oratorio "Transitus Animae," or the Passage of the Soul.

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HELP! HELP! HELP! For the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an outpost; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS AND GIVE BENEDICTION IN A GARRET. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have NO ENDOWMENT except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the great apostasy of the sixteenth century is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail, All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Canadian

Rev. Oswald McDonald said his first Mass in his native parish, that of St. John Chrysostome, Arnprior, on the last Sunday of December. He was afterwards presented with an address and purse by the parishioners.

A late meeting in Montreal for the purpose of organizing the Anti-Alcoholic League were unanimous in the vote of Archbishop Bruchesi for honorary president and Chief Justice Taschereau, president.

Among the young ladies received at Water Street Convent, Ottawa, recently, were Miss Doyle from Brudenell, in religion Sister Francis Xavier; Miss McGuire from Allumette Island, in religion Sister Ethelred, and Miss Gorman from Mattawa, in religion Sister St. Mildred.

The late Mr. Tarpe's will contained the following advice to his sons: "You have a paper. See that it wounds no one's feelings, and blackens no one's reputation. Do not quarrel with the clergy. Remain French and Catholic, and loyal to Queen and empire. Discharge your duties as good citizens."

Among the candidates ordained by Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, at St. James' Cathedral, Montreal, on Saturday, December 21st, were the following from the Diocese of Pembroke: Messrs. H. D. Brosseau, J. N. George and T. J. Sloan received Minor Orders; Mr. H. E. Letang, sub-deaconship; Revs. V. H. Dooner and J. Harrington, deaconship; and Revs. O. J. Beaudry and O. J. McDonald, holy priesthood.

British and Foreign

The unique distinction of celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of his ordination belongs now to Father Machorzi, in the Diocese of Gnesen-Posen, Prussia. He is one hundred years old.

A feature of the Christmas celebration in Paris was the resumption throughout France of midnight Masses, which last year were abandoned by direction of the higher clergy because the separation law was about to go into effect.

In the chapters of autobiography which she is contributing to a popular magazine, Ellen Terry, the actress, speaks of assisting at Mass for the first time at the Madeleine, in Paris, on Easter Sunday, and fainting from trying to imagine the ecstasy of a believer at the consecration. "If that is true," she exclaims, "if people believe it with their souls, how can their souls stay in their bodies?"

United States

Bishop William G. McCloskey, of Louisville, Ky., has just celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. On May 24th next he will celebrate his fortieth anniversary as Bishop of Louisville.

On Sunday, Dec. 22, the magnificent new Cathedral of Seattle, Wash., was dedicated. The ceremony was performed by Bishop O'Dea, who, on that day also celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The building is fireproof and the only wood used is that in the pews.

Xavier Council, Knights of Columbus, New York, has taken the initiative in a movement to establish a scholarship in the college of St. Francis Xavier as a memorial to the late Father Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J., who at the time of his death was chaplain of the New York chapter, Knights of Columbus.

At the dedication of a beautiful church erected by the Belgian Catholics of Chicago recently, there were sermons in three languages—English, Flemish and French—by Bishops Maes, Gabriels and Meerschardt, respectively.

Bishop Conaty, of Los Angeles, has presented \$1,000 to St. Mary's parochial school at Taunton, Mass., as a memorial to his parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Conaty, pioneer Catholics of the city. His brother, the Rev. Bernard Conaty, of Worcester, has pledged \$50 a year for five years to the school. In addition, Father Conaty has donated \$5,000, and a

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Celebration at Belleville

St. Michael's church was the scene of a grand and exalted ceremony during the "wee sma' hours" of Christmas morning, when, amid the accompaniment of thrilling, exultant music (rendered by singers whose hearts apparently were in their work), flashing lights, and the deep-toned reverent voice of the beloved "Priest of the Parish," the grand festival of the Nativity was celebrated, while at the same time the magnificent new altar, presented to the congregation by their revered pastor, Father Twomey, was unveiled. There was a large congregation present, every seat in the big church being filled, while many stood throughout the entire service. Not only the Catholic citizens of Belleville and its environs were present, but also a goodly number of friends and well-wishers from other churches. A large screen was hung in front of the altar, which was to be unveiled at the psychological moment. The choir loft was well filled; evidently the musical portion of the service was to be fitting to the occasion. Shortly before midnight, the organ, under the skilled fingers of the clever organist, Mr. Ingram, gave forth its sweet sounds. Just as the bells chimed 12, the screen in front of the altar was lowered. For some minutes the people gazed in reverent and breathless silence on the masterpiece of art and beauty. Then the clergy entered, and the choir in fine form, with a splendid burst of melody, lifted up their voices in Canon's Grand Mass in F. The solemn Midnight Mass had begun. The organ was supplemented by an orchestra, composed of Messrs. Denmark, Weese, O'Rourke and Blaind, and the combination produced some very effective and excellent music. The soloists were Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Truiasch, Misses Frankie Wilson, Katie Bawden and Mabel McIninch, and Mr. H. McIninch. At the offertory the "Cantique Noel" was sung by Mr. J. V. Doyle, and at the Communion Miss Katie Bawden sang the "Adeste Fideles," that beautiful Christmas hymn which Christians the world over, no matter of what denomination, expect to hear, and do hear, on Christmas Day.

The sermon, by the Rev. Father Twomey, was, perhaps, one of the best of his many most eloquent addresses to his parishioners, the salient feature of which was the message of peace and good will from heaven to man. The Rev. gentleman in concluding his sermon, stated that this Christmas Day was the 25th anniversary of his ordination, and in reviewing the work of a quarter of a century he commented most favorably on the pleasant relations which had always existed between himself and his various congregations, with special kindly references to the people of St. Michael's. As a thank offering for many mercies received from Almighty God, Father Twomey presented the new high altar to the church. The proceedings were over about 1.45 a.m., and the occasion was, by general consent, the most inspiring and noteworthy in the history of St. Michael's.

THE ALTAR.

The new altar, which is the work of Bavarian artists, is a grand specimen of the wood carver's art, and

must command the admiration of all who see it. It is graced by no less than six statues, beautifully carved in wood. It is ornate in design, grand in conception, magnificent in workmanship, and stands a fitting monument to the generosity of the donor, Rev. Father Twomey.

The Altar is the centre of devotion in the Catholic church, as well as the culmination of the material building. Hence no pains are spared to make it attractive to the faithful, and Rev. Father Twomey deserves special congratulation in this connection. The High Altar of St. Michael's is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, built in golden oak, and the natural color of the wood is preserved. All the efforts of the architect, the sculptor and the painter are brought into play in order to make it devotional to the beholder, as well as suitable to its setting in the beautiful temple of which it is the chief ornament. It was built in the house of Mayer in Munich, and the result shows that Father Twomey made no mistake in confiding its construction to this establishment of world-wide reputation. The Altar is admirably proportioned by the architect, affording sufficient space for the artistic requirements of the sculptor and the painter and its general effect is most pleasing to the eye. Below and in front of the Altar-table, there is a very satisfying color effect, in the background of the different panels, which are studded in rich damask design, and the pleasing Gothic lines are brought out to advantage by being heavily gilded. The Table of the Altar is spacious, and gives the celebrant ample room for the functions in connection with the celebration of the Divine Mysteries.

