

cty Directory.

RICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in Rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Callaghan, P.P. Presidents, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

RICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, immediately after Vespers. Committee meets on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McRea, President; W. P. Vice-President; Jno. P. Secretary, 716 St. Andrews, St. Henri.

S. T. A. & B. SOCIETY, 1863.—Rev. Director, Mr. McPhail; President, D. M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, Dominique street; M. J. Treasurer, 18 St. Augustin; meets on the second Sunday month, in St. Ann's Church, Young and Ottawa Street, at 8.30 p.m.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY, 1885.—Meets in its Ottawa street, on the 1st of each month, at Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Mr. C.S.S.R.; President, Mr. Treasurer, Thomas Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

DIES' AUXILIARY, D. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, meetings are held in St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the 1st Sunday of each month, on the 3rd Thursday p.m., President, Miss Anne; vice-president, Mrs. Ward, 51 Young street; secretary, Miss Emma, Palace street; treasurer, Charlotte Birmingham; Rev. Father McGrath.

VISION NO. 6 meets on the 4th and 4th Thursdays of the month, at 816 St. Lawrence Officers: W. H. Turner, McCal, Vice-President; Quinn, Recording-Secretary, Denis street; James Turner, 1000 St. Denis.

F CANADA, BRANCH zed, 13th November, 1866, 26 meets at St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander Monday of each regular meetings for of business are 2nd and 4th Mondays at 8 p.m. Spiritual M. Callaghan; Chanc. Sears; President, P.J. Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Jas. J. Costigan; H. Feely, Jr.; Med. Drs. H. J. Harrison, and G. H. Merrill.

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

"PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LAY ADMINISTRATOR.—The "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, says:

The Pope has reorganized the administration of the Peter Pence Fund, placing it under a lay director of financial ability, who has had experience in the Bank of Italy.

OUR YOUNG MEN.—At the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held in Boston, two weeks ago, Rev. P. J. Supple, D.D., of Cambridge, delivered a most timely and powerful sermon. We have only been privileged to see some extracts from that masterly address to Catholic young men, but these extracts suffice to give us an idea of the magnificent scope of the whole address. The subject was the vocation of Catholic young men, and how to attain it. Not any particular, or individual vocation, such as that of the priesthood, or of married life, or of a certain profession; but the grand general vocation of a people as represented in the young men of the country. And, above all, the great vocation of a Catholic people of this rising generation. The text of the sermon explains its purport: "But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people; that you may declare his virtues who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light."

He explained that never in the history of the world was a greater cause committed to the hands of men, than that which the Church commits to the hands of the young men of to-day. The cause of God and that of man are bound up in one. The vocation then of the young Catholic is to advance the cause of God, that of faith, that of the Church; to safeguard it in others, and to communicate its sacred fires to all who are cold, or in need of them. We take, then, the following extracts which we ask our young men, and especially those amongst them who are members of Catholic societies, to ponder over and to put into practice. Rev. Dr. Supple says: "If in every community in the United States the young men would gather round the Church, join her societies, catch enthusiasm from the power of numbers and present to this American world a solid front of earnest, active, eager Catholics, thoroughly imbued with the necessity of making public profession of their faith and living up to its principles, every community in the land would feel the influence, and the public imagination would be so impressed that serious minds would take up the study of a religion that in these days of indifference can so mould and influence young men. Once men begin to study Catholicity with a receptive mind, the victory is won."

This is not to be limited to the United States. These words apply in a very special manner to Canada, to our own province, to our own city, for that matter. We have all experienced the great benefits that have come from our various organizations of Catholic young men. In some of our parishes we have Catholic Young Men's Societies, and the only word of criticism we have is that the membership is far too small in each. If they could be so extended as to include all the young men of each parish the result would be such that our Catholic young men in general would present such a solid body, representative of good citizenship, that the eyes of all outsiders would be turned upon them with admiration, education, and in possible

imitation. And no truer words were ever spoken or written than those in the last quoted sentence: "Once men begin to study Catholicity with a receptive mind, the victory is won." Once the stage of imitation is reached that of conversion is at hand. In the next paragraph the learned preacher says:

"There is great work to be done and room enough for all in the doing. The saving of the faith of homeless and abandoned children, the securing of a religious education and Christian training for every Catholic child, the support of the Catholic press, upon which falls the great duty of rebutting false charges and putting before the great public the legitimate claims of Catholicity, the sympathy and support due to Catholic interests in other parts of the world, the purification of public and private life—all these works are at hand; the interests of your faith are included in every one of them; the work of your apostolate extends to all."

Happily chosen words. The effects of that great general Catholic vocation is to be felt in all these works. The apostolate of rising generations is found illustrated in these various and practical ways. One there is mentioned that cannot be too strongly insisted upon—the duty of supporting "the Catholic press upon which falls the great duty of rebutting false charges and putting before the public the legitimate claims of Catholicity." This broad, long, deep field of Catholic journalism is one in which there is unending labor to be performed. The journalist must clear the ground, fell the trees, root up the stumps, prepare the soil—and all this without any expectation of immediate results or profits. He must then plough that soil. The Church furnishes, after selecting, the seed; but he must sow it, and harrow it in, and water and cultivate the field. And in God's good time, when the crop sprouts, and grows, and ripens, he needs help, he wants the aid of willing hands to harvest it. Then does the work of the Catholic young men come in. They assist to cut that grain, to bind it, to place it in stocks, to load it on the wains, to carry it to the great barns, the granaries of the Church, whence it is distributed as food to the millions of the faithful hungering for instruction and truth.

And thus does the preacher close:—"When you are thoroughly convinced of your high vocation to the lay apostolate, when you place its interests above all others, when your own hearts are on fire for the work of that apostolate and you communicate the sacred spark in others in ever-increasing numbers, when you speak with a voice whose volume and authority impress the whole community, when by your organized action you make the great moral principles of Catholicity felt in the private life of individuals and in the public life of the community—when you do all these things you are living up to your high vocation, you are in fact, as in name, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation of purchased people, purchased by the blood of Christ and irreversibly devoted to His divine interests in this world."

What a beautiful application of a receptive mind, the victory is won."

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possible for having the nuns employed, and advocated the change to keep up the standard of the schools."

Here is a sample of the extreme prejudice that prevails in regard to the Catholic Church and her teachers. It is not, with the advocates of the anti-Catholic system, so much matter of capability on the part of the teacher as it is one of the particular tenets of that teacher's faith. In fine, here as elsewhere, in America, in England, in Australia, in New Zealand, in every land under the sun, it has become an admitted principle that the future depends upon the rising generation, and the power that possesses the heart and the mind of the young must necessarily be the power to wield the destinies of the years to come. Thus it is that the school-room has become in reality the battle-field for contending forces, that in other spheres have long wrestled for supremacy. And in all this mighty struggle the Catholic Church has never once deviated for a moment from her course, has never consented to any compromise, has never abandoned one iota of her fundamental principles. And it is this stability that tell for her in the end, that will eventually carry the day. For, no matter what wealth may be poured into the coffers of any other system, no matter what zeal and energies are displayed in its cause, by virtue of the unstable character of its foundations it is destined to inevitably fail.

If, therefore, behooves Catholics, in every sphere of life, to exert themselves in the grand cause of Catholic education, to be neither stingy nor backward, but to put forth their every endeavor that the cause of Truth, of Catholic Education, may prove the salvation of the rising generation.

AUTHENTICITY OF RELICS.—A couple of weeks ago we gave our readers a full account of the imposing ceremonial and of the resolutions adopted at the fiftieth annual Catholic Congress held at Cologne. Amongst those who figured conspicuously on that occasion was Cardinal Ferrari. It was also mentioned, incidentally that Cologne enjoys the privilege of possessing one of the great cathedrals of Europe and some of the most precious relics on the continent, amongst others some that were associated with the Three Kings of Cologne—who were none other than the Magi, or Wise Men, who had travelled over the desert to Bethlehem to adore the new-born Christ. It would seem that Cardinal Ferrari, very naturally, desired to carry home with him some relics of the Three Kings and obtained certain precious objects that he treasures most highly. The non-Catholic press of England, through its correspondents, and notably the London "Daily Chronicle," found in this a subject for ridicule and fun. That organ says that the Cardinal's action "recalls the credulity of the Middle Ages." In referring to this subject the Liverpool "Catholic Times" has a very sensible comment, which runs thus:

"Doubtless there were plenty of credulous people in those days, as there are in ours. But that argument is not valid against all relics indiscriminately, nor even against any single relic. The authenticity and genuineness of such venerated memorials must be settled on grave historical testimony, which may or may not be forthcoming. And if it is not forthcoming, or is of comparatively late date, then tradition, the fact of an ascription of name and origin must weigh for its worth. Not everything has actual historical records in proof of it for the student to handle and sift. Some things must be their own testimony, as, say, Xenophon's story of the retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks. You can't find records for everything that happened or existed on earth. The critics historical method is sometimes silly as the traditional method is superstitious and credulous, and that no contemporary documents prove the genuineness of the relics of the Three Kings neither militates against Cardinal Ferrari's right to believe nor sustains the correspondent's right to deny."

There is scarcely a subject upon which we find more illogical statements advanced against Catholic practices than this very one of relics. To read the commentaries of

Protestant writers one would be forced to the conclusion that the Church placed implicit faith in all manner of relics; good, bad, and indifferent, and held them up for the veneration (and as the very perverse say, the adoration) of the faithful. The truth is that the Church is infinitely more strict, more exact, more searching in regard to reliques than is any institution, or organization, or individual on earth in matters that concern mere profane history. It is only when she possesses positive proof of the authenticity of a relic that she declares it to be such; when she has any misgivings, or uncertainty in that regard, she makes it clearly understood that such is the case. And whenever she finds a reasonable ground for concluding that a relic is not genuine, no power, no influence in the world could induce her to do otherwise than to declare it spurious. If you go into the British Museum you will find scores of relics, of former kings, warriors, etc., that are not, and cannot be, perfectly authenticated, yet the very people who will declare their positive disbelief in Catholic relics, will take these others for granted and venerate them in accordance. If our Protestant friends would only apply to the matter of Catholic relics the same rules as they do to profane mementos they would learn to judge less rashly.

called religions only by a stretch of charity, such as Atheism and Materialism, and these should properly be excluded. But even so, the dimensions of the list are sufficiently formidable, and Germans themselves are surprised to know that their country harbors so many different kinds of religious belief."

It may be surprising to the Germans that they have so many religious sects, but it is gradually dawning upon them that such is the case. The same may also be said of Protestantism the world over. That great and many-headed system does not appear to grasp the enormity of its own internal weakness. On all other subjects, and in all other domains, the educated Protestant admits the principle that disunion is the forerunner of decay and ruin; but as far as his religious organization is concerned, he does not see that the principle applies; or else he willfully refuses to see; or else he is blinded to the facts through lack of the grace of faith. But whether he sees it or not, that worm is eating away the foundations, and inevitably the fabric must fall.

## St. Patrick's

## T. A. &amp; B. Society

The regular weekly euchres, inaugurated by the above Society last winter, were once more opened for this season on last Tuesday evening.

These weekly euchres which are free open to gentlemen only, and are well attended by young and old. The society offers special prizes to the parties winning highest number of games. Throughout last season a series of ten or twelve euchres were held, at each euchre some 50 to 60 gentlemen took part. In addition to the special prizes given every Tuesday evening, aggregate prizes were also awarded for the most games won during the series.

The society intends to carry out the same plan for this season, and the executive hope that these euchres will be more popular than even last year. The next euchre will be held on Tuesday evening, and the veteran temperance organization of St. Patrick's parish extends a hearty invitation to all to attend.

## PLANTING THE CROSS

The parish of Saint Viateur, at Outremont, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony last Sunday afternoon. This is a new parish, and it is destined soon to have a church of its own. A huge cross, intended to mark the site of the future church was planted and blessed on Sunday afternoon. At four o'clock the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the chapel of the institute, under the Clercs de Saint Viateur, after which the ceremony of the blessing of the cross took place. Mgr. Z. Racicot, Vicar-General, presided, assisted by Rev. Father Charlesbois, C.S.V., assistant Provincial, and Rev. Father Leveille, C.S.V., vicar, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The sermon of the occasion was delivered by Rev. Father Ducharme, Superior-Provincial of the Order. A large gathering of the clergy from different parts of the city was noticed; all the pupils attending the different institutions under the Order; and a numerous concourse of citizens. The site of the future church is superb. It is yet an open field, but the time is rapidly approaching when houses will be built all around the spot, and the spire of the new church will cast its shadow upon the nucleus of a rising parish. This fall the work of construction will be commenced. It is wonderful how the city is growing. Montreal seems to be extending her giant arms around the mountain as it to embrace it and hold it for her own. Where recently it was a vast uninhabited country, to-day a city springs up; and the church is in the van-guard of that progress.

## A Week's Anniversaries

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

This week's anniversaries are not as numerous as those of last week; at least the gleaner of them has not been able to discover as many. But the few that are to hand have their own importance.

Monday, September, the 21st, was the anniversary of the death of the famous Latin poet Virgil, who died on that date in the year 19 B.C. It was he who left us the classic masterpiece of the Aeneid and those wonderful pastoral poems, the "Georgics." On the 21st September, 1795, the first Orange Lodge was formed in Ireland. The date is memorable in the annals of that organization, than which none has ever created more trouble in the bosom of any land. On the 21st September, 1832, at his residence at Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott peacefully closed his wonderful career. Scott was certainly one of the most prolific writers that ever wielded a pen in the English language. He did more to popularize Scotland and make his country known to the world than, perhaps, any other writer of modern times. He has a magnificent monument at Abbotsford; his bust is in Westminster; and his memorial monument in Edinburg is a splendid structure raised by the hands of national gratitude; but, before posterity, his monument shall ever be the "Waverley" novels, and his poems. The 21st September, 1864, was the occasion of Sheridan's great victory at Fisher's Hill. It was one of the most important battles of that second last year of the great conflict between the North and the South, and there, as in all other struggles, Sheridan distinguished himself.

September 22nd was the anniversary of the death of Pope Clement IV., who died in 1744. In 1789, on the same date, United States Government established the first Post Office Department—a great step forward in the organization of the country. On the 22nd September, 1870, Victor Emmanuel took possession of Rome. That day marked the commencement of the usurpation that has since continued to exist, and also marked the loss, by the great Plus IX., of that temporal sovereignty which was his by all rights of succession and legal prescription.

