

SSION NO. 8, meets on Wednesday at 1:30 p.m. at 1863 Notre Dame St. McGill. Officers: Al. Gallery, M.P., Pres.; Carthy, Vice-President; Devlin, Sec.-Secretary; ...

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE



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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 endeavor to do this excellent work." —PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH. — For some weeks past the daily press of this city has published many rumors which appeared to us to be sensational, concerning matters affecting some of our Catholic parishes in Montreal. Up to the present we have ignored these rumors, but a few days ago one of them treated somewhat lightly, a most serious question, namely, that of the withdrawal of the Sulpician Order from the parent Irish parish of Montreal, St. Patrick's. The daily press enjoys the privilege of being able to discuss such questions as the transfer of a parish, much in the same manner as they would the sale of a man's chattles and effects, disregarding entirely all the fond ties—both spiritual and temporal—which are associated with it. We have no information at present as to the reliability or unreliability of the rumors afloat concerning St. Patrick's parish, nor do we wish to pry into matters that may be under consideration, because we know that it is not the policy of the authorities of our Church to make such changes as the one involved in the transfer of a parish of such importance as St. Patrick's, without long and serious consideration. That being the case, together with the fact that the "True Witness" is the organ of Irish Catholics, and Catholics speaking the English language generally, in this diocese, and that it has the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, we venture to say if such matters were under consideration, or to be carried into effect, we would have some information from those authorized to speak. Should the rumors have any foundation in fact, that the sacred ties of long associations, in matters spiritual and temporal, with the priests of St. Sulpice, are to be severed, the "True Witness" still clings most tenaciously to the belief that the spirit which moved our chief pastor—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi—to kneel at the tomb of that loyal Catholic and patriotic Irishman, the immortal O'Connell, would urge His Grace to take that action which would be commensurate with the loyalty and devotion which the Irish Catholics have always displayed towards him since his elevation to the Episcopal Throne. In this change which may effect their future in every sense for long years to come. We repeat that the "True Witness" has the most implicit confidence that in the event of the parish coming under the exclusive control of Archbishop Bruchesi he will do the Irish Catholics and Catholics speaking the English language of the present time, whose fathers and mothers have worshipped in the grand old shrine during half a century, a full measure of justice by taking them into his confidence whilst giving the matter the profound consideration which he always devotes to every subject.

For long years Irishmen and Irishwomen have made sacrifices for the parent Irish Church, and most devotedly seconded every effort put forth by their spiritual guides, sacrifices which have made St. Patrick's the premier Irish parish of the Dominion. We have no misgivings about the future of the old parish, because we have confidence that the fervent spirit of Catholicity and the national pride of our race will, with God's help, and the co-operation of our Archbishop, ensure a new era of vigor and enterprise for the mother of all Irish churches in Montreal.

EDUCATION IN QUEBEC. — It has always been a favorite theme

don the female medical practitioner is daily become more popular. We can readily understand that modern social conditions make it necessary for women, in certain circumstances, to labor for their own daily bread. And we have no desire to criticize the laudable ambition that pushes the woman to seek higher and more remunerative employment. Again, in the world of medical practice, we know that there are numerous cases in which the skill of a female practitioner is far more acceptable than that of a man. This is so, especially with female patients. But, on the other hand, we are under the impression that when the patients are men, there must be a considerable degree of restriction on the part of the patient and of diagnosis on the part of the practitioner. We know that as far as nursing goes the delicate female hand is far more suitable to the work than is that rougher hand of the man. Besides, women have a hundred and one ways of easing the suffering that men cannot be expected to possess. However, despite all these considerations, we must admit that we would much prefer to see the tendency in women make for domestic life for woman's natural and noblest sphere.

A TRIDUUM.—On the 10th February the Church will commemorate the prayer of Our Lord in the Garden of Olives. In view of that occasion a preparatory tridium will be held at the Church of the Gesu, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of this month. The services will take place both in the morning and the evening of each of the three days. The preacher of the Tridium will be the Rev. Father Verrie, S.J. This is an exceptional occasion that should not be allowed to pass unemphatically by all who are anxious to prepare for the great events of Lent and of Easter time. It affords a chance for the wayfarer to rest and take spiritual refreshment between the periods of Christmas and of Easter festivities. All who could do so should attend.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE. — Some weeks ago the Bishop of Orleans had an audience with His Holiness, Leo XIII. During the course of his remarks the Holy Father said: "You know what confidence I have always had in the Blessed Virgin. In two years I hope to have the joy of celebrating the jubilee of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception." The dogma was defined, by Pope Pius IX., on the 8th December, 1854. This simple item of news presents two very important considerations. In the first place, the golden jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, which will be the 8th December, 1904, will be an event of the greatest importance in the Catholic world. But what we now consider the most extraordinary fact, in connection with the proposed celebration, is that the aged Pontiff, now in his ninety-third year, should so confidently foretell his own intention of superintending that grand event. For the past twenty years the world has been wearied with reports of the Pope's failing health, and even of his death; yet, despite all the sensationalism based upon guess-work regarding the great Pontiff, he has kept on "the even tenor of his way," has buried thousands, and is still hopeful of the future looking forward to years of activity and usefulness before his earthly task is completed. If we mistake not he promised Mgr. Bruchesi to be there to receive our Archbishop on the occasion of his next visit to Rome. In fine, Leo XIII. is a mystery to all who carefully reflect upon the general experience of history. That a man should live to the age of ninety-three is not extraordinary; but what is wonderful, is the perfect conservation, at such an advanced age, of all the faculties, all the energies, all the vitality, all the mental keenness, all the solidity of judgment, all the retentiveness of memory, and all the minute interest in the unnumbered details of the great world's passing affairs. There is, beyond a doubt, something wonderful in such a preservation. The Sovereign Pontiff to all appearances, to-day, he is liable to see the end of hundreds of leading men, whose years do not come within decades of his.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS. — In every walk of life woman is competing more and more with man. During the past quarter of a century the medical profession, in different countries, has been augmented in numbers by the addition of many women. In Great Britain to-day, we are told, at least five hundred women hold medical degrees. In Lon-

HEROISM INCULCATED. — An American contemporary says:—"A California philosopher thinks he has found a way to abolish cowardice. It is beautifully simple. Here it is: (1) Say to yourself, 'I'm not afraid.' (2) Repeat five times. (3) Take five full breaths very slowly." "What a world of possibilities there are in this brief formula! How great the practical benefit it will confer on mankind!"

The absurdity of the foregoing is illustrated by the example of a mad bull coming down the street and flying into a rage at the sight of a man; the bull attacks the man in a most furious manner; the latter stands still and says aloud, "I am not afraid;" he repeats this five times; and as he proceeds to take five full breaths, very slowly, the bull interrupts the experiment, by tossing the "brave man" over the fence. We once read of a professor of politeness who taught that all hasty or abrupt manners of addressing others were indications of ill-breeding. As an example, we find the professor going along a street one day, when a lady, about to cross a street-car track, is in danger of being crushed to death by an oncoming car. She unfortunately does not see the car; and the professor, who does say it, is too polite to shout "stop." He advances, lifts his hat, bows, coughs to attract the lady's attention, and proceeds to say:—"Excuse me, madam, but I am confident that the circumstances will justify this seemingly unwarranted intrusion, for, you are evidently unaware that..." before he could proceed any further a passer-by grabbed the lady by the arm, pushed her back, and thus saved her life by a hair's breadth. Let some one draw the lesson!

LESSONS FROM GERMANY.—As there is a general law that all men must die, so it is ordained that all things human must eventually perish. The proudest institutions of the world have crumbled, and the Angel of Time has winged his flight over the spaces once occupied by their grand proportions. Amongst the debris of the past will soon be found the fragmentary relics of the German Kultur Kampf. The rearmament of the Jesuits into Germany is the last blow given to the anti-Catholic policy of Bismarck. It is the key-note of triumph for that wonderful centre—that small, compact, Catholic phalanx in the Reichstag.

When the Iron Chancellor had succeeded in expelling, about a quarter of a century ago, all the Catholic religious orders from Germany, he was under the impression that he had inflicted a mortal wound on the Church. Poor, vain, important man! He has gone down to the region of shades, to the company of the Alexanders, the Caesars, the Napoleons, the mighty conquerors, legislators, rulers of the ages, and whose names only live on the page of history—but no longer in the memories of living men. He has gone down to comparative oblivion, and the Church remains, the Papacy is more glorious than ever, the Kultur Kampf is effaced, and the last of the exiled orders—the Jesuits—return to their old homes and former spheres of activity within the boundaries of the German Empire. These events thus briefly enumerated are too striking and too easily recognized as the workings of a Providence that rules the universe, to need any special amplification at this moment. What we desire to emphasize is the fact that this wonderful change has been wrought about, under God, by the united efforts of the Catholic Party in German politics. In parenthesis we might remark that Premier Combes, with his Law of Associations should read the lesson that the past twenty-five years of German history teaches. He is not a Bismarck—far from it—and yet that Man of Iron shattered himself politically against the Rock of Peter.

At no time in the course of the past three decades was the German Catholic Party very extensive—yet it was always very strong. At certain periods it was even insignificant to all outward appearances. But it had the good fortune of having wonderfully able leaders, and of being composed of a compact body

of members—all having the same sentiments and ideals. There were no divisions in its ranks, no bickerings, no personal jealousies, no individual interests imposed, no relaxing of vigilance, no hesitation in obedience to the word of command, no erratic departures from the traced-out avenue that extended to the distant goal. That party was Catholic first, and political in a secondary degree. It cast its influence, small as it was at times, in the scale of Government or of opposition just as the measures harmonized with or antagonized the Catholic programme. Slowly, by sure steps, it came to hold the real balance of power. At a given moment the Government might stand in absolute need of its support; and the price of its support was the concessions to the Catholic cause which it demanded. One by one the Centre, or Catholic Party, secure the readmission of the religious bodies that had been expelled; but, at no time, would the Government consent to the return of the Jesuits. But the Catholic Party, like the Church in a larger field, had time on its side; it could afford to wait; it was not fighting for results of a day or a year. It was in no hurry. Its policy was to await opportunities. The day at last came when the Government stood face to face with a powerful and determined opposition, and saw itself in the absolute necessity of carrying its tariff measures. The co-operation of the Catholic Party alone could save the Government. In other words, the Government's salvation depended upon the readmission of the Jesuits. It was a mighty effort; it was a big toll to exact; but the little Catholic party stood inflexible. What matter tariffs and budgets compared to the triumph of God's cause and the interment of the Kultur Kampf? The Centre was firm; the Government yielded; the Catholic Party triumphed; the Bismarckian policy was entombed; the Jesuits returned; and the Church adds another to her long list of trophies—proofs of her immortality.

St. Mary's Parish.

Elsewhere in our paper, will be found an advertisement which deserves more than a passing notice. On Tuesday, February 17th, the dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society will present the thrilling drama entitled "A Brother's Crime." The entertainment will be under the auspices of the A. O. H., Division No. 4, and will be given in St. Bridget's Hall, corner of St. Rose and Maisonneuve streets. As the object of an entertainment is generally the most important consideration, we may say that the present one—to aid in the rebuilding of St. Mary's Church—should commend itself to all the Irish Catholic citizens of Montreal—and more especially those of the East End. It is a noble enterprise, on the part of Division No. 4, A.O.H., and of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, to lend their assistance in the work of reconstructing the Church which St. Mary's parish needs so greatly. We hope that the date and place of entertainment will be remembered, that it may be a success in every acceptance of the term.

Notre Dame Hospital.

A grand festival for the benefit of Notre Dame Hospital, consisting of tableaux and music, will take place at the Monument National at 8 o'clock, on the evenings of February 17, 18, 19 and 20, with a matinee February 21st at 2 o'clock. Tickets can be procured from the Lady Patronesses at Notre Dame Hospital, and at the National Pharmacy, 216 St. Lawrence street. For the location of boxes apply until the 14th to Mme J. B. Thibaudau, 62 Durocher street. Tickets, \$1.00. Boxes, four seats, \$5.00; six seats, \$7.00.

CONDOLENCE.

At a recent meeting of St. Ann's Young Men's Society a resolution of condolence was passed with Mr. William Hart, a member of the executive, whose father recently passed to his eternal reward.

The Street Car Strike.

Just as we go to press all the conductors and motormen employed on the Montreal Street Railway have gone out on strike. It is absolutely impossible for us at this moment to give any appreciation of the merits of this grave movement. Meantime the people have to suffer the consequences. The poor men, who reside at one end of the city and work at the other, the school children who have long distances to go from their homes to their respective institutions, the aged, the sick, the employed, in a word, the general citizens of Montreal will be the greatest sufferers from the sudden stoppage of a mode of transportation and travel that has become identified with their daily routine. As in the case of the great coal strike, and in all other like cases, the battle is fought out between employers and employees at the expense and to the untold inconvenience and often distress of the public. We trust that a speedy and satisfactory settlement will soon be reached, for the sake of all concerned.

Scientific Work Of Missionaries.

Under the caption "Their World-Wide Work," the New York "Freeman's Journal" says:—"Les Missions Catholiques," the organ of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, has in its January issue an article entitled "The Scientific Work of the Missionaries," which shows how much they have contributed by their self-sacrificing labors to our knowledge of geography, of philology, of natural history, of archeology and of meteorology.

"Although these apostles of the Christian Faith," says "Les Missions Catholiques," "are engaged in a mission supernatural and divine in its character, which consequently is infinitely superior to every purely scientific mission, they have contributed in a marked degree to the progress of human knowledge. Civilization undoubtedly has agents more familiar with scientific formulas, but it has none more devoted, more disinterested, more persevering, and more useful than Catholic missionaries."

In proof of this statement "Les Missions Catholiques" dwells first upon what Catholic missionaries have done in spreading geographical knowledge of countries in which they labored. Force of circumstances transformed the missionaries into explorers in the unknown lands in which they planted the cross to mark the extent of their spiritual conquests. Abbe Huc half a century ago won undying fame by penetrating the unknown regions of Central Asia.

The "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" was the first to give to the world an account of his remarkable journeyings in Tartary and Thibet. Forty years later a Belgian missionary, Father Constant de Deken accompanied Bonavalot in his famous journey across Central Asia. In 1894 Father Constant published an account of this journey. The author's thorough knowledge of the Mongolian dialect and his familiarity with the customs of the country enabled him to produce a work which rivals Bonavalot's "Unknown Thibet." Father Armand David, a Lazarist, can be regarded as the successor of Father Huc. Three expeditions he made to the north, west and central parts of China enabled him to compile maps of these immense regions. He has given detailed accounts of the geographical features of these unknown lands.

During the last twenty years the Jesuits in China have perpetuated in a worthy manner the reputation of their predecessors of two hundred years ago by publishing a series of valuable works on Chinese literature, ethnography, history and geography.

(Continued on Page Eight.)

In Scotland.

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In view of the length and importance of the manuscript which I am about to transcribe, I will leave for another issue all comment, biographical, or otherwise, on the writer of this prophetic production—the late Rev. Dr. D. W. Cahill. I will simply preface it with a brief extract from a letter to my mother.

Rome, N.Y., 6th Dec., 1860.

"Dear C.—"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you at Ottawa I have been preparing a memorandum which I will forward to the most conspicuous personage in Europe to-day. If you live ten or fifteen years longer, and I can see no reason, humanly speaking, why you should not, you will find that the warning conveyed in my address to Napoleon III. has been well founded.

Yours faithful friend, "D. W. CAHILL, D.D."

Let it be remembered that the following (the manuscript is now before me) was written towards the end of 1860. It was in 1870—exactly ten years later—that Napoleon III. met his Waterloo, in Alsace and Lorraine. I cannot say whether Dr. Cahill ever sent his "memorandum" to the Emperor, or not; nor do I know whether the document in my possession is the original, or a mere copy. All I know is that it is in his own handwriting—a fact sufficient to enhance its value for me. It is a lengthy letter, and may now look like ancient history, but it is a classical piece of composition, and will pave the way for more concerning its author.

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TULERIES, PARIS.

Rome, Oneida Co., U. S., America, December 3, 1860.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as ithers see us."

BURNS.

Imperial Sire,—

As Your Majesty is a Catholic monarch holding the garrison of Rome by your army, it is not out of place if a minister of the Gospel, and a devoted child of the Church, address a letter to you in the present disastrous persecution of the Pope. Besides, I am not unknown to you; and it is not from any silly conceit I say that I am intimately acquainted with some of the eminent statesmen of your nation. Neither am I a stranger to your cousin of "the Palais Royal," and when I recall to your recollection the time when you were the accomplished guest of Sir John Gerard, in England, when I was in correspondence with French Cabinet ministers, I humbly hope that, under all these circumstances, this communication from me to Your Imperial Majesty will not be considered either presumptuous or impertinent.

I have quoted the pastoral stanzas of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but from a conviction that even Napoleon the Third, the genius of the "coup-d'etat" of December, the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly blind to the "vagaries, the heedless impulses, and the conflicting decisions of the Italian policy." Although it is not likely that an Italian priest can stop Napoleon in his course, yet as the smallest metal point lifted on high can arrest the wildest leap of the lightning, it might happen (as reported of Peter the Great) that one humble, earnest, argumentative voice, reaching your lofty consuming path, may perchance have the power to change your direction.

How can Your Majesty know the Catholic popular feeling of Europe against you, when your despotic policy has gagged the entire press of several surrounding Catholic nations? You have singularly silenced your former warmest friends, while you have strangely encouraged the malicious license of your deadliest unappeasable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the children of Bossuet, and Saint Louis in the French; of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring of Diderot, Voltaire, Italy, nor France, nor Spain, nor Belgium, cease to publish the names of the Pope, or the great of the

the adjuncts, or the results of a pure, spotless, heaven-born, ethical principle of true Liberty. When Judas is canonized by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when sacrilege and robbery are associated with glorious freedom, human liberty has fled from this accumulated infamy.

In reference to the Pope, Your Majesty's case of guilt, clearly stated, is brief:—

Firstly,—You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the aggression of Sardinia. In the viceroy which your brilliant genius, and noble, adventurous, enterprising French army gained, you have voluntarily and deliberately developed and committed two evils against the Holy See:—You removed Austria, the protector of the Papal States, and you advanced to the city of Rome, Sardinia, the avowed enemy of the Church. You have beaten off the guards of the garrison, and you have opened the gates to the enemy.

Secondly,—The next count of your peridy is, when you executed the meek peace articles of Villafranca. In this document you closed the arrangement, leaving the Duchies and Naples in possession of their rulers, and "appointing" the Pope the honorary "head" of five dynasties, then reigning in the Italian Peninsula. The honesty of this, your written appointment, is now tested in the sight of Europe by the usurpation of your ally, in seizing more than one-third of the dominions which you guaranteed to protect.

Thirdly,—The difference between the case of the Papal States and the case of Naples and the Duchies is this, viz:—The kingdoms under consideration had their boundaries arranged and policy settled by "local" conquest; and by "individual" rule; while the States of the Church have been bequeathed by the "united agreement" of all Catholic Europe. After the first territorial possession given by the family of Pepin, in the ninth century, succeeding princes have added provinces with the consent, the approbation, the legal contract of all Christendom, united and bound in one common, political legal, and constitutional document. Therefore, neither you, Sire, nor any "individual" of the contracting parties have a right, without the consent of all the others to alienate this European Catholic bequest. Your individual duty might be to invite a Congress of the contracting parties and to alter, or modify, or annul the political laws of these districts, or these provinces; but you have no right to alienate, or take away the leasehold property of Europe against the will of the original testators. Unless, therefore, you restore the provinces already usurped, you trample on all European law. You subvert the ancient statutes of your own nation, in this case, and you palpably rob the Head of the Church.

Sire, take care what you are doing. You have, by the clearest testimony of European law, by your own acts, by the evidence of your word and your writing, you have cancelled the united bargain of seven Catholic monarchs; you have betrayed the Pope; you have robbed the Church.

I also hold you responsible for the assassination of my brave countrymen in the breach of Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermopylae. These courageous children of Ireland did not make war on Sardinia; they went legitimately to defend the Pope. The Sardinian attack, therefore, was murder without palliation. Your cherished ally has wofully spilled the blood of unoffending Ireland. You are an accomplice in this crime and you can never wipe away the stain. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sire, you are treading in the footsteps of your uncle, and you are likely to meet the same fate. You know better than I do his former sway. Your uncle Joseph was King of Spain; your uncle by marriage was King of Naples; your more immediate relative was King of Holland. Your aunt (your uncle's second wife) was an Austrian princess; and your cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt (your uncle's only son) was King of Rome—appointed by your uncle in the place of the Pope! Alas! poor child, he lay in his little coffin, wearing his early shroud, and sunk in the premature grave before your uncle's insane ambition placed the kingly purple and the Roman crown on his puny fated head! Pray, Sire, have you as yet, in imitation of your uncle, appointed your little son, the adored little Prince Imperial, to the Papal crown, to the King of Rome! Ah, Sire, spare that beautiful boy; leave him longer to his fond mother; do not be the one to build his infant tomb.

Sire, have you ever reflected on the language of your uncle, when he was putting his foot on the English man-of-war, the Bellerophon, after Waterloo? Oh, God, his retreat, his

defeat at Waterloo! Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! You have heard the words which were addressed by Pope Pius VII. to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on a little table at the fireplace; where your uncle offered the Pope, through General Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol and as a compliment! The Pope replied:—"Sire, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me—the pastoral staff and this little crown on my head. And remember, Sire, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will be soon confined in a narrow bed (the grave); and this little crook and this crown I wear, will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race, and power will be forgotten among men." Sire, these are words of warning that speak loudly from paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian campaign.

He entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men, and he returned to France with only seventy-two thousand broken invalids! It was more thrillingly awful than the angry vengeance of Senacherib.

Sire, I am not an unfriendly writer. You may, perhaps, change your policy before this letter will reach you. No one can calculate on your consistent policy a single day. If Russia forms an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But if Russia holds aloof, or favors your enemies, another Waterloo awaits you from the same coalition as in 1815. I shall not presume, in concluding this letter, to bandy compliments, in the ordinary way, with an Emperor, I shall finish simply by recalling to your mind the exact words of your uncle, the day he started for his last exile:—"Like Themistocles of old, I throw myself on the honor, the greatness, and the hospitality of the English people"—and the English people gave him an island prison and a grave. Should you continue, Sire, a few years longer, in the course you have lately followed, you may find it appropriate to repeat these same words, when your uncle's doom shall fall upon you. Will England afford you a prison, or a grave, or both? God, in His Infinite Wisdom, alone sees the future; but a priest of God warns you, in the person of your earnest well-wisher.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

Sedan, ten years later, was the Waterloo of Napoleon III., and England gave him an asylum and a grave at Chiselhurst. Was not the learned and eloquent priest a prophet in the true acceptance of the term?

Catholic Schools In France.

The "Journal des Debats," quoted in the "Univers," (December 18), gives the following statistics from a document communicated, it says, by the ministry. Combes closed 3,250 Catholic free schools, which had 200,225 pupils. About one-third of these pupils have entered the government schools. Another third are taught in 1,173 private Catholic schools directed by lay persons. The other third go nowhere—"they are in the street in spite of the law of obligatory education. No reasoning can undermine this brutal and uncontrollable fact."

The Society of Catholic Interests reports that in the diocese of Marseilles the Catholic schools opened by ladies have almost exactly the same number of pupils as when taught by religious. Fourteen schools remain closed. Of their 2,900 pupils, about a third have been received in other Catholic schools, a similar number in municipal schools, and a third attend no schools at all. The new teachers of the Catholic schools fulfil all the conditions required by the laws of France.

In various places the officials and other partisans, in an evidently illegal manner, are preventing the opening of Catholic schools. Attempts are being made to exact from Catholic societies the payment of the "Droit d'Accroissement," the iniquitous tax imposed upon the religious orders.

Some few municipal councils approve of the re-opening of Sisters' schools. The law courts of Brest have fined the official procurator for taking possession of the Jesuit College at Lorient, also in Brittany, the Government official has

been obliged to remove his seals from the Sisters' School, amidst the people's loud cheers. The school is about to be re-opened.

The "Bastille" states that the Catholic schools, supported by private contributions, saved for the State the sum of one hundred and thirty million francs; and Catholic charitable institutions, one hundred and ten millions. By the suppression of these, therefore, the national budget is increased by two hundred and forty millions annually.—Catholic Chronicle in the Messenger.

Catholic Notes And Gleanings.

POPE'S OLD NURSE DEAD.—Marianna Moroni, who proudly asserted that she carried the Pope in her arms when he was a boy, has just died in her 101st year, at Rome.

AGAINST CREMATION.—Public opinion in Hungary is decidedly against cremation, and the Hungarian Premier has refused to grant a license to a company formed to establish crematories in Hungary.

REQUESTS TO POOR.—Mr. John Fagan, a Blackhawk farmer, who died recently, left his entire estate, \$14,000, in trust with the Rev. M. Cooney, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Waterloo, Iowa, to be distributed according to his judgment to the poor of that place.