The Altar-stone is imbedded in concrete, and rests on solid masonry, built up from the basement of the church. This masonry serves a double purpose—supporting the Altar, which is forty feet high and weighs four tons, and giving it also the character of a fixed or permanent Altar. The Tabernacle is one of the most magnificent specimens of the gilder's art that we have ever seen; everywhere richly engraved with grapes and wheat, which are symbolical of the Holy Sacrifice, and having its massive doors beautifully ornamented with the letters Alpha and Omega in polished gold. Under canopies to the right and left are two adoring angels draped in white, and immediately over the Tabernacle is a beautiful Baldachin supported by eight golden columns, which, with a finely engraved and highly ornamented background, give a most artistic finish to this most important part of the Altar. Farther to the left of the Tabernacle and above the steps holding the candle-sticks there is inserted a Relief, representing the Sacrifice of Abraham. He is holding the knife in his hand, which is raised to strike his own son, Isaac, in obedience to God's decree, when the angel appears, commanding him to withhold. An urn containing the smoking fire of sacrifice, a ram in the briars, and an excellent landscape surround and give a lovely effect to this scene. Similarly situated to the right is a Relief of the Sacrifice of Melchisedec. The High Priest is represented in the act of receiving the bread and wine from a youth, who is reverently kneeling before him, and is surrounded by a group of worshippers, who have come to witness the sacrifice. These two

"Reliefs," carved in wood, are triumphs of the sculptor's craft, and of the genius of the artist who painted them in most harmonious colors. They are also eminently appropriate, inasmuch as they are typical of the Great Sacrifice of the New Law, which is offered on the Altar of the Catholic Church. As the Church is dedicated to St. Michael, the Archangel naturally occupies a prominent position on the Altar. In the central niche, with the spear in his hands, and a look of triumph on his expressive and strikingly beautiful face, stands the Archangel on the prostrate form of the now utterly defeated Lucifer. The statue is magnificently colored in a dress of a purple ruby color and adorned with two great golden wings. It is seven and a half feet high, and is as fine a piece of sculpture as was ever carved from a block of wood. It is admirable in its natural pose, the beauty of the rich drapery which falls so gracefully around it, and especially in the lifelike and devotional expression of the beautiful face. This statue and the two Relievos are the work of the distinguished Munich sculptor Remeke. In the two niches, on either side of the Archangel, are the statues of Sts. Peter and Paul, and these figures, with the adoring angels are modelled after the originals of the late Professor Knabe, of Munich. All over the Altar gold and color effect are blended in fine harmony with the natural oak, and bring out to great advantage the beautiful lines of the Gothic design. The Altar is undoubtedly as beautiful a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture as could be seen anywhere, and a great credit to St. Michael's, as well as to the Rev. Father Twomey, who has generously donated it, as his personal gift to the church, in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood.

THE UNVEILING.

The Altar was unveiled by Messrs. Hurley, Dolan and Quinlan immediately before the celebration of the Midnight Mass, and formally presented to the church and congregation in an address of rare eloquence, delivered by Father Twomey after the service was finished. He first preached on the Glorious Festival and its message of peace to men of good-will, and then briefly referred to the celebration of his silver jubilee. Speaking about himself was neither an attractive nor inspiring theme for him and his words would, therefore, be brief. Just a quarter of a century ago to-night he ascended the Holy Altar of Sacrifice for the first time. God had been merciful and good during all these years and had constantly blessed him with that sustaining grace without which it would be impossible to fulfil the duties of the sacred ministry. The Almighty had also extended the years of his priesthood beyond the number allotted to the great majority of His servants. The life of a priest was taxing, laborious and strenuous, and, on this account, it was given only to the favored few, to celebrate their silver jubilee. In fact, in this diocese, at the present time there were barely a dozen men who had passed over the line that divides the first from the second quarter of a century of priestly ministry. Blessings in disguise had come to him in the luxury of the constant hard work of the past 25 years, an even in trials which, after all, are only the inevitable threads of the warp and woof of life. Beyond everything was favored in the uniform loyalty and devotion of the people with whom his lot had been cast. Nowhere had he experienced that genuine kindness to a greater extent than here in Belleville. The open-hearted generosity with which they responded to his every appeal made his work most agreeable, and caused the smoking ruins of three years ago to give place to the present splendid temple in which they worshipped. He was keenly sensitive to all this, for he ambitioned nothing higher than the cheerful co-operation of the people in his undertakings, and their affectionate good-will in the intercourse of daily life. Therefore, in thanks-giving to God for his many graces and mercies and in grateful acknowledgment of the devotion of the people, he presented the new Altar to the church as his personal gift on the occasion of his silver jubilee.

IN CONCLUSION

Father Twomey also referred very feelingly to the expressed desire of the congregation to mark the jubilee by the presentation of a money testimonial. He was grateful for the kindly offer made some few weeks ago by Messrs. Hurley, Dolan, Quinlan and Butler, on behalf of the parish and the Catholic societies. The many sacrifices, involved in their cheerful response to his frequent appeals for the church made it impossible for him to accept their gift at all. But, although he had to decline the kindly offer, he was profoundly grateful for the generous spirit that prompted it, and he wished a peaceful, joyful Christmas to his flock.

To Our Contributors

Will contributors of matter to our columns in every case be kind enough to enclose their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantee of the genuine character of the matter forwarded. This is a subject to which our attention is drawn by the many items reaching us with no signature, except that of "A Reader," "A Subscriber," etc., etc. The private name and address are requested in every instance.

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THE EMPTY CHAIR

Gordon Raymond stepped out to where his carriage waited for him. He was a stately old man, richly clad, his general appearance that of one accustomed to ease and elegance.

Gordon Raymond's face did not relax, his eyes did not brighten, though the countenance upturned to his would have gladdened the heart of any man not a misanthrope.

For she was one of his happy next-door neighbors. In spite of the business which the years had brought to a lonely old man, he had found himself unable to resist the brightness of the three young sisters who made their home next to his dwelling place—feeling but too well the difference between the two worlds.

It was the youngest one with the pretty smile who paused to flash that pretty smile up at him, her face shining like a white rose from her soft brown furs.

He knew well that she had. That day he must have been dead did he not overhear the bursts of laughter, the bright chatter, the gay voices wafted into his open library window from the window next door.

And he knew himself then for what he was—a poor, lonely, rich old man!

He pushed his book away from him and sat back in his chair, the light fading from his countenance. He had never looked at it in quite that way. He had always been proud of his station, his birth, his independence, his adamantine will, his firm disposition, even his good health.

"The poor, lonely, rich old man!" "No Christmas tree!" Ah, that had been one of the sorrows of the season which they felt he must endure.

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pride to keep him company and forget the noisy happiness he might never hope to take part in, though once—but he had no regrets, he surely had no regrets, he the wealthy and highly respected Raymond, the millionaire?

After that the old man saw little of the city streets as his carriage rolled through them. In spite of himself, he could not help but remember past Christmases—Christmases which had been very, very happy contrasted to that which he would know on the morrow.