The 23rd September is the anniversary of the landing of the Spaniards at Kinsale, in Ireland, when, in 1601, they came to aid the Irish in their struggle against the usurper and invader. On the 23rd September, 1780, the famous spy Andre was captured. The same date of the month witnessed two memorable births—that of Bishop John England in 1786, and that of Lady Fullerton in 1812.

On the 24th September, 768, King Pepin of France died; he whom a Pope crowned and who was the first to win for his country the honored title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church." On the 24th September, 1143, Pope Innocent II. died. On the same date, in 1798, Bartholomew Teeling and Matthew Tone were executed in Ireland. But above all is the date (24th Sept.) memorable for the death of Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, in 1810. He was known as "Flogging Fitzgerald." He was a magistrate in Tipperary, and his method was to arrest on suspicion, and then to have his victims flogged. As his story would be too long for this column, your correspondent will tell of him in another article.

The 25th September, 1498, Columbus sailed a second time for America. On the same date, 1513, Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean. On 25th September, 1699, the first American newspaper was issued in Boston. In 1794, on the same date, the sweet poetess, Mrs. Hemans was born. It is also the anniversary of the election of O'Connell, as Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1841. And, in 1870, the great siege of Paris was commenced on the 25th September.

The 26th September, 610, saw the death of Bishop Colmán of Meath. In 1534, on the same date, Pope Clement VII. died, and on the 26th September, 1691, took place the surrender and treaty of Limerick. Outside the Thomond Gate still stands the memorable Treaty-Stone, on which was signed the treaty with Sarsfield, and before the ink was dry

it was ruthlessly broken. The greatest example of bad faith ever given in military history. In 1777, on the 26th September, Philadelphia was taken by the British. We might add one more anniversary—on the 26th September, 1863, exactly forty years ago to-day, the sweet-souled, holy-spirited, gifted Father Faber bade adieu to earth and went to join the ranks of the Church triumphant, leaving us the delightful heritage of his incomparable works.

## Catholic Education

At a recent dedication of a new school and hall by Archbishop Ryan in his archdiocese, the sermon was delivered by Bishop Haid, of North Carolina. His Lordship spoke in part as follows:—

To some the Catholic Church appears as a well-organized society, opposed to progress, selfish in its aims, perhaps even inimical to the spirit and genius of freedom and enlightenment. To others she concentrates her whole being in the purely spiritual, the future only, forgetting the present, excluding from her sphere of labor the temporal well-being and happiness of her members. This magnificent edifice is a standing refutation of all false notions. In the first place, this building is destined to be the home of true education, and education which will fit those who receive it for a faithful and efficient performance of all their duties, temporal and spiritual. All that paternal solicitude for the welfare of the children of this parish could do was done to make this a home worthy of this high aim. Neither time, nor study, nor money, nor experience were spared to reach this exalted end. Could all this have been done were priests and Catholic people opposed to education, to enlightenment, to true progress? Some may point to schools already erected by the city—schools upon which money taken from this and other Catholic congregations was generously, perhaps lavishly spent: why not use these public schools? Why not send your children to them and save priest and people the heavy burden of building and supporting this parish school?

I will only in passing refer to the first fact that many children in this and other large cities are turned away for want of room in these public schools; the great expense of erecting others is dreaded. What would the taxpayers say if the Catholic children (fully one-seventh of all children attending school) should demand at public expense what now Catholic generosity is doing for them?

Catholics are not foolish; they are not indifferent or careless in spending their often hard-earned money. The very fact that it is acknowledged that they carry this heavy burden should make people inquire for their reasons. They would not build these parochial schools nor stint themselves in supporting them unless driven to it by their sense of justice to their children. They feel that they must educate their children; education now perhaps more than ever is necessary for their success and well-being. But this education to a Catholic signifies more than mere mental training; it goes deeper, is broader, embraces heart as well as head. Whilst doing all to further the temporal success of our children, we cannot forget that they have immortal souls; we dare not forget that eternity follows time, that life is short, and though a reality in itself, it must also be a preparation for eternity. The world in which we live has its claims, but the God who created this world has also His rights; to satisfy both we must teach our children so to live that death will be the beginning of a happier life.

But why are Catholics almost alone in demanding a religious education for their children? Cannot religion be taught in the Sunday school or family?

Religion must be a part and a principal part of our lives. We cannot relegate it to a corner nor treat it as secondary duty. Faith—divine faith—is simply essential to salvation. God does not reveal in vain. He demands that we believe all He has revealed, because He has so revealed it. Three years the world's Redeemer spent in teaching, preparing His Apostles to teach, and even then He sent the Holy Ghost to complete and confirm His work. The Apostles were commissioned to teach all truth. His Church was established to guard this doctrine and teach it whole and entire to all generations. Does not all this point out the impossibility of sufficiently teaching Christ's doctrines in short Sunday school lessons or by parents often overworked or simply unfitted by want of proper education themselves?

that the child may have an adequate knowledge of Christian truth, it seems absolutely necessary that religious instruction should form a part, a daily part, of its education.

And what shall I say of the duties we owe to God? They are neither few nor easy. "Take up your cross!" "Do penance," etc. How foreign are these sacred obligations to flesh and blood—how difficult in the face of passion and temptations. If they are minimized in childhood and youth, if they are not enforced as real duties, how can we expect our children to practice them in after-life? And yet they are God's commands—that we live up to these sacred obligations we owe to God. I need not dwell longer on the necessity of impressing long and earnestly these lessons on youthful hearts. Where else can this be done except in schools where religion forms an integral part of education. And the teachers: who are they and what their life's work? They are men and women who have left the world in order to make teaching the one great aim of their lives. No earthly advantage is sought by these teachers, the future only, forgetting the present, excluding from her sphere of labor the temporal well-being and happiness of her members. This magnificent edifice is a standing refutation of all false notions.

Nor have the temporal needs been overlooked. Examine and convince yourselves. All that the health, safety and comfort of your children can demand has been carefully provided for in this magnificent building. Every detail was studied, understood and faithfully executed. Look at your society halls; men and women, old and young, find all they need—even comfort can ask. Examine the twenty-five splendid class-rooms; what more suitable, healthy and convenient could be wished? Behold this grand auditorium; is it not all that a great and progressive congregation can desire? Even the very roof affords a hundred opportunities for recreation and amusement.

Here then the ideal of Catholic duty and Catholic life is realized. The noble building itself preaches an eloquent sermon to the passer-by and tells him what the high aims of the Catholic Church really are.

## FIRST CATHOLIC PRELATE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The annual dinner of the French-American Society, M. Hugo A. Dubuque president, took place recently in Boston. Among the thirty members present was Lieutenant-Governor Adelard Archambault of Rhode Island. The address was delivered by M. Francis Hurtubise, Jr., who is private secretary to Governor Bates of Massachusetts. His subject was "Bishop Cheverus, the First Catholic Prelate of New England." He spoke of the good work done by the venerated Father Matignon in gathering quietly together and uniting a flock of Catholics in and about Boston, when his field consisted of all New England, including the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes of Indians; and how, in 1796, the Abbe Cheverus came to help him in his work, and was sent to the Indian flock. From this field he returned in time to aid Father Matignon in the care of the sick at the time of the yellow fever epidemic. The name of Cheverus became an honored one outside his own people; the flower of Boston's non-Catholics contributed to the building of his Church, dedicated September 29, 1803; while he gave books from his valuable library to the Boston Atheneum. In 1810 he was consecrated Bishop of Boston; in 1823, transferred to Montauban, in France; in 1826, became archbishop of Bordeaux; in 1836, proclaimed Cardinal, and in the same year he died.

In connection with the address of M. Hurtubise it may be added that when Cardinal de Cheverus was a missionary in the United States, in the early part of the last century, one Sunday morning, as he was traversing a dense forest far from any habitation, there suddenly fell upon his ears the sound of solemn, melodious singing, issuing from the thickest part of the woods. He turned his steps in that direction, and was astonished to find a band of Indians, assembled around a venerable man, singing the "Credo" in concert. The missionary's heart was touched. These pious Indians, having been converted some years previously and having no priest to say Mass for them, desired at least to show their faith in the Church by reciting its Creed and repeating to the echoes of solitude that they too believed.

A RUMOR.—We are not prone to accept rumors coming from Rome unless there is an apparent foundation for them; but there are some which may be accepted in the manner in which they are sent out, for their truth or otherwise will not materially affect the Church. It appears that considerable interest has been recently awakened in Rome by the

## Month Of the Holy Angels.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Before another issue of the "True Witness" we will have commenced the month of October, which is the one specially dedicated to the Holy Angels. It seems to us that in life we are too often forgetful of the part played by these pure spirits in the great drama of existence. If we run back over the history of antiquity we will find that the Angels, act as the messenger and envoys of God to man in all most all, the important events that took place. It was an angel who came to execute the first punishment inflicted by the Almighty upon man, in driving him forth from the garden of Eden. From that day onward every communication, almost, that took place between heaven and earth was through the medium of an angel. And when the great period of Redemption came upon the world the celestial host seemed to have been employed almost continuously in the carrying out of that Divine Scheme for the salvation of human souls. An angel announced to Mary that she was to become the Mother of Christ. Angels descended at Bethlehem to chant "Glorias" around the crib; an angel warned St. Joseph to take the Child and Mother and to fly into Egypt. And at the end of those thirty years of human labor, when Christ set forth on His public mission, an angel was constantly at hand to minister into Him. In the Garden of Olives an angel presented Him with the chalice of sorrow and others came to console Him. And when the dread tragedy of Calvary was over, an angel watched over the tomb; and an angel descended from heaven to roll away the stone from the sepulchre, and to then inform the holy women and the faithful disciples that He had arisen.

Thus it is that we find these pure spirits, in the grand hierarchy of heaven, acting as the agents, the mouth-pieces, the mandataries, the messengers of God. They occupy permanent posts in the service of Heaven. To every nation an angel is sent as a guardian; to every Church throughout Christendom is one specially assigned; and, what is more, to each individual, from the hour of conception, from the first instance of the soul's life, there is an angel-guardian whose duty it is to watch over that soul all through life, to stay with it until death, and even to stand beside it at the Judgment seat. These angels are actually with us. It is no mere fancy, they are not merely imaginary beings. Beside each one of us walks an angel—in joy or in sorrow—and that companion will be each one unto the very end. When the end comes, and all the allurements of life are vanishing like a dream, and all those we loved or who loved us, are left behind at the grave, that one being, alone, will follow our soul into the dread realm of eternity and stand there to witness to all the good that we have done.

It is a most holy and consoling devotion. Above all do children find a keen incentive to prayer and confidence in this faith in and reliance on their guardian angels. We know how powerful must be the prayers of these pure spirits with God. It must be remembered that when Lucifer rebelled and took with him a host of angels, the Almighty sent Michael the Archangel with the glittering phalanx of the celestial army to drive the rebel spirits into eternal exile and punishment. In such an hour those who remained faithful earned a claim upon God's bounty; and needing nothing for themselves, will apply those merits to us, if only we ask for the same. And the coming month is their month; therefore one of exceptional graces.

## Random Notes And Comments

A RUMOR.—We are not prone to accept rumors coming from Rome unless there is an apparent foundation for them; but there are some which may be accepted in the manner in which they are sent out, for their truth or otherwise will not materially affect the Church. It appears that considerable interest has been recently awakened in Rome by the

announcement that the Pope has asked for estimates of the cost of repairing the old Apostolic Palace of the Lateran—for, presumably, the purpose of a Papal Court. This palace is one of the four that remained to the Papacy after the occupation of Rome in 1870. It is beside the Church of St. John of Lateran, the oldest Church in Rome. It is occupied in part by some of the officers of that Church, amongst others Mr. Satolli, the Archpriest. It was at one time the summer residence of the Popes before the restoration of the Quirinal, some one hundred years ago. Since 1870 the apartments formerly used by the Popes have been turned into a museum of ancient sculpture. This section is the palace is open every week to the public. The entire edifice is very much in need of repairs and the rumor above mentioned also has it that the cost of fitting it up as Papal Court will be about half a million dollars. The Papacy now possesses in and about Rome the Lateran and the Vatican palaces, as well as that of the Cancelleria, which is now occupied by the Roman congregations; and at some distance from the city is the beautiful villa of Castel Gandolfo, which also remains to the Popes. Of course, these rumors are only given for what they are worth, as we have no positive information as to their foundation.

**THE CHURCH.**—There is nothing that we know of more surprising than the positive admiration that so many great minds, amongst non-Catholics, have for the Catholic Church, and the enmity they appear, at the same time, to feel towards that venerable institution. Macaulay's famous passage on the Church, in his essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes" has gone into the domain of the classics. Yet Macaulay had no love for Catholicity, on the contrary he was animated with a fearful antipathy to all emanating from Rome. Still he was obliged, as historian, to recognize the antiquity and the grandeur of the Church.

We have before us another example of the Protestant writer who considers the Church as an organization—a human one, if you will—that deserves the admiration of the entire world and that challenges all competition. It is H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., who, writing in "World's Work," points out the greatness of the Church's government by means of comparisons with all the great political and ecclesiastical organizations of modern or of ancient times. In this regard the writer says:—

"The Roman Catholic Church is the most wonderful organization in the world. The German empire, the French Republic, the Italian kingdom are in their infancy, the United States a little more than hundred years old; the empires of Russia, Austria, and of England cannot run their claims back a thousand years; but within a hundred years after the death of Christ we find a Bishop of Rome writing to other churches with authority; and within few centuries the Church was organized very much in the same fashion that it is to-day, and the Pope had become an importance second only to the greatest kings. Exceptional as the Roman Church is in time, so it is in space. The British Empire includes Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand; the Russian Empire extends from the Baltic sea to the Behring straits; but the Roman Church, without a rival in Italy, Spain and Portugal, it is the chief in France, Austria, Belgium and Ireland and the states of South America, and a strong Church in the United States and Germany; it has a hierarchy side by side with the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland, and communists all over the world."

Thus does this writer present us after his own manner, with two of the most striking notes of the Church—her antiquity, and her universality. Were he to have gone on a little further he might have found language to express another characteristic of the same Church—her immutability, or inchangeableness. But we are satisfied to know that such minds recognize so much; they compensate for the lack of knowledge amongst thousands.

