



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.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DR. JORDAN'S SURVEY. Professor Jordan, of Queen's University, Kingston, has been preaching in one of our city Presbyterian churches and has given his hearers a sketch of the recent religious movements that have come under his notice.

Penance and of Holy Eucharist. There are two hundred and fifty million Catholics in the world to-day, all professing to be members of that same 'infallible Church,' all desirous of honoring the cross as the sign of redemption, and all free to think for themselves—each in proportion to the gifts that he has received from God.

FEVER IN THE WATER. The menace to the health of New York city and to the lives of thousands of its citizens that the unfiltered water in constant use constitutes has been brought public notice recently.

One person in every 8,600 in New York city dies annually of typhoid fever. If the city's water supply were as pure as it might be made this death rate would be reduced to 1 in 50,000.

CHRISTIANITY IS MORE THAN A BELIEF OR A MOVEMENT; IT IS A LIVING PRESENCE. A church may do the thinking for its people, but the cross on high and hang pictures of Christ on its walls, but that is not the church for men; but the church that inspires men to think for themselves, that breathes of the very presence of God, that is the church of the people.

WE DO NOT WISH TO INSTITUTE ANY COMPARISON BETWEEN NEW YORK AND MONTREAL, NOR DO WE CLAIM THAT THE WATER IN OUR CITY IS AS DANGEROUS AS THAT WHICH IS ABOVE DESCRIBED; BUT WE INSIST ON THE FACT THAT OUR WATER IS NOT ALL THAT IT SHOULD BE, AND THAT A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY LIES AT THE DOORS OF OUR HEALTH DEPARTMENT AND OUR WATER DEPARTMENT, IN REGARD TO THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC.

AROUSING AGAIN. In its issue of Tuesday, Dec. 8th, our neighbor the 'Daily Witness,' has perpetrated another of its old-time falsehoods in regard to the Catholic Church.

IT IS EXACTLY THE SAME THING THAT LEO XIII. IS NOW DOING, AND THAT AWAKENS SUCH FAVORABLE COMMENT ON THE PART OF THE 'WITNESS.' The 'Gazette,' more stupid, if not more mistaken, than the 'Witness,' pretends that the Holy Father has finally discovered that the old mine still contains material worth digging for.

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very false statements—the more so in view of the fact that the 'Witness' knows, or should know, them to be wrong. It is a short editorial; but it is like the potson-tipped arrow of the savage, calculated to do more deadly work than would a battering-ram.

It is exceedingly kind of the 'Witness' to think and speak so highly of the present Pontiff, although we are under the impression that its praise will as little affect the Holy Father as its censure will disturb the great Pius IX.

A PERTINENT LETTER.—It has long been a practice with a class of writers, antagonistic to the Catholic Church, to make use of a certain class of misrepresentation of Catholic doctrines and discipline.

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Mission for English Speaking Catholics

On Sunday evening next a mission for English-speaking Catholics will begin in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. It will be preached by the Rev. Father Devlin, and will close Sunday evening, December 21st.

MR. M. J. F. QUINN ILL

His many friends will regret to learn that Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, K. C., has had a serious attack of lung trouble, caused doubtless by the recent severe weather.

Our Fraternal Societies

C.M.B.A., Branch No. 232, Grand Council of Canada, held a very important meeting on Tuesday evening, in their hall, Empire building, which was largely attended.

Chancellor, Bro. T. R. Cowan. President, Bro. R. J. Cherry. 1st Vice-President, Bro. F. J. McKenna. 2nd Vice-President, Bro. A. McGarr.

After the election of officers a very important announcement was made to the effect that this popular branch intends, during the coming year to hold two monster progressive euchre parties and socials in the Windsor Hall.

This is quite a new departure for this branch, but the well known enterprise and energy of the members leaves little room to doubt the success of the undertaking.

Death of a Patriarchal Priest

In the death of the Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Malden, Mass., a patriarchal priest, has passed away, the oldest priest in the archdiocese of Boston.



# Modern Irish Architecture And Architects.

By "CRUX."

BEFORE going back to other branches of Irish learning, and thus continuing my original plan regarding the subject of the Irish language and its revival, we may as well complete the theme of architecture by a few additional authorities. What this article contains is principally from that delightful "History of Ireland" by Thomas Mooney. It constitutes a most interesting page of Ireland's wonderful story. As to the early architectural greatness of the Irish, and especially of the Irish monks, sufficient has been said in last week's issue. But since we are on the subject of revivals, it may serve our purpose to find how generally Irish pre-eminence in this branch has revived.

"During the reigns of the first three Henrys of England; the Angles of the arch were formed acute, and the arch, it could be so called, was hardly discernible. During the reigns of the first three Edwards, the arch was formed by an equilateral triangle, running from the points where the arch sprang, to its keystone. During the period from Henry VI. to Henry VIII. the arch of the roofs and windows was brought down again to Cormac's standard. Dr. Wharton described three changes in style, as stages in this style of architecture, viz., the simple, the ornamental, and the florid."

In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth, when the leaders of the reformation had seized upon the temples, colleges, and monasteries, of Ireland and England, and the lands attached to them—when they would cry down the former occupants of these venerable dwellings, and when, indeed, they blew up many of them from the foundation with gunpowder—then the Irish style of building was cried down. Sir William Wotton wrote against it. He called it "Gothic," which word meant, in England, anything ruffianly or savage. Sir Christopher Wren, the English architect of the seventeenth century, called this style "a gross conglomeration of heavy, melancholy, and monkish piles." How intellectual this man was! It was he who frowned upon Westminster Abbey, St. Stephen's Chapel, Yorkminster, and Salisbury Cathedral, and who, when he attempted to imitate this style made so many blunders. His works in this line are in Lincoln's Iron Chapel, the steeple at Warwick, and King's Bench in Westminster. His dome of St. Paul's was a departure, in which he sought to emulate Angelo's dome of the Tiber, and in which he succeeded in creating a moon to set in contrast with a sun.

"Italian architects were encouraged about this time to go to England to construct ecclesiastical buildings on new principles. There was no new principle in architecture, but there were some compounds which prevailed in parts of the continent, especially in Venice and Rome. The style of architecture in England changed with each new class of religious reformers. The Round heads knocked down the erections of Elizabeth and Charles. These were again scouted at the restoration of Charles II., and from that period to the time of George I., all was a blank in English architecture."

In Ireland, during that long period of tears and blood, no progress in anything but the works of consolation and blood. Her venerable piles were battered down by the cannon of Elizabeth and Cromwell. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Ireland began again to put forth her architectural skill. Her classic soil, studded over by the mouldering ruins of her greatness, afforded her men of genius schools and models for the design and construction of piles of modern beauty. From the very day that Molyneux emitted the spark of nationality in his celebrated "Inquiry," (even one man can rouse and elevate a nation), the architectural genius of Ireland budded forth anew. In 1727, the Parliament House of Ireland was commenced. It was completed in 1787, and is esteemed the most perfect and beautiful Ionic structure in Europe. The architects were Irish and so were the workmen. The Dublin Custom House was commenced in 1787. This is considered the most beautiful public building in the British Empire. It is raised in a very grand Doric style; surmounted by a magnificent dome, and the interior grained with arches. It covers two Irish acres. The Four Courts, the Royal Exchange, and the Rotunda, are all, in their way, unequalled in the British domain.

They were Irishmen who designed and erected all but one of those splendid monuments. These national structures grew up in Ireland under the sunshine of her native Parliament. The old ones that smile on us with the wisdom of a thousand years, grew up under her kings. They are all the growth of a nation, the symbols of a nation, and the trumpets which call the lifeless into action for their restoration to national purposes.

Half a century ago the Irish historian from whom I quote, wrote, "The Irish architects of the present day are not inferior to their countrymen of any age, as evidenced by the living artists at the head of the profession in Ireland, England and America." When, some sixty years ago, the Parliament House of England was burned to the ground, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to superintend the erection of a new one; designs and specifications were advertised for by that committee; these hundred designs and plans were sent them by as many aspirants for the honor. These plans came from architects of every European nation. To the honor of Ireland, the preference was given to the plan of Mr. Barry, a native of the South of Ireland; and the execution of the work was accordingly placed under his superintendence.

The most beautiful piece of architecture on the surface of America is the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. This has been erected by hundreds of thousands of Americans. It was erected in 1837, by a joint stock company, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, and its architect, was an excellent Irishman, Mr. Gallagher, of New Orleans. The White House at Washington was erected by an Irish architect, Mr. Hoban, father of the once famous lawyer, J. Hoban, of Boston. And the granite front of the Boston Exchange was elegantly sculptured by another Irishman, named Barry. When we attempt to mention the majestic evidences of Irish architectural genius that have been presented to the world since the days that Mooney wrote, it would demand a review of the structures in almost every land under the sun. Here, in this city of Montreal, we need but commence with the grandest temple that this continent possesses—the Church of Notre Dame. How few of the hundreds of thousands that yearly through its aisles are aware that in vaults below repose the ashes of O'Neil, the Irish architect of that eternal monument to his genius? But enumeration would simply become tedious. The main subject of this article has been attained in the evidence that with increasing liberty and augmenting opportunities, the architectural talents of Ireland's sons, have revived during the last two centuries; and never more than during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

One word more; what Ireland wants, in conjunction with her revival of the Gael language and the Celtic literature, is art galleries, national art schools, and institutions wherein the architecture of the past may be studied by the architects and artists of the future.

Writing in the "Dublin Nation," in 1843, Thomas Davis made special mention of the Cork School of Art, and from his article I will quote a few lines that may well be studied to-day. Davis wrote:—"The accident of Barry's birth there, and his great fame, excited the ambition of the young men. An Irishman and a Corkman had gone out from them, and amazed men by the grandeur and originality of his works of art. He had thrown the whole of the English painters into insignificance, for who would compare the luscious common-place of the Stuart painters, or the melo-dramatic reality of Hagarth or the imitative beauty of Reynolds, or the clumsy strength of West, with the overbearing grandeur of his works? But the present glories of Cork (in 1843), Maclise and Hogan, the greater, but buried, might of Forde, and the rich promise which we know is springing there now, are mainly owing to another cause; and that is, that Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world. These casts are not very many—117 only; but they are perfect, they are the first from Canova's moulds, and embrace the greatest works of Greek art. They are ill placed in a dim and dirty room—more shame to the rich men for leaving them so—but there they are, and there studied Forde, and

Maclise, and the rest, until they learned to draw better than any moderns, except Conelius and his living brethren."

I will quote one more passage—a brief one—from that many-sided genius, Thomas Davis, and leave to those interested in the revival of Irish art; sculpture, and architecture the broad hint given.

"Ireland, fortunately or unfortunately, has everything to do yet. We have had great artists—we have not their works—we own the nativity of great living artists—they live on the Tiber and the Thames."

## D'Youville Reading Circle.

Ottawa, Dec. 7, 1902.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held its regular fortnightly meeting in the Rideau street convent on Tuesday, Dec. 2. Previous to entering upon the work of the evening a tribute was paid to the memory of the late Dr. John A. McCabe, Principal of the Normal and Model Schools, Ottawa. Dr. McCabe was one of the most active members of the Alumnae Library Association, and sincere regret was expressed at his sudden and tragic death.

Before beginning the subject proper a few moments were devoted to the "Life of Wm. George Ward," by his son, Wilfred Ward. This book teaches a great deal about the renowned "Oxford Movement." The study of the Association's Law in France was continued. In connection with this the members were advised to read an article entitled "Evictions in Brittany," contained in the December number of the "Catholic World." It was shown that the Association's Law is a crucial question, and that we must have full light in order to give a verdict upon the subject. It was concluded, considering the Educational Bill in England, the school questions in America and the agitation in Ireland, that we are in the midst of an educational crisis. It is in the homes and schools of each country that this great question must be decided. Reference was made to Bishop Bellord's "Religious Education and Its Failures." We need enlightened devotions for our religious education cannot be too great, too deep, too high. The Renaissance was the principal study at the last meeting of the "Circle," and the influence of Italy upon France during that period was remarked upon. It was noted that this famous revival of learning reached its climax in France during the reign of Francis I., who may be called the Crown Prince of the French Renaissance. Francis it was who helped to spread the "new learning" into England. Here was mentioned the French king's brilliant sister, Marguerite de Valois, who played so prominent a part in the history of the sixteenth century and who is so well known as "La Marguerite des Marguerites." At the next Renaissance meeting the Reading Circle will begin a special study of the two Cromwells, Thomas and Oliver, whose only likeness to each other, lay in their last name. It was remarked that Thomas Cromwell, who possessed such influence over Henry VIII., may be appropriately called the "King Maker," while Oliver justly deserves the title of "King Killer."

The next lecture in connection with the Alumnae Library Association and Reading Circle will be given on Dec. 17, by Mr. Stockley, the subject being "Utopia." Note was made of the wonderful significance of More's great book for us to-day, and the last words from "Utopia" were quoted, viz.: "There are many things in the Commonwealth of Nowhere that I rather wish 'an hope to re-embodied in our own.' The famous statesman, Wolsey, will occupy the attention of the "Circle" at some of their future meetings. Mention was made of Erasmus, it being said that he was one of the most conspicuous Oxford men of his time, and that he is perhaps one of those of whom most has been written and least known. He is said to have possessed two wonderful swords, one the sword of wit, the other that of satire. "The Religious Evolution of John Ruskin" in the November "Messenger" was recommended to the members of the "Circle" for perusal. We all look forward with pleasure to Mr. Stockley's lecture on Dec. 17, which will be the occasion of our next meeting.

MARGARET.

Wife: So they returned your manuscript. It's too bad. Husband (who thinks he can write): Yes, that is what the editor said about it.

# Irish History And Irish Politics.

(From "The Speaker," London, England.)

Some English Liberals who are sincerely desirous of doing the best they can for Ireland, view the Irish question altogether from a wrong standpoint. They think that it is merely a question of local grievances such as might exist in an English county, and that it can be dealt with in all respects as if Ireland were an English shire. The Irish question is not a question of local grievances. It is a question of nationality. The causes of the trouble in Ireland lie deep down in the history of Ireland—in the history of her international relations with England.

An English Unionist statesman said in the days of the Home Rule controversy that history bound the English and Irish peoples together. This was an extraordinary statement. Renan once declared in effect that of the various factors which went to make a nation—factors of race, factors of creed, factors of language, factors of geography—the most important of all was the factor of history.

The English and Irish peoples are not only less bound together, but they are more kept apart by history, than, perhaps, any two people on the face of the globe. Examine the story of the last three hundred years. There is not a single event of that period which the masses of Irishmen and Englishmen view in the same light—which they regard with the same sympathies or the same antipathies. Take the great landmarks of the time—the Protestant Reformation and all that happened up to the Revolution of 1688, the Revolution of 1688 and all that has happened since. There is nothing more remarkable in this retrospect than the fact that events which, in the eyes of Englishmen, are associated with the freedom and greatness of their country, are, in the eyes of Irishmen, associated with the subjection and degradation of theirs.

Take the long duel between England and France, which began towards the end of the seventeenth century, and went on to the beginning of the nineteenth—there is not one event which happened in that struggle that stirs the same emotions in the breasts of English and Irish. In the roll of English victories, from Blenheim to Waterloo, the representative Irishmen take no interest and feel no pride. Ask him to name the victories over which he rejoices, and he will answer Landun—though a shade of sorrow hangs over Landun, for Sarsfield fell there—Cremona, and, above all, Fontenoy. The glories of England bring but bitter memories to the Irish, her humiliations joy. Derry, the Boyne, Aughrim, recall English triumphs, Irish defeats. Limerick is the story of Irish valor and English perfidy. For nearly a century after Limerick Ireland was humbled to the dust; England trampled on her prostrate foe. At length the day of Ireland's resurrection came. It was the day of England's humiliation. Beaten by her American colonies, threatened by the children of her own blood in Ireland, benefited alike by the embarrassments England surrendered to the Irish demands, and Catholic and Protestant of the Power which had ill-treated both. The era of England's troubles was the era of Catholic relief, Free Trade, and legislative independence. The dawn of Irish freedom broke as darkness overshadowed the fortunes of England. England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity.

Years passed, dark days came to Ireland again, and the historical gulf between the two peoples was made wider than ever. On one side of that gulf stand Pitt and Castlereagh, representing the unscrupulous powers and the pitiless might of England. On the other lie the victims of '98—traitors by English law; heroes and martyrs by the acclamation of their own people. In the background rises the noble figure of Henry Grattan vainly struggling to preserve the freedom of his country and to save the honor of England. A new century opens, and the gulf still remains as wide as ever. On one side now stand Peel and Wellington refusing the Irish demands in the name of England. On the other stands Daniel O'Connell rousing his nation to action, and hurling defiance at the foe. And so the story goes on; so the continuity of Irish history is maintained. It is not a

story of wrongs perpetrated long ages ago, and wiped out by some great act of justice generously done in our own day. It is a story of wrongs perpetrated through centuries and never freely redressed; a story of bitter memories awakened by cruel oppression and kept alive for generations by neglect and insult; a story of national feelings outraged and national rights denied to this hour. The timid Liberal, who has never studied the Irish question "au fond," will not like this retrospect; neither will the renegade Home Ruler, nor the perverse Unionist, who tries to persuade himself that there is no longer an Irish question, save, indeed, in the sense in which there is a Yorkshire question, or a Kent question, or a London question. But, despite timid Liberals, renegade Home Rulers, and perverse Unionists, the truth must be told. The Irish problem will never be solved until all its difficulties are understood. These difficulties lie in the fact that the masses of the English and Irish people are separated by a gulf, which is not merely made by differences of race, differences of religion, differences of character, differences of modes of thought and of ideals of life, but that this gulf has been widened by the hand of history. The problem which English statesmen have to solve is how to bring together two people who naturally and historically stand as much apart as any two people in the world.

Gulfs made by differences of race, of religion, of character, of modes of thought, and ideals of life have been bridged before now. But they have not been bridged by those who saw no gulfs. In the case of England and Scotland the gulf—not so wide a gulf as that between England and Ireland—has been bridged. In the case of the masses of the Irish nation and the English colonists in Ireland, the gulf was bridged in 1775-'82, though the bridge needed some finishing touches. England, however, instead of strengthening the bridge, shook it in 1795, and destroyed it in 1800. Two important facts should be borne in mind—(1) that the bridge which suits one case will not suit another; (2) that this Irish question cannot be dealt with as if it only involved a controversy about local affairs among a people bound together by the ties of a common race, a common religion, a common history, by identity of interests, aims, character, ideals.

What, then, it may be asked, is this Irish question at the present moment? Perhaps the best answer may be given in the words of the school child who, on being asked, "What was the date of the Conquest of Ireland?" answered, "It began in 1170, and it is going on still." The settlement, if not the conquest, of Ireland, is "going on still." From the time of Edward VI. onward, the English idea for the settlement of Ireland was to root out the Irish race, to extirpate the Irish religion, and to pour in English adventurers to possess the land. The Irish fought to save their race, to hold their own—their own creed, their own laws, their own lands. The struggle for three centuries has been about these things.

In the reign of Elizabeth there was a war of extermination followed by wholesale confiscations. In the reign of James I. there was the famous plantation of Ulster. In 1641 the Irish struggled to recover the possessions of which they had been robbed. Then Cromwell came, and there were more wholesale confiscations. In 1688-'91 the Irish were again in arms, fighting for all that men hold dear—worldly possessions, religious freedom, national independence. The war of 1688-'91 was ended by the Treaty of Limerick, whose liberal terms were alike a tribute to the valor of the Irish, and to the justice of William of Orange. The Treaty was broken—"broken," as Mr. Bright once said, "almost incessantly during two centuries of time." After Limerick, instead of an era of peace, there was an era of religious persecution, accompanied by more wholesale confiscations. "What, then," said Lord Clare in 1800, "was the situation of Ireland at the Revolution, and what is it to-day. The whole power and property of the country have been conferred on successive monarchs of England upon an English colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers, who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions. Confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation."

Throughout the eighteenth century the fight went on, the "old inhabitants" struggling to recover the "power and property" of which they had been deprived, England and the "colony" bent on keeping them in slavery. Between 1775 and 1782 the "old inhabitants" and "the colonists" came together, and, as I have

said, commercial freedom, Catholic relief, and legislative independence were the result. In 1798 the "old inhabitants" won a great victory—they obtained the Parliamentary franchise. In 1795 they demanded admission to Parliament; and England, having at first held out hopes of granting the demand, ultimately prevented its concession. In 1800 the Union came, and the "old inhabitants" were again beaten to the ground. Nevertheless, they fought on. In 1829 they wrung emancipation from a reluctant ministry, and demanded complete religious equality, the disestablishment of the Protestant Church, and the reform of the Land Laws.

For years they fought in vain, but at length victory again crowned their efforts. In 1869 the Church was disestablished, in 1870 the first great Land Act was passed. But the victories of the "old inhabitants" were not yet over.

