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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. XI, No. 48

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1903

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## Chronicles of An Old-Timer

**The Celtic Revival—A Celtic Society Formerly in Canada—The Celtic Elements in Different Parts of the World—Glasgow the Leading Celtic City—What the Irish are Achieving in the United States—The Ruling Race—The Decadence of the Puritans—Massachusetts now more Irish than Anything Else—Irish-American Addresses in Chicago—What Will Make the World Ours?**

763 West Madison St.,  
Chicago, Nov. 28, 1903.

Dear Register,

There was organized in Philadelphia more than a year ago a Celtic society of which Robert Ellis Thompson was made president. Further than of its organization I have not heard and have reason to think it was a still-born infant. Perhaps Mr. Patrick Ford of the Irish World, put his ban upon it as he did on the Celtic Association of Great Britain, for some mysterious reason of his own. The study of Celtic history, Celtic literature and Celtic achievement would be singularly interesting and instructive at the present time, when everything is claimed for the Anglo-Saxon, and when there is a revival of Celtic sentiment and Celtic studies throughout the world. There are scholars who claim and are prepared to prove that the vital fibre in the English people to-day is not Saxon but Celtic. Certainly the Colonial element in the British empire is more Celtic than Saxon, because the Saxon has been the stay-at-home and the Celt the adventurer abroad. What a splendid theme for the lecturer would be "The Footprints of the Celt." John Mitchell adopted it, once, I remember, and what splendid discourse it was. Do you know that Ernest Renan and Matthew Arnold, one a French and the other an English poet, made Celticism a study at one time? In fact Renan was a Briton and a Celt himself and used to preside annually at a Celtic dinner in Paris, while Matthew Arnold, no doubt, had his own Celtic affiliations also. It is an undisputed fact that nearly all the British nations are of Celtic blood—the Welsh, the Cornishmen, the Manxman, the Highland Scotch, the Irish, and the Bretons of France, the latter being the descendants of the Ancient Britons that were driven out by the Saxon invaders. How much of the ancient race was left in England and what percentages of England's present populations are Celtic and Saxon is a fine subject for scholarly speculation. English writers are now claiming that all who speak the English language in England and her colonies and the United States of America and her colonies (?) including negro and Indians should be claimed as Anglo-Saxons by origin or by adoption! Shall we Celts who have a pride of achievement, permit this? This is a battle that is now waging between the two races. Shall the ancient race that came out of Mesopotamia four thousand years ago and fought its way to the centre of Europe and seized its western barriers, and subsequently followed by the vandals and Christian faith everywhere on the verge of extinction throughout western Europe, permit another race that it rescued from barbarism, to seize upon its achievements and claim them for its own? I hope not. And if not it must bestir itself and make a last, long and triumphant effort to save itself from absorption and extinction. If the Celt goes down and out forever so will go sentiment

and respect for what is noble and re-emerging in history, and will come in the supremacy of materialism and greed. Let the Celt maintain his hold upon history; let him elevate his standard and claim that honest sentiments shall rule the world. What is rare without religion and a people without sentiment good for, anyhow?

There was a Celtic society once in Canada. Its location was Kingston. One of the leading Highlanders of Upper Canada and Lower Canada too, belonged to it. When Bishop McDonnell went on his last visit to Great Britain, and Ireland and from which he never returned, it favored him with a farewell banquet. Names of Canadians that have since become prominent were members of it—the Stewarts, McDonalds, Macdonalds, McLeans, Mowatts, etc., etc. I do not know but what the late Anglican Bishop of Toronto, John Strachan, was member of it too, for his residence then was Kingston, and he was a noted Scotchman. The fact that the late Sandfield Macdonald was a Celt and made Gaelic speeches to his constituents, made him a favorite among the pioneer settlers of Glengarry. The Highlanders of Scotland not many years ago were enthusiastic Gaelic and prided themselves on maintaining their national traditions and language as they did even to this day their games. But I am afraid the old sentiment is dying out among them as well as the old language. They have given such a preference for the occupation of soldiering for Great Britain and have become so commercialized that I fear there is little hope for a revival among them as there is among the Irish and Welsh Celts. There is one fact in favor of the Canadian Scotch. The only Gaelic paper published in any of the British colonies is published in Nova Scotia by one of them.

Although there are many who even yet have little hope of the practical revival of the Irish languages, it must not be forgotten that such a social phenomena has been witnessed in Wales during the last hundred years. The Welsh had as nearly lost their ancient Cymric, which is a branch of the Celtic, as the people of Cornwall have lost their Cornish, yet they have effected a complete revival, and Welsh is now taught in the public schools of that country. The Welsh have cultivated such a national pride that they are making great claims, among which is one that Shakespeare was an Englishman of Welsh blood! But, who knows? There are others who claim that this great Englishman was of French blood as indicated by his name, when properly printed—Jacques Perre.

Where the special home of the Celtic race properly belongs to-day I am not competent to say. It is usual to speak of the whole Germanic race as Teutonic, of the French race as Gallic, of the Scandinavians as Teutonic, of the Russians as Slavonic, the Mediterranean people as Iberians, etc., but it is hard to say what nationality there is in Europe without its infusion of Celtic blood. A well-known American writer on races describes the Europeans with rounded heads as Celts or the Alpine race, placing them in the centre of Europe. Spain in the days of Caesar had its Celtiberia or land of the Celts. It has been shown that the Roman historians are not to be trusted in their descriptions of the various races the Roman arms encountered. We know, however, that almost every nation of Northern America has its share of Celtic blood, and that southern Germany as well as southern France are both more Celtic than Teutonic or Gallic. Even among the fair-haired Scandinavians, but more especially the Danes and Norwegians, there is a considerable infusion. I should say that Canadian blood is originally four-fifths Celtic. The first French settlers of Canada, it is true, were Normans, but there must have been among them a large admixture of Bretons, for Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of the St. Lawrence, was a Breton. There is, too, among the French-Canadians a considerable admixture of Irish and Scotch Celtic blood. The first settlers of Upper Canada were what are known as United Empire Loyalists, those inhabitants of the United States who were British subjects that would not accept the republic and left the country to settle in the North American provinces. It does not follow however, that those people were all Anglo-Saxons, and did not include a large percentage of the Celtic element. Then came the Highland Scotch, who colonized Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, as well as many locations in Upper Canada. Following was the great Irish influx. By the census of 1852 Toronto had more citizens of Irish birth than English, Scotch and Welsh combined, and if I do not err, after 1840, this was the condition throughout all of Upper Canada. The English, it must be remembered, were not the emigrating race, because they were too well off at home. So this Anglo-Saxon race the people that I am prepared to contend for is that the American revolution of 1776 was a Celtic product. I know this will be scoffed at as many other things have been scoffed at through ignorance, but I am prepared to stand by my assertion.

To return to the three Kingdoms, I believe the most Celtic city or locality within them is Glasgow. The valley of the Clyde was originally Celtic.

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There met Scot and Pict. Down from the English north in ancient times stretched the British province of Strathclyde, of the district which now includes the west side of England and which remained Celtic for the greater part. Then there is Ireland to the west of it and which has ever poured over the North Channel its contingent of Celtic people, and which to-day furnishes about one-third of its inhabitants. The Saxon invasion never gained a foothold on the Clyde, and Glasgow has the reputation of being the best governed and most progressive city in the British empire.

When I assert that the American revolution was a Celtic product I know I make a startling assertion. It is more startling than the fact that the Gaelic language is to-day being taught in several American universities and in the public schools of Boston, the leading city of New England, some of whose people at one time believed the Irish were so barbarous that they were canal appendages! Nay, more, where rational census enumerations now show that the Irish and their descendants have superseded the old Puritan stock as the larger element in the industrial basis of the population, with the French Canadians coming in as a good second among the foreigners!

How New England has lost her ancient characteristics surpasses belief. I am acquainted with an old circus man here in Chicago who travelled through New England States more than fifty years ago and travelled through them again professionally two or three years ago. He has informed me they are different altogether in characteristics; they are not the same New England at all now that they were at first—but foreigners everywhere.

I have a friend in Connecticut who recently analyzed the population of Litchfield by names in that state and discovered some startling facts. What he wondered at was the large number of Irish names and French names as well. The French element in the New England states has never been fully recognized. It has come in that section from three sources: the Protestant Huguenots, the first contingent; the Acadians of Nova Scotia, who were largely scattered through the settlements at the time of their banishment; and latterly, the French Canadians from the Province of Quebec. I remember the time when the mills of New England were operated almost solely by native hands; now they are operated largely by the Catholic elements of French Canadians, Italians and Poles, as well as Irish. Faneuil Hall in Boston, the cradle of liberty, was built by the Frenchman, and the minute men, of French extraction. One of the singular facts brought to light by the American Irish Historical Society is that there are natives of New England of the ninth generation from their Irish forbears! Nay, there are some searchers who go so far as to claim that John Alden, the Puritan leader on the "Mayflower," was Irish, and that Miles Standish was originally a Catholic! See how modern research aims to upset all our preconceived notions of things! And there are historians who tell us that the Puritans, whose liberty-giving institutions, town meetings, etc., brought their ideas with them across the ocean, not from England but from Holland, and this is very likely too, for Holland was then a free country, and England to their own knowledge and crow, was not.

Glory be to God! The Irish revival is a fact. The enthusiastic dreams

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of my boyhood are being realized. Ireland is practically free and the bands that bound my religious faith are broken. England is humiliated and I on my knees soliciting friendship from America that but a few years ago she insulted and despised; an America, too, that is largely ruled by the Celtic race, as she is herself, but is not yet humiliated enough to acknowledge it. Gladstone was a pure Celt, and there are others!

The Irish are assimilating the other foreign races in America, for they are the natural leaders of men, with their cosmopolitan characteristics, their adaptability, their tact and their persuasiveness. Their physical prowess as athletes, policemen and firemen, place them in the lead for deeds of daring and achievement, and their leadership is acknowledged. They are the trades-union captains and are getting to be the leaders in sports and theatricals.

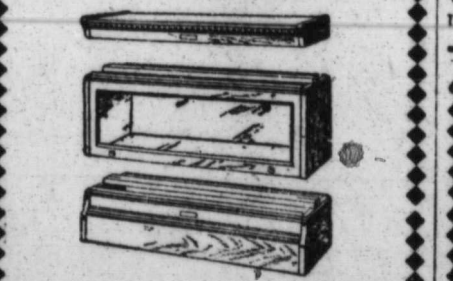
The prominence that is being given here of late to Irish men and women of the theatrical profession makes me marvel. Four theatres last week presented four women with Celtic names as stars and I am elated over it. One of them comes from your own dear Toronto—Miss Margaret Anglin—on whose devoted head the Chicago papers have showered columns of praise for her classic acting. I learn that she is soon going to Europe to be absent five years. Another is a Chicago girl, who has risen from chorus girl to prima donna in one night—by name Miss Nora McGowan—Mama Lucia, in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Another is Nance O'Neil. Where she comes from I do not know, but she was the special attraction at Cleveland's theatre, where she played in "The Jewess" for two weeks. Then there is Maud Alice Kelly, leading lady at the La Salle theatre in the piece called "The Isle of Spice."