## WHERE WISDOM LIES.

Many there are who have been ruined by prosperity; and there are many more who would have been ruined had not God in His wisdom kept them poor. It is not every man who can move out of a tent into a house of cedar and not get the smell of the cedar wood into his character. The tendency of too many nowadays is to measure themselves and others not by what they are in thought and purpose but by what they have of house or of gold. It is quite possible, and more probable, that the Christian philosopher will be found in the canvas tent rather than in the cedar house.

## The Word "Catholic."

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Of late years various non-Catholic churches have been attempting to apply to themselves the name "Catholic."

"THE SESSION."—world there is a re to tell our readers, being occupied with Pacific and the Red Once through the co these two measures Senate, which vena ed its sessions, on Tu ter holiday of the that remains for the is to pass the Audit is the supplementary es settle the questions i sides for the coming therefore, most likely sion will end about October. There is no it can possibly go pa tober—Thanksgiving J will say, "Deo Gratia heart when the Can Nepean Point to pro the longest session si AN OLD CITIZEN I Ottawa's oldest and m citizens passed to his r day last, in the perso Mr. James Latchford, Hon. Francis Latchford, er of Public Works in Government. Mr. Latchford the advanced a four years, and through life he had enjoyed p We have before us another exam of the Protestant writer who considers the Church as an organization—a human one, if you will—that deserves the admiration of the entire world and that challenges all competition. It is H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., who, writing in "World's Work," points out the greatness of the Church's government by means of comparisons with all the great political and ecclesiastical organizations of modern or of ancient times. In this regard the writer says:—

"There can be no doubt that at the close of the third Christian century Roman and Catholic were so closely allied that they were practically identical."

And again:—

"There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir by unbroken descent to the Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is justified in using the name 'Catholic' as the name of the Church, as well as the name 'Roman.' If we would be Catholic, we can not become Catholic by merely calling ourselves by that name. Unless a name corresponds with the thing, it is a sham and it is a shame."

And finally:—

"It is mere perversity not to return to Rome if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism."

We only hope that, both for his own sake and that of his fellowmen, Dr. Briggs may see his way to push on to the real and only Catholic Church. He is too serious and logical a man to remain long outside of it.

## PRACTICAL WORK.

The temperance organizations of St. Mary's Church, Marshalltown, Ia., known as St. Mary's Temperance Society and the Happy Home League, have undertaken to furnish two rooms in the new St. Thomas' hospital. This example should be followed in Montreal.

## CATHOLIC WOMEN AND SOCIAL WORK.

The Catholic Women's Association, Brooklyn, will open on September 28. Instruction will be given in sewing, dressmaking, millinery, shirtwaists, embroidery, cooking, English, arithmetic, bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting and gymnasium work. Also in the course for Nazarene nurses. Persons who are found eligible to take up this work are given a ten weeks' course in the fundamental principles of nursing, which will prepare them to answer calls of persons unable to obtain regularly trained nurses. It has been requested that all friends of the association assist in making this the most successful year.

The entertainment committee is preparing a series of entertainments for the Wednesday evenings throughout the year.

The new Blessed Virgin St. Patrick's Church is finished and stood uncovered on Sunday, the 25th of August, 1908. With other private subscriptions will make a total of \$1,700.

Rev. Father Mothor, Superintend-

## OUR OTTAWA

(From Our Own Correspondent)

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1908.

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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OUR  
OTTAWA  
LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Sept. 20.

**THE SESSION.**—In the political world there is a really nothing new to tell our readers. This week is being occupied with the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Redistribution Bills. Once through the committee stage, these two measures will go to the Senate, which venerable body resumed its sessions, on Tuesday, 22nd, after a holiday of three weeks. All that remains for the Commons to do is to pass the Audit Act; to consider the supplementary estimates; and to settle the questions regarding subsidies for the coming year. It is, therefore, most likely that the session will end about the 10th or 14th October. There is no likelihood that it can possibly go past the 15th October—Thanksgiving Day; and many will say, "Deo Gratias" with a good heart when the Cannons boom on Nepean Point to proclaim the close of the longest session since Confederation. Meanwhile neither members of Parliament nor employees of the Commons can get a dollar. They had to wait till the dead-lock between the Auditor-General and the Minister of Finance would be broken. And as the Audit Act is to be the hammer that will break it, they have to now await in patience the passage of the same.

to whomsoever will only one Church on earth to these three notes, church has the vital unity of the Catholic Church; none other the entire world; none the historical continuity the See of Rome. That may be on his way to Sun" partly concludes extracts which it takes article. Of these the most significant: be no doubt that at the third Christian century and Catholic were so that they were practical."

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WOMEN AND SOCIAL WORK.

Women's Association, will open on September 1st. A course in sewing, millinery, shirt-making, cooking, English, bookkeeping, stenography and gymnasium for Nazarene persons who are found up this work are giving their catechism. There are a great many more children attending this year than for a number of years past.

The new Blessed Virgin altar in St. Patrick's Church is finished and stood uncovered on Sunday last, to the admiration of the congregations at the various Masses. Rev. Father Whelan announced in connection with it that about \$1,000 would be realized from the 100 home banks, about 25% of which are still to be returned. With other private subscriptions this will make a total of \$1,700 towards paying for it, but there is still a balance of \$500 necessary.

Rev. Father Mothon, Superior of

the Dominican Order in the United States and Canada, has not yet been heard from in connection with the election of a prior to succeed Rev. Father Rousseau of the Dominican Monastery here. The community held the triennial election on Wednesday last, but until the superior's approval has been received the new prior's name will not be known.

The annual retreat of the Dominican Fathers began Thursday evening last, and will be concluded next Sunday morning. The sermons of the retreat are being preached by Rev. Father Maricourt of St. Hyacinthe, Que., who delivered a sermon at High Mass in St. Jean Baptiste Church.

Great preparations are to be made for the grand feast of the Dominican Order, the feast of the Holy Rosary, which is celebrated on Sunday, October 4th. The choir of St. Jean Baptiste Church, under the direction of Rev. Father Miville, is preparing special music for the occasion, and there will be a solemn High Mass.

## CONGESTION IN CITIES

One of the subjects of discussion at the annual conference of the Royal Institute of Public Health at Liverpool, England, was on city congestion. Austin Taylor, M.P., said that the country "was only on the threshold of an enormous sulm problem—a monster whose outward aspect was one of bricks and mortar, but in the interior dark with the tragic fate of men, women, and especially children, whose dreary mechanical life was only ended by death. It was useless to cure plague spots in the centre of the cities and to let the outlying belt grow up in a haphazard fashion.

He suggested the municipalities should be allowed to buy land three miles outside their boundaries where streets could be laid out on model lines, trees preserved, and a general style of architecture insisted upon. There must be expansion to cure congestion, and for that purpose he also advocated the compulsory acquisition of suitable areas on moderate terms, the reduction of interest on public loans for demolition and rehousing, and rating of vacant sites on their capital value, by which model dwellings could be erected at not greater rent than 1s. (24 cents) per room weekly."

Dr. James Niven, medical officer for Manchester, said it was generally recognized that an effort should be made by the sanitary authorities to house as many as possible of the poorer working class families on the outlying parts of these districts under the improved conditions of light, air, space, and construction of dwellings. So far, efforts in this direction had been the result of private enterprise and confined to persons above the laboring classes. A great impulse had already been given to the movement outward by the development of electric trams.

With a view to house persons displaced by sanitary and other improvements, the Manchester corporation had purchased a considerable estate in the northern limit, which is well provided with transport facilities. A committee had just begun the development of this estate by the erecting on and adjoining this road dwellings for artisans not of the poorest class, and were taking other steps to form a new colony. Powers were being sought to enable the Manchester corporation to provide shops, schools, churches, and other institutions, but a complete scheme had not yet been framed. Meanwhile, the Manchester corporation were endeavoring to provide model dwellings of various types which would assist in improving the future provision of houses by private enterprise.

The corporation had bought Blackley estate of 237 acres at £150 (\$729.97) per acre, and were erecting eighty dwellings on it at moderate rents; but a portion of the estate would not be built on, being intended for allotments. In the centre of Manchester eight unsanitary areas had been dealt with, of which three were to be left open spaces, while on the other side provision had been made for 2,729 people, in lieu of 3,127 displaced. Apart from the humanitarian aspect of the question, it was good finance for municipalities to remove as many people as possible from the centres of cities to a more wholesome atmosphere and all-round better conditions of the outskirts.—*New York Evening Post.*

## A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Sunday, October 8, will witness a fitting religious commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the archiepiscopal diocese of San Francisco. The event will be celebrated in St.

THE  
O'NEILLS  
OF  
CLARE.

(From the Clare Champion, Aug. 22)

benevolent manner, and while thus aiding the sufferers in tiding over the calamity they permanently endeared themselves to all the people.

Coming down through the centuries we find West Clare always in the front rank in every effort for either local or National amelioration. Some years ago, in conversation with The O'Gorman Mahon, that illustrious Clareman paid high tribute to the pluck and patriotism of the men of West Clare, especially during that momentous crisis in the Catholic Emancipation movement, culminating in the historic election victory at Ennis. O'Gorman Mahon told the writer that "O'Connell attributed much of the success of that historic event to the splendid bearing, discipline and remarkable solidarity of the West Clare contingent."

Riding at the head of that fine body of men on that stupendous occasion the representative of the O'Neills and his kinsmen did noble work for their county, for Ireland, and for humanity. It was this same O'Neill who, in his later life, said "that he had six sons, and nothing would give him greater pride than to see them die in defence of the liberty and independence of their country." (He had also four daughters, one of whom was the late Mrs. Thomas Gallagher, of Young street, Montreal).

The oldest son of the late Mr. John O'Neill, to whom I am referring, was Mr. Michael O'Neill, since deceased, and he too inherited all the family attributes and during his lifetime enjoyed widespread popularity in the county. His son, Mr. John Michael O'Neill, was elected to the District Council for his section of the county at the first election after the County Councils' Law was enacted, thus preserving the continuity of the representative character of the O'Neills and perpetuating the same cordial feeling among the people down to our time. The present senior representative of the family, however, is Mr. Martin O'Neill, of Slievedooly, a chivalrous, patriotic gentleman, whose popularity in West Clare is also attested by the election of his son, John Martin O'Neill, to the District Council of that section.

Irishmen the world over are proud of your noble county—county that has preserved its distinctive Celtic and National characteristics, its honest unvarnished, its faith unshaken, its spirit unbroken, and throughout all its calamitous history of alien domination, rabid bigotry, and resistance to every species of foreign tyranny—the county of King Brian and Smith O'Brien, of O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele stands to-day, statistically, as well as literally, ninety-five per cent. Irish, a record which, after eight centuries of the cruelist kind of cruel warfare, is without parallel in any similar area on the globe. The deeds of Claremen abroad also reflect honor upon the ancient county—instance Thomas J. Conway, of New York city, a Kildarman, the enumeration of whose benefactions would fill a good size volume.

"It seems to me, how'e'er it be,  
Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith, than Norman blood."

## A FATHER'S DUTY.

The greatest duty every father owes to his children is to walk where it will be safe for them to follow.

## AN ARCHBISHOP'S WIT.

Archbishop Ryan is noted for his repartee, and many notable personages have experienced his shafts of wit, says an American exchange. On one occasion, when George B. Roberts was president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Wayne MacVeagh was the special counsel, a reception was tendered to His Grace by Mr. Roberts.

In the course of conversation Mr. MacVeagh remarked that "Mr. Roberts never went anywhere without his counsel." The conversation was prolonged, and Mr. MacVeagh said:

"Your Grace, Mr. Roberts can give you passes on all the railroads in the country: now can not you be equally generous and give him a pass to Paradise?"

"Yes," replied the Archbishop, "I could: but then I would dislike to separate him from his counsel."

It did not take long for the brilliant response to be made known to all the guests, who enjoyed the joke immensely.

## SYMINGTON'S

EDINBURGH

## COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. Not trouble nowa-  
days. In small and large bottles from all  
grocers.

GUARANTEED PURE.

War  
In the  
Balkans.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Will there be war between Bulgaria and Turkey, or will there not? According to the most recent despatches it would seem as if the final outcome of all the difficulty in that section of the world, must be a war; and that it may yet be some time before that war commences. This seems to be a contradiction. If there is to be a certain delay before that war can commence, may there not be a chance of it being averted between now and that time? This would appear to be a very natural question and an affirmative answer would also appear natural.

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days. In small and large bottles from all  
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GUARANTEED PURE.

piping in Eastern Europe will allow. For years we have been reading of the "Eastern war cloud"—and it has almost become a standing joke. That cloud has been eternally threatening to burst and has always remained suspended over the brow of the Balkans. Like all storm clouds it has grown darker at some moments and lighter at others, but the sky has never cleared, the blue has never been unshrouded, the mist has always clung to the hill-top of the Levant. The source of it has been Turkey. It may seem unfair, even prejudiced to heap all blame upon the shoulders of Turkey; but the cold facts are there to justify the blame being attributed to the Turk.

In the first place the Turk belongs by nature to Turkey in Asia. All that portion of Europe which he holds under his sway is a kind of usurpation. He knows that he is an intruder and he is jealous of every Power that might be hostile to him, or that might find it to be in its own interest to undertake his expulsion. He is a hypocrite, and assassin by nature. He will fawn and bend to the one, or to the nation, that he is ready to cut to pieces the moment he can do so with impunity. He can tyrannize over the smaller and weaker states and carry devastation and all the horrors of savage warfare into the hearts of these petty nations, and into the domestic hearths of their people; and he will do so just as long as the great Powers permit him to keep one foot on each side of the Bosphorus. The sooner that Balkan cloud bursts the better for the civilization, the peace, and the very salvation of Eastern Europe, and the sooner the Ottoman sceptre is flung across the Hellespont the better for Europe at large.

## Indian Priest Ordained

Universal interest attaches to the Rev. Albert Negahnek, because he is the first full-blooded Indian to be ordained a priest in the United States.

A statement has recently appeared in several papers to the effect that Father Bechor, the Jesuit, who in his time was known as an efficient priest and an orator, was the first full-blood Indian priest of the United States. It appears, however, that Father Bechor had white blood in his veins. The fact is, there have been several priests of mixed white and Indian blood. It is probable that Father Negahnek is the first full-blood Indian priest of the United States. We do not contend that there might not have been an Indian priest at a very early date in the territory that is now a part of our great Nation.