HENRY AUSTIN ADAM ILL.—To those of our readers who have listened to this eloquent and forcible lecturer the news that he is seriously ill in England, will be read with deep regret. He is at present undergoing treatment in a sanitarium; and it is to be hoped that he may be speedily restored to health.

PAPAL COMMISSION.—The new Papal Commission for the reform of the Breviary held its first sitting in Rome on the 7th Jan., and decided upon inviting the co-operation of a number of scholars in various foreign countries.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Catholic progress in the United States, continues unabated, says the Pittsburgh "Observer." Cambridge, Mass., has a Catholic Mayor again, Mr. McNamee having been re-elected. At his inauguration prayer was offered up by Father Glynn, of St. Peter's Church. This was the first time that a priest had officiated at a mayoral inauguration in the "hub" of Unitarianism. At Portland, Maine, too, at the opening of the Supreme Court a few days ago, a priest, Father Hurley, V. G., offered up prayer for the first time in its history.

BROKE HIS LEG.—Catholics of Montreal who have been in the habit of spending their vacation at Old Orchard, will remember the genial and zealous pastor of St. Margaret's Church of that place, and also of St. Mary's Church, Biddeford—Rev. T. P. Linehan. They will regret to learn that he recently met with a painful accident. While crossing the street near his home he fell on the ice breaking his leg. Father Linehan will be confined to the house for several weeks.

A PRINCE AS A NOVICE.—It is announced that Prince Rainer of the Two Sicilies, second son of the Count of Caserta, who is now in his 20th year, has resolved upon applying to be received as a novice in the Society of Jesus. He has had to go through a great amount of opposition on the part of his family, but has at length succeeded in obtaining, with difficulty, his father's consent to the proposed step.

A BISHOP AND LABOR.—Under the leadership of Bishop Korum, the Catholic labor unions of the diocese of Treves have formed a federation, which held its first convention of delegates recently. The federation comprises 50 societies, with 12,000 members.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.—Report for week ending Sunday, 1st February, 1908.—Males 261, females 57. Irish 145, French 138, English 15, Scotch and other nationalities 11. Total 314.

A Striking Tribute.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

There is a Protestant Episcopal organization in New York, known as the Church Club. On the occasion of a dinner given by its members, at Sherry's, on the 21st January last, Bishop Burgess, of Long Island, delivered himself of some pointed remarks on the subject of divorce. After affirming that he was not an advocate of the doctrine of Catholicity, the Bishop said:—

"But the Roman Catholic Church has stood like a bulwark against divorce. It has stood for the inviolability of the marriage tie and the unity of the home. Because of that it is in the world to-day one of the greatest forces for progress and for Christianity. It has got to such a pass that our young people grow up with the idea that there is nothing binding in the marriage tie and that it can be broken almost as soon as assumed.

"The children in our great schools no longer know where to go on their vacation. Their fathers have one home and their mothers another, and the children are distraught as to which home they shall seek.

"The time had come when, on the question of divorce, our Church should stand shoulder to shoulder with the Church at Rome. When our canons declare that communicants in our faith once married are married for life, then the Protestant Episcopal Church will have done what it ought to do for the cause of civilization and the cause of Christ. When canons and prayer books are harmonized on this subject the news will go out to the world like a trumpet peal, and we may then busy ourselves as much as we like over speculation and suggestion as to a change of name."

They had been discussing the advisability of changing the name of their Church. Bishop Burgess, very rightly considered that the divorce issue was of much more moment. At all events he paid a remarkable tribute to the Catholic Church. Not only was it an acknowledgment of the Church's moral and unchangeable attitude regarding marriage and divorce, but it was a powerful argument in favor of the unity of doctrine and practice that constitutes one of the great notes of the Catholic Church. We do not, for a moment, suppose that Bishop Burgess intended to adduce such evidence of the truth that the Church must necessarily contain, but his very words of praise, in connection with the divorce question, constitute a tribute to the perfection of doctrine, and accompanying discipline, that is one of the most tangible evidences of the Church's Divine Foundation, and of her infallibility. It does not need an essay to lay before the mind of the philosophically educated the chain of solid argument, in favor of the Church's claims to unerring doctrine, that these remarks of the Protestant Bishop have forged.

We have so many conclusions to draw from this one tribute that the good Bishop would probably be horrified were he to realize that he has been propagating Catholic doctrine with a vengeance. We have the Church's teaching that the marriage tie cannot be severed by any human power; this leads to the Church's doctrine of the sacramental dignity of matrimony; this brings us to the utility, necessity, and Divine origin of all the sacraments, and so on, step by step, (if we are logical) we ascend to the acceptance of each and all of the Church's doctrines—all of which harmonize with her unflinching practice.

Bishop Burgess has done us a good turn, we would gladly do him one, in making him realize the Church's Truth.

Whirlwind Overtakes a Train.

A curious railway accident is reported from India by Cosmos. About two kilometers (1 1/2 miles) from Rampore Hat, says that journal, "a train composed of an engine, thirteen passenger cars, and three other cars, was seized and overturned by a tornado. The phenomenon was absolutely local, since nothing was noticed at the station just left by the train, and except for the upsetting of a few native huts, there appears to have been no other damage done. The number of the wounded is not exactly known, for the Hindu passengers had panic-stricken in an instant. Thirteen persons were killed and fifteen wounded are known. Some of the cars were turned and for some minutes a whirlwind."

G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 101 West of Beaver Hill.

Topics in Catholic Circles in England.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.—At a recent public entertainment held in Birmingham, Eng., a report of which is published in the Liverpool "Catholic Times" just received, the Right Rev. Dr. Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham, delivered an address, from which we take the following extracts:

He spoke on the growth of the Catholic religion during the last fifty years in Birmingham, and said that if the same progress was continued the century re-union could not be held in the Town Hall. But whilst the Catholic life had grown immensely, he did not think that the Catholic spirit of union had grown in the same proportion. Birmingham was not an exception, for he was afraid all over the land there was not that unity amongst Catholics which ought to prevail when all Catholic questions were concerned. He recently read a quaint history of the old guilds which existed in this country, and he was struck with the unity and harmony which always prevailed among the members. No doubt every man had his own individual feelings and inclinations, but those feelings and inclinations were always merged in the object of forwarding the good of the guild itself. That was what he missed in modern society. He missed it in this way—that Catholics of the same congregation who frequented the same church, who knelt side by side at the altar rails, would sometimes when they got outside diverge and take different ways, one man being a Liberal, another a Conservative, and another something else, or perhaps a nothingarian. What he (the Bishop) said was that the politician did not always sink his politics when the question of Faith came to the front. If that were done he should have no objection to any man, whatever his politics. They were now passing through a crisis in one of the most important items of the Christian life, the education of Catholic children. Every Catholic in Birmingham and every other town, who had a vote at an election for the Board of Guardians, Town Council, Parliament, or any other body, should vote for those men only who said they would do their best for the education of Catholic children.

They had had difficulties in former times and had won their way through them. They would have difficulties still under the Act, because they would have the care and cost of the school buildings to provide for, but they would be willing to pay that cost if they received fair treatment for the rest of the education of their children (applause). He asked Catholics to go back to the spirit of the guilds and feel that the interests of the community, where Catholic questions were concerned, belonged to each one of the congregation. He did not care which side they took in matters of Imperial policy, but where the question was one of a Catholic against an anti-Catholic policy he urged them to stand by their Faith to the death (applause). His Lordship continuing, said: Mr. Chamberlain speaking in South Africa recently, advocated a policy of Imperial obedience on the part of all those in South Africa, and pointed out that it was a glorious thing to belong to the British Empire. They all had the same feeling, but there was a greater empire than the British—an empire which embraced the whole world, which owned its spiritual King who sat in the Chair of Peter, and all Catholics were bound to maintain the solidarity of that empire and uphold its interests wherever they might be (applause). Dr. Brindle urged them to send their children to school to be taught religion, and said if they forgot to do that they might breed a race of strong men, but they would breed a race of men who would turn and render them in the hour of danger. They might see that across the water. Men who had no religion had no regard for anything. They lost in their conception of what was their duty to the State by loosening the bonds of citizenship, of family ties, of patriotism, and left only a heterogeneous mass of individuals. Then came the danger to the State, for if all men were not equally comfortable and happy, but were uncomfortable, unhappy, miserable, having no notion of duty before them, having no idea of God, they would take what they could, and hence came anarchy and revolution. That was the danger he saw across the

water, a nation with its glorious traditions drifting back to the years of '98. He wished England to be saved from that, and for that reason he said they ought to grow up religious people. Therefore, where all Catholic questions were concerned, the duty of every Catholic, whatever his politics might be, was to support that candidate who would bring victory to that which would ensure the Catholics' right (loud applause). In conclusion, he proposed "That in the opinion of this meeting it is more than ever indispensable for Catholics to act in union for the defence of Catholic interests, and especially as those interests will be affected by the recent Education Act."

A CATHOLIC BANQUET.—The annual dinner of the Catholic Association was held in London, and was significant in many ways, not the least for the tone of the principal speeches made in proposing and responding to the toasts of the evening. The first toast on the programme was "The Pope and the King." It was proposed by Earl of Denbigh. After "The Health of Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family," had been honored. Hon. Mr. Justice Walton proposed the "Catholic Association." His Lordship said in part:—

What was the work of the Association? As its name indicated, it taught Catholics to associate one with another. It promoted social entertainments, social amusements, and in doing so did what he ventured to think was a most excellent work (applause). But he thought in doing that excellent work it did something more, something indeed which was essentially involved in that work, for it reminded Catholics that they were all members of one family (cheers). It reminded them that they were bound closely together by ties which he thought might not be inaccurately described as ties of blood relationship—by traditions which were of the most sacred kind (cheers). There in that city, in the somewhat dark and uninteresting streets as they appeared that night, they could not walk far without, so to speak, treading upon traces of memories which every Catholic must cherish. He (the right hon. speaker) drove there that night, and he started from under the shadow of the ghost of the gibbet of Tyburn, where such an army of martyrs died in the great battle to maintain alive the Catholic faith in this country—(loud cheers)—that grand list which finished with the names of Father Whitbread and his companions, in the year 1679, and a year or two later with the great name of Oliver Plunkett. Then he drove along what used to be the Oxford road, meeting, as it were, the ghosts of those carts in which so many of their martyrs made their last journey on earth to Tyburn, and he came to the end of the Oxford road at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, where High street strikes down to Soho, only a few yards to the right of which was the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields—no longer in the fields—(laughter)—where Father Whitbread and his four companion priests were buried, and where, so far as he knew, the bodies of those five martyrs still lay. He then came to that hall and found that great gathering of Catholics assembled together, and they were now sitting there at that brilliant banquet, favored and honored by the presence not only of Lord Denbigh, who had done so much and worked so hard for the prosperity of that association—(cheers)—of His Lordship Bishop Bagshawe, and Canon Vaughan, but of a considerable number of the clergy. That reminded him of a scene, he would not say resembling that, except in a very remote way, which might have been witnessed some one hundred and thirty years ago close by—not in such a hall as that, but in a room in a humble public house called the "Ship," in the Turinstle, not many yards from the spot where they were holding their banquet. There, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, they might, if they had been there, have seen gathered together an assembly, a small assembly, of the Catholics of London sitting round a small deal table. There was a priest amongst them, though he was dressed just as any one else. What were they doing? They were taking the opportunity, under some concealment, of hearing a sermon by Dr. Challoner

or Dr. Archer, and the latter, he believed, died so recently as 1836. It was only one hundred and twenty-five years ago when Catholics met together in that way to hear a sermon. Now, he was not intending in the least to convey a hint to the Bishop of the clergy present that night that they should improve the occasion by delivering a sermon. As they would see from that casual illustration, they could not walk about that city without coming across memories which should always keep alive in the hearts of all Catholics a feeling that they were members of one family.

He was the last person in the world who would advocate anything like isolation, because they must take their part in the life and work of their fellow-citizens, and in order that they might do that the more efficiently and the more successfully they should remember the ties which bound them together as Catholics one with another.

EARL DENBIGH'S REPLY.—The Earl of Denbigh, who was most cordially received, said:—

Mr. Justice Walton had alluded to the very excellent social work which the association was doing, and had pointed out the necessity and the great utility of associating Catholics together, but not necessarily for the purpose of taking instant and perpetual action about something or other. He was not one of those people who believed in always looking for a grievance about which to start an agitation. There were plenty of grievances existing, without going to look for them, and there were a certain number they must put up with. He did not say for an instant that the situation of Catholics in this country was absolutely satisfactory, or that there were not some things which they would greatly like to see altered (hear, hear). But he did say that, taking it on the whole, he did not think that any one could gainsay the fact that the religious position of Catholics in this country was one of great liberty and of general friendship with those who did not agree with them in matters of religion. Every day they saw Catholics taking high positions in public affairs in a manner which would have seemed impossible to Catholics who lived at the beginning of last century. All that was extremely satisfactory, and he said the Catholic Association was doing good work. It did not perpetually stir up agitation, but it did good work in keeping alive an organization that might be useful when it was called upon for some particular purpose. In that great city of London Catholics could live perhaps even a few doors from each other and yet not know each other, and the Catholic Association was doing a great and useful work in bringing them together by means of entertainments, excursions, and pilgrimages.

They should, however, look out for rocks ahead, more especially with regard to the education question. Heaven forbid that he should discuss that question there, but he did say this: it was one of such tremendous importance to the Catholics of this country that they should always impress upon their fellow-Catholics the duty and the necessity of exciting interest in that question, to take more interest in it than they had done in the past, to keep a watchful eye upon their local representatives, more especially on the members of the various local councils, and to do what they could by means of private influence, by pressure of the vote, to see that their schools received the fair treatment they claimed, and which he believed they would receive if only the fair-minded people of this country were allowed to have their say in the matter (cheers). He did not believe there existed amongst their fellow-countrymen, amongst those who did not see eye to eye with Catholics in matters of religion—he did not believe there existed amongst them anything but a desire for tolerance and fair treatment towards Catholic schools and the Catholic children of this country (cheers). There were, however, a considerable number of people whose voices were more often heard than the voices of the fair-minded people, and it was against the onslaught of the former that Catholics had to prepare.

Very Rev. Mgr. Vaughan, in responding to the toast "The Clergy" said:—No one could consider the objects and purposes of the association without feeling in full sympathy with its work. Even a fierce fire would go out if the embers were scattered, but if they drew them together again the flame rekindled and was preserved (cheers). The same thing held good with regard to Catholic Catholics as were united possessed little power, and it was

therefore necessary they should be bound together. Years ago Catholics were more closely bound together than at the present time by reason of the persecution they endured. They clung together as men suffering from a common wrong and smarting under a common injury. But all that was now changed, and the great English nation had become far more tolerant towards them. The result was Catholics mixed with persons of all religions and no religion, and the Church had frequently to mourn the increase of mixed marriages. Therefore the Catholic Association, in banding Catholics together, was doing a very important and a very practical work (cheers). He was sure the clergy would do all they could to advance the interests of the association, and do all they could to extend it throughout the country.

A Touching Story.

IN QUEBEC.—In the last issue of the "Annals of Our Lady of the Rosary," of Cap-de-la-Madeleine, there is a touching account of the recent death, at the Hotel Dieu, Quebec, of the Rev. Father Nicholas Burtin, O.M.I. The good Oblate was in his seventieth year when, in a mysterious manner, death came to him. This venerable religious came from France to Canada in the early fifties. After teaching for a short time in the College of Ottawa, he was sent to Caughnawaga, Province of Quebec, to labor among the Iroquois Indians of that mission. There he remained for over thirty years, emulating among that tribe the zeal shown centuries ago, to its fierce ancestors, by the Jesuit missionaries. Although busy with the duties of his ministry he found time to devote to literary pursuits. He wrote a grammar of the Iroquois language, several volumes of instruction on religious subjects, and a comprehensive history of the Iroquois natives at that mission.

The story of Father Burtin's strange death is thus told by a contemporary:—

Early in December last Rev. Father Guertin, O.M.I., a young member of the Montreal community, fell sick and was taken to a hospital in that city. An operation was deemed necessary in his case, and fears were entertained by the physicians lest he might not survive it. This news was conveyed to Father Burtin, who at once exclaimed: "My God, preserve the life of this young religious who can yet be useful to the church. If he is necessary, take my life, in return for his recovery. But, before removing me from this world, allow me to celebrate the golden jubilee of my ordination to the priesthood." The sacrifice was acceptable to God. The venerable priest celebrated his jubilee on the 18th December. That same evening he felt unwell, and was taken to the hospital. On Christmas Eve, as the last Sacraments were being administered to him, a dispatch was received from Montreal, announcing that having safely passed through the operation the young priest had gone back to his community. A few minutes later Father Burtin expired.

We might add that on the occasion of the celebration of Father Burtin's golden jubilee, the Superior of all the religious communities, in Quebec, and a number of bishops assisted at the festivities in St. Saviour. The Rev. Father preached a glowing sermon; he attended all the entertainments given in his honor, at the Church, at the convents, at the Christian Brothers' school and at the various academies. He replied to each of the addresses presented to him in most happy and joyful terms. And when all the demonstrations were over he retired fatigued. Next day his friends said: "He over-taxed his strength, and will need a couple of days rest." It was absolutely true that he was overcome with fatigue; but they knew not, as they spoke, that he had already entered upon the eternal rest that comes to "the good and faithful servant."

Late Mrs. Francis Scanlan.

Last week Mrs. Francis Scanlan passed to her reward beneath the shadow of St. Patrick's Church, where she worshipped for many years. Mrs. Scanlan was a woman who, in her sphere, performed many charitable acts which are unrecorded here below except in the homes of the few and in the heart of her sorrowing husband who survives her. Her last illness was the cause of much suffering, owing to the grave nature of her disease—cancer of the throat—but she bore all with Christian resignation.—R.L.P.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Feb. 4.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians is making a record for itself in the Capital. Doubtless, it is one of the most influential and important organizations that the city has ever known. The other day Mgr. Falconio, late Apostolic Delegate to Canada, sent the members of the A. O. H. a most flattering letter, in recognition of all the good they are doing for Church and for country, as well as an expression of appreciation of the magnificent address presented to him, by them, on the occasion of his departure from Canada. Within the last week a practical movement has been organized by the Hibernians, to secure the teaching of Irish history in the different separate schools of Ottawa. So far they have succeeded in having their representations favorably considered, and even the text books for elementary and intermediate classes selected. There seems to be a spirit of vigilance amongst them that is destined to produce marked and beneficial results as time goes on. In every sphere of activity, set by the Irishmen of Ottawa, is one that would merit careful study and close imitation.

The demand from the Northwest for farm and other laborers is on the increase and far exceeds the supply. The Deputy Minister of the Interior has gone to England to stir into a greater activity the tide of emigration to Canada. The Manitoba and Northwest harvests will take from Ontario and Quebec every man that can be spared, and even then there will be room for more. It is estimated that the Canadian Pacific Railway will need not less than seven thousand working men, next spring, to push on the construction of the many proposed lines and branches that are to be built. All this would indicate that there will be no lack of work and of opportunities for the willing hands amongst us.

The coming session is the general topic of conversation and of speculation. Last week I gave a pretty complete synopsis of the probable programme, and it certainly is calculated to give the country the spectacle of a six months' sitting. It is needless to repeat all the items of that programme; but as the period of struggle approaches, it is becoming more and more evident, that the tariff, the redistribution of seats, and the immense amount of railway legislation proposed, will constitute the main features of the session. Then we have the Provincial subsidies, the Alaskan boundary, the Colonial Conference in London, and a number of other equally important matters. And between all these will come in Home Rule resolutions, and the consideration of not less than one hundred and fifty private bills.

The proposed extension of the Government railway system westwards is thus very clearly described by a contemporary correspondent:—

"If the Government asks Parliamentary sanction to the scheme, as many expect will be the case, the Canada Atlantic system will be annexed to the Intercolonial, the government road, giving an all-Canadian Government route from Georgian Bay to the seaboard, and practically controlling grain rates from Chicago to the Canadian ports of shipment to Europe. It is believed a large majority can be had in both Houses of Parliament for the extension."

The Canada-Atlantic Company in the meantime is applying to Parliament, as mentioned already in this correspondence, for a continuation of its all-rail system westwards to connect with the Mackenzie-Man system for Manitoba, the Northwestern Territories and the Pacific coast, and there is little doubt the powers asked will be granted and a Pacific transcontinental route provided for. Then there are the proposed lines

Trunk Pacific and trans-Canada routes to be dealt with. A statement just issued by J. G. Scott, manager of the Quebec & Lake St. John railway, claims the distance from Liverpool to Yokohama by the trans-Canada will be 9,830 miles, compared with 12,089 miles via San Francisco, and that the route passes in Canada through a country fit for cultivation from end to end, the entire line through the northwest section piercing the very centre of the fertile wheat belt and 400 miles south of the northern limit of the belt. The distance from the eastern terminus, Chicoutimi, to the Pacific terminus, Port Simpson, would be 2,700 miles, against Portland, Me., to Port Simpson, 3,600 miles, by G. T. R.; Quebec to Port Simpson, 3,400 miles, by G. T. R., and Quebec to Vancouver 3,078 miles by C. P. R."

Captain Bernier's North Pole expedition seems to be an assured fact. The Government will bear the cost of constructing the vessel, on plans prepared by the Captain. Some \$40,000 of subscriptions have been guaranteed; and each province will be represented in the crew to be commanded by the explorer. However, the entire matter will come before the House early during the session, and it is probable that it will be discussed in all its bearings.

In a lengthy letter to the Toronto "World" that organ's Ottawa correspondent has pretty fairly analyzed the situation regarding the British North America Act. He says:—

"It has been suggested that Quebec be coaxed into approval of a revision of the British North America Act by offering her an increased representation in the Dominion Parliament. Prince Edward Island views with alarm the atrophy of its Dominion representation. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are equally resentful of the evolution of the Confederation Act, and it cannot be said that Ontario accepts the loss of six Federal constituencies with any large degree of equanimity. The agitation for revision of the British North America Act will, however, have its storm centre in the Maritime Provinces, which are not keeping pace with the rest of the Dominion in point of population. To recover their original quota of seats the Maritime Provinces would probably sanction the increase of Quebec's contingent beyond the 65 members who now constitute the unit of representation. But Quebec is not likely to bite at such a bait. The first revision of the British North America Act might suit Quebec. It might be considered a precedent for subsequent revisions which would not be as agreeable to the French-Canadians. That is the view of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's own peculiar people, and they may be depended upon to stand firm for the maintenance of the act as it left the hands of the Fathers of Confederation."

After the example of the non-conforming Israelites who "went up to the High Places" to worship, while the faithful assembled in the temple of Jerusalem, two gentlemen—one from Ontario, and from the United States—ascended to the top of the main tower of the Parliament Buildings, and there prayed so loud and so long, that the authorities had to send after them and have them brought down. It is said that certain people are seized with dizziness when placed upon an elevation; some even are irresistibly inclined to cast themselves down. It is quite possible that some kind of religious vertigo came upon the two gentlemen in question. Probably they imagined that they were on the tower of Babel—no reference intended to the confusion of tongues in the Chamber below. Or they may have been under the impression that they were Chaldean seers worshipping the sun from the tower-tops. At all events they were nearer to heaven than they ever had been before, and likely they did not want to lose the opportunity of thundering their petitions to the sky. Any way they can say that they "prayed over the Capital city of the country."

A PASSING REMARK.

We notice with much satisfaction that our hint to the daily press of this city in regard to the publication of happenings in our Irish parishes has been acted upon. One of our evening contemporaries has brightened its pages by printing a portrait of one of our priests, and a few extracts of a sermon which he preached on Sunday last. "The Witness" is evidently one of the newspapers which is read in other parts of the city every year.

Notes and

Directory United Kingdom, Dublin, 1903.

MR. REDMOND'S VISIT.—On the 17th January Redmond, M.P., addressed a National demonstration in connection with the East branches of the United Kingdom. The gathering took place in the Grand Hotel, which is a building well known to Donworth, the chairman, presided, and others on the platform Hope, M.P., and appointed from the M.P., and Mr. Arthur P. for South Edinburg of the branches an address was presented. The address of his acceptance of the of the Irish Party he an earnestness and which had stimulated countrymen with renewed ultimate success in the self-government. Refer to the Land Conference services as leader of ty, and concluded by fidence that when Ireland took its place among would have as her first leader the man who they honored. A resolute expressing confidence in a Parliamentary Party under ship of Mr. J. E. Red with satisfaction the Conference between of the landlords and farmers of Ireland, and the hope that the rest the passing of an Asiatic Purchase Bill, and a meeting to continue the self-government until an accomplished fact.

CARDINAL MORA.—During his recent visit His Eminence Cardinal received the following letter:

"Aughavanagh County V. Se."