In 1881 another great measure of agrarian reform, which practically revolutionized the laws of landed "property" in Ireland, was passed; and in 1898 a measure of local government, which struck almost all "power" from the hands of the "colony," became law. Still the fight goes on as furiously as ever. Why? Because the machinery for giving the people absolute "property" in the land has not yet been completed, and because the right of the nation to make laws for the nation is still withheld.

The cause may be the "double dose of original sin" given to the Irish at the beginning; and the remedy, the submersion of the island for four-and-twenty hours under the ocean. But, be the cause and the remedy what they may, there is no denying the fact that Ireland is as disloyal as ever. English statesmen must face the fact. Church Acts have not brought peace; Land Acts have not brought peace; local government has not brought peace.

Neither His Majesty's Government, nor Lord Rosebery apparently, accept the "double dose of original sin" theory nor the "submersion" remedy. They both are apparently of opinion that there must be more "concessions" to the Irish. What is then to be done? Mr. Wyndham proposes to introduce a "final" Land Bill next session, and Lord Rosebery (if I recollect rightly) speaks of "crowning" the edifice of local government. Meanwhile, the Irish people have stated distinctly what they want, namely, the right to make their own laws in their own land. Historically their claim is incontestable; politically, it has never been stated with greater force than by Lord Rosebery himself. Speaking at Glasgow in 1887, he said:—

"In the first place, Grattan's Parliament was what the Irish people wanted. There is no principle, gentlemen, which seems so simple, but which seems somehow to need so much instilling into some of our greatest statesmen, as the fact that the potato that one knows and likes is better than the truffle that one neither knows nor likes. And, therefore, when you wish to give a benefit to a nation, it is better to give something that it likes and understands rather than something that it neither likes nor understands."

What does Lord Rosebery now propose to do? Will he give us the "potato" we "like," or the "truffle" we don't "want"? He has said, I believe, that whatever has to be done for Ireland should be done "step by step." The "step by step" policy may be a good policy for dealing with the question of local reforms in England. It is not a good policy for dealing with Ireland, because the Irish question is not merely a question of local reform. It is a question of repairing the wrongs of conquest, of reconciling to the English connection, in English policy has driven to dislike any shape or form, a people whom the English partnership altogether. In honest truth, the curse of Ireland, the misfortune of Irish affairs, has been the "step by step" policy—the doing justice slowly, grudgingly, imperfectly; yielding to force; surrendering to treason.

Looking at the subject from a purely English point of view, assuredly Lord Rosebery must see that the work which lies before the English statesman in Ireland is the doing some act which will gratify the national aspirations and touch the national heart.

Throw the onus of Irish government on the Irish people; leave the guidance of Ireland to Irish hands; make the nation responsible for the national well-being; restore the old institution whose existence on Irish soil can alone bring back the recollections of the days when Irish freedom and Irish honor were not inconsistent with Irish loyalty to a common Crown—let England do these things, for by them only can she make any atonement for the past, and build up any hopes for the future.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

## Lessons and E

UNITED STATES AN—That Catholics enjoy dom in Canada than in States is proved by clear, plain and public that, although no specialists forbidding a Catholic president of the United States anti-Catholic prejudice is that it is a matter of ledge that no Catholic



# OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

I have always had a great love for the "True Witness," principally because it was in my father's home when I was a boy and I had learned to look upon it as the most solid defender of our faith in Canada. In after years I followed it through all its changes and vicissitudes, and not only read it every week, but sent it to friends living far away from Canada. Some years ago I had a very dear friend, and relative by marriage, living in Hong Kong, China. He used to send me the "Hong Kong Gazette," printed half in English and half in Chinese. In return I posted him, each week a copy of the "True Witness." It appears that he used to send the paper on to a friend of his in the Holy Land. Finally I was requested to send two copies of the paper to a given address in the far Orient. I did so for a time; but, not knowing whether the paper was ever received or not, I was about to discontinue when I received the exceptionally interesting and somewhat surprising letter which I give this week.

I repeat that these letters are not selected either according to dates, or to their character, or to the subjects upon which they were written; I just take them as they come to hand. I am occupied in assorting them for future reference, and I merely skip those that can have no interest for the readers. The following letter I transcribe just as it is written, but I must remark that the writer was evidently more conversant with French and with Eastern languages than with English. Whether he is yet amongst the living is more than I can tell; but if he is, he will probably read his reproduced letter, and will excuse me for the liberty I have taken with it. Here is the letter:

"Church of St. Ann,  
Jerusalem,  
Sept. 14, '93.

"Dear Sir:—  
"Just on leaving Jerusalem I deem it opportune simply to write you a few lines of gratitude. I must congratulate the paper you sent me for the good, religious, intelligent, and energetic spirit with which its articles are written. That recalls to my mind the words of Pope Pius IX. to the 'Tablet' of London: 'Dum vobis gratulamur, animos etiam addimus ut in inceptis vestris constanter maneatis.'"

"With my congratulations to the paper please accept my gratitude to you for the pleasure I often felt in reading the 'True Witness'; a pleasure I trust I shall still have, though removing from the Holy City; for I beg you to address me henceforth to our 'Novitiate of Maison-Carrée, near Algiers.' If I had stood (remained) any longer in Jerusalem I would have sent you now and then letters about the Holy Land and especially made you know our Apostolic work, at St. Ann's Seminary, for the restoration of the Catholic faith in the East, by the formation of a good and learned Greek Catholic clergy. I would also have written to you about the Pool of Bethesda, which we have to raise from its ruins, and which is far removed in time and situation, from its ancient splendor (S. John C. V.) Such letters from Jerusalem would have perhaps interested you, and may be you could have had them in the 'True Witness.' I regret that I did not do anything in that way while here, for I am very interested in the paper you sent. The reason, you know perhaps already, is that I am a Canadian, from Montreal; I am brother of Father G. Forbes of Caughnawaga, and it is a legitimate pleasure for me to communicate with my fellow-countrymen.

"Now I am called away to Africa, after five years of mission in the East. I do not yet know what will be my functions there. It may happen that in a few years I go to Canada for begging purposes. Our missions are so extending that a journey of that kind will become necessary. There is good to be done everywhere, but money is wanted; and when money fails the realization of the good, too often, also fails. So then, if I go back to Montreal, I promise you a visit and I know you will see your good offices with those in charge of the 'True Witness' to secure for me its assistance in my enterprise.

"Wishing you every good gift, I remain, dear sir, truly yours,

"FATHER JOHN FORBES,

"Of Cardinal Lavignerie's Algerian Missionaries.

"Written from the Church of St. Ann, Jerusalem."

I would have passed this letter over, and merely placed it amongst the scores of relics that I have placed aside and which the public eye will never behold, were it not that it constitutes an evidence of the wide circle of a Catholic publication's influence. Possibly ninety-nine out every hundred persons who take the "True Witness" are under the impression that its circulation is limited to Montreal, or this province, or Canada, or Canada and the United States. They would be surprised to know that the old Catholic organ has found its way into almost every civilized land on earth. An English Catholic military engineer told me, in 1886, that he found the "True Witness" at Singapore, at Suez, in Cairo, at Malta, at Gibraltar, and in the Island of Alderney—in the Channel Islands. At all these places he had been engaged professionally, and in all of them he had seen the same paper. Sir Joseph Thompson, the famous explorer of Masailand, when in the vicinity of Kilimanjaro, met a caravan that had coffee, tea, salt, pepper, and other commodities wrapped up in what he calls "European and American newspapers," and of the American papers he mentions three "The Herald" (I suppose the New York "Herald") "The World" (possibly also the New York organ), and the "True Witness." There are several "Heralds" and several "Worlds" on this continent; but I have never heard or read of any "True Witness" other than that of Montreal. Consequently one may be justified in concluding that by the hands of some missionaries the Canadian Catholic organ found its way into the heart of the Dark Continent. A young gentleman, who has been engaged in the brokerage business in Johannesburg, South Africa, for the past ten years, spent some months in Canada, in 1889. He was then on his way home to England from a sojourn of two years in South Africa. He told me that the only two publications, in the English language, which he saw during his two years in Ecuador—between Esmeraldas and Quito—were the "Cork Examiner" and the Montreal "True Witness;" the former was received by a young employee of a German nut company, who was a native of Bantry in Ireland, and who got the paper from home; the latter was sent to a Captain J. Lyons, who ran a boat from Tomaco to Esmeraldas, and who was either a subscriber, or else had relatives in Canada who sent him the paper. I mention these few facts simply to show how very remote must be the place that knows not a Catholic paper and its influence.

## Lessons and Examples

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.  
—That Catholics enjoy more freedom in Canada than in the United States is proved by two broad, clear, plain and public facts. One is that, although no specific law exists forbidding a Catholic to be president of the United States, yet anti-Catholic prejudice is so strong that it is a matter of general knowledge that no Catholic, however

great, and however popular he might be, would stand a chance of being elected to that position today in the so-called "land of the free." In Canada to-day we have a Catholic Premier—a French-Canadian. Not many years ago we had another Catholic Premier—the late Sir John Thompson, an Irish Catholic. The other respect in which Catholics enjoy a much larger measure of justice than their co-religionists in the neighboring republic, is that of education. In Ontario there is what is known as the separate schools. In Quebec Catholic schools

are supported by the rates, as are non-Catholic schools. In the United States not one cent of public money is permitted to be expended on Catholic schools, although Catholics, who number about a dozen millions, contribute largely to the general taxes of the country. In the course of a lecture which he recently delivered at Chicago, the Rev. Father O'Brien Pardon, S.J., stated that the amount of money which American Catholics are annually paying into the national treasury, beyond their rightful share of taxation is \$25,000,000. That sum goes to the edu-

cation of Protestant children in the public schools. In addition, Catholics pay for the education of over one million Catholic in their own primary schools, the cost of which should, in strict justice be borne by the State. It is no wonder that the Catholics of the United States have started an agitation for fair play in this very important matter of primary education.

MIXED MARRIAGES.—Asked by a representative of a New York daily newspaper to state his opinions on the subject of mixed marriages, a well known priest of that archdiocese said:—

"Of all the mixed marriages that I have performed, say from thirty to thirty-five, I have not known more than two to have happy results. Two people have a hard enough time to get along together all their lives without the added burden of religious differences. Most decidedly we set our faces against them; we do not prohibit them absolutely, but we make it as difficult as possible. Persuasion is our best weapon. But what would you have? I have known cases where the priest and the whole family have gone down on their knees to beg the young person to reflect on what he or she was about to do, and all with no effect. And then very likely in a year or a month, or even a week—I have known it so—the same young person will come to the priest for advice or consolation, praying to be released; then it is too late. It is easy for young persons to make all manner of promises in the view of marriage, and no doubt they are sincere at the time, but such promises are unfortunately as often broken as not, and I know of one unhappy case where a young man boasted to me that he had never had any intention of keeping the things he swore to.

"As I say, our order is firmly opposed to such marriages, not from any antagonism to Protestants, but wholly on account of the miserable results which have come in the experience of every priest. This sentiment is not growing; it has always been the same, and the laws which govern such cases have come down from time immemorial and are quite adequate to present needs. It is not so much a question of regulation as of the discretion of the spiritual father of the party concerned.

"Perhaps the greatest sufferers are the children of such marriages. The first disagreement of married life will often be over the christening of the first babe. The poor child, in the unhappy dissensions of their parents, will, as like as not, grow up without any religion at all.

## SENATOR O'DONOHUE DEAD.

A well known and venerable figure has been removed from the political circles of Ontario and from the legislative arena at Ottawa, by the death of Senator John O'Donohue. News comes to us from Toronto to the effect that the death of Senator O'Donohue occurred at his home there on last Sunday. Bright's disease was the immediate cause of his demise. He had been in failing health for some time and on Friday suffered a more severe attack, which caused death. He was born at Tuam, Galway, and came to Toronto in 1839. He was appointed to the Senate in 1882. In 1871 he unsuccessfully contested East Peterboro for the Provincial Legislature, and in 1872 East Toronto for the Commons. He was elected for the latter constituency in 1874, but was unseated and defeated. He leaves one daughter, Mrs. John Rennie, and a niece, Miss O'Reilly, who always attended him.

Some thirty years ago Senator O'Donohue's name was constantly before the public, and he played a most important part in the political as well as in the national struggles that marked that period in Ontario. Since his appointment to the Senate, some twenty years ago, Mr. O'Donohue has confined his public labors to the fulfillment of his duties as member of the Upper House, and consequently was not as conspicuous in public affairs as he had been when still in the more turbulent arena of the elective section of the legislature. Still he always manifested a keen interest in all that affected the Irish cause, and he was ever ready to aid in promoting the welfare of his fellow-countrymen—collectively, or individually, at home, or abroad. He was a fervent Catholic, and one who had accomplished much in the interests of the Church, especially in the Province of Ontario. May his soul enjoy eternal repose.

## THE TIBER'S ANCIENT BED.

(By a Subscriber.)

Some of the Saturday editions of our French newspapers contain very interesting and sometimes highly instructive contributions. In "La Patrie," of the 6th instant, there appeared a very important piece of information from Rome, and as the translation of it might interest the readers of the "True Witness," I have taken the liberty of sending the same to you. The article is entitled "Researches for Treasures of Ancient Art in the Tiber," and the text runs as follows:—

"It is announced from Rome that minute researches will be immediately made to find the precious relics of ancient Rome that are believed to be hidden away in the muddy bed of the Tiber. These excavations will be carried on under the superintendence of Professor Nisplinandri, with the aid of the Italian Government and of some wealthy citizens who are interested in archeology. It is believed that the Tiber holds inestimable treasures, curiosities, antiquities and master-pieces of great value. But how are they to be recovered? That is the question.

"The ancient Romans considered the Tiber to be their savior, as it barred on more than one occasion the incursions of their enemies. Macaulay has immortalized Horatius the brave, with two others who, victoriously defended the bridge over the Tiber against thousands of Etruscans, and it is possible that in the olden times thousands of foreign soldiers, as well as Romans were buried, with their armor, in the waters of the Tiber.

"Moreover, the Tiber was looked upon as a divine stream, and the ancient Romans came to its banks to pray and to make offerings to its deity. There can be no doubt that in the fervor of their superstition the Romans cast into those venerated waters their most precious jewels, statues, and works of art.

"The discoveries made in modern times, when bridges were built over the Tiber, to facilitate the communication between the two banks have proven to be a demonstration that in ancient days the Tiber was the object of a special religious devotion. In digging the foundations for the piers of the bridges, a great quantity of statues, pieces of jewelry and precious ornaments were brought to light, the value of which, when sold, exceeded the entire cost of construction. The museum of the Diocletian Baths was at once filled with these olden relics.

"In laying the foundations of the Garibaldi Bridge, bronze statues of Bacchus and Venus, were unearthed, and during the construction of the Palatine Bridge statues of gems were gathered to the value of several million dollars. That custom of sacrifice to the river-gods dates back over three thousand years. And how many such sacrifices have not been made! cast all their treasures into the Tiber? It is certain that ancient Rome contained innumerable treasures no trace of which has ever been found. Where are they? The archeologists say they are in the bottom of the Tiber, as they prepare now to search the bed of that historic river.

"The treasures that Titus took from the Jewish temple at Jerusalem have never been found, although the arch of Titus contains the seven-branched golden candlestick and the other vessels brought in triumph from the Holy Land. It is claimed that all these precious objects were cast into the Tiber and that they will certainly be recovered by digging the river-bed near the Island of Tiberius.

"When Christianity triumphed over idolatry, the old gods were cast into the river where for centuries they have remained. It is also hoped that art treasures of ancient Greece will be found, the famous statue of Minerva by Phidias, as well as those of Hercules, Mars, and Venus. In the depths of the Tiber also lies the golden statue of Claudius that adorned the Capitol, and that was cast into the river to save it from the Goths.

"To carry out the works of excavation the Tiber will be divided into nine or ten sections that will be explored separately. By the use of pneumatic reservoirs and steam pumps it is calculated that all objects worthy of conservation will be brought to light. The work will take years, for the Tiber has changed its course, in several places, since the distant epoch the relics of which are hoped to be recovered; however, near Rome the stream has scarcely altered its bed, and follows about the same course as formerly.

"The exploration of the Tiber is

not a new project; as far back as the thirteenth century excavations took place for the recovery of Etruscan relics, near the Sicilian Bridge. Cardinal de Polignac, and after him Garibaldi, proposed to change the course of the Tiber, so as to leave its olden bed dry, in the hope of finding therein the most precious objects that antiquity possessed, but the undertaking had to be abandoned in face of a powerful opposition. Several fruitless attempts, in the same direction, were made at other times, especially in 1773 and 1815. It is to be hoped that Professor Nisplinandri will be more successful than his predecessors. It would be one of the great achievements of the twentieth century."

## The Basis of Religion

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

It is always the same old story of seeking the truth and possessing the truth. Others are anxious about their faith; they think, or they hope, or they believe that they possess the truth; we Catholics, on the contrary, know that we possess it. Rev. Dr. James Stalker, of Glasgow, recently delivered an address, published in the London "Expositor," for November, in which he deals with the subject of religion and its basis. "How can we be sure that our religion is true?" asks the "Literary Digest," in commenting on Dr. Stalker's address. In reply to its own question that organ says:—

"The answer of Protestantism has been that the Bible is the impregnable rock. The disposition among Roman Catholics has been to regard the authority of their church as the basis of Christian certainty. Among the radical schools of religious thinkers the tendency is to accept the individual consciousness as the seat of authority in religion. Which of these answers is true?"

Dr. Stalker takes the position that each of the three points of view thus stated contains part of the truth. And in his summing up Dr. Stalker contends that:—

"The certainty on which religion is suspended is a threefold cord, and it is a mistake to attempt to hang all the weight on a single strand." Religious truth is "revealed in Scripture, borne witness to by the church, and realized in individual experience."

Here we have two distinct questions confronting us. The first is that of the uncertainty of all non-Catholic Christians as to the foundation of their belief, as contrasted with the certainty of Catholics upon that all-important point. The second is the attitude assumed by the eminent Presbyterian preacher above quoted.

As to the first of these issues we can simply say that the very question asked by the "Literary Digest" is sufficient evidence of the uncertainty of any section of Protestantism. It is all a mere matter of speculation. They all have some pretended ground work for their faith, but no two agree as to what it exactly is. The Bible is the most universally accepted source of Christianity by general Protestantism, and yet, the Protestant churches are rapidly drifting away from the Scriptures, are gradually beginning to doubt the inspiration of the Bible, and are at daggers-drawn between themselves upon almost every theory concerning Holy Writ. In contrast-distinction to this position we have the Catholic Church that is unchanged and immutable that is positive and infallible.

But what most interests us is Dr. Stalker's conclusion, that the three elements constitute the foundation of Christianity, or of the true Christian religion, with his views, as he describes them in detail, we cannot agree; but on the general proposition we are in accord with him. The Church, the Bible, and the Grace of Faith in the individual all go to make up the rock upon which our religion is built. The Church, because Christ established it as an institution to perpetuate His teachings and to give the order to go forth and preach and teach all nations. In addition, and as an auxiliary in that work of preaching and teaching, we have been given the Holy Scriptures—the value of which as estimated by the Church may be found in the last important encyclical of Leo XIII, establishing a commission for the special purpose of Biblical study and investigation. And in addition, again, the Church recognizes the gift of grace imparted by God to the individual, and obtained by such means as prayer and sincere desires to know the truth. In this sense we can say with Dr. Stalker that the three sources of our religion exist; but the rock-bottom foundation of our faith is nothing other than the word of Christ Himself, as spoken to Peter.

freedom, Catholic relative independence. In 1798 the "old a great victory—the Parliamentary 95 they demanded Parliament; and England first held out hopes demand, ultimately concession. In 1800 and the "old inhabitants beaten to the less, they fought on, wrung emancipation ministry, and de religious equality, ment of the Protest- the reform of the

fought in vain, but victory again crowned in 1869 the Church ed, in 1870 the first was passed. But the e "old inhabitants" er.

er great measure of b, which practically e laws of landed Ireland, was passed; measure of local gov- struck almost all the hands of the me law. Still the is furiously as ever, the machinery for ole absolute "propere has not yet been because the right of make laws for the n- hheld.

y be the "double dose" given to the Irish ing; and the remedy, of the island for hours under the of the cause and the they may, there is no ct that Ireland is as r. English statesmen act. Church Acts have ace; Land Acts have ace; local government at peace.

Majesty's Government, bery apparently, ac- ble dose of original or the "submersion" both are apparently t there must be more to the Irish. What is e? Mr. Wyndham pro- duce a "final" Land on, and Lord Rose- collect rightly) speaks of the edifice of local Meanwhile, the Irish ated distinctly what lunately, the right to n laws in their own ally their claim is in- olitically, it has never ith greater force than bery himself. Speaking 1887, he said:—

place, Grattan's Par- what the Irish people e is no principle, gen- seems so simple, but somehow to need so g into some of our smen, as the fact that at one knows and likes a the truffle that one nor likes. And, there- u wish to give a bene- it, is better to give at it likes and under- than something that es nor understands."