Here is another: Miss Helen Prindle, who plays the role that made Miss Maude Adams famous in a revival of "Rosemary," is said to be the youngest leading lady in the United States. She is only eighteen years of age and the daughter of Mrs. Katherine Prindle, who was for several years a writer for the Chicago press. The Prindles are one of the pioneer Irish families of Chicago and are distinguished in several ways.

If there are some things in the Irish character to be ashamed of—and that there are I truly admit—but thank the Lord they are more than compensated for by the talent, the thought the brilliancy, the generosity and the most criminal country among the nations it is a great moral advantage to uphold us; if the Irish women are the most chaste in the world let the race have credit for it; and if great efforts are now being made to make the Irish men the most sober men in the British empire, let us if possible assist to make the endeavor a success, for "drink" is the word that mostly mars our vocabulary. Let us but eschew drink, let us but temperate in our habits and our actions and "the world is ours."

WILLIAM HALLEY.

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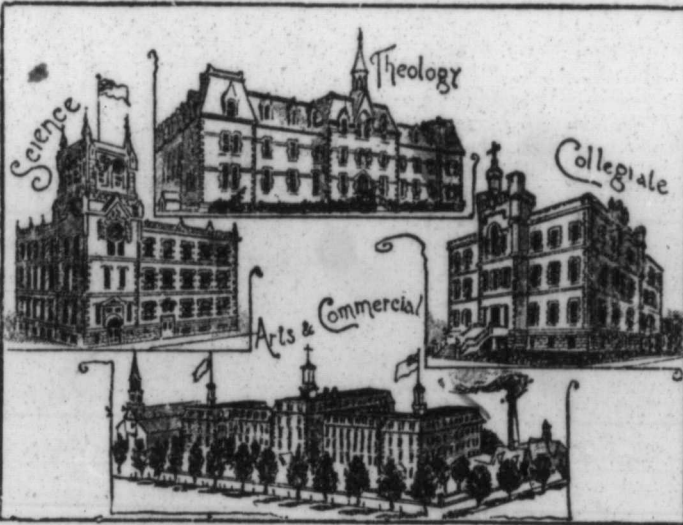
## OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ON FIRE

**MAIN BUILDING DESTROYED ON WEDNESDAY MORNING**

Fathers McGurty, Fulham and Bayon Reported Injured. Heavy Financial Loss.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 2.—(Special)—The main building of the University of Ottawa was completely destroyed by fire this morning, and what was left stood the scene of a busy hive of students in this morning a huge pile of crumbling stone. The building extended a block and went up with marvelous rapidity, there being a fire wall from one end of the block to the other. The students and professors had a thrilling time of it making their escape, and that there was not a great casualty list is a surprise. Down ladders they scrambled in scant clothing, while many jumped three stories into nets held by the firemen. As it was several were more or less injured, and one priest, Father McGurty, assistant curate of St. Joseph's Church, may die. Collins, a student from Winnipeg, is also

badly burned. Others are slightly injured. The interior of the building was largely wooden, the students' dormitories burning like fury. The gorgeous chapel, with its elaborate furniture, also made an intense fire and completely paralyzed the work of the brigade. The fire broke out about 7.30 o'clock and is supposed to have started from a cigar stub or match dropped by some one at an entertainment in the academy hall last night. Later (special)—At 10 o'clock the fire was under control and was confined to the main building. There were no fatalities. Rev. Father McGurty was badly burned, but doctors say he will recover. Collins, a student from Winnipeg, was badly hurt, and Fathers Fulham and Bayon were also injured.



CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

## Idleness and Novels the Great Drawback

(For the Register.)

We are all familiar with the proverb, "Idleness has taught much evil," but hundreds of our young boys and men who think themselves remarkably clever are prone to that bad habit. They will hang around corners smoking cigarettes, cursing and learning to be smart in evil ways. Their knowledge of badness is in the superlative degree while what they should know about their catechism and their religion is in the positive degree, that is when the word great or large is used. The youth and young men of the present day are a very sad moment of the generation of years ago. In now-a-days it is clever and a piece of smartness to be able to talk and act like a so-called man before they reach the age of ten or twelve. Parents think themselves wise in their generation. What a delusion! What a shame and a disgrace! Better training, better company would have made more promising men out of such youths. Of late years, a large number of our boys are being brought before the courts. A magistrate recently declared that a great part of the crime of a city was due to idleness and that business depression was liable to increase idleness.

Hence it is important for all young people to keep themselves occupied lest the temple finding them idle give them evil work to do. "The twenty-four hours," says Father Faber, "are the same to everybody except the idle, and to the idle they are thirty-six, for weariness and idleness."

Another great fad with the young people is the reading of cursed books called novels. Why some are so crazy after them that they will see them reading them in the street cars on their way to work.

A boy who was away from a good home in Massachusetts and came New York was recently picked up by the Police in New York City. His appearance indicated that he had been well brought up. When asked why he left home he said reading story papers, and bad novels. My mother often caught me reading them and took them away from me. But I always managed to get others from my friends I thought it a fine thing.

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to be my own master I have knocked around the city long enough I had had a hard time of it, I would like to be sent home "I know better now." Could you young people have heard these words and the way they were said by a bright handsome boy of fourteen, you could not forget them easily.

The use of tobacco also is another great drawback to the young. The inveterate cigarette smoker is quite dull and stupid, and when at school is more like a fellow in a dream. His brains are actually smoked away.

Boys sometimes think that it is a manly thing to use tobacco, that it gives those who use it an air of importance and adds a few feet to their stature. It has been frequently remarked by those who have watched its effects that tobacco is poisonous to the growing boy. Whatever tends to stunt the growth and impair the general health should be avoided. The evil that tobacco does to the young cannot be easily estimated. General Grant several years before his death speaking to a young man, said: "If there is any advice I could give you it is not to use tobacco." Years after he said these words the excessive smoking he had indulged in during life brought on the throat trouble which brought him to the grave. If you must use tobacco, wait till you have attained your full growth, when its evil effects will be less felt than they are at present. When you grow up you will meet with many men who will tell you that though the use of tobacco has given them some pleasure, they are sorry they ever began to use it.

Too many parents allow their children too much latitude on the plea that it will make them "smart." The good parent is not misled by such smartness. When a boy grows to manhood he will readily see that many of the setbacks, or rather the events which he thought were such in his younger days, that is to say, the limitations placed upon him by his parents, were in reality the conscientious scruples of his father and mother to make a good man of him.

Oh! what a joy it is for one to look back, when he is of age, to see that everything his parents did for him in his younger days was only for his own good, and not as he thought when a boy, that his parents were trying to cross him; then it is that one finds great delight in working and toiling for his parents, and he feels that he is paying them back partly for their troubles and kindness in caring for, and educating him in his youth.

"Have you met with temptation and dallied too long? Well, never mind that, if your heart is repenting; For you'll find yourself stronger when next you meet wrong Without wasting time in protracted lamenting."

Leave behind all the failures and sins of your life, And press on ahead with each year's new procession;

Keep your weapons prepared for defence in the strife, And vindicate your place in the march of progression."

## Berlin's Beautiful Church

Will Be Opened on Sunday, December 13th, and will be One of the Finest in Ontario.

The new church of St. Mary, Berlin, which is to be formally opened on Sunday, December 13th, was begun in 1900, and will be one of the finest religious edifices in Canada, outside the large cities. The extreme dimensions of the church are length 190 feet; width (at transepts) 95 feet. The height of main spire is 200 feet and the smaller tower 105 feet. The width of interior is 61 feet, and height from floor to apex of ceiling 53 feet. The roof is of steel construction, in a single span. The ceilings are grained and vaulted, and lighting is obtained by a system of electric bulbs following the lines of the cornices and rib moldings of the ceilings. The materials exteriorly are principally brown Credit Valley stone and Milton red pressed brick. The main roof is slate and the spires of copper. The heating is by steam. A lofty basement extends under the whole building. The church will accommodate about 1,200. The church is completely furnished. Total cost about \$80,000. Ed.

Barrie Deanery

Very Rev. Dean Egan conducted the services in Rev. Father O'Leary's parish in Collingwood on Sunday.

Last Sunday evening St. Mary's church was crowded to the doors by an audience assembled to hear Rev. Fr. O'Leary of Collingwood, lecture on "Charity towards the poor." The rev. gentleman handled his subject in a very able manner, and had the occasion warranted, would have evoked frequent manifestations of approval. The soloists of the evening were the Misses Graham, McDonald and Cameron and Mr. T. F. O'Meara. Mr. Geo. Scott, violin, and Mr. E. G. Redditt, cornet, added considerable strength to the musical portion of the service, which was under the direction of Mr. Jno. Clayton. The "St. Vincent de Paul" Society, in the interests of which the service was held, will benefit largely in a monetary sense as the contributions were of an exceedingly generous character.

Personal

Mr. T. K. Rogers of the Registrar-General's Department, met with a very serious accident the other day. He fell through a trap-door in the floor of Gough Bros. and fractured his skull.

Mr. John T. Loftus, barrister, of Toronto, was on a visit to Barrie last week.

Mrs. John J. Stone of Church St., who has been seriously ill, has recovered.

Mr. O. B. Darland, formerly of the Remington Typewriter company, has joined the staff of the United Typewriter Co.

Mrs. W. J. Motz and her mother, of Berlin, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Seitz, 18 Isabella street.

To "Old-Timer."

Editor Catholic Register, Toronto. Dear Sir, In Old Timer's letter of last week he makes several errors one particularly which I feel obliged to correct. In reference to Michael Murphy he states that it was he who organized the Ancient Order of Hibernians in this city. It was the Hibernian Benevolent Society which Mr. Murphy organized and not the A.O.H. In connection with many of the names enumerated in connection with the Cornwall episode he is also in error. Many other mistakes in previous letters I will deal with again. READER.