Contrary to the current report in the newspaper, Father Negahnek never attended either Carlisle or Georgetown. His education was obtained at Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma, and in Rome. From a small child he manifested an admirable disposition, was devout, and quick to learn, and was particularly bright in mathematics.

He comes of Christian stock—he was taught his prayers by his old grandmother. His father is an educated, honorable man, who has the esteem of his neighbors, and his mother is a good, exemplary Christian woman.

When Father Negahnek was a little boy he was a pupil of Father Ketchem, the present director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, to whose aid and counsel more than to any other human agency may probably be attributed the fact that the Algonquin people can boast of having given to the altar a priest.—New Century.

## NATIONAL TUNE.

The Secretary of the American Navy has issued an order that the "Star Spangled Banner" shall be recognized as the national tune throughout the service, all officers and men being required to stand at attention whenever it is played.

## THE KAISER'S GIFT.

As a souvenir of his recent visit to Monte Cassino, the German kaiser has sent an artistic painting of himself to the Benedictine Fathers there. Monte Cassino is the recognized cradle of learning in Europe. Its illuminated manuscripts are wonders of beauty. There the original of Poe's "lusty raven of the saintly days of yore" is to be seen ready to hide all pennies the tourist gives him. And thither to that mecca of the schools, poets and scholars make pilgrim journeys to dream above the clouds of the glories of monkish genius and all that the sons of St. Benedict have achieved for learning throughout the world.

# MONTRÉAL IRISHMEN HONOR THE MEMORY OF EMMET.

The Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association commemorated the centenary of the martyrdom of Ireland's great patriot and soldier—Robert Emmet—in the Monument National, the largest public hall in this city, on Monday evening last. The attendance was large, and included many members of the clergy and Irish citizens prominent in all walks of life.

But to those who look beyond the dark space and the shifting scenes of time, to those who seek for historical truth in the pages of fair and impartial history, in the statutes of England, in the legislative and judicial records of the Parliament and courts of Ireland—to those, I say Robert Emmet will shine out as a true and loving son of his motherland, as one of her purest and most unselfish patriots, wearing for all time the crown of a hallowed martyrdom.

All nations and peoples have had their heroes and their martyrs in the cause, either of right, of justice or of liberty; but of all these, none come down through the ages, with a brighter halo of glory around their name, none with a holier memory, none with a deeper affection or a purer inspiration, none with a more undying determination in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen to achieve and win the cause for which they struggled, suffered and died, than Robert Emmet, the hero and martyr of Irish right, of Irish justice, and of Irish freedom.

And it is for this reason that his name is honored and his death remembered throughout the greater part of the civilized world by the countless millions of the exiles of Erin and their descendants.

Emmet's life was coincident with the most momentous and interesting events of modern Irish history. To properly understand how his name is so indelibly stamped on the pages of history and on the hearts of his countrymen, it will be necessary to discuss the conditions that existed in Ireland at that time.

For the purpose of brevity I will call your attention to the four principal ones that affect the nation as a whole.

An examination into the economic, political, social and religious conditions of the people will demonstrate how their destinies were regulated by the Governments of that day.

When Emmet was born on the 4th of March, 1778, in the city of Dublin, he became one of the three million and a half of people who then inhabited Ireland.

From an economic point of view this population was divided into two classes; there were three millions on the poor and impoverished side of the record, and a half million on the well-to-do and rich end of the court. The three million owned no land, and according to law could not; the half million owned all the land and drew all the rents, giving them a rise according as the tenants improved the land.

The three millions were largely housed in huts, of very little finish, and often accommodating with their human inmates the beasts of the field, while the half million, who comprised the military, the officials, the clergy of the English Church, the gentry and the landed aristocracy, lived in comfortable houses, fine mansions and gorgeous castles. The contrast, as can be seen, was not very inviting—wealth, comfort and ease on the one hand for the few, poverty, wretchedness and idleness on the other hand for the many. But that was not all. There were never ending aggressions by the English Parliament, on Irish trade, manufacture, agriculture and even the fisheries, resulting in periodical famines. Ireland's greatest and most profitable industry, the woolen trade was completely abolished by Act of Parliament. With her factories closed down, her ports dismantled, her agriculture and fisheries discouraged, Ireland was decidedly in a hopeless position from the standpoint of the capitalist and workingman. But let the historian and the statesman make the point for you:

The Right Hon. John H. Hutchinson, Secretary of State for Ireland and no friend of the popular cause, wrote as follows in 1779 of the results produced upon the Irish people by the commercial letters placed upon their industry by hostile English laws:—"Can the history of any other fruitful country on the globe, enjoying peace for four score years and

true knowledge of the conditions of the country for which he lived and died. There is no doubt, that, to those who have no knowledge, or which is worse, false knowledge of both of these subjects, Emmet will appear as an ordinary revolutionist and a common traitor who deserved his fate.

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England, in the legislative and judicial records of the Parliament and courts of Ireland—to those, I say Robert Emmet will shine out as a true and loving son of his motherland, as one of her purest and most unselfish patriots, wearing for all time the crown of a hallowed martyrdom.

So much for the economic side of Ireland's condition immediately before the birth of Emmet.

Here the speaker touched upon the political condition of the country before 1778, the Parliamentary repre-

sentatives on the civil list of the Irish Government. The entire surplus and more were thus eaten up by these cormorants and profligates imported from abroad.

to hear or heed her cries for help, no one to succor her in her distress. But Providence which rules over all nations and guides the destinies of all peoples has strange ways of asserting its power and of bringing the proud and haughty to their knees.

Thus when all was sinking into darkness and death in Ireland, a bright light shot out of the firmament over the Island, a sudden thrill of new life and of new hope passed through the frame of the prostrate form. A loud voice was heard, and the nation awoke. She listened and the voice came from beyond the grave open and ready to receive her; the voice was from across the ocean, from the shores of America. It was a call to freedom. The sound of the voice was familiar, it was that of the Irish and English emigrant, who, a few years before, had left their native land to seek happier and freer homes in the wild lands of the new continent.

The organization of the "Irish Volunteers" and other great movements of the closing years of the 18th century were reviewed; the career of Emmet, his enthusiasm for the cause he had espoused, his effort for freedom of his native land, his arrest, trial and execution, were all touched upon in a forceful and able manner.

Hon. Mr. Cloran in closing said:—

O ye rulers of the British Empire, by wisdom grant unto that Green little Isle the same right as this Canada of ours enjoys, the right that the Australian Commonwealth enjoys the right that Africa are about to enjoy, grant her the right to make her own laws for her own self-government, so that after so many ages of struggling and suffering she may take her place among the nations of the earth who live in peace, happiness and prosperity under the God given standard of freedom.

And then let Emmet's epitaph be written by a grateful people.

The second part of the programme was dedicated to the drama in which the cast was as follows:—

Gerald Graham, known as "Captain Faugh-a-ballagh," Mr. M. J. Power.

Squire Gilmore, Guardian of Alice, Mr. D. C. Sword.

Black Donald, an informer, Mr. Jos. J. Rankin.

Myles Griffin, always ready for a lark, Mr. Robert J. Love.

Mark Quinlan, a young clergyman, Mr. J. P. Cunningham.

Followers of Captain Faugh-a-Ballagh, Jackey Cahill, Mr. C. P. Collins.

Barney Dugan, Mr. M. Callaghan.

Mickey Cassidy, Mr. J. J. Friend.

Terry Murphy, Mr. Joseph Duffy.

Pgadrig Doolan, Mr. D. Canniff.

Shaun O'Toole, Mr. Geo. Morgan.

Alice Quinlan, the Squire's Ward, in love with Gerald Miss E. K. Peacock.

Kitty Callaghan, a young lady who is proud of her Irish birth, Miss Tina Kitts.

Nora Boyle, Miss Margaret O'Connor.

Tessie Moore, Miss K. E. Monahan.

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Song, "The Minstrel Boy," Mr. T. C. Emblem.

Fancy marching by No. 1. Company of St. Patrick's Cadets, in command of Capt. J. J. Ryan.

Song, "You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May," Mr. George Morgan.

Humorous selections, by Mr. R. McGlaughlin.

Song, "The Meeting of the Waters," Miss E. K. Peacock.

With Mr. M. J. Power, who has earned for himself a reputation in local dramatic circles, in the title role and supported by many well known amateurs of acknowledged ability, it was not surprising that with the exception of one scene, the drama was a great success.

When St. Patrick's Cadets, under the command of Captain J. J. Ryan, marched upon the stage, they received an ovation such as left no room for doubt as to their popularity. Their exhibition of physical drill bore

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nowque twenty-nine years old, a score of which have been spent in Toronto. At a very early age he showed a disposition and began to work in the Government

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## OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



MR. MARTIN QUINN.

Toronto, Sept. 21.

As the subject of this week in our series of Toronto young men, we present to the readers of the "True Witness" Mr. Martin Quinn. Mr. Quinn is of Irish and Highland Scotch descent, his father being Mr. Thomas Quinn of Gananoque, and late burser at the Central Prison, Toronto, while his mother was a Miss Fraser, sister of one of Ontario's greatest statesmen, the late Hon. Christopher Fraser. The memory of the late Mr. Quinn in the minds of many of Toronto Catholics, is that of one esteemed for his sterling worth, and his early death at the age of forty-six, was a blow to his numerous friends, to the C.M.B.A., of which he was president, and most of all to his widow and large family, of whom Mr. Martin Quinn is the eldest. The first of this family of eight sons and two daughters was born at Gananoque twenty-nine years ago the last score of which have been passed in Toronto. At a very early age he showed a disposition for mechanics, and he began life as assistant plumber in the Government service, where he has remained during the past eighteen years. Some time after completing his apprenticeship he was appointed to the responsible position of sanitary inspector of the province, which he held until last year when he was promoted as provincial mechanical superintendent.

Every opportunity for development along the special lines of his work have been embraced by Ontario's Government mechanical superintendent, and as a result, Mr. Quinn is now well known as an inventor, his invention for sanitation in suburban homes being now for some time before the public highly endorsed by Dr. Bryce, Provincial Medical Health officer and other experts; Mr. Quinn's exhibit at the late exhibition attracted large numbers of those interested.

In Catholic circles Mr. Quinn's activity makes itself felt and as a consequence he holds a prominent place in their ranks. He is president of Branch 49 of the C.M.B.A., and Grand Deputy Grand President of the Association. He is also a Knight of Columbus, a council of which has lately been formed in the city; he was candidate for office at the last general convention held at Niagara Falls, and will likely be heard from again at the next session; it is perhaps not too much to say that Mr. Quinn is the most prominent member of the C.M.B.A. in Toronto.

In addition to the work which the office of mechanical superintendent imposes, its occupant finds time to contribute regularly articles on sanitation to the trade journals of the United States and Canada; he is also a contributor to the official bulletin, the C.M.B.A. too from time to time have the benefit of hearing him lecture on subjects in connection with his special line of work.

Mr. Quinn is married to Miss Sullivan, of Toronto, and has three children. Among our young men exemplary in all that concerns the interest of the Church and high in the esteem of their fellow-citizens for their go-aheadness and general all-roundness, Mr. Martin Quinn, without doubt, holds a high place.

A CATHOLIC APPOINTMENT.—The appointment of Miss Teresa Dunn, B. A., as teacher in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, in place of Miss O'Rourke, B.A., lately resigned, was made a certainty at a meeting of the High School Board held last week. The appointment was not brought about without

somewhat of a scrimmage, but the justice of the greater number of the members and the insistent manner in which Mr. McBrady, Catholic representative on the Board, maintained the position of Miss Dunn in the matter, won the day. This is the third Catholic appointment made by the Board during the last twelve or fifteen years, the third being that of Miss G. Lawlor, M.A., teacher in Harbord Street Collegiate.

VACANT PASTORATE.—Owing to the scarcity of priests the Church of the Holy Family has been since the formation of the parish under the care of the priests of St. Helen's. Now, however, there seems to be a prospect of a pastor in the near future, as it was announced at the Masses on Sunday last that a meeting would be held to see about a house for a resident priest.

AN ORDINATION.—The local papers devote several columns to the ordination and the events associated with it of Rev. Father O'Neil of Ashfield, and as the rev. gentleman was a student for three years at the Seminary in Montreal, many readers of the "True Witness" are doubtless among his friends.

The ordination took place in the parish where the young priest was known as boy and youth, and on the occasion the Church was simply filled to overflowing. The ceremony of ordination was performed by Bishop McEvay, assisted by Rev. Father Aylward, rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, London; while the young candidate was assisted by Rev. Father Boubat, a former pastor of the parish. After the Mass Father O'Neil gave his first blessing to his mother and other relatives, and then to the remainder of the congregation.

On Monday the newly-ordained priest said his first Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Aylward as deacon, and Rev. Father Hanlon, as sub-deacon; Rev. Mr. Hussey was master of ceremonies, and Rev. Father Boubat was also in the sanctuary. An eloquent sermon was preached by Father Aylward, in which he referred to the mother of Father O'Neil, who, though a widow, had overcome all obstacles in the carrying out of the wish of her heart, and now had the happiness of seeing her son at the altar. A banquet was held at the home of Father O'Neil, and there he was presented with a gold chalice, a gold watch, a breviary and a purse of sixty-eight dollars; a touching address was also read to which Father O'Neil replied in terms equally touching.

Father O'Neil has been appointed assistant at St. Thomas; needless to say he is followed to his new field by the prayers and good wishes of hosts of friends.

READING FOR CHILDREN.—A propos of the fact that two men were lately fined by Colonel Denison for vending books and pictures outside the pale of decency, the "Mail and Empire" has an editorial in Saturday's issue, part of which contains comment so serious and in line with that we so often hear from our pulpits that I quote it, for words of wisdom no matter from what source it is purely wise to heed; the "Mail and Empire" says:—

This is the time of year when parents must be on their guard. In the summer there are so many attractions out of doors that the average healthy boy cares little for reading. Cold weather, however, sees him before the fire engrossed in a book. It may be a book which would leave its seller open to arrest in Chicago. It may be so much opium for the young mind. Only the utmost watchfulness on the part of parents can assure them that their child is not committing moral suicide before their very eyes. They need not turn to the law or the police for help. They themselves must be on the alert. Once the boy becomes inculcated with a desire for these trashy stories he will be as hard to reclaim as any drunkard. Through all his life their evil suggestions will exert themselves. If they ruin him body and soul they will only do what they have done for thousands of others. Too much is at stake to excuse carelessness on the part of parents regarding what their children read. Impure food is harmful, but where is the antidote for impure literature?