Lord Rosebery now o? Will he give us the "like," or the "truffle ant?" He has said, I whatever has to be and should be done . The "step by step" be a good policy for the question of local England. It is not a for dealing with Ire- e the Irish question is question of local re- a question of repairing of conquest, of reconcil- English connection, in- cy has driven to dislike form, a people whom partnership altogether. uth, the curse of Ire- fortune of England in- ment of Irish affairs, has up by step" policy—the slowly, grudgingly, im- elding to force; surren- ason.

t the subject from a ish point of view, ar- rd Rosebery must see rk which lies before the tesman in Ireland is the act which will gratify aspirations and touch heart.

onus of Irish govern- o Irish people; leave the Ireland to Irish han- ation responsible for the all-being; restore the on whose existence on Irish one bring back the rec- the days when Irish free- shion honor were not incon- Irish loyalty to a com- —let England do these by them only can she tonement for the past, o- y hopes for the future.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.



# Presbyterian Troubles.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The Presbyterians are not a happy family. The Pittsburgh Presbytery has voted in favor of a revision of the Westminster Confession made by the committee of the last Presbyterian General Assembly. It is claimed that the revision amounts to little, is evasive rather than possible. Commenting upon this revision the New York "Sun" says:—

"Whether it will prove sufficient to satisfy both rugged Presbyterian conviction and the demand of a less logical school of Presbyterians for gentle and amiable doctrine is more doubtful." And adds:

"Intellectually, the revision throughout shows a decline from the old statement, and that its literary expression, its relative feebleness, constitutes a blemish on that document of vigorous English so well-educated a ministry as the Presbyterian must have discovered." Then it says:—

"If, however, the Presbyterians no longer believe in doctrines of their Confession, if it declares a faith which in their hearts they reject, they ought to get rid of it; sheer honesty requires that ministers should not make a profession of faith which is not truly theirs and they are not willing and are not compelled by their consciences to preach. But how can the revision, as made, help out ministers who shied at the original document? It is purely superficial. It does not go to the root of the system of doctrine, but is merely a literary expression artfully chosen to seem to soften conclusions whose original severity is made compulsory by the very premises from which they are drawn."

We might have commented upon these comments, but the following takes the word from us:—

"The underlying cause of the movement for the revision of the Westminster Confession is, unquestionably, weakening faith in this fundamental dogma of the infallible authority of Scripture. But no merely superficial polish of revision can satisfy that pivotal doubt in honest minds; and among the Presbyterian ministry, distinguished for its intellectual strength, it is peculiarly impossible. They will not be deceived by any decoration of the shell, no matter how pretty, but will insist on going to the kernel within."

It is easy to trace all these changes to their source and to foresee their consequences. The old and hard rule "Thus saith the Lord," whereby Presbyterianism bases all

upon the text of the Bible, as the infallible word of God, and on that alone, does not correspond with the changing sentiments that the new century beholds. Never was there a faith more unbending, more harsh, more heartless than that expressed in the Westminster Confession. It was an iron rule of destiny; it knew only the God of vengeance, but not the God of Mercy. It allowed no sentiment of the heart, no sacred tie of affection, no warmth of charitable impulse to interfere with the rigid and frosty predestination that it imposed upon man. As the "Sun" says: "It is not a religion of pretty emotion, but of stern conviction. Look at the Presbyterian type of face." In truth there is something fearful in that type—we mean the old, hard, unbending, unbending type; the face that is wrinkled with the determination of a frantic purpose, the face that knows not the charm of a smile, the face that is illumined by no ray of fellow-feeling; but which is burned with the fires of a fanatical monomania. It is the face of a Bothwell, of a Habbakkuk Mucklewraith—and it is the outward expression of the inward belief that all men are the slaves of Mammon and the enemies of God, who do not bend under the yoke of a foreordained fate, and who allow their souls to lean towards the beautiful, the elevating, or the inspiring—be it in nature or in matters of spiritual life.

It is obvious that this is a religion entirely out of harmony with the more enlightened age that we now possess; and it is evident that the younger generations are growing weary of the chains that the confession of their forefathers flung around their lives. Hence this desire to change, to remodel, to revise the fundamental principles of their faith. But that revision is an evidence of weakening; it indicates a falling away from the faith in the infallible Scriptures, and it points to a future, not very distant, when Presbyterianism will be but a shadow of its former self, an institution that will hold a place only in the history of the past.

## Registration of Voters.

For the information of all concerned we desire to draw attention to the fact that the voters' lists used for the elections for the House of Commons and the Local Legislature are now being prepared by the city assessors. The lists are prepared by the city of Montreal, and later on the Board of Revisors will sit and consider the applications and objections. The basis of the list for the Parliamentary elections is the roll used by the city of Montreal. All persons upon the civic rolls either as proprietors or tenants have no need to make any further application.

A new list is prepared every two

years, and it is necessary that all persons seeking to qualify for voters, other than owners and tenants, should make application before the 20th December instant. The following are the qualifications for voters, apart from proprietors and tenants:—

Teachers teaching in an institution under the control of school commissioners or trustees.

Retired farmers or proprietors who receive a rent in money or effects of at least one hundred dollars.

Farmers' sons who have been working for at least one year on their father's farm, if such farm is of sufficient value, if divided equally between the father and son, as co-proprietors, to qualify them as voters under this act.

Proprietors' sons residing with their father or mother, if property is of sufficient value.

Farmers' sons exercise the above rights even if the father or mother are tenants or occupants only of the farm.

Temporary absence from the farm or establishment of his father or mother during six months of the year in all, or absence as a student, shall not deprive the son of the exercise of the electoral franchise above conferred.

Priests, curés, vicaires, missionaries and ministers of any religious denomination domiciled for upwards of five months in the place for which the list is made.

Persons who reside in the electoral district during twelve months at least, and draw from their annual salary or wages, or from the interest of any investment in Canada, or from the business firm in which they have an interest, a revenue of at least \$300 per annum, or jobbers in factories who draw from such work at least \$300 per annum.

We need scarcely impress upon all our co-religionists and fellow-countrymen, irrespective of political party, the grave importance of having their names upon the list, so as to be enabled to exercise their rights of citizenship and have a voice in the affairs of the country.

## A DEADLY DISEASE.

One out of every six persons who die in New York dies of consumption. There were between nine and ten thousand deaths in that city from this disease last year. Consumption, in fact, seems to be the great destroyer of the world. To it were due in 1900 10 per cent. of all the deaths in the United States.

## NEW KIND OF INFLUENZA.

A new type of influenza is just now very prevalent in the northern suburbs of London, and many cases are under treatment. Several prominent medical men state that the victims of the disease are attacked with very severe rheumatic pains about the body, with swollen ankles and legs, this being quite a contrast to pre-

## NOTES FROM ENGLAND

**A GOOD MAN GONE.**—In these days when there is such a lack of sturdy public spirit in the ranks of Catholics it may afford a lesson to the younger generation to read the following appreciation of the life-work of one of the grand old Irish Catholic laymen, who labored so zealously and so enthusiastically for church and country, which we take from one of our exchanges. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, says our contemporary, there passed away a notable figure in the Irish and Catholic circles of the city of Liverpool in the person of Mr. James Daly, C. C., S.V. The story of Mr. Daly's life in that city is the history of Irish Nationalist and Catholic progress in Liverpool for the past thirty-one years. During that long period every movement for the betterment of his Irish and Catholic fellow-citizens had his cordial, whole-hearted, and unstinted support. Mr. Daly devoted his life to the interests of his creed and country. His sterling character, his manly and fearless advocacy of his people's claims, and, above all, his untiring labors, won for him the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and it did more—it won for Irishmen and Catholics many rights, privileges, and favors, for which an everlasting debt of gratitude is due. As an Irishman he was ever in the forefront of the work for Ireland and for the betterment of the condition of the Irish residents in the city.

As a Catholic his work for the Church and the schools alone entitle him to the first place in the memory of Catholics as the greatest lay-worker in the Church of this diocese during the past generation. Apart from his work, his great influence with young and old did untold service to the cause of creed and country. His life was a life of self-sacrifice, self-abnegation. His characteristic was his ardent zeal, his true simplicity, and self-effacement. He worked without one single selfish thought or aim. He built up St. Sylvester's Young Men's Society. The O'Connell Temperance Association and many other works for Nationalist and Catholic organization owe their origin to him. His message delivered to the writer on the eve of his decease was: "Tell the Young Men's Society and the League to pray for me. I will pray for them, and I hope we will all meet in the better land."

The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. At the close of the Requiem Mass held in St. Sylvester's Church, Rev. Father Swarbrick made a touching reference to the death of Mr. Daly. He said:—He was a Catholic and an Irishman. His faith was the mainspring of all his actions. He was ever foremost in every Catholic movement. His time, energy, and purse were unstintingly placed at the

disposal of his Catholic brethren. He was Irish to the core. He was unswerving, true, and loyal to all the national aspirations of his race, yet kindly and tolerant to those who differed from him in their political creed. Long years of residence in England, joined with a calm judgment and a never-failing grasp of any sudden emergency, made him one whose advice to his co-religionists could be safely followed in all questions of public policy. Born in Dundalk, he, at an early age came to Liverpool and engaged in commercial pursuits. But it was as a public man that Mr. Daly would long be remembered. His name had for many years been closely identified with the religious and civic life of the city of Liverpool. The Catholics owed him a great debt of gratitude for the work he did in connection with the registration of Catholic voters and directing and organizing the School Board elections. His last act of public work was to attend the Revision Court to protect Catholic voters on the Monday before his fatal illness. All this vast amount of work was done for the good of religion without any remuneration. Elected a Guardian in 1898, his anxiety was to do his utmost for the poor of the city, and at the same time to safeguard the interests of Catholic children. As an evidence of the appreciation of this work by the ecclesiastical authorities, the Bishop visited him on his deathbed and imparted to him the Apostolic benediction. Mr. Daly represented Scotland division in the City Council since 1895. He took a great interest in the re-housing of the poor, and whatever tended to the comfort and benefit of the people he represented. As a Nationalist his work was well known.—R. I. P.

**THE EDUCATION BILL.**—The London "Universe," noted for its outspoken support in all matters concerning Catholic and Irish national affairs, in a recent issue says:—This week in the Education Bill has practically completed its course. It is unlikely the House of Lords will make any objectionable changes, and as the Royal assent is now a matter of form the Bill may now be considered an Act of Parliament. What its actual working out will bring forth cannot be told with any surety, but there are one or two results of the Parliamentary warfare which Catholics must regret.

First is the increased bitterness which the Nonconformists will show towards the Catholic Church, although their present irritation, they plead, is solely against the mimickers of Catholicity in the Established Church. Another, and more regrettable, result is the threatened breach between the Irish Nationalist members' consciences and politics. Up to this there has never been doubt as to the Catholic Irishman keeping intact that reverence for the Church which has been his forefather's chief

ornament and only solace in the troubles of centuries past. Now it seems the Nationalist party is united in trying to pronounce the Nonconformist shibboleth, to show that breadth of thought, which least distinguishes the Dissenters. Shade of O'Connell, canst thou endure the sight?

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, has addressed a circular letter to all the communities directing prayers to be said for the successful issue of the Education Bill. His Grace points out that in the Bill there are certain matters which make it dangerous to Catholic interests, but he trusts that what remedy may be applied will be applied. With regard to the Nationalist members of Parliament, Dr. Walsh considers them now individually responsible for any neglect to support the recommendation of the Irish hierarchy. It must be a very unpleasant duty for His Grace to speak so hardly of the Irish members, but, following the old Irish rule—religion before politics—there is nothing else to be done.

## Subscribers to Associated Estate Fund

The following subscriptions have been collected by the Montreal branch of the United Irish League and remitted this week to the Trustees of the Associated Estates Fund for distribution among the evicted tenants of the De Freyne and Murphy estates:—

M. Fitzgibbon	\$25.00
Hon. J. J. Guerin	5.00
John Humphries	5.00
P. Wright	5.00
H. McMorro	2.00
P. Keane	2.00
James McIver	1.00
John O'Neill	1.00
James Rogers	5.00
M. J. Doherty	1.00
M. Sharkey	1.00
J. C. Walsh	5.00
J. M. Guerin	1.00
H. J. Coyle	1.00
H. J. Kavanagh	5.00
Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy	5.00
P. Horan	1.00
Thomas McGivern	1.00
Harry Fitzgibbon	5.00
James Shelley	1.00
Joseph Johnson	3.00
B. Connaughton	2.00
Hon. J. J. Curran	5.00
Chas. Murphy, (Ottawa)	25.00
P. Reynolds	5.00
W. E. Walsh	1.00
W. P. Kearney	2.00
C. Coughlin	10.00
H. J. Cloran	2.00
M. H. O'Connor	5.00
W. E. Doran	5.00
John Fallon	5.00
John O'Leary	2.00
Joseph Quinn	4.00
"A. Fried	10.00
J. Craven	2.00
	\$166.00

## Catholicity

Melbourne might be the Chicago of Australia. It is a rival of your commercial centre in its tries, or that it has become a little more than half a century ago it was considered a village in States—about 17,000 population, and 50,000 whole colony of Victoria. The discovery of gold gave Melbourne an impetus continued until a few years ago, after the value had been inflated to an extent, a reaction set in which it has not yet recovered. Many other parts of the Catholics had not much themselves in the early toria. They were few in their political and social was a negligible quantity had but little of the we they had, however, the of faith, the only thing a hostile Government a landlord class in the land before setting out their fortunes under the Cross, for the majority first saw the light in Ireland. With the opening up fields, came numbers of independent, and gentlemen from over the seas them from California, some of these adventurous Catholics the influx put a certain amount of back their colonial co-religionists good seed had already been the pioneers, and under ing influence of the whose open-handed generosity, it quickly and the result can be o day in the many churches, convents, and charitable of all kinds which are throughout the colony of and generosity of the Catholic St. Patrick's Cathedral occupies one of the finest city, being at the same junction of one of the boulevards. This magnificence has been reared within a few years, and although to-keeping with the number-ence of the Catholic body cannot refrain from admiration, foresight, and courage, you will, of those who foundations at a time when the numbers nor the social of our coreligionists war an undertaking. The sagacious enterprise of the early Catholic now fully justified; they for their generation nor time; they made provision future. The diocese of was created in 1848. It took nineteen days for Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. get from Sidney to his takes as many hours now Catholic population of was then under 5,000, later it had increased to was then—1853 they conceived idea of erecting the Cathedral. There had in the colony a Mr. War-pil of the illustrious Pugin of Gothic architecture; and to him was entrusted preparation and execution signs. He was also the architect of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, unlike many of the great Europe which took centuries to build, both of these noble edifices were practically finished in time of their designer. St. Patrick's is complete spires, and at the final meeting the building committee, which held the other day some facts and figures in connection with its erection were given. The amount expended on it up to present has been considered \$1,000,000, \$400,000 of which has been disbursed within twelve years. It must be that during the time of its churches, schools, religious institutions of all kinds have been going up in various archdiocese, whilst at time our co-religionists were taxingly themselves for education of their children in schools. The Melbourne Cathedral is the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the colonies, and perhaps the equator. The dimensions of the building are: nave, sanctuary and Chapel, 350 feet clear length; aisles and transepts, intersected by 76 feet; transepts, 162 feet of roof, 98 feet. It will be St. Patrick's in Melbourne.

# What You See at DESJARDINS' Great Fur Rooms!



**Boas and Collars Combined in Martin Sable and Siberian Squirrel.**

There is nothing more stylish than these long boas and collars combined, made of these rich, delicate furs.

In New York, Paris and London, this new style has created a sensation in "swelldom."

In Montreal it is all the rage with our fashionable people.

We are showing the richest collection in America.



**The fashionable Russian Style Mantles and Overcoats.**

These pretty styles—long and ample, in cloth, in fur, as desired, and trimmed with Marten have a really distinctive effect—something rich and chic.

We make a specialty of them, and have already booked many orders from our best customers.

Never has fur been made up with better effect.



**A Winter Paradise for the Children.**

Our collection of **Small Furs** is the joy of the little ones and their mothers.

Our little Mantles in French Rabbit and Tibet are charming in elegance and comfort.

You ought also to see our Jackets, etc., in French White Rabbit and Tibet.

**Little Prices FOR Little Purses.**

**Our Vast Assortment** is the richest and most varied of the continent. Poor and rich here find articles suitable for men, women and children, at prices which eclipse those of every other house. This is an undeniable fact, and the permanency of our custom proves it.

## CHAS. DESJARDINS & CO.,

The Greatest Fur Store in America.

1537 and 1539 St. Catherine St. - - Montreal.

**Saving of 30 to 40 p.c.**

Our establishment, by its immense personal buying in the great European markets, saves an intermediary commission of 30 to 40 per cent., which all our customers receive in value, for the same prices as elsewhere.

No other establishment in Canada buys at the same sources with the same advantages.

This is the explanation of the superior choice in our furs and the low prices.







# The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.

Dublin, 29th Nov., 1902.

**THE CAUSE IN LONDON.**—An immense meeting of the Nationalists of South London was held in the Bermondsey Town Hall, November 25, in aid of the National Defence Fund. The meeting was organized by the South London District Committee, and the date was excellently chosen so that the demonstration should also serve as a celebration of the Manchester Martyrs' anniversary. The spacious hall and galleries were filled to overflowing and the proceedings throughout were of the most enthusiastic character. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., travelled over from Ireland specially for the purpose of attending and was accorded a magnificent reception, his appearance on the platform being greeted with loud and long-continued cheering, which was repeated at frequent intervals in the course of his speech. The Bermondsey fife and drum band, the St. Ann's (Spicer street), and the Boro' pipers' band were present and played a number of Irish airs previous to the meeting, and at the rear of the platform a splendid banner of the local branch of the U. I. L. was prominently displayed.

**IN NORTH LOUTH.**—On November 23, shortly after last Mass, a very successful public meeting was held in Darver, North Louth, for the purpose of forming a branch of the United Irish League. The attendance was large, and much earnestness was manifested. The local police were present and displayed much officiousness in taking the names of those who became members. Mr. J. Fagan, organizer, and Mr. J. Hughes, hon.-sec. Dundalk Branch, were present, and met with a cordial reception. Mr. Alex. Sweeney presided.

**THE MARTYRS' DAY.**—The thirty-fifth anniversary of the execution of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien was celebrated in Dublin on Sunday by a monster procession to Glasnevin, where the cenotaph erected in memory of the Martyred Three was decorated with wreaths of flowers, as were also the graves of many others of the illustrious dead. As in former years, the arrangements were in charge of the Old Guard Union, assisted by the G. A. A. and the Football League. The weather proved exceedingly propitious, and shortly after twelve o'clock the various contingents began to arrive at Stephen's Green, which was fixed upon as the starting place. The arrival of the bands and procession was witnessed by large crowds of people. The procession was formed exactly at one o'clock, when the order to start was given. The route was by the site of the Wolfe Tone Monument, through Grafton street, by the Old Houses of Parliament, through O'Connell street, and thence to Glasnevin cemetery. Great crowds of spectators assembled along the route to watch the passage of the procession. The place of honor was occupied by the Old Guard Union, who formed a strong body. They were followed by the '98 section, with a band and several handsome flags. Then came the Newgate Memorial Committee and the Cumann-na-Gael and a large corps of football clubs. The labor section consisted of St. Patrick's fife and drum band, Drumcondra, with Labor Electoral Association. The Foresters included the band and members of the Robert Emmet Costume Association of Dublin, Fairview, and Kingstown, with their district branches. Several detachments of the Boys' Brigade were present. Immediately after the Old Guard Union came a memorial car bearing a large number of wreaths, while in many instances beautiful floral tributes were carried by contingents. Quick step was observed by the processionists, until Cross Guns Bridge was reached, when the several bands discoursed funeral marches until arrival at the Prospect Gate, where the cemetery was entered. The wreaths were taken charge of by the Old Guard.

**DECORATION DAY IN CORK.**—A public demonstration in honor of the memory of the Manchester Martyrs was held on Sunday in Cork. The anniversary was observed by a special Mass at the Cathedral, at which all the leading Nationalists were present. The demonstration

at St. Joseph's cemetery, in which the city bands and a number of public men took part, was of large dimensions. The graves having been decorated, the people were addressed from a platform which had been erected opposite the cemetery. The speakers were Alderman Wm. Cave, President of the Cork United Trades; Alderman J. J. Kelliher, Messrs C. G. Doran, Queenstown; and T. F. O'Sullivan, Listowel, to whom the anniversary oration was entrusted. Resolutions were passed pledging adherence to the principles of the Manchester Martyrs and in favor of the furtherance of the Irish language, music, and pastimes.

**IN CASHEL.**—At each of the three Masses at Cashel, Nov. 23, prayers were offered up for the repose of the souls of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, who so nobly laid down their lives for Ireland thirty-five years ago. At the first Mass Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P., V.G., paid a touching tribute towards the dead heroes. Celebrations were also held in Rathkeale Castlebar, Skibbereen, Youghal, Downpatrick, Middleton, Limerick, etc.

