

SOCIETY—Established 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street Monday of the month. Meets last Wednesday. Rev. Director, Rev. J. F. Quinn, P.P. President, Rev. C. J. Doherty, Rev. J. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice-President, Rev. J. J. O'Connell, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Rev. J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—On the second Sunday of the month in St. Patrick's Church, at the intersection of St. James and St. Nicholas streets, at 10 o'clock. Management of the same hall on the first Sunday of the month at 8 o'clock. Rev. J. J. O'Connell, P.P. President, Rev. J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

A. & B. SOCIETY.—Rev. Director, Rev. J. F. Quinn, P.P. President, D. J. Quinn, Sec.; J. F. Quinn, Treasurer; M. J. Quinn, Recording Secretary; 18 St. Augustin Street, on the second Sunday of the month, in St. Ann's Church, at 10 o'clock. Young and Ottawa, 10 p.m.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Meets in its hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday of the month, at 10 o'clock. Rev. C. J. Doherty, P.P. President, Rev. J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

AUXILIARY, D. O. C.—Organized Oct. 10th, 1885. Meets in its hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 10 o'clock. President, Mrs. J. H. Hart; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Hart; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Hart; Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Hart.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY, No. 6 meets on the fourth Thursday of the month, at 818 St. Lawrence Street, at 8 p.m. W. H. Turner, P.P. President; J. H. Hart, Vice-President; J. H. Hart, Recording Secretary; J. H. Hart, Treasurer; J. H. Hart, Secretary.

CANADA BRANCH, No. 18th November, 1885. Meets at 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday of the month, at 10 o'clock. Rev. J. Kahala, P.P. President; J. H. Hart, Vice-President; J. H. Hart, Recording Secretary; J. H. Hart, Treasurer; J. H. Hart, Secretary.

CHRISTMAS ORDINATIONS.—The Christmas ordinations of this year have given to the Church young Irish priests, one of whom, it is said, will be associated with our Irish parishes. It is only a few weeks since that we had occasion to dwell upon the important subject of priestly vocations amongst the young men of our Irish families. We joined others in the expression of regret that they are not more numerous. It is, therefore, with an increased joy that we behold some of the most promising, most talented, and most worthy of our young men

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.—Of all the delightful and pious devotions and ceremonies that the Church invites us to take part in, throughout the entire year, there is none that approaches those of Christmas Eve. Other churches celebrate the Nativity of Christ, other communions meet at the Christmas board, sing hymns and hold services in their temples. But none have the dear and glorious sacrifice of the Midnight Mass. There is something so home-like in that solemn Midnight Mass, that one feels linked by it, as by no other earthly influence, to the memories of the past. And especially is it so when the olden hymns are sung, the hymns that we listened when children, and that tell of the angels, in chorus, proclaiming the great message to the human race. It will be this year, as it has been in the past, that special Masses will be sung in all our city churches. There is no other occasion when the faithful go forth in the solemn hour of the night, and kneeling, await the coming in of a day that commemorates the commencement of the most stupendous work that the records of time contain.

The Midnight Mass has been described by so many eloquent pens, the scenes that accompany it have been pictured by so many graphic writers, and we are so accustomed to all its enchanting realities, that there is no necessity for any attempt here at an account of what then takes place.

Never, however, do we kneel at the brilliantly lighted altars and contemplate the immense number of pious Christians participating in the adorable sacrifice, than we figure to ourselves the scenes in another dear Old Land, when over the mountains trudged the peasants for miles, to hear the Mass sung by a refugee priest in some secluded and carefully-guarded glen. And we feel grateful in our hearts that those days are of the past, and can return no more. We are thankful for the great boon of religious freedom which we enjoy in this new country, and for the undeterred spirit with which we can bend our knees to the shrines of devotion and there united in the great offering that marks the coming of Christ.

It seems to us that these thoughts, springing from such a contrast of situations, should stimulate us all to take advantage of the liberty we enjoy, and to prove our appreciation thereof, by going in numbers, animated with an exceptional spirit of devotion, to the Church of Christmas Eve. Some go through curiosity; others go to hear the delightful music; but they are not of our olden faith. It is not thus that we go, for to us there is in the Midnight Mass the most sublime act of adoration that man can offer to God. We trust that this evening the temples will be filled to their utmost capacity, and that the devotion displayed by our faithful fellow-citizens will be the source and spring of untold graces from above.

CHRISTMAS ORDINATIONS.—The Christmas ordinations of this year have given to the Church young Irish priests, one of whom, it is said, will be associated with our Irish parishes. It is only a few weeks since that we had occasion to dwell upon the important subject of priestly vocations amongst the young men of our Irish families. We joined others in the expression of regret that they are not more numerous. It is, therefore, with an increased joy that we behold some of the most promising, most talented, and most worthy of our young men

entering the ranks of the great sacerdotal army that does the sublime work of the Church Militant on the field of existence. It is with heartfelt gratitude to the Providence that watches over the destinies of the Church and of the human race, that we raise a humble voice of congratulations and of well-wishes for their future careers. It is, after all, the most sublime of all vocations. From time immemorial it was the ambition of all good families to have a member in the sanctuary. Amongst the faithful children of the Church in Ireland, we all know the sacrifices made, by thousands and thousands, to secure the honor and privilege of having a son in the priesthood. The story of the "poor scholar" has passed from lip to lip, till tradition and history have combined to make it familiar to us all. Once a young boy becomes marked for the sanctuary, there was no sacrifice too great that the parents, relatives and friends would not make to secure success for the one who had been so happily "called." In fact, he passed amongst his fellow-youths, and amongst the older people, as a personage already sacred by anticipation. We can fully appreciate the sentiments of those Irish families in the days of tribulation and severe trials. And it is with that same appreciation that we now turn to the families of our newly ordained priests and join them in their happiness on beholding the realization of their fondest desires and hopes.

