

CANADA'S STORY.

By "HISTORIOUS."

The history of a country, according to my humble view, is the record of its past; the story of a country comprises its past and present, and possibly, a glance into its future.

The sun rises, ascends to the zenith and sets; so every nation has its period to rise, to flourish and to decay. Troy was once great—the son of Homer alone commemorate her vanished splendor.

Civilization began in the East and like the sun, has ever continued its march towards the West. Reaching, after ages, the western end of Europe, with Columbus it leaped the Atlantic, and commenced anew on our soil its march towards the setting sun.

Catholic New England.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

No section of this continent, and possibly no section of the world, has ever been more anti-Catholic than the New England States. It is unnecessary to tell of the intolerance of Catholicity which marked one, and even two hundred years of that region's history.

gantic tower is not as solid nor yet as wonderful of the tomb of Cheops—the grim index of unnumbered ages.

It often occurred to me that our history could be told in a pleasing and brief way, in as short and useful a manner as possible, and that it could be made interesting without being laborious.

If personally I am unable to realize the work I thus suggest, at least I hope that some one, who is competent, will take the hint and write out the story of Canada.

that he finds in her community, yet he is sorry to see New England becoming Catholic. He said: "I cannot worship like the Roman Catholics because I am for nine generations a New Englander."

Commenting upon these speeches the Boston "Republic" says: "Most of our readers have probably seen the above statements reported in the daily press, but we cannot help repeating them because of the important bearing that truths of this kind must have upon Catholic communities."

Hardly a month passes which does not witness the dedication in some part of New England of a Catholic Church, and a goodly number of these have been erected by the French-Canadian people.

The unionism in Protestant denominations which Dr. Elliot proposes will not change things because no matter how much the different Protestant elements may attempt to get together, they cannot hope to compete in numbers with the Catholic Churches in future New England.

Editor Bok, of the Ladies' Home Journal, made use of the following remarkable words: "Aside from the increase that is bound to come to the Catholic Church through immigration, the greater increase is bound to come through the larger birth rate that characterizes the communities where foreign bloods are in the ascendancy."

At a meeting of the evangelical preachers recently held in Boston, Dr. Emrich, who is of German parentage, said: "New England is being transformed and the people are being changed."

We do not think that anything more is needed to substantiate our view and to indicate the wisdom of our forecast, when we set down a quarter of a century as the lapse of time needed to make all New England thoroughly Catholic.

POWER OF MONEY.

There is nothing to cavil at in the ambition which keeps most people striving all their lives to improve their circumstances, but the observer of life must sometimes wonder at the short-sightedness that accumulates wealth in external things without cultivating any inner resources to enjoy it.

life, he can transform his condition his environment, his associations. His money can change everything in the world for him but himself. He must carry himself wherever he goes, and though his wealth could purchase the world he can get just as much happiness out of it as he is able to enjoy.

In the last analysis, we have only what is within us. No man is poorer than he who spends his powers for wealth to enable him to live in a larger house, yet does nothing to enlarge the dwelling of his own spirit.

No one will blame a man for getting as rich as he can, but let him not cherish the illusion that he can enjoy the happiness of riches without spending at least as much effort on his capacities as his investments.

Loss of Religious Convictions.

Judging by the frequency with which the subject is discussed in the public press there seems to be little doubt that, outside of the pale of the Catholic Church, there is a great and growing loss of religious convictions in this country.

A second sure cause of the loss of religious convictions is the new idolatry—the idolatry of wealth. "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell From Heaven: ev'n in Heaven his looks and thoughts Were always downward bent; admiring more The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy."

In no country in the world is wealth worshipped as it is in this; nowhere have so many colossal fortunes been made so rapidly.

A third cause flowing from the second is the new pleasures. With wealth came increased possibilities of spending it. The simple life of revolutionary days disappeared before the marvelous material advancement made during the nineteenth century, and the consequent changes in the conditions of everyday life.

The pursuit of pleasure, so much of which tends away from God and ignores religion, has become a necessary adjunct of everyday life.

IRISH PAINTERS.

By "ORUX."

It is now exactly a year since I occupied several columns of the "True Witness" with contributions on Irish art and artists. I then reproduced in full one of Thomas Davies's essays on the subject, and thereby showed all that had been done in this line of national education.

ANCIENT ART.—"Once upon a time Ireland was a leader in the arts. It was not alone the magic of her singers, but the faith and genius of those who built her churches and wrought splendid metal shrines to be placed therein; the fertile brains and cunning fingers of her designers; the dainty handiwork of those who set out ancient lore on snowy vellum, amid a regal blazing of crimson, gold and azure.

PAINTERS SCATTERED.—"Now, it is from illumination or design that painting naturally develops, and these arts were moving toward their perfect form when, in the twelfth century, to bring an leave a legacy of unrest, came the Anglo-Norman invasion. The arts need peace and settled life. Ere one century of that unrest—which endures until this very day—had gone by, the beautiful arts of Ireland had withered away.

A NATIONAL SUGGESTION.—After speaking of how this special collection was gathered together the writer says:

"What may ultimately result from this exhibition is a matter which, to all Irishmen, should seem important. No one who sees these pictures could well deny the artistic capacity of the Irish race. And from what has just been stated it will be evident that they have been produced under conditions which, though possibly favorable to the individual painter, were not so to the development of a national school of painting.

A WIDE FIELD.—Now I must quote the entire passage in which the writer tells of how scattered over the world are the Irish artists. This will bring me to the comments based upon

my last paragraph, and which I reserve for another issue. The facts set forth in the following are exceedingly interesting:

"As far as six score of the painters whose works are shown at the Guildhall are concerned, it must be said that in gathering all these to her bosom Erin has spread her arms a little far and somewhat wide. There is, for example, an ably painted head by John Singleton Copley, who was born in Boston in 1737, and is commonly looked upon as the founder of American painting.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS.

"Then among contemporary painters are found J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., Irish by descent, American by birth, French by training, and English by practice; Marie Fisher, of Anglo-Irish parentage and Bostonian birth and John Lovery, George Henry and others associated with the Glasgow school. One or two other painters are usually thought to be Australian. Nevertheless the bulk of the 465 exhibits is the work of men and women indubitably Irish, and many are the names, either of painter or subject, that bring to mind makers of history, political, social or artistic.

IRISH SUBJECTS.—"There is Daniel O'Connell, painted by Joseph Haverly; John Philipot Curran, by Hugh Hamilton, and Thomas Moore by Sir Martin Shee, an Irish president of English Royal Academy. There are genre pictures of Daniel Maclise, R.A., and others, theatrical in our way of thinking, but immensely popular at the Royal Academy some sixty years ago. Numerous represented is William Mulready, R.A., greatly admired by the pro-Raphaelite brotherhood, whose influence on English art was very wholesome."

MORE RECENT TIMES.—Coming to more recent times, there is much excellent work by Walter Osborne, who died only last year, and among his works a portrait of Lord Powerscourt, who died only last month. A good landlord, so they said in Ireland, was Mervyn Edward, Viscount Powerscourt of Powerscourt Court, County Wicklow. He was a great believer in afforestation and planted numerous trees with his own spade.

By J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., father of W. B. Yeats, the poet and playwright, there is a series of interesting presentments of interesting people, such as Katherine Tynan Hinkson, the poetic daughter of a County Dublin farmer; Lady Gregory, translator of ancient Irish epics, such as "Cuchulainn of Muirthemne;" and John O'Leary, who edited the Irish People, the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood, and who was one of the famous committee of three which governed that brotherhood. There is a good picture by Augustus Burke, brother of that ill-fated Under Secretary for Ireland, Thomas Henry Burke, who with Lord Frederick Cavendish was assassinated in Phoenix Park, and by Miss Purser there is a portrait of one of the most influential men in Ireland, Douglas Hyde, LL.B., president of the Gaelic League, scholar, poet, dramatist, actor and folklorist, author of "The Literary History of Ireland." In their own tongue they call him An Craibhin Avbhinn, which being translated works out as "the delighted little branch."