**COERCION IN CORK COUNTY.**—At Blarney Petty Sessions on Nov. 24 the charge of intimidation preferred against Mr. P. J. Rahilly, organizing secretary of the Cork Branch of the United Irish League, in connection with a speech made by him at a meeting of the United Irish League at Carrignavar on Sunday, 12th October, was set down for hearing. The case was brought on under a statute of Edward III.

The case was reached shortly after the Court sat, and when called Mr. Rahilly did not appear, neither was he professionally represented. Mr. Wright said that Mr. Rahilly's non-attendance did not come on him by surprise. He would prove service of the summons on Mr. Rahilly and then ask for a warrant for his arrest.

This was done, and a warrant was issued for Mr. Rahilly's arrest.

**BANNED BY THE LEAGUE.**—A special meeting of the Standing Committee was held in the League Offices 39 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin, on November 20th, at 3.30 o'clock, p.m., Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., presiding. It was proposed by Mr. A. J. Kettle, seconded by Mr. Thos. Harrington, and adopted unanimously:—"That no further communication in connection with this organization be made to the 'Daily Independent' newspaper."

The next meeting of the National Directory will be held on Tuesday, 2nd December, at 12 o'clock.

**CASE OF COL. LYNCH, M.P.**—The London 'Daily Telegraph' says:—It is understood the Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone) will return to London from the Birmingham Assizes about 19th or 20th December for the purpose of charging a Middlesex Grand Jury at the Royal Courts of Justice in the case of Arthur Lynch, M.P., for Galway. Should the Grand Jury find a true bill the Lord Chief Justice will, it is expected, fix a date for the trial, which will be what is known as a trial-at-bar, at the ensuing Hilary Sittings in January next.

The hearing will take place before the Lord Chief Justice and two other King's Bench judges, probably Justice Wills and Gratham, and will be tried in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. The Attorney-General (Sir Robert Finlay), the Solicitor-General (Sir Edward Carson), Mr. H. Sutton, and Mr. Charles Mathews will appear on behalf of the Crown, and Mr. Shee, K.C.; Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., and Mr. Biron for the defence.

**ANOTHER VICTORY.**—On the 24th Nov. Rev. Father Casey, P.P., Abbeyfeale; Thomas Connell, sen.; Thomas Connell, jun.; William Flynn, David O'Rourke, John Lane (Hill tenants), and John O'Keefe and Michael Moloney, representing the lot-holders, held a conference at the Court house, Abbeyfeale, with Mr. Peter Fitzgerald, agent on the Ellis estate, relative to the questions at issue since July, 1901, between the

tenants and the landlord, Mr. Richard Ellis, who resides in England. The terms of a settlement were discussed at considerable length by Mr. Fitzgerald and the tenants' representatives, and it is satisfactory to have to state that every detail connected with a peaceful arrangement was amicably settled. Several attempts to arrange a settlement had failed for the past twelve months, and all hope of ever coming to a suitable understanding on the matters in dispute had been almost abandoned. Rev. Father Casey, P.P., had, however, been untiring in his effort to promote a settlement, and had so far succeeded that the principal bar that existed between the landlord and tenants was merely a question of costs; but even on this point the tenants had persistently refused to yield, while the landlord was equally immovable. Everything has now, however, been settled, the tenants and lot-holders being allowed to purchase their holdings on equitable terms. The announcement of the settlement has been received in the town and surrounding districts with pleasure, and has removed from public consideration one of the principal agrarian disputes which has arisen in Ireland since the formation of the present National organization. For months past the tenants on this estate have suffered much inconvenience and have endured many sacrifices in having voluntarily removed most of their crops from their holdings, and some of them had so assured themselves of being subjected to extreme measures. The lot-holders, the majority of whom reside in the town, had surrendered their holdings last March, and were therefore, out of possession since the 29th September. The purchase of the Ellis estate will complete the sale of the principal estate in Abbeyfeale parish. Three small estates, consisting of about thirty holdings altogether, are all that will now remain in this parish on the landlords' hands after the Ellis estate purchase has secured the sanction of the Land Commissioners, and those, it is expected, will be soon scheduled with those that have already passed out of the landlords' hands.

**IRISH PARTY FUND.**—The following correspondence has been published:—  
United Irish League, Kilrush, County Clare, Nov. 10th, 1902.  
Most Rev. Dear Sir,—On behalf of the Nationalists of the town and parish of Kilrush, we have the honor to transmit to your lordship enclosed cheque, value £26 10s., for the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Our only regret is that our subscription is not five times as large. In common with Irish Nationalists throughout the world, we have unbounded admiration for the devotion, the ability, the self-sacrifice and the bravery with which the true and staunch members of the Irish Parliamentary Party are fighting the country's battle against fearful odds. Only a few days ago Mr. William Redmond, M.P., one of the representatives of our county, and one of the most valiant members of the Irish party, was flung into prison. The battle in one direction appears nearly won. A solution of the land question seems at last almost in sight. We fully recognize, as Your Lordship and other leaders have frequently stated, that a strong organization and a united people at the back of our Irish party give the best assurances of final success.—We are, with deep respect, your lordship's faithful servants,

MICHAEL CROTTY, U.C., D.C.,  
THOMAS NAGLE, Hon. Sec.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Letterkenny, 15th Nov., 1902.  
Dear Sirs,—The fine collection you transmit from the Nationalists of Kilrush for the Parliamentary Fund is greatly enhanced by the spirit that speaks through the words of your letter. Undoubtedly the prospect is encouraging, for I cannot recollect any time in our recent history when the people had a better chance of advancing rapidly the Irish cause by standing bravely together in their criminal organization. Even if the leaders are imprisoned, I believe our priests and people will not allow the movement to slacken on that account. A solid persevering organization of the popular strength is the one condition we need to attain that native government without which all large enterprise is poisoned at the root.—I am, dear sirs, sincerely yours,

PATRICK O'DONNELL.

**WESTPORT DISTRESS.**—At the adjourned quarterly meeting of the Westport Rural District Council on Thursday, Mr. P. J. Kelly, J. P.,

chairman, presiding. Mr. Owen Lavelle called the attention of the Council to the alarming outlook of the potato crop in Achill, in consequence of which he wished to propose the following resolution:—

"Resolved—That the serious attention of the Government be drawn to the failure of the potato crop in Achill, where a large number of its 1,350 families have to depend partly on this crop as their staple food, the return of which is of a very inferior quality this year, and is not half the usual crop, and is scarcely fit for eating or seed; that we respectfully hope the Government will take steps to prevent the distress which must necessarily follow early next year in the district; that we recommend as a remedy that the Government introduce reproductive works and give a supply of seed potatoes for the relief of the distressed families."

Mr. Michael Kilbane seconded the resolution, which was passed unanimously.

In the Achill district the ground is of a soft, moist nature, and the constant rain all over the island has wrought the ruin of the potato crop. Even where the potatoes are in holes they have begun to rot. The unfortunate peasants are greatly alarmed at the outlook, as it means famine for them and their families.

## BRIEF NOTES.

**JOINING THE CHURCH.**—Five thousand converts a year from the Protestant faith to Catholicity in the archdiocese of New York was the report made by Archbishop Farley, presiding at a large meeting of the Catholic Converts' League in the assembly hall of the Catholic Club, New York, recently.

**DONATIONS AND BEQUESTS.**—William Gordon, a wealthy citizen of Sioux City, Iowa, has just bequeathed to Bishop Garrigan a tract of land near that city worth \$10,000, on which will be built in the near future several charitable institutions.

By the will of the late Thomas Coleman, of Newport, Ky., many Catholic charities have been benefited. The Catholic Orphanage at Cumminsville receives \$75,000; to Archbishop Elder \$100 for Masses for testator's father and mother; all jewelry is to be sold and the proceeds distributed to the poor through the St. Vincent de Paul Society. All the residue of the estate, some \$10,000, is given absolutely to St. Mary's Seminary, Rich Hill.

By the will of the late ex-Congressman Felix Campbell, of Brooklyn, who left an estate conservatively valued at over \$5,000,000, \$20,000 is left to Bishop McDonnell for the building fund of the contemplated new Cathedral.

Under the will of the late Rev. Patrick L. Quaille, of Millbury, Mass., \$1,000 is left to St. Vincent's Hospital of Worcester, and the remainder of the estate equally divided between Holy Cross College and the College of St. Bonaventure of Alleghany, N.Y. The estate is said to be very large.

**COADJUTOR FOR MGR. ELDER.**—The announcement has been made that Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, will petition Rome to name a coadjutor for the Archbishopric of Cincinnati.

**AN AUXILIARY BISHOP.**—Archbishop Farley, it is said, will recommend to the Holy Father the appointment of Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney as Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

## TROUBLE FOR TWO.

A Michigan man owed another man \$10. It was due on Tuesday. At midnight on Monday night, the man who owed the money came around, woke his friend up and told him he couldn't pay the bill. "It worried me so I couldn't sleep, and so just thought I'd tell you now," he said. "Dern it," said the other man, "why didn't you wait till morning? Now I can't sleep, either."—The *Igry*.

The magistrate at the Marylebone Police Court gave three months' imprisonment to the two prisoners who robbed the alms-boxes.

## Notes for Farmers

**SHEEP-SHEARING.**—"An electrical invention to be used in the shearing of sheep has come into the market and promises to make great progress, if one can judge from the newspaper reports of its operation during the last year," says "The Western Electrician." "A recent trial of the apparatus was at Flagstaff, Ariz., and was very successful. It is stated that one of the installations on a southwestern ranch, requiring 16 men to operate it, was able to shear 75,000 sheep in three weeks. The ranchmen say that a force of 48 men would have required twice that time to accomplish the same work. The mechanism resembles a barber's hair-clippers or the common horse-clippers. The clippers are carried over the sheep by hand, but are operated by electric power. It is said that, so rapid is the working of the clippers, a workman can shear a sheep in three minutes. To do the same work by hand, the best workman would require at least eight minutes."

**TESTING SEED.**—Wheat growing four inches above the ground, is one of the interesting sights at the Central Experimental Farm. This may be seen in the green house, where Mr. W. T. Ellis is testing seed as to its vitality. Miniature wheat fields, as fragrant and as luxurious as in June, are laid out under glass and they will be kept growing until spring. This feature alone will amply repay a visitor for a trip to the farm during the winter months.

Testing the vitality of seed has always been an important work at the farm. Farmers may send grain in parcels free of charge and have them reported on inside of three weeks. About one ounce is sufficient quantity of each grain. Many crops suffer from injury during harvest and storage and it is unsafe and extremely unwise to use the seed next year without testing its vitality. Sometimes it is particularly urgent to test seed, when the crop in a locality has been generally affected by frost, damp weather or other cause. There are two processes of ascertaining whether the seed will be productive or not employed at the Central Experimental Farm. One is a check on the other.

First the grains of seed to be tested are sowed in pots of earth, about 4 feet square, 100 grains in each row. In a week the seeds will germinate and soon it can be learned how many grains of the 100 will be fruitful. These when counted show the percentage of good seed. Eleven days after the seed is sown the blades of grain are about four inches high. Farmers, therefore, are informed as to the result some time during the third week after the sample is sent.

The results from this are confirmed by placing the seeds in water between linens. The grains will sprout if they possess vitality and if they show no signs of life they are condemned.

To show the value of this important work it may be said that in the testing in the 1900-01 season 2,385 grain samples were examined. They were wheat 900, barley 312, oats 972, rye 2, peas 90, corn 12, grass 14, clover 6, flax 9, carrots 17, turnips 8, mangels 10, sugar beets 9, radish 11, cabbage 6, beans 2, tobacco 2, canary seed 1, cucumber 1. In the case of wheat the lowest percentage was 8 while some of the samples possessed 100 per cent. of vitality. The average vitality was 84 per cent. Some samples of barley tested 100 per cent., the lowest being 11 per cent. Oats was also represented by some samples yielding 100 per cent. of perfect seed, the worst sample being very bad containing no seeds of vitality. The average vitality was 80 per cent. This season the number of samples did not represent the average condition all over Canada.

The first test of this year's grain was concluded Monday. The result shows the prospect in Ontario and Quebec to be good. Samples arrived as early as November 19th. The grain was wheat and if the seeds tested be a fair representation of Canadian wheat the crop will be an excellent one as far as vitality of seed is concerned.

A few samples have been received from Nova Scotia and Manitoba which have not yet been reported on. Many samples have been sent by dealers in seed who are anxious to have their goods approved by the Dominion Testing Department.

## The OGILVY STORE

### Blankets for Christmas

Wool Blanket, nice soft finish, size 64 x 82, usually sold for \$4.50. Our price \$3.85.

Wool Blanket, weight 6 lbs., size, 65 x 80, usual price \$2.50. Our Special \$1.75.

A Special Line of Blanket Sheets, double bed size, different colors of borders, usual \$1.20, for 85c.

Feather Pillows from \$1.15 up.

We carry a very largely assorted stock of Bed Pillows, covered in Satcen or Ticking, different sizes.

### FANCY BLOUSE FLANNELS FOR CHRISTMAS.

In our Fancy Flannel Department we have a very large range to choose from. Prices from 35c up.

### NOVELTIES IN WRAPPERS and BLOUSES

Ladies' China Silk Wrappers and Dressing Gowns, in Black, Pink, Sky and White, Lace Trimmed, all sizes and prices.

Ladies' Fancy Waists, 6 only, Paris Samples of White Silk, trimmed with Lace sizes, 34, 36 and 38.

A Special Line of Ladies' Blouses, different sizes and designs. Price \$2.25

### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

That can be had in our Linen Department.

Round Centre Pieces, Battenburg Lace Trimming, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75 each.

Battenburg Doilies, with Linen Centres, 30c, 35c, 50c each.

Hemstitched Tray Cloths, hand-worked, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.75 each.

Hemstitched Pillow Shams, hand-worked, \$3.00 and \$3.50 per pair.

Swiss Tampered Pillow Shams, slightly soiled:

\$2.50 for \$2.00 per pair.

\$2.75 for \$2.20 per pair.

\$3.25 for \$2.60 per pair.

\$3.75 & \$3.80, for \$3 per pair

### TOYS! TOYS!!

All Children are invited to visit our large and exclusive display of Toys for Christmas, which we have opened up in our Basement.

Best Attention Given to Mail Orders.

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

## The Montreal City & District Savings Bank.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars and a bonus of two dollars per share of the Capital Stock of this Institution have been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after Friday, the 2nd day of January, 1903.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

A. P. LESPERANCE,  
Manager.  
Montreal, November 29, 1902.

## FRANK J. CURRAN,

B.A., B.C.L.,  
ADVOCATE...

Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James Street, Montreal

## C. A. McDONNELL,

Accountant and Liquidator  
180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

TELEPHONE 1182.

## Christm

### How the Ca

CHRISTMAS is Catholics the world's most glorious feast an exchange. How at home we all know when, in the morning, we start out with pleasure, and our palates sur-our bed. But let us at other lands and mas is kept there.

AT BETHLEHEM approach of midnight the Nativity was extreme capacity by sians, Germans, and of other nations. chimes of the sounded through announcing the the midnight M sounds of fervent rejoicing from the. The same Mass was 'St. Peter's, Rome, mighty dome of Mic the Madeline, Paris, rick's, New York, a Catholic churches th with the greatest pomp, and devotion, tion of being presen on the very spot wh incarnate God, the and the Light, deig form of man in a hu a moment of the pu alloyed faith exper times in life. Every and joyous, and the derness of each sou the countenances of ering. There was on able in the congreg the little Christ Ch particularly made g tachment and devot tives of Bethlehem t The priests were est silks, and on the vestments embroidered hands. The cope of was regal in wealthi cious stones gleam from it. The altar men, where the Ma gress, was also a rned with lights a toes of European k monies were over l and the Oriental cool, and bracing, and leaving behind holy and blessed. I mained at the holy the white sun arose of light over Bethle went to their home ry-making.

AT ROME.—In R ceremonies of Chris the Church of St. I in this church that crib in which our are preserved; the brought from Bethle enth century, und of Pope Theodore I eve they are taken sitory and placed the sacristy chap offered for the ven faithful. The doors at 4.30 on Christm the singing of the a procession march where the sacred re and bears them wh where they are pla altar. At seven o' High Mass is celeb it the relics are he From early morn t an unending stream church. From five i dawn the church is again, latter on, in the Franciscan Chu the Santissimo Bar ed by thousands, children, boys and five years of age, t uage of the new- streets are gay wit tresque holiday t balmy as June, is feti (tiny seed can is a general appe ness. There is no Italy, but instead corruption of Epiph be a very cross old are told that she w Magi to help them for the Christ Child to put her house in at last she was ree



# Christmas in Other Lands.

## How the Catholics the World Over Celebrate This Most Glorious Feast.

CHRISTMAS is celebrated by Catholics the world over as the most glorious feast of the year, says an exchange. How it is kept here at home we all know, from the moment when, in the early, frosty morning, we start out for the midnight Mass, till the time when, tired out with pleasure, our hearts glad and our palates surfeited, we seek our bed. But let us give a glance at other lands and see how Christmas is kept there.

**AT BETHLEHEM.**—Before the approach of midnight the Church of the Nativity was crowded to its extreme capacity by Syrians, Russians, Germans, and representatives of other nations. And when the chimes of the parish church sounded through the still air, announcing the commencement of the midnight Mass, there were sounds of fervent praying and rejoicing from the great throng. The same Mass was being sung in St. Peter's, Rome, beneath the mighty dome of Michael Angelo; in the Madeline, Paris, and in St. Patrick's, New York, and in all the Catholic churches the world over, with the greatest possible eclat, pomp, and devotion, and the realization of being present at a ceremony on the very spot where Christ, the incarnate God, the Way, the Truth, and the Light, deigned to take the form of man in a humble stable, was a moment of the purest joy and unalloyed faith experienced but a few times in life. Every one was happy and joyous, and the beauty and tenderness of each soul was reflected on the countenances of the devout gathering. There was one motive noticeable in the congregation—to love the little Christ Child, and we were particularly made glad seeing the attachment and devotion of the natives of Bethlehem to their faith.

The priests were vested in the finest silks, and on this day they used vestments embroidered by queenly hands. The cope of the guardians was regal in wealth, gold and precious stones gleaming everywhere from it. The altar of the three wise men, where the Mass was in progress, also was appropriately adorned with lights and the mementoes of European kings. The ceremonies were over before daybreak, and the Oriental morning, crisp, cool, and bracing, was gliding in and leaving behind a night that was holy and blessed. But the people remained at the holy grotto long after the white sun arose and sent a halo of light over Bethlehem, and then went to their homes in general merrymaking.

**AT ROME.**—In Rome the principal ceremonies of Christmas are held in the Church of St. Mary Major. It is in this church that the relics of the crib in which our Saviour was laid are preserved; these relics were brought from Bethlehem in the seventh century, under the pontificate of Pope Theodore I. On Christmas eve they are taken from their repository and placed on the altar in the sacristy chapel, and there are offered for the veneration of the faithful. The doors are thrown open at 4.30 on Christmas morning; after the singing of the matins and lauds, a procession marches to the chapel where the sacred relics are exposed, and bears them through the church, where they are placed on the Papal altar. At seven o'clock the first High Mass is celebrated, and after it the relics are held up to view. From early morn till night there is an unending stream of people in the church. From five in the morning to dawn the church is illuminated and again, latter on, in the evening. In the Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli the Santissimo Bambino is venerated by thousands, and there little children, boys and girls of four and five years of age, tell in simple language of the new-born God. The streets are gay with people in picturesque holiday attire, the air, balmy as June, is filled with confetti (tiny seed candies), and there is a general appearance of happiness. There is no Santa Claus in Italy, but instead there is Befana, a corruption of Epiphania, supposed to be a very cross old woman. Children are told that she was invited by the Magi to help them in their search for the Christ Child, but she waited to put her house in order, and when at last she was ready the wise men

had gone, and ever since her life had been spent in a vain search for the Infant God. For His sake she cares for little children and rewards the good, but punishes the bad. There is a somewhat similar legend in Russia, but there the old woman, who is called Babonshka, only rewards the good.

Santa Claus, as is generally known, gets his name from St. Nicholas, a dear saint, the patron of children, of virgins, and of sailors. He was an archbishop, and many stories are told of his care for those in his charge. In Holland, where Santa Claus comes from, the children do not hang up their stockings; but put their wooden shoes out, and leave a window open for him. Sometimes he comes as a bishop, clad in appropriate vestments, and with him comes a colored servant, who carries a rod for naughty children; occasionally the bishop rides through the streets on a gayly-caparisoned steed while his servant following on foot scatters cakes and candies among the children who troop after.