It seems to us that no more glorious moment can exist in the life of a good parent than the one that marks the first ascension of the altar by a newly-ordained son. And it appears to us that there is actually no people on earth who have ever manifested a deeper faith in the priesthood than have the children of the Celtic race. We can thus fully enter into the spirit of the occasion, and while extending congratulations to the youthful priests, we desire that their families may accept the same. And in presence of this very inspiring and edifying spectacle we desire to give voice to the sincere hope that the near future will bring many repetitions of these happy circumstances. We would be so glad to see the ranks of our Irish priesthood, especially in Canada, increased by the addition of more pious, zealous and devoted young souls. We need them; the Church requires them; the faithful have great use for them. May others walk in the footsteps of those who will, for a first time, on this Holy Christmas Day, sing the sublime "Glorias" of the imperishable Mass; and may Providence grant to them long years to labor in the glorious field of their election.

SENSATIONAL FABRICATIONS.

—How often have we not exposed the false despatches, coming from Rome, or purporting to come from there, that periodically startle the reading public of this continent? Some of these wild guesses are most damaging; others are so silly that they bear their own refutation upon their very faces; again others are cunningly devised and are hard to be detected. It all depends upon the subject selected, and upon the special qualifications of the writer for journalistic mendacity. It seems to us that the inventive genius of the correspondent who sent out, last week the story about the millions that came suddenly to Pius X., would qualify him for writing another "Monte Cristo," or rather a second series of Baron Munchausen. Our readers will remember having perused with astonishment the story

of the men, who were recently repairing electric light fixtures in the Vatican, and who came upon about a million and a half of money that the late Pope had hidden away in a hole in the wall. Now this was a passable fabrication; it was altogether improbable, but it was quite within the range of possibility. The writer might have scored a point had he been satisfied with that one big lie. But he had to allow his talent for romance to carry him into a still wider field. He told how one day Cardinal Gotti landed, with an attendant, at the Vatican, and between them they carried in a huge and mysterious bag. It was found that this bag held nine million dollars in bank notes. To add a little spice, or flavor to the story, we got the details that the late Pope had confided this vast sum to Cardinal Gotti, and told him that if he succeeded to the Papacy he should keep the immense fortune; and if he were not to be Pope, he should hand it over, in four months from the date of his election, to the new Pope.

In the first place, we need only say that the entire story has been fabricated out of whole cloth, and that the Vatican authorities, as soon as they heard of it, issued a flat contradiction. It is too bad to spoil such a romantic little story, for certainly it demanded a certain amount of ingenuity to concoct it, and, perhaps, the one who did the fabricating, depended greatly upon its success, for a rise in the world of sensational journalism. What the novelist would call the "make up" of the story was very faulty. Just imagine a bag containing nine millions of dollars in bank bills. The Cardinal and his assistant would need to have been men of superhuman strength to carry such a load. Could one vehicle hold the sack that would be required to contain such an amount of money. Some writers, especially those who have lively imaginations, form very little idea of the bulk and extent of the millions that flow so easily from their facile pens. It was a technical mistake on the part of the correspondent, and had not the denial followed the sensational news so rapidly, we are sure that on reflection the reading public would have eventually detected the flaw.

Once more we can warn our readers against accepting as authentic any Roman news that does not bear the sanction of ecclesiastical approval, and that can only be found in the Catholic press.

DEATHS IN OUTSIDE PLACES.

MRS. TEAHAN.—On Dec. 14 Mrs. Mary Healy Teahan, wife of Michael J. Teahan, died in Holyoke, Mass., aged 67. She was a native of Glenflesk, Co. Kerry, Ireland. She came to Holyoke with her two sisters and mother, 54 years ago, and at once became actively identified with Catholic interests, even in girlhood days, having charge of the Sunday School, and was a leading singer in the choir of St. Jerome's Church, founded some 40 years ago. She was married in 1861 to Michael J. Teahan, and became the mother of 13 children, 6 of whom with the husband survive her. They are the Rev. James Teahan, of Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. C. T. Callahan, wife of the Democratic candidate for Lieut.-Gov. of Mass.; Misses Mary A., Agatha F., Mabel C., and Rose, and also her two sisters, Mrs. Julia Warren and Nellie T. Healy, the well known Holyoke milliner.

The funeral was held in St. Jerome's Church, 16th inst., with Revs. P. J. Harkins, J. C. Ivers, A. W. O'Malley and S. J. Halessey as officiating in the Mass in the presence of 50 priests of the Springfield (Mass.) diocese.

The eulogy by the pastor, Rev. Father Harkins, a warm friend of the deceased for 40 years, was a beautiful tribute to her womanly virtues and Christian character. He stated in feeling language that her likes are growing daily less numerous. Her delights were with her household cares and children, and nobly battled with the world and won the good fight.

The burial services were conducted in St. Jerome's cemetery by Rev. Father O'Malley, assisted by Fathers McCaughen, McGovern, Griffin, Hurley, Adrian, O'Brien, Lunney and many others. May her soul rest in peace. Amen.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The story of the growth and progress of the city of Toronto, shows that at no time in its history have there been wanting patriotic Irishmen, who loving Ireland with the ardor of exiles, were ready and willing to further every possible plan which seemed to promise betterment for the Isle across the sea and the dear ones still on its shores.