CONCLUSION.—I close with this remark of Davis: "We have the great artists—we have not their works—we own the nativity of great living artists—they live on the Tiber and the Thames." Next week I will develop this text.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1904. A TYPIC Born in the palace of most illustrious kings of the thirteenth century, daughter of King of England, the Grey, sister of the Prince, grand-niece of the mother, Isabelle, of the of France, Louis X., Philip Charles IX., nevertheless died a humble servant in a convent of Germany. From her childhood she at the court of the King, an example of every virtue earnest desire was to live the only object of her love she was asked to marry powerful princes of her time she had in her heart such ambition that no human nobility to be dreamed of, tistly her. She had resolved no other spouse but of the Great King, whose love elevates all the souls, the only one wearies and never passes to this invisible bridegroom vowed her virginity. The aversion which Eppin nifested for earthly marriage, according to her father's ward had resolved to give her to the Duke of Guelders whose help was greatly needed him to continue the war one hundred years—which began against the King. Pressed to consent to this young princess besought Spouse to make her know that she had to use in of for him or sworn fidel. It is chiefly in face of ordinary facts of which the saints are full—facts so reasonable if one judges, with the light of reason comes to us to repeat the sacred writer: "How incredible are thy judgments, O inscrutable thy ways!" Constrained to give her the proposition made to mia asks three days of retires to the apartments assigned her, requesting the court not to trespass pretext on her solitude, was pleased to enlose her order was respected. Guided by the spirit of young girl renewed in a ner the story of Saint A availed herself of the isle which she found herself borrowed habit—a habit woman—and left secretly palace. Afterwards, with time, she directed her st the sea, and took passage which was just sailing Netherlands. Arrived there on foot, begging her city of Cologne. Great was the astonish city of London, and es the court of England, w appearance of the au was known. A battle English armies on the would not have caused Messengers were sent by the different counties of as well as to Flanders, to Germany, to try to fugitive. On a certain day that gers who were seeking princess in the towns were in Cologne, they v strange spectacle. On the town a scaffold was on this scaffold, tied to infamy, was a young g as a thief to the outrage asperated crowd. Rum in a hospital of the ci she had volunteered her sick, under pretext she had stolen the clo of her companions. Puzzled, the English come nearer to the pill seized with astonishment victim of the hue and people they recognize eign's daughter! But assurance of her identit bers their minds, but a —a question, so perfect semblance between the young lady who is bef the princess whom they ardently to restore to They go to the magistrat veal to them the real a presence in Cologne, as the favor of seeing th woman. Their request is granted because it is really the the King of England, v accused of theft by a w in the hospital where, b ty, she had dedicated he

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1904.

A TYPICAL TERTIARY.

(From The Rosary Magazine.)

Born in the palace of one of the most illustrious kings of the fourteenth century, daughter of Edward III, King of England, the victor of Crecy, sister of the terrible Black Prince, grand-niece by her grand-mother, Isabella, of the three Kings of France, Louis X., Philip V., and Charles IX., nevertheless Euphemia died a humble servant in a Dominican convent of Germany.

From her childhood she had given, at the court of the King, her father, an example of every virtue. Her most earnest desire was to live for God, the only object of her love. Early she was asked to marry the most powerful prince of her time. But she had in her heart such a high ambition that no human union, the noblest to be dreamed of, could satisfy her. She had resolved to accept no other spouse but the Son of the Great King, the only one whose love elevates and ennobles whose souls, the only one who never wanes and never passes away, and to this invisible bridegroom she had vowed her virginity.

The aversion which Euphemia manifested for earthly marriage was not according to her father's taste. Edward had resolved to give his daughter to the Duke of Gueldre, an ally whose help was greatly necessary to him to continue the war—the war of one hundred years—which he had just begun against the King of France. Pressed to consent to this union, the young princess besought her Divine Spouse to make her know the means that she had to use in order to keep for Him her sworn fidelity.

It is chiefly in face of the extraordinary facts of which the lives of the saints are full—facts sometimes unreasonable if one judges them only with the light of reason—that it becomes us to repeat the words of the sacred writer: "How incomprehensible are thy judgments, O Lord, and inscrutable thy ways!"

Constrained to give her consent to the proposition made to her, Euphemia asks three days of reflection and retires to the apartments which were assigned her, requesting the ladies of the court not to trespass under any pretext on her solitude, in which she was pleased to enclose herself. The order was respected.

Guided by the spirit of God, the young girl renewed in a certain manner the story of Saint Alexe. She availed herself of the isolation in which she found herself to dress in a borrowed habit—a habit of a poor woman—and left secretly her father's palace. Afterwards, without losing time, she directed her steps towards the sea, and took passage on a vessel which was just sailing for the Netherlands. Arrived there, she went on foot, begging her bread, to the city of Cologne.

Great was the astonishment of the city of London, and especially at the court of England, when the disappearance of the august princess was known. A battle lost by the English armies on the Continent would not have caused more anxiety. Messengers were sent by Edward to the different counties of the Kingdom as well as to Flanders, to France and to Germany, to try to discover the fugitive.

On a certain day that the messengers who were seeking the young princess in the towns of Germany, were in Cologne, they witnessed a strange spectacle. On a square of the town a scaffold was erected, and on this scaffold, tied to a pole of infamy, was a young girl presented as a thief to the outrages of an exasperated crowd. Rumor said that in a hospital of the city, in which she had volunteered herself to nurse the sick, under pretext of charity, she had stolen the clothes of one of her companions.

Puzzled, the English messengers come nearer to the pillory and are seized with astonishment, in the victim of the hue and cry of the people they recognize their Sovereign's daughter! But it is not an assurance of her identity which enters their minds, but a serious doubt—a question, so perfect in the resemblance between the unfortunate young lady who is before them and the princess whom they desire so ardently to restore to their King. They go to the magistrates, they reveal to them the real aim of their presence in Cologne, and ask them the favor of seeing the condemned woman.

Their request is granted. Euphemia, because it is really the daughter of the King of England, who, unjustly accused of theft by a wicked woman, in the hospital where, by true charity, she had dedicated herself to the

care of the sick, underwent the ignominious pain just mentioned—Euphemia from the scaffold had recognized the messengers sent by her father. Being brought before them, she brought the spirit of God to guide her in circumventing the designs of the noble messengers who had charge of taking her back to her father. Requested to reveal who she was, she answered in a flippant tone, quite strange to her education and birth, and as one joking: "Very nice of you, indeed, gentlemen, to mind me. You ask me who is my father. My father has been hanged. I had twelve brothers. Eleven of them suffered a violent death and the twelfth hanged himself. I am alone here of my family. You see by the spectacle at which you have just assisted on the public square, that I am a chip of the old block, and the best you have to do is not to trouble yourself about me."

The effrontery and apparent cynicism of this answer disconcerted and baffled the English lords. They thought they were the plaything of an illusion. Understanding not the true meaning of the young lady's answer, she had called Jesus Christ her father, and the twelve apostles her brothers,—they dismissed with abuse the servant of God leading her with contempt.

It was exactly that for which the young virgin was seeking. She had chosen for her portion, her inheritance, her treasure, the cross of her Spouse. She had just relished its bitter delight, and she firmly expected that this beloved cross would not be taken away from her.

In order the better to secure its possession and more surely to escape the researches of which she was the object, the servant of God left Cologne and went up the Rhine as far as Pfortzheim, in the Margraviate of Bade. There was a monastery of Dominican nuns, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God and to St. Magdalen. It is at the door of this monastery that the saint came to knock, asking for work and for shelter. Moved by compassion at the sight of the strange young woman's destitution, and won over by the grace and charm of her manners, the Prioress of the convent, Luugarde, who had been Countess of Asperg, admitted her as a laundress and gave her as shelter a small house outside the enclosure.

It is in this humble hut that, hidden from all, unknown, earning her bread by the sweat of her brow, reduced to a servile condition, Euphemia led for many years, under the name of Gertrude of Cologne, an existence, contemptible to the eyes of the world, but eminently great before God. Devoted to her work, simple and docile as a child, she lived unceasingly united with God, keeping piously in her heart the secret of the King, letting appear nothing exteriorly of the wonderful gifts and supernatural graces with which God was pleased to favor her.

Thus was passing in silence, in obscurity, and the practice of the highest virtues, this life commenced amidst luxury and the pomp of a palace, and nothing would have betrayed the mystery of so much hidden greatness if God Himself had not been pleased to raise a corner of the veil under which His faithful servant sheltered her humility.

In that time lived, in a country beyond the sea, a pious hermit, who served God with his whole heart. On a certain day, however, in that joyous and bright heart of the saint, a cloud and a doubt had found their way. Looking at himself as grace had made him, the hermit felt a thought of vain glory and a strong temptation of pride lurking about his soul under the form of a point of intemperance of pride lurking about his distaste. "Was it probable that in the world God had a better servant than himself?" This question Our Lord Himself undertook to answer. Appealing to His servant who resisted the evil spirit indeed, but all too weakly: "Go," He said, "cross the sea and seek in Souabe a soul dearer than thee to my heart; by a sign I will make her known to thee."

Obedient the Divine Voice, the hermit undertook the journey; then Providence doing the rest, led him to Pfortzheim. When going to beg at the monastery of the Dominican nuns the servant of God saw a poor woman who was washing the clothes of the community in a brook. Between these two souls who had never beheld each other existed a link formed by God Himself. A mysterious current drew them towards each other. In the material world such currents ex-

ist, how much more in the spiritual world fully impregnated with grace! Besides, God had kept his word and gave the promised sign. The solitary had seen the humble woman surrounded by a dazzling light and her brow crowned with an aureola. A pious conversation takes place between these two souls. They speak to each other of their common friend of Jesus, the great Lover and defender of souls. They narrate to each other His mercies and His favors and separate burring more than ever with the fire of exuberant charity.

The hermit had received a lesson, which forever would cover him from all temptations of self-love; he had found a soul more elevated than his own. Unfortunately he could not keep the secret of his discovery, and before leaving the convent where he had found an hospitality of a few hours, he revealed to the Sisters the treasure of sanctity they possessed.

From that moment the community knew no rest until it had withdrawn the humble servant from her work and her hut to introduce her in the closure and enjoy the edification of such a holy life.

It was not according to the taste of the humble virgin. She had left her country and her parents to live unknown and despised. She was resolved to hold to this choice which she had made maturely in the flower of her youth. Therefore, seeking her preceding life, she left the monastery and was absent for two years.