"My Lord Cardinal, I am, on behalf of the Lamentary Party, to express our gratification of our speech in Cork, a special sympathy with the land, and of encouragement who are engaged in the National Self-Government country. We know full solute accuracy of you that the prosperity and of the great Australasians are due entirely to the free institutions and expressed for our effort Rule for Ireland, reprove know it does the uninvited Australasians, is of incalculable to us in our arduous

"I beg, therefore, in my colleagues, to thank this, the latest of your services to our country, my Lord Cardinal, with respect, very truly yours,

JOHN E. REDMOND.

"His Eminence Cardinal"

MEETINGS.—Two meetings were held on 18th January in Cork—one at Toghier, Dunmanway—under the United Irish League being at Toghier being for of establishing a branch organization there. The Toghier was held at 11 was attended by a very ber of the people of the contingents were also the surrounding district enthusiasm prevailed, and taken altogether plenty of evidence that which was established to become one of the most and strongest in the country regarding the hour of the meeting, which was general.

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. ANNE'S YOUNG.—Their annual election is and after a campaign, interesting and as long as any since the

Notes and Comments Of Irish Events.

Directory United Irish League.
Dublin, Jan. 24, 1908.

MR. REDMOND AT EDINBURGH.—On the 17th January, Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., addressed a great Nationalist demonstration in connection with the East of Scotland branches of the United Irish League. The gathering took place in the Synod Hall, which is capable of holding an audience of about 3,000. The building was well filled. Mr. D. Donworth, the chairman of the branch, presided, and amongst others on the platform was Mr. D. Hope, M.P., and apologies were intimated from the Master of Elibank, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Dewar, ex-M.P. for South Edinburgh. On behalf of the branches an illuminated address was presented to Mr. Redmond. The address stated that since his acceptance of the office of leader of the Irish Party he had displayed an earnestness and determination which had stimulated his fellow-countrymen with renewed hope of ultimate success in the struggle for self-government. Reference was made to the Land Conference and to his services as leader of the Irish Party, and concluded by expressing confidence that when Ireland once again took its place among the nations she would have as her first constitutional leader the man whom that night they honored. A resolution was adopted expressing continued and unabated confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Redmond, hailing with satisfaction the recent friendly Conference between representatives of the landlords and the tenant farmers of Ireland, and expressing the hope that the result would be the passing of a satisfactory Land Purchase Bill, and pledging the meeting to continue the struggle for self-government until it became an accomplished fact.

CARDINAL MORAN'S VISIT.—During his recent visit to Ireland His Eminence Cardinal Moran received the following letter:—

"Aughavanagh, Aughrim,
County Wicklow,
Sept. 2, 1902.

"My Lord Cardinal,—Will you allow me, on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary Party, to send you an expression of our gratitude for your speech in Cork, a speech so full of sympathy with the cause of Ireland, and of encouragement to those who are engaged in the effort to win National Self-Government for their country. We know full well the absolute accuracy of your statement that the prosperity and contentment of the great Australasian Colonies are due entirely to the blessing of free institutions and the sympathy expressed for our efforts for Home Rule for Ireland, representing as we know it does the universal feeling of Australians, is of incalculable value to us in our arduous struggle. "I beg, therefore, in the name of my colleagues, to thank you for this, the latest of your many great services to our country—I remain, my Lord Cardinal, with great respect, very truly yours,
JOHN E. REDMOND.
"His Eminence Cardinal Moran."

MEETINGS.—Two meetings were held on 18th January in South Cork—one at Toghur, and one at Dunmanway—under the auspices of the United Irish League, the meeting at Toghur being for the purpose of establishing a branch of the organization there. The meeting at Toghur was held at 11 o'clock, and was attended by a very large number of the people of the parish, while contingents were also present from the surrounding districts. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout, and taken altogether there was plenty of evidence that the branch which was established there is likely to become one of the most active and strongest in the constituency. Regarding the hour fixed for the meeting, which was generally supposed to be three o'clock, there was a large attendance in the hall at the opening of the proceedings, and before the meeting concluded the spacious room was crowded. On 18th January a large and enthusiastic public meeting was held at Cullyhanna shortly after last Mass, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the United Irish League. The attendance was extremely large. A large and thoroughly representative meeting was held at Lackan on Jan. 18. The day was beautiful, fine, and large contingents from the Dunmanway meeting was held at two o'clock in the Town Hall. Though there was a misapprehension Ballina attended the meeting. Resolutions were adopted cordially approving of the unanimous report of the Land Conference, congratulating the tenants' representatives on the Conference, and urging the adoption of the recommendations of the report in any bill for the settlement of the Land Question.

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN held their annual election last Sunday, and after a campaign, during which they were very successful in securing the support of the majority of the members of the organization, the following officers were elected for the year 1908—Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Flynn, O.S.B.; Hon. President, Joseph Johnson; President, Robt. Byrne; 1st Vice-President, J. E. Murray; 2nd Vice-President, John Hart; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Collecting Treasurer, Robt. Brown; Assistant Collecting Treasurer,

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PERSONAL.—Mr. M. J. Murphy, the energetic manager of the "Wild Rose Opera Company," who is now in Montreal, making arrangements for the production of that opera at the Academy of Music, has the distinction of being one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the Irish language revival in America. Mr. Murphy's contributions to the Catholic press of the United States, and some of his timely and graphic articles that have appeared in our columns, mark him as not only a fervent patriot, but also a deep student and careful writer. We decidedly wish Mr. Murphy every success in his enterprise of the present, and we trust that he and his family will enjoy their sojourn in our city.

ROSCOMMON CRIMELESS.—Judge O'Connor Morris opened the Boyle Quarter Sessions on 17th Jan., and addressing the Grand Jury, said:—I am happy to tell you that there is no necessity that you should be sworn. There is no business whatever to go before you. I have had the great pleasure of getting a pair of white gloves from the Sheriff. I intended to address you at some length, as I wished to address you; but I can only say that, with the exception of the unfortunate De Freyne and Murphy quarrel, of which I spoke at length before, and which I shall not repeat, I think the state of the County Roscommon is very satisfactory. So, good day, gentlemen.

BOYLE O'REILLY MEMORIAL.—Drogheda, 17th January.—A meeting of the John Boyle O'Reilly Memorial Committee was held to-day in the Mayoralty House. The Mayor (Alderman Keeley) presided. A letter was read from Mr. T. H. Denmany, sculptor; Glasnevin, stating that the memorial is now very forward towards completion, and asking if the committee would have the bust of O'Reilly worked in the solid stone of the memorial (which is to be in white native limestone) or done in Carrara marble and inlaid in the limestone, as at first agreed on. The suggestion of altering the manner of the bust occurred to him, he stated, from reading in the Press recently how certain inlayings in the tomb of the ancestors of Robert Emmet had been removed from their settings by foreigners and carried away. Mr. Casey reported that he had visited Mr. Denmany's works on the previous Monday, and had been afforded an opportunity of inspecting the work, whose condition of forwardness he explained to the committee. After lengthened consideration of the suggestion of the proposed change in the material of the bust, which is to form the most striking feature of the memorial, the committee decided to adhere to the original design and have the bust carved in Carrara marble. The inscription to be engraved on the memorial was also under consideration, but a decision in the matter was adjourned until Father Anderson's views on the one before the meeting were obtained. The Hon. Secretary was instructed to make application to the Drogheda (Meath) District Council, who are the custodians of the Old Churchyard of Dowth, in which the memorial is to be erected, for permission to have the memorial erected therein on the site selected in the early years by the late John Boyle O'Reilly, as the place he desired to be interred, and communicated to Father Anderson by O'Reilly himself some years before his lamented death. Having disposed of some routine business, the committee adjourned until Saturday, the 7th February.

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John Cullinan; Recording Secretary, Robt. J. Hart; Assistant Recording Secretary, Owen McShane; Librarian, P. Fogarty; Assistant Librarian, E. Gannon; Marshal, J. McEntee; Assistant Marshal, J. Pojan; Honorary Councillors, P. J. Shea, James Martin, Thos. Dillon; Councillors, M. Casey, D. J. O'Neill, P. Pendergast, Jas. Finigan, P. Shanahan, M. J. O'Donnell, John Brown.

The first undertaking of the new executive will be a euchre party, which will take place in the hall of the Society on the evening of "Shrove Tuesday," Feb. 24. The members intend to spare no effort to make the euchre a grand success.

A EUCHRE PARTY.—The ladies of St. Patrick's parish will hold a euchre party in St. Patrick's Hall, on Wednesday, Feb. 12. Refreshments will be served.

PERSONAL.—Mr. M. J. Murphy, the energetic manager of the "Wild Rose Opera Company," who is now in Montreal, making arrangements for the production of that opera at the Academy of Music, has the distinction of being one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the Irish language revival in America. Mr. Murphy's contributions to the Catholic press of the United States, and some of his timely and graphic articles that have appeared in our columns, mark him as not only a fervent patriot, but also a deep student and careful writer. We decidedly wish Mr. Murphy every success in his enterprise of the present, and we trust that he and his family will enjoy their sojourn in our city.

St. Patrick's Cadets.

As we have already announced it is the intention of the newly-organized Cadet Corps of St. Patrick's parish, to hold a military and dramatic entertainment Monday next in the Monument National hall for the benefit of that most praiseworthy project. It is almost needless for us to dwell to any extent upon the importance and utility of Cadet companies in our various schools. If example is to be the test we have a number of them already in our midst. How often have we not had occasion to refer with legitimate pride and satisfaction to the different bodies of school-Cadets in this city? Nothing could be more inspiring and more delightful than to see the St. Ann's Cadets, or those of Mount St. Louis, or those of the Jesuit College, when on parade in our public streets. There is an air of solid discipline, of manliness, of strength, of promise about these young lads, as they march along, with all the glitter and pride of military attainment, and it is easy to see in their future citizens of worth and of utility to the whole country.

Of all the exercises in the physical training of the young none can equal, certainly none surpass, the military drill as a stimulus and a fortifying practice. Apart from the physical development, without the overtaking of the bodily strength there is another result that is of paramount importance. We refer to the habit of obedience, or rather of practical discipline, that is acquired, and acquired not by force, but rather in a most enjoyable manner. This is certainly an acquirement that will eventually stand the youth in good stead when, in after years, he enters upon the great battle of life. The manners and habits thus formed will have their effects very marked in every sphere of life. There is a moral as well as a physical training going on during these exercises, and, without feeling it a burden, or an imposed obligation, the boy discovers, later on, that while he was enjoying a most delightful form of recreation, he actually was being prepared for the mighty struggle that falls to the lot of each individual in this world.

Then that spirit of pride in military achievement, which is a reflection of the glory that beckons so many noble souls on to the field of actual battle, takes possession of almost every boy in the world. He is proud to be a member of the Cadets. Thus does he have ample opportunity of indulging his predilection and, at the same time, of acquiring that which can only benefit him, in every sense, hereafter. We trust that the entertainments will be an unqualified success, and we do not hesitate to request of those of our readers, who are in a position to do so, to lend a helping hand in such a worthy cause.

NO DRINK BETWEEN MEALS.—It seems that Lord Roberts, like Micky Free, "grown tired of glory at last," has turned temperance reformer and has accepted the presidency of an association, whose pledge not to drink between meals is receiving many thousand signatures. This species of temperance propaganda has the merit of novelty. It might as well advocate a pledge not to eat between drinks, which would naturally come to the same thing. Dr. Robert Hutensson, one of the promoters of this association, claims that:—

"Alcohol in some instances is a good thing as a beverage. Taken in small quantities and properly diluted with water and with meals, it often assists digestion. The tendency of alcohol on an empty stomach is to produce gastric catarrh and congestion, but when the stomach is full of food alcohol in its stimulating action tends to quicken the benighted churning process. He would never advise people to drink alcohol to help them in their work. It is a

Glances Through the Daily Press.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The one who is obliged to glance over a score or more of newspapers each day has not the necessary time to carefully examine every little detail of their make up; he is obliged to content himself with the headings of articles in some papers with a hurried look at the principal items in others, and with a careful reading of only such subjects as are of paramount importance. He soon begins to understand his "exchanges" and, with practice, he gains time. For example, he comes to know the papers that are of no use to him, no matter how important they may be to others, and he frequently leaves them aside; then he resorts, in a few moments, the others, turning to the pages that he knows contain the matter that is of utility in his work and avoiding all the rest. It is thus that he finally reaches a point, in the practice of exchange reading, at which he can save a couple of hours of precious time.

However, there are days when he has a little more leisure, and when he can take a small amount of what we might call recreation, in reading more attentively some of the strange and striking items that are constantly cropping up in the daily press. If, on such occasions, he were to take his scissors in hand, and clip out some of the more unique articles, or paragraphs, he could easily present his readers with a crazy-patchwork of amusing, and possibly instructive items. This is exactly what we purpose doing, in a limited manner, this week. At hap-hazard we select a few brief articles from the exchanges of the week, and weave them together, adding a comment here and there, whenever it seems to us appropriate to do so.

AN UNFINISHED YARN.—"He was a red-faced, middle-aged Irishman, who had taken just enough to make him officious. He kept a wary eye on the conductor, and a sympathetic one on the unsteady entering passenger; to each "step lively," he would rejoin, "shiddy, shiddy, give them toime, give them toime." Opposite the Irishman sat a young man of the most pronounced Hebrew type. He watched Pat with a humorous twinkle in his black eyes. "A good-natured negro got in, and took the seat next to the Irishman. Pat threw one haughty look at the black man; then, rising with great dignity, he said in tones of unutterable scorn—"a nager!" and sat down next to the young Hebrew. Quick as a flash his new neighbor, with an exact imitation of Pat's tone and manner, said—"an Irishman!" and took the vacant seat next to the negro. A titter went round the car, and one Irishman looked foolish."

This may seem a very funny story to some people, especially to the person who concocted it; but it is clearly an incomplete anecdote. The writer has omitted to tell us what became of the Hebrew after he had raised the laugh against the Irishman. That, we think, would be the most amusing part of the whole story.

NECESSITY OF POVERTY.—In the "Record-Herald's" "Battle Ground," we find the following from the pen of Mr. W. A. Croft:—"If no man were poor—that is, if every head of a family were sure of having \$1,000 in his pocket at all times—no man would ever be able to buy another cup of coffee for 10 cents or another newspaper for 5 cents, or a banana for 3. If it were not for the absolute necessity of toil, electric roads would be so scarce that street car rides would cost \$1 each and shoemakers would be so few that shoes would cost \$25 a pair. In a very definite sense scarcity is the mother of plenty and want the mother of wages."

Here is an economist of no humble pretensions. Mr. Croft must have ransacked John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, Smith and all the other famed authorities to discover this wonderful "Truth of M. LaPalisse." He might have gone a step further and told us that were all the wealth of the world to be equally divided amongst the living members of the human family, in less than one hour there would be some richer than others. No two individuals would make the same use of the money in their hands. The one would hoard, the other would spend; and, in a brief time, the latter would have to work for the former.

popular fallacy to think that alcohol supplies mental energy. From one to one and a half ounces of pure alcohol should suffice daily. This is represented by one glass of spirits, two glasses of porter and one tumbler of claret or one pint of ale."

We have known men who have started on less than one and a half ounces of alcohol, and who wound up drunkards. We have very little faith in this system. Experience teaches that whenever there is the slightest alcoholic tendency in the constitution, the taking of strong drink while eating will inevitably lead to breaches of the rule, or pledge. We say "no alcohol, either between or at meals."

THE INCOME TAX.—Dr. W. J. Cass, in a correspondence says:—"Mr. P. Cullman in the "Battle Ground of Modern Thought," a department in an American journal, raises a number of objections against the graduated form of income tax. In the first place he states that it would engender laziness and incompetency, because under it the man who would produce much wealth in order to increase his income would certainly be looked upon by his fellow-men as mentally unbalanced, because any same man would limit his production under such unfavorable conditions."

We have never been in a position to dread the increase of our income, consequently we may not be competent to judge in this matter. Our income has always been such that the country would not either miss or gain by the tax that might be imposed thereon. But if we saw a way of honestly increasing our income to an independence, we would gladly accept the condition of a corresponding tax. The man who would grow lazy, or cease to work, merely because he feared to accumulate too much, or to have too high an income, would be fit to go down the avenue of fame in the society of Carnegie, who is bent on dying poor. Just imagine a man refusing the gift of a valuable city property, simply because he would have to pay taxes on it.

A SCHOOL STRIKE.—"An extraordinary strike is reported from Creziers, near Poitiers, France, the school children of the elementary school having refused to attend their classes unless their headmaster, M. Cail, was dismissed from his position. The children allege that they have been harshly treated by the master. They are supported by their parents, who have petitioned the government to send down an official to inquire into the affair. This the government has agreed to."

This is not exactly a strike: the pupils do not abandon their school work, for higher remuneration. It is, more properly speaking, a protest against oppression. Nor is it an extraordinary event. We have seen, in some of the leading institutions of our own country, examples of like rebellion on the part of pupils. In the United States some of the principal universities have had, at different times, very pronounced protests, of a similar kind, from the students. If we are not mistaken the annals of McGill would reveal similar so-called "strikes." We do not say that these evidences of discontent are justified in all cases, that is another question. But there is nothing wonderful in the story told of the French school in

question. Mountains are made out of mole-hills so often!

question. Mountains are made out of mole-hills so often!

A DELIGHTFUL JUMBLE.—We take special pleasure in following the correspondence, on European affairs, of certain writers whose columns of weekly news are to be found in the large American dailies. The New York "Herald's" Paris correspondent, "J. Cornely," has the happy faculty of sifting the political news of the day, of giving a color after his own mind, to that which he retains as the wheat, and of presenting the American public with pictures that may be viewed from a dozen different standpoints and in as many different lights. His latest, however, is a pretty successful attempt to show the contradictions between the Combes policy and the Combes practice—especially when there is question of having a departmental budget voted. We will take the principal passages from that correspondent's last letter—for were we to give it in full it would be too confusing. If ever evidence were wanted of the bad faith of Premier Combes, and of the horrid jumble that he is making, we have it in this account. We quote:—"On Monday the Chamber discussed the budget of public worship. A Radical member demanded its suppression and the Premier, whom the subject especially concerns, because he is Minister of Public Worship as well as of the Interior, found it necessary to take part in the debate. He made a speech which quite paralyzed the majority. In order to defend the appropriations for public worship he maintained the necessity of religion as an indispensable bulwark of morality. He declared himself a spiritual philosopher. In short, he plunged into dismay his majority, which is composed of men who have been fighting in Parliament for twenty years for the principle of laicization and the idea that everything ought to be non-sectarian in a non-sectarian State, and that the latter ought to ignore all forms of worship and all religions."

Without following the correspondent through all the explanations that he gives of this extraordinary conduct of Combes, or through the comparisons instituted between the present Premier and Waldeck-Rousseau, we will take the following additional paragraph:—"M. Combes also wanted to give himself the luxury of some general ideas. His attempt succeeded very poorly, for as such as he may please the Chamber when he dissolves religious congregations without giving explanations by just so much he displeased them by wishing to explain to them the higher motives of his conduct and to show how one may deny the usefulness of the Assumptionists without denying the utility of the idea of God. M. Combes was wrong to depart from his programme and seek to rise from the earthly domain of action to the heights of pure thought. He succeeded in saving the budget of public worship, which was voted, but lost his authority in the squabble and before long will lose his portfolio."

Now, the whole situation might be summed up in a few brief sentences. No need of columns of speculation and deductions to grasp the exact state of the case. Premier Combes is a renegade to Catholicity. As such he hates the mother that nurtured him. As an avowed enemy of the Church he has imposed on himself the futile obligation of destroying her institutions. He has expelled the religious orders, in the name of the state, from the country.

So far, so good! But Mr. Combes is Minister of Public Worship, as well as Premier. As such he must have his departmental budget voted. To secure the passing of his estimates he must show the necessity of public worship and for the expenditure required to support it. To carry his budget he must advocate the very opposite of that which he advanced as ground work for the suppression of religious orders. Therefore, Mr. Combes, the anti-religious fanatic, demands the abolition of religion; and Mr. Combes, the Minister of Public Worship, demands a vote of moneys to support religion.

We are under the impression that France is the only country on earth that would tolerate such absurdities—and, yet, France is Catholic.

SYMINGTON'S
COFFEE ESSENCE

most delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble to make. In small and large bottles. Free of sugar. GUARANTEED PURE.

AN IRISH REFORMER.

News comes from Dublin, that Captain John Shawe-Taylor has left for America, armed with letters of introduction to hundreds of Irishmen in the United States...

landlords, got a large majority in favor of peace, who were represented by Lord Dunraven, Lord Mayo and other leading landlords. The Nationalist mansion house had the lot, poets and agitators, debating in the most friendly way round a table for some time...

themselves. In the course of 3,500 years three fierce attempts at invasion of the indestructible independence of this nation. What has caused the greatest interest here was the allusion of M. Etienne to the inimical attitude of England and Italy toward Abyssinia...

SATISFIED.

O joys, sweet joys my life has missed; High hopes dispelled, fond wishes crossed; Bright dreams that seemed as angel-kissed, How could I smile, and know thee lost!

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. WARREN.—One by one they are passing away, the good, the true, the olden residents, the men and women whose lives have been identified with the growth of the progress, the development of Montreal.

Interments in Catholic Cemetery.

Table listing interments in Catholic Cemetery for the year 1902, categorized by adults and children, with names and counts.

A Martyr to Duty.

On Thursday, January 22, Rev. Thomas Martin, of St. James' Church, Pittsburg, West End, died, a victim of smallpox, which he had contracted while he was attending one of the many cases he was called upon to visit in his parish.

Influence of Pictures

A room with good Catholic pictures in it and a room without such pictures differ as much as a room with windows and one without these necessities. Pictures, and I mean only good, pure pictures, are consolers of loneliness, and a relief to the troubled mind.

A Bishop Meets an Honest Porter

Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., arrived at Winnipeg, Man., recently on his return from Montreal. While traveling the Bishop of Prince Albert had the misfortune to lose a pocket-book containing about \$500.

In Aid of Rebuilding St. Mary's Church. A BROTHER'S CRIME.

BY THE Dramatic Section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, TO BE HELD Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1903

THE A. O. H., Div. No. 4, ST. BRIDGET'S HALL, Cor. St. Rose and Maisonneuve.

R. F. QUIGLEY, Ph.D., L.L.D., K.O., ADVOCATE, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.

Brousseau, Lajoie and Lacoste, Advocates and Barristers-at-law.

C. A. McDONNELL, Accountant and Liquidator.

FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.L., ADVOCATE.

LOUIS D. MASSON will petition the Quebec Legislature to confirm a deed revoking a donation made by Antoine Masson and uxore, dated 27th April, 1864.

Advertisement for Eureka Harness Oil, featuring an image of a harness and text describing the product's benefits.

Lord Jesus! Give us fidelity, which alone can unite us most intimately with Thee, and make us holy even as Thou art holy.

The OGILVY STORE GREAT DISCOUNT SALE

CONTINUES All January Discounts Hold On Until Further Notice, A SPECIAL IN DRESS GOODS.

The Mantle Dept. Specials. 27 only Children's Coats, sizes to suit children from 6 to 14 years.

Ladies' Spring Costumes at \$4.47. We place on sale Monday morning about 80 Ladies' Costumes.

LINENS FOR THIS WEEK. Bleached Cotton Turkish Towels, Special, 25c each.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS, St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. Important Notice!

Owing to the prevalence of unfavorable weather for shopping purposes during the past week, we have decided to allow our customers and the public generally another six days in which to make good the missed opportunities of taking full advantage of the money-saving benefit of our January Clearing Sale Discounts.

General List of Discounts that will be Continued Until February 7.

- List of discounts: Silks 10 to 50 p.c., Black Dress Goods 10 to 33 1-3 p.c., Flannels 10 to 50 p.c., Prints 10 to 25 p.c., Blankets 10 to 25 p.c., Towels 10 to 50 p.c., Mantles 10 to 50 p.c., Costumes 10 to 50 p.c., Blouses 10 to 50 p.c., Boys' Clothing 10 to 50 p.c., Heavy Tweeds 10 to 33 1-3 p.c., Metal Goods 10 to 50 p.c., Chinaware 10 to 25 p.c., Dress Goods 10 to 50 p.c., Linings 10 to 50 p.c., Cottons 10 to 50 p.c., Curtains 10 to 25 p.c., Linens 10 to 50 p.c., Furs 10 to 50 p.c., Skirts 10 to 50 p.c., Children's Dresses 10 to 50 p.c., Toys 10 to 50 p.c., Glassware 10 p.c., Odd Knives in China and Glassware at special prices.

France and Abyssinia.

Cairo, Dec. 20, 1902. A most suggestive and interesting fact not generally known is that the Abyssinian Church differs but very little from the Roman Catholic Church. This hardy people have preserved up to the present time the dogmas of primitive Christianity almost in their integrity.

under its influence. The saying that the truth makes people free has been literally realized in this case. It has been only by means of the most heroic struggles, however, that Abyssinia has been enabled to preserve its independence.