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Science in Ancient Ireland

By Dr. Sigerson. In Dublin last week the inaugural lecture, under the auspices of the National Literary Society, was delivered by the President, Dr. George Sigerson, F.R.S.E., on "Science in Ancient Ireland." There was a large attendance. The chair was occupied by Mr. George Colley. Dr. Sigerson, who on rising was received with loud applause, said that two forces characterize the ancient Irish nation, in the realm of intellect, a passion for learning and a passion for diffusing knowledge. The first was not simply a desire to ascertain and appreciate facts and opinions, it involved more, and a more important principle. In the realm of intellect, this is the spirit of research, which gives life, animation, progress, a future to knowledge. Without this, generations live like their ancestors, mentally repeating their views, not increasing, but not lessening the stores of knowledge. Without this, the heritage of ideas becomes like a treasure trove lying in a shallow bay, from which the uplifting and ever-moving waters have withdrawn. The passion for diffusing knowledge, like that of learning, elevated in a most unusual and remarkable manner the ancient Irish above narrow restrictions, race animosities, and rendered them everything but insular in character. Nothing is more strange in the world's history than that which which was by no means a mild but a militant nation—a fierce fighting people—could prove so attractive as for centuries to draw students of strange lands to its great schools, and so adaptable, so little of a pedant, that for centuries its own scholars pervaded all the warring kingdoms around, re-creating knowledge amid the ruins of Empire, and making it flourish in the savage wilds of barbarism. It is well known that, in the seventh century, St. Columbanus proceeding from Ireland to Gaul and Italy, established the great monastic schools of Annegray, Luxeuil, and Bobbio, and that his famous disciple St. Gall created another not less illustrious, near Lake Constance, which had a great and acknowledged influence over Germany. Now, when, in the succeeding century, Charlemagne formed his celebrated School of the Palace, where he and his kindred and paladins sat as pupils what examples inspired him? There were none so famed and so flourishing as those great Irish schools, which were either within his dominions or on its borders. Columbanus died at his great and growing school of Bobbio, in Lombardy, and it was in the shadow of its great fame that Charles in 780, met the scholar who was to be, for a time, master of his own School. This was Alcuin, stated to be a Saxon, but bred up under Irish influences in Northumbria, where Irish was the Court language, as Mr. Stopford Brooke discovered. He had formerly been a student, with his friend Joseph the Commentator, and innumerable others, under the rule of Oicu, at the noble school of Clonmacnoise on the Shannon. In the letters of Alcuin, more profuse of personal details than Irish scholars were, we get glimpses of school work and life in the eighth century, and learn inferentially something of the Master Schools of Ireland. We know that all authors who refer to the subject speak of the plentiful supply of books in this island, and of the unparalleled generosity of the people who furnished foreign as well as native students with books, food, and lodging, and all gratuitously. In this matter none had taught the Ancient Irish, and none have been, in this matter taught by them, not even Charlemagne. Oengus the Cele De, writing of the works of reference from which he had borrowed in the compilation of his calendar, picturesquely says he "milked into it the vast tome of Ambrose, Hilary's pious senses, Jerome's Autograph, Eusebius's Martyrology, and the hosts of the Books of Erub." Oengus is concerned here with Church matters chiefly, but there cannot be a doubt that what the daughter-schools of Northumbria held, the mother-schools of Ireland possessed—and more. Hence, the interest in hearing Alcuin (who, after leaving Clonmacnoise, became master in York) when he enumerates the books confided to him by the previous master, Elbert. There were, he says, the Hebrew writings, the brilliant books of Greece, Rome and Africa. He mentions the productions of Jerome, Hilary, Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, Orosius, Gregory the Great, Leo, Basil, Fulgentius, Cassiodorus, Chrysostom, Baeda, Athelm, Victorinus, Boethius; the ancient historians, Pomponius, Pliny, Aristotle, Cicero, Lemens, Alcuin, Prosper, Paulinus, Arator, Fortunatus, and the writings of the masters of grammar, Probus, Phocas, Donatus, Priscian, Servienus, Euticius, Pomponius, Comminianus. This has been described as perhaps the earliest and most complete catalogue of a Colledge Library of the Middle Ages, and it may be taken for certain that all these works, and many more, were in the great schools of ancient Erin. In regard to the teaching of his master, Elbert, from which we can gather more information as regards the instruction there given—the Sage Elbert, he says, gave to drink from all founts of knowledge to thirsting minds. Some he taught the rules of grammar, for others rolled the waves of rhetoric. These he formed for the struggle in the forum, and the Cas-talian pipe. He taught also with lyric foot the summits of Parnassus, He explained the harmony of the heavens, the mortal eclipses of sun and moon, the seven wandering planets, the laws of the stars, their rising and setting, the violent motions of the sea, earthquakes, the nature of man, of flocks, of birds, and wild beasts, the in-

verse combination of numbers and their various forms. He taught the certain calculation of the Eastern Epoch, unveiled the mysteries of Holy Writ, and laid open the profundity of Ancient Law. With this equipment and the permission of his Archbishop and the King, Offa, Alcuin set sail with a few companions to take up his position as Master of the Palatine School, at Aix-la-Chapelle. Charles assuredly deserved the name of Great, less by his martial conquests, which were many and fierce, than by his imperial mind, which, viewing the fallen state of learning in Europe generally, strove with enduring anxiety to raise it to the highest levels. He himself set the example. Young, when he took the Palatine School, for he was little over twenty-one, he sedulously cared for it, watching over its efficiency and fostering its fame. Nowhere in history do we find a parallel. As the years passed, he, his became and continued students of the school. By a quaint but gracious custom, each new student took a new name as he entered, concealing, as it were, his personality under the scholar's gown. Thus in these halls of learning Charlemagne was no longer King and Majesty, but David. His sister, the Princess Gisela, became Lucia, his daughters the Princesses Gertrude and Gisela, were now Columba and Della, his son-in-law Alcuin was called Homer, the Princess Liutgar, who afterwards became his Queen, was given the name of Ava. His sons were students of the school, as were all members of the Cortege Royal. The monk of St. Gall relates that one day, noting that learning flourished, but ripened no fruit like the ancient Fathers, he experienced a more than mortal anguish, and in his discouragement exclaimed: "Why have I not a dozen clerics as learned as Jerome and Augustine?" It was at this epoch that two young Irish scholars made their appearance, and a sensation in the streets of Paris. Where material merchandise of all kinds abounded they offered a new merchandise. They cried: "If anyone wants wisdom let him come to us and obtain, for we have it on sale." This was a highly original mode of announcing their mission, and they became known as the Irish Wisdom Sellers. Their wares proved to be of refined gold, and this Charlemagne discovered when he had them brought before him in his palace. Clement and Alcuin were their names. The magnitude of the triumph of the Irish scholars can be best understood by the expressions of angry mortification of Alcuin. But I know well the calculations of Memphis, it is true that I only incline to the traditionary of Rome. Then follow some pious platitudes in which, evading the scientific questions at issue, he exhorts his own orthodox opinions with insinuations and innuendoes unworthy of his position, but not uncommon in like case. So, some fifty years before, another great original Irish thinker had been assailed by another sincere, but imaginative, Saxon—Fergal Geometer, known better, perhaps, by his latinized name, Virgilius, sometimes called Solivagus, or the lone-wanderer. He maintained not only that the earth is a sphere, which was not absolutely novel, though not universally accepted—but he went further and projected the perfectly new idea that the Antipodes were inhabited. This fell like a lightning bolt on the solid, not to say stolid, edifice of the Saxon Bonifacius, mind, so that he at once saw it the wreck of all religion, and had recourse to the familiar method of denouncing what he could not disprove. His denunciations, happily, did not prevent the great Irish scholar from being canonized as St. Virgilius—well remembered abroad, though long forgotten in his native land. Nor had the assaults of Alcuin, or those he instigated some of his pupils to make, any influence on the prestige of Clement. In vain did Joidiguis, who had accompanied Alcuin from York, enter the lists; his essay is condemned as pretentious and void. It was worse than vain for Alcuin to denounce Clement as an Athenian Sophist; with spoils from the School of Plato; for this he only bore testimony to the attainments of his successor, and unwilling witness to the correctness of that title. The Greek Sage, which Charlemagne gave to Clement. Against all influences, intrigues, and anger, the new Irish Master of the Palatine School held his higher sway with silent supremacy. His knowledge of the ancient languages, especially of Greek, was acknowledged, but it appears manifest that he had other linguistic attainments, for Bishop Thegan relates that Charlemagne worked with his Irish teachers at a revision of the Gospels in the Greek and Syriac texts. The monks went eastward, and Diocul obtained information of one, who had passed through the ancient Canal of Suez. Egyptian Monks came to Ireland, when persecuted at home. Thus there was opportunity for Irish scholars to learn languages of the East, which was a region of ineffable interest, to which others besides Sedulius were attracted as princes and pilgrims. What Charlemagne most anxiously and eagerly desired was astronomical information, and he was apparently well content with what the Irish scholars provided. What may we infer? That they were in possession of new sources of knowledge of which Alcuin and his group were ignorant. Now there is extant an ancient Irish astronomical tract, of which copies are preserved in the Royal Irish Academy and in Marsh's Library. That dear and venerated friend of Irish learning, the late Rev. Maxwell Close, caused a translation of this to be made, of which he was good enough to confide to me a copy with manuscript notes. This work was dealt with from the standpoint of astronomical science by our eminent Irish astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, in a lecture before the Irish Library Society of London. I refer to it from an historical point of view. It appears to me that we have in this remarkable work the very core of the astronomical instruction given by the Irish