But she cherished this monastery and this small house in which she had for so many years found shelter. Besides, God's will was that she should be there; He made her understand so an Euphemia came back to Pfortzheim, to the great joy of the community. Only then did the blessed accept an honor of which she did not judge herself worthy, the honor of entering the Dominican family by profession in the third Order. Unfathomable depths that humility creates in the souls of the saints!

God never allows His friends to surpass Him in generosity. He has an eternity in which to exalt them, to crown them with glory and honor, to make them enter into His power; but, generally, He does not wait to friends until death gives them a lustre and splendor to their virtues. God's justice seems to move Him if not to reveal, at least to let the world catch a glimpse of the heroic sacrifices that His beloved daughter had made for Him.

Euphemia had resumed her unpleasant task of laundress. She had exalted it; however, she did not live since her return to the convent in so complete a seclusion as before. On a certain evening, overcome by fatigue and cold, after her hard day's work, she was warming her poor, shivering limbs near the stove of the infirmary when she heard a choir sister commence a narrative which from the first words called vividly her attention. It was about the seemingly endless war between England and France. According to the Sister, very serious news had just been received. The English had met with a real disaster, and the son of Edward III had been badly wounded. On hearing these words, Euphemia could not stifle the voice of blood. For an instant nature spoke louder than grace, and a cry of anguish escaped from her which betrayed her. Her people were vanquished, her brother perhaps dead! It was too much. The emotion by which the penitent was overpowered was such that all the Sisters perceived it. The veil which till then had concealed this holy life to profane eyes had just been partially rent.

No doubt the mystery was not as yet completely unveiled, nor the secret made public; but it was only a question of time—and of "Savoir-faire." This "Savoir-faire" a sister had it abundantly and more. She harrowed and worried the poor servant with her queries and at last obtained all the truth, under the promise of a secret. The secret, justice is due to her, was religiously kept until the death of the saint, only then did the monastery come to know fully the edifying facts we have just related.

Besides, the hard and laborious life of Edward III's daughter was nearing its end. Euphemia slept holly in the Lord on February, 1367. Her mortal remains were buried with royal pomp in the church of the convent, and innumerable extraordinary graces were soon obtained at her sepulchre.

Though the Lord was pleased to manifest by miracles the glory of his servant, Euphemia has not as yet received the honors of public veneration. Historians call her commonly blessed, and Klauer has placed her portrait amongst those of the saints and blessed of the Dominican family. In this picture the saintly one, dressed in the habit of her Order, is represented trampling under her feet the attributes of royalty, and with

her finger directed to heaven she indicates that her hopes and her love is there above. From heaven the saints encourage the generous athlete, Christ, full of wounds, humiliated, unrecognizable, as Pilate showed Him to the crowd of Jews, saying "Ecce homo," is a living model to His Spouse, and at the bottom of the picture, in the background, the two principle scenes of the life of the saint are represented, the meeting with the hermit and the ignominious scene of the pillory.

CATHOLICS ARE BUILDING EVERYWHERE.

The rector of St. Michael's, West Derby-road, Liverpool (Rev. Father Flynn) in asking his congregation at the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday, July 12th, to join fervently in prayers for the conversion of England, gave them some practical advice, evidently in view of the Orange demonstrations in connection with the celebration of the Orange anniversary, July 12. The spirit of the Catholic religion was, he said, the spirit of charity, and they must observe it under all circumstances. Unhappily amongst certain classes of Protestants there were those who felt towards them anything but Christian sentiments, who were animated by feelings of ill will. An instance, he might mention that when St. Michael's Presbytery was in course of erection one of two ladies who saw it from a tram car said, he was told, "Those Catholic are building everywhere, they ought to be stopped."

If such feelings were displayed towards them, they must not forget that it was their duty not to return hatred for hatred, but on the contrary to meet hostility by the exercise of patience and charity, especially by prayer. He did not say that if violence were attempted against them the one hundred and sixty thousand Catholics of Liverpool would not be able to protect themselves in case of necessity, but, as he had said, the spirit of the Catholic religion was one which enjoined self-restraint and brotherly love. There were some thirty Catholic churches in Liverpool, and if throughout the year they were frequented by Protestants, those Protestants would find that the Catholic preachers never used language calculated to stir up animosity towards Protestants or anything but good will and friendliness. Now, in respect to the new Protestant Cathedral which the King was coming to Liverpool to open, their feelings were by no means grudging or unfriendly. They felt, in truth, that there was a certain appropriateness in the King laying the foundation stone of a cathedral belonging to a church which was founded by another King, Henry VIII., of whom the Spanish Ambassador at the time wrote that he was determined to be Pope in England. Seeing the position the King held with regard to the Church of England, it was very fitting that he should perform this act.

So far as the majority of Protestants was concerned, it was true to say that there had been a great improvement in the matter of toleration and regard for Catholics. Those who were advanced in life could remember how great was the change that had taken place. The Catholics of Liverpool alone had now some thirty-six thousand children in their schools and their power in the city was recognized. Various causes were assigned for the change, which had come to pass. It was no doubt due in a considerable measure to the fidelity of the Catholics themselves in the practice of their religion. By some it was attributed to the indifference of the general population respecting religion of any kind: For his part, he believed it was largely the fruit of prayer, and particularly of the Apostolate of Prayer instituted by the late Father Ignatius Spencer. Father Spencer (an uncle of Earl Spencer who was about to visit Liverpool for the purpose of unveiling the Gladstone statue) was consumed by the desire to see his countrymen professing once more to the faith of their forefathers, and his one request wherever he travelled was for prayers for the conversion of England. It would certainly seem as if the prayers had been answered, for the great change of which he had spoken had taken place since Father Spencer's day.—Catholic Times.

Subscribe to the "True Witness"

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER On "Cold Water."

Very often the heading that I select for my contribution has little to do with the body thereof, but in this case I put "cold water" between quotation marks to indicate that I use the term in a figurative sense. Not that cold water would be a very commonplace subject, but because to treat of the actual use, and even the abuse of cold water would require as many volumes as Bancroft's History. You could write about drinking cold water, washing in cold water, putting out fires, and even reducing whiskey or milk with cold water. But all that would only lead you to the portico of the subject. Just imagine a person writing all about rain, river water, well water, spring water, stagnant water, sea water, congealed water, frozen water in the form of snow-flakes or ice, and the influence of water on the soil, the plants, the atmosphere, the animal creation, and its utility as a mode of transportation. In fact you could branch out into ten thousand paths all converging to the one subject—the great literary pond of cold water. It is, therefore, in another sense that I wish to deal with this element:

"THROWING COLD WATER"—There is no phase more in use in our day than that of "throwing cold water"; and it is thus frequently used because the practice is so general. There are persons who are adepts at that work. They can gauge to a nicety the exact moment when to throw the cold water, and have an aim that would rival the precision of an artillery man. They seem to know to what exact degree of enthusiasm a person must be allowed to rise before throwing a douché of cold water on him; they can determine at what stage of the general pleasure they must act in order to spoil most completely the enjoyment of the greater number. They take a malign satisfaction in thus drenching those whose pleasure or happiness they seem to envy. I have met with some, on my rounds, who would seem to have reduced this cold water throwing to a science. I have no intention of filling up space this week with examples, although I could give scores of them—and some very laughable. In fact I do not deem it necessary, for I believe that my readers have each and all had similar experiences in life, and have felt the shivers that crawl over one under a dose of this kind of cold water.

"THE CRANK THROWER.—There are some people who, either on account of a lack of good breeding, or an over-powering desire to appear

smart, or through thoughtlessness, have the bad luck of always making some fearfully untimely remark. They do not perceive it, in all its effects, and they not infrequently wonder why their absence is preferred to their company. Such people are to be pitied, for they make life miserable for themselves and for others. But there are those who are cranks by nature. It is born in them too ugly; they cannot help being nasty; they must contradict, belittle, sneer, and insult. It is not always their fault, at first; but after a time they gain a certain unenviable reputation, and they feel in honor bound to keep it up. And to do so they must practise cold water throwing. And by dint of practice they really become experts in the detestable habit.

OFTEN STUPIDITY.—As a rule we find those who are the most effective in their cold water throwing persons of rare stupidity, if not of ignorance. One of them is in the midst of a pleasant reunion of friends. Some one is telling an interesting story, reciting a poem, or doing something else that is a source of enjoyment to all present. Suddenly an individual who is either too thick or too unappreciative, fires off a personal remark; and behold, the entire fabric of social enjoyment goes down like a child's house of cards at a gust of wind. On another occasion some friends are planning an excursion, or a party, or some other means of innocent pleasure; they are all enthusiastic over it, when this cold, bitter, sour creature comes along with some suggestion that takes all the life and animation out of the others, destroys the whole prospect, and leaves each one as if he had been plunged suddenly into an ice-water bath. I cannot say whether or not these people reap any personal enjoyment or comfort from the misery and discomfort of others; but if they do, I for one, do not envy them their pleasure. In all likelihood they do not derive any benefit, and quite possibly they feel pangs afterwards—for the very cold that permeates the atmosphere the moment one of them enters a room should be a sufficient punishment. But we must also conclude that their actions indicate absolute lack of all sensibility, consequently if would be presumptuous to say that they experience any punishment. It is a pity that they cannot be made to feel keenly that which they have made others feel. In fact I cannot think of a better advice to all young people than to beg of them never to practice "cold water throwing"—unless they want to chill all the joy out of their own lives.

FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Sunday, July 31st, the Feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, is one that ranks very high in the commemorations of the Church. Not alone because of the wonderful life of the Saint, but also on account of the work he performed on earth and the perpetuation of his mighty organization throughout the succeeding centuries. The stricken soldier of Pampaluna hung up his sword in the temple and dedicated the remainder of his earthly career to the cause of Christ and of Christ's Church. No body of men has ever been more misunderstood, misrepresented and persecuted than the followers of St. Ignatius, yet no body of men has ever displayed more true heroism and devotedness to the cause of God and of humanity than the members of the same Society.

It has been a matter of astonishment to the world how they should have been always singled out for the attacks of the enemies of religion; how in all lands they should be destined to meet with unfair, and often cruel, opposition; how the tongue of slander should be eternally directed against them; and the whip of calumny should constantly lash them. Yet, in this very dispensation, have we the very best evidence of the saintly character of their founder. The clearest sign of God's favor is

the granting, by Him, of the prayers of His faithful servants. It was the dying prayer, and the fervent wish, of St. Ignatius that his followers should be perpetually obliged to combat. In that constant struggle did he perceive their salvation. And God heard and granted that prayer. Consequently from the day of his death down to this hour, at all times and in all lands, the Jesuits have been obliged to fight for their very existence, and to carry on their glorious work amidst the cries of fanatical opposition; and at the point of the arrow, the sword, or the musket. Driven from their homes in civilized lands, martyred in barbaric lands, they continued on to combat and to gain untold victories. It was a soldier who organized the Society, and as a soldier of Christ he constituted his community a military camp, a regular regiment in the army of the Church Militant. Hence the discipline, the order, the regularity, the obedience, the onward march, despite all obstacles to the conquest of souls under the "Standard of Christ" and against the "Standard of Satan." Hence the inimitable "exercises" of St. Ignatius. Hence the triumph of his work and the grandest testimony to the merits of his life, and the clearest proof of his exalted station in the ranks of the Church Triumphant.

RANDOM NOTES AND REMARKS.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, in its report of the recent convention of the L. C. B. A., held in St. Paul, Minn., says:

These conventions are also becoming costly to a degree which will, eventually, endanger the perpetuity of the Society. Delegates are paid per diem from the time they leave their homes until they return. Previous to the recent convention the per diem was \$2.50 a day, with mileage additional. At St. Paul last week the delegates adopted an amendment increasing their per diem to \$3 a day. Hence, roughly estimated, it may be said that the expense of the convention is fully—if, indeed, it does not exceed—the enormous sum of fifty thousand dollars, or more than double that of the Detroit convention of 1901.

The convention made such an outcry against amendments which sought to reduce the size of future gatherings that all such amendments were withdrawn, and the convention of 1907 will be made up as heretofore by direct representation from branches.

As far-away Denver has been chosen for the 1907 convention, and most of the delegates live in the East, it is quite within the probabilities that its expense may reach seventy-five or even one hundred thousand dollars.

The assessment rates were increased. An amendment to the effect that the beneficiaries of a member dying within one year of initiation can receive but one-half the amount of the certificate, was adopted. No exception was made in favor of a member who, although in robust health, might meet death by accident, fever, contagious disease, etc. All are treated alike, the consumptive and the physically perfect.

The question of the publication of the official paper of the Association, "The Fraternal Leader," was according to our contemporary, a bone of contention, and the contract was awarded to a member of the Supreme Council at a figure \$2800 a year more than the lowest tender. The contract is for a period of three years.

The election of officers occupied much time and aroused much feeling. The results reported as follows:

- President—Mrs. E. B. McGowan.
- First Vice-President—Mrs. Mary A. Flanagan.
- Second Vice-President—Mrs. Mary Marzolf.
- Recorder—Mrs. J. A. Royer.
- Treasurer—Mrs. Felice M. Girardot.
- Trustees—Miss Kate Mahoney, Mrs. Maria J. Quinn, Mrs. A. J. Brady, Miss Bertha McEntee.
- Auditors—Mrs. M. H. Murphy, Miss Margaret Kelly.

DIVORCE.

A Catholic lawyer recently delivered an address on this subject before the annual meeting of the Indiana Bar Association. We take one extract from it, as follows:

"No class of people have the opportunity for insight into human life comparable to lawyers. No class have the opportunity of seeing and judging the effects of divorce like the lawyers. The world at large knows naught save the fact that a divorce has been granted and a couple separated. But the lawyer in the case knows better than anyone outside the family what that separation involves—the rupture of the wedding covenant, the disruption of the home, the division of the competence that joint hands and heads have gathered, the disposition of the children, the useful consequences of their divided custody—and too often is he professionally called to witness the downward path which frequently characterizes the career of those whom the law has released from the marriage bonds."

AVERTS DISASTER.

Father Irwin, a Passionist Father, prevented a panic and possible loss of life during a mission at St. Thomas' Church, Dickson Bay, Pa., recently. The Church was crowded at the time the priest was at the altar delivering an address, when suddenly the floor gave way and 500 or 600 people fell into the cellar, a distance of eight feet. The altar stood, and at it the priest, who raised his voice, and went on with his address as if nothing unusual had happened. The fears of those who dropped into the cellar were soon dissipated, and instead of a panic they knelt, prayed, and finished the services. No one was hurt.

HOME RULE.

Mr. John F. Redmond, Ireland's leader, made an able and convincing address the other day at Glasgow. Touching upon the question of Home Rule, he said:

In the House of Commons the minds of all thoughtful men of all parties are bent in the direction of self-government for Ireland to-day more than at any time for the past twenty years.

The reasons are not, I think, far to seek. The experience of the last four or five years has shown the complete breakdown of the Parliamentary machine. Here was a government with great power, with a larger majority than any government in our lifetime, and facing an opposition more divided and powerless than any opposition probably that was ever seen for the last eighty years in the House of Commons, and yet that government, with its great power, has been unable to make the Parliamentary machine work. It has not been face to face with obstruction; it has had the most ample opportunity of amending the rules of the House to suit its wishes and its needs.

The House of Commons, the governing assembly, is at one and the same time a great Imperial Senate, which has charge of all the great Imperial questions affecting hundreds of millions of subjects of the Crown in every part of the world, dealing with questions of great high and world-wide state policy, dealing with questions affecting the well-being of the world and of humanity, questions which certainly are sufficient in themselves to tax to the uttermost the whole time for six months of the year of any legislative assembly; but in addition to that the House of Commons is the local Parliament of England, the local Parliament of Scotland, the local Parliament of Ireland, and the local Parliament of Wales, charged with the duty of looking after the smallest petty interests of each of those localities, and the result has become unmistakably apparent that it is impossible for it to fulfill the functions of those assemblies and that if it gives adequate time to Imperial matters, those local matters must be neglected, and if it gives adequate time to local matters, then all the world-wide interests of the Empire must be put upon one side."

ITALIAN STATISTICS.

On more than one occasion have we written on the subject of Protestantism in Italy. The fourth volume of the Italian census of 1901 has just been published and it contains some very striking figures. We take them as they have been gathered together by the European Catholics press, and give them with the accompanying comments.

The following is the result: "The Catholic population consists of 10,608,000 under 15 years of age, and of 20,931,000 over that age. The total Protestant population is given as 16,723 under 15, and 48,872 above that age; and when it is considered that these figures include many thousands of Waldensians, many thousands of German, American and English Protestants, and heaven knows how many hundreds of imported missionaries, it will be seen that the tens of thousands of pounds that are spent annually on Protestantizing Italy are singularly unproductive. The Israelites are put down at 35,617, a surprisingly small figure for the whole of Italy, where they have had colonies since the time of Our Lord. There are only 2472 Greek schismatics, 280 Mohammedans, 56 Buddhists. Brahminism does not flourish in Italy, for it is represented by one very solitary individual, and there is also one Copt. But the most significant figures are those testifying to the existence of atheism, irreligion or indifference. Over 86,000 persons declared that they had no religion, while 794,000 refused to make any statement as to their religious belief. It is probably safe to say that this enormous number, which has doubtless by this time reached a full million, is composed mainly of Socialists and the children of Socialistic parents. From the same interesting volume we learn that there are in Italy 3189 monasteries and convents, with 58,764 religious of both sexes. In Rome alone the number of religious is given as 6141.

LAY CO-OPERATION.

Strange as it may appear, the Roman press gives a brief forecast of an encyclical that His Holiness Pius X is preparing. It is to deal with the work of laymen in matters of Church concern.

MORE CONVERTS.

In connection with an item that we publish in this column of the propaganda of Protestantism in Italy, we learn something that indicates the reverse of the medal. Seven converted Protestant ministers received Holy Orders from the Cardinal Vicar at the Church of St. John Lateran, on last Trinity Sunday. Of these, one was the Rev. Alvah Doran, a native of Chicago, formerly attached to an Episcopal church in Philadelphia. He has been a student of the American College, Rome, for the past year and a half. He had taken a previous course at Ovebrook. Father Doran has left Rome for Philadelphia. It is expected that he will exercise his ministry in the same diocese in which he had acted as an Episcopal minister.