To my three pretty neighbors, from the poor, lonely, rich old man next door, he scribbled on the back of it, smiling as he did so, thinking what they would say when they received it.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Have you heard good news?" Raymond drew himself up. "No," he said, rather shortly. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, you've got a sort of Christmas look!" He laughed as if it were a joke. A good-chest-and-let's-be-happy look; a sort of long-lost-relative-just-found look!

He threw off his overcoat and sank into a leather chair near the open grate. The room was warm, bright, well lighted, but Gordon Raymond was chilled to the marrow. He ordered a hot drink; it did not warm him, nor the cigar that he puffed at slowly, nor the heat of the room, nor the nearness of the blazing logs.

Again, as once before that selfsame evening, Gordon Raymond let his head fall back. "A poor, lonely, rich old man"—truly, now, that was his proper title. And the lines about his mouth deepened, and the shadows grew darker until his tired eyes and his forehead took on a frown that was not all due to the light of the room, but seemed rather to signify repressed pain.

"Hello, Mr. Raymond!" he exclaimed. "Genuine Christmas weather, isn't it? Snapping, hearty, gorgeous, isn't it? Christmas is in the air."

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "Genuine Christmas weather, and—Christmas is generally in the air about this time of the year, isn't it?" But Bob Winthrop's high spirits could not be dashed because Gordon Raymond was not enthusiastic.

He ended so cheerfully, so boyishly, that Gordon Raymond bent forward. A smile crept to his thin lips, and from his lips to his eyes. "I'd be tempted to accept, Bob," he said. "I would indeed, but I take Christmas dinner to-morrow with my daughter."

And take him back with me. Peters is godfather to my youngest, and I suppose I'm a fool over them, but Peters is worse than I am. A merry Christmas, Raymond, and to—with a curious look—a merry Christmas to your daughter, too!"

"Never heard he had one," said Peters. "Never knew he was married. Sure he said his daughter?"

"Then, for goodness sake don't tell her!" exclaimed Peters, very energetically. "There's enough unhappiness in the world without making her unhappy. Why, Bob, every time I see Marion I only hope I can bring that look to Nell's face."

He sat silent long after Bob Winthrop left him. His cigar went out, fell from his fingers to the floor, lay there forgotten and unheeded. Presently, however, he rose slowly to his feet, stretched his tired old limbs, and then slipped into the overcoat Jackson held ready for him, thanking him and bestowing a Christmas gift that made the man's eyes shine.

"Nothing out of the ordinary, sir," answered Stephen. "You see, you have never—"

And it was very, very beautiful indeed. The old man moved slowly through the room, his eyes dwelling on the daintily-set table. The silver, the delicate china, the tall candlesticks, all the carefully-hoarded treasures of the old house spread in a manner to please the eye and the taste of the most fastidious. It was long since the dinner-board was thus adorned. Gordon Raymond looked about him with satisfaction—at the dust oaken walls on which candle-gleam and firelight played, bringing out new shadows and intensifying deeper ones.

"Is everything right now, sir?" he asked. "Does it please you?" "Very, very much," said Gordon Raymond. "We shall do ourselves credit."

"At what hour do you and—er—do you expect to have dinner, sir?" "The usual time, you have so arranged it, Stephen?" "Yes, sir."

"Then come here, come closer, nearer to the fire. I want to talk to you." The old man came close as he was bidden. Gordon Raymond stood at the hearth, his arm resting on the high mantel board.

"Amen to that, Stephen. She was a good woman." He paused an instant, and when he spoke again there was a different note in his voice. "And you have had children."

"I know. And grandchildren." "I know. And grandchildren, lovable, the delight of all who know them." "So," Gordon Raymond looked into the fire with sombre gaze. "All those things you have, and men, even men such as I, call you blessed. Well, Stephen, you have been with me—we have been together many years."

"I know. And grandchildren." "I know. And grandchildren, lovable, the delight of all who know them." "So," Gordon Raymond looked into the fire with sombre gaze. "All those things you have, and men, even men such as I, call you blessed. Well, Stephen, you have been with me—we have been together many years."

"Five, sir—still living, all." "I know. And grandchildren." "I know. And grandchildren, lovable, the delight of all who know them." "So," Gordon Raymond looked into the fire with sombre gaze. "All those things you have, and men, even men such as I, call you blessed. Well, Stephen, you have been with me—we have been together many years."

"You know my history. I, too, had a wife—"

"You know also all the rest. And, Stephen, knowing that you know, it pleases me to tell you that I dine with my daughter this Christmas night, when all the world sits down amidst its own, rejoicing, merry and glad. Place the empty chair at the head of my table, Stephen, that chair which has been so long unoccupied, and serve your Miss Adele as if she were really present. Come now, good and blest old man, be putting shaking, cold fingers on the other's shoulders, 'good Stephen, come. It is my fancy that to-night she sits opposite to me—the girl I sent away, the flowers that she loved best about her, their perfume surrounding her. It is my fancy that her beautiful eyes meet mine with their old joyousness. Dead or living, God gives me this grace to-night, this happy Christmas night, to see her once again as she was, as she is, my own flesh, and my own blood, the child I loved with all my heart, and whom, Stephen, whom I still love—as dearly."

"That is all, Stephen. When dinner is ready, you will find me in the library, as usual."

Fifteen minutes later Stephen tapped lightly and announced the serving of the meat. Gordon Raymond bowed to some imaginary person, offered her his arm, escorted her to the door, which Stephen held wide open. In silence the meal began, and as Gordon Raymond ate he looked at the empty chair under the softly-shaded light. Stephen served at it first, and then brought the dishes to his master. In every movement the old butler, too, carried out the illusion. And presently Gordon Raymond's face lighted up, so keenly did his imagination take possession of him, and his eyes shone with a brighter gleam.

What visions of that absent one came before him! The little girl in her white robe, with its black ribbons—that first, lonely, heart-breaking Christmas after his wife's death. The schoolgirl with her shining, youthful, beautiful face. The young woman, accomplished, graceful, winning, lovable.

For it was then, just then, that she had defied him, not openly, but with a quiet self-will which enraged the man of self-will. She married—married beneath her in wealth and station.

To-night she sat before him, the gracious, graceful girl he loved, and who, he knew, had loved him dearly. The beautiful girl, with her gentle voice so like her mother's and her gentle face and her gentle ways. The meal went on, and as it did so he bent forward, thinking that he heard her speak.

Stephen withdrew to the side of the room, standing with glance riveted on his master's countenance, his master's glance riveted on that empty chair.

Gradually the sorrow of his own self-deception was being forced upon him. For the keenness of his imagination could bring that sweet presence before him, and even as he gazed he saw another face, a lovable face, set above a slim, white-robed body. And the woman whom now his vision contemplated held out to him her beseeching hands.

"Gordon," she prayed, "where is the little one I gave into your care? Husband and father, what have you done with my little girl?"

A groan burst from his lips, his head fell forward on his breast, his eyes closed. And while he sat thus, his white hair shining in the candle light, his white hands resting on the polished table, Stephen moved with noiseless steps toward the door. He opened it. A woman entered, a tall, slender, young woman, beautiful, advanced to the table, and sat down in that empty chair without footstep or breath to herald her coming.