lars to the eager pupils of Charlemagne in his Palatine School. My position is that the core of the work dates back to his time, not necessarily that all the book is so ancient, for there have been later accretions. That view, if it prevails, should give additional interest to an already most interesting tract, showing, as it would, how superior was Irish scholarship over Alcuin's efforts, and how rightful was the supremacy granted to the Irish scholars by Charlemagne. There are certain facts worth noting about it besides its intrinsic value. Mr. Close pointed out that, whilst Messahala wrote in the 8th century, a Latin version by Gerard of Sabbionetta was made in the 13th, which, Stabius edited and published in the 15th century, but it is emphatically shown the Irish work is not a translation from this version, and it contains one-half more than is contained in the more than non-Mahabalic chapters. Mr. Close thought, came from an Arabic source. This, it will be seen, does not conflict in the least with the view I venture to propose; on the contrary, it helps to establish the antiquity of the Irish Text. This Irish Astronomical Tract is an earnest and important treatise, illustrated by some diagrams, and a text of the fortifications that married Alcuin's teaching. It is divided into thirty-nine chapters which treat of the Creation, the sun, moon, stars, planets, and elements; the earth, volcanoes, seas, tides, rivers, rains, animals, and plants. Original matter is often interspersed with that taken from the Greek or Alexandrian authors. It is particularly curious to note the twelve chapters which are, essentially, not Messahala's, though some of them be from other Arabic sources, because there we are like to find, and there I believe, we do discover some of the original work of the ancient Irish thinkers. These extra chapters are entitled: Of the rotundity of the earth, and of the vicissitudes of day and night. Of the changes of the sea and of the rivers. Of the motion of the earth and of the change of the waters. Of the two burning mountains which are on fire. Of the flowing and ebbing of the sea. Of the flood of the River Nile in Egypt. Of the retrogression of the firmament, and of the sun. Of the unchangeability of the firmament. Of the differences of the rising and the setting of the sun. Of the seven habitable regions of the earth. Of the two places in which the entire year is one day and one night. Of the first and last chapters here mentioned are particularly interesting. As regards the first, the doctrine of the rotundity of the earth might almost be called a distinctive Irish doctrine. It is true that a Greek philosopher speculating as to its form, thought it might be globular or cylindrical. St. Basil, in his Hexameron, imagines it cylindrical. The ancient Irish writers, however, appear to have uniformly advocated its globular shape. It is so described in a glossary in the Senabus nor: Virgilius, in 745, proclaimed it with the additional statement of the existence of man at the Antipodes. Here, also we have in Irish an elaborate defence of the doctrine against what were plainly continual and besetting objections. Moreover, in reply to the objection that if the earth were spherical, the inhabitants should walk with their heads down, the Irish writer argues the contrary. "Whatever is towards the mass of the earth," he says, in effect, is down, and contrariwise what is surfacewards is upwards. So that on what side soever people may be standing their heads are up and their feet down. This is probably the first teaching on the subject recorded. Diocul did not teach to write it. In the extra chapter on the flowing and ebbing of the sea, the Irish author, whilst giving first the old view of the influence of the moon's light in producing tides, goes on to assert of himself that the moon has a power over moist substances, and over the water of the sea, like the power which adamant exercises over iron, and the result of this attraction is called the ebbing of the sea. When the attraction ceases the sea ebbs. Mr. Close notes that Coimbra College and Kepler held this view of the moon's magnet-like attraction, and that it is "a most interesting anticipation of the attraction of gravitation." The last extra chapter stating that there are two places on the earth in which the entire year is one day and one night. One of these places is directed under the Arctic Pole. Then this statement is proved astronomically. But I think that scientific attention was first drawn to this subject by the reports made in the middle of Charlemagne's reign, by Irish clerics who had resided from February to August in Ireland. They stated, which is perfectly correct, that at mid-summer the sun scarcely sets there, and there is light enough to enable people to pursue their daily avocations. Diocul the famous Irish geographer, who wrote his memorable work "De mensura orbis Terrarum" in 825, records this statement, and observes that he had heard it from these Irish clerics 30 years before. That the reputation of Irish scholars for knowledge in astronomical science did not for long decline may be inferred from the fact that in 811, Charlemagne consulted Dungal the Recluse as to whether two eclipses had taken place in the previous year, or could occur in any year, and received a satisfactory reply in a Latin letter which is still extant. Notwithstanding all the facts cited, and others, in the most prominent arena of the world in its time, we everywhere find the name of Alcuin in honor and Clement ignored; the defeated warrior goes out of the arena with the laurels of his conqueror. In conclusion, I would say that no one is more conscious than I that only a fringe of the great veil of the Temple of Science in ancient Ireland has been lifted. There is an abounding room and work for willing minds. All I claim is to have shown that amidst their most advanced contemporaries the ancient

Irish stood foremost, because their passion for learning and their passion for diffusing knowledge with the service of alert, energetic, and free minds, elevated them above racial or regional restrictions, endowed them with the spirit of research, and made them in the realm of intellect the most progressive people in Europe.

Success of Cardinal Merry Del Val

The name of Raphael Merry del Val, the Roman correspondent of The London Times, has been brought so prominently before the public during the last few months as to render unnecessary any addition to the accounts of his career and personality which have already appeared. His recent appointment, however, as Secretary of State has provoked a discussion abroad upon which it may be opportune to offer some comments. Everywhere except in Vienna, and in less degree in Berlin, the appointment seems to have given great satisfaction. What are the precise grounds for the dissatisfaction felt by Austria and Germany it is difficult to say, but one may gather from the vague and sometimes entirely unfounded suggestions thrown out by the press of both countries and their objections are to the youth of Cardinal Merry del Val, to the fact that he was born an Italian, and to a supposition that he is opposed in some way to the Triple Alliance. The new Secretary of State has had a wider experience of the world outside Italy than most members of the Sacred College, and youthful energy and strength, if they can be considered disadvantages in the arduous post he has been called upon to fill, are drawbacks which will only too soon be remedied by time. There is no shadow of reason to suppose that he entertains any convictions hostile to the Triple Alliance; he has never had any occasion to express an opinion one way or another, and quite possibly, even as Papal Secretary of State, never may have occasion; if he should have, it would be natural to connect it from his country, and he would be all in favor of maintaining and strengthening the bonds which bind Italy and Austria together. The foreign policy of the Vatican is likely to be in future simple and of easy comprehension, though, for that matter, in the past it has never been so tortuous nor so stupidly shortsighted as some of its critics have represented it. As to the question of nationality, it would seem that Germany and Austria would rather have their affairs in the hands of an Italian. They can at least console themselves with the reflection that Cardinal Merry del Val is more an Englishman than a Spaniard, and more an Italian, by right of his long residence in Italy, than an Englishman. The fact that a man is a cosmopolitan and speaks four languages, among them German, hardly be against his filling so cosmopolitan an office. The Italians themselves have so long looked upon him as an Italian that they are little concerned with the questions of his parentage or birthplace. No one who was present in the Sala Borgia, where the new Cardinal received the congratulations of his friends, could have doubted for an instant as to his real nationality in the country, and it is hardly to be expected that the Italian world would have their affairs in the hands of an Italian. 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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS. Includes liturgical calendar for November 1903, listing feast days like All Saints, St. Andrew, and the First Sunday of Advent.

FOR THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Mr. Baby is mother's greatest joy and a little hint that may lead to his greater comfort will, I know, be willingly received by my readers...

He knew that they were wildcats.

He knew that they were wildcats, obeying the same instinct that makes their tame congeners follow a man in the city streets in the moonlight.

The voice of timidity whispered

The voice of timidity whispered that he might discharge his commission with safety to himself. All he had to do was to deliver his message to the freighter as it was given to him...

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

John O'Connor, Toronto: Dear Sir—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

Children's Corner

ARMSTRONG'S CHANCE.

"Joe," said the superintendent of the Montezuma Copper Company, "you're to take the Kitty mare and go down the road until you meet Manuel Gonzalez's outfit."

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EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR YOU WILL BE GLAD WHEN YOU WEAR Dunlop Rubber Heels

The HOME CIRCLE

"CUDDLE DOON."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night Wi' muckle laught an' din; 'Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife ro-gues, Your father's comin' in."

THE TROUBLES THAT NEVER COME.

The story is told of a lady who for a time kept a list of impending troubles. It was a relief to see them down in black and white.

A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Woman "in her hours of ease" has frequent moments of envy for the large opportunities which come to man. His life is much freer, so much broader, and appeals to her in a particular manner when her own horizon seems to be somewhat circumscribed.

TO SOME WOMAN.

There isn't anything in life So tries a woman not a wife As when she's reached that point in years—

The D.L. Emulsion Extensively used in Hospitals The most palatable Emulsion made Very easy to digest Gives strength to the body Increases the weight largely The best Remedy for General Debility, La Grippe, Anæmia, Consumption.

Are You One of The Weak Ones?

Subject to Sinking Spells and Feelings of Languor, Depression and Weakness—You Can be Helped by DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Are You One of The Weak Ones?

Very many people feel much as you do. They do not like to confess that they are sick, but they are weak and languid, feel drowsy and depressed after meals, are easily tired and discouraged, suffer from indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability and general bodily weakness.

ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Very Rev. Canon Dunlevy, administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, is dead. His call was quite sudden. The deceased priest was known personally to many Canadian Catholics.

The St. Catharines Star contains a report of the convention proceedings at which Mr. James Battle of Thorold was selected as the Conservative candidate for Welland in the Federal election. Mr. Battle is a prominent Catholic, a member of the well-known firm of Battle Brothers, manufacturers and contractors.

Whilst the Canadian Manufacturers for their own ends, and the Canadian press, which looks to these same manufacturers for the means of existence, are vainly endeavoring to represent public opinion in this Dominion as being favorable to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, the other colonies are looking on and showing some slight disposition to laugh. In the federal parliament of Australia, on Oct. 9th, Mr. Deakin, the premier, was asked if any offer on the lines of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals had been made to or by the Commonwealth. Mr. Deakin, who has an ironical sense of humor, replied: "Mr. Chamberlain must have been speaking of South Africa." Mr. Reid, leader of the opposition, then asked, "Is there any danger of our tariff being reduced in favor of the home country?" To which Mr. Deakin responded: "If there is it will come from my right, hon. friend, the leader of the opposition himself."

The confidence which Pope Pius X. feels in the ability of Cardinal Merry del Val to carry out his policy with diligence and satisfaction was well expressed by the Supreme Pontiff in the Allocution he delivered on Nov. 9th, when he said of the first of his "two illustrious men" of the day: "One of them honoured by your own suffrages during the interregnum, has in a remarkable way proved to us within the last few months that he is endowed with great gifts of mind and character and with equal prudence in the transaction of affairs."

Imperialism seems to have more favor with Archbishop Bourne even than with his predecessor Cardinal Vaughan. At an official dinner in the English College in Rome on Nov. 16th the Archbishop said: "His desire was to see gathered in the English College, which was the centre of English Catholic life in the Eternal City, those who represented not only England, but the whole Empire."

Mr. Chamberlain could not be honest if he tried. He is a born trickster. Recently in England, he showed an audience two loaves, visibly alike in size to illustrate his contention that protection would not make bread dearer or the two-penny loaf smaller. These loaves were baked by an easy process which allows two loaves to look exactly the same size, yet one to be from four to six ounces lighter than the other.

Though Lord Wolseley has no faith in the British War Office he has some notions of his own about a future state of existence. In his recently published book, "The Story of a Soldier's Life," he writes: "In the Government that sent our men to the Crimea there was no soldier; all its members were political gentlemen. I trust that in the next world they may be slaves of the noble spirits who died of want before Sebastopol through their ignorance of war, of its wants, and of its stupendous difficulties."

Since the expulsion of the Redemptorists and the nuns from the district of La Vendee hundreds of poor females are plunged into poverty. Those among the unfortunate people who opposed the expulsions are marked by the Government functionaries who refuse to assist them from the poor law fund or "Bureau de Bienfaisance Officiel." A woman with eleven children, all starving, was unable to obtain a sou from the Government office because she had protested against the expulsions of the nuns and of the Redemptorists. One of the Judges of the Tribunal of Sables d'Olonnes, named Fougere, left his seat on the Bench because the President of the Court passed a too lenient sentence on the persons who had made public demonstrations against the evictions of the Religious. This is the ancient spirit of persecution.