**IN GERMANY.**—In Germany, Christmas is essentially a gala day for children. It is the feast of the Divine Child, and for His sake the feast of all children. The German mother thinks nothing a trouble which will add to the pleasure of the home circle. If on ordinary occasions she devotes herself to her family, how much does she exert herself when Christmas comes! Of course, the Christmas tree fills a prominent place in the festivities, and every one is remembered and represented in that tree of love. There is one feature of the Christmas celebration in Germany which deserves special notice. On Christmas eve two quaintly-attired figures make their round among certain houses. They are Knight Rupert and Santa Claus. At the door of the house a bag handed to Knight Rupert. Then he enters and inquires about the conduct of the children, and if there is a good report from the parents, Santa Claus, who wears a white gown and a gilt belt, orders the contents of the bag to be emptied on the floor, and, during the scramble which follows, the two figures make their escape.

**IN FRANCE.**—In France the Christ Child Himself brings the gifts for the children. In the villages of Alsatia He goes from house to house ringing a little bell and distributing gifts to the little ones. In Burgundy, the young men and women of the parish meet some weeks before Christmas and practice carols until Christmas eve. Then there is a supper at which every one goes in for enjoyment. After supper a circle gathers round the hearth, on which there is an enormous log, called the *sucho*, and the children are told: "See now, if you are good this evening, Noel will rain down sugar plums for you," and at the proper time the little ones find parcels of candies under each end of the log. Carols are sung to Noel (Christmas). Noel! Noel! Noel! is heard on every side. The merrymaking and feasting are prolonged into midnight; then the bells ring out in the frosty air, and the company go in a body to the midnight Mass. After Mass they return home, salute the *sucho logi* and resume their feast until morning, when they separate.

**IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.**—Among the mountaineers of Servia and Montenegro each family chooses a young man as a guest for the Christmas festivities. He is called the *polz-nik*, or Christmas guest. As he approaches the door of the house he calls out "Christ is born," and throws some corn inside the house. "Welcome," calls the housewife, who stands ready to meet him. "Of a truth He is born," and she throws at the same time a handful of corn in his face. Then he enters the house, and going to the hearth picks up the remains of the largest log, knocks it against the crane so as to make the sparks fly, saying as he does so: "So may your household have all good luck and happiness." This he repeats, with another good wish, and then places on one end of the log an orange with a small coin on it, which the housewife takes. In return she presents him, before he leaves, with the leggings and socks worn by the mountaineers, and with a Christmas loaf. The Christmas

guest next asks his host what kind of a Christmas he has, to which he answers: "Christmas has come as a kind guest, my brother; all have enough and all are merry." Then the kiss of peace is exchanged with the family, the guest takes a seat at the hearth, and the day is passed in innocent pleasures and feasting.

## Thanksgiving Day At St. Laurent.

(From a Correspondent.)

Amongst other essential things, St. Laurent loves to nurture in the hearts of her youth the seeds of patriotism, and with this view encourages the righteous homage to a gracious king, to the memory of a beloved Louis or an immortal Washington. At present writing, we are American paying due tribute at Heaven's court for the blessings of a dying year.

Thanksgiving Day, looked forward to by some with joy and expectation, awaited by others with an indescribable feeling of excitement and pleasure, stole upon us with the accustomed stealthy tread of Father Time, tarried with us the while, and is even now numbered among those periods which are the milestones of our passage through life. But it has not disappeared totally in the darkness of oblivion. It has left behind it a luminous train of pleasant recollections; memories that we shall ever cherish, that will ever throw a light of pleasure over our idle moments when the darkness of old age enfolds us.

It was the occasion of adding new laurels, of imparting a new lustre, bright, golden and glorious to the crown of success which has ever encircled the brows of St. Patrick's Literary Association. That evening's achievement is one that will stand upon the records of this Society as one of the best, the most glorious that adorn its historic pages. The nature of the celebration was characteristic of the earnest work which the students of St. Laurent, especially the members of St. Patrick's Literary Association, exhibit in all their undertakings, the principal feature of which was contained in the following programme:

Musical and dramatic entertainment, by St. Patrick's Literary and Dramatic Association.

Overture, orchestra.

Oration, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," John D. Dineen.

Solo, Calvary, Aloysius McGarry.

Comedy Sketch, Alphonse and Gaston, T. J. Kearney, J. L. Kennedy.

A Close Shave.—A roaring farce in one act.

Jotham Crusty, generally considered a mean man, J. Bent.

Tonsorial Parlor, Fran. Hinchey.

Heavy, a Hypochondriac, Jno. Maxwell.

Simper, a Willy Nilly from over the "Pond," D. P. Loughran.

Mike and Neb, bad boys from La Peck, Jno. Dineen, Sam. Magee.

Concluding with sensational specialties by Mike and Neb.

Selection, orchestra.

The trial scene in the Merchant of Venice, act IV., cast of characters.

Duke of Venice, Jno. Cooney.

Antonio, Merchant of Venice, Geo. Kane.

Bassanio, Gratiano, Salario, and Lalerino, Friends of Antonio, C. Maher, A. McGarry, Jas. McCarthy, Jos. Kennedy.

Leonardo, servant to Bassanio, T. A. McDonnell.

Nerissa, as a Lawyer's Clerk, Ed. Butler.

Portia, in the guise of a young doctor of law, W. McDonagh.

Shylock, a Jew, T. Kearney.

Grand Finale, the Star Spangled Banner, Colloge Band.

representation. The very fact of attempting to stage a play of Shakespeare is commendable; but when staged and played with success it is an achievement worthy of the highest praise. "This true only a small extract from one play was presented, but even that was a very brilliant illustration of what the whole might be.

The spectacle of a stage draped with all the magnificence of a Venetian Court, of the gorgeous costumes rich in velvets and brocades and seeming to sparkle with a thousand glittering jewels, of the animated countenances and situations of the actors, was a tableau worthy of the brush of an artist. The Duke, clad in his scarlet cloav edged with ermine, and seated in the chair of state was admirably impersonated both in word and in gesture by Mr. Cooney. Everything about him had the air of royalty. Mr. Kane, as of purpose. Mr. McDonagh revealed sympathy, whilst he was at the mercy of the Jew. And when he exulted in victory and in life, we rejoiced with him. Messrs. Maher and McGarry, as Bassanio and Gratiano, the friends of Antonio, gave us a picture of true friendship; both gentlemen acted their respective parts very creditably. Mr. Kearney, whose histrionic abilities are already well known to us, in his impersonation of Shylock, showed us the character of a man absorbed in and eaten up by two intense passions; his greed for filthy lucre and his hatred of the man who scorned his race, insulted his creed, and deprived him of the "prop that sustained life."

But he was not the low, mean, cringing Jew of the present day stage, rather there was something noble in his passion, in his tenacity of purpose. Mr. McDonagh revealed to us in Portia a woman of high intellectual powers. Portia was well acted. The minor characters in that scene acted their parts equally well. On the whole the entertainment was a grand success, and gave promise of a bright future for St. Patrick's Association and for St. Laurent College.

## A LARGE PARISH.

William E. Curtis says in the "Record-Herald" of Chicago, that the largest church parish in the world is in that city. There is no religious organization in London, Paris, Rome or any of the great cities that will compare with it in membership. At the last enumeration, on Easter Sunday, 1902, there were 31,300 communicants, representing 4,500 families. Adding what may be called the floating population of the parish, the comers and goers who apply to the priests occasionally for spiritual guidance, the total number of this great flock will exceed 33,000. The parish covers about eight square miles of territory, including the larger part of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Wards.

It is the Catholic parish of the Polish Church of St. Stanislaus Kostka, situated at the corner of Noble and Ingraham streets, in the midst of the Polish colony.

## Miners Give Evidence.

Pathetic stories of lives spent in the mines were told last week at the hearings of the Anthracite Strike Commission at Scranton, Pa. John Gallagher, an old man, who has worked in the G. B. Markle & Co. mines since 1871, said:

"In eighteen years I never got a cent of money. I was always in debt to the company. When I was in debt the company would give me a pretty fair place, where I could earn as much as \$60 and \$70 a month, and if I worked hard and was careful I could almost clear myself of debt. But when I was almost clear I would be put in a poor place, where I could not make \$25 a month, and back into debt I got again."

He was asked if he was ever hurt in the mines.

"Hurled!" he exclaimed. "We don't consider a man is hurt until he is half killed."

"How often have you been half killed then?" Attorney Darrow asked.

"Twice," he said.

"Then you were killed entirely," said Judge Gray.

"Aw, no," he exclaimed. "The first half was healed when I got the second half."

"I don't know why Mr. Markle evicted me," he continued. "I was not active during the strike. Perhaps it's because my boy is secretary of a local. Twelve others were evicted. We were put out in the rain. Mrs. Collins, who was sick, caught more cold and died. Her mo-

ther, who is 101 years old and blind, was carried out by the deputies."

"The twenty-five hundred employees wanted to strike to keep the thirteen of us at work, but we said no. No victory was ever gained without a sacrifice, and we were willing to be sacrificed. So we were, too."

Gallagher explained that while the men did not have to buy clothes and similar things at the company store, they had to buy provisions there, paying ten to twenty per cent. more than at other stores, while clothing was twenty per cent. higher. He did not think much of Mr. Markle's arbitration contract with the men.

"He never arbitrated anything," he explained. "The agreement and the lease of the house are on one paper. We sign the lease, and that is signing the agreement, too."

Little Andrew Chippa, a breaker boy for the same company, was the next witness. He is a slight, under-sized little fellow, on whose tiny shoulders rests the responsibility of aiding his mother in providing for his two brothers and little sister.

His father was killed in the mines shortly before the strike, and after a year in the schools the little fellow was put in the breaker.

His father owed the company \$54.94 and the boy started to work it out. But he has never received a cent of pay. Instead, the debt has increased. The first month it went up to \$60.09, the second month to \$88.17. He is still working.

## THE FAMILY PEW.

Every young man who is at work should hire a seat in a pew in church and assist at the High Mass on Sundays. That is the parochial Mass. That is the Mass at which the most instructive sermons are preached. That is the Mass that every member of the parish, not prevented, should attend.—Catholic Columbian.

## PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.

The public accounts of Canada for the five months of the current fiscal year up to Dec. 1, show a balance of \$9,748,682 over the expenditure. As compared with 1901 the revenue shows an improvement of \$2,762,599, and the expenditure a decrease of some fifty thousand dollars.

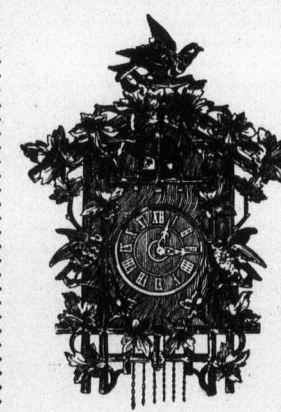
Following is the detail for the six months:—

	1901.	1902.
Revenue—		
Customs .....	\$13,262,089	\$15,045,470
Excise .....	4,700,182	4,952,911
Post-Office .....	1,355,000	1,530,000
Public Works and Railways .....	2,758,539	3,114,504
Miscellaneous .....	1,066,163	1,261,688
Total .....	\$23,141,976	\$25,904,575
Expenditure .....	16,200,837	16,153,898
Capital Expenditure—		
Public Works and Railways .....	\$8,721,666	\$2,402,354
Dominion Lands .....	106,688	107,039
Militia .....	32,228	28,942
Railway subsidies .....	1,067,606	773,595
Iron and steel bounty .....	222,837	101,193
South Africa contingent .....	134,426	165,698
N. W. T. Rebellion .....	127	692
Total .....	\$5,285,225	\$3,573,126

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours. 'I don't want her to be my daughter!' broke in the young ardent. 'I want her to be my wife.'"

## Colonial House, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

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**CUCKOO CLOCKS.**  
Can be furnished in dark or light wood. They are all hand carved out of massive blocks of wood, with solid brass movements. Hour and half hour strike and cuckoo. Prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$40.00. The quail calls the quarter hour and the cuckoo the full hour. All these Clocks are carefully tested.

**RICH GOLD CLOCKS.**  
Large collection in the latest designs, handsomely gold plated. All our Gold Clocks are plated with 24k gold and lacquered. They are fitted with guaranteed 30-hour movement. Ranging from \$1.75 to \$10.00.



24k gold-plate, porcelain dial. Height 4 in. Price \$3.00



24k gold-plate porcelain dial. Height 7 inches. Price \$8.00



24k gold plate, porcelain dial. Height 5 1/2 in. Price, \$4.50



24k. gold-plate, porcelain dial. Height 4 in. Price, \$3.00

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soft finish, size 1 for \$4.50. Our weight 6 lbs., size, price \$2.50. Our Blanket Sheets, different colors of, for 85c. from \$1.15 up. largely assorted, covered in Satcen sizes.

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20 per pair.

60 per pair.

for \$3 per pair.

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CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

Extracts from a masterly address delivered by Rev. John A. Conway, S.J., of Georgetown University, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Loyola College, Baltimore.

"This is life everlasting; that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."—John xvii., 3.

In these days, when so many of the nations have turned away from God, it seems like a holy inspiration that moves one of the youngest and healthiest and strongest to turn to God annually, to thank Him for the blessings of the past year and to implore His protection for the future. In all our land to-day there is an official acknowledgment that God is the ruler of nations, and that all the strength and prosperity and happiness of a country come from Him. "Unless the Lord build the city they labor in vain who build it." But you are here, to-day, for a special reason, not in obedience to the President's proclamation, but in compliance with the Lord's ordinance—"Thou shalt make holy the fiftieth year." Your thanksgiving is not merely for the blessings of a year; it goes back two generations, and no doubt some among you have seen the little mustard seed grow into the great tree typifying the kingdom of God upon earth. Fifty years of labor for the glory of God, and with God's blessing upon it! That is the idea which you commemorate, for which you pour out grateful hearts to-day in presence of the altar. All has been added which could give significance and magnificence to that outpouring of thankfulness; joyous hymns of thanksgiving rise from earth to heaven; the sweet perfume of incense floods the sanctuary; priests in gorgeous vestments minister at the altar; and a Prince of the Church, the worthy occupant of the oldest See in the United States, offers up the adorable Mass of Thanksgiving. Surely it is a great event that is being commemorated here to-day. Yes, indeed, it is a great event, the greatest in the world after the direct means of sanctification, instituted by Christ for the spiritual welfare of man. It is the cause of Catholic education that we are to-day celebrating; the memory of fifty years spent in solving the problem that has occupied men's minds for centuries; for which we believe the only key is in the training which this institution has been giving for half a century.

Education is the great cry of our age; our periodicals and magazines are filled with it; it is heard in our lecture halls; it occupies the constant attention of our legislators; it holds a prominent place in our political platforms; it is the rallying cry in our conventions—municipal, State and Federal; it is the key by which we hope to solve all the problems in our new possessions; it is the panacea, the remedy, for all moral evil, social and individual. And so it is; education is the one thing, the only thing, that will fit man for his high destiny.

Gladly, then, do I repeat the sentiment of the age—"Let knowledge grow from more to more;" gladly do I admit that a fuller knowledge will give us a more perfect manhood and a more perfect womanhood. Education is the remedy against ignorance, and bigotry, and mental narrowness, and perverse evil-doing. But it would be a great mistake to imagine that education is the peculiar heritage of this age; the desire for it is coeval with the history of man. "Let knowledge grow from more to more" is not merely the sentiment of a modern poet; it is the aspiration of the human heart. It is written on the bricks of the Babylonians, in the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, in the bark literature of the Aztec Indians. Knowledge kept pace with the spreading culture of Greece, in a literature, after inspiration, the most sublime and the most perfect in form that the world has ever seen; it followed the conquering banners of Rome until the stately

learning of Rome was the learning of the world. And our own sacred writers of the Old Testament, what were they but the educators of the chosen people of God? The great law-giver lays down rules of conduct and of action which to-day are principles of moral well-doing; the inspired singers raised up men from earth to heaven; the Prophet foretold the glorious coming of Him who was to be the Teacher of the nations. Education is no modern discovery indeed; it is at least as old as Christianity; it is implied in the very title of those men who were to be the columns and foundations of truth, for they were called Apostles, that is, men sent forth to teach. "Go, teach all nations," was the mission entrusted to them. They were not sent forth as wonder-workers, though that power was given to them; they were not sent forth to cure bodily infirmities, though the shadow of Peter did give health to the sick, and the prayer of Paul did raise the dead to life; they were not sent forth for any temporal advantage which they would bring to them; who would listen to their words; their mission was to teach—"Go, and teach," and thus Christianity itself is founded on the principle of education.

In obedience to that command, the Apostles went forth to teach, and "the sound of their voice penetrated to the uttermost limits of the world." Thus did the higher education begin amongst men, that education which was to reveal all the infinite depths of God's mercy and love, and how salvation had come through Jesus Christ. These words of Christ were the credentials of the Apostles. "Go, teach all nations," was the command of Him who had authority over the minds and hearts of men. He promised furthermore that He, Himself, would be with them and their successors as their guide in teaching until the end of time. "Behold I am with you all days, even till the consummation of the world." Hence no body of men, not claiming for itself infallibility, can be the successors of those men sent forth by Christ to teach all truth till the consummation of the world.

And that higher education spread; higher than any Babylonian sage, or Egyptian seer, or Greek philosopher, or Roman statesman had ever dreamed of; higher even than the inspired writers of the Old Testament had ever known; for they had seen darkness only, as in a glass; they had witnessed the breaking dawn, but not the glorious subburst. That higher education could be expressed in the single phrase "Eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord." It was this which was taught to "Parthians and Medes and Elamites, inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Egypt, and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Jews also, and the proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," when on that first Pentecost Sunday they all heard in their own tongue the Apostle preaching "the wonderful works of God." It was this truth which was taught to the despised Jews in Jerusalem and in the surrounding country, and in distant lands, and to the wisest of the Greeks in their own Areopagus; it penetrated into the palace of the Caesars, into the splendid homes of Roman nobles, and into the wretched hovels of Roman slaves; in busy city, and in lonely hamlet, on vast continent and on narrow islands of the sea, men were startled by the new teaching, so much at variance and men had practiced for centuries. Peter was the teacher of the Jews; and Paul, borne on by an irresistible zeal, traversed the earth, bringing the glad tidings to the Gentiles, earning for himself the title of "teacher of the Nations." The other ten, scattered over the world, bore witness with their lives, and they fertilized with their blood the soil into which the new teaching struck its roots, deep and strong. Others came, their successors, with the selfsame mission and the selfsame promise that He would be with them; and after three centuries, with all the power and malice, and cruel ingenuity of kings and emperors against it, it prevailed and lived and ruled over the fast-fading greatness of the world-wide empire; and it has prevailed and lived and ruled ever since in all true ideas of education. Eternal life! That was the lesson man had to learn, the knowledge he should acquire, and the only thing worth knowing; and to this day it

holds supreme place in all true education; it is the knowledge that man is bound to learn, the only thing worth knowing. "This is eternal life, that they may know Thee," etc. So taught the Apostles and they had no other teaching to offer. The most eloquent of them all—the man who is called the "Teacher of Nations"—who taught the Romans and Ephesians, Galatians and Philippians, Cappadocians and Hebrews themselves, whose zeal was limited by the world, whose fiery eloquence was inspired by the spirit of God, he sums up all his teaching in the simple sentence, "I preach Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." That was the Apostolic idea of the higher education—the of the highest education. The Apostles passed away, and the great Roman Empire passed away. The Apostles had their successors, but the great Roman Empire had no successor; it went the way of all flesh. Its last days were made glorious by the brilliancy of those men who succeeded to the Apostles in the work of teaching, and of saving that higher education from the ruin which fell upon the world. High above the din of the falling Empire are heard, in the West, the eloquent voices of the impetuous Tertullian, of the profound Augustine, of the gentle Ambrose, and of the learned Jerome; whilst in the East, the golden flow of Chrysostom, the learned researches of Basil and of Gregory, all proclaimed the selfsame truth, that it is eternal life to know the one true God, and Him whom He sent, Jesus Christ.

The great Empire fell, and its civilization passed away forever, leaving only a magnificent memory behind; and there is probably no sadder page in history than the record of that fall. From East and Northwest savage men poured down in vast multitudes, trampling down with iron hoof and armed heel the thousand-year civilization of Rome, and the cultured Greece. Like wolves they rushed forth to pillage and destroy; their dense columns, like locusts, extending from North to South, and advancing irresistibly towards the West, left deserts and desolation behind; whilst the face of the sun was obscured by the smoke and ruin that marked their onward, irresistible progress. The great Empire made desperate efforts to drive back these savage men to their mountain fastnesses or to their boundless plains; but it might as well have tried to stem the tide or to stay the hand of time; on, on they rushed, countless hordes, thousands falling by the wayside, but tens of thousands ready for the vacant places. Goths and Visi-Goths, Huns and Vandals they pillaged and they plundered, and they outraged all the laws of God and man. And they conquered; these rude men conquered over the wealth and power and refinement of Rome. Sanctuaries were overthrown, palaces turned into stables, temples razed to the ground. The Barbarians had come, and they had come to stay, and to a thousand years and more of conquest and refinement succeeded the ages which men, with some show of reason, call dark. The old civilization passed away, the old races were extinguished, and in their place were these fierce tribes from forest and mountain and jungles and prairie, wild with lust and avarice and the thirst for power, whose delight it was to revel in deeds of cruelty and to gloat over the flow of blood.