A HINT.

To those who rush matters and do not take a moment of leisure for meditation, the following hint may save their nerves: When writing on a train, there will be no perceptible jar if the pad rests on a pillow.

MARTYRS IN CHINA.

A press cablegram from Shanghai on July 23 contained a report from Ichang in the province of Hupeh, that a French bishop, a priest and two converts had been killed, two priests taken prisoners and three chapels burned at Sichuan, near Singan-Fu. Later advices are to the effect that the victims were Belgian Franciscan monks, the Vicar Apostolic of Hupeh province and his brother.

According to a Paris cablegram the French Government, which exercises a protectorate over all Catholic missions in the Far East, has promptly instructed the French Minister in Peking to demand the exemplary punishment of the murderers and the surrender of the two priests carried off as hostages.

Ichang, where the crime was committed, is the furthest navigable point for trading vessels in the that very rich district. It is where Yangtze-Kiang, and is the centre of the late Boxer rising had its origin. An Italian missionary was murdered there last May.

IRISH LANGUAGE.

A Dublin correspondent of an American journal writes:

From an official return just issued it appears that nearly one hundred thousand children are now being taught Irish in the National schools. This, of course, is only a minority of the children attending these schools, but it is tenfold the number who were being taught Irish in them a few years ago. The children in practically all the Irish Christian Brothers schools, probably 100,000 more, are taught the language.

LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

The United States Government expends \$2,000,000 a year for the maintenance of its 235 life saving stations, 200 on the shores of the Atlantic, 20 on the Pacific, 10 on the Gulf of Mexico, and 5 along the Great Lakes chain. The work, systematically begun in 1871 in New Jersey, the coast of which, sandy and with few bays, offers many dangers to navigators, has been extended so that it now practically covers the chief danger points of the whole coast line of the country, more than 10,000 miles in extent and longer than the coast line of any other country.

Eight hundred persons are employed in the life saving stations. Their work counts most, of course, in winter time, except on the northern lakes, where travel is suspended in winter and the perils of navigation are greatest in the summer.

Since the establishment under Government control of the life saving service of the United States, the number of wrecks at points within signaling distance of Government stations has been 14,000 and the number of persons saved or helped to safety by the life savers has been 90,000. The number of persons lost during the same period of wrecks of which notice to a life-saving station could be given has been 1000.

ous proof of their efficiency that the loss of life on steamboats on interior rivers is more than twenty times greater in a year than from wrecks at sea along the coast line.

ONE OF THE TRUE MEN.

An old subscriber from Ontario writes: "I have been a subscriber to the 'True Witness' for 24 years, and I hope it will come to my home as long as I am able to read. If all Catholics in Canada were imbued with the same spirit of loyalty towards the Catholic press what a mighty influence they would wield in the temporal domain. It is a profound knowledge of the necessity of the Catholic press that urges our loyal friend, in sending his subscription, to take up his pen and give expression to the noble sentiments that fill his mind."

ABOUT MOSQUITOES.

A village of four hundred inhabitants thirty miles from Bivalve, Md., was practically depopulated last week on account of mosquitoes. They are so thick that over two-thirds of the inhabitants have left their homes, going to the bay on steamers to be rid of the pests.

OF IRISH DESCENT.

It is of interest to learn, says the Dublin Weekly Freeman, that George Washington is now being claimed as of Irish descent. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, in his recent book on the Anglo-Irish connection, brings into prominence some facts that go to show that the Father of his country was an Irish-American. It seems that the Washingtons were early settled in Youhal and in portions of Roscommon. In Youhal at the time of Raleigh's colonization there was great immigration from that then important port. From this Cork exodus George Washington is said to have sprung. The name is not unfamiliar now in Cork, Kilkenny and Roscommon.

IRISH LAND ACT.

A return has just been issued showing that up to the 1st of May sales under the new Land Act amounted to \$5,675,000. The returns show that the average price was twenty-three years purchase (twenty-three times the yearly rent of the farms.)

ECCLESIASTICAL STUDENTS.

According to one of our Catholic American exchanges a movement has been organized in Wisconsin, to aid ecclesiastical students of limited means.

A neat little booklet has been published giving the articles of incorporation and by-laws of the St. Joseph's Catholic Student Fund Society. The business and purposes of the corporation, as set forth, is to "raise money with which to assist worthy ecclesiastical students of limited means, while making the classical course, and for said purpose to receive donations, legacies and bequests. Clergymen are eligible to membership in the society on payment of a fee that shall not be less than \$10 annually. Laymen may become honorary members on payment of an annual fee of \$10. The incorporators are Bishop Schwabach, of Le Cross; Revs. J. J. Loughran, McCook, Neb., W. A. Goebel, Janesville, Wis.; A. B. C. Dunne, Eau Claire, Wis.; L. J. Vaughan, Altoona, Wis.; Felix A. Byrne, Stanley, Wis.; Robert Hughes, Manokoto, Minn.; D. M. Gorman, Dubuque, Ia.

It is provided in the by-laws that students to whom aid shall be given shall not be less than fourteen years of age, shall have been born in this country or lived here at least five years. The sum of \$1000 shall be the basis of aid for each student. The beneficiaries must be young men making a preparatory or classical course for the priesthood, must be actually in need of aid, so much so that they will be compelled to abandon their studies if they do not receive it, shall have completed at least two years of a Latin course, must show marks of vocation for the priesthood, and must be of unimpeachable conduct and at least mediocre talent. They shall not be compelled to attend any particular college but may attend any college or seminary approved by the directors. They shall not receive over \$200 a year from the society.

A GENEROUS ACT.

The official paper of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., makes the following announcement in its July number:

Mr. Edward Johnson, of Watertown, Wis., has given the university the sum of \$5000 to found a theological scholarship for the Archdiocese of Milwaukee. It is to be known, in memory of his deceased wife, as the Mary Crowley Johnson scholarship. For this generous action the university hereby returns its sincere thanks to Mr. Johnson, and assures him that the memory of his beloved wife will always be held in special honor by us, also that the holder of the scholarship will ever consider it his duty to remember at the altar of God the soul to which he owes the superior opportunities that he is enjoying."

CATHOLICS IN U. S.

In noting a recent statement made by Bishop McFaul, Trenton, N.J., that there are 15,000,000 of Catholics in the United States, the New York Sun remarks: "This is a higher estimate of our present Roman Catholic population than is warranted by official statistics, but it may not be excessive."

A.O.H. AND THE GAELIC.

The first division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America to work in the Gaelic language was instituted in Boston July 14, and a Lowell man was honored by being elected the first president.

Since the first society for the revival of the Gaelic language was organized in Boston, the Gaelic Society, efforts have frequently been made to start a purely Gaelic speaking division of the A.O.H., but it met with little or no success, and about a year ago the matter was again agitated, this time by a number of the students in the different Irish schools.

The division was formed with nineteen charter members. Following the institution the following officers were elected: Dr. George P. Madden, of Lowell, president; Patrick Twomey vice-president; Denis Cohan, recording secretary; Daniel Sullivan, treasurer; John Galvin, sergeant-at-arms; Patrick Higgins, sentinel.

The new society will be known as Division 75.

County President Cummings, State President John A. Ryan and others made addresses. There were songs in Irish by a number of the members.

THE ROYAL DECLARATION.

The Northwest Review says:

The Tablet, of July 9, commenting upon the House of Lords' refusal to take even the preliminary steps for securing a modification of the terms of the Royal Declaration, says: "We suggest to our Canadian fellow-subjects that it is about time that the protest were renewed, and this time in terms that will compel attention. The outrage affects the Catholics of Canada even more than the Catholics of the United Kingdom—inasmuch as the Catholic population is proportionately greater there than here."

This is one of those cases which would soon "compel attention" if it were in the hands of a Catholic Centre Party; but so long as we are ruled by men who are Liberals or Conservatives first, and Catholics afterwards, we have little hope of redress. Party discipline kills all noble initiatives.

THE PASSIONISTS.

An exchange says: By the death of Father Stephen Kealy, Father Felix Ward, another man of Irish blood, becomes the head of the Passionist Order in this country. At the last Chapter Father Ward was elected first assistant to the Provincial, and now succeeds him in that office. It is notable how large a proportion of the order is now of Irish blood or birth.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Dr. Barry gives a delightful picture of Cardinal Newman, while the great man was still an Anglican. An extract or two from Dr. Barry's new book will be interesting. He says:

"Every sermon was an experience. The still figure, the clear, low, penetrating voice, the mental hush that fell upon his audience while he meditated alone with the Alone, in words of awful austerity. . . . His discourses were poems, but transcripts too from the soul, reasonings in a heavenly dialect, and views of life, seen under innumerable lights as from some Pagan-mount of vision. They can be read after all the years, for their illustrations, their lucid

English, their exquisite brief touches of pathos, their creative faculty, as real as Dante's, yet altogether different, by which they call up the dead or the past or the invisible to our shrinking presence. Newman never paints. He deals not in colors as Carlyle did; he is without dimensions; for him not the eye but the ear is that spiritual organ to which revelation is vouchsafed. His sentences glide upon a musical scale; he flows along as a river, is not fixed on canvas; in all his pages it would be hard to find a portrait of the outward man. His method may be termed introspection, but so deep and persistent that it leaves a feeling of concrete substance."