Amongst the families of the city there are still some who were personally interested, and who have sad memories of the movement, which led to the ever lamentable deaths of the "Manchester Martyrs," in days past the men of Toronto started out to stand hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder with those who on the other side of the Atlantic were fighting Ireland's battles.

When the news that famine and want were devastating her shores, and that if left unaided, naught but death faced the sufferers in the Emerald Isle, Toronto was amongst the first to respond.

On each recurring St. Patrick's Day, the Irish harp, the "sunburst on a field of green" and the dear little shamrock are everywhere visible, and a love which waxes not, but increases with time, fills the hearts of the men and women who either in their own person or in that of their ancestors, claim as the place of their birth the little green Island, the Isle of Saints.

Amongst the names conspicuous in the ranks of Irish societies of the present day is that of Hugh McCaffrey. An Irishman by birth and education, he came to this country at the age of nineteen years, already imbued with a loyal love for his native land, and impregnated with the sunshine and tears of its destiny. He was born in the County Fermanagh, and educated at the National schools. Mr. McCaffrey first tried St. Thomas, but in 1882 came to Toronto. Before coming to Canada he had been a member of the Board of Erin, an association corresponding to that of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Mr. McCaffrey is naturally modest, and but little given to talking about himself, but he has friends who can speak for him, and one of those said "you cannot say too much, and you cannot say anything too good about Hugh; he never spares himself; he has given his time and his money for years in the Irish cause; he is one of the finest men I know."

Mr. McCaffrey is a Nationalist of vigorous type, and his activities and inclinations find their chief vent in the Ancient Order of Hibernians, in which Society since its establishment in Ontario, he has held almost every office. At different times he has been sentinel, recording secretary, president and Provincial President of the Order. He is at present President of Division No. 5, which meets every 2nd and 4th Sunday in their hall corner Dundas and Queen streets. He has attended every National convention of the Order, except one since its establishment in Hamilton in 1888, and has sat as delegate in Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto, Stratford, Niagara Falls, Ont., Kingston and Ottawa. In the United States, too, Mr. McCaffrey is no stranger, and amongst his friends he counts the well known Irishmen Mr. P. O'Neil, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Keating, of Chicago. As representative of Ontario he attended the National Convention held at Detroit, Mich., in 1894, and in 1900 was one of three from Ontario at Boston. As a speaker on Irish subjects, Mr. McCaffrey has made himself felt, and he has been largely instrumental in introducing the insurance element into the A. O. H.

As delegate of the Trades and Labor party he attended their convention at Montreal in 1889. Mr. McCaffrey is engaged at the Massey Works; his wife was Miss Connolly, a native of Monaghan, Ireland, and they with their five children reside on Wellington Avenue in St. Mary's parish.

C.M.B.A.—At the closing meeting of the passing year of Branch 111, C.M.B.A., the largest number present during the term was registered. Three new members were initiated. The spiritual adviser, Rev. James Walsh, was present. The officers for the coming year are: President, Vincent P. Fayle, jun.; vice-president, James Kelly; 2nd vice-president, Daniel J. Reddin; recording secretary, William J. Markle; assistant recording secretary, John J. Boland; treasurer, P. Temple; financial secretary, V. P. Fayle; guard, T. J. O'Connor; marshal, W. J. Pegg; trustees, W. J. Markle, James Kelly, J. J. Boland, W. F. Pegg, J. J. Reddin; representative to convention, James W. Mullin; alternative, Thos. McQuillan.

ORDINATIONS.—At 8 o'clock on Monday morning, Dec. 21st, three young men were raised to the priesthood by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor. The ceremony took place at St. Basil's Church. The new priests are Rev. Father Vincent Murphy, son of Mr. J. J. Murphy, of the Crown Lands Department; Rev. Father James Hayes, of Orillia, and Rev. Father Dittman, of Philadelphia, who is destined for work in the United States. Father Murphy has been for some time past on the staff of St. Michael's College.

AT COLLINGWOOD.—The people of Collingwood have just closed a most successful "Forty Hours." Despite the fact that in some parts the snow had reached the fence tops, the Church was filled at all the exercises. The parish priest, Rev. Father O'Leary, was assisted by Rev. Father Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, Rev. Father McGrand, of Toronto, Rev. Father Cline, Newmarket; Rev. Father Jeffcott, Stayner, and Rev. Dean Egan, of Barrie; the latter two gentlemen delivered several impressive sermons during the Devotion. The exercises were terminated by a public profession of Faith by the entire congregation followed by a procession in which the Sodality took part. The beautiful singing of several English hymns by the young ladies of this society, was admired even by those accustomed to the music of the city choirs. It may be safely said that the late loved pastor, Rev. E. J. Kiernan, who for so many years, had ministered to the parish, was not forgotten during those days of grace and that many a grateful prayer was offered for his eternal welfare.

The results of the Forty Hours were very encouraging to the enthusiastic new pastor who has had the parish but a few months in charge.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL.—On the afternoon of Dec. 15th, the 22nd annual distribution of prizes took place at St. Joseph's High School for girls. The exercises were held in the hall of the De La Salle Institute, and a good sized audience was present.

This school during its twenty-two years' existence has done good work in the secondary education of girls, often too under very adverse circumstances, as the school accommodation and equipment are far from being of the best.

A musical and literary programme was taken part in by all the pupils of the school, Miss Pauline Padden in her recitation "The Madonna of Palos," showing talent much more than ordinary and Miss Evaline O'Donoghue, in her singing of "The Four Leafed Shamrock," displaying a sweet and well trained voice.