The traveller who follows the bank of the river Loire better road, nor one more interesting, than the twenty-mile stretch from the "Cabet's goals" to Vouvray, a valley on a hill, five miles from the river than Tours. The castle of the Valois king, us, wheeled steadily up until the quaint old town on our left, with a neat little houses gathered its base. It was here at that we first made a cleft in those dwellings for which Touraine is famous which recall, in the beginning of the twentieth century, the living in the days when it not yet changed its name "France."

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Nasra is the ancient Nazareth, which means a "flower," according to St. Jerome. St. Luke is the first who mentions it in his gospel. When Philip made Jesus known to Nathaniel he was answered: "Can anything good come from Nazareth?" (John i, 46). The city of Nazareth is built 1115 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, in the level of the Mediterranean, in hills surroind it on all sides. The streets are narrow but well paved, which gives the city a neat aspect. It has 6,000 inhabitants, which are divided as follows: Latins, 5,300; Greek Catholics, 700; Maronite Catholics, 400; Schismatic Greeks, 2,000; Mussulmans, 1,500; Protestants, 100. The Franciscan Fathers and our own Christian Brothers have schools for boys. The Brothers of St. John of God have a hospital. The "Dames de Nazareth" have an orphan asylum and school for girls. Our own Sisters of Charity have a hospital and the "Poor Clares" and the "Sisters of the Apparition" have convents. The Franciscan Fathers have built a spacious and comfortable pilgrims' house which can accommodate 250 pilgrims. It is a welcome resting place for those who wish to spend a few days in this charming little town of Galilee, where the holy family dwelt for so many years in solitary retirement. The structure was erected by the contributions of American Catholics and reflects great credit on the generosity of the loyal citizens of our glorious republic. In grateful recognition it has been named "Our Lady of America." St. Helena built a handsome basilica over the spot of the annunciation in the beginning of the 4th century, not destroyed until 1263. The Franciscan Fathers established themselves on the ruins as early as 1300, but it was not until 1620 that they could get permission from the government to restore the holy shrine. In clearing away the debris and rubbish, they discovered the foundations of the holy home which is now in Loretto, and the foundations of the ancient church, with the bases of two rows of columns. Their church was set on fire by Bedouins in 1638. The Franciscans having escaped death, built a temporary chapel on the venerable spot on which they celebrated Holy Mass until 1730, when they obtained leave of the government to rebuild the church. The Pasha not having granted sufficient time to reconstruct it, they were only able to clear away the site of the holy grotto and to lay the pavement of the new church on the top of the ruins. Hence the impossibility of restoring the foundations of the holy house, which is found in Loretto, and the difference of level existing between the floor of the church and that of the holy house. In the church of 1620 there were only six steps leading into the holy grotto. The church has a nave with two aisles, formed by two rows of square columns. It has besides the crypt two distinct stories. The first story is the church properly speaking, and contains five altars. The upper story contains only the choir and the high altar. The crypt consists of the chapel of the Annunciation. On entering the church our attention is attracted by a white marble stairway of fifteen steps which leads down to the grotto of the Annunciation. This stairway is erected on the site of the holy house. According to some authors the Immaculate Virgin was born in this house, but it is much more probable that this event took place in the house of St. Joachim in Jerusalem. It is, however, unquestionably true that the house of Nazareth was inhabited by the holy family, and in it the Saviour spent the greater part of His life on earth. This house was miraculously transported from Nazareth to Loretto, Italy, in the year 1294. A magnificent basilica is built over it, and it is to-day one of the greatest sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin in the whole world. The church is in charge of the same branch of the Franciscan Order as the Fathers of St. Joseph's Church in our city. I fancy that some of your readers will smile at my statement of the journeying of the holy house and pity my simple credulity. Many of them would stave the hand of God, as if He could not work miracles now, as in the days of His apostles. I would refer such doubting Thomases to the learned work of the late Archbishop Kendrick of St. Louis, in which he analyses in the most scholarly manner the evidence upon which this tradition is supported, and clearly proves to the unsophisticated mind the reasonableness of the alleged miracle. According to the late Archbishop Kendrick, the Archangel Gabriel stood in the holy house which

is to-day in Loretto, at the moment of the incarnation, whilst the Immaculate Virgin was in the place since called the holy shrine of the Annunciation. It may be seen to-day, the orientals always knew how to utilize mountains and rocks. Some found grottoes among them, whilst others had to hew them in order to make dwelling places. They built their houses against the rocks, having many crevices, and by so building only a single apartment they obtained a house of several rooms. Now it was in such a house that the Blessed Virgin dwelt at Nazareth. The room or construction which was contiguous to the actual holy grotto, measured thirty-one feet and three inches in length and sixteen feet in width. As can be seen at Loretto, the outside door opened on the west side, between the wall and the rock in which is the holy grotto. It was through this door that one had to pass to enter into the first room of the holy house, properly called to-day the holy grotto or chapel of the Annunciation. A good sized bay separated the room hewn into the rock from the holy house at Loretto. At the moment of the Incarnation the Blessed Virgin was on the other side of the bay in the room hewn into the rock, and the angel in the one constructed next to the rock. The holy grotto or chapel of the Annunciation, where our Lady was at the moment of the annunciation, is wholly hewn into the solid rock. It is twenty feet long and eight feet wide. The altar of the annunciation is at the end of this chapel on its north side. It marks the very spot where the Archangel Gabriel announced to Mary that she would become the Mother of the Saviour. The altar is built of common marble, ornamented only by a modern painting representing the angel speaking to Mary. Underneath, and in front of the altar, the cross of the Holy Land is seen set in the marble, and at the bottom of the altar, immediately above the cross are the words: "Hic Verbum Caro Factum Est"—"Here the Word Was Made Flesh." Before this spot a number of silver lamps burn night and day. On our left, near the altar, we see the shaft of a granite column which was placed there to support the roof of the ancient church. After the fire of 1638 the Moyrabins (Africans) expected to find inside of this column a buried treasure, and cut it in two, so as to leave the upper part of the column suspended from the ceiling, and so it remains at the present time. On our left we see the cell of the Blessed Virgin, in which she lived with the Child Jesus, and in which she nursed Him. On the pavement is also shown the bed of the Child Jesus. The sepulchre of St. Joseph, the spouse of Mary, is seen in the same grotto. Here he was buried by the sacred hands of Jesus Christ Himself. Nearby is a small room in which it is said Jesus lived after His return from Egypt until the death of the Precursor. The chapel of the Angel occupies the site of the holy house. In this chapel are two altars, the one on our right in descending the stairway dedicated to St. Joachim and St. Ann, the one on our left to the Archangel Gabriel. This marks the spot where the angel stood and is about sixty feet from where the Blessed Virgin stood at the moment of the annunciation. On the epistle side of the chapel of the Annunciation a door opens by which we enter into the chapel of St. Joseph. This chapel has no light and has one altar which stands with its back to the altar of the Annunciation, and is dedicated to St. Joseph fleeing into Egypt. Here is still to be seen a part of the apse of the ancient grotto of the Annunciation hewn into the rock. From this chapel a stairway of fourteen steps leads to a grotto to which pious legend has applied the name of "Mary's kitchen." In this grotto is an altar dedicated to the Infant Jesus. A door from this grotto, now closed up, leads into the street, and at the distance the workshop of St. Joseph. Here St. Joseph had his shop and here of a few hundred feet we come to be worked with Jesus, who was subject to His parents. The early Christians built a church on this sacred spot, which measured 120 by 50 feet, but having fallen into ruins it was never rebuilt. The present little chapel was built by the Fathers of the Holy Land in 1859. As soon as they got possession of a few Turkish dwellings which block the way, they intend to open a direct pathway for pilgrims from Mary's kitchen to the workshop of St. Joseph. A few minutes' walk from the

workshop of St. Joseph brings us to the fountain of the Blessed Virgin, which according to tradition, is the fountain where the Mother of God came to draw water for her daily use. In 1867 an arch was built above it on the ruins of an ancient monument. Steps lead down to the bank and trough, which is provided with three faucets. The water is brought thither by a conduit from the spring, the only one in Nazareth, situated a few paces from the fountain in the church of the Non-United Greeks, on the ruins of a church mentioned in the 7th or 8th centuries, and constructed to perpetuate a Greek tradition, according to which Mary was greeted the first time by the Archangel when drawing water, and directly entered her house. We watched with curious eyes the crowds of women and girls drawing water from the fountain, just as in the days of the Blessed Virgin. We visited also the church of the Greek Catholics, built on the site of the ancient synagogue of Nazareth in which our Lord rose to explain the Scriptures, but was driven out by the Nazarenes, who pursued Him to cast Him down to death from a rock. This rock is near Nazareth and is called the Precipice. In days of old there was a chapel built upon the spot. The apse, hardly outlined on the rock, a few fragments of its mosaic pavement and the retaining wall on which it is situated, are all that can now be seen. From the mountain a magnificent view of the Plain of Esdrelon is had, through which winds the celebrated Kishon River. The Mensa Christi, on which tradition says our Lord Jesus Christ took repasts with His disciples both before and after His resurrection, is a large block of rock answering for a table. Hence the name Mensa Christi, Table of Christ. Its greatest height is three feet three inches, while its average width is nine feet nine inches. It is of a soft, calcareous nature and of an irregular form. The early Christians built an oratory over this rock, which for centuries belonged to the Mussulmans, but it finally crumbled to decay and the Franciscan Fathers have recently built a pretty little chapel on the ruins. Such is Nazareth as we have seen it during our too short visit.—Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., in the Rosary Magazine.

Scientific Work of Missionaries.

(Continued From Page One.)

In Africa as well as in Asia the work of Catholic missionaries has contributed to our knowledge of geography. The memory of the great Cardinal Lavigerie is inseparably associated with the Catholic missionary work in Africa. With the consuming zeal of an apostle he devoted himself heart and soul to Christianizing Africa, and also to the wiping out of the African slave trade. Strictly speaking, he did not directly contribute to the extension of our geographical knowledge of the "Dark Continent." But he did so indirectly through the religious order he called into existence to combat slavery. The members of this order, in carrying out their benevolent mission have penetrated into the heart of Africa and have left a record of their explorations. Another distinguished son of France, Cardinal Massaia, who died in 1889, was called the Apostle of Abyssinia. At the time of his death he was known as "The dean of the missionary Bishops." Leo XIII., recognizing that the history of Cardinal Massaia's thirty-five years' residence in upper Ethiopia would be an important contribution to the science of geography, ordered him to write it. The last days of the Cardinal were spent in dictating a biography which is of great value on account of the light it sheds upon Abyssinian geography, history and ethnography. While Catholic missionaries were exploring Northern Africa, other Catholic missionaries were pushing their way through Southern Africa and publishing accounts of what they had seen. In Zanzibar, for example, the Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost has published learned monographs on the Kilima Njaro, the Massais and the Pygmies. Two Catholic missionaries, Fathers Roblet and Colin, have published maps of Madagascar. The Catholic missionaries who have penetrated Central Africa, have made important contributions to our knowledge of the Dark Continent. Father Coubois has published an account of Tanganika. Father Guileme has written a description of his explorations in the neighborhood of Nyassa. Father Schynne has published a map of the country west of Victoria-Nyassa. In Dahomey and along the Gold

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Coast, the priests of the African missions of Lyon are to be found fraternizing with the natives encamped on the banks of the rivers Niger, Ougnon, Opaka, Volta and Cavally. It was the letters of one of these missionaries, Father Borghero, which for many years supplied French, English and Italian publicists with the only information they could obtain about Dahomey. In 1861, Father Borghero visited Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, and had a personal interview with King Greve.

Catholic missionaries established themselves in Oceania in 1834. In the neighboring continent of Australia their work was energetically pushed. In 1838, Father Ullathorne, subsequently Bishop of Birmingham, England, described his visits to New South Wales. The publication of the letters of these early missionaries added greatly to the knowledge of these remote lands. The article in "Les Missions Catholiques," from which we have taken the above facts, thus refers to the work of Catholic missionaries in America:

"Many Oblate Fathers in Canada have contributed greatly to our knowledge of the basins of the River Mackenzie and other rivers which empty into the Arctic Ocean. None of them, however, met with such success as has Father Pettot. Our Bulletin is indebted to him for numerous studies of the customs, the idioms, the traditions, and the legends of the Esquimaux. The Geographical Society of Paris has conferred upon Father Pettot a gold medal, and has published at its own expense his map of the northern regions of America."

"What details about the Indians in the United States, in Ecuador, Guiana, Brazil and Patagonia, would have been unknown if it had not been for Mgr. Salpointe, Fathers De Smet, Pedro, Emonet, Brunetti and other Catholic missionaries."

In the above rapid review of missionary work in all lands we have proof that the Church in the twentieth century is fulfilling to the letter the command given to the Apostles to go forth and teach all nations.

Health Talks by Catholic Doctors.

The last of the series of "Health Talks," in St. Patrick's parish, was held in the public hall of the Catholic High School, on Monday last, when Hon. Dr. Guerin treated the subject of "Tuberculosis" from many points of view. On Monday evening next a series of "Talks" will open in St. Anthony's parish, in the basement of the Church. Dr. Senale will deliver the first "Talk" of the course.

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MUSIC CABINETS. 9 Music Cabinets in golden oak and curly birch finish, nicely fitted with shelves and door. Our special price \$5.25. OFFICE DESKS. 6 Roll Top Office Desks, in elm, golden finish, 3 feet long, fitted with pigeon holes, 3 large drawers. Our special price \$12.00.

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Ladies' Whitewear Sale.

Four weeks of unabated success has attended this vastly popular sale. As great crowds attended it recently as on the opening days, interest is kept up by adding new lines, better than their predecessors, if that were possible. Greater values will be offered for the closing days of this wonderful sale.

UNDERSKIRTS. Ladies' White Cotton Underskirts, trimmed with lace insertion and flounce of lace, others with flounce of embroidery, very full. Regular, \$1.10. Special 71c. Ladies' White Cambric Underskirts, trimmed with wide flounce of embroidery, dust frill, very full. Regular, \$1.60. Special \$1.10. LADIES' DRAWERS. Ladies' White Cambric Drawers, trimmed with wide frill of embroidery and clusters of tucks. Regular, 60c. Special 40c. Ladies' Fine White Cambric Umbrella Drawers, some trimmed with wide frill of tuchon, lace, others with embroidery insertion and tucks. Regular, 85c. Special 64c.

SATURDAY SPECIALS IN LADIES' KID GLOVES.

"Kathleen." Ladies' Fine Quality Kid Gloves, in tans, browns, grays, fawns, red, helio, purple, black, white, etc. New silk points; 2 dome fasteners. Sale ... 68c. "Countess." Ladies' Extra Quality Kid Gloves, in beautiful shades, for fall and winter wear, also black and white and fancy silk points; 2 dome fasteners. Sale ... 92c. "La Brabant." Ladies' Extra Fine Quality French Kid Gloves, in all the newest fall shades, handsome silk points, with 2 dome fasteners, all sizes. Sale ... \$1.15

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Here's two lines of Ladies' High Class Fur-lined Ulsters, specially priced for Monday's selling: Ladies' Hamster Fur-lined Ulster, in navy blue and wool brown, box cloth, rich Thibet collar and revers. Regular, \$48.00. Special \$38.40. Ladies' Half-fitting Fur-lined Ulster in fawn box cloth, flare sleeves, trimmed with three scalloped folds around the bottom, fine Thibet collar and revers. Regular, \$58.00. Special \$50.67.

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While Sir Henry contributing to Coll paper on "The Mission and the Actor," M Bernhardt has published "Cornhill Magazine," "The Moral Influence of the Actor." Naturally both seek to establish the moral and moral stage. There is considerable for their protest by the two. We would comment extensively upon and experiences of two members of the profession, but we shall have that study for another day. For the present simply draw attention to the marks of a very significant, made by Sir Henry his introduction to his claims that the drama most intellectual rec mind of man has yet seen. This may possibly be done do not doubt that drama, divested of all gesture or immoral, the recreation far more attainable than any other known to the world. We wish to discuss Sir Henry says that the actor are mimes, moral, and that they pay a tale that is told." The fact that we have times numberless. We re famous Booth remarking person should begrudge the applause he receives all, once he passes off there is nothing left which he does not remember. He does anything lasting. There is truth in this; and the truly accentuates the actor's comments thereon, have a great sermon, in pared to so read it, in from Irving's paper that this phase of the actor's is also a beautiful piece literature, and we cannot produce it. Sir Henry says "All art is mimetic, and itself, the highest and last God to His people, is feeble crumbles, and the very great cities become buried dust of ages. Who then arrogate to any art a place from the scheme world's development, or deem it because its effort pass? Nay, more, has even that is told no significance years? Can such not stir is worth the telling, the man, to whom it comes from the past? Have not remained vital and most known, which are told again, face to face, and heart, when the teller and enor are adding, coming ages, strength to one cur mighty thought or a mig and its record? "Surely the record that the minds of men is still tho it be not graven on wrought in marble. And poor conception of the va art if, in considering it, we keep our eyes fixed on so spot, some imperfection, t over eyes to its aim, its beauty. Poetry, painting, music, architecture, all having on their time and— it. The actor, though his ledge may be and must be the knowledge of his age, as he sounds the note of hu ston has something which mon to all the ages, and f smite water from the rock hardened human heart—if bring light to the eye or v color to the faded cheek— bring or restore in ever so degree the sunshine of hope sure, of gaiety, surely he have worked in vain." Here is a noble passage. who penned the foregoing animated with grand sentiment harbor lofty ideals. It that all things human are a brief time; it shows us the flag of the mightiest things genius of man has constructed presents to us a picture of self, as mimetic and ephemeral appeals to History, even a great Irish orator a century and asks, in other words, the dreams of ambition real

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Stage and Actor.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

While Sir Henry Irving has been contributing to Collier's Weekly a paper on "The Mission of the Stage and the Actor," Madame Sarah Bernhardt has published in the "Cornhill Magazine," an article on "The Moral Influence of the Theatre." Naturally both these writers seek to establish the great educational and moral worth of the stage. There is considerable enthusiasm for their profession exhibited by the two. We would be glad to comment extensively upon the views and experiences of two such prominent members of the histrionic profession, but we shall have to leave that study for another time. However, the articles will keep and will deserve analysis later on as well as to-day. For the present we wish to simply draw attention to a few remarks, of a very significant character, made by Sir Henry Irving, in his introduction to his paper. He claims that the drama affords "the most intellectual recreation the mind of man has yet conceived." This may possibly be true; and we do not doubt that in the pure drama, divested of all that is suggestive or immoral, there is a keen recreation far more attractive than any other known to the world. But, again, this is not the exact point that we wish to discuss.

Sir Henry says that many critics of the stage insist that the efforts of the actor are mimetic and ephemeral, and that they pass away "as a tale that is told." This is an objection that we have heard made times numberless. We remember the famous Booth remarking that no person should begrudge the actor the applause he receives, for, after all, once he passes off the stage there is nothing left whereby he is remembered. He does not create anything lasting. There is very much truth in this; and the truth therein only accentuates the more Sir Henry's comments thereon. In fact, we have a great sermon, if we are prepared to so read it, in the passage from Irving's paper that deals with this phase of the actor's career. It is also a beautiful piece of English literature, and we consequently reproduce it. Sir Henry says:—

"All art is mimetic, and even life itself, the highest and last gift of God to His people, is fleeting. Marble crumbles, and the very names of great cities become buried in the dust of ages. Who then would dare to arrogate to any art an unchanging place from the scheme of the world's development, or would condemn it because its efforts fade and pass? Nay, more, has even the tale that is told no significance in after-years? Can such not stir, when it is worth the telling, the hearts of men, to whom it comes as an echo from the past? Have not more tales remained vital and most widely known, which are told and told again, face to face, and heart to heart, when the teller and the listener are adding, coming down the ages, strength to one current, of a mighty thought or a mighty deed, and its record?"

"Surely the record that lives in the minds of men is still a record, tho it be not graven on brass or wrought in marble. And it were a poor conception of the value of any art if, in considering it, we were to keep our eyes fixed on some dark spot, some imperfection, and shut over eyes to its aim, its power, its beauty. Poetry, painting, sculpture, music, architecture, all have a bearing on their time and—ay—beyond it. The actor, though his knowledge may be and must be limited by the knowledge of his age, so long as he sounds the note of human passion has something which is common to all the ages, and if he can smite water from the rock of one hardened human heart—if he can bring light to the eye or wholesome color to the faded cheek—if he can bring or restore in ever so slight a degree the sunshine of hope, of pleasure, of gaiety, surely he can not have worked in vain."

Here is a noble passage. The man who penned the foregoing must be animated with grand sentiments and must harbor lofty ideals. It tells us that all things human are only for a brief time; it shows us the crumbling of the mightiest things that the genius of man has constructed; it presents to us a picture of life, itself, as mimetic and ephemeral. He appeals to history, even as did a great Irish orator a century ago, and asks, in other words, "if all the dreams of ambition realized, all

the schemes of inventive greatness perfected, all the strength of arms, all the ubiquity of commerce, can secure to a nation the permanency of its possessions?" Alas! Troy, thought so once; but the land of Priam lives only in song; Thebes thought so once; but her hundred gates have mouldered; so thought Palmyra; where is she? So thought Periclops—her monuments are but the dust which they vainly intended to commemorate; and,

"You waste where roaming lions howl,
You place where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Show the great Persian's proud abode."

The second lesson we draw from this passage is to the effect that if man, in whatever sphere he may be called upon to move, only does his utmost to beautify life and to render better and happier those around him, his actions, though mimetic and ephemeral, in a sense, cannot but produce some good results.

There is another passage in which the writer distinguishes between that which purifies and that which debases art. It is a natural sequence of what has already been said, and it is also charged with wisdom. He says:—

"For the consideration of the art of acting, it must never be forgotten that its ultimate aim is beauty. Truth itself is only an element of beauty, and merely to reproduce things vile and squalid and mean is a debasement of art. There is apt to be such a tendency in an age of peace, and men should carefully watch its manifestations. A morose and hopeless dissatisfaction is not a part of a true national life. This is hopeful and earnest, and, if need be, militant. It is a bad sign for any nation to yearn for or even to tolerate pessimism in their enjoyment, and how can pessimism be otherwise than antagonistic to beauty?"

The pessimism against which we are here warned is a general evil. Nowhere more than in religion do we find the opposite tendency. What more optimistic than the teachings of Christianity? What institution on earth more optimistic than the Catholic Church? Her index finger points constantly upward, to Heaven, to God, to eternal happiness. In her insistence in the Mercy of God, she keeps the optimistic view of the future constantly before the faithful. She is not pessimistic, even in regard to the most hardened sinner—teaching as she does, that a moment of repentance, and a flash of grace, at the last hour may suffice to preserve for even the guilty one an assurance of ultimate peace and happiness. The moroseness that Irving condemns in a people finds no place in the mighty scheme of Christianity. Consequently we perceive no small degree of true philosophy in these utterance of a professional actor.

We cannot refrain from giving one more quotation. It is the lesson contained in the initial sentences that we desire to convey. Sir Henry says:—

"Life with all its pains and sorrows is a beautiful and precious gift, and the actor's art is to reproduce this beautiful thing, giving due emphasis to those virtues and those stormy passions which sway the destinies of men. Thus, the lessons given by experience, by the certain punishment of ill-doing, and by the rewards that follow upon bravery, forbearance, and self-sacrifice are in the mimic stage conveyed to men. And thus every actor who is more than a mere machine and who has an ideal of any kind has a duty which lies beyond the scope of his personal ambition. His art must be to him something to hold in reverence, if he wishes others to hold it in esteem. There is nothing of chance about his work. All actors and audience alike, must bear in mind that the whole scheme of the higher drama is not to be regarded as a game in life which can be played with varying success. The present intention may be to interest and amuse, but its deeper purpose is earnest, intense, and sincere."

Let us remember this: life, with all its pains, and sorrows, is a beautiful and precious gift of God. Were this solemn truth more generally recognized, the ever increasing catalogue of suicides and of despairing crimes, would never darken the

annals of humanity. The most miserable life; the one into which every misfortune seems to have been crowded; the one that multiplies in itself the trials of Job; the life that is dark and apparently hopeless certainly joyless, is yet "a beautiful and precious gift," exactly because of the optimistic faith that man receives from God. No matter how miserable the stage upon which a life-drama is enacted, there is an immortal soul in the actor, and that spirit coming from the eternal source of all good must eventually return to that Fountain of happiness, provided it accepts the trials and sufferings of earth in the optimistic spirit of Christian resignation.

These are some of the lessons that we would draw from the writings of the great actor; and we believe that such a man is doing an abiding service to his fellow-men, in placing before them such hopefulness and such inspiring maxims.

A Plea For a Catholic Daily Newspaper.

To the Editor of the True Witness.
Sir,—In a recent issue of the "True Witness" I read with pleasure a timely article from your pen, and I must declare that your every word found favor in my sight.

It is not to-day, nor yesterday, that the "True Witness" has sounded the trumpet of warning, but for a number of years past I have been an attentive listener to her voice as she called upon the English-speaking Catholics of this Dominion to establish a daily press of their own where their best interests might be studied and their rights defended. But her sage advice fell upon deaf ears, and after a little explaining; her words of wisdom were allowed to pass unheeded.