M. Sardou, the French playwright, is about to put another Cardinal on the stage. In the play "La Sorciere," soon to be produced at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, he introduces the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes, the confessor of Toledo, founder of the University of Alcalá, Grand Inquisitor of Spain, and who became a Franciscan in his fiftieth year. Sardou has chosen this historical ground with characteristic instinct of catering to the public.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

DOGOMATIC DEFINITION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF MARY MOST HOLY.

Circular Letter to the Clergy, Religious and Laity, of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS AND BELOVED BRETHREN:

In a few days will begin the fiftieth year since Pope Pius X., of happy memory, in presence of a great number of Cardinals, Bishops, Priests and Faithful speaking ex cathedra, defined that "the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of Almighty God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God." (Bull Ineffabilis Deus.) He who was to be her Son and Redeemer prevented her soul from inheriting the sin of our first parents which would have numbered her as well as us among the children of wrath. (Ephes. 2:3.) Thus, she alone of all purely human persons was unstained by original sin. This wonderful effect of the Redemption in her behalf was proclaimed an Article of Faith on the eighth day of December, 1854. This doctrine is declared to be "revealed by God." It is therefore not a new doctrine, but one that is and always has been taught by the Church. It is an article of the deposit of Faith, a part of the revealed truth entrusted to the Church by Christ, the Author and Finisher of her Faith. Its Dogmatic Definition constitutes it an article of explicit belief, the denial of which entails the penalty of being considered as the heathen and publican. (Matt. 18:17.)

That so important an event be duly commemorated is earnestly demanded by all who believe that Christ is the Redeemer and that Mary is His Mother. To comply with the wishes of such believers, and the faithful clients of both, Pope Leo XIII., of holy memory, issued the following order:

TO OUR BELOVED SONS

VINCENZO Cardinal VANNUTELLI

MARIANO Cardinal RAMPOLLA DEL TINDARO

DOMINICO Cardinal FERRATA

GIUSEPPE CALASANZIO Cardinal VIVES

LORD CARDINALS:

From many sides evidence has been manifested to Us of an earnest desire on the part of the faithful to celebrate with extraordinary solemnity the fiftieth anniversary of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. How dear to Our heart this desire has been may well be imagined. Devotion to the Mother of God not only has been from Our tender years among Our most cherished affections, but it is for Us one of the most potent means of defence granted by Providence to the Catholic Church. At all times and in all trials and persecutions the Church has had recourse to Mary and in her has ever found solace and protection. And now that the days in which we live are so stormy and so full of menace for the Church herself, We are rejoiced and stimulated to hope when We see the faithful, seizing the auspicious opportunity presented by this fiftieth anniversary, turn with an unanimous impulse of love and confidence to Her who is invoked as the Help of Christians. This longed-for fiftieth anniversary is rendered all the dearer to Us, too, by the fact that We are the only survivor of all the Cardinals and Bishops who gathered around Our predecessor at the promulgation of the dogmatic decree. But as it is Our wish that the anniversary celebrations shall have the stamp of greatness befitting this Rome of Ours, and be of such a kind as to serve as a stimulus and guide for the devotion of the Catholics of the whole world, We have determined to form a Commission of Cardinals whose care it will be to regulate and direct them. You, Lord Cardinals, We appoint as members of this Commission. And in the certainty that through your wise care, Our own earnest desires and those of the people will be fully realised, We impart to you the Apostolic Blessing as a pledge of heavenly favors.

From the Vatican, May 26, 1903.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Long before the order could be fully executed, Leo XIII., after an exceptionally long life and Pontificate devoted to the interests of God, His Church and Society, was taken to receive the reward merited by his devotion to the Saviour and His Holy Mother. Our present Holy Father, Pius X., whom may God long preserve, confirmed the Commission appointed by his predecessor, in a letter bearing date of Sept. 8th of the present year:

"To Our Beloved Sons Vincent Cardinal Vannutelli, Marian Cardinal Rampolla of Tindaro, Dominic Cardinal Ferrata, Joseph Calasanzio Cardinal Vives:

"LORD CARDINALS,—It is Our duty to treasure up all the documents and examples left by Our August Predecessor, Leo XIII., of holy memory. We should in a special manner seek to preserve the means instituted by Him for the spread of the faith and the purification of morals. Now, in the matter of the fiftieth anniversary of the Dogmatic Definition of the Immaculate Conception of Mary Most Holy, the Venerable Pontiff, acceding to the desire of the faithful of the entire world that this occasion should be celebrated with extraordinary solemnity, appointed last March a Commission of Cardinals who should institute and direct the necessary preparations for the fitting observance of this auspicious event. We, therefore, filled with the same sentiments of devotion towards the Most Blessed Virgin, and persuaded, besides, that amid the doleful happenings of these present days there are for us no other comforts than those of Heaven, special among which is the powerful intercession of Her—Most Blessed—who for all time has been the help of Christians. We confirm you, Lord Cardinals, as members of that Commission; and We are confident that your efforts will be crowned with the most splendid success, and also that they will meet with the co-operation of those illustrious men who over and above their other claims to merit, are ever rejoiced to add also that of placing themselves entirely at your disposal for the faithful carrying out of your ideas.

"Oh! May the Saviour in this year of Jubilee, deign to hear the prayers which the faithful will direct to Him through the intercession of Mary Immaculate—of Mary who was chosen by the Most Holy Trinity to take part in all the mysteries of mercy and love, and who has been appointed the dispenser of every grace.

"Given at the Vatican this eighth day of September, 1903.

"PIUS X., POPE."

The Commission of Cardinals approved a general programme of celebrations to be held on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Dogmatic Definition. From them the following are selected as the most feasible in this Diocese, and they are hereby ordained to be put in practise:

1. Religious services will be held on the 8th day, or the first Sunday, of every month, beginning December 8th next, with a view of better preparing the souls of the Faithful by prayer and the frequenting of the Sacraments for the great solemnity. In the Diocese these services will consist of Mass at which the Faithful will be invited to assist in large numbers; and in the evening, the singing or recitation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the prayer of Pius X., a short sermon on the Blessed Virgin, preferably on Her Immaculate Conception, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In case it would be difficult to secure a fair attendance both morning and evening, the exercises prescribed for the evening may follow the morning Mass immediately.

2. In families, at evening prayer, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the prayer of Pius X. will be said daily to promote greater devotion to Our Mother in her Immaculate Conception.

3. The Faithful of suitable age and instruction will be encouraged to approach the Sacraments monthly for the same purpose.

4. On the Day of Jubilee, Dec. 8th 1904, the Clergy and Laity will endeavor to give the Solemnity due splendour and honour, especially by a general Communion in each Parish.

5. On Sunday May 8th, 1904, a collection will be taken in all the Churches, to be sent as an offering to aid the General Committee in Rome to meet the expenses of Special Solemn Functions to be held December 8th, 1904, in the Patriarchal Basilica of

Continued on Page 8.

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. 78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854. "THE HOME BANK OF CANADA." Assets, \$3,000,000.00. 3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES. OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAY 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT. JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

The D'Youville Reading Circle

Editor of The Register:

At the meeting held last Tuesday evening attention was called to a very good study of the Eastern question appearing in the current number of The North American Review; it is written by a Turk, who is a British subject, but who writes from the Mohammedan point of view. The South American disturbance in connection with the right of way which the United States want to claim over the Isthmus of Panama, the strained relations existing between Russia and Japan, with the development of the Irish question, were the current topics touched upon. There is also a good article on Lord Alverstone in Saturday Night of two weeks ago which may have been reproduced in some of our Canadian papers; reading about the man helps us to understand how there came to be such generous settlements in the matter of the Alaskan Boundary.

The two books discussed were Canon Farrar's "The Seeker's After God," pronounced valuable from an historical and a religious point of view, and a French one which unfortunately have not yet been translated, "La Femme de Demain,"—a very timely and desirable study of the woman question from the Catholic standpoint. The second part of the evening was devoted to the literature of chivalry; Tennyson's Idyll of Ceraint and Enid was taken up. Reference was made to the very pronounced ideals of woman-kind; he seems to base his study of the beautiful in character on three great principles—self-knowledge, which grows into self-control, and these two merging into self-reverence.

As a contrast to this self-reverence, in Shakespeare's comedy, "Twelfth Night," will be discussed at the next meeting. Parts of a very interesting pamphlet on "The Literature of Chivalry," by the Reverend Lucian Johnston were read. The writer, a specialist in his time, shows the development of the chivalric idea through the different nations of Europe. France brought it to its most beautiful expression though to the Germans is due the credit of originating it and the Teutonic order of knighthood was the most perfectly organized and the embodiment of the strongest idea. The Celtic interpretation of chivalry is very interesting and admirable. The Irish Epic is said to be the richest in manuscript and possessed of the oldest chronicles.

The November lecture on Charlotte Bronte, delivered by John F. Waters, was as it deserved to be, very well appreciated. Mr. Waters treated her in the light of the heroine of private life and whom God in time calls to His own high places. Even those not in sympathy with her writings could not fail to be touched by the picture he drew of the lonely, self-repressed life this gifted woman led in the dismal Haworth parsonage situated in the wildest, dreariest part of Yorkshire. Of course in passing he spoke of her as the world-famed author of Jane Eyre, saying, at the same time, the literary excellence of her work entitled her to a place beside Jane Austen and George Eliot, the two other great woman novelists of the 19th century. Taken all in all her life is one of the saddest in literature. She who had an almost unlimited capacity for happiness and whose actual experience except for the two short years of her wedded life, fell so far short of the reality. The forces she had to contend with. A gloomy, misopposite self-sufficient father, a wild, dissipated brother, two delicate younger sisters more sensitive and timid even than herself, the struggle to make both ends meet, all these were clearly brought out by the lecturer. Charlotte's invalid mother and elder sister died when she (Charlotte) was only nine. She uncomplainingly tried to take their places with the two little ones Emily and Annie and her headstrong brother Patrick. At a very early age they gave evidence of more than ordinary ability, but grew up without the encouragement and appreciation clever children usually receive. The school experiences of their lives were dreadful ones, still in spite of everything they fitted themselves to be nursery governesses. The three were sisters passionately attached to one another, and just when they had begun to realize their ambitions in the way of writing, Patrick came home disgraced and disgraced to make the rectory almost a hell upon earth for three years. This was about the darkest time in brave Charlotte's life. She only rebelled once and then it was to say, "Oh, why should the innocent suffer?"

Afterwards she did chat with her whole heart and soul. "It is all in God's hands. Emily and Annie soon followed Patrick to the little Haworth churchyard; then Charlotte was left alone to be the comfort and stay to a blind old man, patiently bearing his solitariness and aloofness, doing the duties that lay nearest to her hand no mat-

ter how distasteful, crying down her longing for freedom and human companionship. When her father finally withdrew his almost insulting opposition to her marriage with Mr. Bell Nicholls, it was too late. For two years they were very happy, and then God, knowing the weary, patient soul needed rest, took her for His own. Excuses have to be made for Charlotte Bronte—her singular grievances, made still more so by the singular circumstances of her life, simply had to have an outlet, and the wonder is that she was not fiercer and narrower and more vindictive in her writings.