Gordon Raymond did not lift his eyes. As he sat silent, his mental gaze concentrated on the past, he heard a voice: "Give that to father, please, Stephen." It was a very musical voice, so soft that it did not disturb or startle the old man. He looked up slowly—this was but part of his dream—gazed down the table—staring, mutely. For the empty chair was filled.

MANUFACTURERS' SALE -OF- HIGH QUALITY FURS



EXPERIENCE has proven that the most progressive firms clear out their entire stock at the end of each year so as to enable them to start next seasons operations on a proper basis. We find we have enough skins on hand to keep our immense factory employing 140 fur cutters and finishers, going until the 15th of January. It is our aim to convert this stock, along with our present manufacturers' stock, into cash, so as to enable us to start next season's business with a clean sheet.

- Alaska Sable Muffs, large Imperial and round styles, eider-down beds, satin lining, and silk wrist cord. Regular \$12.50; sale price \$7.75
Isabella Squirrel Ties, trimmed with royal ermine, lined with brown satin, 65 inches long; regular \$16.50 for \$9.75
Large Heart-Shaped and Imperial Muffs to match above; regular \$16.50 for \$9.75
Large Mink Stoles, trimmed with large natural mink tails, lined with broadened and brown satin, military roll collars, beautifully striped. Regular \$175, for \$115.00
Mink Jackets, finest selected Canadian mink, trimmed with heads and tails, yoke effect, box backs, 38 inches long. Regular \$1,000 for \$695.00
Men's Coon Coats, made from selected natural skins, lined with quilted Farmer's satin, full size. Regular \$50, for \$37.50
Persian Lamb Jackets, these jackets are our new exclusive "Imperial" and "Alexandra" styles, plain or Canadian Mink trimmed all sizes. Regular price \$125, \$135 and \$145; sale price \$89.00
Persian Lamb Muffs, large Imperial style, lined with heavy black satin and silk wrist cord. Regular price \$16.50 and \$18; sale price \$8.75
Persian Lamb Ties, in the new paddle end styles, lined with fine black satin, 65 inches long. Regular price \$15 to \$18; sale price \$8.75
Lynx Ties, blue, black and natural lynx ties, in all the new throw styles, exclusive creations. Regular \$18 for \$15.00
Lynx Muffs, blue, black, and natural lynx muffs, all the new styles, extra fine quality fur. Regular price \$24; sale price \$15.75

SELLERS-GOUGH FUR CO. LIMITED "FURS EXCLUSIVELY." 244-246 YONGE STREET CORNER LOUISA

father," she whispered. "It is Adele." He leaned against her, tremblingly. He gazed into her eyes; he put his arm about her, touched her hair, her cheek with his fingers in amazement and in rapture.

"Adele!" he said. "God be praised, it is Adele!" "Indeed, Adele," she answered. "Who has been waiting for this hour to win her way back into your heart. Whose husband and whose children are waiting, too. How I have prayed for this," she went on. "How I have prayed! And how God in His great love, and through our good Stephen's help, has straightened the way for me. My father, my dear father, my loved and loving father, tell me you are glad as I am."

"Oh, child!" he murmured gently, tenderly. "Child, my child!" "For months, though I kept myself hidden from your sight, I have been your next-door neighbor," she continued. "The mother of the three girls with whom you have been making friends—yes, they are yours, too. Can you realize that?"

He could realize nothing yet—staring from her to the empty chair and back again. Content to realize nothing save that here was Adele, here beside him, her hand in his. That his daughter's loving eyes gazed into his, that her loving face beamed upon him.

He could realize nothing but that the heart in his bosom suddenly woke to life and warmth, and sent the blood with new vigor through his frame; that the chill and the cold had left him; that all was well with him, and that here, here sat Adele! And with that new life welling

within him, he responded to it. His three pretty neighbors came, and with them their father, a gray-haired man now, with the stamp of years well spent upon his countenance—a good husband, a true man, a useful, noble man, devoted to his wife and children. Gordon Raymond advanced to him, both hands outstretched—hands that asked forgiveness, to be met by hands that gave forgiveness, and all was well between them from that hour. The meal began once more, Stephen, smiling and happy, hovering about the table. And Gordon Raymond yielded to the spirit of Christmas, and talked and laughed as he had not done in years, as he had never thought to do again in all the years that remained to him.

And surely, surely, not even the kind-hearted Bob Winthrop was happier among his loved ones than the "poor, lonely, rich old man" who dined with his daughter that Christmas day—whose loneliness was, from that day on, forever a thing of the past.—Grace Keon in Extension.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

The other day a benevolent old gentleman was stopped by a tramp, who asked for a night's lodgings. "Well, look here, my man," the old gentleman said, "what would you say if I offered you work?" "Bless yer life, sir," came the reply, "I wouldn't mind a bit. I can take a joke the same as most people."

"Brick's Tasteless"

REGISTERED is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of fresh cod liver oil without the nauseous grease, the compound syrup of hypophosphites, nutritious extract of malt and the fluid extract of wild cherry bark. purifies the blood. makes the weak strong. is a specific in sore throat and lung diseases. is so prepared that it can be assimilated without the least digestive effort. is sold under the positive guarantee that a decided improvement will be felt after taking one bottle, or your money will be refunded by the druggist from whom you purchased it. Can we be fairer? Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle \$1.00

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

The QUIET HOUR

WHEN THE MASTER COMES. The New World.)

Did I dream at the Mass as the bell was hushed, That the angels passed, and their white wings brushed, Down the praying aisles, that close by one stood, And he leaned down low, and he whispered me—

"The Master is come and He calls for thee," (O my soul! my soul! how we understand!)

He had called for Mary, He had called this sweet, For the sinner whose sins were washed at His feet, The passionate heart that He drew and broke; He had called, and she rose in her trembling love, And the angels saw and were gladdened above, As she went in haste when the Master spoke.

I had envied Mary, and the lame, and blind, And the woman to whom He had been so kind, When He waited weary by Jacob's Well; I had envied the lepers who cried for grace, From whose tortured bodies at sight of His face, The white scales crumbled, and cleared, and fell.

I had envied the women who wept for Him, And on whom He looked when His eyes were dim With pain, on the blood-stained road to death, I had envied the beggars of Salem town, Who showed Him their sores as His steps went down, And where He healed and saved 'neath His pitying breath.

He was still the same as He used to be, When He wept over Salem, or calmed the sea, Or walked through the fields in the sweet years 'tween, And was fond of Peter, and James, and John, Or sighed when the crowd to their homes had gone, And He stood homeless and all alone.

He was still the same, but alas! for me, I had fled from my Shepherd over land and sea, While through brake and flood He had followed in quest, And had brought me home, and had watched me long, Oh! He carried me safe on His shoulders strong, And to-day He was coming 'as he my guest.

He came, and He made of my heart His throne, And He spoke to me—so myself alone— And He married with compassion my soul's sad death, And He pitied the tale of my sin and pain, And He comes to-morrow, and again and again, So I never need envy a being on earth.