Taking advantage of the carelessness shown by our people in their own welfare, the Protestant press of the country has enlarged and grown wealthy depending in great measure upon the patronage of a people whom they otherwise ignore and belittle on every occasion available. Sermons, letters, articles from the pen of non-Catholics upon every subject of debate—politics, science, religion are gladly accepted yea, even canvassed, while the letter sent in by a Catholic subscriber in defense of some article of his holy faith which has been ruthlessly assailed by some prejudiced writer inevitably finds its way into the waste basket. It is also noticeable that when any item of Catholic news is admitted for publication it is generally inserted upside down. Yet, we Catholics will, in spite of all this, lend our support to such biased journalism. How long is this sort of affairs to continue! Will the warnings sounded by the "True Witness" be further ignored or will a halt be called and a step in the right direction taken; time will tell.

Are there not enough of English-speaking Catholics in this Dominion to support a paper of their own, which will be ever ready to defend their rights as citizens of this great country? Surely there are. And is there an English-speaking Catholic in the country who would refuse to subscribe to such an undertaking? I for one, do not think so. Then, let the question which is now ripe for opening, not be shelved again as it has been on so many occasions in the past. Let the stone be put a-rolling and it will not be long before the Catholics of this country will possess an English daily, of which they may well be proud.

How can such a project be successfully carried out? I propose a plan, if followed, success seems assured. Let every English-speaking Catholic family contribute one dollar towards the establishment of an English Catholic daily with a promise that they will become a subscriber to same as soon as it is a reality.

Is this too much to ask from you Catholics of this Dominion, is it too much to give your mite towards the defense of your Church and country? If there are any among you who think so, then such are unworthy of the name Catholic. Let us hear what others of your readers have to say on this important question, Mr. Editor, with the hope that a solution of it will be outcome.

Respectfully
ONE PROUD OF THE TRUE WITNESS.

Irish Antiquities.

BY "CRUX."

LAST week I gave the readers the benefit of another of those admirable essays from the pen of Thomas Davis. It seems to me that I will be equally thanked for what I purpose reproducing this week, from the same writer. As I have already remarked my aim is two-fold; I wish to emphasize the importance of the study of the Irish language and the perpetuation of Ireland's national traditions, while, at the same time, doing something, in my own way to revive the splendid works of some of Ireland's most renowned scholars and writers. Hence the lack of originality on my part, as so far to be found in these contributions. As a continuation of last week's contribution, consisting of that essay by the first editor of the "Nation," I will give a few extracts from another of his articles, on the important subject of "Irish Antiquities." It runs thus:—

There is on the north (the left) bank of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, a pile compared to which, in age, the Oldbridge obelisk is a thing of yesterday, and, compared to which, in lasting interest, the Cathedrals of Dublin would be trivial. It is the Temple of Grange. History is too young to have noted its origin—Archaeology knows not its time. It is a legacy from a forgotten ancestor, to prove that he, too, had art and religion. It may have marked the tomb of a hero who freed, or an invader who subdued—a Brian or a Strongbow. But whether or not a hero's or a saint's bones consecrated it at first, this is plain, it is a temple of high two thousand years, perfect as when the last pagan sacrificed within it. It is a thing to be proud of, as a proof of Ireland's antiquity, to be guarded as an illustration of her early creed and arts. It is one of the thousand monuments of our old nationality, which a national government would keep safe.

What, then, will be the reader's surprise and anger to hear that some people, having legal power or corrupt influence in Meath, are getting or have got "a presentment for a road to run right through" the Temple of Grange!"

We do not know their names, nor if the design be at once given up, as in deference to public opinion it must finally be, shall we take the trouble to find them out. But if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then we frankly say if the law will not reach them public opinion shall, and they will bitterly repent the desecration. These men who design, and those who consent to the act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but beyond a doubt they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who as Wordsworth says:

"Would peep and botanize
Upon their mother's graves."

All over Europe the governments, the aristocracies, and the people have been combining to discover, gain, and guard every monument of what their dead countrymen had done or been. France has a permanent commission charged to watch over her antiquities. She annually spends more in publishing books, maps, and models, in filling her museums and shielding her monuments from the iron clutch of time, than all the roads in Leinster cost. It is only on Time she needs to keep watch. A French peasant would blush to meet his neighbor had he leveled a Gaulish tomb, crammed the fair moulding of an abbey into his wall, or sold to a crucible the coins which tell that a Julius, a Charlemagne, or a Philip Augustus swayed his native land. And so it is everywhere. Republican Switzerland, despotic Austria, Prussia, and Norway, Bavaria and Greece, are all equally precious of everything that exhibits the architecture, sculpture, rites, dress, or manners of their ancestors—nay, each little commune would guard with arms these local proofs that they were not men of yesterday. And why should not Ireland be as precious of its ruins, its manuscripts, its antique vases, coins, and ornaments, as these men of France and Germany—nay, as the English, for they, too, do not grudge princely grants to their museums and restoration funds.

This island has been for centuries either in part or altogether a province. Now and then above the mist we see the wheel of Sarsfield's sword, the red battle-hand of O'Neil, and the points of O'Connor's spears; but 'tis a view through eight hundred years to recognize the sun-burst on a field of liberating victory. Reckoning back from Clontarf, our history grows ennobled (like that of a decayed house), and we see Lismore and Armagh centres of European learning; we see our missionaries seizing and taming the conquerors of Europe, and, farther still, rises the wizard pomp of Erian, and Tara—the palace of the Irish Pentarchy. And are we, the people to whom those whose fathers were painted savages, when Tyre and Sidon trod with this land, can address reproaches for our rudeness and irreverence?

(Here comes a lengthy quotation from the "Athenaeum," that is not necessary to reproduce. I am only anxious, while indicating the spirit of the men of sixty years ago, to give an idea of the simple, but sublime eloquence of that master of English prose, as well as of English verse).

He thus continues:—
The Catholic clergy were long and naturally the guardians of our antiquities, and many of their archaeological works testify their prodigious learning. Of late, too, the honorable and wise reverence brought back to England, has reached the Irish Protestant clergy, and they no longer make antiquity a reproach, or make the maxims of the iconoclast part of their creed.

Is it extravagant to speculate on the possibility of the Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian clergy joining in an Antiquarian Society to preserve our ecclesiastical remains—our churches, our abbeys, our crosses, and our father's tombs, from fellows like the Meath road-makers? It would be a politic and noble emulation of the different creeds, restoring the temples where in their sires worshipped for their children to pray in. There's hardly a barony wherein we could not find an old parish or abbey church, capable of being restored to its former beauty and convenience at a less expense than some heastly barn is run up, as if to prove and confirm the fact that we have little art, learning, or imagination. Nor do we see why some of these hundreds of half-spoiled buildings might not be used for civil purposes—as almshouses, schools, lecture rooms, town halls. It would always add another grace to an institution to have its home venerable with age and restored to beauty. (I had this passage many times in my mind when recently reading about the Chateau de Ramzay in this city).

We have seen men of all creeds join the Archaeological Society to preserve and revive our ancient literature. Why may we not see, even without waiting for the aid of an Irish Parliament, an Antiquarian Society, equally embracing the chief civilians and divines, and charging itself with the duties performed in France by the Commission of Antiquities and Monuments?

The Irish antiquarians of the last century (18th century) did much good. They called attention to the history and manners of our predecessors which we had forgotten. They gave a pedigree of nationhood, and created a faith that Ireland could and should be great again by magnifying what she has been. They excited the noblest passions—veneration, love of glory, beauty, and virtue. They awoke men's fancy by their gorgeous pictures of the past, and imagination strove to surpass them by its creations. They believed what they wrote, and thus their wild stories sank into men's minds. To the exertions of Walker, O'Halloran, Vallancey, and a few other Irish academicians in the last century, we owe almost all the Irish knowledge possessed by our upper classes till very lately. It was a small, but it was enough to give a dreamy renown to ancient Ireland; and if it did nothing else it smoothed the reception of Bunting's music, and identified Moore's poetry with his native country. While, therefore, we at once conceded that Vallancey was a bad scholar, O'Halloran a credulous historian, and Walker a shallow antiquarian, we claim for them gratitude and attachment, and protest, once for all, against the indiscriminate abuse of them so long going on in our educated circles.

But no one should lie down under the belief that they were the deep and exact men their contemporaries thought them. They were not patient nor laborious. They were very graceful, very fanciful, and often very wrong in their statements and their guesses. How often they avoided painful research by gay guessing we are only now learning. O'Halloran and Keatinge have told us barle romances with the same tone as true chronicles. Vallancey twisted language, towers, and tradi-

tions into his wicker-work theory of Pagan Ireland; and Walker built great facts and great blunders, granite blocks and rotten wood, into his antiquarian edifices. One of the commonest errors, attributing immense antiquity, oriental origin, and everything noble in Ireland, to the Milesians, originated with these men; or, rather, was transferred from the adulatory songs of clan-bards to grave stories. Now, it is quite certain that several races flourished here before the Milesians, and that everything Oriental, and much that was famous in Ireland, belonged to some of these elder races, and not to the Scoti or Milesians.

Premising this much of warning and defense as to the men who first made anything of ancient Ireland known to the mixed nation of modern Ireland, we turn with pleasure to their successors, the antiquarians and historians of our own time. We liked for awhile bounding from tussach to tussach, or resting on a green esker in the domain of the old academicians of Grattan's time; but 'tis pleasanter, after all, to tread the firm ground of our own archaeologists.

(To the student of Irish literature, antiquities, or records, there is splendid lesson in this divesting oneself of the pleasant but misleading romances woven into the real history. Here we see Davis as a student, a man of originality, a writer of independence, and one who could delve, and think, and judge for himself. This is what must be done by whosoever wishes to master the story of Ireland).

A Feminine Financier.

"George," she said, "mother has sent me a check for \$40 to get a new gown."

"Very thoughtful and nice of her," he commented. "It's to be spent for nothing else."

"Quite right."

"I wish you'd put it in with your bank account and I'll ask you for it when I want it. I can't do my shopping just now."

"That was the first chapter of this financial tale. Now we come to the second."

"George," she said about a week later, "I wish you'd bring me home that money to-night. I'm going down town to-morrow."

He gave it to her, and that ended the second chapter. The third had a surprise.

"George," she said, toward the close of another week, "I wish you'd bring me home that \$40 that mother sent."

"Why, I gave you that last week," he protested.

"O, you gave me \$40, of course," she admitted, "but you remember mother said her money was to be used for a gown and nothing else?"

"Yes."

"Well, I didn't use that for a gown, so the money wasn't hers. I got some things for the children and the house with it, and now I want her money for the gown."

"Oho!" he exclaimed, "so you misappropriated funds."

"I did nothing of the kind," she asserted.

"She gave you the money for a certain purpose and you expended it for something else," he argued. "That's a clear case of misappropriation."

"Not at all," she insisted. "If I had spent it for the gown it would have been her money; but so long as I didn't use it was yours, and I spent it for your children and your house. Now I want the money that mother sent."

And what could the poor man do? Why, nothing at all, except bring home \$40, and wait for the next chapter.

"Well," she remarked in the course of another week, "you have \$15 left of mother's money, and I believe I'll take it now."

"But I gave it all to you," he protested.

"You gave me \$40," she replied, "and I spent \$25 of it for a skirt. That was mother's money all right, but the other \$15 went for the children and the house, so that wasn't mother's. There's just enough left for a jacket."

"I'll meet you to-morrow," he said, "and we'll go together and get that jacket. I don't believe I care to take any more chances with that money."

If we would not fear the terrors of the judgment seat on judgment day, let us regulate our lives, be faithful in the service of God, so that when our time comes we may approach the God of justice with joy, knowing that we have ever striven to be His faithful children.

WORDS OF WISDOM FOR YOUNG MEN.

EXTRACTS OF A SERMON PRONOUNCED BY THE REV. STEPHEN COUBE, S. J., AT BEYROUTH UNIVERSITY. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

When man, rather than follow the voice of God calling him to the heights of supernatural life, willingly becomes the slave of his passions, he inevitably sinks below the simple level of human dignity and reason. He renounces all claims to nobility, he belittles his own nature; to quote the words of the Apostle he becomes "the fellow of beasts" "animalis homo." Let us consider one by one the ravages that vice makes in his soul. Vice blunts the understanding. It diffuses a corrupting miasma laden with impure images through which he can no longer see the truth. First of all he is unable to grasp religious truth. "The animal man," says St. Paul, "cannot understand the things of the Holy Ghost." To see God not only face to face as in Heaven, but even here below with the eyes of faith, the heart must be pure. This it is that explains the crisis which every youth of twenty years has to face, and which is only too often the downfall of his faith. I am not without knowing that he brings forth the objections of philosophy, science, and of a reason which in the first stages of development, longs to throw off its swaddling bands. Vain pretenses! Observe well that this storm of doubt coincides with the storm of the passions.

Faith condemns vice and vice takes its revenge by condemning faith.

It has been truly said that it is the heart that oppresses the head. The motives of incredulity and apostasy in a Christian are not of the intellectual and scientific order they are mostly always of a lower order, they are the offspring of passion. Do not forget it, young men, and if you ever feel that the faith of your young years is becoming chilled in the atmosphere of modern scepticism, ask yourselves if the heart is not ailing in you, and if the best way to rid yourselves of your doubts would not be to plunge your soul in the blood of Christ by the Sacrament of Penance.

Not content with assailing and crushing the principles of faith, immorality robs its victims of the most elementary laws of natural religion. The Redeemer is not alone in condemning debauchery. The Creator also condemns it. Vice takes its revenge by suppressing so severe a God. In His place it substitutes more indulgent ones. Thus it was that antiquity abandoned the natural dogma of monotheism to embrace the shameful tenets of an absurd and ridiculous belief in thousands of divinities. It creates for itself idols of wood and stone, but only because it had already made idols out of its own passions.

The greater part of the time, profane and natural truths become enveloped in the same hazy mist of darkness. Science is the scrutiny and discovery of the laws of nature and history, but the mind bound in the thralldom of flesh knows no other laws than those of its brutal instincts; it is filled with aversion for high speculations. It is moreover incapable of that untiring labor which is necessary to develop genius itself. I am not astonished therefore, at the answer once made by Catechy to a young man who sought advice how to become learned: "Young man," said the illustrious mathematician, "above all, be pure. Never forget these words, you, my dear children, who the new voice of science draws to this proud and great university. Doctors, ..."

letters, linguists if your wish to reflect honor on your Alma Mater, be pure. If science is beyond the grasp of the corrupt man, art is still more. Art is the realization of the ideal; but, the ideal is the immaterial beauty seen, studied and loved, before it is framed into form and color, motion and sound. But immaterial beauty, like God whose splendid reflection it is, is visible to chaste eyes only. The man who is a plaything of his passions cannot therefore discover it, much less rivet his gaze upon it with that respectful feeling of love which it demands. It may scintillate before him for an instant, but it vanishes just as quickly. How often have we seen young artists admirably endowed, who have betrayed the hopes that their genius gave birth to. Fresh and sweet in the spring time of life was the voice that sang in their soul: the heavenly bird had awakened and was about to take its flight from the nest and charm the world with the sweetness of its voice; but sin, like an ugly vulture swooped down upon the young intellect and seized it as its prey, and perhaps in the midst of this death-like feast, those poor unhappy souls would sound a last note, harmonious still and of a solemn beauty, but it only made us regret that which we had lost.

Together with the keenness and power of his intellect the dissolute man loses the mastery of his will. He becomes incapable of a manly decision, he can no longer pronounce that word which on certain days contains all the nobility of a man or a nation, no! He can no longer say no to evil, no to error, no to tyranny. He is commanded to lie, he obeys; to prostitute his talents, he obeys; to betray, he obeys. His will is paralyzed. And that is the reason why nations without moral principles soon lose their independence and liberty.

The Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians had dazzled the world with the brightness of their power and civilization, but when corruption had set in, unable to hold their own with the more virile races of Greece and Macedonia, their only resource was to take to flight with their tyrants and effeminate satraps. When Greece had lost its pristine simplicity, she became the prey of the Roman eagles; and, Rome in her turn having floundered in the Imperial mud, was powerless to raise herself up again. The barbarians galloped in from the thick of their forests steppes, and these nations on the threshold of existence, whose austere morals and conjugal loyalty "connubia firma" excited the admiration of Tacitus, had only to stoop from their saddles to pick up the fragments of the Crown of the Caesars.

While the understanding becomes deadened, the will loses its prestige over the flesh; the heart becomes selfish and hard.

Impurity and cruelty are twins.

History tells us that the most immoral religions are the ones that have shed the most blood upon the earth. Who can count the victims of Moloch and Chamos, of Baalah and Astarte? Was it not Eusebius who called Astarte "the cruel dame of impurity?" On the contrary, the religion of purity brought upon earth by Christ, is a religion of love! She and she alone saved the world from being engulfed in a deluge of sin. The angels of purity that Christianity multiplies in our midst are angels of charity. And when they pass in our streets and on the public ways, under the veils of Catholic nuns, the unbelieving themselves, you are well aware, how in silent admiration.

Still another disastrous effect of impurity! It kills the peace and happiness of its unhappy victims. Ah! it is because the soul is not made to crawl in slime and filth, but to soar above the clouds in the regions of light, God has given it wings, and if these wings are broken, or if soiled with dirt, they can no longer

unfold themselves, the soul feels the sting of guilty shame. It lifts its eyes towards heaven which it loves to gaze upon as its own true resting place; it becomes so homesick as to suffer terribly, not enough often to regain her wings or her strength. If then you wish to be happy on this earth, my children and never know the pangs of that most terrible of sufferings, which follows the contempt and scorn of self, be pure. Be pure above all if you wish to be happy in the other world. Otherwise you will one day hear the words which were thundered out from the gates of heaven "Foris canes et impudici," "out with the dogs and the impure!" Out with those who have not chaste eyes to look upon the Eternal! Out with the shameless Astartes and her unhappy slaves! Never be slaves, my children, be free men. But to be such you must be angels. I have shown you that he who does not want to be an angel becomes an animal. You must choose. Be angels therefore, but to be angels, I am not afraid to say it, be gods. Be gods as the Holy Ghost wishes you to be when he says: "Dei estis." Be gods by the divine light of grace. Let nothing earthly fill your heart! Longfellow shows us a young man going through the world with a banner on which he has written the word Excelsior! Higher! He is one day surrounded by a crowd begging him to stop. What is he going to do afar off? Why not act like the rest? Let him remain in the city. There he will find pleasure, song and the joys of life. The young man brandishes his flag and passes on. There, my dear friends, is the image of your duty.

Pass through the crowds, pass without stain. They will say to you "why not do like the rest? Why so different from all others?" Ah! words of hell, never listen to them! No, do not do as others, if they do wrong.

(Yes; we must be different from others in our day to do good. We must ascend, while the crowds crouch in the filth of sin and shame. And then we must never cease to ascend, Excelsior! You must not be content with a vulgar ideal. Let your watchword always be, "Higher up and always higher up." There you will not meet with death and decay, but with the sweet rays of the Eucharist. It is not a dreary solitude for there are found the greatest and purest of souls and at their head Jesus and Mary.

ELLEN M. TWIGG.

THAT OLD PAIN AGAIN.

Gnawing, Piercing Pains That Almost Make You Scream.

It is your old enemy, rheumatism, come again with the winter to torture you. These pains, remember, are caused by bad blood, you may ease them by rubbing with liniments and outward lotions, but cannot get rid of them in that way. Rheumatism is caused by bad blood and the only certain way to drive it out of the system, is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is no case of rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure if given a fair trial. By making new, rich, red blood and strengthening the nerves they strike at the very root of such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. We give one case out of thousands to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hips were almost past endurance. Often I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried many remedies, but I never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used altogether eight boxes, and since taking them I have not had a twinge of the trouble, and I feel better in every way than I did for years before. I would strongly advise every rheumatic sufferer to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Remember that only the genuine pills will cure—imitations can't cure, therefore see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dangers of Evangelism.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, has written a somewhat startling article on the "New Evangelism and Its Dangers." Of course, the writer is an advocate of "Evangelism," or "Revival Movements," as understood in the Protestant domain; but, in pleading his cause, he has frankly made some admissions that have more weight coming from such a source than they could ever have were they to be advanced by a Catholic writer. He declares that every type of revival or evangelism has its dangers. He gives some striking examples. He says that Dr. Finney preached with heart-searching power, but "so indiscriminately as to lead to many morbid experiences and to the cruel wounding of many tender consciences." Mr. Moody, he says, failed to gather into the organized life of the churches the converts of his great meetings." And he adds that the average evangelist "finds it difficult to work in due subordination to pastors and their plans; his labors, even when apparently fruitful, are too often unsettling, and in the end almost disastrous."

Without wishing to intrude upon the field where Protestantism "evangelizes," we can say that the foregoing expresses, to a great extent, that which we have always believed in regard to this matter. The revival meeting seems to have the effect of stirring into a spasmodic enthusiasm the more or less easy-going members of certain denominations; but once that effervescent effect has died out, there are no practical results left. Unlike the Catholic mission, during which the seed is sown, and after which that seed takes root, grows, and becomes a substantial harvest of souls, the revival is merely a stirring into abnormal activity a few impressionable people, who suffer the more from the subsequent lethargy that follows the unwelcome excitement, or activity.

As a remedy Dr. Hamlin advocates individual work—that is to say the continuation by individual members of the Church the work performed in a general manner by the evangelist. To illustrate this he allows himself to become very frank; and, in so doing, he exposes again a weakness that has ever been most potent to our eyes, but the presence of which the enthusiastic evangelist of Protestantism will not acknowledge. He says:—

"Pastors are urging their people to be evangelists within their own congregations and their circles of business and social life. They are exhorted to commend Christ to individuals and urge him upon their acceptance. This work is no doubt as important as it is sadly neglected by the average Christian. But it is also extremely delicate, requiring the best sanctified tact. There is real danger that zeal may outrun knowledge. In pastors, who realize what might be done, and want to set all their people at work. In the people, who feel the call to be of God, cannot wait to ascertain their fitness, or to get the requisite training; but imagine that they have only to accost the first man or woman that they meet."

There is exactly the point. A great evangelist conducts a revival, and at once each one of the congregation supposes himself, or herself, possessed of a mission to go forth and convert every man, woman, or child that may be met on the street. There is no consideration as to fitness, to knowledge, to training. There is but one idea—that of attacking the first person they meet and seeking to impose upon him, or her, their newly acquired idea of conversion to the Lord. Hence the holy horror that people have of the religious zealot who goes about with tracts that he does not understand and who renders ridiculous by firing them in an indiscriminate manner at each newcomer, or chance acquaintance. This is exactly what we Catholics have been so long seeking to impress upon the self-constituted evangelists of Protestantism. But they do not seem to understand that they are merely making a constant and public parade of their actual lack of all knowledge in matters pertaining to Christianity. It would serve their purpose much better were they to reflect a little upon the frank remarks of Dr. Hamlin, and were they thus to be induced to mind their own business, to deal in that which they understand, and to cease worrying their neighbors with

their meaningless and often senseless declarations. We have every reasonable respect for the clergymen of the various denominations of Protestantism, and we do not find fault with their zeal and enthusiasm; but we draw the line when it comes to every uneducated, unread, untrained, individual, who takes it in his head that he is a missionary, annoying the public with persistent attacks of the evangelistic character. A few more statements, like those of Dr. Hamlin, might help to relieve the public of so many invertebrate nuisances.

The Pope's Physician Interviewed.

A Roman correspondent of the New York American, writes:—There has been such a strange recrudescence during the week of the reports of the Pope's health being precarious that the American correspondent visited Dr. Laponni, the Pope's private physician, and asked for the facts in the case. In reply Dr. Laponni gave the first authentic interview ever accorded by him to a journalist. The American correspondent found Dr. Laponni at his new villa in the Prati di Castello quarter. The physician looked in splendid health despite the fact that he is just convalescent from an operation for appendicitis.

The correspondent asked Dr. Laponni to tell all about the Pope's health, his inner life, his daily regime, and, above all, the secret of his wonderful longevity.

"How," the correspondent asked, "do you manage to keep His Holiness so well?"

"I would be glad to write an article for you," replied Dr. Laponni, "but I cannot, I will, however, do what is just as good, and what is more than I have ever done for any newspaper. Ask me all the questions you like and I will answer them. Then I will read your manuscript and correct it, if it needs correction."

Dr. Laponni kept his word, and revised the copy of the interview which follows:

"First, I want to know," asked the correspondent, "if there is any truth in the recent reports about the Pope's great physical weakness?"

"The same amount of truth as is usual," Dr. Laponni replied, "which is none at all. The Holy Father is stupendously well (stupendamente bene). He has not been better for the last ten years. He has got through the winter wonderfully. He astonishes even myself, who know his great powers of resistance. He is now preparing for the great function of March 3, which closes his year of Jubilee."