This Priest Was Once a Mayor. Montreal, Nov. 29.—News has been received here of the death in New York of Rev. Father Landry, at one time Mayor of St. Louis, a suburb of Montreal. Formerly he practised as a notary in this city, afterwards he went to New York to continue his studies in the Order of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

An Aged Official Dead. St. Mary's, Nov. 29.—Mr. Patrick Whelan died to-day from an attack of appendicitis at the age of 74 years. Deceased was one of the pioneer settlers of this town and had always taken a very active interest in public affairs. He was registrar for the South riding of Perth at the time of his death. He was also a magistrate and a member of the Collegiate Institute Board, a consistent member of the Catholic Church, a Liberal in politics and a highly respected citizen.

Pope Pius and Politics. Much gossip and idle speculation will be set at rest by the words of the Allocution delivered in the first Consistory of Pope Pius X. The language is as frank and clear as the world might expect from this plain-speaking Pontiff. His protest against the injury done the liberty of the Church is strong and direct enough to satisfy the curiosity of all who waited to observe and speculate upon the "new" method of papal government. The method of Pope Pius X. is the same which Pius IX. and Leo XIII. followed. So much for the Italian government. Let those who will take offence. "We are aware," says Pope Pius, "that some will be found to take umbrage when we say that it behooves us to concern ourselves with political affairs also. But every impartial judge must recognize that the Pontiff cannot separate the treatment of political matters from his office as teacher of faith and morals."

A Successful Concert. There was a large attendance at Association Hall at the concert in aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, on the 25th inst. Among those who contributed to the programme were Mr. Frank Yiegh, who gave a picture travel talk entitled "Italy in Picture and Story"; Miss McEvoy, Mr. Carrier and Mr. Leitheuser.

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Our Montreal Budget (From our own Correspondent.) The regular meeting of the Roman Catholic School Board took place last week at the Commercial Academy...

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Boys who obtained the highest number of notes in monthly competition: Form IV, Senior—1st Vincent Varley...

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Boys who received testimonials of merit for excellent deportment and application to study during the month of November: John Witmer, Wm. Overend, Vincent Varley...

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Boys' Monthly Examination. Jun. IV.—1st, equal, V. Corbett and Wm. Kelly; 2nd, H. Weaver; 3rd, W. Rutledge...

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL. Boys' Monthly Examination. Jun. III.—F. Glynn, H. Harkness, T. O'Brien and R. Halligan. Sen. II.—Wm. Hennessy, F. Kelly, B. Younder and F. Bartello...

D. P. SHEERIN WHOLESALE Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof and Cravenette Rain-proof Garments 28 Wellington St. West, Toronto

scarcely fair that real estate should be made to bear the whole burden of increased taxation when there were other ways of raising additional revenue.

The Catholic Sailors' Club held the last concert of the season on Wednesday, when the employees of the James McReady Company gave a fine musical and literary entertainment.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Ann's Church Tuesday, the event being the marriage of Mr. Edward Dalt to Miss Kate Quinn.

The marriage of Dr. Fred Pelletier, a well known young newspaper man of this city, son of Prof. R. O. Pelletier, organist at St. James' Cathedral, to Miss Helen Bernard, took place on Saturday morning at the Sacred Heart Chapel, Notre Dame Church.

On Friday an anniversary Requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. Father Colin, Superior General of the Sulpicians, was held at Notre Dame Church.

Certain city fathers warmly discussed the proposition of the Protestant School Commissioners that an additional tax should be put on property in order that more funds could be raised for school purposes.

"It must be admitted," said Ald. Martineau, "that neither the Catholic nor the Protestant School Board can, with the means at their disposal, build the new schools that are needed, increase the number of teachers and their salaries, and equip properly the classes.

There can be, according to me, no objections to such a course which would, I believe, solve the difficulty. If not, I see no other way to improve the situation than a direct contribution to the school fund by the city council.

Ald. Lavallee held a much different opinion as to how revenue should be raised. He said that he thought the best way to raise additional revenue was to put a small additional tax on real estate, but at the same time efforts should be made by the city council to get revenues from new sources.



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CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous Complaints.

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THE BABY'S PLEA

"Well? Quick; what is it?" The anguish of the heartbreak was in the woman's voice, but the baby's cry as she crushed him against her breast rose shrill and indignant above it and made the answer of the girl in the doorway a mere moving of lips.

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and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. USE



We've got to go up there, ain't we, father's little son? Oh, you'll hush up for father, won't you, darlin'?

The haggard little woman's eyes swept the sea of faces rapidly and then whitened. She had not found what she sought. She had not found sympathy. Public opinion was against the man whose life or death seemed trembling in the balance.

The judge got heavily to his feet. His face was grave and stern. The twelve faces of the jury, impenetrable and dead as fate itself, settled to fresh attention. Then the baby cried—a wailing, piteous cry at first, until it took on notes of pain, when it shrilled and sharpened.

"Hush up—oh, hush up!" breathed Larry's wife, in agony. "Hush up for father, darlin'! You don't want them to put us out—pityin' heart, this is the time I've got to be here! There, there, darlin', don't!"

The judge was visibly annoyed. A frown gathered between his shaggy brows. But there came a short respite from the baby cry, and the deep voice of the judge filled it resonantly as he began his charge.

Suddenly something happened. The prisoner moved in his seat—when had he moved before? He turned about suddenly, and what was this he was doing? He was holding out his arms.

A great silence filled the big, bare place. Every eye was riveted on the prisoner's face as it bent over the baby. The wonder of the change shown in it filled every soul with amazement. For the face of the young prisoner was tender and warm; could it ever have been hard and defiant? Not this one—this face that nestled against the tiny one and gazed at it raptly. This was the face of a father who looks at his son for the first time. But, heart of pity, what surroundings! What a background! Men read the story and gazed in blank wonder. Women drew together and touched each other's hands.

A full minute—two, three, four it lasted. The prisoner seemed lost to everything but the moist, warm touch of the tiny face. He did not cease the gentle swaying of his body for an instant, and people smiled presently and nodded each other, for the baby was asleep. A tiny one's bridge between trouble and unconsciousness is short, and there in the moment of silence the tired baby had crossed the bridge into sleep. Calm and sweet it lay against the prisoner's breast, the prisoner's tender face above it. A throng of sympathy rose in the crowd and traveled over it from side to side like a wave. Then the judge went on.

Whatever he might have said—who knows? Whether he were swayed by pity or the memory of a little face against his own at some rapt moment—what can he tell? This is true—that what he said was underlain with gentleness and clemency. And the twelve listening faces took on mercy as a visible veil.

"It's tellin'," murmured the girl behind the haggard mother. "It's tellin'!"

And it told. It was a softened sentence they brought in somewhat later. When the young father handed back the sleeping child it was not without hope of holding it again in his arms before it had quite outgrown its sweetness of babyhood.

Catholics and Poor Relief

(Written for The Register.)

There is quite a definite movement at the present time in the direction of organizing and combining charitable societies, orphanages and other institutions that attempt to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. Conferences are held annually by the members of these associations and officers of institutions for the exchange of views and the relation of experiences which tend to educate, widen and modify the opinions of those taking part. A very interesting series of meetings of this kind was held at Buffalo November 17th and 20th, on the occasion of the New York State Conference of Charities and Correction. About one hundred delegates were present, all of whom seemed to be imbued with an earnest desire to ascertain what were the very best methods by which their institutions, societies, etc., should be managed. A very pleasing and a very enlightening phase of this conference to a Catholic was to see the active interest taken by Catholics, both lay and clerical, in these meetings. There were about twenty-five delegates present from the St. Vincent de Paul Societies of New York City. Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in that city, was for the past year president of the State Conference, and in almost every committee there were one or two Catholics. It is a good thing for Catholics themselves, as well as beneficial to those with whom they associate, to meet together on a common platform and discuss subjects which have views not shared by those of another faith than the best way to gain respect for those views is to explain them and to meet opposing views by argument. The legislators of the different states and provinces take a paternal—and some think an interfering—interest in the affairs of their citizens. They make laws that a few years ago would have been thought subversive of the freedom of the individual, and if Catholics are not present at the meetings of the associations which petition the legislatures to enact these laws they cannot expect that views peculiar to themselves—if there are any such—will be represented in these laws.

On the first evening of the Conference an address was delivered by the Right Reverend Charles H. Colton, Roman Catholic Bishop of Buffalo. Bishop Colton is a little under medium height, spare in figure and ascetic in appearance. He attempts no oratorical flights, but speaks in a calm, measured tone and evidently feels all that he says. His accent is such as Canadians usually expect to hear from residents of the Southern States, though it is said that he was born of fairly well-to-do Irish parents on Mulberry street, New York City. Indeed it is a little surprising to hear gentlemen with names distinctly Irish speak of "watah," "pawah," "refomah" and sound all words ending in er in this long drawn out way, yet it is easy to appreciate the fact that the accent is not affected. It is the result of association and environment, which leaves its impress on us all. And these men are sturdy Catholics who, while anxious to help in improving as far as possible the lot of their poorer fellow-citizens, jealously guard what they conceive to be the rights of such of their co-religionists as are forced by necessity to accept charity or are for their misdeeds compelled to spend a term in prison. It is not necessary to descend to a maudlin sympathy in order that one may have a charitable feeling for those who get into gaol. Generally speaking they well deserve their fate, but back of all this there is the probability that their early associations and environment have made it almost impossible for them to be anything else than what they are. Public opinion, as represented by municipal charity organizations, state conferences, and church organizations for the relief of the needs, is roused to the extent of asking how far are they responsible who do not go to gaol for the misdeeds of those who do. It is the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It may be answered in the negative, but the respectable portion of the community cannot evade the responsibility of paying taxes for the keeping in order of those who are not respectable.

As at all conferences of this kind, great prominence was given at the Buffalo Conference to the problem of how best to improve the condition of the children of the poor in the hope that thereby the supply of criminals may be lessened. That lies at the root of the whole question and when effectually disposed of the rest will be easy. The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of New York City have an almost discouraging task in trying to fit the children of the poor who belong to Catholic families to take their places as good Catholics and good citizens of the Republic. The first great emigration of Catholics to America was Irish. Large numbers of the children of these were lost to the Faith by "leakage," which stands for a large number of these first Irish emigrants who yet remain in the Faith and they are turning their attention to the assisting of their co-religionists of other nationalities who have come into the country in numbers so overwhelming during later years. The Italian, Polish and Hungarian emigration has been almost exclusively Catholic and their coming to a new country to live under new conditions has tried some of them severely. If one is to judge by casual conversation, the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society have applied themselves manfully to the work before them.