## Lessons and Examples

A CONTRAST.—In a recent issue, in the course of an editorial, the "Freeman's Journal" made use of a passage that contains a very striking contrast, and at the same time a grave lesson. That organ says: "In connection with the recent Catholic Congress (an annual event) at Cologne, (Germany), there was a

grand street parade in which thirty thousand people took part. If they had a Catholic Congress meeting annually in France, organizing Catholics in the work of protecting Catholic interests, there would be no such infamy there as the expulsion of the Catholic religious and the confiscation of their property. These outrages are perpetrated in France, only because French Catholics have failed in their duty."

This short passage might well have been developed and with profit to the readers. It suggests, at first the contrast between Germany and France, and the contradictions in each case; then does it suggest a remedy, as far as France is concerned. In a few words, we will try to set forth these couple of points. In the first place, we have the contrast between Germany and France. Germany has been the home of Protestantism, the scene of Luther's great rebellion against the Church, the very nursery of the heresy that gave rise to one thousand other heresies, and the giant persecutor of Catholicity through the most remarkable representatives of our religion. France has been the centre, the most remarkable outside of Rome, of Catholicity, she has earned and received the dignifying title of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," she has been governed by Catholic monarchs amongst whom are to be ranked a Pepin, a Charlemagne, and a St. Louis, her armies have fought the battles of Catholicity, from the days of Stephen deBlois and Godfrey de Bouillon, down to those of Charette and Lamourier. Yet, today Germany recalls the religious orders that she had expelled while France expels those that have been her support and salvation. Catholics are free in Germany to parade their religion before the public eye without the slightest fear of interruption or inconvenience. The heart of Germany is Protestant, the heart of France is Catholic. The sole difference is that Germany is governed by representatives of the people and France is governed by representatives of the lodges, the sectaries, the secret societies that have vowed the destruction of the Church. The question then arises as to whom the fault lies. At whose door must this fearful and unnatural condition of affairs be laid?

We are confident that the writer of the first-quoted article is right in saying that to Catholics themselves is due a great deal of the trouble. In Germany the Catholic element was obliged to fight for a mere existence. Opposed by such a powerful array of Protestant forces, and surrounded by such an army of religious opponents, the Catholics had to band together for the sake of mutual protection, and even as a means of self-preservation. Hence their united action, the establishment of their societies, associations and congresses. Hence, also, the ever accumulating strength that they exhibited and that they utilized to good effect, and ultimately with such telling results. In France, on the contrary, they were accustomed to have a perfect freedom of religion, they were used to being governed by sympathetic and Catholic powers, they had grown up in a habit of absolute faith in their rulers. As a result they found no need for exercise of their energies; they had drifted along for centuries in the current of religious security; and when the fearful storm, created by the deadly enemies of their faith, burst upon them, they were unprepared to meet and to weather it.

The remedy will come late, but not too late; and must consist in an awakening of the Catholic people to a realization of their duties and to the necessity of asserting their rights, defending their interests, and regaining the almost effaced glory of the grandest Catholic nation on earth.

## Catholic Sailors' Club.

The concert of the week at the Catholic Sailors' Club was under the auspices of St. Lawrence Court, C. O. F. It was one of the most successful of the season. Mr. M. J. Flanagan, the Chief Ranger, occupied the chair. In opening he expressed his sincere sympathy with the work of the Club, and hoped that ere long it would be in a position to erect a building which would be a credit to the organization and all interested in its aims and objects. The contributors to the programme, which was most enjoyable, were as follows:—Miss Delahanty, Miss May Quinn, Miss Harrington, Miss Peacock, Miss L. Brown, the Misses McCaffrey, Miss A. Quinn, Messrs. F. Charron, H. Tessier, S. R. Brewer, St. John, F. McDonald, R. Foran, J. Harrington, Leger and Larocque, P. Morning, F. F. Rummons, Miss Orton was the accompanist.

The next concert will be under the direction of St. Patrick's Society. The appointment of Miss Teresa Dunn, B. A., as teacher in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, in place of Miss O'Rourke, B.A., lately resigned, was made a certainty at a meeting of the High School Board held last week. The appointment was not brought about without

somewhat of a scrimmage, but the justice of the greater number of the members and the insistent manner in which Mr. McBrady, Catholic representative on the Board, maintained the position of Miss Dunn in the matter, won the day. This is the third Catholic appointment made by the Board during the last twelve or fifteen years, the third being that of Miss G. Lawlor, M.A., teacher in Harbord Street Collegiate.

## RECENT DEATHS.

Shea, rendered the musical portion of the service.—R.I.P.

MRS. JOHN O'LEARY.—In the parish church of Huntingdon County, nearly four decades ago, Miss Bridget Teresa Donahue and Mr. John O'Leary, of New Erin, were united in marriage by a zealous and beloved pastor—Rev. Father Woods—who has long since gone to his reward. Of that happy union fifteen children, seven boys and eight girls were born, eight of which are now living. Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary came to Montreal shortly after their marriage, where they began life and throughout all the intervening years up to a week ago, together they achieved success. Few Irish Catholic homes were happier and few parents discharged their duties with a deeper sense of their responsibilities towards each other, their children and their religion and nationality.

Mr. O'Leary early embarked on his own account in the business of a public contractor, and during his long connection with the trade he has earned the esteem and respect of all classes for his integrity and honesty.

Last week the hand of death was laid upon the kindly and warm-hearted wife and mother. After ailing for nearly two years, but still equal in many respects to attend to her household duties, Mrs. O'Leary was stricken, fourteen days prior to her demise, with an illness, which despite all the skill of the best medical practitioners and the loving hands of her family, resulted fatally on Friday of last week.

Mrs. O'Leary was a woman of rare talent and judgment. Her home and her family were her pride and delight. As a member of St. Patrick's parish ever since her arrival in Montreal, she was most devoted. Her attendance at the meetings of the Ladies of Charity Society was regular, while as a member of the Sodality of the Holy Rosary and Sacred Heart she evinced a marked interest in all their pious practices.

In private life she never failed to do her duty to her neighbor in distress, and performed other acts of charity, the particulars of which are only known to those who were the recipients.

The funeral, which was held on Monday last to St. Patrick's Church, was attended by a large concourse of citizens of all classes. At the main entrance to that sacred edifice the remains were received by Rev. P. Hefner, who afterwards officiated, assisted by Rev. Joseph Murphy as deacon, and Rev. James Killoran as subdeacon, at a solemn Requiem Mass. The choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist, was in attendance, and rendered the choral portions of the Mass in a most impressive manner.

After the service the remains were transferred to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where they were interred in the family plot. To Mr. O'Leary and other members of the family we offer our sincere sympathy in their great loss.—R.I.P.

The funeral took place during the course of last week, and the number of people who came to pay their last respects to the dead, as well as the number and quality of the floral tributes sent to the family, testifies equally to the respect felt for the deceased and the esteem in which the family was held. The employees of the Dominion Bridge Company, in whose works Mr. Riley has been employed for years, sent a floral wreath typical of their regret and sympathy. The family received from all sides marks of sympathy from many friends.—R.I.P.

## Refusing Authority.

It is thus that the Rev. Charles E. Corwin, a Protestant clergyman, writes in the "Christian Intelligencer":—

"If Luther had realized the forms of fruit which would spring from the seed he sowed on that autumn day in 1517 when he nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door, his hand would have trembled on the hammer. Of freedom of religion the world had hardly dreamed. . . . With the Reformation it awoke, and lo, with the awakening, multitudes burst all bounds, and freedom became the wildest anarchy. The Church was despised and her yoke cast aside, fierce wars broke out, crime reared its head, and intellectual speculation ran mad.

"And so for four centuries the hosts of Protestantism have marched across the stage of history, divided into a thousand sects and with multitudes under no standard and guided by no principle. The sheep of Rome are at least folded and kept from wandering. They are taught to regard themselves as of heaven and not of earth. Those two essentials of character, self-sacrifice and reverence, are ground into their souls. But hordes of Protestants throng the city streets, and camp by every country-side, unsheltered and untaught. They have no apparent thought for the spiritual, and reverence for God or man is in them a negligible quantity. They are the dangerous elements of the body politic, not Catholic but Protestant—Protestant in so far that they have learned to refuse all religious authority except as they choose. Many Protestant pastors must with sorrow compare the orderly lives and well disciplined households of their Catholic neighbors with the untrained, wilful and irreligious conduct of many over whom they are nominally the shepherds."

## A TOUCHING CEREMONY.

(By A Subscriber.)

On Wednesday, Sept. 9th, the pretty Church of St. Chrysostome, Chateaugay Co., was the scene of a rare and happy event.

Dr. James, Agustus Fulton renounced the Protestant religion, and swore faith and fidelity to Catholicity.

Dr. Fulton is the only son of the late Rev. Canon Fulton, a distinguished minister of the Anglican Church, and one time chaplain of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. He made brilliant studies at McGill, where he obtained his diploma as doctor in medicine in 1891. From there he went to Scotland, and in 1891 the University of Edinburgh after having counted him, during a year, one of its most brilliant students conferred upon him the highest honors. Another year was then spent in visiting the different hospitals of Scotland, England, and France.

On his return to this country he came and established himself in St. Chrysostome, where, during the past ten years, he practised with much success, and where his superior knowledge and charitable dispositions have won for him the love and esteem of the entire population irrespective of creed or nationality. His love of study caused him to pursue the study of different sciences, and above all others that concerning the creation and final end of man, that is to say, philosophy and theology.

Between times he married Miss Annie Theresa Gorman, of St. Antoine Abbe, a deeply Catholic soul, who knew by her counsels and love how to draw the admiration for the beauties of our holy religion, of a man capable of understanding and appreciating their true value. Being of a broad and sincere mind Dr. Fulton set himself to this new study with the greatest ardor. It would be impossible to tell of all the zeal and care which our devoted pastor, Rev. L. N. Previle, also Rev. C. D. Guilbault, and Rev. F. X. Goyette, devoted to such a cause. But at last their reward has come to crown their task, and to-day they find that their efforts have been fruitful.

It was a most imposing ceremony. Rev. L. N. Previle, pastor, assisted by Rev. C. D. Guilbault, of St. Antoine Abbe, Rev. F. X. Goyette, of Hemmingford, and Rev. J. M. Previle, of St. Chrysostome, administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the new convert. The sponsors were Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Toupin. The ceremony of Baptism was followed by High Mass. A full choir assisted. Mrs. D. Bigras presiding at the organ. The St. Chrysostome band, under the direction of Mr. D. Bigras, played choice selections at intervals, during the ceremony. The day will not fail to remain long in the memory of the citizens of St. Chrysostome.



MR. D. C. SWORD.

(See Page Four.)

## MISS McCURRACH ILL.

Many friend of the "True Witness" will regret to learn of the illness of Miss Bella McCurrach, our local representative and collector. In expressing the wish that her recovery may be speedy, we voice the sentiments of a large number of our readers.

## The Situation In British Politics.

(Notes by a Regular Contributor.)

How can we on this side of the Atlantic be expected to form any proper estimate of the great political issue at stake to-day in the field of British politics? We have the daily despatches that tell us of the different moves on that complicated chess-board, but we have not the impartial expressions of opinions from those who are on the ground and who are in a position to judge of every new combination. One thing is decided; whether it be for good or for ill, since the disappearance of Lord Salisbury from the scene, Mr. Chamberlain is decidedly the most conspicuous figure in British public life to-day. At least, as far as the masses go, he towers above the Premier, although his present position in the ranks renders him far less important from an administrative point of view. Now that the Irish Land Act is off their hands, the different parties are at liberty to play at the more far-reaching policy of tariff construction. And this, to our mind, should be an exceptional lesson for them and for all future British governments. As long as the Imperial Government is encumbered with the administration of Irish domestic affairs, and as long as it is shackled to the task of satisfying the just demands of the Irish nation, just so long will it be unable to give due attention to the mighty questions of home and foreign policies that affect the future of the entire Empire. It would, therefore, seem to us the acme of wisdom to grant Ireland Home Rule and thus, once for all, have a free hand in the regulation of all that concerns the Empire as a whole. We sincerely believe that the Land Act is a grand step in this direction, and we have no doubt that the coming contest, just on the heels of that measure, will serve to confirm the Government in this policy of handing over to Ireland the settlement of her own domestic concerns—which policy is summed up in the two words Home Rule.

With this preface we now wish to make rapid survey of the present situation, as well as the means at our disposal will permit. To do so we must take the opinions and views of those who are in a position to judge. We will have to go back a few weeks to the beginning of this month, in order to find out the positions of the respective parties prior to the resignation of Chamberlain. And for that purpose we will quote a few remarks from a contributor to the Liverpool "Catholic Times" of the 11th September. Thus does the writer present the situation to its readers:—

"The political situation in England, viewed from the party standpoint, is probably as complicated and as uncertain as it ever was on the eve of a general election. Not merely are there two great parties, each uttering its plaintive appeal to the listening and doubting electors; there are more parties, or sections of parties, than any living voter has ever to deal with."

"The Tory-Unionist party has gone to pieces. We have Tory Free Traders, and Tory Protectionists; Unionist Free Traders, and Unionist Protectionists. In the Lords as well as the Commons, the sudden thunderbolt of Mr. Chamberlain's tariff scheme has given old trees which, six months ago, were firmly planted and placidly growing in congenial Conservative soil. How many of them will stand the shock, and put forth leaves next session, not even a prophet can foretell."

Nor is the so-called Liberal party in much better plight. Their old shibboleths, variously interpreted by a good half dozen of discordant leaders, have gone or are going down the breeze. Unable to unite when in Opposition, the leaders are little likely to agree when in office. Will they ever get into office?"

So much for the divisions of parties, and their subdivisions when this month was ten days old. Now as to the key of the situation. Listen to the same authority:—

"But there is another factor which, if duly weighed, may make many candidates, in the larger electoral centres at least, hesitate before they pledge themselves to gratify the op-

ponents of the Education Act of 1902—the Catholics themselves! Generally, these vote Liberal; but will they do so at the coming election? Will they unite, for a clear, definite plan, band themselves together, display their strength, and insist that, unless their schools are safeguarded, they will vote en masse for the Conservatives? Or will they content themselves with acting individually, losing their strength and frittering away an opportunity which, in view of the issues opened, is equivalent to power? They will vote as the Hierarchy directs! Well and good; they are in their duty there."