NEVER FAINTED.—"There is no truth, then, in current stories about his fainting fits?" the correspondent asked.

"They are the idlest fables," Dr. Laponni replied. "The Pope never fainted in his life; at least, so far as I know. I know for certain he did not faint when Dr. Mazzoni put him under the knife several years ago, and that was an occasion when a fainting fit might have been expected, but we did not even administer an anesthetic. People who see the Pope for the first time are sometimes deceived by his pallor, which gives him an appearance of weakness. He always has been pale and apparently fragile."

"Let me tell you a little story about this. Twenty-five years ago, when the cardinals went home after electing Leo as Pope, the youngest and strongest physically among them told his friends at Bologna, 'We have elected a splendid Pope, but I am afraid I'll have to make another visit to Rome soon to elect his successor, for Cardinal Pecci looks very delicate.' Well, Laponni continued, "this morning I saw His Holiness in perfect health, but grieving for the death of Cardinal Parocchi, the very man who made this prophecy at Bologna. Another thing that deceives people is that the Holy Father often looks worn out and exhausted. So he does, but so would most men who got through his daily work, but, on the whole, the Pope enjoys extraordinary health and vitality for a man of his years."

"Has the Pope ever been seriously ill?" asked the American correspondent.

"Yes, twice," Dr. Laponni answered. "Once, when he was Archbishop of Perugia, and again when Dr. Mazzoni operated on him. In itself this operation was not dangerous, but when your patient is nearly ninety years old it is hard to pre-

dict the results. However, twenty-four hours after the operation the Pope was as well and as bright as ever. The wound healed with marvellous quickness.

SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.—"I have now served as private physician to the Pope for fourteen years, and during all that time he has given me little anxiety. His Holiness has caught colds from time to time, but they have never been serious. He also has suffered, as most who live in Rome do suffer, from the changes of the weather, but he is a good patient, very good, indeed."

"Now, doctor, knowing that the Pope is strong, will you tell the American how you manage to keep him up?" asked the correspondent.

"Keep him up!" Laponni exclaimed. "I don't need to keep him up. I will tell you in one word what I do for the Holy Father. I look after the temperature of the air he breathes. It is my constant care to keep him in temperature varying from 108 to 120 degrees centigrade. This is not always easy, especially when the Pope has to preside over functions in different parts of the Vatican or St. Peter's. With the temperature of St. Peter's it is impossible to do anything. Fortunately, however, it never varies, but it is different with the halls of the Vatican, and I have to be very careful there."

"Does the Pope use any special diet, tonic or medicine?" the American correspondent asked.

"He never takes a tonic," Dr. Laponni replied.

"That is to say, a mere tonic, and he never uses medicine except when he has a cold. As for diet he eats sparingly, for no man of his age requires much food. The Pope's diet consists exclusively of broth, generally chicken broth, with bread steeped in it. He is very moderate in the use of wine; two small glasses of Bordeaux daily suffice him. You see he practices the maxims about frugality which he inculcated in his famous poem a few years ago."

"Does the Pope sleep well?" was asked.

"Excellent," Dr. Laponni said, "and this is one of the causes of his continued good health. His Holiness retires, after a good day's work, about 11 nightly, and rises refreshed the next morning about half-past 6 or 7. He does not sleep all that time, but always sleeps four or five hours each night. He does not need more than that, nor do I mean to say that his mind is resting during the hours of the night when not asleep. Very often it is during these hours, when the rest of the Vatican is wrapped in sleep, that the Holy Father is at work composing his poems."

REGULARITY OF LIFE.—"Will you say to what you attribute the Pope's longevity?" the correspondent asked.

"To the regularity of his life," Dr. Laponni answered; "he is as balanced in his habits as in his words, and always has been so. The Peccis are a long-lived family, but, excepting the Pope, none of them has got into the nineties. The Holy Father inherited a magnificent constitution, and strengthened it still further in his youth by plenty of athletic exercise. You may sum up everything by saying that I attribute his longevity and good health to the regular life he has always led."

"Does he take exercise in the open air now?" it was asked.

"From the beginning of November until the middle of June," Dr. Laponni answered, "he never puts foot outside the Vatican, but during the summer months he spends a few hours two or three times a week in the Vatican gardens, and at intervals treats himself to a half holiday there."

"You have been quoted as saying that the Pope may easily live to attain a hundred. Are you still of that opinion?" the correspondent asked.

"Yes," Dr. Laponni answered. "Just as strongly as ever. Indeed, I have no intention of limiting Pope Leo to a hundred years. If he goes on as well as he has done during the past eight years he may live to attain any age. Indeed, His Holiness is not getting any older."

"And you authorize me to publish all this?" the correspondent asked.

"Fully; every word of it is truth. You have my warrant for it," answered Dr. Laponni bringing the interview to a close.

No man is alone who loves God. If he feels that he is, then he is alone as Christ was; his loneliness is temporary, mental, subjective. That it is an effort for man to think of God does not take away from the value of this truth. I defy any man to lose honestly the consciousness of the Divine Presence in the bloodiest temptation ever waged in Gethsemane.—Rev. Henry Keeble.

THE A TALE OF

CHAPTER I

HOW GARRYOWEN ROSE, AND HOW IT FELL.

The little ruined outland gives its name to one of popular national songs situated on the acclivity near the city of Limerick, being a not unpleasant view of an old town, with the one that washes its battlements and a richly cultivated country. Tradition has the occasion of its celebrated origin of its name, which is compounded of two Irish signifying "Owen's garden" so-called was the town half a century since, of which plot of ground on the which, from its contiguity to the young city, sort with the young citizens, a lounge presenting details somewhat similar which are offered to the mechanic by the Battersea dens. Owen's garden was a rendezvous for those who for simple amusement or for the old people drank under the shades of trees—played ball, goal, or other exercises on the green; lingering by the hedge-rows their fair acquaintances, come with sounds less bold, but yet possessing distinction also.

The festivities of our fathers, were frequently disturbed by so fierce a character of that, for any difference in of their convivial meetings might as well have been p counter. Owen's garden was famous for scenes of st was for mirth and humor; on heads became a staple manufacture in the neighborhood. This new feature in the number of the place was encouragement of young persons somewhat superior to that usual frequenters of the They were the sons of the respectable citizens, the and wholesale traders of t just turned loose from school a greater supply of anim than they had wisdom to These young gentlemen, b of wit, amused themselves ing parties at night, to w heads off all the geese, s knockers off all the hall- the neighborhood. They s suffered their genius to soa as the breaking of lamp, a the demolition of a watch perhaps this species of jok found a little too serious t heated over frequently, f achievements of so daring a are found amongst their They were obliged to conte selves with the less ambit tion of destroying the and store-locks, annoying t able inmates of the nei houses with long-continued on the front doors, terrify quiet passengers with every of insult and provocation. dalgling their fratricidal pr against all the geese in Ga

The fame of the "G boys" soon spread far and Their deeds were celebrated in the glorious minstrel of the that air which has since re over every quarter of th and even disputed the palm tional popularity with "J day." A string of jolly were appended to the tune, soon enjoyed a notoriety s that of the famous "Lill bullum-a-la" which sung James out of his three li The name Garryowen was known as that of the Irish tinn, Limerick, itself, and little garden became almost sym for Ireland.

But that principle of which assigns to the life of periods of youth, maturity

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

By GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW
GARRYOWEN
ROSE,
AND
HOW
IT
FELL.

The little ruined outlet, which gives its name to one of the most popular national songs of Erin, is situated on the acclivity of a hill near the city of Limerick, commanding a not unpleasant view of that fine old town, with the noble stream that washes its battered towers, and a richly cultivated surrounding country. Tradition has preserved the occasion of its celebrity, and the origin of its name, which appears to be compounded of two Irish words signifying "Owen's garden." A person so-called was the owner, about half a century since, of a cottage and plot of ground on this spot, which, from its contiguity to the town, became a favorite holiday resort with the young citizens of both sexes, a lounge presenting accommodations somewhat similar to those which are offered to the London mechanic by the Battersea tea-gardens. Owen's garden was the general rendezvous for those who sought for simple amusement or for dissipation. The old people drank together under the shades of trees—the young played ball, goal, or other athletic exercises on the green; while a few, lingering by the hedge-rows, with their fair acquaintances, cheated the time with sounds less boisterous, indeed, but yet possessing their fascination also.

The festivities of our fathers, however, were frequently distinguished by so fierce a character of mirth, that, for any difference in the result of their convivial meetings, they might as well have been pitched encounters. Owen's garden was soon as famous for scenes of strife, as it was for mirth and humor; and broken heads became a staple article of manufacture in the neighborhood.

This new feature in the diversions of the place was encouraged by a number of young persons of rank somewhat superior to that of the usual frequenters of the garden. They were the sons of the more respectable citizens, the merchants and wholesale traders of the city, just turned loose from school, with a greater supply of animal spirit than they had wisdom to govern. These young gentlemen, being fond of wit, amused themselves by forming parties at night, to wring the heads off all the geese, and the knockers off all the hall-doors in the neighborhood. They sometimes suffered their genius to soar as high as the breaking of lamp, and even the demolition of a watchman; but perhaps this species of joking was found a little too serious to be repeated over frequently, for few achievements of so daring a violence are found amongst their records. They were obliged to content themselves with the less ambitious distinction of destroying the knockers and store-locks, annoying the peaceable inmates of the neighboring houses with long-continued assaults on the front doors, terrifying the quiet passengers with every species of insult and provocation and indulging their fratricidal propensities against all the geese in Garryowen.

The fame of the "Garryowen boys" soon spread far and wide. Their deeds were celebrated by some inglorious minstrel of the day, in that air which has since resounded over every quarter of the world, and even disputed the palm of national popularity with "Patrick's day." A string of jolly verses were appended to the tune, which soon enjoyed a notoriety similar to that of the famous "Lilliburlero, ballum-a-la," which sung King James out of his three kingdoms. The name Garryowen was as well known as that of the Irish Numanians, Limerick, itself, and Owen's little garden became almost a synonym for Ireland.

But that principle of existence which assigns to the life of man its periods of youth, maturity and old-

ness, has its analogy in the fate of a village, as in that of empires. Assyria fell, and so did Garryowen! Rome had its decline, and Garryowen was not immortal. Both are now an idle sound, with nothing but the recollections of old tradition to invest them with an interest. The still notorious suburb is little better than a heap of rubbish, where a number of smoked and mouldering walls, standing out from the masses of stone and mortar, indicate the position of a once populous row of dwelling houses. A few roofs yet remain unshaken, under which some impoverished families endeavor to work out a wretched subsistence, by maintaining a species of huxter trade, by cobbling old shoes, and manufacturing ropes. A small rookery wearies the ears of the inhabitants at one end of the outlet, and a rope-walk, which extends along the adjacent slope of Gallows Green (so-called for certain reasons), brings to the mind of the conscious spectator, associations that are not calculated to enliven the prospect. Neither is he thrown into a more jocular frame of mind, as he picks his steps over the insulated paving-stones, that appear amid the green slough with which the street is deluged, and encounters, at the other end, an alley of coffin-makers' shops with a fever hospital on one side, and a churchyard on the other. A person who was bent on a journey to the other world, could not desire a more expeditious outfit than Garryowen could now afford him, nor a more commodious choice of conveyances on the machine on the slope above glanced at, to the pest house at the farther end.

But it is ill-talking lightly on a serious subject. The days of Garryowen are gone, like those of ancient Erin; and the feats of her once formidable heroes are nothing more than a winter's evening tale. Owen is in his grave, and his garden looks dreary as a ruined churchyard. The greater number of his merry customers have followed him to a narrow playground, which, though not less crowned, affords less room for fun and less opportunity for contention. The worm is there the reveller—the owl whoops out his defiance without answer (save the echo's)—the best whisky in Munster would not now "drive the cold out of their hearts"—and the withered old sexton is able to knock the bravest of them over the pate with impunity. A few, perhaps, may still remain to look back with a fond shame to the scene of their early follies, and to smile on the page in which those follies are recorded.

Still, however, there is something to keep the memory alive of those unruly days, and to preserve the name of Garryowen from utter extinction. The annual fair which is held on the spot presents a spectacle of gaiety and uproar which might rival its most boisterous days; and strangers still inquire for the place with a curiosity which its appearance seldom fails to disappoint. Our national lyric has immortalized the air by adopting to it one of the liveliest of his melodies—the adventures of which it was once the scene constitute a fund of standing joke and anecdote, which are not neglected by the neighboring storyteller, and a rough voice may still occasionally be heard by the traveller who passed near its ruined dwellings at evening, to chant a stanza of the chorus which was once in the mouth of every individual in the kingdom:—

"Tis there we'll drink the nut-brown ale,
An' pay the reck'nin' on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen na gloria."

CHAPTER II.

HOW
EILY O'CONNOR
PUZZLED
ALL
THE
INHABITANTS
OF
GARRYOWEN.

But while Owen lived, and while his garden flourished, he and his neighbors were as merry together,

as if death could never reach the one, nor desolation waste the other. Among those frequenters of his little retreat, whom he distinguished with an especial favor and attention, the foremost was the handsome daughter of an old man who conducted the business of a rope-walk in his neighborhood, and who was accustomed on a fine Saturday evening to sit under the shade of a yellow osier that stood by his door, and discourse of the politics of the day—of Lord Halifax's administration—of the promising young patriot, Mr. Henry Grattan—and of the famous Catholic concession of 1778. Owen, like all Irishmen, even of the humblest rank, was an acute critic in female proportions, and although time had blown away the thatching from his head, and by far the greater portion of his blood, that remained in his frame had colonized about his nose, yet the manner in which he held forth on the praises of his old friend's daughter was such as put to shame her younger and less eloquent admirers. It is true, indeed, that the origin of the suburban beauty was one which, in a troubled country like Ireland, had little of agreeable association to recommend it; but few even of those to whom twisted hemp was an object of secret terror, could look on the exquisitely beautiful face of Eily O'Connor, and remember that she was a rope-maker's daughter; few could detect beneath the timid, hesitating, downcast gentleness of manner, which shed an interest over all her motions, the traces of a harsh and vulgar education. It was true that she sometimes purloined a final letter from the King's adjutives, and prolonged the utterances of a vowel beyond the term of prosodical orthodoxy, but the tongue that did so seemed to move on silver wires and the lip on which the sound delayed, "Long murmuring, loth to part," imparts to its own accents an association of sweetness and grace, that made the defect an additional allurements. Her education in the outskirts of the city had not impaired the natural tenderness of her character; for her father, who, all rude as he was, knew how to value his daughter's softness of mind, endeavored to foster it by every indulgence in his power. Her uncle, too, who was now a country parish priest, was well qualified to draw forth any natural talent with which she had been originally endowed. He had completed his theological education in the famous university of Salamanca, where he was distinguished as a youth of much quietness of temper and literary application, rather than as one of those furious gesticulators, those "figures Hibernoisés," amongst whom Gil Blas, in his fit of logical lunacy, could meet his only equals. At his little lodgings, while he was yet a curate at St. John's, Eily O'Connor was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of her time, and in return for her kindness in presiding at his simple tea table, Father Edward undertook to bestow a degree of attention on her education, which rendered her in a little time as superior in knowledge as she was in beauty to her female associates. She was remarked likewise at this time, as a little devotee, very regular in her attendance at chapel, constant in all the observances of her religion, and grave in her attire and discourse. On the coldest and dreariest morning in winter, she might be seen gliding along by the unopened shop windows to the nearest chapel, where she was accustomed to hear an early Mass, and return in time to set everything in order for her father's breakfast. During the day, she superintended his household affairs, while he was employed upon the adjacent rope-walk; and, in the evening, she usually slipped on her bonnet, and went across the street to Father Edward's, where she chatted away until tea was over; if he happened to be engaged in reading his daily office, she amused herself with a volume of moral entertainments such as *Rasselas*, *Prince of Abyssinia*, or *Mr. Addison's Spectator*, until he was leisure to hear her lessons. An attachment of the purest and tenderest nature was the consequence of those mutual attentions between the uncle and niece, and it might be said that if the former loved her not as well, he knew and valued her character still better than her father. Father Edward, however, was appointed to a parish, and Eily lost her instructor. It was for her a severe loss, and most

severe in reality when its effect upon her own spirits began to wear away. For some months after his departure, she continued to lead the same retired and unobtrusive life, and no eye, save that of a consummate observer, could detect the slightest alteration in her sentiments for the world and worldly amusements. That change, however, had been silently effected in her heart. She was now a woman—a lovely, intelligent, full-grown woman—and circumstances obliged her to take a part in the little social circle which moved around her. Her spirits were naturally light, and, though long repressed, became readily assimilated to the buoyant tone of the society in which she happened to be placed. Her father, who, with a father's venial vanity, was fond of showing his beautiful child among his neighbors, took her with him to Owen's garden at a time when it was unusually gay and crowded, and from that evening might be dated the commencement of a decided and visible change in the lovely Eily's character.

As gradual as the approach of a spring morning, was the change from grave to gay in the costume of this flower of the suburbs. It dawned at first in a handsome bow-knot upon her head-dress, and ended in the full nuptial splendor of flowered muslins, silks and sashes. It was like the opening of the rosebud, which gathered around it, the winged woovers of the summer meadow. "Lads, as brisk as bees," came thronging in her train, with profusions of "honorable love and rites of marriage;" and even among the youths of a higher rank, whom the wild levity of Irish blood and high spirits sent to mingle in the festivities of Owen's garden, a jealousy prevailed respecting the favor of the rope-maker's handsome daughter. It was no wonder that attentions paid by individuals so much superior to her ordinary admirers, would render Eily indifferent to the sighs of those plebeian suitors. Dunat O'Leary, the hair-cutter, or Foxy Dunat, as he was named in allusion to his red hair, was cut to the heart by her utter coldness. Myles Murphy, likewise, a good-natured farmer from Killarney who travelled through the country selling Kerry ponies, and claiming a relationship with every one he met, claimed kindred in vain with Eily, for his claim was not allowed. Lowry Looby, too, the servant of Mr. Daly, a wealthy middleman who lived in the neighborhood, was suspected by many to entertain delusive hopes of Eily O'Connor's favor—but this report was improbable enough, for Lowry could not but know that he was a very ugly man; and if he were as beautiful as Narcissus, Mihil O'Connor would still have shut the door in his face for being as poor as Timon. So that, though there was no lack of admirers, the lovely Eily, like many celebrated beauties in a higher rank, ran, after all, a fair chance of becoming what Lady Mary Montague has elegantly termed "a Lay nun." Even as a book-worm, who will pore over a single volume from morning till night, if turned loose into a library wanders from shelf to shelf, bewildered amid a host of temptations, and unable to make any selection until he is surprised by twilight, and chagrined to find that with so much happiness within his grasp, he has spent, nevertheless, as unprofitable day.

But accident saved Eily from a destiny so deeply dreaded and so often lamented as that above alluded to—a condition which people generally agree to look upon as one of utter desolation, and which, notwithstanding, is frequently a state of greater happiness than its opposite. On the eve of the seventeenth of March, a day distinguished in the rope-maker's household, not only as the festival of the national saint, but as the birth-day of the young mistress of the establishment—on this evening Eily and her father were enjoying their customary relaxation at Owen's garden. The jolly proprietor was seated as usual with his rope-twisting friend under the yellow osier, while Myles Murphy, who had brought a number of his wild ponies to be disposed of at the neighboring fairs, had taken his place at the end of the table, and was endeavoring to insinuate a distant relationship between the Owens of Kilkerry, connexions of the person whom he addressed, and the Murphys of Knockfodhra, connexions of his own. A party of young men were playing five at a ball—on the other side of the green; and another, more numerous, and graced with many female figures, were capering away to the tune of the Fox-Hunter's Jig on the short grass. Some poor old women, with baskets on their arms, were endeavoring to sell some Patrick's crosses for children, at the low rate of one halpenny a piece, gilding, painting, and all. Others, fatigued with exertion, were walking under the still

leafless trees, some with their hats, some with their coats off, jesting, laughing and chatting familiarly with their female acquaintances. Mihil O'Connor, happening to see Lowry Looby among the promenaders, glancing now and then at the dance and whistling Patrick's Day requested him to call his daughter out of the group, and tell her that he was waiting for her to go home. Lowry went, and returned to say, that Eily was dancing with a strange young gentleman in a boating dress, and that he would not let her go until she had finished the slip jig.

It continued a sufficient time to tire the old man's patience when Eily did at last make her appearance, he observed there was a flush of mingled weariness and pleasure on her cheek, which showed that the delay was not quite in opposition to her own inclinations. This circumstance might have tempted him to receive her with a little displeasure, but that honest Owen at that moment laid hold on both father and daughter, insisting that they should come in and take supper with his wife and himself.

This narrative of Eily's girlhood being merely introductory, we shall forbear to furnish any detail of the minor incidents of the evening, or the quality of Mr. Owen's entertainment. They were very merry and happy; so much so, that the Patrick's eve approached its termination before they rose to bid their host and hostess a good night. Owen advised them to walk on rapidly, in order to avoid the "Patrick's boys," who might promenade the streets after twelve, to welcome in the mighty festival with music and uproar of all kinds. Some of the lads, he said, "might be playin' their tricks upon Miss Eily."

The night was rather dark, and the dim glimmer of the oil lamps, which were suspended at long intervals over the street doors, tended only in a very feeble degree to qualify the gloom. Mihil O'Connor and his daughter had already performed more than half their journey, and were turning from a narrow lane at the head of Mungret street, when a loud and tumultuous sound broke with sudden violence upon their hearing. An ancient and honored custom summons the youthful inhabitants of the city on the night of this anniversary to celebrate the approaching holiday of the patron saint and apostle of the island, by promading all the streets in succession, playing national airs, and filling up the pauses in the music with shouts of exultation. Such was the procession which the two companions now beheld approaching.

The appearance which it presented was not altogether destitute of interest and amusement. In the midst were a band of musicians who played alternately Patrick's Day and "Garryowen," while a rabble of men and boys pressed round them, thronging the whole breadth and a considerable portion of the length of the street. The men had got sprigs of shamrock in their hats, and several carried in their hands lighted candles, protect from the wasting night-blast by a simple lamp of white brown paper. The fickle and unequal light which these small torches threw over the faces of the individuals, who held them, afforded a lively contrast to the prevailing darkness.

The crowd hurried forward, singing, playing, shouting, laughing, and indulging, to its full extent, all the excitement which was occasioned by the tumult and the motion. But room windows are thrown up as they passed, and the half-dressed inmates thrust their heads into the night air to gaze upon the mob of enthusiasts. All the respectable persons who appeared in the streets as they advanced, turned short into the neighboring by-ways to avoid the opportunities which they would be likely to incur by a contact with the multitude.

But it was too late for our party to adopt this precaution. Before it had entered their minds, the procession (if we may dignify it by a name so sounding) was nearer to them, then they were to any turn in the street and the appearance of fight with a rabble of men as with dogs, is a provocation of pursuit. Of this they were aware; and accordingly, instead of attempting a vain retreat, they turned into a recess formed by one of the shop-doors, and quietly awaited the passing away of this noisy torrent. For some moments they were unnoticed; the fellows who moved foremost being too busy in talking, laughing, and shouting to pay any attention to objects not directly in their way. But they were no sooner espied than the wags assailed them with that species of wit which disguises the inhabitants of the back lanes of a city, and forms the terror of all country visitors. These expressions were lavished upon the rope-maker and his daughter, until the former, who was as irritable an old fellow

as Irishmen generally are, was almost put out of patience.

At length, a young man, observing the lamp shine for a moment on Eily's handsome face, made a chirp with his lips as he passed by, as if he had a mind to kiss her. Not Papius himself, when vindicating his senatorial dignity against the insulting Gaul, could be more prompt in action than Mihil O'Connor. The young gentleman received, in return for his affectionate greeting, a blow over the temples which was worth five hundred kisses. An uproar immediately commenced, which was likely to end in some serious injury to the old man and his daughter. A number of ferocious faces gathered round them, uttering sounds of harsh rancour and defiance, which Mihil met with equal loudness and energy. Indeed, all that seemed to delay his fate, and hinder him from sharing in the prostration of his victim, was the conduct of Eily who, flinging herself in bare-armed beauty before her father, defended him for a time against the upraised weapons of his assailants. No one would incur the danger of harming, by an accidental blow, a creature, so young, so beautiful, and so affectionate.

They were at length rescued from this precarious condition by the interposition of two young men, in the dress of boat-men, who appeared to possess some influence with the crowd, and who used it for the advantage of the sufferers. Not satisfied with having brought them safely out of all immediate danger, the taller of the two conducted them to their door, saying little on the way, and taking his leave as soon as they were once in perfect safety. All that Mihil could learn from his appearance was, that he was a gentleman, and young—perhaps not more than nineteen years of age. The old man talked much and loudly in praise of his gallantry, but Eily was altogether silent on the subject.