SUNDAY IN OLDEN TIMES. (Ave Maria.) The learned Abbot Gasquet, in his charming "Parish Life in Mediaeval England," gives a good deal of interesting information as to how the English in pre-Reformation days spent their Sundays. It was customary in those old times for a very great number of the people to assist at daily Mass on the week-days, and in various old records it is noted that the priests of the parishes said Mass at an early hour. This early morning Mass is often referred to as "Morning Mass" or "Jesus Mass"; and it would seem that the women attending generally carried long rosaries, while those who could read recited the Office of Our Lady. On Sundays, however, everyone, excepting those prevented by age or infirmity, attended the parochial Mass, and not only Mass but Matin.

Martin was recited at a very early hour by the priests; or, in cases where only one priest was available, by the priest and clerk. This was done so that the people might have an opportunity of returning to their homes to breakfast in the interval between Matins and Mass. "Sir Thomas More writes: 'Some of us laymen think it a pain once in a week to rise so soon from sleep and tarry fasting... to hear out Matins.'"

When the congregation again assembled for the parochial Mass, the holy water was solemnly blessed. For this ceremony the priest, accompanied by deacon and subdeacon, if such were available, came to the entrance of the church, where the water was blessed; then the altar was sprinkled, afterward the assistants of the priest, and lastly the people. Often there was a procession, which passed, singing the proper anthems, to the graveyard where the dead took their last long rest. Prayers were offered up at the graves and the mounds sprinkled with holy water.

The procession returned to the church and Mass began. It is noteworthy that the altar and any shrine or image was brilliantly lighted up, with the great "candle wheel," or "rowell," was laden with candles. The sermon, or homily discourse, followed the Gospel; and afterward the bead-roll was read, and prayers offered up for the Pope, bishops, and priests; also for the reigning sovereign and royal family, for all benefactors of the church, for workers and tillers of the earth, and for all in debt or in deadly sin. These orisons were followed by prayers for the dead.

Between two or three in the afternoon of the Sundays, Evensong, or Vespers, were sung, and then the people were free to devote the remainder of the day to rest or reasonable recreation. Not so the priests; Sunday was the day particularly set apart for visiting the aged and the sick.

REVERENCE FOR THE DEAD. Some Anglo-Saxon Protestants, says the Sacred Heart Review, like to talk about the irreverence for sacred things which they see in Catholic countries. They affect to be very much scandalized by the familiarity and unconventionality of people in church, and the sight of little children, toddling around in sacred places while Mass is being said annoys them very much. These same people have little to say about the irreverence of sight-seers from England and America. As a matter of fact people with Catholic traditions are the most reverent in the world. Even France, with all its flippancy, still preserves some of that old tradition particularly in the attitude which the people assume toward death. The business-like way we dispose of our dead in English-speaking lands, and the little notice that is given to a passing funeral procession, are little points of every-day life that surprise a Frenchman.

They do things differently in France. "Even in the crowded streets of Paris," says a writer in a Scotch paper, "everyone lifts his hat or cap at the sight of a funeral; in many cases the onlooker stands bareheaded till the cortege has filed past slowly. . . . In some parts of the country one would run the risk of almost being assaulted if the observance were neglected."

The same reverence for the dead is manifested in Ireland. It is still customary in some parts of that Catholic land for one who meets a funeral procession, not only to lift his hat and pray for the deceased while the hearse passes, but to turn and walk a few steps with the cortege.

THE CITY OF GOD. (By Rev. Father Benson.) "That is what I saw in Rome. Here was the city of God, the nucleus of the Catholic Church, and to it all the nations of the world brought honor and glory. Here they were all united, and although on a great number of questions they might hold contrary opinions they were one. That was to me a very striking lesson, and it expanded my mind, my ideas, my whole view of the world. Wherever I went I felt at home, and began more fully to realize what St. Paul meant when he said that all nations would break down the barriers that separate them in the unity of faith."

"The next mark of the Church that I saw in Rome was that of sanctity. Now, sanctity is an extraordinarily difficult thing to speak of. It is very nearly undefinable, but yet perfectly apparent, and I always think that a very good illustration of the difference between simple goodness and sanctity is the comparison of that between talent and genius. Religion and I suppose that, theologically speaking, there is, through the grace of baptism, no spiritual height to which a soul might not rise. But the national churches to which I have referred do not produce this peculiar thing called sanctity. Sanctity is like fire; you cannot, as I have said, exactly describe it, and yet you know what it is when you see it."

"One day when coming from one of the lectures at Rome I saw a little group of men made up mostly of peasants, and in the centre of the group the figure of a Polish priest. He wore an old hat, his cassock was green with age and full of holes, and his chin was but imperfectly shaved. But there was something about the man that I have never forgotten. I never shall, a something in his face that I have never seen in the face of any human being before, and he appeared to be surrounded by an extraordinary atmosphere of sanctity, an atmosphere that I have never yet seen outside the Catholic Church."

"As I have said before, all denominations produced good men, but they do not produce that which the Church calls sanctity. And in England the people are not accustomed to sanctity; they don't know what it is. "But that is the spirit of Rome. In Rome I was very impressed by the atmosphere of sanctity and the sense of expectation of such sanctity as that of the Polish priest that pervaded. Of course, there is in the city much wickedness—such wickedness as I suppose the rest of the world does not contain—but it is foreign to the spirit of Rome, for she is holy, and she will remain to the end of the world. Her sanctity is to be seen again in the way in which the people pray. I remember once observing a country boy—the dirtiest I have ever set eyes on, and who looked as if he had not taken off his clothes for six weeks—I remember he entered the great church in which I was and walked across the splendid marble floor as if absolutely at home—every Catholic is at home in his church, and placing a chair near an altar, took out his rosary beads, closed his eyes in prayer and for twenty minutes remained absolutely motionless."

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood. The second when she is pregnant, and the third when she is the one most liable to heart and nerve troubles during "change of life."

In all these periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TALE OF A MISSIONARY Some of the Trials of the Oblate Missionaries among Indians of the Great North-west.

(Continued.)

We were welcomed by all the evidences of hearty affection and gladness by the family of Mr. Gaudet, who was in charge of the trading post of Good Hope, and whose residence was built at a distance of a half mile from the Mission. Mr. Gaudet is a French-Canadian, and one of the first intrepid explorers of the Mackenzie river. Engaged while very young in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. service for the fur trade, he has also taken root himself on Good Hope's hill and although very old and broken down with the infirmities of old age, he still remains close to his old church of Our Lady and will not desert it until the day of his departure from this world.

We have always found in him a devoted friend, as well as in his pious wife, a Canadian half-breed, whom he married in the Northwest. They are among the most generous and faithful who have helped our missionaries in their work of preaching the Gospel to Indian tribes.

Mrs. Gaudet certainly deserves a special mention in our annals. At Good Hope, in particular, not only has she proved herself in many instances the very Providence of missionaries, in their personal wants, but she has also admirably supported them in their apostleship by her zeal and good example. As with most of the wives of the Hudson Bay Co.'s traders, she had a great influence over the poor Indians who daily brought their furs to the trading post. Being able to converse with them in their own dialect, she urged them most persuasively to call upon the Fathers and to learn from them the Divine Truth.

Owing to such blessed endeavors on the part of a sincere Catholic woman, the newly established mission of Good Hope soon had a number of neophytes, and the Fathers, seeing the Indians so well disposed towards our Holy Religion set out to visit their camps, which were scattered along the banks of the rivers and lakes at a distance of from 30 to 100 miles from the Mission.