The volume is elaborately illustrated with portraits of the Cardinal. In one part, speaking of him as a Protestant, Dr. Barry says: "His inbred reserve compelled him to guard his personality with a manner as little familiar as he could make it. Shy men are formalists, and so was he. The clerical style is heightened in his first essays by a gravity of demeanor and a severity of speech, that have left on critics like Dr. Abbott an impression far from favorable to him, as though he were wrapped in predestinarian gloom. He was utterly in earnest, masterful by temperament, severe on himself, not inclined to hope, and, in any case, melancholy as youth will be until it finds a definite vocation. . . . He shocked High Church and Low Church by a resolute turning towards the only Christians he could discover in primitive ages."

Students and lovers of Newman—and their name is legion—will be glad to have this new work. It is different from aught that has yet appeared concerning one of the great figures of the nineteenth century.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOLS.

What the Church wants most in this country at the present time is high schools and boys and girls to fill them.

But where are Catholic schools of this grade? As Archbishop Glennon said in his opening speech at the late Conference, Catholic education suffers from two causes: insufficient funds and insufficient advertising. We have been following the foolish policy of hiding our educational light under a bushel. It costs but a trifle to let the world know what you are doing for it and where you are doing it. The schools that succeed are the schools conducted by brainy and energetic and practical educators. And only such are fit to direct the development of youthful minds in this age and country. Thank God, this class is coming to the front in our Catholic schools and colleges, and for that reason the future of Catholic education was never so bright.—Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo.

HOMES FOR THE POOR.

The Glasgow Municipal Housing Commission, formed some time ago to inquire into and report on the nature and extent of the overcrowding and evil in slum life in Glasgow, says a correspondent of the Catholic Times, has at length issued its report. The report, to remedy the evil and its concomitants, recommends the abolition of "back lands" the condemnation and destruction of uninhabitable houses, the obtaining of further power by the Corporation to deal more summarily with dirty dwellings, and making landlords more particularly responsible for the sanitary conditions of their tenements, suggesting that in houses where the rentals are under £10 caretakers should be appointed, and finally stipulating that in the event of the said recommendations being fully acted upon the Corporation prepare to provide suitable dwellings for the poor who will be dispossessed. This is both a sane and a significant finding on the part of the Commission. It is interesting to Catholics to recall that more than twenty years ago the late Very Rev. Dr. Munro, of St. Andrew's Cathedral, demanded, but failed to get formed at the time such a Commission, and indicated the prevalence of this great social cancer in the heart of the city which it has taken the progressive rulers of Glasgow almost a quarter of a century to find out for themselves. It is now to be hoped that another quarter of a century will not be frittered away in devising "ways and means" to cure the evil.

GLADSTONE MEMORIAL.

The citizens of Liverpool have erected a memorial to the late Mr. Gladstone at the cost of about \$25,000.

Undoubtedly one of the attractive features of the the delegates and their the great banquet given evening in Parliament Irish Building, World's mammoth hall easily the sixteen hundred or without unnecessary or was attractively decorated. Those in attendance, the best thought, the ideal the patriotic thoughts people. Hence, when and oratorical program evening began to unfold the past glories of Ireland in proud tones, and her aspirations sketched in the audience, men and went to their patriotic cheered the eloquent speech. Mr. O'Connor, an earned the good will of from the outset.

Father Dempsey, who dress of welcome, extended Hibernians a right royal city of St. Louis. no uncertain tones, and from the first word he they were receiving a heart of a man with thorough sympathy with every respect.

Mr. Dolan, National the Hibernians, responded in a simple but forceful that the order which I to keep alive the fires and faith. He said its upbuilding and cementing their feeling among children of the Gael in Ex-Governor Francis, the World's Fair, respect, Louisiana Purchase was glad to be with a predominating character of purpose in fact. Governor Fran glowing welcome to the and said the great ex proud to have them with Judge O'Neil Ryan favorite speaker with a grace. While Judge Ryan cal of radicals on some Irish question, nevertheless, no matter whether Nationalists, agree that represent the ordinary burning Irish heart, and republican shibboleth are born free and equal titled to certain inalienable and principally the right government. Judge Ryan undying sentiment in his manner, and at once a science with him.

Hon. P. J. O'Connor, sector of the A.O.H., most charming speaker Sunny South, and his upheld the reputation South State for orator nor apotheosized American Irish blood and said never been found in brave men were needed. Hon. John T. Keane Director of the A.O.H., usual conclusive manner glowing tribute to the He said the Soggarth central figure in every Irish history that was ther by the sword of of peace.

Father Phelan, editor man, aroused much enthusiasm saying that future historians that the greatest ever held in the v then assembled in Parliament the Pike. The reverend Irish were not a people. The former, came into life at the latter was the noblest Ireland, he continued home of the Irish; it cradle. Father Phelan that the lost field of regained by an Irish daily aroused from that went into battle its usually necessary phenomena, touched the his auditors and, at evoked their generous Rev. John R. Larkey drew the horoscope of the future. Father Lquisite word painter, resonant voice. The of the future Celt was bright colors of hope the determined lines of patriotism. It pleased the audience, and Father received loud applause.

Archbishop Glennon, lain of the A.O.H., cent form and easily a previous oratorical effort to St. Louis. His mission of the Irish that seemed to appeal

KS.

THE A. O. H. CONVENTION

Undoubtedly one of the most attractive features of the convention to the delegates and their guests was the great banquet given on Thursday evening in Parliament Hall of the Irish Building, World's Fair. The mammoth hall easily accommodated the sixteen hundred people present without unnecessary crowding. It was attractively decorated.

Those in attendance represented the best thought, the idealized thought, the patriotic thought, of the Irish people. Hence, when the well balanced oratorical programme of the evening began to unfold itself and the past glories of Ireland were told in proud tones, and her hopes and aspirations sketched in bold lines, the audience, men and women, gave vent to their patriotic orator and cheered the eloquent speakers to the echo. Mr. O'Connor, as toastmaster earned the good will of the audience from the outset.

Father Dempsey, who made the address of welcome, extended to the Irishmen a right royal welcome to the city of St. Louis. He spoke in no uncertain tones, and his hearers from the first word he uttered felt they were receiving a welcome from the heart of a man who was in thorough sympathy with them in every respect.

Mr. Dolan, National President of the Irishmen, responded, and showed in a simple but forcible manner that the order which he heads lives to keep alive the fires of patriotism and faith. He said its aim was the rebuilding and cementing of a brotherly feeling among the scattered children of the Gael in every land.

Ex-Governor Francis, President of the World's Fair, responding to the toast, Louisiana Purchase, said he was glad to be with a people whose predominant characteristics were of a purpose in faith and patriotism. Governor Francis extended a glowing welcome to the World's Fair and said the great exhibition was proud to have them within its gates.

Judge O'Neil Ryan is always a favorite speaker with an Irish audience. While Judge Ryan is a radical of radicals on some phases of the Irish question, nevertheless all Irishmen, no matter whether Leaguers or Nationalists, agree that his sentiments represent the overflow of a burning Irish heart, stirred with the republican shibboleth that all men are born free and equal and are entitled to certain inalienable rights, and principally the right of self-government. Judge Ryan voiced this undying sentiment in his usual fervid manner, and at once carried the audience with him.

Hon. P. J. O'Connor, National Director of the A.O.H., is one of the most charming speakers of the Sunny South, and right well did he uphold the reputation of the Old South State for oratory. Mr. O'Connor apotheosized American heroes of Irish blood and said that they had never been found in the rear when brave men were needed in the van.

Hon. John T. Keating, National Director of the A.O.H., spoke in his usual conclusive manner and paid a glowing tribute to the Irish priest. He said the Soggarth was always the central figure in every picture of Irish history that was written, either by the sword of war or the pen of peace.

Father Phelan, editor of the Watchman, aroused much enthusiasm by saying that future history would declare that the greatest Irish convention ever held in the world was that then assembled in Parliament Hall on the Pike. The reverend speaker said the Irish were not a nation, but a people. The former, he contended, came into life at the will of man, the latter was the noblest work of God.

Ireland, he continued, was not the home of the Irish; it was only their cradle. Father Phelan's declaration that the lost field of Oregon was regained by an Irish regiment, suddenly aroused from sound slumber, that went into battle minus some of its usually necessary regimental paraphernalia, touched the risibilities of his auditors and, at the same time, evoked their generous applause.

Rev. John R. Larkin, of Memphis, drew the horoscope of the Celt of the future. Father Larkin is an exquisite word painter, with a clear, resonant voice. The picture he drew of the future Celt was painted in the bright colors of hope, shaded with the determined lines of undying patriotism. It pleased the fancy of the audience, and Father Larkin received loud applause.