A few days after, Mihil O'Connor was at work upon the rope-walk, going slowly backward in the sunshine, with a little bundle of hemp between his knees, and singing "Maureen Thierna." A hunchbacked little fellow, in a boatman's dress, came up, and saluting him in a sharp city brogue, reminded the old rope-maker that he had done him a service a few evenings ago. Mihil professed his acknowledgments, and with true Irish warmth of heart, assured the little boatman that all he had in the world was at his service. The hunchback, however, only wanted a few ropes and blocks for his boat, and even for those he was resolute in paying honorably. Neither did he seem anxious to satisfy the curiosity of old Mihil with respect to the name and quality of his companion; for he was inexorable in maintaining that he was a turbot man from Seagh, who had come up to town with him to dispose of a cargo of fuel at Charlot's Quay. Mihil O'Connor referred him to his daughter for the ropes, about which, he said, she could bargain as well as himself, and he was unable to leave his work until the rope he had in hand should be finished. The little deformed, no way displeased at this intelligence, went to find Eily at the shop where he spent a longer time than Mihil thought necessary for his purpose.

(To be continued.)

Family ties are not severed in Heaven; and Jesus, in raising His Blessed Mother above the saints and angels, teaches us that filial piety is a virtue of eternity.

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WORDS OF WISDOM FOR YOUNG MEN.

EXTRACTS OF A SERMON PRONOUNCED BY THE REV. STEPHEN COUBE, S.J., AT BEYROUTH UNIVERSITY. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

When man, rather than follow the voice of God calling him to the heights of supernatural life, willingly becomes the slave of his passions, he inevitably sinks below the simple level of human dignity and reason. He renounces all claims to nobility, he falls below his own nature; to quote the words of the Apostle he becomes "the fellow of beasts" "animalis homo." Let us consider one by one the ravages that vice makes in his soul. Vice blunts the understanding. It diffuses a corrupting miasma laden with impure images through which he can no longer see the truth. First of all he is unable to grasp religious truth. "The animal man," says St. Paul, "cannot understand the things of the Holy Ghost." To see God not only face to face as in Heaven, but even here below with the eyes of faith, the heart must be pure. This it is that explains the crisis which every youth of twenty years has to face, and which is only too often the downfall of his faith. I am not without knowing that he brings forth the objections of philosophy, science, and of a reason which in the first stages of development, longs to throw off its swaddling bands. Vain pretenses! Observe well that this storm of doubt coincides with the storm of the passions.

Faith condemns vice and vice takes its revenge by condemning faith.

It has been truly said that it is the "heart that oppresses the head." The motives of incredulity and apostasy in a Christian are not of the intellectual and scientific order they are mostly always of a lower order, they are the offsprings of passion. Do not forget it, young men, and if you ever feel that the faith of your young years is becoming chilled in the atmosphere of modern scepticism, ask yourselves if the heart is not ailing in you, and if the best way to rid yourselves of your doubts would not be to plunge your soul in the blood of Christ by the Sacrament of Penance.

Not content with assailing and crushing the principles of faith, immorality robs its victims of the most elementary laws of natural religion. The Redeemer is not alone in condemning debauchery. The Creator also condemns it. Vice takes its revenge by suppressing so severe a God. In His place it substitutes more indulgent ones. Thus it was that antiquity abandoned the natural dogma of monotheism to embrace the shameful tenets of an absurd and ridiculous belief in thousands of divinities. It creates for itself idols of wood and stone, but only because it had already made idols out of its own passions.

The greater part of the time, profane and natural truths become enveloped in the same hazy mist of darkness. Science is the scrutiny and discovery of the laws of nature and history, but the mind bound in the thrall of flesh knows no other laws than those of its brutal instincts; it is filled with aversion for high speculations. It is moreover incapable of that untiring labor which is necessary to develop reality itself. I am not astonished therefore, at the answer once made by Cato to a young man who sought advice how to become learned: "Young man," said the illustrious mathematician, "above all, be pure. Never forget these words, you, my dear children, whose the best love of science draws to this grand and great university. Doctors...

letters, linguists if your wish to reflect honor on your Alma Mater, be pure. If science is beyond the grasp of the corrupt man, art is still more. Art is the realization of the ideal; but, the ideal is the material beauty seen, studied and loved, before it is framed into form and color, motion and sound. But immaterial beauty, like God whose splendid reflection it is, is visible to chaste eyes only. The man who is a plaything of his passions cannot therefore discover it, much less rivet his gaze upon it with that respectful feeling of love which it demands. It may scintillate before him for an instant, but it vanishes just as quickly. How often have we seen young artists admirably endowed, who have betrayed the hopes that their genius gave birth to. Fresh and sweet in the spring time of life was the voice that sang in their soul: the heavenly bird had awakened and was about to take its flight from the nest and charm the world with the sweetness of its voice; but sin, like an ugly vulture swooped down upon the young intellect and seized it as its prey, and perhaps in the midst of this death-like feast, those poor unhappy souls would sound a last note, harmonious still and of a solemn beauty, but it only made us regret that which we had lost.

Together with the keenness and power of his intellect the dissolute man loses the mastery of his will. He becomes incapable of a manly decision, he can no longer pronounce that word which on certain days contains all the nobility of a man or a nation, no! He can no longer say "no to evil, no to error, no to tyranny. He is commanded to lie, he obeys; to prostitute his talents, he obeys; to betray, he obeys. His will is paralyzed. And that is the reason why nations without moral principles soon lose their independence and liberty.

The Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians had dazzled the world with the brightness of their power and civilization, but when corruption had set in, unable to hold their own with the more virile races of Greece and Macedonia, their only resource was to take to flight with their tyrants and effeminate satraps. When Greece had lost its pristine simplicity, she became the prey of the Roman eagles; and, Rome in her turn having floundered in the Imperial mud, was powerless to raise herself up again. The barbarians galloped in from the thick of their forests, and these nations on the threshold of existence, whose austere morals and conjugal loyalty "connubia firma" excited the admiration of Tacitus, had only to stoop from their saddles to pick up the fragments of the Crown of the Caesars.

While the understanding becomes desiccated, the will loses its prestige over the flesh; the heart becomes selfish and hard.

Impurity and cruelty are twins.

History tells us that the most immoral religions are the ones that have shed the most blood upon the earth. Who can count the victims of Moloch and Chamos, of Baal and Astarte? Was it not Eusebius who called Astarte "the cruel dame of impurity?" On the contrary, the religion of purity brought upon earth by Christ, is a religion of love! She and she alone saved the world from being engulfed in a deluge of sin. The angels of purity that Christianity multiplies in our midst are angels of charity. And when they pass in our streets and on the public ways, under the veils of Catholic nuns, the unbelieving themselves, you are well aware, bow in silent admiration.

Still another disastrous effect of impurity! It kills the peace and happiness of its unhappy victim. Ah! it is because the soul is not made to crawl in slime and filth, but to soar above the clouds in the regions of light, God has given it wings, and if these wings are broken, or if soiled with dirt, they can no longer

unfold themselves, the soul feels the sting of guilty shame. It lifts its eyes towards heaven which it loves to gaze upon as its own true resting place; it becomes so homesick as to suffer terribly, not enough often to regain her wings or her strength. If then you wish to be happy on this earth, my children and never know the pangs of that most terrible of sufferings, which follows the contempt and scorn of self, be pure. Be pure above all if you wish to be happy in the other world. Otherwise you will one day hear the words which were thundered out from the gates of heaven "Foris eant et impudici." "Out with the dogs and the impure!" Out with those who have not chaste eyes to look upon the Eternal! Out with the shameless Astartes and her unhappy slaves! Never be slaves, my children, be free men. But to be such you must be angels. I have shown you that he who does not want to be an angel becomes an animal. You must choose. Be angels therefore, but to be angels, I am not afraid to say it, be gods. Be gods as the Holy Ghost wishes you to be when he says: "Dei estis." Be gods by the divine light of grace. Let nothing earthly fill your heart! Longfellow shows us a young man going through the world with a banner on which he has written the word Excelsior! Higher! He is one day surrounded by a crowd begging him to stop. What is he going to do far off? Why not act like the rest? Let him remain in the city. There he will find pleasure, song and the joys of life. The young man brandishes his flag and passes on. There, my dear friends, is the image of your duty.

Pass through the crowds, pass without stain. They will say to you "why not do like the rest? Why so different from all others?" Ah! words of hell, never listen to them! No, do not do as others, if they do wrong.

Yes; we must be different from others in our day to do good. We must ascend, while the crowds crouch in the filth of sin and shame. And then we must never cease to ascend, Excelsior! You must not be content with a vulgar ideal. Let your watchword always be, "Higher up and always higher up." There you will not meet with death and decay, but with the sweet rays of the Eucharist. It is not a dreary solitude for there are found the greatest and purest of souls and at their head Jesus and Mary.

ELLEN M. TWIGG.

THAT OLD PAIN AGAIN.

Gnawing, Piercing Pains That Almost Make You Scream.

It is your old enemy, rheumatism, come again with the winter to torture you. These pains, remember, are caused by bad blood, you may ease them by rubbing with liniments and outward lotions, but cannot get rid of them in that way. Rheumatism is caused by bad blood and the only certain way to drive it out of the system, is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is no case of rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure if given a fair trial. By making new, rich, red blood and strengthening the nerves they strike at the very root of such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. We give one case out of thousands to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hips were almost past endurance. Often I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried many remedies, but I never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used altogether eight boxes, and since taking them I have not had a twinge of the trouble, and I feel better in every way than I did for years before. I would strongly advise every rheumatic sufferer to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Remember that only the genuine pills will cure—imitations can't cure, therefore see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dangers of Evangelism.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, has written a somewhat startling article on the "New Evangelism and Its Dangers." Of course, the writer is an advocate of "Evangelism," or "Revival Movements," as understood in the Protestant domain; but, in pleading his cause, he has frankly made some admissions that have more weight coming from such a source than they could ever have were they to be advanced by a Catholic writer. He declares that every type of revival or evangelism has its dangers. He gives some striking examples. He says that Dr. Finney preached with heart-searching power, but "so indiscriminately as to lead to many morbid experiences and to the cruel wounding of many tender consciences." Mr. Moody, he says, failed to gather into the organized life of the churches the converts of his great meetings." And he adds that the average evangelist "finds it difficult to work in due subordination to pastors and their plans; his labors, even when apparently fruitful, are too often unsettling, and in the end almost disastrous."

Without wishing to intrude upon the field where Protestantism "evangelizes," we can say that the foregoing expresses, to a great extent, that which we have always believed in regard to this matter. The revival meeting seems to have the effect of stirring into a spasmodic enthusiasm the more or less easy-going members of certain denominations; but once that effervescent effect has died out, there are no practical results left. Unlike the Catholic mission, during which the seed is sown, and after which that seed takes root, grows, and becomes a substantial harvest of souls, the revival is merely a stirring into abnormal activity a few impressionable people, who suffer the more from the subsequent lethargy that follows the unwelcome excitement, or activity.

As a remedy Dr. Hamlin advocates individual work—that is to say the continuation by individual members of the Church the work performed in a general manner by the evangelist. To illustrate this he allows himself to become very frank; and, in so doing, he exposes again a weakness that has ever been most potent to our eyes, but the presence of which the enthusiastic evangelist of Protestantism will not acknowledge. He says:—

"Pastors are urging their people to be evangelists within their own congregations and their circles of business and social life. They are exhorted to commend Christ to individuals and urge him upon their acceptance. This work is no doubt as important as it is sadly neglected by the average Christian. But it is also extremely delicate, requiring the best sanctified tact. There is real danger that zeal may outrun knowledge. In pastors, who realize what might be done, and want to set all their people at work. In the people, who feel the call to be of God, cannot wait to ascertain their fitness, or to get the requisite training; but imagine that they have only to accost the first man or woman that they meet."

There is exactly the point. A great evangelist conducts a revival, and at once each one of the congregation supposes himself, or herself, possessed of a mission to go forth and convert every man, woman, or child that may be met on the street. There is no consideration as to fitness, to knowledge, to training. There is but one idea—that of attacking the first person they meet and seeking to impose upon him, or her, their newly acquired idea of conversion to the Lord. Hence the holy horror that people have of the religious zealot who goes about with tracts that he does not understand and who renders ridiculous the very principles of Christianity by firing them in an indiscriminate manner at each newcomer, or chance acquaintance. This is exactly what we Catholics have been so long seeking to impress upon the self-constituted evangelists of Protestantism. But they do not seem to understand that they are merely making a constant and public parade of their actual lack of all knowledge in matters pertaining to Christianity. It would serve their purpose much better were they to reflect a little upon the frank remarks of Dr. Hamlin, and were they thus to be induced to mind their own business, to deal in that which they understand, and to cease worrying their neighbors with

their meaningless and often senseless declarations. We have every reasonable respect for the clergymen of the various denominations of Protestantism, and we do not find fault with their zeal and enthusiasm; but we draw the line when it comes to every uneducated, untrained, individual, who takes it in his head that he is a missionary, annoying the public with persistent attacks of the evangelistic character. A few more statements, like those of Dr. Hamlin, might help to relieve the public of so many inveterate nuisances.

The Pope's Physician Interviewed.

A Roman correspondent of the New York American, writes:—There has been such a strange recrudescence during the week of the reports of the Pope's health being precarious that the American correspondent visited Dr. Laponi, the Pope's private physician, and asked for the facts in the case. In reply Dr. Laponi gave the first authentic interview ever accorded by him to a journalist. The American correspondent found Dr. Laponi at his new villa in the Prati di Castello quarter. The physician looked in splendid health despite the fact that he is just convalescent from an operation for appendicitis.

The correspondent asked Dr. Laponi to tell all about the Pope's health, his inner life, his daily regime, and, above all, the secret of his wonderful longevity.

"How," the correspondent asked, "do you manage to keep His Holiness so well?"

"I would be glad to write an article for you," replied Dr. Laponi, "but I cannot, I will, however, do what is just as good, and what is more than I have ever done for any newspaper. Ask me all the questions you like and I will answer them. Then I will read your manuscript and correct it, if it needs correction."

Dr. Laponi kept his word, and revised the copy of the interview which follows:

"First, I want to know," asked the correspondent, "if there is any truth in the recent reports about the Pope's great physical weakness?"

"The same amount of truth as is usual," Dr. Laponi replied, "which is none at all. The Holy Father is stupendously well (stupendamente bene). He has not been better for the last ten years. He has got through the winter wonderfully. He astonishes even myself, who know his great powers of resistance. He is now preparing for the great function of March 3, which closes his year of Jubilee."

NEVER FAINTED.—"There is no truth, then, in current stories about his fainting fits?" the correspondent asked.

"They are the idliest fables," Dr. Laponi replied. "The Pope never fainted in his life; at least, so far as I know. I know for certain he did not faint when Dr. Mazzoni put him under the knife several years ago, and that was an occasion when a fainting fit might have been expected, but we did not even administer an anaesthetic. People who see the Pope for the first time are sometimes deceived by his pallor, which gives him an appearance of weakness. He always has been pale and apparently fragile."

"Let me tell you a little story about this. Twenty-five years ago, when the cardinals went home after electing Leo as Pope, the youngest and strongest physically among them told his friends at Bologna, 'We have elected a splendid Pope, but I am afraid I'll have to make another visit to Rome soon to elect his successor, for Cardinal Pecci looks very delicate.' Well, Laponi continued, "this morning I saw His Holiness in perfect health, but grieving for the death of Cardinal Parocchi, the very man who made this prophecy at Bologna. Another thing that deceives people is that the Holy Father often looks worn out and exhausted. So he does, but so would most men who got through his daily work, but, on the whole, the Pope enjoys extraordinary health and vitality for a man of his years."

"Has the Pope ever been seriously ill?" asked the American correspondent.

"Yes, twice," Dr. Laponi answered. "Once, when he was Archbishop of Perugia, and again when Dr. Mazzoni operated on him. In itself this operation was not dangerous, but when your patient is nearly ninety years old it is hard to pre-

dict the results. However, twenty-four hours after the operation the Pope was as well and as bright as ever. The wound healed with marvellous quickness.

SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.—"I have now served as private physician to the Pope for fourteen years, and during all that time he has given me little anxiety. His Holiness has caught colds from time to time, but they have never been serious. He also has suffered, as most who live in Rome do suffer, from the changes of the weather, but he is a good patient, very good, indeed."

"Now, doctor, knowing that the Pope is strong, will you tell the American how you manage to keep him up?" asked the correspondent.

"Keep him up!" Laponi exclaimed. "I don't need to keep him up. I will tell you in one word what I do for the Holy Father. I look after the temperature of the air he breathes. It is my constant care to keep him in temperature varying from 108 to 120 degrees centigrade. This is not always easy, especially when the Pope has to preside over functions in different parts of the Vatican or St. Peter's. With the temperature of St. Peter's it is impossible to do anything. Fortunately, however, it never varies, but it is different with the halls of the Vatican, and I have to be very careful there."

"Does the Pope use any special diet, tonic or medicine?" the American correspondent asked.

"He never takes a tonic," Dr. Laponi replied.

"That is to say, a mere tonic, and he never uses medicine except when he has a cold. As for diet he eats sparingly, for no man of his age requires much food. The Pope's diet consists exclusively of broth, generally chicken broth, with bread steeped in it. He is very moderate in the use of wine; two small glasses of Bordeaux daily suffice him. You see he practices the maxims about frugality which he inculcated in his famous poem a few years ago."

"Does the Pope sleep well?" was asked.

"Excellent," Dr. Laponi said, "and this is one of the causes of his continued good health. His Holiness retires, after a good day's work, about 11 nightly, and rises refreshed the next morning about half-past 6 or 7. He does not sleep all that time, but always sleeps four or five hours each night. He does not need more than that, nor do I mean to say that his mind is resting during the hours of the night when not asleep. Very often it is during these hours, when the rest of the Vatican is wrapped in sleep, that the Holy Father is at work composing his poems."

REGULARITY OF LIFE.—"Will you say to what you attribute the Pope's longevity?" the correspondent asked.

"To the regularity of his life," Dr. Laponi answered; "he is as balanced in his habits as in his words, and always has been so. The Peccis are a long-lived family, but, excepting the Pope, none of them has got into the nineties. The Holy Father inherited a magnificent constitution, and strengthened it still further in his youth by plenty of athletic exercise. You may sum up everything by saying that I attribute his longevity and good health to the regular life he has always led."

"Does he take exercise in the open air now?" it was asked.

"From the beginning of November until the middle of June," Dr. Laponi answered, "he never puts foot outside the Vatican, but during the summer months he spends a few hours two or three times a week in the Vatican gardens, and at intervals treats himself to a half holiday there."

"You have been quoted as saying that the Pope may easily live to attain a hundred. Are you still of that opinion?" the correspondent asked.

"Yes," Dr. Laponi answered. "Just as strongly as ever. Indeed, I have no intention of limiting Pope Leo to a hundred years. If he goes on as well as he has done during the past eight years he may live to attain any age. Indeed, His Holiness is not getting any older."

"And you authorize me to publish all this?" the correspondent asked.

"Fully; every word of it is truth. You have my warrant for it," answered Dr. Laponi bringing the interview to a close.

No man is alone who loves God. If he feels that he is, then he is alone as Christ was; his loneliness is temporary, mental, subjective. That it is an effort for man to think of God does not take away from the value of this truth. I defy any man to lose honestly the conclusions of the Divine Presence in the blood, last temptation ever waged in Gehennam.—Rev. Henry Keeffe.

THE A TALE OF

CHAPTER I. HOW GARRYOWEN ROSE, AND HOW IT FELL.

The little ruined outlier gives its name to one of the popular national songs of the city of Limerick, near a not unpleasant view of an old town, with the note that washes its battlements and a richly cultivated surrounding. Tradition has the occasion of its celebrity, origin of its name, which is compounded of two Irish signifying "Owen's garden." Owen so-called was the own half a century since, of a half and plot of ground on the town, from its contiguity to the town, became a favorite haunt with the young citizens, a lounge presenting conditions somewhat similar to which are offered to the mechanic by the Battersea dens. Owen's garden was a rendezvous for those who for simple amusement or for the old people drank under the shades of trees—played ball, goal, or other exercises on the green; while lingering by the hedge-row their fair acquaintances, chime with sounds less boisterous, but also possessing the distinction also.

The festivities of our father, were frequently distinguished by so fierce a character of that, for any difference in the of their convivial meeting night as well have been picnicked. Owen's garden was as famous for scenes of strife as for mirth and humor; as heads became a staple manufacture in the neighborhood. This new feature in the of the place was encouraged number of young persons somewhat superior to that usual frequenters of the. They were the sons of the respectable citizens, the men and wholesale traders of the just turned loose from school a greater supply of animal than they had wisdom to. These young gentlemen, being of wit, amused themselves in parties at night, to write heads off all the geese, as knockers off all the hall-dens neighborhood. They suffered their genius to soar as the breaking of lamp, and the demolition of a watchman perhaps this species of joking found a little too serious to be over frequently, for achievements of so daring a nature are found amongst their. They were obliged to content themselves with the less ambitious of insult and provocation, indulging their fratricidal propensities against all the geese in Garryowen.

The fame of the "Garryowen" soon spread far and their deeds were celebrated in glorious minstrel of the day that air which has since re-echoed every quarter of the and even disputed the palm. national popularity with "Paddy." A string of jolly were appended to the tune, soon enjoyed a notoriety similar to that of the famous "Lillibullero" which sung James out of his three kingdoms. The name Garryowen was known as that of the Irish time, Limerick, itself, and little garden became almost a synonym for Ireland.

But that principle of which assigns to the life of periods of youth, maturity and

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

By GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

HOW
GARRYOWEN
ROSE,
AND
HOW
IT
FELL.

The little ruined outlet, which gives its name to one of the most popular national songs of Erin, is situated on the acclivity of a hill near the city of Limerick, commanding a not unpleasant view of that fine old town, with the noble stream that washes its battered towers, and a richly cultivated surrounding country. Tradition has preserved the occasion of its celebrity, and the origin of its name, which appears to be compounded of two Irish words signifying "Owen's garden." A person so-called was the owner, about half a century since, of a cottage and plot of ground on this spot, which, from its contiguity to the town, became a favorite holiday resort with the young citizens of both sexes, a lounge presenting accommodations somewhat similar to those which are offered to the London mechanic by the Battersea tea-gardens. Owen's garden was the general rendezvous for those who sought for simple amusement or for dissipation. The old people drank together under the shades of trees—the young played ball, goal, or other athletic exercises on the green; while a few, lingering by the hedge-rows, with their fair acquaintances, cheated the time with sounds less boisterous, indeed, but yet possessing their fascination also.

The festivities of our fathers, however, were frequently distinguished by so fierce a character of mirth, that, for any difference in the result of their convivial meetings, they might as well have been pitched encounters. Owen's garden was soon as famous for scenes of strife, as it was for mirth and humor; and broken heads became a staple article of manufacture in the neighborhood.

This new feature in the diversions of the place was encouraged by a number of young persons of rank somewhat superior to that of the usual frequenters of the garden. They were the sons of the more respectable citizens, the merchants and wholesale traders of the city, just turned loose from school, with a greater supply of animal spirit than they had wisdom to govern. These young gentlemen, being fond of wit, amused themselves by forming parties at night, to wring the heads off all the geese, and the knockers off all the hall-doors in the neighborhood. They sometimes suffered their genius to soar as high as the breaking of lamp, and even the demolition of a watchman; but perhaps this species of joking was found a little too serious to be repeated over frequently, for few achievements of so daring a violence are found amongst their records. They were obliged to content themselves with the less ambitious distinction of destroying the knockers and store-locks, annoying the peaceable inmates of the neighboring houses with long-continued assaults on the front doors, terrifying the quiet passengers with every species of insult and provocation and indulging their fratricidal propensities against all the geese in Garryowen.

The fame of the "Garryowen boys" soon spread far and wide. Their deeds were celebrated by some inglorious minstrel of the day, in that air which has since resounded over every quarter of the world, and even disputed the palm of national popularity with "Patrick's day." A string of jolly verses were appended to the tune, which soon enjoyed a notoriety similar to that of the famous "Lillibulero, bulam-a-la" which sung King James out of his three kingdoms. The name Garryowen was as well known as that of the Irish Nemaun-tan, Limerick, itself, and Owen's little garden became almost a synonym for Ireland.

But that principle of existence which assigns to the life of man its periods of youth, maturity and de-

ca, has its analogy in the fate of village, as in that of empires. Assyria fell, and so did Garryowen! Rome had its decline, and Garryowen was not immortal. Both are now an idle sound, with nothing but the recollections of old tradition to invest them with an interest. The still notorious suburb is little better than a heap of rubbish, where a number of smoked and mouldering walls, standing out from the masses of stone and mortar, indicate the position of a once populous row of dwelling houses. A few roofs yet remain unshaken, under which some impoverished families endeavor to work out a wretched subsistence, by maintaining a species of huxter trade, by cobbling old shoes, and manufacturing ropes. A small rookery wears the ears of the inhabitants at one end of the outlet, and a rope-walk, which extends along the adjacent slope of Gallows Green (so-called for certain reasons), brings to the mind of the conscious spectator, associations that are not calculated to enliven the prospect. Neither is he thrown into a more jocular frame of mind, as he picks his steps over the insulated paving-stones, that appear amid the green sough with which the street is deluged, and encounters, at the other end, an alley of coffin-makers' shops with a fever hospital on one side, and a churchyard on the other. A person who was bent on a journey to the other world, could not desire a more expeditious outfit than Garryowen could now afford him, nor a more commodious choice of conveyances on the machine on the slope above glanced at, to the pest house at the farther end.