(To be continued.)

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Archbishop MacEvilly DEAD.

The Most Rev. John MacEvilly, D. D., Archbishop of Tuam, and primate of Connaught since 1881, died Nov. 26, at the age of eighty-five years.

Here is an interesting sketch of the great prelate, taken from an English paper:—

The ancient Archiepiscopal See of Tuam owes its foundation to St. Jarlath, a disciple of St. Patrick, and the present prelate is a direct descendant of that distinguished and holy man. In the long roll of Tuam's Bishops were many men of international fame all of them illustrious and worthy followers of the sainted and erudite founder. In passing, may be mentioned such names as Fierence Conroy, a great scholar, known in his day and later, as "dos nundi;" John Burke, so conspicuous at Kilkenny among the Confederate Catholics that he bore the proud title, afterwards assumed by a successor, of "John of Tuam;" Malachy O'Quelly, a party to the Glamorgan Treaty, who lost his life in the Irish camp at Sligo; Oliver Kelly, who built the present Cathedral and founded the modern and well known College of St. Jarlath, "the mother of many missionaries;" John MacHale, a great Irish scholar and patriot; and not the least remarkable, the present worthy occupant of the See, John MacEvilly, whose fame as a churchman, a scholar, a writer, and a preacher have spread far beyond the confines of his wide extending diocese, whose works on Scripture find a fitting place in the library of every Catholic divine.

John MacEvilly was, in April, A. D. 1817, born at Louisbourg, in the County of Mayo. Going to St. Jarlath's College, at Tuam, John went thence to Maynooth, and, after a distinguished collegiate course there, he was ordained on the Dumboony establishment in 1840. On his return to his native diocese he was appointed, first a professor and next president, of St. Jarlath's College. In 1857 Dr. MacEvilly was appointed Bishop of Galway, and subsequently, in 1866, Apostolic Delegate for Kilmacduagh and Killeenora, at that time a separate See, but now annexed to, and forming part of the diocese of Galway. In 1876, the Bishop of Galway was appointed coadjutor to Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, "with right of succession," and on the death of that prelate, in 1881, he became his successor.

In Galway, as in Tuam, his guidance of the affairs of the diocese was characterized by kindness, firmness, and remarkable zeal. The good of the people was always his aim and object and the advancement of religion his ever constant purpose. He endeavored by every means, by help, advice and encouragement, to improve the position of the priests, by obtaining wherever practicable, leases for presbyteries and sites for parochial houses, so that the clergy would be free from rent exactions and the troubles of disturbance. Schools were built in every part of the vast diocese with such rapidity that within ten years of his advent to Tuam, as the statistics of the national board attest, the primary schools were actually doubled and the number of children on the rolls equally increased.

Dr. MacEvilly also materially aided church building, and under his auspices several new churches and convents were built, many old chapels repaired and improved, and the Cathedral of Tuam, at a cost of thousands, completely renovated. His zeal for the advancement of religion was also attested in his establishing, out of his own resources, six free places for Tuam young men in Maynooth College, and an equal number of free foundations in St. Jarlath's College. Dr. MacEvilly also purchased the fee of the palace in Tuam and the fee of the Presbytery. Furthermore, he secured a large property in Letterfrack, once a proselytizing settlement, which he gave to the Christian Brothers for an industrial school. He bought out the fee of the ground upon which the Tuam Cathedral stands, hitherto vested in trustees, thus making substantial and enduring provision for the Church's interests.

Dr. MacEvilly stands first among living Churchmen who write in English as a profound, prolific and scholarly writer. All through his long and active life he made the Holy Scriptures his special and earnest study, and there is no student of those inspired pages of light and leading who is more thoroughly familiar with them. The record of his written and published labors alone is as creditable to his industry and learning as it is to his great zeal.

Thus we find six large volumes from his pen all marked by deep and accurate research, and characterized

by a remarkable knowledge of patristic literature and comparative Biblical knowledge. There are four volumes of commentaries, on the Gospels of—(1) St. Matthew and St. Mark; (2) St. Luke; (3) St. John; (4) the Acts, and two equally comprehensive volumes on "An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles." The Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark has run into four editions, and that of St. Luke and St. John into two, while the Exposition of the Epistles has already seen five editions—a telling proof of their value and popularity and of the demand which they have by their merits created.

His, it may be stated, is the only full Catholic commentary in the English language on the entire New Testament except the Apocalypse. Detached portions of it have been ably treated by some learned ecclesiastics, but these alone treat of the entire in the English language. In his Preface to the last work the learned writer thus declares the purpose of his writings: "The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., wherein he points out with his accustomed eloquence to all his children the priceless spiritual advantages to be reaped from the devout perusal and study of the Sacred Scriptures will, it is to be hoped, prove a stimulus to devote themselves with redoubled energy to the prosecution of these sacred studies. It will, no doubt, encourage the intelligent laity committed to their care to follow their example. In thus stimulating us to the reading and perusal of the Sacred Scriptures, no doubt hedged round with proper safeguards to obviate the fearful abuses that would otherwise accrue, our Holy Father only walks in the footsteps of one of his most illustrious predecessors, Pius VI., who, in his letter to Martin, Archbishop of Florence, declares with the full force of Supreme Apostolic authority that the Sacred Scriptures are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to everyone to draw from them purity of morals and discipline to eradicate the errors which are widely disseminated in these corrupt times." In fulfilment of this noble design and in the accomplishment of this great purpose the Archbishop of Tuam has devoted his thought, talents and time with such marvellous success that he stands forth to-day as one of the most accurate and learned commentators on the Scriptures in the English language, one of the most voluminous and celebrated living writers on this great subject, Catholic or Protestant. These works of his are published at moderate prices by Messrs. Sealy, Briers and Walker, of Dublin, and by Benziger Bros., of New York, and not the least notable recommendation they have is their comparative cheapness, the later editions being published at nearly original cost, as the learned writer sought no personal profit from the publications, but placed the result of his great labors and wide learning within the reach of all and at a price that barely covers the original cost of printing.

Few prelates in a church, especially remarkable for its self-sacrificing and untiring workers, have led so active a life as Dr. MacEvilly. We have seen what he has done as an author and an administrator, but his vigor in the management of probably, in extent of area, the largest diocese in Ireland is marvellous. The archdiocese of Tuam embraces half the counties of Galway and Mayo and runs into Roscommon and is even yet a very populous one. Dr. MacEvilly is the oldest Irish Bishop, dating his years from his consecration. He attended the Synod of Thurles, and is the only living Irish churchman who took part in its deliberations. He attended the Vatican Council, and is now the only Irish Bishop alive who was there at its opening. He not only attended that historic conclave, but spoke on the dogma, and his speech on the occasion, delivered in polished and classic Latin, was considered by judges a marvel of close reasoning and vast learning. He has been for many years one of the governing body of Maynooth College, and one of the most constant attendants at its board's meetings. Not a meeting of importance of the Irish Bishops for nearly half a century of the eventful history of our times, in which the voice of light and leading from the episcopate was looked for anxiously by an expectant, devoted and faithful people, which he did not attend and take a conspicuous part in—no popular movement which he thought worthy of support which he did not by pen and pocket support and encourage.

He is an ardent lover of the old language, and for years, when Bishop of Galway, preached in Irish there every Sunday morning, while his discourses in English from the pulpit were especially admired for their rare, ready, resourceful, rare

eloquence. The large Cathedral of Tuam, whenever he preached there while president of St. Jarlath's, and the parish Church of St. Nicholas in Galway, when as Bishop there for twenty-one years he preached once, sometimes twice, on every Sunday of the year, were always thronged with attentive listeners. Dr. MacEvilly is, and always throughout his long career was a great advocate and encourager of temperance, and he practically carried out his principles by being himself for forty years a total abstainer, and by endeavoring to recommend its practice by inducing children in thousands at Confirmation to take the pledge.

Pagans in the American Republic

A writer in the "Northwestern Christian Advocate," Chicago, is much disturbed over conditions existing in the Philippines. He asserts that the government has gone into the islands "for the purpose of establishing the institutions of this republic." After a few finely marshalled sentences he declares that "Rome is getting hold of the reins of government as rapidly as possible, and when she has accomplished this, liberty in the Philippines will be what it is in the South American republics, which is liberty to be a Catholic, and nothing more."

We do not consider the point well made. As a matter of fact, several of the so-called American republics are merely dictatorships, and Catholics enjoy about as little liberty in them as Protestants do. There are others, however, like that of Chile against which no such charge truthfully can be urged; yet Chile Catholicity is as aggressive and enlightened as that of Belgium. Were it not better to cite the religious liberty which the minority is granted in Catholic Ireland? The Catholic customs of Switzerland, moreover, can not be accused of injustice, and yet the president of that country is a Catholic. Other instances might be cited. It is unfair to represent the church as a tyrant.

What remedy would the writer propose? He has one and it is glittering and keen-edged. There is small doubt but it would cut moonshine, yet, two centuries hence, the result will prove it of little avail in making the Philippines Protestant. The day, he thinks, will be saved by the creation of a Protestant body among the natives, \* \* \* by sending missionaries to the islands to take advantage of the disturbed solidarity of Rome. This solidarity of Rome," he thoughtfully adds, "must be broken. It is now much disturbed, but this condition will not be permitted to continue long. This is the moment for the Protestant Church to hurry its forces into the field and hold the ground for civil and religious liberty."

And so continues the endless potter in favor of missions to Catholic countries and great jobs for zealous missionaries. How can such people complacently talk of converting Catholic countries under their very eyes? Where it is not becoming Catholic it is lapsing into blank indifference or black paganism. The writer elsewhere asserts that, hereafter, "the world will have a right to demand of American Protestantism why it did not hold the Philippines for religious and civil liberty, if it fails to measure up to the situation." It has a right to-day to demand why it is not holding America. The Catholic Church in the United States might earnestly ask Protestantism why it has not held the unfaithful millions to Christianity itself? If it can make converts, why does it not convert the non-Christian hordes in this country? Forty-eight million people in this land, according to Carroll's religious statistics, assert they are not members of any Christian Church. Until these are brought into the Christian fold, why spend time pottering after the six or seven million Catholics in the Philippines?

This certainly must be admitted a pertinent inquiry. Protestant tinkering may wreck the Catholic faith of the Philippine millions. It may make them free-thinkers, pagans, outright heathens; it can never make them Protestants. It is not making, and it cannot make, practical Protestants of the forty-eight million Nothingarians it has here at home. Until it can show evidence of vital constructive faith it ought leave Catholics alone.—The New World.

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# The Gift Of Faith.

The general intention, month of December, recommended to members of the League of the Sacred Heart by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

"What dost thou ask from the Church of God?" is the question put by the minister of the Church to the candidate for baptism; and the answer is: "Faith." And he continues: "What will faith give thee?" The sponsors answer: "Eternal life." The sacrament is conferred as the outward sign of the grace which comes into the soul to begin in it the life which is to grow and fructify into eternity.

Faith is a divine virtue which is infused into the soul, enlightening it to accept truths which are altogether above the natural powers of man. It is supernatural for this reason, and for the reason that its effect, which is to make us assent to the Word of God, is also beyond our natural powers. It is the pure gift of God, and all we can do towards obtaining it is to dispose our minds and hearts to receive it and treasure it as the greatest blessing we can have from Him, for it is the first step to every other blessing; without faith it is impossible to please God, to do all that is necessary to work out our salvation.

In order to dispose ourselves to receive the gift of faith, and, after having received it, to treasure it above everything else, many things are necessary. First of all, we should be reasonable enough to admit that although by the natural powers of reason we may come to know the existence of God and some of His attributes, we can never know these either with the certainty or the fulness of knowledge, which comes with His own revelation. Ordinarily some humility is needed to be even thus far reasonable; for intellectual pride is only too likely to make us assume that the revelations of nature are enough for us, and that our intellects are quite alert and penetrating enough to read the secrets of nature. Next, we should be reasonable, and this means humble, enough to accept God's revelation in the manner in which He chooses to give it, and to respect it, both in the written Word, or Sacred Scripture, and the voice of Tradition by which the integrity, as well as the meaning and force of the written word are handed down to us.

A disposition of this kind is necessarily prayerful, and this is why we are advised to pray to obtain the gift of faith, if we do not already possess it, or to keep it, if we have already been blessed with it. We can pray also that others may obtain and preserve it, and, indeed we do not really appreciate the value of the gift of faith unless we do all in our power that others, as well as ourselves, may possess and cultivate it. We owe it to our friends to pray that they may have it, and we are bound to do our share to help all mankind to come to the knowledge of the truth, by praying for their enlightenment, conciliating them by our example, by propagating truth in every manner possible according to our vocation in life, by teaching catechism, by circulating religious literature, by preaching if we be authorized to do so, by contributing to the support of the Church, the missions, and the various societies which are established simply for the propagation of the faith, such, for instance, as the society which is now being established everywhere in this country for preserving the faith among our Indian children.

In this matter we have grave problems on our hands in this country. We have the children of the household to keep in the faith, by our schools, our catechism classes, our libraries. We have millions of negroes, and thousands of Indians, whose nations of immigrants are pouring daily into our country, to remind us that, just as our fathers and mothers were benefited by God's ministers, aided by the collections of the faithful, so, too, we are bound by our zeal and generosity to help provide for these good people, who though unknown to us, are not strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestic of God. Time was when the Catholics of the United States,

of Irish origin most of them, looked to France for the means of support for churches and priests. It is now high time that we do our share to provide the same benefits not only for ourselves, but in sheer gratitude for others, especially for the Indians and negroes, for the hosts of immigrants coming to our shores, and for the vast multitude of our fellow-citizens, who need our effort and example to come to a knowledge of the truth.—The Guidon.

## A Convent of Blind Nuns.

There have been some noted poets and authors who lost their sight, and really became famous after their blindness came on. In ancient times there is Homer, who is described as going about repeating his celebrated poem of the "Iliad." There is Milton, who dictated his "Paradise Lost" to his daughters, and they read to him Latin and Greek without understanding either. In America two of the greatest historians, Prescott and Parkman, were almost blind. Their secretaries read to them the books they had to refer to, and then Prescott and Parkman dictated to them their celebrated histories.

In France the sculptor Vidal lost his sight when he was 20 years old, but with great courage and perseverance he continued the study of his art and became one of the greatest animal sculptors.

But these men had seen, whilst those born blind had no resource, if they were poor, except to beg.

When our Lord was on earth He cured all the blind who came to Him. No doubt the early Christians provided asylums for them.

The first great asylum spoken of in history is that founded by St. Louis, King of France, who died in 1282. He had a building put up called Les Quinze Vingts (the fifteen twenties), because it was to contain three hundred blind persons, and which still exists; but as yet nothing had been done to teach them to support themselves.

It was the beginning of the last century that the blind were given the opportunity to be independent, though in New York city they are still given \$50 a year.

In France, Valentin Haüy and Louis de Braille were the great benefactors of the blind. The latter invented a system of six dots; their varied combinations represent the alphabet, numbers and notes of music.

In America, some seventy years ago, Dr. S. G. Howe established the first institution for the blind.

The books which were first used were printed with raised letters, but have been replaced by the de Braille system.

The inmates are given an excellent education. The blind cannot see, but their sense of smell, and particularly of touch and hearing, are most acute. They learn to sing and play on all instruments, and their memory is most remarkable. I visited the family of the doctor in a house adjoining the institution, and went there often to hear the blind play. One of them by the name of O'Brien, was a talented pianist at the age of 15. If he heard a piece played once, he would sit down and play it without missing a note. Once he heard Gottschalk playing a piece which he was composing. To the great surprise of the celebrated musician O'Brien played it after him.

The boys in the institution were taught trades—brush-making, chair-caning, making mattresses, etc. The girls were taught sewing—threading their needle with the tongue—crocheting and knitting and washing. Some of the boys who were good musicians became teachers and organists in churches.

The most remarkable inmate in the institution was Laura Bridgeman, who, though deaf, and dumb and blind, pursued her studies as far as algebra.

Helen Keller, as afflicted as Laura, is most talented. When only seven years old she wrote poetry. She is now in Cambridge, in Radcliffe College, where she expects to graduate. Some one remarked to me that her teacher, Miss Sullivan, must be still more remarkable, for she was to convey her knowledge and lectures by spelling every word, and forming with her hand the letters upon the hand of Helen.

As for writing, the blind use now a typewriter. I have a young friend who is blind; she writes all her letters. She has a beautiful voice and is very charitable. She visits the children's hospital and a home for blind women, and she carries to them many comforts and sings to them.

But the blind Catholic woman who wished to devote herself to God no

convent would receive. God raised up for this work in France two noble souls, Mother Bergunton and l'Abbe Juge.

When a young girl Mother Bergunton wished to enter a convent, but her parents were opposed to this. Later, when free, with her small means, she opened an *ouvrier* for young girls to earn a living by sewing. Some blind girls came also, but at first she was reluctant to receive them. Then gradually as their number increased, she proposed to her companions to live under a religious rule, and her community was formed. She found a great deal of help in the Abbe Juge, who in sympathy with the blind, did all he could. By his influence and efforts he did a great deal for the convent.

The congregation was put under the patronage of St. Paul, who on his way to Damascus was stricken blind, and recovered his sight by the touch of Ananias. The institution receives one blind sister for every two seeing ones. Little blind girls are admitted at the age of 4, and brought up good Christians. They are taught some trade, and after they are grown up can go away or remain all their life in the convent.

Among these blind girls one was also deaf and dumb, and a seeing sister took charge of her and was able to prepare her to make her First Communion.

The sisters, whether blind or not, share in all the labors. In the kitchen one of the blind sisters is an excellent cook, and prepares all sorts of dainties and cakes, which are sold.

In the refectory they read in turn; now a blind one, then a seeing one. In the workroom the blind sew, embroider and make tapestry. By touch they distinguish not only the colors but the shades, and the skilled ones teach the little girls; by their own experience they know what difficulties they have to overcome. The blind always use the expression: "I saw," and when speaking with them I would say: "Look at this."

Among the blind sisters are fine musicians. They have also work-shops, where they make brushes, paper bags, ropes; they also do washing and ironing, etc. They have a printing press, and they print most of the books used in the schools. They also have two reviews called La Valentin Haüy and Le Braille, after the names of the French benefactors.

Thus the souls who longed to devote themselves to God and their fellow creatures found a place to follow their vocations. Perhaps some day the Sisters of St. Paul may come to America so that the Catholic blind may find a place where, besides receiving a secular education, they will be brought up in their own faith, and those wishing to enter a religious life will have an opportunity to fulfill their wish.—L. Saniewska in Young Catholic.

Remembering the politeness of the Sister, the Conventuel sent for her, and she was horrified to see with what harshness their daughter Cornelle treated her parents. As the Sister went out she asked her to accompany her to the hospital. Cornelle was ignorant of her religion, and all she knew was that her father and mother would be damned, and hence her harshness; and she told her belief to the Sister.

On hearing this the Sister reproved her severely; instructed her, and told her of God's mercy to sinners. She made her promise to change her conduct towards her parents, and show herself a dutiful daughter.

The Sister continued her visits daily. She would dress the sores of the poor man when the doctor could not come, and whilst relieving the pain of the body would drop a few words inviting the man to heal his soul, which was in a much worse condition than his body.

Her patience and charity were finally rewarded, and he asked to see Monsieur le Cure.

In the meantime his wife, who was present whenever the Sister came, underwent also a change of heart, and they both made their peace with God. The man was not only resigned, but was glad to suffer that he might expiate his crimes. They had been married during the Reign of Terror by a magistrate, and they asked the priest to bless their marriage, the wife sitting by the bedside of her dying husband.

He received the last Sacraments, and his death was most peaceful. The inhabitants, hearing from their cure of the pious end of the Conventuel, attended his funeral, and united their prayers with those of the Church for the repose of his soul.

Their conduct changed towards his wife and daughter. When they met them, they would bow to them pleasantly.

The wife, however, only survived her husband a month, and Cornelle was left mistress of what was considered in the place a large fortune. After the funeral she asked the Sister to take her into the hospital.

The next morning Cornelle called on the Sister. She told she knew her father's fortune was made by dishonest means. She wanted to dispose of it for the benefit of the poor. She would give the Ganerie to be arranged for a school for poor children, under the care of Christian Brothers, and of Sisters; then she wanted to add a wing to the hospital for the old, indigent people. Afterwards she humbly asked the Sister to give her a letter to the mother of the house of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. She wanted to devote her life to the care of the

## THREE CONVERSIONS.

During the present year there has been republished in France the "Memoirs of a Sister of Charity." She belonged to a whole family, was born in 1750 and died in 1832. During her long life she passed through many trials; was imprisoned in 1793, and escaped the guillotine miraculously as Robespierre fell. After leading a most useful life she was sent to end her days in the small town near which had been her birthplace, and was in charge of the hospital. Besides the sick brought there she went to visit the poor ones in their homes; but some, though rich in this world's goods, were destitute of God's grace, and these attracted her still more.