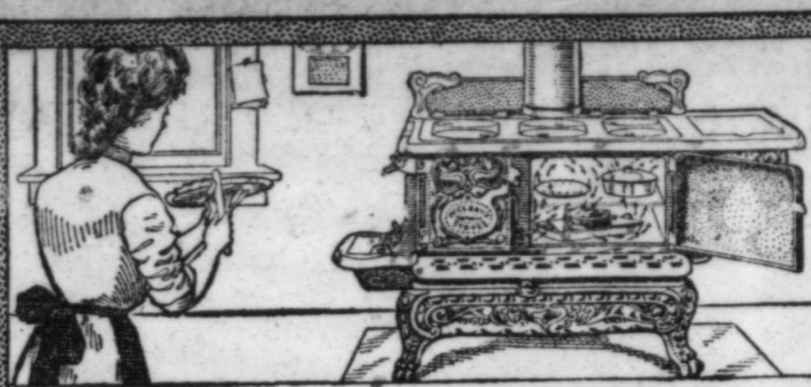
When a young man tells you enthusiastically that he is one of a large number who are engaged in organizing and conducting boys' clubs the membership of which is composed of street waifs, you feel that there are some people in the world trying to do good. Some of the views of these young men are, judged by Canadian standards, a little radical. They say it is not well to organize a boys' club on strictly religious lines or, as one of the young men expressed it, "do not have them under the shadow of the Church—you will frighten the boys away." A good deal of liberty is allowed the boys, because they have been used to on the streets, and a vent is found for their surplus energy in gymnastic exercises. Most of the club rooms and also the gymnasium apparatus are primitive in appearance but the boys enjoy themselves hugely. They take an interest in keeping the rooms clean and preserving the furniture because it is theirs, and pay a small fee of about two cents a month, elect their own officers and carry on the business generally in accordance with their own views, supervised by a few of the young members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. After a few months the occasion upon which they use bad language are rare and it is then the result of thoughtlessness and not intention. After that the question of study and improvement is introduced. They are taught ordinary school studies and catechism and those who continue in the membership that long find they have been entrapped into being better than they intended to be.

Strange as it may seem, all Catholics do not know all there is to know about the proper distribution of charity. In the St. Vincent de Paul Society they have the greatest charitable organization the world has yet seen, but it is not true that they are sometimes more inclined to pay attention to tradition rather than to present practices? Therefore it is well that lessons should be taught wherever they are obtainable, and if, on the other hand, Catholics have anything to teach it will be found, if the effort is made, that their Protestant fellow-citizens will listen to them respectfully and attentively and not reject their views just because of the source whence they come. Why should not Catholics be found on the committees and boards of all societies and institutions that deal in any way with Catholics?

French Nuns in Exile Dominicans Since the 17th Century Asking Continuously for Divine Forgiveness For France.

Baltimore, Ind., Nov. 14.—Within a few weeks, the French-Dominican Sisters, who were recently expelled from France and who came here for shelter, will resume their cloistered life at their new convent near Irvington, a suburb of Baltimore. Since the good sisters were driven from their convent last February, until now they have not for the time in the history of the order, led the cloistered life which it had maintained since its foundation in the seventeenth century, near Rouen. Many of the sisters had entered the convent in their early youth and are now aged and middle aged women, yet they had never felt the shades of the cloisters since they were professed, until they were rudely driven forth by the French gendarmes.

The order was founded by a wealthy woman under the rules of the Dominicans to pray perpetually for the sins of France. Since its foundation, even during the dark days of the French Revolution, it maintained until the present the service of perpetual prayer, its customs being only interrupted by the acts of the soldiers of the Republic. When driven out the sisters were practically without ready money, although their convent and its grounds and farms were valuable to them. Through the kindness of some charitable friends in Rouen, they were enabled to take passage for the United States, and determined to come to Baltimore and settle. Of course their cloistered rule had to be broken, and



Pandora Range

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garian emigration has been almost exclusively Catholic and their coming to a new country to live under new conditions has tried some of them severely. If one is to judge by casual conversation, the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society have applied themselves manfully to the work before them.

When a young man tells you enthusiastically that he is one of a large number who are engaged in organizing and conducting boys' clubs the membership of which is composed of street waifs, you feel that there are some people in the world trying to do good. Some of the views of these young men are, judged by Canadian standards, a little radical. They say it is not well to organize a boys' club on strictly religious lines or, as one of the young men expressed it, "do not have them under the shadow of the Church—you will frighten the boys away."

Strange as it may seem, all Catholics do not know all there is to know about the proper distribution of charity. In the St. Vincent de Paul Society they have the greatest charitable organization the world has yet seen, but it is not true that they are sometimes more inclined to pay attention to tradition rather than to present practices? Therefore it is well that lessons should be taught wherever they are obtainable, and if, on the other hand, Catholics have anything to teach it will be found, if the effort is made, that their Protestant fellow-citizens will listen to them respectfully and attentively and not reject their views just because of the source whence they come.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and paralyze the whole system out of gear. Parnee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

NEEDED A HAMMER. The teacher was trying to explain to the little girl the sentence, "The boy runs."

"What is the meaning of the word run?" asked the teacher. "Don't know," said the pupil. "You're not walking when you're running," said the teacher. "Nope." "Well, what do you do when you run?" "I tumble down," piped up the girl, and the teacher sternly said "Next!"

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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Heart Beauty "It is a pity that Margaret is so well, is so horrid homely." "Margaret homely! You would never say that if you knew her better." Mrs. Carter looked up in surprise. "Certainly, no one would call those irregular features anything but ugly. Poor girl, she must feel it when she is with her sisters, for their beauty is such a contrast." "You never think of her features when you are about her. She is so ready to do a favor, and is so kind and gentle in her ways. She has always a kind word for everybody." I heard a slight rustle behind me, and glanced around just in time to see Margaret disappear down the steps; she must have been reading in her favorite nook among the honeysuckles at the end of the piazza. That night she came into my room as usual for a little chat before retiring, but she was unusually quiet as she sat on the stool at my feet and gazed at the fire in the grate, for the night was cool.

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least. It was the first time I ever heard any one say that I was anything but horrid ugly." She laughed, but there were tears in the gray eyes that looked into mine. "Heart beauty. I shall try to have it if I can," she said half aloud, then gazed fixedly again into the sea. —New York Observer.

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UP IN THE CLOUDS WITH THE CROOKED STEEL

I think there were only three people who ever knew just what it was that came so near killing Jimmy O'Donnell. I was one of them, Rose MacIntyre was another, and Jimmy himself was the third. It happened the winter that I clerked in Bailey Curtis' camp, on the East Branch.

To begin with, Jimmy was in great trouble, and he told me about it one Sunday afternoon as we sat on a skidway in the Great Taqumamon Swamp.

Just after dinner I was at my desk in the van, writing a letter, and, happening to glance out of the window, I saw Joe Lalonde go by on his way to the "men's camp."

Joe was a big Canadian Frenchman, the best axman we had, tall and splendidly built, with black eyes, black hair and black beard. He had been to the Soo on one of his periodical sprints and was just getting back, and I couldn't help feeling a little uncomfortable about it and wishing that he had come when the men were out at work; for, though Joe was ordinarily as good-natured a Frenchman as there was in the woods, a four days' visit to the Soo in the middle of winter was apt to give him a prolonged headache.

A half hour went by, and I sealed my letter and went over to the men's camp to see what was going on. Loud voices were coming from within, but they ceased the instant I opened the door. The big box stove was red-hot and going full blast, and the camp was like an oven. A strong odor greeted me, an odor made up of the fragrance of the balsam boughs in the bunks, and of—well, of humanity.

That was to be expected, but I was there not something besides? I rather thought there was, but decided that it was not to be wondered at considering Joe.

None of the usual Sunday afternoon occupations was in evidence. No one was playing cards, no one was reading or writing, no one was whittling, no one was even lying in his bunk and pretending to sleep. The men were sitting or standing idly about, and it seemed to me that there was a self-conscious look in every face as they glanced up at me. Yet, after all, there was nothing that could not be explained by the presence of the half-tipsy Frenchman who sat beside the stove with his eyes fixed moodily on the floor.

Nothing, except the attitude and expression of Jimmy O'Donnell. Jimmy was sitting on the far end of the long bench that stood in front of the row of bunks, his back braced against the wall, his hands in his pockets and his face the very picture of trouble and woe—I had almost said fear. I had never seen him look like that before, for Jimmy, besides being the best top-loader we had on the job, was usually one of the jolliest and pleasantest men in camp.

Something made me say, "Want to go for a walk, Jimmy?"

Rather to my surprise, he caught up his Mackinaw jacket and his cap and mittens and hurried me out of the camp. We tramped up and down the log road till nearly sunset, and then we sat down on a skidway to rest and have a smoke. We had said little, but somehow Jimmy's troubled mood had communicated itself to me, and I don't think I have ever felt much bluer or home-sick in my life than I did that afternoon as I took my seat on a big, fragrant pine log.

We were in a little pocket in the woods, a place as still and silent as a grave. On either hand the road stretched away for a few rods and then bent to the right or left and was lost to sight. Behind us loomed up the great heap of logs. In front, just across the narrow sleigh-track, was the dense cedar swamp, so thick that the eye could not penetrate it half a dozen feet. Overhead was an unbroken blanket of gray clouds, and underneath was the new snow that had fallen the night before. It was all so clean, clean, clean—so perfectly pure and spotless and sinless. Here, surely, if anywhere in all the world, a man might be at peace and free from temptation. But, oh! it was quiet and lonesome; and the whiteness and silence, not on your nerves, and all the wild longing for human companionship came surging up within you till you felt as if you would give your very soul to see the lights of the city and hear its roar—or to have a talk with your girl.

It was Jimmy who spoke first. "Did I ever tell you about my girl?" said he.

it across the Straits of Mackinac without spending it, he didn't know, and he was fairly sick with fear.

He paused a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and I thought he was probably wondering if I could understand, or if I had already set him down for a weakling and a fool. I did understand. I, too, had spent winters in the camps, and had felt the deadly chill of a life that feels a man's physical nature till he is as full of health and strength and vigor as a spring maple is of sap, but gives him nothing to think about, and starves his soul and his emotions till he is ready to sacrifice his whole future for the sake of making things interesting. I didn't wonder that Jimmy was afraid. But I tried to cheer him up, and told him that he must take a brace and not think about it. This time, with so much to look forward to, he would surely keep straight. He shook his head.

"Every year," he said, "I've made up my mind that I wouldn't drink a drop, and then, when the break-up comes, all the boys are going to town and somehow or other I always get a whiff of it, or a taste, and it's all up with me. And this afternoon."