Archbishop Glennon, National Chaplain of the A.O.H., was in magnificent form and easily surpassed all his previous oratorical efforts since coming to St. Louis. His subject, "The mission of the Irish Race" was one that seemed to appeal powerfully to

him and his response was passionately eloquent. It was a grand tribute to the Irish race, and will live forever in the memories of all who heard it. His Grace spoke in part as follows:

I am asked to speak to the toast, "The Mission of the Irish Race." The title supposes that the Irish race has a mission to perform, and this is flattering when we consider that many nations are doomed to live and vegetate and die without a mission or a place in history. Indeed, when we study the history of civilization, we find that it is the work of a few races, which, rising up one after another, have borne the burden of that civilization and enriched it with the growing years. Greece was a civilization—so was Rome. The Republics of the Middle Ages follow in the train, and to-day half a dozen nations proudly claim to be in the vanguard. Two things I hold to be necessary that a nation may be a truly missionary one, one is racial temperament and the other is a species of divine inspiration. Now, ladies, and gentlemen, the Irish nation has both. The Irish temperament is altruistic, unselfish. An Irishman would rather be right and die a pauper than be in the wrong and own the world. He is reckless of the things that the world holds dear. He casts his bread upon the waters, and he is careless whether it ever returns to him. He will not take a false position—even if he thereby saves a nation. He may die, but he will do no wrong.

Now, when you add to this temperament a mind and soul all aflame with the best sentiments of Christian faith—a soul purified through the alembic of countless years of persecution, a mind filled with memories of the heroic past and anxiously yearning for opportunity to emulate it—then you have a race fitted to achieve great things.

So with the mission of the Irish race. A small island—a few million of people—yet the whole world is filled with the glory of their achievements. First did they sanctify their home land, then with a divine restlessness have they gone forth with all the courage of crusaders and the energy of apostles—everywhere teaching the dominancy of the spiritual over the material—bringing higher hopes and higher ideals to the nations they visited. The Irish have sought new nations with their living—they have marked them with their dead, and the lands that to-day shelter their ashes are all the richer thereby. I cannot recount their work to-night; indeed, to do so would entail the recital of much of modern civilization. I might ask you to seek the evidences on the battle-fields of Europe, where Irish blood ever flowed on the side that stood for freedom; in the archives of European capitals, where Irish names are written high on the scrolls of fame, as amongst the wisest of legislators and most honored of the statesmen. Distant lands would join in the chorus proclaiming indebtedness to the Gaels for the willing hands, stout hearts, brave lives they so freely offered. The Irish sunburst expands over many waters. It illumines the Southern Cross, scarcely willing to spend itself within the Antarctic Circle.

The Archbishop then referred to the penalties that such a mission imposed—exile, persecution, misunderstanding, and, finally, as the seed dies that the plant may grow, so the Irish race is fated to spend itself to be merged into the new races, and thus to lose individuality. But that is the fate of all God-sent races—they but follow the example of Him of Whom it was stated, "It is necessary for one man to die to save the people."

The banquet closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland" by the audience, standing. Mr. Myles J. Murphy, manager of the Irish Industrial Exposition, led the singing.

Previous to the banquet the delegates were entertained by an excellent programme at the Irish Theatre. The entire Irish Industrial Exposition was thrown open to the delegates without charge, and Manager Murphy informed them that so long as they were in the city they would receive the courtesies of the Exposition.

James E. Dolan, of Syracuse, N. Y., was re-elected President of the International organization of the Ancient Order of Hibernians as a session of the convention in Music Hall last Saturday. No recess was taken during the twelve and a half hours there was no fight made upon Mr. Dolan personally. His supporters contended that the remarkable growth of the organization since he

became its head should count for much in favor of continuing his administration of affairs. It was admitted by the opposition that he had proved himself a man of remarkable executive ability, but it was urged, the best interests of the Order would be to follow out precedent and put a new man at the helm.

Rev. Father John E. Kennedy, of New Haven, Conn., who was Mr. Dolan's opponent, was beaten by 20 votes.

The proceedings were all in executive session. There were many speeches made on both sides. New York divided its vote between the candidates, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and West Virginia, with big delegations, lined up solidly for Dolan. Minnesota, New Jersey and the District of Columbia were solid for Father Kennedy, who also received the majority of Pennsylvania's votes.

James O'Sullivan, for vice-president, was opposed by James Eagan, of Minnesota, but won out by a majority of 22. This contest, too, was a hard fought one. O'Sullivan was on what was known as the Dolan ticket.

James P. Bree, of New Haven, Conn., did not run for re-election. James P. Carroll, of Columbus, Ohio, beat out Richard McGinn, of New Jersey, and P. F. Cannon, of Massachusetts, for this position. Carroll was another man on the Dolan slate. M. J. O'Brien, of Richmond, Ind., was re-elected treasurer.

The following were the four directors chosen: John P. Keating, Chicago, Ill.; D. J. Hennessey, Butte, Mont.; George T. Butler, Louisville, Ky., and P. F. Carroll, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The matter of establishing a national home was left to the local bodies for reports to the next meeting. The insurance features were left practically to the State organizations, inasmuch as the proposition looking to a national insurance policy was not adopted, nor was it defeated by a direct vote. It was left for the next convention to deal with.

The next convention will be held at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., beginning the third Tuesday in July, 1906. Saratoga beat New York city out by a close vote.

The convention adjourned sine die with the singing of "God Save Ireland," led by P. F. Farrell, of Grand Rapids, Mich.—Western Watchman.

IRISH SOCIAL CLUB.

(From London Universe.)

There are few social clubs in London which are so really attractive as the Irish Social Club, of 205 High Holborn, W.C. Within its doors one finds that kindly Irish atmosphere which appeals to the heart, and one meets there men of all shades of political and religious thought. There those differences which for centuries have divided Irish men and women are forgotten or ignored, and all goes as happy as the proverbial marriage bells. One can scarcely realize that politicians of the most diverse opinions sit around the same table, and relate their experiences of political struggles and contests. In the billiard rooms the kindly "sogarth" vies for superiority against his Protestant opponent with the most deadly earnestness, and when the game is over they adjourn to the smoke-rooms, there to talk of days long past, and maybe of Ireland's future. And who are the men who frequent this club? They comprise all classes—Irish members of Parliament, successful doctors, eminent barristers, Irish and Catholic journalists, priests, influential business men, in fact every class of Irishmen—all looking on the club as their London home.

The club's social functions are unique—they are at once Irish and enjoyable and most popular. During the winter months especially, one hears there the fine old songs and music of Ireland. They are entertainments to be remembered, because of their purely Irish character.

An event which the members are now looking forward to is the entertaining of Mr. John Redmond, M. P., to dinner on Thursday, July 28. P. to dinner. It promises to be a most interesting function. That veteran Irishman, Mr. P. J. Foley, will preside, and a very large gathering is anticipated. The club since its foundation has entertained some prominent men—the late Lord Russell of Killowen, Mr. Bourke Cochrane and others. The forthcoming reception of the Irish leader will, it is hoped, surpass any yet held. Tickets (7s. 6d. each) may be had from the hon. secretaries of the club.

Mr. Peter Kearney and Miss Kearney, of Westmount, are at Lac Tremblant, St. Agathe.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

MIRACULOUSLY CURED.—At least two persons were miraculously cured at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre last week. The four and a half year old son of Mr. C. J. Frank, a wood and coal dealer of Preston, Ont., who had been a great sufferer from hip disease, being unable to bend his leg when he visited the shrine. This he can now do, and can also use the leg a little in walking. The second case is that of Florence Gemet, of Sandwich, Ont., who for three years was unable to walk except with the aid of two crutches. After venerating the relic she was able to walk without her crutches, and since then she has had no further need of them.

FIRST MONTHLY REPORT.—The first monthly report of the night refuge recently established by the St. Vincent de Paul Society has just been issued. It shows that during the month 24 persons found shelter in the refuge, none of them remaining more than three nights. During the period covered by the report 54 meals were served. The nationalities of those who sought shelter were as follows: 12 Canadians, 2 French, 2 English, 3 Irish, 2 German, 4 Italian.

MORE WATER WANTED.—The Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association, who only a few months ago raised their rates to an exceedingly high figure, now ask that in addition to the present 30-inch and 18-inch mains, another 30-inch main shall be laid. This, they think, would give an ample supply of water throughout the city. They would also like to see the Fire Brigade reorganized, with a salvage corps added. Should all this be done, it is not at all likely that the present exorbitant rates would be reduced, at least, so far as known, no guarantee that that effect is given. The Board of Trade will discuss the matter this week.

PRESBYTERY BURGLARIZED.—On Friday morning last Rev. Father Scott, Cure of St. Foye, discovered that during the night burglars had forced an entrance to the presbytery and carried off \$175, which Father Scott had placed in three separate boxes, to be devoted to different purposes. A robbery of this nature is both mean and sacrilegious, and it is to be hoped that the perpetrators of this crime will be detected and punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

SYRIANS DEPORTED.—The immigration officials at this port are having a busy time this season, on account of the large number of Syrians arriving, a large percentage of whom are suffering with trachoma. Of the 370 brought out by the ss Lake Simcoe, no less than 102 were found to be afflicted with the disease and were ordered to the house of detention for treatment. Of this number 41 were declared incurable, and were ordered to be deported. When the Lake Simcoe arrived from Montreal on her outward voyage, under a strong guard, these unfortunate were placed on board and sailed away a few hours later. The officials intend to strictly enforce the law.