In the course of these excursions all the babies were baptized; to many dying Indians were opened the gates of the eternal Kingdom, and a general meeting was appointed in summer to follow the regular exercises of a Mission lasting a couple of weeks. But the devil would not, without strife, allow these poor Indians to throw off the oppressive yoke which he had ruled them from time immemorial, therefore he raised before the campaign of the missionaries, his most powerful batteries; heresies, and terrible threats of the medicine men, denouncing passions, etc.

Not a stone was left by him unturned by which he could oppose and check the progress of Catholic Faith. Heresy came first. It was impersonated in a bigoted Protestant minister, whom the Biblical Societies of London had sent, for a short period, to Mackenzie River District, inducing him with a large salary and securing for him the protection of the Hudson Bay Co.

Many times during my long Missionary course, I have met with English ministers, whose courtesy and plain dealing I am glad to commend here; but this minister was of a much different character and the whole effort of his proselytism and his chief aim was to pour out calumnies and absurdities upon whatever concerned the Catholic priesthood and the Catholic worship.

We encountered him several times in our various trips. The last time I met him was at Fort Yukon (Alaska Territory). On that evening there was a large assembly gathered in the waiting-room of the Hudson Bay Post; officers of the San Francisco Fur Trading Co., Indians, the above named minister, Bishop Clut, and myself.

I begged permission of His Lordship, the Bishop, to hold a public conference to refute the calumnies spread everywhere by this minister against Catholic worship and against ourselves.

"It will be of no avail, Father," said Bishop Clut, "because the only course adopted by that man of bad faith is to deny, protest and shut his eyes against the most splendid evidences of truth."

"But truth, Bishop," I objected, "shall find its way anyhow, through prejudiced but accessible minds, and blame with shame shall be heaped upon the wilful forger of such wicked nonsense."

A conference was therefore held that evening. For an hour I hunted our adversary through all the fallacies in which he had indulged from wanton wickedness. Hardly could he interject his futile words, though he persisted in accusing us of idolatry on the argument that by kneeling before the image of the Mother of Jesus we paid Her a tribute of adoration.

That was his last supreme blow against our holy Faith. A thousand times, already, that stupid objection has easily been reduced to annihilation, but I was glad, before closing,

to force him from his stronghold and oblige him, "Willy-nilly" to surrender, not by a regular theological assault, but with a joking point of epigram. "Well, sir," said I, "about idolatry's sins, I prefer mine to yours, and I claim to be pardoned easier for bending my knee before the Queen of Angels than you can be for doing the same before the Queen of England." He did not say a word, but quickly took to the door, amidst a burst of laughter from all present.

However, a few months later, he made a new attempt to recover his credit, and changing totally his tottering batteries, he tried to convince the Indians that there was no difference between his religion and that of the Catholic priests.

"Yes, indeed," retorted an old chief of the Hare-skin Indians, "Our Fathers' worship and thine are similar in several points, yet there is a great chasm between the two; one which shall always keep us back from thee. There is no Mother in thy religion. Thy countrymen are a people of orphans. The Catholic religion shows to us a good Mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary. She loves us in spite of our wickedness. She is the Mother of our Redeemer and the Treasurer of His merits."

"Mary!" That is the very name which illustrates the promptness and gladness with which all our Indians of the Northwest have welcomed our holy faith. No doubt, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the poverty and disinterestedness of the missionary Oblates, have won, from the very first, their whole confidence. How could they refuse credit to those messengers of God, who loke their souls at the price of all sacrifices? How could they do otherwise than surrender to the love of a crucified God. Whose Image the missionary bore on his breast as his sole treasure? But the sweet features of God's Mother, beaming like a heavenly smile on the background of merciful redemption, have moved the hearts of Indians to their inmost fibres.

Even in the midst of his dark infidelity, even with his name audaciously sometimes, the Northwest Indian, as far as I have seen him and know him, has always kept alive in the depths of his heart, a respectful love for his own mother. In a very short time the amulets of the superstitious past disappeared and for them we substituted on the breasts of our dear Indians, now converted, a cross, a medal of the Blessed Virgin, a scapular or a rosary. Every lodge would have its pious image; and the sick people were forbidden to have recourse to the fallacious dealings of the "medicine men." Now these men, seeing their fascination and profit disappearing, got into a fury and tried by all means, with magic spells and threatening words, to frighten their tribesmen and to recover possession of their power and fortune. Generally, the Indian medicine-man is a kind of an awkward fellow, unable to get his own living from hunting and fishing and trapping, so he looks for an easier trade and some fine morning he awakes with the claim of being possessed with "Illuminism's Spirit." Credulity and dread, these two chief stamps of the infidel mind, greatly help him on the way.

He is now on the way to prosperity. Choice portions of venison, the best of furs, etc., become the usual wages earned by his grins and humbugs. Therefore, it is not at all surprising, that we had to face those medicine men as our most bitter enemies and that they were the last to surrender themselves to the Catholic Faith.

Nevertheless, surrender they did; the all-powerful grace of our Divine Saviour, has proved victorious on that score as well as on other occasions. That debasing evil of "Shamanism" is eradicated, nowadays, from all our Catholic Indians of the far Northwest. I had the happiness of baptizing the last medicine-man of the Slave Indians' tribe, but I confess that he got baptism from me by surprise. That poor Indian was very old. Many times he had entreated us to favor him with the same grace which adorned all his tribesmen, that of belonging to the Catholic Church. Each time he backed his request with serious promises of forever renouncing his sinful, conjuring practices. But he failed to keep his word and fell again and again into his evil ways, therefore his baptism was deferred. When in summer time the Indians gathered in their lodges around the church to attend the public exercises of a mission, he was most exact in joining the throng to take part in the religious exercises. The Catechism, prayers and Canticles of our Indian manual were familiar to him. But as soon as he resumed his life in the woods he seemed to forget his good resolutions, and he gave himself up again to his usual ridiculous insanities.

Towards sunset on a summer day, three young Slave Indians arrived at the Mission in a birch canoe and informed me that they were sent by old Solomon (the name chosen by himself). The poor old fellow, they said, was very sick and was probably dying. I started with them at once, beseeching our Divine Lord, to keep him alive and to allow me to regenerate that soul which seemed to have proved more foolish than obstinate.

After two days of paddling down the Mackenzie river I reached the Indian camp and was ushered into a miserable hut wherein the old man was lying with a few branches of spruce under him and scraps of an old blanket over him. From those withered features of an old-skin Indian which death itself alters very little, I could not judge the degree of his illness, but it seemed to me that he was indeed very ill, and I prepared him to be baptized. But a few questions about the principal truths of Faith, which he answered very well, a new promise of giving up all medicine dealings and a sincere act of contrition for his sinful past, and then his soul was purified by holy Baptism.

As soon as the ceremonies were over Old Solomon (he still kept that name) threw away his rubbish of blankets, sat up in his bed of spruce, and with a joyful countenance said: "Father, I am so glad to be a true child of God. Forgive me my well-prepared trick and be sure this time, Father, that the medicine-man is dead. As a Catholic I can keep my word. Now, Father, make a good meal before you go back. Here is a good piece of deer, shot yesterday by our hunters."