Departmental awards, commercial diplomas and medals were then presented to about twenty-five of the pupils. Several of the trustees and priests from the different city parishes were present, also the Provincial Inspector, Mr. Prendergast, B. A. The latter gentleman and two or three of the trustees addressed the pupils, complimenting them on their success; the Sisters of St. Joseph were also congratulated on the results crowning their efforts in the cause of education. The speakers were unanimous in disapproving of the poor building in which the school is held, and in hoping that a better one would soon take its place.

SODALITY OF ST. FRANCIS.—At the new Church of St. Francis,

the first reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was held on Sunday evening last. Fifty-five members were received, and added to the thirty originally of St. Mary's parish, who formed a nucleus for the new branch. The affair had been pleasantly looked forward to and fulfilled its every promise.

The parish is still under the laudable excitement of equipping itself, so as to stand worthily amongst the best of the city parishes, and last Sunday it gave public testimony of its ability to do so. New vestments, resplendent in scarlet and gold were worn by the officiating pastor, and a magnificent banner headed the procession of white-veiled Sodalists who entered from the main door of the Church and filled the front pews during the Benediction.

An eloquent sermon was preached by the parish priest, Rev. W. A. McCann, who first explained the objects of the Sodality, and then entered into a loving exposition of the life of the Blessed Mother, whose children they were now about to become in a particular manner. The singing of "Children of Mary," and "Come Holy Ghost" by the Sodality, and musical Vespers by the children of the parish, with Miss Angela Bryon at the organ, and Miss Nellie Cortet directing were much admired.

The banner came in for special comment; it is one of the most beautiful perhaps unequalled by any Sodality banner in the city. It is of large dimensions, the ground being white watered silk, centered by a painting of the Blessed Virgin with inscriptions worked in blue and gold; over the silken surface wild roses and forget-me-nots are worked profusely; a gilt cross and handsome gold fringe and tassels give the finishing touch to this fine piece of work. The banner was designed and executed by Mrs. James Carroll, of the parish.

LATE ALEX. MACDONELL.—One of the oldest and most respected of our Catholic citizens was called to his reward a few days ago in the person of Mr. Alexander Macdonell, of Osgoode Hall. The deceased gentleman, who was 84 years, was one of the sons of Hon. Alexander Macdonell, first sheriff of the Home district, after the organization of the Province of Upper Canada in 1792. Mr. Macdonell had never married and much of his long life had been devoted to works of charity, the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Italian mission of St. Patrick's parish coming in for a goodly share of his attention. He was also interested—but without finding helpers except in a very limited degree—in the work of building a movement to the victims of the ship-fever, who lie unknown, and to a great extent forgotten, in nameless graves near St. Paul's Church.

Though of Scotch descent, Mr. Macdonell was a friend to all things Irish, and a sympathizer with Home Rule; he had for many years been actively interested in the Catholic journalistic work of the city.

The funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church, where a Mass of Requiem was sung by the rector, Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S.R., who, though contrary to custom, said a few words in praise of the deceased gentleman. The interment took place at St. Michael's cemetery. May he rest in peace.

CONDOLENCE.

At a recent meeting of the A.O.H., County Board of Hochelaga, feeling references were made to the death of Mr. John J. Barry, president of Division No. 10, and one of the most enthusiastic workers in the ranks of the great Irish organization. A resolution of sympathy with the bereaved family was adopted.

ABOUT TALKING.

Think twice before you speak and then talk to yourself.

THE MONEY IDEA.

Common sense is the ability to detect values—to know a big thing from a little one. I'd rather possess common sense than to have six degrees from Trinity College, Oxford.

FATHER FITZ-HENRY OPENS HIS CAREER AT ST. PATRICK'S

(From an Occasional Correspondent)



REV. RICHARD FITZ HENRY.

Rev. Richard H. Fitz-Henry, who was ordained on Saturday morning, by His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, at St. James' Cathedral, sang his first solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's Church on last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan congratulated the young priest on reaching the goal of his life's aim in ascending the altar of God.

The sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rev. Thomas Heffernan, of St. Anthony's Church. This eloquent young Irish Canadian of the diocese excelled himself in his touching references to the career of the young priest, who was in their midst officiating at the altar for the first time.

He took for his text: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." Cor., Chap. IV., verse 1.

To-day, said he, at the altar of God, stands a young man who shall dispense God's sacred mercies. Into the ears of the young priest the Master from His Eucharistic throne speaks His words of love: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you."

Who art thou, oh, priest? At the fireside he was led along the pathway of piety and purity by a good Christian mother. He goes to college and is educated in the various branches. He comes forth a young man rich in philosophy.

What may be achieved by unity and solidarity in Catholic ranks may be inferred from the following item, which we clip from a Catholic exchange. But to achieve such grand results there must be self-abnegation and public spirit. It reads:—

"The activity of Catholic life and social action in certain dioceses of Italy may be realized from the example of the diocese of Brescia. Here there are 228 societies of Catholic youth with 19,734 members; ten banks with a capital of 40,000,000 francs; thirty-eight rural banks with deposits amounting to 1,500,000 francs, and which loan 1,000,000; seventy-nine working people's and mutual assurance associations, with 6,000 members and a fund of 200,000 francs; thirty professional unions as they are called, with a membership of 10,000 workmen; and finally an association of St. Anthony, to distribute bread to the poor; 58,000 francs were spent for this purpose during the past year."

Here Father Heffernan dwelt at length on the trials of the priesthood, and with what searching eye the world sought to find blemish in the Lord's anointed. He then pointed out the sacredness of the priest's calling at the altar, in the confessional and at the bedside of the dying, saying, "The heart of a priest ought to be a well divine mercy."