INFANT MORTALITY.—The excessive death rate among children in this city is causing alarm, and it is suggested that the Board of Health should investigate the matter. A correspondent writes to the city press advocating the establishment of an asylum in the mountains north of Quebec, where poor mothers with sick children might obtain pure air and an abundance of unadulterated milk.

OBITUARY.—One by one the old members of St. Patrick's are being called away to join the vast majority on the shores of eternity. On Friday morning Mr. Richard Power, cutter, breathed his last. Deceased, who was a brother of Mr. Wm. Power, M. P., was widely known and highly esteemed. He was engaged in the lumber trade all his life, and was classification clerk in the Cutlers' Office for many years. He was a whole-souled, genial man, and his host of friends all over the country will regret to hear of his death. He leaves two grown daughters to mourn his loss. R.I.P.

FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES.—Commenting on the proposed federa-

tion of all Catholic societies, the Semaine Religieuse approves of the idea, and refers to the strength and importance of other federations.

A YOUNG HERO.

From Montgomery comes a very interesting story concerning the heroism of a little boy on the "Western Railway." Mr. Cogburn, with his family, lives about half a mile west of Nota Sulga. He was at work near the railway when a blast of wind blew several telegraph poles across the track. This was in a valley, and the road was a steep grade up the neighboring hill. His little son saw the trouble. At once he lad set out to meet the coming express train. He ran along scattering alarm torpedoes on the track and waving a red flag. He got away up the incline as the train came over the hill. The driver saw the flag, and astonished at the reports of the cracking torpedoes, pulled up. He stopped within a few yards of the obstruction. And the boy told the excited passengers about it all, in a matter of fact tone and manner as if he had been accustomed daily to save hundreds of lives. The example is one of rare presence of mind, and it is a lesson to all parents to train their children to be calm in the moment of danger, and to be quick to act when they see what is to be done. You cannot give a child heroism, but you can discipline his mind so that he will grow accustomed to act wisely and quickly in the hour of peril.

Newfoundland Notes.

WELCOME THEIR BISHOP.—The Rt. Rev. R. Macdonald, D.D., Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, recently visited Holyrood, one of the parishes of his diocese, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. The "Evening Journal," of St. John's, in its report of the distinguished prelate's visit, says:

His Lordship arrived on the 8 o'clock train and was received by the parishioners in a body. The young men greeted him with deafening volleys from guns and cannon as he alighted from the train. Amid lusty cheers he was paraded to the parochial residence by his beloved people. Three arches beautifully decked with bunting and dexterously decorated with festoons and mottoes spanned the way from the presbytery to the church. Flags floated in the breeze from all the more prominent residences in the locality and at vantage points all along the road lines of flags crossed and decorated the way.

The houses in a blaze of illumination, bon fires on the neighboring hills, tar barrels floating on the waters, the cruciform illumination of George's Cove mountain, the firing of guns—all combined to produce a magnificent effect and glorious scene and bespoke better than countless tongues, Holyrood's deep-rooted affection for its beloved chief pastor. His Lordship officiated at the last Mass on Sunday. The Church was crowded to the doors. The new High Altar was richly furnished and char-

mingly decorated with lighted tapers and beautiful flowers, hunting festooned artistically, majestic palm plants everywhere—all the work of the good ladies of the Altar Society. After the customary prayers had been said at the foot of the altar, the Bishop was presented with three illuminated addresses, one from the congregation of Holyrood, the second from the League of the Sacred Heart, and the third from the Star of the Sea Association, to which he replied in happy and well chosen terms. He thanked the people for the enthusiastic reception they had given him, and then gave the Apostolic benediction.

In the afternoon His Lordship administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, one hundred and seventy candidates met in the High School and marshalled by the officers of the Star of the Sea Association and bearing flags and banners, marched to the Church. Opposite the Presbytery they cheered for the Bishop, Frs. Veitch and Murphy, who then joined the procession to the Church, which was now greatly reinforced by citizens in waggons and on foot. Before administering the Sacrament the Bishop addressed a few words of instruction and admonition to the children. He dwelt particularly on the natural and supernatural graces and expressed his hope that all to be confirmed would remain true to their religion and live the lives of practical Catholics and thus be an honor to their parents, to their teachers, to their country and to their God. In this imposing ceremony His Lordship was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Veitch, Murphy and O'Donnell, and was witnessed by a thronged Church, comprising not only the Holyrood congregation en masse, but also large numbers of prominent residents from the adjacent towns. Dinner was served at the presbytery at five o'clock. The honored guests were His Lordship the Bishop, the Right Rev. Mgr. Walsh, Frs. Veitch and O'Donnell, F. J. Morris, Esq., M.H.A., K.C., and Dr. McDonald of Brigus.

At night the scene was a magnificent one to behold. On the hill tops around the beautiful harbor of Holyrood huge bonfires and tar-bartels blazed up to the sky. The citizens all illuminated their houses in artistic style, and the lighted cross on the lonely hill again appeared in the heavens. The scene was witnessed from the Presbytery by His Lordship and the distinguished guests, and to be fully appreciated should be beheld. The choir rendered Leonard's Mass and Benediction very acceptably. His Lordship was highly pleased with his reception in Holyrood—a reception strongly expressive of the joyfulness at having their chief pastor amongst them once more discharging the duties of his sacred office, and effluent of the plenitude of faith of his dear people. Amidst thunderous roars of musketry and fond good-byes, he and visiting clergy departed by train for home.

SCHOOL FOR NUNS.

The recent session of the summer school for nuns at St. Mary's Academy, South Bend, Ind., was most successful. Six hundred and fifty nuns attended the lectures.

LILAC TEA

The handsomest package and the best Tea on the market.

For the money its equal is unknown.

LILAC TEA
25 CENTS PER HALF POUND PACKAGE;
LILAC TEA
50 CENTS PER POUND.

From north, south, east and west the cry is
LILAC TEA

Ask your grocer for it, and if you fail to get it come to

The Nordheimer Building Co.,
Sole Proprietors

The Nordheimer Building,
211 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

Walter G. Kennedy,
Dentist

383 Dorchester Street
Corner MATHFIELD

Sole Proprietors - Crown and Bridge Work and Plates

THROUGH THORNY PATHS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"No, Aunt Nellie; how can you suggest that when you know how distasteful it has been to me? On the contrary, I appreciate my home all the more, but, like the little birds who leave their nests as soon as they are able to fly, I feel that the time has come when I, too, must fly away. It seems a waste of time to linger here in idleness when life is so short and time passing so rapidly."

"I had no thought of that, Cecelia, and you may be pleased to know that things are not nearly so bad as at first feared and there is little chance now of losing our home."

long years of separation. With the man it had been a love hidden for a time by changing scenes, but with the woman it had burned in an unquenching fire, as shown by remarks made earlier in this narrative. The first words the prisoner spoke after the greeting were:

"Until when, Cecelia?" "Until I saw you and heard your voice."

about him. Where is he now?" Mrs. Cullen dared not reply at once to the last part of the question. She knew too well that nothing could be more imprudent, so she used the greatest caution, concealing almost to the end of the story her brother's whereabouts.

same loving disposition could not be hidden. "God bless the girl," was his oft-repeated mental comment, and the memory of her sweet face brightened the long weary hours of the day and appeared to him in his dreams at night.

Directory. SOCIETY.—Established 1856, incorporated 1846. Meets in St. Patrick's church, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Monday of the month. Rev. Director, Rev. J. Doherty; President, C. J. Doherty; Secretary, M. D.; Treasurer, B. C. L.; Trustees, J. Kahala; Rev. T. P. Taney.

A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets in St. Patrick's church, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Monday of the month. Rev. Director, Rev. J. Doherty; President, C. J. Doherty; Secretary, M. D.; Treasurer, B. C. L.; Trustees, J. Kahala; Rev. T. P. Taney.

MEN'S SOCIETY.—Meets in St. Patrick's church, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Monday of the month. Rev. Director, Rev. J. Doherty; President, C. J. Doherty; Secretary, M. D.; Treasurer, B. C. L.; Trustees, J. Kahala; Rev. T. P. Taney.

BRANCH.—Meets at St. Alexander street, on the first Monday of the month. Rev. Director, Rev. J. Doherty; President, C. J. Doherty; Secretary, M. D.; Treasurer, B. C. L.; Trustees, J. Kahala; Rev. T. P. Taney.

CHURCH BELLS.—Meets at St. Alexander street, on the first Monday of the month. Rev. Director, Rev. J. Doherty; President, C. J. Doherty; Secretary, M. D.; Treasurer, B. C. L.; Trustees, J. Kahala; Rev. T. P. Taney.

Truth Tells. Everything else, if a repair is needed, if a new one is required, or if a guarantee is desired, according to your extra cost, call on ED & CO., 123 Broadway, N.Y.C.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

On the day of Cecelia's last visit, Mrs. Cullen had learned where she had been, and had strictly forbidden her ever again to visit the prisoner. With an acting heart the girl was obliged to submit, but it cost her bitter tears in secret, which, could they have been seen by him who watched for her, would have consoled him.

On one point Mrs. Cullen had insisted upon—Agnes was to be kept in ignorance of the disgrace.

CHAPTER VII. Spring passed, and to Cecelia the weeks seemed long and dreary. She was daily growing more tired of life in the world and was fully resolved to remain outside the convent no longer than necessary.