For a little time I felt perplexed, but casting aside the strange part of the human side of the case, I could

not but see in such an occurrence the merciful hand of our Lord. The event soon afterward gave evidence that I was justified. Yes, very soon afterward, for old Solomon, the last of the medicine-men on Mackenzie river, died the ninth day after his baptism, the Hall Mary on his lips and the Rosary in his hands and without the least incantation of the past.

(To be Continued.) Note—A material aid to the missionary in the form of any alms, offerings for Masses, etc., will help him in his work among the Indians. The giver will certainly be rewarded by God. Clothing (new or old) can be sent by freight. Address: REV. FR. A. LECORRE, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada.

The Holy Father to Abbot Gasquet

The Holy Father has addressed to Abbot Gasquet, president of the English Benedictine congregation, and also president of the Commission for the Preparatory Work of Revision of the Text of the Vulgate, a congratulatory letter in Latin, of which the following is a translation: POPE PIUS X.

To Our Beloved Son, Aidan Gasquet, Abbot President of the Anglo-Benedictine Congregation. Beloved son, health and the Apostolic Benediction. We consider the task entrusted to the Benedictine Community of making the preparatory researches and studies upon which a new edition of the Latin translation of the Scriptures called the Vulgate may be based so noble that we must most earnestly congratulate not only you, but also all your colleagues, especially those who are to be co-operators in this admirable work. You have before you a work onerous and difficult, to which, within the memory of our fathers, men distinguished for learning and some of them even from the rank of the Pontiffs, applied themselves manifestly without success. Devoting your minds to this important undertaking, there is no room to doubt that you will bring to its termination the duty assigned to you, which termination consists in the restitution of the primitive text of Jerome's translation of the Bible, much corrupted in the course of the succeeding ages.

Sure paleographic and historical science, in which the Benedictines are so proficient, and their well-accustomed perseverance in research justify our conviction that you will, in a perfect investigation, examine every old codices containing a Latin version of the Scriptures that are known to be preserved up to the present in the libraries of Europe; and further, that you will take care to light manuscripts that have so far remained undiscovered. It is very desirable that each of you should be able to make these investigations with the least possible difficulty; and therefore we strongly commend your labors to archivists and librarians, feeling sure that their regard for the sacred teachings of the Scriptures will induce them to show you every favor. The special assistance of the undertaking, the tetra-arche Church has in you, which, again, too, of the present age, which must be accorded praise for carrying out researches of this kind in a manner altogether free from blame—all these considerations are of a character which makes it clear that this work should be performed and brought to perfection and that it should be conducted in accordance with the rules that are most highly esteemed in studies of this kind.

We know, of course, that you need

with the accumulated knowledge of fifty years' experience and trial, the McShane Bell Foundry Company, of Baltimore, Md., can justly lay claim to making bells that are equal to the best ever produced anywhere. In this country McShane's Bells are recognized as embodying the best in material and workmanship. Time and again, at the various exhibitions the manufacturers have been awarded medals and prizes by competent judges after a careful comparison has been made of their bells with the makes of other foundries.

In the making of McShane Bells all the casts are of new ingot copper and imported block tin, carefully proportioned and carefully melted to secure tonal and lasting qualities. They are mounted very carefully and solidly for ease of ringing and neatness of design. Everything that conduces toward satisfaction is part of the McShane endeavor.

The manufacturers will send a copy of their catalogue of bells, for churches, schools, colleges, court-houses, fire-alarms, factories, plantations, farms, etc., free to those intending to purchase.

All fitting boots and shoes caused corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

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St. George's Baking Powder. is best for Biscuits—best for Cakes—best for Pies—best for everything you bake that requires Baking Powder. "One can to try, will always make you buy St. George's." Have you a copy of our new Cook Book? Sent free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

In and Around Toronto

CONFERENCE AT THE ABBEY. On the Feast of the Epiphany a Conference was given at the Abbey, Wellington Place, by Rev. Father Stahl, C.S.S.R.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. BASIL'S. An entertainment under the auspices of the Holy Name Society of St. Basil's parish will be given in the hall of St. Michael's College on the evening of Jan. 15th.

DEATH OF MRS. WM. RYAN. The death of Mrs. William Ryan, widow of the late William Ryan and mother of M. P. Ryan of Parkdale, took place somewhat suddenly at Hamilton, where Mrs. Ryan had gone to spend Christmas with friends.

ST. JOHN'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. The Superintendent and his colleagues unite in thanking all the friends of the Institute for their good wishes, more especially the following, who very materially contributed to making the dining-room on several occasions during the Christmas holidays more than usually attractive and interesting to the boys.

ELECTION OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES. A special committee of the Separate School Board met on Thursday evening and received the members re-elected by acclamation and the new member elected by contest to the board for the current year.

RECEPTION AT ST. JOSEPH'S.

A beautiful and touching ceremony was held at St. Joseph's Convent on Saturday morning, when seven young ladies were received into the Community, three novices made final vows and two others their first year vows. The Very Rev. Wm. Brick, S.S.S.R., officiated. The reception marked the close of a retreat also given by Father Brick and the Mass in its Christmas festive adornment was in keeping with the occasion.

Clippings From Ottawa

Very Rev. Canon Campeau attended the funeral of Mrs. Paul Bruchesi, mother of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, during last week.

In celebration of the New Year, a Forty Hours' Devotion was held in the chapel of the Precious Blood Community. The ceremony was largely attended.

On the Feast of the Holy Innocents High Mass was celebrated in the Basilica. The church was filled with the children of the parish at the ceremony and all received the blessing of Mgr. Rauthier, Vicar-General.

The annual statistics for Notre Dame De Grace parish, Hull, have been made public and show that there are now 2,266 families comprising 10,651 souls, in the parish. During 1907 there were 464 births and 366 deaths.

An orchestral club has been organized among the students of the University of Ottawa, by Rev. Father Dewe. Although only a short time in the city, Father Dewe, besides being an accomplished musician himself, has written several compositions of much merit.

Rev. Father Duhaud, of Notre Dame De Grace Church, Hull, in his New Year's sermon, took occasion to remark the great decrease in the number of marriages in the parish. There were seventy-eight marriages and ninety births less in 1907 than in the year previous.

All the Separate school trustees have been returned by acclamation with the exception of those in two wards. In Rideau Ward Mr. A. Beaudard was returned, as was Mr. T. McGuire in Dalhousie Ward for the nineteenth year.

Rev. Father Corbell, of L'Ascension, Que., has been appointed parish priest of Latuque, a newly-founded parish on the St. Maurice river, in the Diocese of Pembroke. Father Corbell is a nephew of Mgr. Routhier, Vicar-General, and his brother, Rev. Father Corbell, formerly of the Basilica, is now studying English in Washington, D.C.

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Canada Permanent Calendar. The picture accompanying the Canada Permanent Calendar for 1908 is, in our opinion, a splendid reproduction of the original painting, "Sunset on the Grand Canal, Venice," by the eminent artist, Thomas Moran, N.A.