Preparations are being made for an exhaustive exhibit of Catholic charities at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. The growing recognition of the importance of all the social work has led the directors of the St. Louis Exposition to set apart an entire building for a general exhibit of social economy.

priest of God, I congratulate you on the realization of your fondest hopes, and pray God to bless you in all your undertakings and make you a worthy priest of God's Church."

In the large congregation were many from Quebec who came to be present at the young Levite's first Mass and to receive his blessing.

The "True Witness" join with Father Fitz-Henry's many friends in wishing him, "Ad multos Annos," in the sacred ministry.

Rev. Richard H. Fitz-Henry, C.S. C., is a son of the late Mr. M. Fitz-Henry, who was for many years connected with the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Quebec.

In 1898 he graduated from St. Laurent College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and carried off the gold medal of his class.

In September of 1898, he entered the Novitiate of the Holy Cross Congregation at Ste. Genevieve. After completing his year of novitiate, he made his solemn profession in the Order, and then entered Laval University to complete his studies in theology. Last June he graduated from there with first-class honors, carrying off the general examinations prize in the senior year.

Rev. Father Fitz-Henry is at present attached to the teaching staff of St. Laurent College, being professor of Belles-Lettres and Mathematics, and on special occasions, notably St. Patrick's Day, Washington's Birthday, Thanksgiving Day, takes charge of the college choir.

As an educator Father Fitz-Henry stands in the foremost rank, having taught in many places before entering St. Laurent College. He is a general favorite with the students, and his appointment to St. Laurent College is hailed with joy, especially by the English and American students.

A Sacerdotal Jubilee

Rev. Father John Stephen O'Connor, of Maryville, in the diocese of Kingston, celebrated last week, on the 17th December, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination.

Mgr. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston, and a great number of the priests and leading citizens of Eastern Ontario, took part in the ceremonies. A grand banquet was given after the High Mass, and congratulations and good wishes were in order.

Rev. Father John Stephen O'Connor was born at Peterboro, on the 17th February, 1828. He made a brilliant course of studies at Regiopolis College, Kingston, and completed his student career, by philosophy and theology in the Grand Seminary of Montreal. In 1853 he was ordained priest and attached to St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, where he remained three years.

Afterwards he was parish priest, successively in Cornwall, Alexandria, Perth, Chesterville, and Marysville, where he has been for four years past. Ad Multos Annos.

CATHOLIC ACTION AND ORGANIZATION

What may be achieved by unity and solidarity in Catholic ranks may be inferred from the following item, which we clip from a Catholic exchange. But to achieve such grand results there must be self-abnegation and public spirit. It reads:—

"The activity of Catholic life and social action in certain dioceses of Italy may be realized from the example of the diocese of Brescia. Here there are 228 societies of Catholic youth with 19,734 members; ten banks with a capital of 40,000,000 francs; thirty-eight rural banks with deposits amounting to 1,500,000 francs, and which loan 1,000,000; seventy-nine working people's and mutual assurance associations, with 6,000 members and a fund of 200,000 francs; thirty professional unions as they are called, with a membership of 10,000 workmen; and finally an association of St. Anthony, to distribute bread to the poor; 58,000 francs were spent for this purpose during the past year."

CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

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COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

Open Evenings till Christmas.

As Christmas Day comes near the end of the week this year, we have decided to close this establishment from Thursday, 24th, till Monday, 28th instant.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT--CHRISTMAS GOODS

We are making a magnificent exhibit in this department, and illustrate a few leading lines. Visitors are particularly requested to inspect the two colored glass windows recently added to the Oak Room, representing "Lord Strathcona leading the Strathcona Horse down Piccadilly" and "The Surrender of Orenje."

At this season of the year, also, "The Cottages" are particularly attractive and would well repay a visit.

No. 143-8—Music Cabinet, 42 in. high, 19 in. wide, mahogany, veneered, inlaid marqueterie\$15.00

No. 33-29—Parlor Cabinet, quartered oak and imitation mahogany, 57 in. high, 24 wide, decorated panels and gilt trimmings, polish finish\$15.75

No. 31-5—Combination Desk and Book Case, golden quartered oak, polished\$26.25

No. 33-233—Combination Parlor and Music Cabinet, imitation mahogany, 50 in. high, 21 in. wide, plain mirror, 12 x 16, polish finish\$18.75



No. 35-20—Morris Chair, golden oak or mahogany finish, polished, upholstered as cut, or with spring seat and reversible cushions, tapestry cushions stuffed with hair and moss.....\$14.00

Samples of coverings sent on request, with cretonne cushion. Price\$10.50

This same cut for children, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$3.00

No. 97-10—Child's Rattan Morris Chair, complete with cushions\$3.15

No. 33-31—Music Cabinet, quartered oak and imitation mahogany, 30 in. high, top 18 x 24, polish finish\$9.60



No. 54-56—Tabourettes, golden oak and mahogany\$5.25

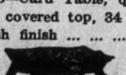
No. 54-58—Tabourettes, golden oak and mahogany\$5.00



No. 33-219—In Golden Oak. No. 33-220—In Mahogany, Tabourettes, 20 in. high, top 15 x 15, polish finish\$4.00



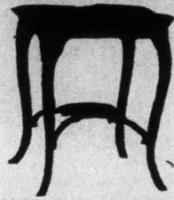
No. 33-115—Card Table, quartered oak, felt covered top, 34 x 34, polish finish\$8.75



No. 33-108—Golden Oak and Mahogany, top 17 x 17, polish finish\$3.15



No. 33-275—Weathered Oak. No. 33-180—Golden Oak Jardiniere Stand, 20 in. high, top 16 x 16\$3.40