We have here the clear and unqualified statement that the Irish hold the key. How will they use it is the question. But without attempting to solve that question we are met with the great offer of assistance in the Home Rule struggle, in return for assistance from the Irish in the equally great struggle for Catholic educational rights. It may be a little lengthy, but it is worth the perusal. The offer is this:—

"At all events, the situation is intensely interesting. The Irish party holds the key of the position, and its action will be what it will be. \* \* \* Do we, on this side of St. George's Channel, adequately realize what Ireland has done simple and faithful Catholics in thousands and hundreds of thousands to build up and maintain the flourishing status of that Catholicism which we see around us. Will not a prosperous Ireland benefit the Catholic Church there? And will not a prosperous Catholic Church in Ireland benefit our part of the Catholic Church, here in England? What have we gained by the adversity which, for centuries, has afflicted the people who are now within sight of the gates of that Temple of Justice towards which their long climbing has been so steep and rugged? The time, it would seem, has arrived for a reconstruction of the attitude of English Catholics towards their Irish brethren, for a more generous recognition of their claims, for a greater fraternal sympathy with them in their struggles for the recovery of these rights which God gave and men took away. The Nationalist members saved our schools in 1902. They will probably be called upon to save them again in 1904. Should not their generosity and unselfishness beget an equally unselfish generosity in return?"

We cannot predict the future, any more than the writer of the above, but we can see clearly the golden opportunity that awaits the Irish party and the mighty advantages in store both for Ireland and for Catholic education, provided a statesman-like advantage is taken of the situation.

Since the article from which we have quoted was written, Mr. Chamberlain has resigned from the Cabinet, he has been followed into the ranks of private membership by two other Cabinet ministers; his and Balfour's letters have clearly shown that while they agree upon a policy, Chamberlain wishes to go farther than Balfour, and the latter would gladly go as far as the former were not that both agree that the British public is not yet ripe for such a radical change in the fiscal policy of the Empire. Therefore, Balfour, to save his Government and party continues on, as far as he deems it safe to go in the alteration of the Free Trade principles of Great Britain; while Chamberlain, to educate the masses up to a still greater advance in the protective direction, steps out and yields a free lance in the open arena. Such the situation exactly as it stands at this hour.

Once more we turn to those who are on the scene and in a position to judge. The following extracts are from the New York "Evening Post's" correspondence of the 14th September—and since this was written in England no change of any moment has come over the situation. Thus does the writer present the following splendid appraisement:—

"Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain write to each other as though his resignation had made no breach in the party. In truth, the party has been split asunder for two months past. To-day it consists of four distinct camps. First the retakulators, under Mr. Balfour; second, the preferentialists, under Mr. Chamberlain; third, the free-traders, under Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hick's-Beach, and Mr. Ritchie; fourth, the wobblers, under nobody in particular. The retakulators and preferentialists together make up about three-fourths of the party. Mr. Chamberlain is confident that all but an insignificant section of these will come under his banner. So soon as he makes clear his plans, which involve no increase but merely a readjustment of the present food taxes, so soon also will the Chamberlainite candidates in the constituencies, up and down the country, prepare to fight every man, of whatever political hue, who does not fly the Chamberlain colors. Mr. Cham-

berlain may be all wrong and his policy may be doomed to ignominious collapse under the cry of 'the cheap loaf in danger,' but a regard for the facts compels the unbiased recorder to state that he is still unrivaled as a political campaigner. Almost unaided, he won the last election for Unionism, as he did the election before. That even those who hate his political principles are bound to confess. He is the sole Minister amid a crowd of incompetents who has proved himself an efficient administrator by making the Colonial Office, once the worst, now almost a model State Department. Moreover, his well-planned organization has ample funds, and the pick of the brains of the rank and file of the Unionist party.

"Even Mr. Balfour is a Chamberlainite, and says as much publicly, though he lacks Mr. Chamberlain's courage to face the 'cheap loaf' cry. In fact, Mr. Chamberlain's only out-and-out opponents are the little band of free trade Unionists and the incoherent mass of leaderless Liberals, whose most aggressive group is more concerned in the police court resistance to the education rate than in fiscal discussions. Mr. Chamberlain has given English Liberalism the chance of its lifetime, but there are no signs yet that Liberalism is alive to the fact."

This sums up the whole situation and brings us directly back to the issue that most interests us. Not only has "Chamberlain given English Liberalism the chance of its lifetime," but he has, all unintentionally we presume, given the Irish National party the grandest opportunity that it ever possessed. Fresh from the great victory of last session the Irish party is now in the enviable position of being able to look on and to allow the gladiators to meet in the arena of British politics, while calmly awaiting the proper moment to act. So divided are the two parties that win who may the balance of power still remains in the hands of Redmond and his followers. And we have no doubt that they will continue to present a solid front, to follow up the advantages already gained, and to consummate their work by securing, out of the chaos of British politics, the boon of Home Rule for the Irish people.

## O'CONNELL'S ELOQUENCE.

(By An Old Subscriber.)

The eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has always been favorite theme, especially amongst students of Irish history. There have been several collections of O'Connell's speeches published, and of the speeches contained therein several must have been either re-written, or corrected. In fact, beautiful, strong, and logical as these speeches are, they afford us no idea of his oratorical powers. Like all great orators O'Connell had to be seen and heard in order that his influence could be fully felt. Possibly no man has given a more lifelike picture of O'Connell, than the late Wendell Phillips, the "silver-tongued orator" of America. We never heard Phillips speaking on O'Connell, but we did hear him on "The Lost Arts," and we can form an idea of the perfection and reliability of his appreciation of O'Connell. In his lecture upon the great Irish orator he gave the following splendid appraisement:—

"Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will quote John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginian slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: 'This is the man, there are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day.' I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never equaled O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth anyone so lavishly gifted as a tribune of the people. In the first place he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter."

"There was something majestic in his presence before he added

to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent—grace. Little a boy at 70, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature; nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. The majesty of his indignation, fitly uttered in tones of superhuman power, made him able to 'indict' a nation, in spite of Burk's protest.

"I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, careening like the thunderstorm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholders of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking.' You seem to hear the tones come echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story, while the Exeter hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing.

"As effortless as woodland rocks, Send violets up and paint them blue.'

"We used to say of Webster, 'This is great effort, of Everett, 'It is a beautiful effort,' but you never used the word 'effort' in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. And this wonderful power—it was not a thunderstorm; he flanked you with his wit; he surprised you out of yourself; you were conquered before you knew it. His marvelous voice, its almost increditable power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

"Once to my sight that giant form was given,  
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven,  
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,  
And wave on wave rolled into space away,  
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound  
Even to the centre of hosts around; And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell  
As from some church tower swinging the silvery bell,  
Altoft and clear, from airy tide to tide  
It gilded easy as a bird may glide  
Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,  
It played with each wild passion as it went;  
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,  
And sobs of laughter answered as it willed."

"Webster could awe a senate, Everett charm a college, and Choate cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay Corwin, Choate, Everett and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the Sente platform, grace, wit and pathos; ate, unanswerable and dignified; on before the masses a whole man. Carlyle says: 'He is God's own appointed king, whose single words melts all with into his.' This describes O'Connell. Emerson says: 'There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech.' Daniel O'Connel was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand."

"Now see here, serving God has got to be done, and if it is something that has to be done, why not do it in a business-like way? You may be as orthodox as the devil, and have no more religion. Oh! you say is that not a queer thing to say so openly. Yes, but it was spoken by John Wesley, so it is all right. Yes, you may make religion a thing of sermons, texts, and golden rules, and the rest of those things, but what about your heart?"

"So this is the 'famous preacher,' whose name is 'familiar in every household.' It would seem that because John Wesley made use of such language as that it must be all right. While we have not the remotest sympathy with Wesley, nor with his doctrines, nor methods, still we know sufficient of his preachings and his writings to be perfectly aware that never did he talk in that flippancy and circus agent tone about sermons, texts, or aught that concerns religion. This introduction is sufficient to assign the speaker to his proper rank amongst those who attempt to address others on matters of general interest. We would pay no attention to the speaker, nor to his style, were it not that the organ reporting his address felt it necessary to cast in such complimentary comments as the following:—

"These were the opening words of the great preacher, and he uttered them in a way that left an impression on the mind."

"What is the use of thus prostituting the mission of journalism. Does the 'Gazette' really believe the remarks quoted to be the utterance of a 'great preacher?' If so, then, we are sorry to notice how easily our contemporaries can use two different measures. It is not our intention to quote any passages from the conglomerate of ideas set forth in that harangue; but a few sentences will suffice to show the style and character of the entire composition."

"I would sooner scrape mud on the streets than go to hear a man expound the Gospel if I thought it would do me no good." "All the repentance in this world will do you no good if you find not the Lord with you." "Faith is not something that I have to squeeze out of my bosom." "God can put back bones into a jelly-fish." And so on through a series of disjointed ejaculations.

"We have no quarrel with the speaker; it is none of our affairs if he adopts such a style, nor if hundreds throng to hear his expounding of the

## A Methodist Missionary Visits Montreal.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was with expectancy that we took up the report of the sermon—if it be a sermon—delivered this week in the Windsor Hall, on "The Business of Religion." The gentleman who treated the subject was heralded as a "famous Methodist preacher." And our friend the "Gazette" says: "So well known is his name in nearly every Methodist household that the announcement of his appearance was the signal for one of those gatherings which is seldom seen except so powerful a speaker is on the platform." We are glad they say "platform," and not "pulpit"—for we would not like to think that the Methodist, or any other pulpit were made the theatre of such a dead-roll of common places. It is rarely we ever criticise either the form or the substance of any sermon delivered by a non-Catholic clergyman—especially in our own centre; but, in the present case the utterances of the speaker assume the form more of a lecture than a sermon, are given in a general hall, and are heralded by the press with such exceptional commendations, that we cannot refrain from giving utterance to our surprise. We certainly have heard more elegant language and finer ideas expressed by the auctioneers of patent medicines on the market place, and by the vendors of tickets at the entrances of side-shows.

The title of the lecture, or sermon, attracted our attention: "The Business of Religion." We saw in it, despite its very unlevitating phraseology, possibilities for the grouping of lofty ideals and deep sentiments. Hence it is that we took up the report, glad that it was verbatim—in the hope of reading something new, or, at least, something conveyed in a new and inspiring manner. Imagine an exordium such as the following:—

"Now see here, serving God has got to be done, and if it is something that has to be done, why not do it in a business-like way? You may be as orthodox as the devil, and have no more religion. Oh! you say is that not a queer thing to say so openly. Yes, but it was spoken by John Wesley, so it is all right. Yes, you may make religion a thing of sermons, texts, and golden rules, and the rest of those things, but what about your heart?"

"So this is the "famous preacher," whose name is "familiar in every household." It would seem that because John Wesley made use of such language as that it must be all right. While we have not the remotest sympathy with Wesley, nor with his doctrines, nor methods, still we know sufficient of his preachings and his writings to be perfectly aware that never did he talk in that flippancy and circus agent tone about sermons, texts, or aught that concerns religion. This introduction is sufficient to assign the speaker to his proper rank amongst those who attempt to address others on matters of general interest. We would pay no attention to the speaker, nor to his style, were it not that the organ reporting his address felt it necessary to cast in such complimentary comments as the following:—

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"I would sooner scrape mud on the streets than go to hear a man expound the Gospel if I thought it would do me no good." "All the repentance in this world will do you no good if you find not the Lord with you." "Faith is not something that I have to squeeze out of my bosom." "God can put back bones into a jelly-fish." And so on through a series of disjointed ejaculations.

"We have no quarrel with the speaker; it is none of our affairs if he adopts such a style, nor if hundreds throng to hear his expounding of the

theme "The Business of Religion" in such an almost irreverent manner. But we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise that an organ generally so high in its standards of literary appreciation should, for any reason at all, allow itself to become the flattering critics of what is beneath the common place. Certainly if one of the loftiest and most philosophic sermons were preached in our city by one of the most consummate masters of sacred eloquence the praise accorded it could not be more unqualified than that which our contemporary sees fit to bestow upon this mass of vulgarisms.

"This is Uncle Edward's stall," she said. "deal more than I expect a cranky creature. No, it because he knew we some difficulty in finding a hard cash."

"Hush-sh!" warned Nancy drew from a slender gold chain of pearls, and held it up.

"This is Uncle Edward's stall," she said. "I am on earth buy

Years ago Edward

returned middle-aged a

which later account alone

she fondly hoped that he

so appear to him in the

solute disinterestedness.

"He wants me to call Briens," she remarked—her goodlooking son bent over, the cat stretching

paws to the warm blaze

them at the church the other seems, recognized a form

and in the old man. A

give me something for

"Oh, you can't take up that!" declared Nancy.

"What do you know about that?" asked Nancy.

"Pray, when or how did you know her?" asked Nancy.

"In my own sweet way,

the medium of a treacherous

She and her father came to

You can take my word that

had been a girl."

"Then, thank goodness, not!"

"That is exactly what I do ever since I knew her."

"Pray, when or how did you know her?" asked Nancy.

Business of Religion" in  
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## SCHOOLS NOW

sional Correspondent

Downey, a school trustee, advocates strongly of the public schools on Sunday for religious instruction. It seems that his idea was supported by a protestant clergymen. Mr. the School Board, forcibly in favor of silence on Sunday, and of Protestant religion.

A Catholic contem-  
nado asks three very  
questions in this regard.  
the fact that Chicago  
one thousand Protestants  
it is asked: "Why does  
not people attend  
Sunday? Let the preachers  
speak."

Everything else, the Pro-  
testant, by slow and  
rapid means, has to  
port its denial by ab-  
solutely comes down to prac-  
tically the same story—the  
ment prevails.

Always been the great  
attraction to public, or mix-  
or Catholic children?  
has been that the chil-  
dren that which conflicts  
with the teachings of their own  
schools. It has also  
been that Catholic chil-  
dren obliged to take part in  
services, Bible-readings

Possibly not; but  
in atmosphere that has  
them and they are  
duced, sooner or later,  
indifference, if not with  
stance, upon these  
religious methods—so  
our own. Whenever we  
ments are we reminded  
in "Athalia," where  
queen, with her false  
induce the child-King  
to give up, as her son,

She tells him that he  
God, whom he may  
will have her own  
and confounds the Queen  
"But there I would  
adored." Already his  
ceived the danger of  
ing with that which  
He had in his  
of that same principle  
the Church to-day to  
ful taking part in  
ices, or having aught  
non-Catholics as far  
as is concerned.