Outside of the town there was a property called Ka Ganerie. It had property called La Ganerie. It had noble family. It was confiscated and sold to a petty lawyer, who became a member of the convention, and as such voted the death of Louis XVI, and approved of all the deeds of the Reign of Terror.

After the fall of Robespierre he went abroad, and made by dishonest means what was then a large fortune. He returned after many years to the Ganerie, thinking his deeds were unknown there. But he was mistaken; the inhabitants shrank from him, though he sent money to the mairie for the poor; and himself, his wife, and daughter led a most lonely life.

But the Sister of Charity, remembering the example of her Saviour, who had come to save sinners, when she met this wretched man gave him a bow of recognition. Of course he never went to church, nor his wife; the daughter was seen alone at Mass.

The Conventuel, as the inhabitants called him, fell sick. He had a cancer, and such was the horror people had of him that even the doctor of the place would have nothing to do with him, and he had to send for one to a distant town.

Remembering the politeness of the Sister, the Conventuel sent for her, and she was horrified to see with what harshness their daughter Cornelle treated her parents. As the Sister went out she asked her to accompany her to the hospital. Cornelle was ignorant of her religion, and all she knew was that her father and mother would be damned, and hence her harshness; and she told her belief to the Sister.

On hearing this the Sister reproved her severely; instructed her, and told her of God's mercy to sinners. She made her promise to change her conduct towards her parents, and show herself a dutiful daughter.

The Sister continued her visits daily. She would dress the sores of the poor man when the doctor could not come, and whilst relieving the pain of the body would drop a few words inviting the man to heal his soul, which was in a much worse condition than his body.

Her patience and charity were finally rewarded, and he asked to see Monsieur le Cure.

In the meantime his wife, who was present whenever the Sister came, underwent also a change of heart, and they both made their peace with God. The man was not only resigned, but was glad to suffer that he might expiate his crimes. They had been married during the Reign of Terror by a magistrate, and they asked the priest to bless their marriage, the wife sitting by the bedside of her dying husband.

He received the last Sacraments, and his death was most peaceful. The inhabitants, hearing from their cure of the pious end of the Conventuel, attended his funeral, and united their prayers with those of the Church for the repose of his soul.

Their conduct changed towards his wife and daughter. When they met them, they would bow to them pleasantly.

The wife, however, only survived her husband a month, and Cornelle was left mistress of what was considered in the place a large fortune. After the funeral she asked the Sister to take her into the hospital.

The next morning Cornelle called on the Sister. She told she knew her father's fortune was made by dishonest means. She wanted to dispose of it for the benefit of the poor. She would give the Ganerie to be arranged for a school for poor children, under the care of Christian Brothers, and of Sisters; then she wanted to add a wing to the hospital for the old, indigent people. Afterwards she humbly asked the Sister to give her a letter to the mother of the house of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. She wanted to devote her life to the care of the

sick and poor, and would keep only enough money for her dowry on entering the novitiate.

There was one thing more Cornelle wanted to say to the Sister, but she was ashamed to do so. Finally she acknowledged she had never been baptized.

"Your parents had already told me so," said the Sister. "I will tell Monsieur le Cure; you will be privately baptized and you will make your First Communion."

A few days after, before the door of the church was opened to the faithful for Mass, Cornelle was baptized, the Sister acting as sponsor. Then at Mass she went to Communion with the Sisters.

She remained in the hospital with them till she had settled her affairs. She then went to Paris to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity. The Sister adds that the Mother wrote that Cornelle edified all by her piety and charity. Cornelle in her letters spoke of her great happiness in taking care of the poor and unfortunate.—The Young Catholic.

## Another View of The Irish Question.

London "Truth" in its issue of Nov. 27th, says:—

Ireland has been so much "discovered" within the last few years that it ought to be by this time the most found-out country in the world. Nevertheless, another traveller, with experiences in Uganda, has been on a voyage of discovery round the Green Isle, under the aegis of a British newspaper. The result of this voyage is being related with the portentous gravity of a certain class of British journals when dealing with Ireland. The remembrance of some notorious facts in connection with the country would help the situation far more than the observations of the most intelligent traveller.

For instance, it is an incontrovertible fact that Ireland is Ireland and inhabited by the Irish. Also that the Irish are Irish according to their own method of being so, and do not sit at the feet of any other people to be sermonized, lectured, nor to receive instruction on the correct method of being Irish. They think they know best. Let England put itself in Ireland's place, and as it is said in Ireland, "the whole discovery will be found out." Imagine an Irishman going around England, not only on a voyage of discovery, but with the grave intent of teaching the people how to be English. Let liberty and equality come first, fraternity will follow, and the agreement to differ. The Irish will never cease to be Irish, any more than the Briton will give up being British.

### CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

The Liverpool "Daily Post" recently published a census of church attendance taken on Sunday in that city. At the census they took eleven years ago the total was, morning and evening, 157,864. Last Sunday it was 178,477, which increase corresponds roughly with the increase in population. Of these attendances 67,898 were Church of England, Roman Catholic (one service only in the morning) 85,336, Wesleyan 23,778, Presbyterian 10,914, Calvinistic Methodist 8,927, Congregational 8,993, Baptist, 11,086, Unitarian 1,266, and various other sects 9,237.

### THE QUESTION OF VOCATION

There is an old Lancashire custom of putting a number of articles before a child and prophesying by the article which the child touches what he may become. The story goes of a Lancashire man who was at his wife's end to decide what to do with his offspring. So he placed on a table a sword, a Bible, an apple, and a box of pills. If the child touched the first he was to be a soldier, the second a clergyman, the third a greengrocer, and the last a doctor. It was a somewhat heterogeneous mess of professions, true enough, but it offered the advantage of a wide range of choice. After the experiment was over he met a boon friend. "Well, Jimmy, how did it get on?" asked the friend. "Did he take the sword or—?" "He took the lot, so I'm goin' to make him a lawyer."

## SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

WARRANTED PURE.

## NOTES FROM ROME.

SPECIAL AUDIENCES.—On Wednesday, Nov. 18, says the London "Universe," His Excellency Count Nicolò Szezen de Tornen, Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Austria-Hungary, accompanied by his wife and daughter, and Mr. Murphy, rector of the Irish College, in private and separate audience, were received by the Holy Father. On Thursday, in private and separate audience, His Holiness received His Eminence Cardinal Steinhuber, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Index; His Grace Mgr. Benzel, D.S.B., Bishop of Metz; Mgr. Mathieu, rector of the University of Laval, Quebec; and the Very Rev. George Chopin, rector of the Canadian College. On Friday the Holy Father received in private audience His Eminence Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, Bishop of Frascati, Pentanzino Maggiore. Other notable audiences also took place.

### DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

On Sunday last, after having received in separate audience the Very Rev. Don Viltore Dorvaga, Abbot of Montevergine, His Holiness received several other distinguished persons. On Tuesday Mgr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork, and Mgr. Drohokczley, Greek-Ruthenian Bishop of Crisio, in Croatia, were received, in private and separate audience, by His Holiness. Then, passing through the Sala of the Throne, the Holy Father received the Very Rev. Paul Burgeois, Abbot of the Grand St. Bernard, the Rev. Mother-General of the Daughters of Our Lady of Mercy of Savona, and the Baroness De Turchese, Lady-in-Waiting at the Royal Court of Bavaria. The Holy Father was then borne on the portico to the Sala Clementina, where the pilgrims from Croatia, of the diocese of Crisio, directed by the Bishop were assembled.

FEASTS.—On Tuesday morning, in the Apostolic Vatican Palace, the meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites took place, under the presidency of His Eminence Cardinal Pacocchi, and decided: 1, concerning the devotion, according to the decrees of Urban VIII., paid to the Venerable Maria Michela of the Blessed Sacrament, foundress of the religious of the Most Holy Sacrament, and of Charity; 2, also of the devotion to the Venerable Alessia Ia Clerc, foundress of the Institute of Our Lady.

By letters of the Secretary of State, His Holiness has nominated Monsignor Domenico Gualtieri, Secretary of the Apostolic Nunciature of Lisbon. On Thursday, the Feast of St. Stanislaus Kostka, was celebrated with the usual solemnity at the beautiful Church of St. Andrew, in the Quirinal, where the body of the saint reposes. At 7 a.m. His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar celebrated Mass, with general Communion. Later, there was Pontifical Mass, accompanied by beautiful music, directed by Maestro Moriconi. In the room occupied by the saint, and where he died, the Holy Father celebrated his first Mass.

### A MEMORIAL.

In the studio of the eminent Roman sculptor, Commandatore Cesare Aurelia, in the Via Flaminian, outside Porta del Popolo, we have lately admired the beautiful bas-relief, for the altar, now in the hands of Signor Medici, intended for the cathedral of Armagh. This bas-relief is the representation of the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, and is most beautifully executed in high relief, the expression on the faces of our Saviour and the Apostles is wonderful. This work was ordered by His Eminence Cardinal Logon on his last visit to Rome. Signor Aurelia has also just completed two very fine statues of the Sacred Heart and St. John the Evangelist, intended for the Church of St. John, in Philadelphia, U.S.A., and were ordered by the rector, Rev. Father Fisher.

### FOR THE DEAD.

A solemn Requiem Mass has been celebrated for the deceased members of the Societa Primaria Romani, in the beautiful Church of Sta Maria Sopra Minerva. The president and all the members assisted at the Mass. His Grace Monsignor Burton, Bishop of Clifton, is stopping at the Minerva Hotel. Monsignor Leton, of the United States, will preach the Advent sermons in San Silvestro in Capite.

## One I

I had been sitting for in the shelter of a dismal smuck that was lying its days of usefulness on its old man who was his boat and making repairs. I wondered how could venture alone on such weather, for quite blowing. Out beyond the harbor the billows rolled in a most threatening manner in the garb and made the old gentleman mad that I had seen him before he was not an ordinary though he went about his quite a sailor-like fashion.

When his sail was read, ing he gave a tug at the and then, without turning by name and said, "If you too tired you might give friend a pull on this rope, recognized the voice, and in than it takes to mention the boat giving and receive turn a warm hand-clasp, fisherman in the usual seaword, but from Father H is known and revered from of the peninsula to the of "Why, father, what in brought you over here? you for a fisherman."

"Young man," he said, of Apostles was a fisherman; I fish for souls, and for that purpose I am he friend Father Gardner is getting most too old for is anyway. He wrote me th a foot under me to come him over the holidays. A lately from Rome, whom is breaking in, will take people while I am away. boat left a message here ing that a priest was wan old Mansell plantation ac bay. The Mansells were d ple. I said Mass in th many a time twenty-five y I hear it is sadly altered, the Gardner is sick, so just in time.

"All the men of the vill with the fishing fleet or in ber camps; otherwise some would accompany me. Not have any fear, as I am a p sailor. It is some one to boat with me that I wou Maybe you would come al He looked at me quizzic looked out over the threate ers. He saw my hesitation mind, my son; I was only Sure I have made many lo than this by myself."

That decided me. "I am I said. "How far is it?" "Well, it is not quite to you can compose your face look so frightened."

I gave a tug at the haly said, "Hoist away, I am y follow Father Hoyle to Pat "I thought you wouldn't go alone. To tell you th was very lonesome, and if was not really urgent I wou ly venture to make the trip self. It is now ten o'clock, to reach Mansell's place by As for this breeze, it is not be afraid of; it will only through that much quick than a day in a boat, and t the breeze the better; but years—" Here he paused a ed wistfully out over the b ing back, perhaps, to the t full of the ardor of youth for religion, he volunteered then wild Florida mission; to tell parts of it are littl to-day. He roused himse "Well, well! it is childish I ting. I fear the bishop will retiring me; though God kno we are retired in this coun generally in a wooden box Four Soggarth! And the many such among the b bands and malarious swamp South, and parching plains West, toiling along uncom in the cause of Christ for of men.

After hoisting the sail, an thing closely to see that ev was in good condition and properly, he left me in th while he went back to see Gardner. When he returne ed from his actions and avoidance of conversation, had fetched the Blessed Sa As he was about to shove pushed and said: "Have y courage enough for the trip. It may be six o'clock to-morrow by the time we get here again."

I hesitated as I compar



# One Midnight Mass.

I had been sitting for some time in the shelter of a dismantled fishing smack that was lying on the shore, its days of usefulness past, watching an old man who was trimming his boat and making ready for departure. I wondered how one so old could venture alone on the bay in such weather, for quite a gale was blowing. Out beyond the protected harbor the billows rolled and tossed in a most threatening manner. Something in the garb and movements of the old gentleman made me think that I had seen him before, and that he was not an ordinary fisherman, though he went about his work in quite a sailor-like fashion.

When his sail was ready for hoisting he gave a tug at the halyards and then, without turning, called me by name and said, "If you are not too tired you might give an old friend a pull on this rope." I recognized the voice, and in less time than it takes to mention it I was in the boat giving and receiving in return a warm hand-clasp, not from a fisherman in the usual sense of the word, but from Father Hoyle, who is known and revered from one end of the peninsula to the other.

"Why, father, what in the world brought you over here? I mistook you for a fisherman."

"Young man," he said, "the Prince of Apostles was a fisherman. So also am I; I fish for souls, and it is just for that purpose I am here. My old friend Father Gardner is sick; he is getting most too old for active duty anyway. He wrote me that if I had a foot under me to come and help him over the holidays. A young man lately from Rome, whom the bishop is breaking in, will take care of my people while I am away. A passing boat left a message here this morning that a priest was wanted at the old Mansell plantation across the bay. The Mansells were decent people. I said Mass in their house many a time twenty-five years ago. I hear it is sadly altered since. Father Gardner is sick, so I arrived just in time.

"All the men of the village are off with the fishing fleet or in the lumber camps; otherwise some of them would accompany me. Not that I have any fear, as I am a pretty fair sailor. It is some one to be in the boat with me that I would like. Maybe you would come along?"

He looked at me quizzically. I looked over the threatening waters. He saw my hesitation. "Never mind, my son; I was only joking. Sure I have made many longer trips than this by myself."

That decided me. "I am with you," I said. "How far is it?"

"Well, it is not quite to Cuba, so you can compose your face and not look so frightened."

I gave a tug at the halyards and said, "Hoist away; I am willing to follow Father Hoyle to Patagonia."

"I thought you wouldn't let me go alone. To tell you the truth, I was very lonesome, and if the case was not really urgent I would hardly venture to make the trip by myself. It is now ten o'clock. I hope to reach Mansell's place by sundown. As for this breeze, it is nothing to be afraid of; it will only rush us through that much quicker. I saw the time that I liked nothing better than a day in a boat, and the stiffer the breeze the better; but of late years—" Here he paused and looked wistfully over the bay; looking back, perhaps, to the time when, full of the ardor of youth and zeal for religion, he volunteered for the then wild Florida mission; and, truth to tell, parts of it are little better to-day. He roused himself with a "Well, well! it is childish I am getting. I fear the bishop will soon be retiring me; though God knows when we are retired in this country it is generally in a wooden box we go."

"Poor Soggarth! And there are many such among the blistering sands and malarious swamps of the South, and parching plains of the West, toiling along uncomplainingly in the cause of Christ for the souls of men."

After hoisting the sail, and examining closely to see that everything was in good condition and working properly, he left me in the boat while he went back to see Father Gardner. When he returned I inferred from his actions and studious avoidance of conversation, that he had fetched the Blessed Sacrament.

As he was about to shove off, he paused and said: "Have you still courage enough for the trip, my son? It may be six o'clock to-morrow morning by the time we get back here again."

I hesitated as I compared my com-

fortable room at the hotel, and the lazy loiterings about the sleepy little town which I had contemplated, with a day and night spent in an open boat on the treacherous gulf. Father Hoyle looked at me questioningly. I noted his gray hair and spare figure. Surely, I thought, if one so old and seemingly frail can make such a journey I can also. Then, could I refuse the offer of escort to the Sacred Presence that I knew was concealed in the pyx, the string of whose case I saw peeping above Father Hoyle's collar? I answered, "I am with you, father." He smiled in a pleased way; then with a "Mind yourself!" gave the boat a vigorous push, leaping aboard at the same time. In another moment our boat was speeding across the white-capped waters of the bay on its errand of mercy.

The trip had more of excitement than comfort in it. Many times I trembled for our safety, and once, when the deck was almost perpendicular and the lee rail under water, I suggested, in a voice whose anxiety I could not conceal, the advisability of shortening sail. Father Hoyle shook his head and replied: "There's some one dying across the bay; we can get there none too soon. I pray God we may arrive in time."

It was exactly four o'clock when Father Hoyle dropped sail at the mouth of Rattlesnake Bayou, which, from its narrow and serpentine windings, well deserved its name. An hour's poling and rowing brought us to the Mansell place. An old colored man who all his life had been a faithful son of the church was dying. Father Hoyle immediately prepared him for the end. After administering the sacraments he repeated the prayers for the dying. The faithful old black passed away a few minutes later, clasping the crucifix in one hand, the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father Gardner that I would surely be back in the morning to say Mass for him, as he is not able to leave his bed. God help us! I never thought I would see the time that a bit of wind like this would make me hesitate; and, while I am not really afraid, I can't deny feeling a strange quiver—old age, perhaps, running through me. A man going on seventy years hasn't the heart he had at thirty."

His large, beaming eyes, unclouded by age, had now a very thoughtful expression. "My son, I must make this trip alone, as there may be some danger, and I do not wish you to share it. You can go back to Mansell's for the night. In the morning make your way over to St. Andrew's. From there you will have no trouble in getting across, as there will be many leaving to spend Christmas in town. Help me to close reef the sail and I'll be off."

"I will not budge an inch, father; nor you either, if I can prevent. The idea of our risking our lives for that bunch of dogs over there!"

He was stooping over the tackle in the boat, and before I could say more he straightened like a flash. I thought he grew several inches taller, and his eyes shot a look at me I had never seen in them before—a look that a mother might have when her child was assailed.

"Young man, I am ashamed of you! I thought you were made of better stuff. I did not ask you to risk your life; and as for the people whom you designate as a 'bunch of dogs,' there is not a better or braver or more Christian set of people in the country to-day than is contained in that village across the bay. They are plain fisher-folk, to be sure, but I would not give them, with their honest hearts and simple ways, for the richest congregation of kid-glove Catholics in the country; and, if God spares me, I will bring our Blessed Lord to them in the morning."

He stooped again over the tackle. I was thoroughly abashed for my hasty words, as I well knew that he

spoke truly, and knew also that had he so desired he could long ago have had his "kid-glove" congregation, and, perhaps, much higher honors; but he preferred to spend his life on the mission among the simple, honest people who looked upon him as a saint, and who asked his advice on all matters, whether spiritual or otherwise.

In a moment I was in the boat helping him with the sail. His rebuke had knocked all thought of fear out of my mind. I would face a much greater and more immediate danger to be reinstated in his good opinion.

After fastening a small jib-sail he reached his hand to me and said: "Jump out." Instead I threw out the fastening and poled the boat from the shore.

"No, no, young man!" he said. "You must not venture. You will be of little help except for company. I will not have you take the risk."

"Well, father, I am going for company's sake, if you will forgive me for my hasty words."

"You were forgiven before you asked; but I would rather you'd not go. If it blows no harder than now there is no fear; but if it grows much worse, which it may at any moment, then I will have very grave fears."

"Were it blowing a hurricane, father, I would not let you go alone."

"Bless you, my son. We will put off in God's name."

When we got beyond the shelter of the land we felt how really bad the storm was. A fierce gale was blowing from the west. At about ten o'clock it changed to the north-west, bringing with it lightning flashes and rumblings of thunder.

This shift of wind was blowing us out of our course, as we could make no head against it. Father Hoyle lowered the mainsail, but with jib still up was running before the wind. It looked bad enough now, and if it grew any worse I felt nothing but a miracle would save us. Each wave that rushed upon us from out of the darkness appeared a mountain in height and must inevitably send us to the bottom. There was a steady hand at the tiller, however, and at each flash of lightning a pair of watchful eyes could be seen peering anxiously ahead.

The boat plunged and tossed through the heavy seas, one particularly large wave almost knocking me overboard. Father Hoyle saw my fear and spoke encouragingly, telling me to hold fast; that the boat was a staunch one and that God was in the storm as well as in the calm. He said that he thought we were heading towards Point St. Blas, and that he would risk beaching the boat if he got a chance. A short time later, during a flash of lightning, I was startled by an alarmed cry from Father Hoyle: "Stand clear and be ready to jump!"

"It is all up with us now," I thought. As I turned to look ahead a huge wave picked up the boat and tossed it high upon the shore. Father Hoyle landed safely, grasping his mission case containing his vestments and other articles necessary in the celebration of Mass, and which he had brought along in case something unforeseen should prevent his returning to Apalachicola Christmas morning.

I was thrown on my head and partly stunned, but quickly recovered. After looking about, we found we were on a little island, or key, but a few acres in extent. We had escaped from the dangers of the deep. For so much we were thankful; but it did not take us very long to realize that there were new dangers assailing us. The sea was slowly swallowing the bit of land upon which we were thrown.