No. 33-74—Parlor Table, mahogany top 26 x 26, polish finish\$11.25



No. 33-229—Parlor Table, quartered oak and imitation mahogany, top 18 x 18, polish finish\$2.25



No. 33-810—Parlor Table quartered oak and imitation mahogany, top 24 x 24, polish finish\$5.75



No. 33-113—Parlor Table, quartered and imitation mahogany, polish finish, top 24 x 24. \$6.25



No. 33-46—Tea Table, quartered oak and imitation mahogany, top 22 x 23, polish finish\$3.50

No. 33-284—Combination Parlor and Music Cabinet, solid mahogany, 61 in. high, 37 in. wide\$30.00

No. 33-383—Music Cabinet, solid mahogany, 39 in. high, 21 in. wide, polish finish. Price.....\$14.00

No. 33-151—China Cabinet, quartered oak, 69 in. high, 32 in. wide, bent glass door. Price\$25.50

No. 143-1—Ladies' Desk, mahogany finish, inlaid, 39 in. high, 28 in. wide\$15.00

No. 33-152—Parlor Cabinet, solid mahogany, 59 in. high, 45 in. wide\$45.00

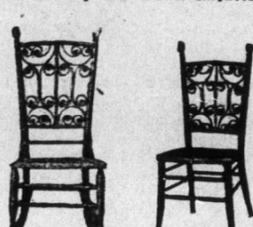
No. 33-144—Parlor Cabinet, imitation mahogany, 61 in. high, 33 in. wide, top mirror British bevelled, 14 x 18, lower, German bevelled, 14 x 24\$16.50

No. 33-239—China Cabinet for corner, quartered oak, 71 in. high, 31 in. wide, bent glass door\$15.75

No. 33-26—Parlor Cabinet, imitation mahogany, 60 in. high, 34 in. wide, British bevelled mirrors, bent glass door in cabinet, polish finish. Price\$28.50



No. 54-48—Ladies' Work Table, genuine mahogany, fitted with tray and drawer\$17.50



No. 39-3—Fancy Rattan Chair, price\$2.75

No. 39-4—Fancy Rattan Rocker, price\$3.00

No. 39-55—English Design Rattan Chair, finished green, 16th century or natural\$7.50

Reversible chintz or cretonne cushions\$1.75

No. 39-56—English Design Rattan Chair, finished green, 16th century or natural, price. \$9.75

Reversible cretonne cushion. price\$1.75



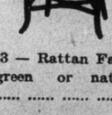
No. 39-20—Ladies' Easy Chair, very best rattan\$9.00



No. 39-18—Rattan Rocker, a very neat compact design. Price\$4.50



No. 39-23—Rattan Fancy Chair, dark green or natural finish\$9.50



No. 39-12—Rattan Rocker, natural finish\$6.00



No. 39-11—Rattan Rocker, natural finish\$9.00



No. 153-6—Pipe Rack, weathered oak, size 9 in. round. \$3.25



No. 39-16—Rattan Easy Rocker or Chair, to match. \$4.50



No. 39-17—Large Easy Chair, very best Rattan\$9.50



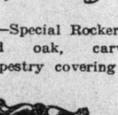
No. 39-22—Rattan Fancy Chair, light finish\$6.50



No. 39-21—Rattan Fancy Chair, natural finish\$7.50



No. 37-61—Special Rocker, selected quartered oak, carved back, tapestry covering\$6.75



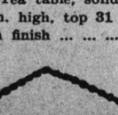
No. 36-23—Golden Oak and Birch, mahogany finish\$7.50



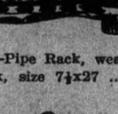
No. 33-92—Tea table, solid mahogany, 28 in. high, top 31 x 23, polish finish\$9.75



No. 153-11—Pipe Rack, weathered oak, size 7 1/2 x 27\$3.15



No. 153-6—Pipe Rack, weathered oak, size 9 in. round. \$3.25



No. 153-6—Pipe Rack, weathered oak, size 9 in. round. \$3.25

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal.

"BEDTIM

By "O

HIS week's article in a recent issue from "The New York Evening Post," or vice versa, the drift the writer's as follows:—

"What books are bedtime has been variate in the English subject is of more importance. The increment of modern life leaves the bedtime hour or vals of travel for sort. And it will free that the late hour is both to deliberate enjoyment. Most of us stand or fall by our In the English contented some uncer reading in bed was a or a means to slum counts for a dive reaching from Dum Letters."

This sets forth the cially. In treating deals with the size and consequent convenience of volumes, and ity to the recumbent he refers to the serious kinds of literature, and mind is more apt to the less heavy or prof pially during that rest, ease, and gliding into the realms of dre the only two phases that he treats, and v leaves the reader abo when he commenced th it seems to me that t other ways of looking tion, and that they ar portant than the consi size of a book, or the bow power, or of m needed to enjoy the re right in bed. I will t a couple of these.

THE NATURE OF —It is clear to the le that the mind cannot, time hour, and especial in bed, follow any ser work that demands a cl or study of any degree. certain that the man sleep creeps upon us an vades the entire system with the brain, that no less one be a victim of possibly resist the inf long. Therefore, if read done that which is sho grasped is the most there is the very impor of the nature of the character. For example would care to fall asle pages of a murder story nor would it be wise, right, to go off into sl the mind saturated with suggested by an immor part from all other et we must remember tha temporary death. It is sense that a person, on influence of slumber, is p less. There is no more or action, and, if that last sleep. Just allow thought to flash on your pose on laying your sleep you are destined ne awoken in this world. close your tired eyes, t of the book you have b you are never again to in this world, and that wakening is in the pres How would you like to before him with a mind urated with the abomin immoral book, or the b a bad and infidel volum ations that perhaps ente the calculations of the wrote that article: but nevertheless just as pos quite as probable as th awoken again in the mo are surely reasons why t of the books for "bedti should be made on othe tions than those of mere form. But while I this remark I would not

"BEDTIME BOOKS."