Protestant educational  
to have their schools  
for the purposes of  
it is very logical  
they do not confine  
teaching to the Sun-  
the week days for gen-  
—just as they would  
do? With time  
and the Church has  
posal—all these burn-  
to be found to be regu-  
y to her tenets and

## POWERFUL ARM.

proof of the great  
units is found in the  
which the bigoted  
owns to for the Or-  
and tens of mil-  
anti-Catholics who de-  
suits would be sur-  
that the Order num-  
the world little more  
and thousand members, who  
so wide a name and  
name multiplies them  
mind to millions. The  
make the haters of  
wedge their own inter-  
not cure them of  
—From "The Uni-  
Eng.

are unavoidable  
to the good qual-  
onate.

## A HASTY JUDGMENT.

Nancy drew from a morocco case a slender gold chain glittering with pearls, and held it up with an air of dissatisfaction.

"This is Uncle Edward's present to our stall," she said. "It's a great deal more than I expected from the cranky creature. No doubt he gave it because he knew we should have some difficulty in finding a purchaser. Who on earth buys jewelry at a bazaar? I would rather have had hard cash."

"Hush-sh!" warned Mrs. Wilson, for there was danger of the individual thus obliquely censured being within earshot, and on no account must he be offended.

Years ago Edward Wilson had gone to America young and poor; he had returned middle-aged and rich, on which later account alone his widowed sister received him with open arms. That she and her children would eventually reap the harvest of his toil and thrift she did not for a moment doubt, arguing that there was no one else with any claim upon him. While he told her he had ignored the very fact of his existence; but she fondly hoped that her later poverty would obliterate her past, and also appear to him in the light of absolute disinterestedness.

"He wants me to call on those O'Briens," she remarked—and Bernard, her goodlooking son bent his head over the cat stretching scoping paws to the warm blaze. "He met them at church the other day and, it seems, recognized a former acquaintance in the old man. Anything to please him, of course. They might give me something for the bazaar, too."

"Oh, you can't take up people like that!" declared Nancy, crossly. "What do you know about them, except that they are hopelessly shabby? Uncle Edward's early acquaintances were not very choice, if all accounts are true. I dare say, the child has been deliberately flung in his way, for reasons sufficiently obvious."

"Heigh-ho for the charity that thinks no ill!" said Bernard. "Come, Nancy, you should be glad of the opportunity of doing a double kindness pleasing Uncle and breaking, if ever so slightly, the monotony of Miss O'Brien's life. I should have made her acquaintance long ago if I had been a girl."

"Then, thank goodness, you are not!"

"That is exactly what I have been doing ever since I knew her."

"Pray, when or how did you come to know her?" asked Nancy, sharply and suspiciously.

"Now, I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself," chimed in Uncle Edward.

Bernard looked from one to the other with a touch of defiance.

"I am sorry if I should be the cause of the scandal-mongers of the neighborhood using Miss O'Brien's name as a peg on which to hang their gossip," he said; "but I am not sorry for this opportunity of declaring that I hope one day to make her my wife."

Mrs. Wilson gasped; Nancy sneered; from Uncle Edward proceeded a sound whereby a laugh entered partnership with a groan.

"What are you going to marry on?" he asked. "Your expectations?"

"Well—yes, my expectations; or, to be exact, my faith that Providence will preserve my health and strength so that I can continue to work as I am doing, and harder, if need be, for the girl I love. Of course, I understand what you are hinting at, Uncle Edward; but you must pardon my saying that you are too tough to die within a reasonable period; and even if you were not, it does not follow that you would leave your money to me. Why should I am quite capable of making my own way in life; I assure you; and I can say without vanity that Nellie likes me for myself."

"So far as I am concerned, there will be nothing else that you can be liked for," said Edward, dryly. "I never had the most remote intention of leaving my money to you."

"We shall not be worse friends for that I hope," said Bernard, cheerfully. "It certainly does not make me other than I am; and such as I am she has chosen me."

Mrs. Wilson was sobbing hysterically, declaring that her foolish boy was ruining all his prospects for the sake of a little nonentity when Nancy, who had been covering the more delicate of the bazaar trophies with tissue paper, her attention scornfully abstracted from her brother's love affairs, gave a sharp cry and turned round, her face quite pale with excitement.

"I knew something unpleasant would happen!" she exclaimed. There

was thorough in her prejudices, answered: "I shall not be at all surprised if some of our valuables do disappear."

On the appointed day Mrs. Wilson's friends and acquaintances gathered to inspect the future contents of her stall which were displayed in fine effect in her drawing room—over-flowing tables, chairs and cabinets, and even dangling from the curtains. Tea was served; "the small talk and the kettles hummed in tune." But after the hostess' hurried handshake and perfunctory, "Pleased to see you!" no one had paid much attention to Miss O'Brien. Nancy ignored her; the rest of the company did not extend their courtesy beyond a casual remark. She was left stranded, while a tide of conversation, unintelligible and therefore uninteresting to an outsider, flowed through the various groups. True, Uncle Edward gave her a kindly nod, supplemented by a smile that was positively beautiful in its tenderness; but he was never at ease in a fashionable crowd, and on this occasion he was further handicapped by an inability to distinguish between poker-work and crystalom. Thanks to Mrs. Wilson's adroitness, he was soon safe behind a barricade of bedspreads and cushions. From this retreat he heard his nephew enter the room and make his way to Miss O'Brien's solitary corner, with happy expectancy in his dark eyes that revealed much. Uncle Edward's brown hands closed fast upon each other; his half-cynical, half-humorous expression was a sad sternness.

After the departure of the guests Mrs. Wilson remonstrated with Bernard for having, as she said, singled out Miss O'Brien for special attention.

"Well, really, mother, I did not intend the spectators to think me more than ordinary polite. It may be that their incivility threw my civility into rather prominent relief. Miss O'Brien seemed to be in quarantine, and I thought that a display of fearless composure on my part would reassure the others and induce them to address her."

"It's nothing to joke about, Bernard. I am very seriously annoyed with you."

"I am seriously distressed if that is so, mother; but I don't see why you should be."

"It is neither right nor proper to compromise a girl so very far your social inferior by meaningless attention which she is sure to misunderstand, and which expose her to very unkind criticism."

"Now, I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself," chimed in Uncle Edward.

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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Our Boys  
And Girls

has been a thief among us. Uncle Edward's beautiful pearl chain is gone."

"Nonsense, child!" cried Mrs. Wilson, aghast.

"Indeed it is not nonsense, mother. Case and chain were in the box, and it is empty now," said Nancy, holding up a cardboard box with hands that trembled in harmony with her voice.

"You had better ask the maids if they know anything about it," advised Mrs. Wilson. But Nancy tossed up her chin, retorting, with significant emphasis:

"I believe our servants to be quite above suspicion, mother."

"And are not the guests?" asked Bernard, considerably nettled.

"I am not familiar with the antecedents of every person who was here to-day, and I can quite understand that a valuable chain would be a source of temptation to—a poor girl in want of a trousseau."

Bernard was as pale as his sister.

"Take care, Nancy! When you insult Miss O'Brien, you insult me," he said.

"That is your business," she answered, angrily. "Mine is to inform the police of what has occurred, and to ask them to take whatever steps they think necessary."

Uncle Edward had stood quietly and silently through the storm of words, looking from one person to another as if he scarcely comprehended what the commotion was about. Now he spoke, addressing Bernard.

"I believe that before you are much older you will find that Miss O'Brien has possession of that identical chain."

"There!" cried Nancy, triumphantly. "Uncle Edward sides with me."

"I don't quite know what you mean by 'sides,'" Nancy, he said, "but I can tell you by whom and when and why the chain was removed. The guilty one is ready to abide by the consequences. I took it ten minutes ago; and if you are anxious as to its whereabouts, it is in my pocket, case and all. Accidentally I overheard my young niece express her preference for hard cash, and her doubt about finding a purchaser; so I thought I would help her out of the difficulty. If she hadn't been in such a hurry to accuse the absent, she would have discovered my cheque in the box in place of the trinket. Your stall will not lose by the transaction."

"I consider that you have played me a very mean trick," said Nancy hotly.

"I might have given you the check openly. I admit, but I had some vague idea of sparing your feelings. And I thought that on finding the cheque you would grasp the situation without a verbal explanation, and be rather pleased about it. I intend to give the chain to Miss O'Brien, if I may do what I like with what is my own, twice purchased."

"Really, Edward, you can be most offensive," said Mrs. Wilson, violently fanning herself.

"Then I will try to be pleasant. By way of beginning let me congratulate you on your son's immediate prospect of becoming engaged to leaving, the poor woman calmly passed away."

"What?" she half screamed.

"That—what I have said. All my worldly goods will one day be Miss O'Brien's, and part of them on her marriage, in payment of an old debt. If there is any good in me, if I have persevered and prospered, the thanks, humanity speaking, are due to James O'Brien. That is why I asked you to be kind to him. When I was a lad I was turned out of my stepfather's house on a false accusation, and friendless, penniless, under a cloud as I was, James O'Brien sheltered me, believed in me, made a man of me. When I decided to leave England, he paid my passage to New York and gave me my start in life. Though we lost sight of each other, I never forgot what I owed him. I returned with one object and aim—to find him and prove my gratitude. I learned that on old age he had fallen on evil times—that life meant pinching and struggling for him and his. Thank God, it is in my power to say that he shall never know another anxious hour; that as he was a father to me in my necessity, so shall I be a son to him in his. It is my turn to help—that is all."

It was not quite all. He did not say that on meeting Nellie O'Brien he had for the first time in his life known what it was to love a woman. He did not say what sweet hopes had died, what bright dreams had been broken by Bernard's success. He extended his hand to his unconscious young rival, without a trace of bitterness.

"Good luck to you Bernard! If you are not happy with her, you deserve to be wretched. But I think you are of the right stuff," he said. "It is better so," he told himself afterward. "I am too old, too world-worn for her. And he is manly and plucky and steadfast. Yes; it is better so."—Mary Cross, in Irish Catholic.

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I have before me at this moment,

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inspirer poet. Their works soar

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1903.

## William Chapman Honored

BY "CRUX."

URING the past twenty years the name of William Chapman has been coming to the front as a French-Canadian poet. To-day, without a doubt, he easily stands "foremost amongst the first." Whether it be that his name has a certain degree of influence against him, or that his work bears such a distinctively religious and positively Catholic tone, or whether it be for other causes, the fact remains that Chapman has had a steep hill to climb and a thousand obstacles to overcome. In the first place, he is a self-educated man—the more to his credit; then he has been obliged to devote many years of his life to the study of French literature in all its phases and forms; and, finally he was poor, without a profession, and with no financial foundation whereon to erect the structure of his future. In other words, he was obliged to toil and to strive along in order to gain a mere livelihood. Then, there appeared to have arisen a certain feeling that I might fairly characterize as literary jealousy, in his regard. A regular conspiracy of silence seemed to reign.

The real cause of this strange attitude of brother-writers, towards one whom all Canada recognized as a great national poet, would seem to be the resentment felt on account of the frank and independent manner in which he pointed out the shortcomings and faults of several aspirants to literary fame. Year after year and even week after week, in reviews, in periodicals, in daily newspapers appeared his delightful productions. Individuals admired them, the public became more and more charmed, all wondered at the fecundity and ever increasing strength of his muse; and yet the critics, the men of letters, they who would be supposed to have first felt a thrill of pride in this new star that was slowly but surely ascending the sky of Canadian literature, had no word to say and kept perfectly silent, and practically ignored the poet and his works. By no means discouraged, Chapman simply retired to his study and held communion with the muses, and found consolation in the association of grand ideas and in the exquisite pleasure of weaving them into verse and sending them forth on their mission of patriotism and love to gladden the hearts of the sad and to illuminate the pathway of the erring or the unfortunate.

But eventually talent finds its level; merit finally challenges recognition; and Chapman has suddenly discovered that the recompense comes from a quarter whence it was least expected and whence it carries the greatest possible weight and importance—it comes from France. Some time ago, realizing the truth of the old saying that "no man is a prophet in his own country," Chapman decided to gather together his poems, to select those of them that would most clearly reflect Canadian life, and Canadian aspirations, and to carry his volume to Paris for publication. Since then the poems have passed through the hands of some of the foremost literary critics of France. The volume will be published in a few months hence, and it is no exaggeration to say, judging from the evidence before us, that it will take France by storm. French poetry has been in a lamentable state of decadency for at least a quarter of a century, and the arrival, from beyond the seas, of new spirit, of one calculated to revive the vanished splendors of the early nineteenth century, cannot fail to produce a deep impression over there, while raising to his rightful rank the humble and wonderfully gifted French-Canadian poet.

France has already honored French-Canadian literateurs; French critics have praised Canada and honored this land with pages of eulogy suggested by the writings of Canada's sons. But never before have the works, the actual poems of a French-Canadian received the praise that is being accorded to the productions of Chapman. In other instances the poems seemed to suggest grand thoughts of and to awaken kind sentiments towards Canada; but in Chapman's case, the country and all its associations are merely secondary to the poems—it is the work of the poet that is admired.

I have before me at this moment, the last issue of "L'Art," the most astistic and exclusive review of the inspiring poet. Their works soar

of Mr. F. L'Homme, a most remarkable article on Chapman and his book. Mr. L'Homme is a professor at the University of France, and the author of the "Comédie d'aujourd'hui," the most powerfully written review and criticism of the poets, dramatists, journalists, novelists and prose writers of France, that has appeared since the dawn of the last century. He yields a rod of iron, and he castigates without mercy the immoral, the puerile, the decadent writers of the day; he exposes their shortcomings, their literary errors, their sins against all that is true, and grand, and beautiful; he has no compassion, no sympathy for the humbug music or the catch-penny charlatan of literature. Yet, it is this man, this terrible castigator of inferiority and of mediocrity, who publishes in "L'Art," the magnificent study of Chapman and his poems, which I translate, and which I ask the "True Witness" to publish—both as a marvel of criticism and as a just tribute to a Canadian of merit.