Father Hoyle returned to the boat and began taking everything movable out—pole, oars, a loose seat, and some strong fishing twine, remarking: "We may have to swim for it yet, and an oar or so will come in handy." Shortly after a tremendous wave rushed in, picked up the boat, then rushed back into the darkness with it.

Father Hoyle made a trip around the small circle of sand, and returning, said:

"This is very serious; an hour from now this spot may be under water, and we battling for our lives. My son, I am now very sorry that I brought you on this trip." Here I tried to check him, but he continued: "I expected it to be rough; but not dangerous; and as it would be a long trip I wanted you to keep me company. If it comes to the worst will ye forgive me?"

I grasped his hand and told him, as well as my emotion would allow—for I loved Father Hoyle very dearly; as, indeed, who wouldn't?—his kindly nature and heroic usefulness endearing him to all—that had I let him go alone and anything had happened to him, I would all my life have felt myself a murderer. And now, let the end come as soon as it may, I thanked God

that I was with him. A gentle pressure of my arm was his answer.

He picked up the pole that he had taken from the boat and cut a notch about four feet below the smaller end. Into the notch he set an oar which he lashed fast with the fishing twine; the oar and pole forming a cross. He then directed me to take the other oar and with the blade to dig a hole in the sand, which was soon accomplished, and into this he dropped the end of the pole. I packed the sand tightly about it, and made it more secure by heaping it around the base. From the arms of the cross with several wrappings of twine he suspended, shelf-like, the boat-seat, forming as it were a table; above this he fastened a crucifix. The wind had ceased blowing, but overhead it was as dark and threatening as ever. The waters were steadily creeping nearer and spray from an occasional heavy sea fell about us. Father Hoyle lit the lantern which he always had on these watery journeys and hung it from an arm of the cross; then turned to me and said:

"It is now midnight. We have the privilege in this diocese of saying Mass at that hour on Christmas morning. In a short time the waves may be dashing over the spot where we are now standing. I am going to celebrate Mass—it may be for the last time. While I am getting ready you kneel down and prepare for confession and the reception of the Blessed Sacrament. If the end comes we will meet it as Christians should."

Father Hoyle then proceeded to dress his impromptu altar. Taking the heavy oil-cloth from around the case he carefully laid it, wet side down, over the boat-seat, which it completely covered, forming at the same time a rude antependium; next his altar linens were displayed, and before I was aware of it he had an altar "dressed" for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

When through his preparations he heard my confession, and then, finishing vesting, began the Mass whose ending we might not live to see. After receiving Communion I felt strangely calm; fear gave place to peace; if it was God's will that this should be the end, I was resigned.

At the Elevation a succession of blinding flashes and terrific peals of thunder, followed by a dash of cold spray about my knees, made me think our time had come. I thought of Mass at home; the well-trained choir, the incense and sort-toned bells warning the kneeling worshippers that the sacrificial moment was at hand. Here, the improvised altar on a speck of sand, midst a seething cauldron of angry waves; the deafening thunder and dazzling lightning; an old, gray-haired priest with a look of profound exaltation upon his face, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings, reading Mass by the dim light of a lantern.

When Father Hoyle turned to give his blessing at the conclusion of the Mass a huge wave, that seemed a mountain in height, rushed towards us. Father Hoyle stood with hands outstretched, his lips moving in prayer, looking toward but not seeming to see the avalanche of rushing water. Perhaps behind that wall of water he saw the reward of his years of faithful and uncomplaining ministrations. The wave paused an instant within a few yards of the altar, then sank back, leaving its crest to topple over at our feet.

And who will say that that blessing, made so impressively over the warring elements, did not bring peace? Yet so it was; the tremendous billows disappeared, the thunder rumbled faintly in the distance, and the sound of the waves died down into a solemn requiem at the blessing of that humble priest. Was it not the voice of God in his representative whispering to the mighty waves, "Peace, be still;" and they, recognizing the Authority, obeyed as on a former occasion?

The Mass was ended. Father Hoyle knelt in grateful thanksgiving. I joined him for a few minutes; then, being completely exhausted, I stretched myself upon the sand, and in a moment was sound asleep.

When I awoke two hours later the scene was comparatively peaceful, only the great long swells of the sea giving evidence of the recent storm. Father Hoyle had placed his coat over me while I slept; he was still kneeling before the cross, his grey head encircled in an aureole of moonlight, for the moon was now shining brightly and lending much beauty to the scene. As I watched him kneel there with eyes fixed upon the crucifix, I could not but think that God's holy angels were not far away.

He arose when he heard me moving. When I spoke of our escape and the likelihood of our spending this Christmas Day on earth after all, a look which I took to be resignation came upon his face as he

replied: "Well, my son, our work is not yet done."

During the remaining hours of the night Father Hoyle spoke of his work on the mission, of his vexations through the hard-heartedness of some who remained deaf to his call to come to the sacraments, and his rewards in the shape of an occasional stray sheep brought back to the fold. He had ambitions once, he said; he gave them up—that was his hardest trial—for his humble and scattered flock.

At the first glint of the morning sun upon our humble Calvary he began a Mass of thanksgiving. About ten o'clock boats were seen approaching from different points. Soon about two dozen men were gathered around Father Hoyle, offering such sincere expressions of joy at his safety as brought tears to the old priest's eyes. He thanked them for their interest and affection, and said: "It will be too late to say Mass when we get back to town. I have already said two Masses this morning; but on this day we have the privilege of celebrating three. I will offer up this for the repose of the souls of those lost at sea."

I will venture to say that throughout the broad land there were few more fervent worshippers than were these humble fishermen kneeling before Father Hoyle's simple altar that Christmas morning. And since then I never hear the bells at the Elevation, but my thoughts involuntarily go back to one Midnight Mass on the Gulf coast some years ago.—James M. Keating, in the Catholic World Magazine.

## The Use of the Scapular

The scapular is the badge of an order of chivalry which is purely devotional; it is a livery of the Blessed Mother of God, which all are free and none are forced to wear. It is an external sign of love, fidelity, and service. It is a great honor to be enrolled in the confraternity and to wear the scapular on account of its origin, its meaning and the numerous and extraordinary privileges which have been attached to it.

A reason sometimes urged against the scapular is that people have superstitiously looked upon it as a charm, which will secure heaven for them in spite of all their sins. It will do nothing of the kind. And unless a person earnestly endeavors to lead a good life, frequenting the sacraments, hearing Mass on Sunday, saying his prayers, avoiding the occasions of mortal sin, the scapular will avail him nothing.

To remove the charge of superstition, it ought to suffice to note the way in which St. Simon Stock, in making known his vision of Our Lady with the Scapular, urged on all his brethren perseverance in good works and prayer, so the promise of the Blessed Virgin might be glorified and fulfilled in them. A master does not reward his servants because they wear his livery, unless they also conduct themselves worthily.

Three classes need Our Lady's help: First, poor sinners who are continually falling through weakness, but who really desire to repent and to serve God. If they are devout to the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel, she will not fail to assist them by obtaining for them the graces for repentance.

Secondly, penitents, that they may persevere in their repentance to the end.

And thirdly, the innocent, who have never grievously offended God, that they may continue innocent.

It is not pretended that Our Lady confines her special attention to those who wear the scapular; but the experience of five hundred years proves that she obtains innumerable favors and blessings for each of the three above-mentioned classes of souls, when they wear her livery with devout dispositions. These favors consist not only of graces in the spiritual order, but of frequent deliverances from dangers and difficulties which belong altogether to the natural order.

By all means, then, wear the scapular.

Whatever you do in honor of the Mother of God will be meted out to you again with an overflowing measure of blessing. But, however high your hopes may be raised by the promise of Our Lady's assistance in this world, and by the prospect of the manifestation in purgatory of her compassionate maternal love and tenderness, remember that your first obligation is to put into daily practice the instruction of St. Peter: "Labor the more, that by good works you may make sure your calling and election."

For this you need an abundant supply of divine grace. Prayer and the sacraments and a constant devotion to the Blessed Virgin will obtain this.—Le Coultoux Leader.

## Missionary Heroes.

The "Missionary Record" of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate for November contains a reference to two heroic missionaries who are working within the Arctic Circle. Bishop Clut, coadjutor of Bishop Girouard, of Athabasca, has been in the frozen North for over forty-five years, with only three or four visits to civilization. His diocese would make a good-sized empire, and he has traversed it repeatedly in birch canoes, making in this way about thirty miles a day. His first thirteen years as missionary were at Fort Chippewah, Lake Athabasca, and the next twenty-five at Providence Mission, about forty-nine miles down Great Slave Lake, in the Mackenzie river colony. He passed two winters within the Arctic Circle, where overwork and bad food brought him very near to death. For thirty years he had no bread to eat, only meat and fish, with rarely a few potatoes. But when, recently removed from there for treatment of his completely broken down health, he was asked if he expected to return, he answered: "Oh, yes, to be sure, I would not go out if I was not to go back again." This is a passion easily found among these heroic souls.

A fellow missionary and subject of his, Father Seguin, O.M.I., who has been forty years within the Arctic Circle, and without eating bread, now nearly blind from cataract and for the last six years suffering constantly from a dislocated shoulder, which there was nowhere around him a surgeon to set, was some time ago ordered to France for treatment. But he pleaded that even if he became blind he might be let return to his beloved savages.

Rev. Mother M. Amedeus, Provincial of the Ursulines of the Rocky Mountain missions, has written to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith from St. Peter's Mission of Montana:

"Let me speak to you once more about our boarding school. Our first efforts with the children were very difficult. They were such wild little savage maidens! Time and again they would jump out of the window in the midst of class, and run like deer for the Witane. We used to follow them, these blessed young ones, and beg them to come back to the 'white house,' our convent. But instead of responding to our motherly solicitude, they flung off the little dresses we made them with so much care, threw them in our faces, and leaped into the river, screaming 'take your old white clothes, we don't want them.'"

"For all that they were not gone for good, and ended by coming back. Could our little Iewonona be lost, do you think, our graceful, brown-eyed child who was one of them? No, her father, Mieshkon (one-fingered man) brought her back to us, and little by little she commenced to love us. The missionary baptized her, and gave her the dear name of Teresa. She became a good Christian, and married a young man known as Yellow Hair. She has been a faithful wife to him, and their little son Paul is now growing up and making fine progress at St. Lebro's Mission."

"Parents were so delighted to see how our children progressed that they came every day, their paposes strapped to their backs. By patience, prayers and sacrifices, I have been able to turn this proud race to good works. By the uprightness of their lives, their respect for the priest, their love for work, our new Christians are a living sermon to all the rest."

"Our great mother, Queen Victoria, Crowfoot, a great chief among the Black Feet, used to say, 'give us bread to eat; but the Black Robe has done better, he has given us words of hope.'"

"Father," said a dying child to his father, "I am going to heaven, the priest has just told me. You ought to go there too. Go to find him; do what he tells you; obey him; and we will be happy together."

"Oh, if we could only cultivate these good dispositions on the part of our neophytes! The best means would be to gather them at church. They love the celebration of Mass, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the May devotions. These services stir up reflections among them that are worth a thousand sermons."

### STRIKING MEMORIALS.

The statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which is to adorn the gable of the Pilgrimage Church of the Immaculate Conception, Mt. Adams, will be made of metal, and will cost over \$1,000. It will be illuminated by electric lights. The Passionist Fathers of Mt. Adams are likewise contemplating the illumination of the large cross which crowns the Cross Church with electric lights.



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# SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

## Household Notes.

**CANNED GOODS.**—The notes of warning so frequently sounded now against the buying of jams, jellies and canned vegetables, have nothing of the false alarm character about them. They are all founded on facts, some of them pretty disagreeable facts, as we should all admit if every package of them contained an itemized list of ingredients employed in its preparation. Mind, this is not saying that air preserved fruits and vegetables are thus harmfully concocted. It is only the very low-priced ones, those selling for what any reasonable person should see could hardly more than pay for the can; these are an out-and-out menace to those who consume them in any quantity. But if the careful housekeeper wants to provide her table with canned delicacies, let her first take a pencil and paper and reckon the amount it would cost her to preserve one quart of peaches, one of pears, or of tomatoes, or whatever comestible she elects to buy, and then go to her grocer prepared to pay not one cent less than this price, and she will come very near to getting a pure article, especially if it bears the name of a reputable firm. There are no "bargains" in canned goods; and the woman who seeks them at what she calls bargain prices is preparing a few cases of slow poison in her family that some physician is going to find it difficult to diagnose.—Boston Transcript.

**CHILDREN'S FEARS.**—A celebrated English physician who has made the diseases of children his specialty says that it is a very common thing for children to see "visions," owing to the instability of their nervous system. These visions which are peculiar to childhood give rise to the condition to which has been given the name of night terrors. The child awakens out of his sleep shaken with indescribable fear, for he actually sees before him in the dark the objects of his terror. He calls out in his alarm. It takes some time to pacify him before he can again compose himself to slumber. The sleep of childhood should be profound and quiet. When a child is restless and talks in his sleep, his nervous system has in some way been overtaxed; his digestion disordered. The child who is restless and nervous should have a carefully regulated diet. It should be seen that children have their sleep regularly and that the hours are sufficiently long to permit of recuperation of the body and the building up of the tissues. Children from five to six should have thirteen and one-half hours sleep. A decrease of half an hour may be made for each year after that. Children who are nervous and play hard should be put to bed for rest and quiet, even if they do not go to bed immediately to sleep.—Grace Peckham Murray, M.D., in the Delinquent.

## Making Success In Stenography.

He was a well dressed, keen looking business man, and he was telling his neighbor, a fellow commuter on the New York Central, about his troubles in getting a stenographer to suit him.

"I never saw anything like it," he said. "I have tried at least half a dozen young men within the last three weeks, and I cannot get one who can take dictation correctly. Now, you know, I do not speak very rapidly, yet every now and then I was told to repeat what I had said, asked to spell a name, etc., which was enough to irritate any busy man. Then, when the letters were transcribed I went over them with dread, for I found them misspelled, wrongly interpreted and sometimes whole sentences omitted.

"Not all of these men said they were first class stenographers and were swelled up with importance. I

got rid of them in a hurry and I am still looking for the right man. When he comes he will be appreciated and well paid, too."

His neighbor happened to be an expert stenographer in one of the courts of New York county some years ago, and he readily sympathized with the business man.

"The trouble is just here," he said. "Young men and women learn stenography nowadays not as a profession, but look upon it as a stepping stone to something else. They never made a greater mistake. Stenography is as much a profession as that of a lawyer or a doctor, and takes just as many years to accomplish. Of course the general idea is that you can learn shorthand in four or five months, but that's only a dream.

"In the first place, to be an expert stenographer a man must have an excellent education as a foundation. He must know a little of everything. He must be well posted on the topics of the day; have a cool head and a steady hand; have a smattering of law; be conversant with medical terms, and a first class English scholar.

"If a stenographer is deficient in education he can never hope to take matter correctly which he does not understand when he takes it. For instance, a man may be expert in stenography, and if he does not understand German he cannot take a German speech; but a man who understands that language can readily do so with any system of phonography and transcribe his notes afterward.

"Hence it is familiarity with the subject you are taking, as well as efficiency in writing shorthand, that makes an expert man. What do the hundreds of young men and women turned out of the schools after a four, five or six months' course in shorthand amount to? They know the rudiments of the art, it is true, but it is just then that they are really beginning to learn. After that it takes months of close study and practice to become perfect.

"Ask the men who are expert at it to-day how long it took them, and I'll wager many will answer years. Let the youths of the land, when they study shorthand, study it as they would study law or medicine and they will become experts at it. Let them make up their minds to keep at it assiduously, to practise several hours daily and to study constantly, and it is only then that their efforts will be crowned with success."

## LOTS OF SNUFF STILL USED

The production of snuff in the United States the current year will amount to 19,000,000 pounds, and practically all of it will be consumed here. In 1890 the production was 9,221,000 pounds, so that there has been a very heavy increase during the past 12 years.

Notwithstanding the large consumption of snuff in this country, the Americans are not snuff takers as a people, though there are regions in which the people do use snuff extensively, as in the south. But the greater part of this large snuff production is consumed by people of foreign birth.

The snuff trade in this country might seem curiously distributed if you did not know the facts. Thus Worcester, Mass., takes about 100,000 pounds of snuff a year, or say a ton a week. This demand is due to the presence there of a large number of Swedes and Norwegians employed in Worcester iron and steel mills.

Minneapolis and St. Paul together take about 200,000 pounds of snuff annually, and Minnesota is a big consumer, the consumption being due to the presence in the State of a large number of Scandinavians. In Chicago the consumption of snuff is about half a million pounds yearly.

Formerly considerable quantities of snuff were imported; now all but a minute fraction of the snuff used in this country is made here. American snuffs are without exception the best made anywhere and one special brand of it has been supplied for years to the Vatican, as also to the Sultan of Turkey.

## Our Boys And Girls.

**JACK'S QUEER DREAM.**—"I want somebody to come and button my shoes," called Harold down stairs. He waited, but no one went to his help, for the reason that Aunt Amy had told Emma, the girl who waited on the children, not to go.

"I can't find my brush," came no other call. "Emma, you come here." Emma did not go.

"I think you're mean, Emma," in a fretful tone. "You can leave Harry as well as not. Bring some warm water with you." But Emma still played with little Harry.

"Emma," called another voice, "won't you, please." Emma jumped up and was half way up the stairs before Jessie had finished saying: "tell me where my slippers are?"

That was it. The mother of the children had been ill for a long time. Now she had gone away for help, and Aunt Amy had come to take charge of them. She found them pleasant and well disposed children, but sadly lacking in the small graces of speech which take all the care of a strong mother to form into a habit.

"I suppose it's because they're the 'little things,'" said Jessie, as when they finally gathered at the table, Aunt Amy talked to them about it, assuring them that no children could ever hope to get along agreeably in the world without a good supply of such nice change as "If you please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," and the like. "You see," she went on, "we wouldn't any of us tell a lie, or steal, or slap Harry, or say bad words, because they're 'big things.' But 'please' is so little because we always forget it."

"And so poor Aunt Amy has to keep dinging away at us," said Harold.

"Oh," said Jack, bursting into a laugh, "I had the funniest dream last night. I dreamed there was a garden, O, beautiful! All flowers and grass and trees. And you never could guess what grew on those trees."

"Apples, pears?"

"Peaches, cherries? Or chestnuts?"

"Oranges, bananas?"

"Now, I knew you couldn't. It was all sorts of toys. You can't think of a thing that wasn't there. There was a top tree, and a bat and a bull tree, a doll tree and a balloon tree. There was a jumping jack tree and a tree full of dogs and cats, and elephants and monkeys that would wind up and go. There was a candy tree and a lemonade creek. And then there were boys and girls running about and picking things—all they wanted."

"No, I didn't. I was outside. Lots of other boys and girls were outside, and we all wanted to get in."

"I guess so!"

I saw some of them going up and asking if they could get in. And they came back and said that the man at the gate—he looked fierce and grim—said no one could go in without a golden key, and anyone could easily find one. So we all hunted and hunted, but we couldn't find any golden keys. Then I saw a boy go up and ask to go in, and the man looked as pleasant as anything and let him right in. But I hadn't seen that he had any key. And as I looked after him and saw a tree full of wild to try it again, and I went right up and said to the man: "O, please, mister, let me go in. I've hunted and hunted for the key and can't find it." And he smiled like everything and said: "Please is all the key you need to get in here."

And I was just going in when the rising bell woke me up. "Mean old noise!"

All laughed at the dream.

"I think," said Aunt Amy, "that my dinging and dinging must have done some good if I have made you dream about the golden key. You will keep it for everyday use, I am sure; not only for dreams."

"That's what I'm going to do," said Jack.

For his dream was a very true one in the fact that this golden key and the other little polite words will open to you a great many of the pleasant things of the world."

## KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL.

Initiatory steps have been taken by the joint committee appointed by the three councils of the Knights of Columbus of St. Louis in the project of erecting a permanent home in St. Louis. A corporation capitalized at \$50,000 will be formed at once. It is the purpose to erect a building that will eventually represent an investment of from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

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**ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY,** established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. P. 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 Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Established 1868, revised 1864. 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 C. 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. Strubbs, 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 their hall, corner Seignours 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; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

**C.M.B.A. OF CANADA BRANCH** 26.—Organized, 13th November, 1878.—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, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrisson; E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

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reminded the subscribers in our business of scanning the letters of each mail, naturally at this season when S lavishing his present left, a number of names are on his list good old adage which be just before we are

PARISH MIGRATION

scriber writes to draw the strange desire of which has taken possession of parishioners in recent years. "True Witness" circulates in parishes, we do not think able to publish his letter it contains some very sound advice. The good when parishioners, you considered it a duty to their parish church, in their parishioners, seemed appeared. Parishioners quired the habit of traveling from church to church, citing any particular affair or another of them. The result of all this? will show.