By "ORUX."

HIS week I purpose turning aside from my usual track and giving expression to a few ideas upon a subject that was suggested to me by an article in a recent number of the New York "Evening Post," of Saturday, 12th December. The title of the article is "Bedtime Books," and I cannot better explain its purpose than by quoting the introductory paragraph. The article was either taken from "The Nation" by the "Post," or vice versa. It contains the drift of the writer's ideas, and runs as follows:—

"What books are best reading for bedtime has been variously mooted of late in the English press. Evidently the subject is of more than quizzical importance. The increasing pressure of modern life leaves most of us only the bedtime hour or the lucid intervals of travel for reading of any sort. And it will freely be admitted that the late hour is more conducive both to deliberate choice and to enjoyment. Most of us would have to stand or fall by our bedtime books. In the English controversy there seemed some uncertainty whether reading in bed was an end in itself or a means to slumber. That accounts for a diversity of choice reaching from Dumas to Howell's Letters."

This sets forth the subject sufficiently. In treating it the author deals with the size and weight, and consequent convenience, or inconvenience of volumes, and their adaptability to the recumbent position. The he refers to the serious and lighter kinds of literature, and tells how the mind is more apt to seize and enjoy the less heavy or profound works, especially during that brief space of rest, ease, and gliding (so to speak), into the realms of dreams. These are the only two phases of the subject that he treats, and with these he leaves the reader about as wise as when he commenced the article. Yet it seems to me that there are many other ways of looking at the question, and that they are far more important than the consideration of the size of a book, or the amount of elbow power, or of mental exertion, needed to enjoy the reading of it at night in bed. I will touch briefly on a couple of these.

THE NATURE OF THE BOOKS.—It is clear to the least reflecting that the mind cannot, at the bedtime hour, and especially if one reads in bed, follow any serious or deep work that demands a close attention, or study of any degree. It is equally certain that the manner in which sleep creeps upon us and slumber invades the entire system, beginning with the brain, that no person, unless one be a victim of insomnia, can possibly resist the influence very long. Therefore, if reading is to be done that which is short and easily grasped is the most natural. But there is the very important question of the nature of the book, of its character. For example, no person would care to fall asleep with the pages of a murder story just closed; nor would it be wise, not to say right, to go off into slumber with the mind saturated with the thoughts suggested by an immoral book. Apart from all other considerations, we must remember that sleep is a temporary death. It is such in the sense that a person, once under the influence of slumber, is perfectly helpless. There is no more power of will or action, and, if that were to be a last sleep. Just allow this one thought to flash on your mind. Suppose on laying yourself down to sleep you are destined never to again awaken in this world. If, when you close your tired eyes, to the pages of the book you have been reading, you are never again to open them in this world, and that your first awakening is in the presence of God. How would you like to thus come before him with a mind freshly saturated with the abominations of an immoral book, or the blasphemous of a bad and infidel volume? Considerations that perhaps entered not into the calculations of the one who wrote that article; but which are nevertheless just as possible, and quite as probable as that you may awaken again in the morning. These are surely reasons why the selection of the books for "bedtime reading" should be made on other considerations than those of mere bulk, and mere form. But while I throw out this remark I would not have it un-

derstood that I am favorable in any way to the dangerous habit of reading in bed, especially at night. It is injurious physically and morally. And I will take the liberty to say a word on each of these points.

THE PHYSICAL DANGER.—No matter how favorably placed the light by which you read in bed there is no doubt that the horizontal position which you occupy is injurious to the eyes. And not only to the eyes, but also to the head and stomach. But above all it is a practice well calculated to ruin the very best eyesight in the world. When people are young they may not think so, they may not feel it; but time comes when the sight fails, and as it fails in the same ratio does the need of it become felt. In after years you may regret very keenly the hours spent pouring over volumes before dropping off to sleep. Of course, the article to which I refer may aim at all kinds of night reading. But that which is done sitting up is even bad enough, while that which is done in bed is suicidal. Again it is a very good way to render fatigue of the body more injurious to the general fatigue of the mind. After a whole day or work, activity, or even recreation, the brain needs a degree of rest, and it takes it, by force of nature, in the sleep that God sends; but it also takes it in those moments of relaxation that intervene between the actual activity and the real sleep. It is not fair to nature to rob her of the privilege of bestowing on you her recuperating influences. And the one who prolongs the mental struggles of the day, by forcing the brain to labor and the eyes to ache during the later hours of the night, is drawing unduly upon the fund of strength and vitality which are in reserve for him.

THE MORAL DANGER.—But far more important is the moral danger. The mind is prone to wander at such an hour and to take the wings of memory and imagination and soar into other realms, far beyond the ordinary ken of waking mortals. You wish to induce slumber. Why not, if a book be necessary (and I do not admit that it is) make use of a prayer-book? There in you have what is short, what is easily understood, and what elevates the soul and makes the mind ascend into other spheres. But again you have to contend against the evil effects of that reading upon the eyes and the physical system. There is still a better and a more profitable way of inducing sleep. I once read of a philosopher whose studies had brought on a kind of insomnia, and he succeeded in provoking sleep by counting on his fingers. The first night he counted to one hundred, the next to eighty-five, the third to fifty; and, by the end of a week he could not count more than ten. Sleep came to him almost at once. If then you were to take your beads to bed, and try to say as many decades as possible. In all likelihood you could never complete the five. Certainly before long you would find that a single decade would suffice to bring on slumber. And what a grand idea that would be. Were you to be summoned away in the night you would wake up before God with the "Our Father," or a "Hail Mary" on your lips. I would then suggest that instead of "bedtime books," you should have your "bead-time beads." Physically, morally, spiritually, and in every way it would be a protection and a talisman.