Under the heading "A Canadian Poet," Mr. L'Homme writes thus:—"The poets complain that they are no longer read, and they are right in that, but they will not admit that it is their own fault and that they are in the wrong. During the first half of the nineteenth century lyric poetry was the delight of the lettered ones; it was passionately loved, and our poets received honors such as their predecessors never experienced. Their poetry had the wisdom of not confining itself within the conclaves of authors; it did not boast of noting down, in an incomprehensible language, rare sensations and sentiments of a very special character; it sang of our joys and our sorrows, and it knew how to revive in sonorous tones our triumphs and our defeats. In our day it has lost everything—inspiration, rhythm, eloquence; our poets, for the most part, find their glory in being understood; they praise themselves and they get themselves praised, but they no longer reach the public; that public knows well that they are no longer of this world and full of indifference just passes them by.

"That poetry which is dying out with us, and which in its impotency goes back to the trivial and complicated rhythms that are so dear to the infirm minds of a decadent age, finds elsewhere the fine qualities that are lacking in it here. The French-Canadians have not been content to preserve the language of their ancestors and to defend it against the stranger; they were not willing to simply read the books that sprang from the motherland; they have made a literature of their own, for themselves; they have their poets, their novelists, their orators. Their works have the abundant sap of youth; they are at once severe and strong, while inspiration animates and vibrates their chords. There verses flow broad and pure like the giant rivers of their land. It is with a deep joy and a penetrating charm that we discover in those poems, which come to us from afar, the clearness, the strength, the harmony of those who have been our masters. I experience that joy and that charm in reading the "Aspirations," of Mr. Chapman, a Canadian poet of the most rare merit. Mr. Chapman sings the wonders of his native land; he tells of his great emotions in presence of the grand lakes and the majestic rivers; he celebrates the heroism of the hardy pioneers who cut down the vast forests and carried on the propagation of civilization in the Northland. He is religious in spirit, as are all good Canadians. His thoughts freely turn towards his ancestors who lived in the region of Picardy. His mother bequeathed to him, with a taste for the beautiful and a love for the good, a devotion that nothing can lessen, for the old soil of France, the glories of which he relates. A generous soul breathes through his verses; they possess movement, color and precision, because they are born of enthusiasm. To glorify France he has accents at once deep and resounding; they are touching and they go to the heart. He is of those who preserve intact their devotion to the country and who, without ostentation or vain boasting, without a word of unkindness for the stranger, know how to be simply French. He loves our tongue, such as our fathers had shaped it to correspond with their minds—that is to say, clear, upright, antagonistic to all equivocation, and made, as it were, to be the organ of reason and common sense. His poetry, nobly lyrical, can be caressing and mild. It takes all manner of tones, and with ease; it sings of all generous feelings; it fortifies and it consoles; it is, for all upright souls, the perfect expression of their dearest thoughts.

The critic, do what he may, is incapable of properly praising the real inspiring poet. Their works soar

beyond analysis; they possess qualities the value of which the reader can feel, but cannot express; in the present case we have not to do with a movement, nor an intrigue, nor simply related facts; it is the human soul, itself, that becomes revealed and is communicated. Mr. Chapman belongs to the family of the great poets; he has their power and their inspiration. If his enthusiasm carries him away, his good taste holds him back and enables him to select. I want to him come, of himself, before the readers of France."

Mr. L'Homme then quotes from the book that is about to be published; and we can say with assurance that an introduction to the European world by such a master as Mr. L'Homme, is a guarantee of Chapman's coming triumph.

## Bishop McQuaid On Cemeteries.

At a recent convention of Cemetery Superintendents, which was held in Flower City, last week, Bishop McQuaid made the following remarks:—"I am the superintendent of cemetery, and I differ from you in that I am unpaid. The Catholic cemeteries are not what they should be. When I came to this city thirty-five years ago, the Church cemetery was in a lamentable condition. It was a specimen of those cemeteries where thistles and weeds grow up over the graves in abundance. As I proposed to found a cemetery, I studied the question by visiting various ones throughout the country. I began with a capital of \$200, but I had good credit, and at once bought over \$1,000 worth of land.

"The aim in the setting of the cemetery was to set the trees so as to obstruct an extended view, so as to prevent the appearance of a marble yard. I told the assistant that

I desired the cemetery to be beautiful and studied. We planted choice trees, with ample room for their growth. In one spot in the grounds

there are eighteen varieties of elms,

which are all labeled with their proper names. As well as being a burial place, the grounds should also be serviceable in education. The result is a cemetery to which no other can be compared.

"Respect for the dead is thought by the Church. And the priests are instructed to keep their parish cemetery in good order. Our cemetery was made beautiful; it was a park cemetery. You will find children in the park every day in summer and the poor often spend hours in the rest and quiet at the grounds.

"Our cemeteries cannot compare with those of Europe; they are decorated with stately mausoleums and imposing monuments. I despise this vanity. Let us all, rich or poor, follow the words, 'Dust to dust.' This is the only method which should be practiced to-day."

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

We all hope of better times, and we are confident that a more really Catholic spirit will yet arise to make success, smile upon Catholic journalism.

## Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Que., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

## CANADA.

Nos. 81,670—Felix Mesnard, New Glasgow, Que. Vehicle wheel.  
82,150—Philips Bells, Montreal, P. Q. Process for making pasted leather stock.  
82,151—Philips Belle, Montreal, P. Q. Machine for making pasted leather stock.

## UNITED STATES.

Nos. 737,646—Joseph Moreau, St. Germain de Grantham, P. Q. Rossing machine.  
738,092—Messrs. Black & Worrall, Halifax, N.S. Fruit sizer.  
738,150—Benjamin O. Beland, Montreal, P.Q. Leather joint.  
738,417—Pierre Danseureau, Montreal, P.Q. Axe nut.  
738,944—Alfred Rioux, Toronto, Ont. Mower bar.

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## Household Notes

**HOME WORK.**—The bane of the age is that our young girls have a great dislike for cooking and other household duties. The long life of a Vermont lady, Mrs. Laura D. Bronson is a striking testimony that household duties when performed with a proper spirit are conducive to longevity.

Mrs. Bronson was a farmer's daughter, and having more sisters than brothers, it often fell to her lot to assist her father in the lighter out-of-door work. She was married at the age of twenty-five to the owner of a large dairy farm, and spent much of her time in caring for the dairy products, working the butter by hand.

Until past ninety years old she did all the cooking and baking for a good sized family, besides assisting in other household duties. Until within a short time of her death she continued to do some light house work and did a great deal of knitting.

She was always very careful in her habits of eating, never allowing herself to "nibble" between meals and never overloading her stomach at mealtime. She drank tea and coffee only occasionally and then moderately. She never used alcoholic liquors.

**PLAIN FOOD.**—It is related by a gentleman who had an appointment to breakfast with the late A. T. Stewart, that the butler placed before them both an elaborate bill of fare; the visitor selected a list of rare dishes, and was quite abashed when Mr. Stewart said: "Bring me my usual breakfast—oatmeal and boiled eggs." He then explained to his friend that he found simple food a necessity to him, otherwise he could not think clearly.

**CAUSES OF TYPHOID FEVER.**—Most housekeepers in these days understand that polluted water is one of the chiefest causes of typhoid, and are careful to boil such as is used for drinking purposes, which is not fully above suspicion. Not everyone, however, stops to consider the need of using pure, uncontaminated water for the cleansing of all fruits and vegetables to be served raw.

A German physician of note asserts that second to drinking water, raw vegetables, such as lettuce, cress, cabbage, and tomatoes, are the cause of typhoid through having been washed in polluted water. All the visible dirt and grit may be removed with water swarming with numberless disease germs; and the cold raw or salad or relish may appeal to the eye and gratify the taste, while death lurks in the dish. All water not known to be pure should be boiled before using for the preparation of either fruits or vegetables to be eaten raw in any form.

Fruits and vegetables exposed in markets are also liable to become contaminated with disease germs through the dust from the streets that is continually settling upon them. Such products from the markets require washing in several waters to cleanse them thoroughly.—Good Health.

**PIES AND PUDDINGS.**—Dr. Lorenz, of bloodless-surgery fame, cannot understand how Americans enjoy fair health on a diet that would depopulate any other country.

"The pies, puddings, sauces, and innumerable other dishes, most of which are unhealthy in the extreme, partaken of by young and old alike in America, have caused me to wonder," says Dr. Lorenz, "that the people are not physical and constitutional wrecks."

**TO CAN PLUMS.**—Green Gages and Damsons are best for canning. Wipe clean with a soft cloth. Allow a half cup of water and the same of sugar to cover three quarts of fruit, in preparing a syrup. Pierce each plum with a silver fork to prevent it from bursting, and while the syrup is heating, turn in the fruit, and boil until thoroughly done. Dip carefully into hot jars, fill with syrup, and cover immediately.

**STEWED BEANS.**—Soak the beans in cold water overnight. In the morning drain, turn hot water over them an inch deep or more, cover, and place on the range where they will just simmer, adding boiling water as needed. When nearly tender, season with salt. Cook slowly for an hour or more longer, but let them be full of juice when taken up.



## Notes for Farmers.

Organization of the farmers of the United States into a vast co-operative association was successfully effected last week in the first meeting of the "Advisory Board" appointed by the convention which held a session in the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. The board, which at present consists of six members representing three societies devoted to the agricultural interests of different sections, will begin a recruiting campaign among other organizations of a similar character, planning to enlist every farmers' society in the work.

According to the motion under which the Advisory Board was appointed, each organization which throws its interest with the co-operative association is entitled, while maintaining its distinctive individuality and membership, to two representatives upon the central body, called for the present the "Advisory Board." Since the announcement of this intention nine other organizations in the middle west have applied for membership.

The headquarters of the board will be in Chicago during the preliminary stage, and the work of enlisting the sympathy of the nation's farmers with the movement will be continued, with Chicago as a center, until the first of December, at the opening of the annual live stock show, at which time every society which has manifested its intention of joining will send two delegates as members of the board. From this number an executive committee will be elected which will take in hand the working out of the details of co-operation. Fifty farmers' associations are expected to be allied to the movement by that time.

The avowed object of the association is to regulate distribution, placing this function in the hands of the farmers themselves instead of the "middlemen." This will make necessary the construction of elevators and warehouses throughout the country. Discussion of capitalization, so that this would be possible, occupied much of the time of the convention.

The convention has already aroused the interest of the agriculturists of Europe, and promises to become an affair of international importance. A cablegram was received from a German farmers' association, asking what was the nature of the work done by the convention. Twenty inquiries have come from England, asking if the shipment of grain directly from the American producer to the British consumer will be possible, with Chicago as the distributing point.

Such representatives or correspondents have been appointed by the advisory board in every state in the country to assist in the task of enlisting the farmers as individuals and the farmers' associations in the movement.

Three societies are to be amalgamated as the foundation for a monster exchange by which the producers of the country expect to control the markets, build elevators, establish packing houses, organize banks, maintain schools and improve the highways. These associations are the Producers' and Consumers' Union of Tennessee and of New York, with 400,000 members; the American Society of Equity of North America, with 60,000 members, and the Farmers' National Co-operative Exchange Company, with a membership of 20,000.

A. C. Glidden, of Paw Paw, Mich., said the time had come when the farmers must do something or the rural population would have deserted its farms and sought better paying vocations in the city.

"I had a farm of 850 acres in Michigan," said Mr. Glidden. "I wanted to build a new house and educate my children, but I couldn't do it, so I had to sell my farm. Such experiences as mine are destroying our rural population. We farmers cannot advise our children to take our places in the cultivation of our farms. Why, the average income of the Michigan farmer last year was

\$333. Six out of seven of our farms are tilled by renters. Danes, Norwegians and Finns are taking our places. We must do something."

Mr. Glidden said he and his neighbors had organized the grape growers of Michigan into an association. When they began work, he said, the South Water street commission men were paying them 6 and 7 cents per basket for their grapes. Last year the price was raised by the growers to 13 cents, and this year they are getting 18 cents because they will not market them for less.

T. H. B. Chamblin, of Riverside, Cal., where the oranges come from, said the experience of the orange men in California had been the same as that of the Michigan grape growers.

"We organized," said Mr. Chamblin. "We believed that every man is entitled to his share of the day's consumption, that the man who grows first-class fruit is entitled to what it brings, that fruit should be packed at cost and sold at cost. We employed our own agents, and to-day we are shipping our own products and getting the best results from their sale. Our association has been a success and we are profiting from its organization."

J. J. Ryan, of Fort Dodge, Ia., a stock feeder, told of the high prices he and his fellow-stockmen are compelled to pay in marketing their stock. He wanted to see a protective association that would protect the producer.

"A few years ago," said Mr. Ryan,

"when a shipper brought stock to Chicago, he would receive six or seven bids on it. Last week my brother brought in two cars of stock. He received one bid, and had to take it, notwithstanding when it was sold it was divided among three of four purchasers."

Robert Lindblom urged that an organization must be perfected which would bring higher prices to the farmer, else he would take no interest in it.

D. W. Wilson, of Elgin, Ill., told

of the work that had been done by the dairymen. He said that a few

years ago they had been compelled to take whatever they could get, but now they are able to control prices.

### A CONVERT'S GIFT.

Father A. P. Doyle, of the Paulists, New York, received a few days ago as a gift to his collection of gold, silver and precious stones for the Apostolic Mission House chalice a handsomely hammered silver chalice, a small individual chalice of silver, a silver wine cruet and a paten.

This communion service was used in old Trinity Episcopal Church more than half a century ago. Each article bears in old Roman lettering "Trinity Church, New York city, 1850." The chalice of the set shows the following inscription: "Parting Gift to Dr. Cox, Trinity Church, 1850."

The communion set was given to Father Doyle by one of Dr. Cox's descendants, who has recently been converted and has joined the Paulist parish.

Father Doyle will use the large chalice as it is, with the addition of a gold lining, which is required by the Roman rubrics. The wine bottle, individual chalice and paten will be melted and converted into new chalices.

A large number of Masonic emblems have been sent by converts to Father Doyle, and also several Odd Fellows' pins.

Lost opportunities never come again, but it is never too late to get all that is left.

Impatience is born of ignorance. We worry and complain about this and that, are impatient with our children, and our children with us. Look at difficulties through the big end of the telescope! Under too close inspection, the smallest obstacle will seem unsurmountable.

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