He stopped short, but I thought I knew what he meant. The odor of alcohol that Joe Lalonde had brought into the men's camp had awakened the old craving, and it threatened to sweep him off his feet and carry him away to town to do as Joe had done, and go down to Sanilac in triumph with his winter's stake, and marry his girl, and settle down to the enjoyment of domestic happiness with the finest wife in Michigan, were enough, it seemed to me, to put heart into any man. But it wouldn't do. Jimmy refused to be comforted. His face grew ever darker and more sombre, and when at last I reminded him that it was after supper-time and he must go back to camp, he rose reluctantly and walked slowly and heavily, as if he were being dragged against his will.

It was dark when we reached the men's camp, but the door stood open, and the lamplight was streaming out across the little clearing. And then, all of a sudden, I knew what Jimmy's danger had been, and knew, too, that it was over for that time. The fragments of a big black whiskey bottle lay beside a stump in front of the camp, and there was a yellow stain on the snow. Jimmy saw it as soon as I did, and his face lit up with a glad relief. We went in and found Joe Lalonde lying on the floor with his hands tied behind him and his ankles strapped together. Not content with breaking the strictest rule of the camp by bringing liquor with him when he came back from the Soo, he had picked a quarrel with Ole Erickson, one of the swamplers, and had tried to stick a knife in him. The next day he went over the tote-road—we were sorry to lose him, too, for he was a corking good woodsman—and Jimmy received a very fat letter from Sanilac and was happy again.

But as the weeks went by I could see that at times he was still afraid. There were days when he was in the highest spirits, and days when he was in the very lowest. I remember one night when several of us sat up late, swapping stories across the box stove in the van—late, that is, for camp; I don't suppose it was really after nine or ten o'clock. Jimmy had never been better company than he was that evening. At last Bob Wilson swore he didn't know no more antidotes, and we rose and went out into the night. There was no moon, but over the dark circle of tree tops the stars were shining wondrously, and the snow crust was gleaming in the pale light. The air was like needles, but it thrilled one to the very heart with life and strength, and Jimmy threw up his arms and shouted in the sheer physical delight of living.

"I'm going to make it! I'm going to make it!" he said, as we separated for the night.

On other occasions he was moody and silent, and there were times, especially on Sundays, when he evidently did not know what to do with himself. Once he came to me and asked me to lend him something to read, and I very gladly did so. But Jimmy was not cut out for reading man, and though he tried faithfully to interest himself in the novels I gave him, I fear they did not help him much. Sometimes he and I took a tramp together, but there is little enjoyment in a Sunday afternoon walk over the same road on which you have been working all the week. Several of Joe Lalonde's countrymen went out on a midwinter frolic in the course of the next month, and one of them came in to get his time. A weary, troubled look came into his face, and he went out and did not come back that evening. At another time I saw a man who was about to leave the camp talking earnestly to him, while Jimmy listened with a hunted expression in his eyes.

"Coming to the van, Jimmy?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, eagerly, and he followed me in and sat down beside the stove, where he stayed till bedtime. He was growing thinner, and his laugh and joke were heard less frequently than in the early winter.

"I'd be willing to die," he said to me once, in a tired, discouraged voice, "if it would do Rose any good, but I don't know whether I can ever live the way she wants me to or not."

When Jimmy was at work he was all right. As I have said, he was the best top-loader we had in camp, and never had he seemed to take as much pride in building fancy skidways as he did now. The piles of logs that he put up during those few weeks were miracles of evenness, with sides almost as smooth as the wall of a house. But he couldn't be at work all the time, and at last the catastrophe came.

One day Jimmy did not go out to the skidways with the other men; after supper I went to see what was the matter with him. I found him lying in his bunk with a slight fever, questioning him a little I decided that he had a very hard headache, but that his trouble was nothing that could not be cured by a day or two of rest and a good heavy dose of quinine, and so reported to the push. Unfortunately the push was not in good humor. The old man had just come up from Saginaw to see how things were going, and had not been very well satisfied. We had had a prolonged thaw, and the skidding had been delayed.

"Has Jimmy got a hospital ticket?" he asked.

Jimmy had told me that he had a ticket on a hospital at the Soo. "Then he'll have to go there," said the push. "We can't have any sick men in camp."

I said nothing in reply, for I had found Jimmy would be better in the morning, but when I went over before breakfast I found no change in him. I told him what the push had said and he grew very much excited. I declared that he would not go to the Soo for anybody.

"You know what'll happen to me if I do," he said, "and I'd rather stay here and die."

So I went back to the push and told him that I was sure Jimmy would be all right if only he could keep still for a day or two. But the push was obdurate. We had a ready-made two cases of typhoid in camp that winter, and there was smallpox at Graham's, only twenty miles away.

"If he can't go to work he'll have to go to the Soo."

That was the ultimatum. Jimmy was silent for a moment when I told him. Then he said quietly, "All right, I'll go to work, and sitting up on the edge of my bunk, he began to fumble with his socks.

I liked his nerve, but I was troubled when I saw how his hands shook and how flushed his face was.

"I'm afraid you'll be worse if you try it," I said; "and, besides, Jimmy, you aren't in any shape to handle a canthook. You're likely to be killed if you go up on the skidway this morning."

"Don't care," he replied; and as he pulled on his Mackinaw he added, with a bit of lumberman's slang and an attempt at his old-time gait, "I'll go up in the clouds with the crooked steel again. That's the only place for me."

And half an hour later, with his canthook in his hands, he was up on the top of the highest skidway in the Great Taqumamon Swamp.

It was to be the last skidway of the season, and the last logs were to go up that morning. The heap stood in a little space that had been cleared for it beside the main road. Behind it the logs were being dragged in, one or two at a time, from the places where the trees had fallen and laid across skids, ready to be rolled up to the top. In front across the road was a beaten path where a team of horses walked back and forth, alternately pulling and slackening the decking-chain, which, passing over it, around the stick to be drawn up, the top of the heap, ran down behind and up again to the top of the skidway, where it ended in a stout steel hook driven firmly into a log. When the horses started the stick began to roll up the back of the pile, guided by two men, with cant-hooks, who turned the horses and then turned

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He'll be down in a minute anyhow. That's the last log, just going up," said I.

We stood and watched. The team walked off with the decking-chain, and the log began to climb the pile. In the very peak was a notch which Jimmy evidently meant to fill. More than once I thought there would be another cannon, for the log was a large, heavy butt, with one end nearly twice as big as the other, and it kept turning sideways in a very troublesome manner. But Jimmy was working carefully, knowing that the old man's eye was on him, and he got it up at last till it was poised on the tip-top of the skidway, and in another moment would have dropped into its niche. "Hold on!" he cried.

It was a little out of line. "Whoa!" said the driver, and the horses stood motionless with their weight on the collars, holding the chain tight that the log might not roll back. Jimmy struck his steel into the little end and tried to draw it forward, but it proved too heavy for him, so he planted the cant-hook stock against the butt, like a lever, and braced himself firmly, meaning to hold it back till the small end was even with the big.

"If anything goes wrong he'll have to be mighty sly or he'll be caught," muttered the old man.

"Once up," called Jimmy, and the driver chirruped to his horses. Now, these horses knew their business almost as perfectly as Jimmy did, and the driver was in the habit of boasting that they could deck logs just as well without him as with him. When they heard that chirrup they knew that their business was to lean just a trifle harder against the collars and start the log with a slow, steady pull. They would have done it, too; but, as bad luck would have it, a tree stood just beside their path, and on the tree was a dead branch. There was no wind that morning, and why that dead limb should have chosen that particular moment to fall is one of the things that no one knows, or ever will know. But it did fall, and the startled horses lunged forward with a jerk that carried the log clean over. Jimmy dropped his cant-hook and made a jump, but the butt was too big for him to clear it, and he landed on it on his hands and knees. If he had been as lively as usual, he might still have escaped. As it was, he struggled desperately to get over and on to the safe side, but he couldn't quite make it, and in another instant he and the log were rolling over and over each other down the steep face of the skidway.

We thought he was dead when we picked him up, but his heart was still beating, and by the old man's orders we took him out to the nearest railway station and got a freight locomotive and a flat car—the only train to be had—to take him to the hospital. He was going to the Soo, after all, but in a way he had not dreaded. I sat beside him as he lay on the blankets, and held his hands, and by and by the blankets stirred and I thought I saw a look of consciousness in his face. Then his eyes opened, he glanced up at me for a moment, gravely and wearily, and the lids dropped again. His face was drawn and very white, and his mouth twitched a little, then he set in firm, sad lines. I could not tell whether he was in pain or not, but I was sure he knew that death was the end of all his hopes and his struggles.

Forcibly an hour we rode, the engine roaring like a demon, the car leaping and bounding over the rails, and the black tree tops dancing past against a curtain of gray-white clouds. Then a narrow cloud line stretched itself across the right-of-way, and slowly grew and lifted and spread until it covered half the sky, and suddenly we shot out into the bright sunlight. The warmth and radiance fell full on Jimmy's face, and perhaps it served to rouse him. At all events, his tense look relaxed, as if he had just thought of something that comforted him a little. His eyes opened again, and he spoke for the first time since the log passed over him.

"I've been thinking," he said, in a weak whisper, "that maybe Rose would like it if she knew why I went to work this morning. Will you write to her and tell her all about it? There's nobody knows but you."

"Of course I will, Jimmy," said I, and before he could answer the car gave a lurch, and he cried out in sudden pain and fainted away. As I sat beside him and watched his face, thinking that he was dying, it came to me that if ever a man gave his life for love and the desire to do right, this man had done it.

We got him to the Soo and the hospital, and I went to the telegraph office and sent the longest despatch I ever wrote. In an hour the answer came, and I went with it to Jimmy. The doctors had just finished their examination, and they looked grave when I asked them how he was. I went into his room and up to his bed.

"Jimmy," said I, "I've telegraphed to Rose, and I've just got an answer from her. She'll be here tomorrow."

Jimmy jumped so that the nurse caught him by the shoulder and held him down.

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What? It would have been a shout if he had been stronger, but in his weakness it was only a whisper. "She's coming," I repeated, and he broke down and cried like a child. Rose came the next day, and I think it was she, more than the doctors and nurses, who pulled him through. He never went up in the clouds with the crooked steel again, and he never will. It is a physical impossibility. But he ran a small camp of his own last winter, jobbing for the old man, who put up the money to start him. His wife was with him, and I understand that he did very well and is to have a larger contract next season.—William Davenport Hulbert in The Outlook.

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This beautiful group, "The Nativity," was executed by the late Thomas Mowbray. It is carved in one block of pine wood, and painted. It is the property of the artist's son, C. F. Mowbray, 141 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