But it is ill-talking lightly on a serious subject. The days of Garryowen are gone, like those of ancient Erin; and the feats of her once formidable heroes are nothing more than a winter's evening tale. Owen is in his grave, and his garden looks dreary as a ruined churchyard. The greater number of his merry customers have followed him to a narrow playground, which, though not less crowned, affords less room for fun and less opportunity for contention. The worm is there the reveller—the owl whoops out his defiance without answer (save the echo's)—the best whisky in Munster would not now "drive the cold out of their hearts"—and the withered old sexton is able to knock the bravest of them over the pate with impunity. A few, perhaps, may still remain to look back with a fond shame to the scene of their early follies, and to smile on the page in which those follies are recorded.

Still, however, there is something to keep the memory alive of those unruly days, and to preserve the name of Garryowen from utter extinction. The annual fair which is held on the spot presents a spectacle of gaiety and uproar which might rival its most boisterous days; and strangers still inquire for the place with a curiosity which its appearance seldom fails to disappoint. Our national lyric has immortalized the air by adopting to it one of the liveliest of his melodies—the adventures of which it was once the scene constitute a fund of standing joke and anecdote, which are not neglected by the neighboring storyteller,—and a rough voice may still occasionally be heard by the traveller who passed near its ruined dwellings at evening, to chant a stanza of the chorus which was once in the mouth of every individual in the kingdom:—

"Tis there we'll drink the nut-brown ale,
An' pay the reck'nin' on the nail;
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen na gloria."

CHAPTER II.

HOW
EILY O'CONNOR
PUZZLED
ALL
THE
INHABITANTS
OF
GARRYOWEN.

But while Owen lived, and while his garden flourished, he and his neighbors were as merry together,

as if death could never reach the one, nor desolation waste the other. Among those frequenters of his little retreat, whom he distinguished with an especial favor and attention, the foremost was the handsome daughter of an old man who conducted the business of a rope-walk in his neighborhood, and who was accustomed on a fine Saturday evening to sit under the shade of a yellow osier that stood by his door, and discourse of the politics of the day—of Lord Halifax's administration—of the promising young patriot, Mr. Henry Grattan—and of the famous Catholic concession of 1773. Owen, like all Irishmen, even of the humblest rank, was an acute critic in female proportions, and although time had blown away the thatching from his head, and by far the greater portion of his blood, that remained in his frame had colonized about his nose, yet the manner in which he held forth on the praises of his old friend's daughter was such as put to shame her younger and less eloquent admirers. It is true, indeed, that the origin of the suburban beauty was one which, in a troubled country like Ireland, had little of agreeable association to recommend it; but few even of those to whom twisted hemp was an object of secret terror, could look on the exquisitely beautiful face of Eily O'Connor, and remember that she was a rope-maker's daughter; few could detect beneath the timid, hesitating, downcast gentleness of manner, which shed an interest over all her motions, the traces of a harsh and vulgar education. It was true that she sometimes purloined a fine letter from the King's adjutives, and prolonged the utterances of a vowel beyond the term of prosodial orthodoxy, but the tongue that did so seemed to move on silver wires and the lip on which the sound delayed, "Long murmuring, loth to part," imparts to its own accents an association of sweetness and grace, that made the defect an additional allurements. Her education in the outskirts of the city had not impaired the natural tenderness of her character; for her father, who, all rude as he was, knew how to value his daughter's softness of mind, endeavored to foster it by every indulgence in his power. Her uncle, too, who was now a country parish priest, was well qualified to draw forth any natural talent with which she had been originally endowed. He had completed his theological education in the famous university of Salamanca, where he was distinguished as a youth of much quietness of temper and literary application, rather than as one of those furious gesticulators, those "figures Hibernotes," amongst whom Gil Blas, in his fit of logical lunacy, could meet his only equals. At his little lodgings, while he was yet a curate at St. John's, Eily O'Connor was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of her time, and in return for her kindness in presiding at his simple tea table, Father Edward undertook to bestow a degree of attention on her education, which rendered her in a little time as superior in knowledge as she was in beauty to her female associates. She was remarked likewise at this time, as a little devotee, very regular in her attendance at chapel, constant in all the observances of her religion, and grave in her attire and discourse. On the coldest and dreariest morning in winter, she might be seen gliding along by the unopened shop windows to the nearest chapel, where she was accustomed to hear an early Mass, and return in time to set everything in order for her father's breakfast. During the day, she superintended his household affairs, while he was employed upon the adjacent rope-walk; and, in the evening, she usually slipped on her bonnet, and went across the street to Father Edward's, where she chatted away until tea was over; if he happened to be engaged in reading his daily office, she amused herself with a volume of moral entertainments such as *Rasselas*, *Prince of Abyssinia*, or *Mr. Addison's Spectator*, until he was leisure to hear her lessons. An attachment of the purest and tenderest nature was the consequence of those mutual attentions between the uncle and niece, and it might be said that if the former loved her not as well, he knew and valued her character still better than her father, Father Edward, however, was appointed to a parish, and Eily lost her instructor. It was for her a severe loss, and most

severe in reality when its effect upon her own spirits began to wear away. For some months after his departure, she continued to lead the same retired and unobtrusive life, and no eye, save that of a consummate observer, could detect the slightest alteration in her sentiments the least increase of toleration for the world and worldly amusements. That change, however, had been silently effected in her heart. She was now a woman—a lovely, intelligent, full-grown woman—and circumstances obliged her to take a part in the little social circle which moved around her. Her spirits were naturally light, and, though long repressed, became readily assimilated to the buoyant tone of the society in which she happened to be placed. Her father, who, with a father's venial vanity, was fond of showing his beautiful child among his neighbors, took her with him to Owen's garden at a time when it was unusually gay and crowded, and from that evening might be dated the commencement of a decided and visible change in the lovely Eily's character.

As gradual as the approach of a spring morning, was the change from grave to gay in the costume of this flower of the suburbs. It dawned at first in a handsome bow-knot upon her head-dress, and ended in the full noontide splendor of flowered muslins, silks and sashes. It was like the opening of the rosebud, which gathered around it, the winged woovers of the summer meadow. "Lads, as brisk as bees," came thronging in her train, with profusions of "honorable love and rites of marriage;" and even among the youths of a higher rank, whom the wild levity of Irish blood and high spirits sent to mingle in the festivities of Owen's garden, a jealousy prevailed respecting the favor of the rope-maker's handsome daughter. It was no wonder that attentions paid by individuals so much superior to her ordinary admirers, would render Eily indifferent to the sighs of those plebeian suitors. Dunat O'Leary, the hair-cutter, or Foxy Dunat, as he was named in allusion to his red hair, was cut to the heart by her utter coldness. Myles Murphy, likewise, a good-natured farmer from Killarney who travelled through the country selling Kerry ponies, and claiming a relationship with every one he met, claimed kindred in vain with Eily, for his claim was not allowed. Lowry Looby, too, the servant of Mr. Daly, a wealthy middleman who lived in the neighborhood, was suspected by many to entertain delusive hopes of Eily O'Connor's favor—but this report was improbable enough, for Lowry could not but know that he was a very ugly man; and if he were as beautiful as Narcissus, Mihil O'Connor would still have shut the door in his face for being as poor as Timon. So that, though there was no lack of admirers, the lovely Eily, like many celebrated beauties in a higher rank, ran, after all, a fair chance of becoming what Lady Mary Montague has elegantly termed "a Lay nun." Even as a book-worm, who will pore over a single volume from morning till night, if turned loose into a library wanders from shelf to shelf, bewildered amid a host of temptations, and unable to make any selection until he is surprised by twilight, and chagrined to find, that with so much happiness within his grasp, he has spent, nevertheless, as unprofitable day.

But accident saved Eily from a destiny so deeply dreaded and so often lamented as that above alluded to—a condition which people generally agree to look upon as one of utter desolation, and which, notwithstanding, is frequently a state of greater happiness than its opposite. On the eve of the seventeenth of March, a day distinguished in the rope-maker's household, not only as the festival of the national saint, but as the birth-day of the young mistress of the establishment—on this evening Eily and her father were enjoying their customary relaxation at Owen's garden. The jolly proprietor was seated as usual with his rope-twisting friend under the yellow osier, while Myles Murphy, who had brought a number of his wild ponies to be disposed of at the neighboring fair, had taken his place at the end of the table, and was endeavoring to insinuate a distant relationship between the Owens of Kilkerry, connexions of the person whom he addressed, and the Murphys of Knockodhra, connexions of his own. A party of young men were playing lives at a ball-alley, on the other side of the green; and another, more numerous, and graced with many female figures, were capering away to the tune of the Fox-Hunter's Jig on the short grass. Some poor old women, with baskets on their arms, were endeavoring to sell some Patrick's crosses for children, at the low rate of one halfpenny a piece, gilding, painting, and all. Others, fatigued with exertion, were walking under the still

leafless trees, some with their hats, some with their coats off, jesting, laughing and chatting familiarly with their female acquaintances.

Mihil O'Connor, happening to see Lowry Looby among the promenaders, glancing now and then at the dance and whistling Patrick's Day requested him to call his daughter out of the group, and tell her that he was waiting for her to go home. Lowry went, and returned to say, that Eily was dancing with a strange young gentleman in a boating dress, and that he would not let her go until she had finished the slip jig.

It continued a sufficient time to tire the old man's patience when Eily did at last make her appearance, he observed there was a flush of mingled weariness and pleasure on her cheek, which showed that the delay was not quite in opposition to her own inclinations. This circumstance might have tempted him to receive her with a little displeasure, but that honest Owen at that moment laid hold on both father and daughter, insisting that they should come in and take supper with his wife and himself.

This narrative of Eily's girlhood being merely introductory, we shall forbear to furnish any detail of the minor incidents of the evening, or the quality of Mr. Owen's entertainment. They were very merry and happy; so much so, that the Patrick's eve approached its termination before they rose to bid their host and hostess a good night. Owen advised them to walk on rapidly, in order to avoid the "Patrick's boys," who might promenade the streets after twelve, to welcome in the mighty festival with music and uproar of all kinds. Some of the lads, he said, "might be playin' their tricks upon Miss Eily."

The night was rather dark, and the dim glimmer of the oil lamps, which were suspended at long intervals over the street doors, tended only in a very feeble degree to qualify the gloom. Mihil O'Connor and his daughter had already performed more than half their journey, and were turning from a narrow lane at the head of Mungret street, when a loud and tumultuous sound broke with sudden violence upon their hearing. An ancient and honored custom summons the youthful inhabitants of the city on the night of this anniversary to celebrate the approaching holiday of the patron saint and apostle of the island, by promenading all the streets in succession, playing national airs, and filling up the pauses in the music with shouts of exultation. Such was the procession which the two companions now beheld approaching.

The appearance which it presented was not altogether destitute of interest and amusement. In the midst were a band of musicians who played alternately Patrick's Day and "Garryowen," while a rabble of men and boys pressed round them, thronging the whole breadth and a considerable portion of the length of the street. The men had got sprigs of shamrock in their hats, and several carried in their hands lighted candles, protect from the wasting night-blast by a simple lamp of whitened brown paper. The fickle and unequal light which these small torches threw over the faces of the individuals, who held them, afforded a lively contrast to the prevailing darkness.

The crowd hurried forward, singing, playing, shouting, laughing, and indulging, to its full extent, all the excitement which was occasioned by the tumult and the motion. But room windows are thrown up as they passed, and the half-dressed inmates thrust their heads into the night air to gaze upon the mob of enthusiasts. All the respectable persons who appeared in the streets as they advanced, turned short into the neighboring by-ways to avoid the importunities which they would be likely to incur by a contact with the multitude.

But it was too late for our party to adopt this precaution. Before it had entered their minds, the procession (if we may dignify it by a name so sounding) was nearer to them, then they were to any turn in the street and the appearance of fight with a rabble of men as with dogs, is a provocation of pursuit. Of this they were aware; and accordingly, instead of attempting a vain retreat, they turned into a recess formed by one of the shop-doors, and quietly awaited the passing away of this noisy torrent. For some moments they were unnoticed, the fellows who moved foremost being too busy in talking, laughing, and shouting to pay any attention to objects not directly in their way. But they were no sooner espied than the wags assailed them with that species of wit which disguises the inhabitants of the back lanes of a city, and forms the terror of all country visitors. These expressions were lavished upon the rope-maker and his daughter, until the former, who was as irritable an old fellow

as Irishmen generally are, was almost put out of patience.

At length, a young man, observing the lamp shine for a moment on Eily's handsome face, made a chirp with his lips as he passed by, as if he had a mind to kiss her. Not Patrick's himself, when vindicating his senatorial dignity against the insulting Gaul, could be more prompt in action than Mihil O'Connor. The young gentleman received, in return for his affectionate greeting, a blow over the temples which was worth five hundred kisses. An uproar immediately commenced, which was likely to end in some serious injury to the old man and his daughter. A number of ferocious faces gathered round them, uttering sounds of harsh rancour and defiance, which Mihil met with equal loudness and energy. Indeed, all that seemed to delay his fate, and hinder him from sharing in the prostration of his victim, was the conduct of Eily who, flinging herself in bare-armed beauty before her father, defended him for a time against the upraised weapons of his assailants. No one would incur the danger of harming, by an accidental blow, a creature, so young, so beautiful, and so affectionate.

They were at length rescued from this precarious condition by the interposition of two young men, in the dress of boat-men, who appeared to possess some influence with the crowd, and who used it for the advantage of the sufferers. Not satisfied with having brought them safely out of all immediate danger, the taller of the two conducted them to their door, saying little on the way, and taking his leave as soon as they were once in perfect safety. All that Mihil could learn from his appearance was, that he was a gentleman, and young—perhaps not more than nineteen years of age. The old man talked much and loudly in praise of his gallantry, but Eily was altogether silent on the subject.

A few days after, Mihil O'Connor was at work upon the rope-walk, going slowly backward in the sunshine, with a little bundle of hemp between his knees, and singing "Maureen Thierna." A hunchbacked little fellow, in a boatman's dress, came up, and saluting him in a sharp city brogue, reminded the old rope-maker that he had done him a service a few evenings ago. Mihil professed his acknowledgments, and with true Irish warmth of heart, assured the little boatman that all he had in the world was at his service. The hunchback, however, only wanted a few ropes and blocks for his boat, and even for those he was resolute in paying honorably. Neither did he seem anxious to satisfy the curiosity of old Mihil with respect to the name and quality of his companion; for he was inexorable in maintaining that he was a turfboat man from Seagh, who had come up to town with him to dispose of a cargo of fuel at Charlotte's Quay. Mihil O'Connor referred him to his daughter for the ropes, about which, he said, she could bargain as well as himself, and he was unable to leave his work until the rope he had in hand should be finished. The little deformed, no way displeased at this intelligence, went to find Eily at the shop where he spent a longer time than Mihil thought necessary for his purpose.

(To be continued.)

Family ties are not severed in Heaven; and Jesus, in raising His Blessed Mother above the saints and angels, teaches us that filial piety is a virtue of eternity.

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Household Notes.

SALT.—Salt is such a common article in the household that many of us do not sufficiently appreciate its high medicinal value. Many and various are the remedial uses to which it may be put.

As a dentifrice common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water.

Warm salt water held in the mouth will sometimes banish tooth-ache and at least make the affliction lighter, while it is both safe and easy to try.

Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone, placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth will often give relief when other means have failed.

To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly, and apply to the affected part.

Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time.

An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone if only taken in time, as the needs warrant.

A flannel cloth wrung out of salt water is also an excellent remedy for simple sore throat.

Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic. As an antidote for the poison silver nitrate or lunar caustic give salt and water freely.

A BIG PIE.—The largest pie ever baked in Brooklyn, and, it is believed, in the country, was exhibited and eaten at the annual ball of the employees of a pie baking company of that borough last week in Sangerbund Hall. It was 7 feet long and 3 feet wide, with a depth of 4 inches. It weighed 110 pounds. It took six men fifteen hours and half a ton of coal to bake it. A special plate on which it was baked was made of sheet steel at a cost of \$18.

The pie was made in sections, the component parts consisting of six pounds each of cranberries, peaches, pineapple, coconut, mince and plum, besides twelve pounds of lemons. Two hundred eggs and fifty pounds of sugar were used. Promptly at 12 o'clock the knife was put into the pie by the chairman of the Floor Committee, and each of the guests was presented with a small portion.

HOUSE PLANTS.—If you wish your house plants of the ordinary varieties to flourish during their indoor sojourn, do not surround them with a temperature much above 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

Keep them in your bay window, if you have one. If a little chink or crevice is left somewhere about the window frame the ventilation will be good for both the flowers and the human plants usually found shivering around the register.

Do not water your house plants too profusely. When you pot them in the autumn mix some bits of broken earth-ware and a generous handful of sand with the soil to which you transplant them.

This will make a proper drainage system around the roots. The water will run off readily, yet the plants themselves will retain sufficient moisture. When the surface of the potted soil begins to look dry the flowers need watering. This dryness does not show each day by any means.

BEST FOR CHILDREN.—"It's a mistake," says a physician, "to let city children do too much of the 'running wild' business in their summer outings. People have the idea that 'in the country' one may eat anything or do anything with impunity. Laws for healthful living

operate as much under the pines and by the sea as in the city, but not many realize it. Mothers often complain to me that they bring their children back in the autumn thinner than when they went away. They may do that and still have them stronger, but many times children are allowed to run too incessantly. It takes a strong child to thrive on continuous exercise, and city children are not used to tramping up hill and down and over rough roads and fields. Make them stretch out under the trees or on the river bank an hour every day, and more if you can, and they'll gain by it."

CUTTING TEETH.

A Trying Time to Both Baby and Mother.

There is no time when baby requires more attention than during the teething period. At that time the little one is always cross and fretful, subject to stomach disorders and sometimes convulsions. Often mothers are absolutely worn out caring for baby, and the whole household is in a condition of anxiety. This condition can be easily remedied by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, which cool the sour little stomach, allay the inflammation of the gums and give the little one healthy, natural sleep. A mother's word can always be depended upon where the health of her little ones is concerned, and thousands of mothers praise this medicine. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says:—"In my estimation, Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a medicine for children. They are invaluable at the teething period, and I would not be without them as they keep my baby healthy and happy."

The Tablets relieve all the minor ailments of little ones; are guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff," and may be given with absolute safety to a new born babe. Sold at 25 cents a box by all druggists, or sent post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Medical Manifesto Against Alcohol.

A striking manifesto has been agreed on by the British, German and American medical temperance societies and representative medical abstinents in France. It points out that "alcohol is a poison, and ought not to be class'd among foods," and that total abstinents, other things being equal, can do more work, are more enduring, and recover more quickly from, and are better able to resist, disease. The manifesto declares that the common use of alcoholic beverages is the cause of a very large proportion of poverty, suffering, vice, crime, lunacy, disease, and death, not only in the case of those who take such beverages, but in the case of others who are unavoidably associated with them. Experiments have demonstrated that even a small quantity of alcoholic liquor prevents perfect mental action and interferes with the functions of the cells and tissues of the body, impairing self-control by producing paralysis of the judgment and of the will, and having other markedly injurious effects. Drink, assert the doctors, threatens the determination of the race, accelerated by the alarming increase of drinking among women. By a general adoption of total abstinence they concluded that such an era of health, happiness, and prosperity would be inaugurated that many of the social problems of the present age would be solved. This noteworthy document has been signed by 300 British doctors, 8 Americans, 100 Germans, 40 Russians, 36 Swiss, 17 Austrians and Hungarians, 15 Swedes, 13 Danes, and 2 Dutchmen.

Our Boys And Girls.

ABOUT THE HOUSE FLY.—The common house fly is very rapid in its flight. Its wings make 800 beats a second, sending it through the air 25 feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed it has been found that it increases its rate of speed to over 150 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in exactly 33 seconds.

BE COURTEOUS.—If young people, especially in small towns, would form "courtesy clubs" or graft this idea upon existing organizations, it would result in great advantage not only to the young people belonging to such associations, but also to the towns themselves.

We find a great many men and women side-tracked all along the pathways of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manners, and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. In other words, their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers.

It is astonishing how fine manners and politeness in children develop into ease and attractiveness in manhood and womanhood. Other things being equal the employee who is selected for advancement is the one with good manners, a fine, gracious demeanor, a good presence. Those qualities are the best kind of capital, even better than money.

Everywhere we see young men and young women drawing big salaries largely because of their superior politeness. The fine mannered are wanted everywhere as superintendents, as salesmen, as traveling representatives, as clerks, as private secretaries or as credit men. In fact, agreeable deportment is the one fine indispensable quality sought after everywhere.

There is nothing else which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to society, to the hearts of all.

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and friction and the nerve-racking noise.

THIN ICE.—This queer weather reminds me of a Christmas rain we had years ago, when I was a sore trial to my mother, and I realize just how you feel about it," said Uncle Bill to a group of boys gathered in his cosy living-room.

These few days before Christmas were busy ones for the young people in Meadow Brook, but with it all the usual cheery atmosphere was absent. The cause of the lamentations was the fact that in all probability Meadow Brook would have a green Christmas. What did that mean? Why, no bob-sled parties, no skating on Seneca pond, no long country sleigh rides, where all are seated on straw, tucked under a ton of Buffalo robes; no snow and ice—that is what a green Christmas meant.

"But didn't it make up and freeze and snow some time during the holidays, Uncle? What did you do?" questioned the boys. "Tell us about it; your stories are always good; do tell us!" they begged.

"Yes, I'll tell you; but here, hand me my tobacco box—yes, that's the one. Well, as it ought to read a moral to you I'll tell the tale. You see, it was this same mild weather, and we boys had been counting on lots of outdoor sport during our work between Christmas and New Year's—that's all we got in my day—but, never mind, we were a sorry lot. Christmas Eve it rained. Towards night the rain turned to white flakes, and Christmas morning Meadow Brook was covered with snow. Such rejoicing! We all met and had a regular hurrah for the weather. The cold kept right on, and soon the ice was forming on Seneca. We lads had our skates out for days, but each lad's father said, with a thump on the table, by way of emphasis, that they would have no skating on the pond until the ice had time to settle, and when it had they would let us know.

"Well, one day, two days, were added to our fast-going free time, and the ice had not been O. K.'d. On day number three I took myself, with many half-scarred turnings, to the pond. After several trials on its glassy surface I made up my mind

to go and tell the fellows that the 'old men' were too slow, and that we might as well get a lick at the sheet. Getting tired? No? Well, I yelled 'New game!' got the fellows out and braced up. 'See here, fellows,' I said, putting on my most knowing air, 'this waiting is nonsense. All right for the girls, I own, but for the trusty men, pshaw! I've been to the sheet and I say things look fine to me. Clear as crystal, no cracks—go and get your skates and we will initiate old Seneca in this year's sport.'

"The lads who demurred were told that they were not necessary to the good time.

"Well, once on the ice we went through all the stunts you do now, long jumps, figure eights, and all such things. Finally a gurgle began somewhere near shore and ran out to somewhere near the middle of the pond. 'Ho!' said one brave lad, 'let's get off; we have had our sport and I am afraid of that gurgle.' In spite of the cries, 'Quitters!' 'Crawlers!' a few went ashore and took off their skates.

"Not so with me and a few of my foolhardy companions. 'One jump more, that is all.' Two of us jumped when Harry Davis—you all know 'Stiff Harry'—well, he was one of the brave lads who took off his skates at the first sign of danger. I was about to jump when he saw the water ooze up, and came running out to warn me. Crack! went the ice, and poor Harry was up to his neck in the freezing water. We all did our best to get him out. After being in nearly six minutes we got him to shore more dead than alive. Harry's mother was a widow. How could we bring him to her like this?"

"No, fellows, I had enough manliness to say, 'it's my fault; bring him to my mother's.' We did, and poor Harry was in until spring, one thing after another setting in until all had given up hope. But finally he pulled through and he was as you know him, stiff in all his joints, an invalid—a hero, yes, but at what a cost! And I tell you now, lads, I am the cause of that wretched life!"

"But," said a thoughtful boy, "Uncle, you have made up by being so good to him."

"Made up, my boy! That never can be made up. Learn the lesson well, and if you have snow, which I hope you will, and ice, too, profit by your Uncle Bill's tale of thin ice. Wait until the 'slow old men' O. K. it."—Marie Gaul, in the Calumet, Michigan.

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Society Directory

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Galloway, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Galloway, M.P., Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 5th, 1856, incorporated 1865, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

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

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jas. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Marshal, Ad. Inera, Drs. H. J. Harrigan, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



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