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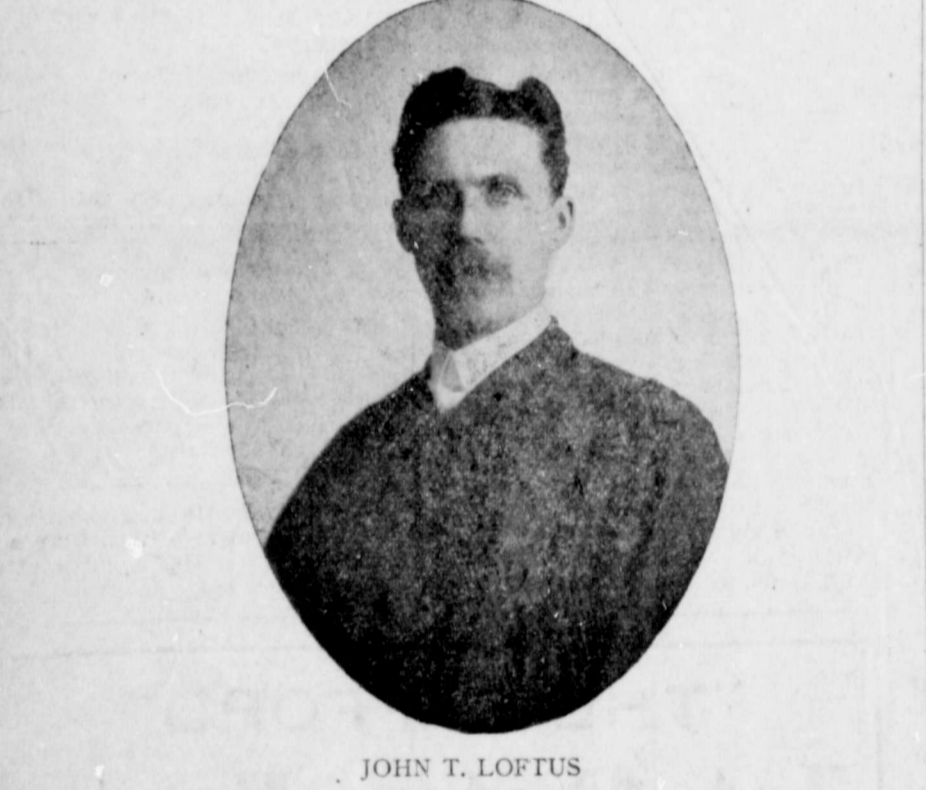
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Dead Priest Defended. (The Catholic Sun.) The death of Rev. Thomas McGrady, the socialist priest who was retired from the exercise of his sacred offices by Bishop Maes of Kentucky for persisting in the spread of that pernicious ferment of fanaticism, calls forth from a Socialist paper in Kansas an extended panegyric on the life of the deceased, says the Colorado Catholic Register.

Beginning with the words: "It is not customary among Socialists to pronounce conventional and meaningless panegyrics up a departed comrade, nor to pay fulsome tribute to virtues they never possessed," the writer launches into a two-column outburst of high-flown bombast, of hysterical encomium, of brazen impudence and insult against the Catholic Church and its prelates, not an opportunity being suffered to pass without an open or covert stab at Catholicity. The ex-priest is heroized, wept over, hoisted up as a martyr to his beliefs. The clergy are heaped with every abuse that a scurrily imagination can conjure up.

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JOHN T. LOFTUS Newly-elected Separate School Trustee for Ward 4.

erty, by twenty votes. Mr. Cunerty retires with two years of good work to his credit and Mr. Loftus takes office with the spirit that makes for success.

COMMANDERY NO. 2, K.S.J. The following officers of Leo Commandery No. 2, K.S.J., were installed with the usual ceremonies by Grand Vice President Richard Prior at their last meeting: Col. M. K. McGuinn, Thos. Callaghan, 2nd Vice; Joseph President; James Lawless, 1st Vice; Allan, Rec.-Sec.; Edward Meehan, Fin.-Sec.; Joseph McGuinn, Ins. Sec.; Edwin Millward, Treas.; Arthur Bellean, Messenger; James Kyte, Sergeant-at-Arms; Dennis Driscoll, Guard; J. J. Harrington, Captain; W. J. DeCrumpsey, 1st Lt.; R. Osborne, 2nd Lt.; James Kyte, 1st Sergt.; Joseph Allan, 2nd Sergt.; Dennis Driscoll, Col. Sergt.; Vincent Hackett and Albert Murray, auditors.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL HONOR ROLL. Form IV.—For examinations during December the following standing was secured: Seniors—N. Perugini, G. Murray, J. Devaney, A. Dubois. Juniors—G. Koster, S. Nighingale, H. O'Rourke. Form III.—For general exams. on programme between September and December (inclusive), the following resulted: Seniors—F. Cunerty, W. O'Hearn, J. Adams, D. Flanagan, G. Moore, M. Senon. Juniors—G. Healey, Leo Hearn, H. Seitz, H. Douglas, F. Colby. Form II.—For their excellent conduct and application in school during December the following boys merited to have their names inscribed on the Honor Roll: A. Adams, G. Boehlar, F. McKenna, C. Oliver, J. Kane, H. Heck, J. Henahan, J. Perugini, W. Phillips, J. Sullivan, H. Slater, J. Vince.

THE ROSARY PARISH.

An appropriate closing to the Christmas festivities was the annual entertainment tendered the parishioners of Holy Rosary Chapel and the subsequent treat given to the children of the Sunday School by Rev. Father Ryan. The hall of the Novitiate was crowded to its utmost capacity and the programme opened with a splendid orchestral rendition of "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" from Mozart's 12th Mass, followed by various recitals both instrumental and vocal, among the same being "Il Trovatore," by the well known violinist, Napoletano; Balfe's "Overture Bohemian Girl," pianoforte duet ably rendered by Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickinson, who, upon being encored, favored the audience with a choice vocal selection. The humorous side of the entertainment was supplied by Mr. J. E. Lyons in his "Motor Car" and another comic solo. The school children sustained their part by violin and piano duet by the Misses Allison, a well received recitation by Miss Gladys Deegan, "Waves of the Danube" (mandolin), Miss S. Todd; and "Oft in the Stilly Night" (vocal), Miss V. James. Several good selections were given by Holy Rosary Choir under the direction of their able tutor, Mr. J. Dickinson, Doc.Mus. Too much credit cannot be accorded the pastor, Rev. Father Ryan, for the interest taken in his energetic endeavors in regard to his choir, and especially in procuring for their advancement such a well qualified instructor as Mr. Dickinson who is also organist and choir-master of St. Michael's Cathedral and the weekly improvement in the Holy Rosary Choir for the short time he has had charge of it must be gratifying to both the Reverend Pastor and their teacher. "Tipperary," march, concluded the entertainment followed by a generous "Santa Claus" distribution to the children of the parish.—M. J.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN. The following officers of St. Anne's Commandery, No. 123, were installed by Grand President Callaghan: Pres., J. E. Dempsey, 1st Vice-Pres., W. M. Davies; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dan. McGregor; Recording Secretary, Rich. Prior; Financial Secretary, E. J. Collins; Treasurer, J. A. Egan; Trustees, J. J. Heffering, T. J. Conlin, E. Bassman; Messenger, M. T. Stibell; Sergt.-at-Arms, Thos. Judge; Guard, C. Bogeal. The committee having the "at home" in hand in the

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