REVERENCE AT MASS.—Preaching, recently, Rev. Dom. Higgins, said:—
Many Catholics were found wanting in reverence at Mass, and gave little external proof of the faith that should be in them. This want of faith was evidenced by the late coming of many, who would never be late for dinner or some worldly function. Again, it was evidenced by those who whilst at Mass rarely melted, and even whilst seated allowed their eyes to rove all about the church. Lastly, it was to be feared that many did not realize the mystery they were assisting at or the opportunities it afforded them of obtaining every spiritual and temporal blessing. How few, relatively speaking, ever put up a hearty prayer for themselves or their friends during Holy Mass. How different did many great men of the world treat this holy sacrifice.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.—Report for week ending Sunday, 20th Dec., 1903.—Irish 172, French 136, English 10, Scotch and other nationalities 14. Total 332.

RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE POPE AND ITALY.—The Roman correspondent of the New York "Freeman's Journal" says:—"The other day the "Osservatore Romano" published what may be said to be the third official statement of the attitude of Pius X. toward the Government of Italy. The first was contained in the Pope's first encyclical in which Pius X. proclaimed that the independence of the Vicar of Christ was necessary; the second was in the Allocution to the Sacred College when he proclaimed before the whole world that a most grave outrage had been done to the Holy See by the deprivation of its liberty, and that for the proper government of the Church it is necessary not only that all peoples must know him to be such; the third stage was reached when the "Osservatore Romano" announced officially that there was no intention of withdrawing the Pontifical rescript which declares that it is not expedient that practical Catholics in Italy take part in the political elections of the country, either as voters or as candidates.

"Thus we reach the very same situation under Pius X. which has prevailed for the last thirty-three years under Pius IX., and Leo XIII. It is hardly necessary to add that in the light of these statements any repetition of the stories about the Pope's leaving the Vatican in the near future will be so much nonsense.

PRECIOUS RELICS.—His Lordship, Mr. Justice Baby, whose deep and enthusiastic interest in the Montreuil Numismatic and Historical Association has contributed so largely to the success of that worthy institution, has presented the Museum of the Chateau de Ramezay with a relic, or rather a pair of relics, of the highest importance and value.

They consist of two treasure-boxes, once in use in this colony, when it was under French domination. The first of these belonged to the Count de Malartic, who was private secretary to the Marquis of Montcalm, from 1754 to 1759. It has gone on many an expedition and has been on many a field of battle; but never had it been taken by an enemy. It still contains the old instandards that Montcalm used, and even the end of an old tallow-candle that had not completed its service. In fine, it is an original writing-desk, with numbers of secret drawers and great, strong leather bands that encircle it. The other box is of the same kind. It belonged to the first member of the Parent family who came to Canada. These are the most precious and authentic relics in the museum to-day.

AN IMPORTANT MOVE.—The daily press of Chicago contains the following item:—

For the first time in the history of the United States, so far as local records show, a jury composed of six women sat on a case before Judge Honore in the Juvenile Court recently. The jury passed on a petition to have Mary McGann, eight years old, declared a delinquent, and placed in an institution. The mother of the girl declared that her child had been with her all her life, and would die if taken away from her. The jury sympathized with the mother, and returned a verdict that mother and daughter should be sent to an institution. The verdict was concurred in by a jury of six men in order to make the verdict legal.

GORED BY A BULL.—A report from Brockville, Ont., says:—

Albert Charlton, aged 55, a farm hand of Glen Buell, met a shocking death last week. Charlton was attending to the stock between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, and in some unaccountable way one of the bulls got untied, and it is thought Charlton must have been trying to tie up the animal when he was attacked and gored to death.

MAYOR COLLINS WINS.—The well known and public-spirited Catholic Irish American, Patrick Collins, has been again elected Mayor of Boston. His majority, 26,565, was the

largest in the history of such contests. Mayor Collins was the Democratic candidate.

CHURCH OF THE POOR.—In the Catholic Church the poor find an equality that nowhere else in the world falls to his lot. The principal work of religion is the administration of the sacraments. These are the sources of grace and the avenues to heaven. Go into a Catholic Church at such a season as this, when preparations are being made for the holy festival of Christmas. You find hundreds flocking around the confessionals and to the Communion rail. There is no division made and no distinction known. The millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side at the door of the confessional, each taking his turn, regardless of his social or other condition; and the following day they again kneel side by side at the Communion Table. In this one example, taken out of a hundred that we could give do we find an equality of the grandest kind govern the affairs of the faithful, and we equally behold the humility of the Church and the Catholicity thereof in regard to the children of men. From the ranks of the poor as well as from the ranks of the rich her ministers may arise—Leo XIII. was a noble, Pius X. was a peasant—and yet no difference is made between them, no advantage has one over the other, no obstacle to attaining the loftiest station exists in poverty. Then the mercies and charities of the Church. She even prays for the souls that have no one on earth to pray for them, or to bear that cost. In a word, she is the Church of the Poor.

SOME HEALTH NOTES

There is a story, still current in Illinois, which says that an old farmer friend of President Lincoln's, who used to correspond with him, complained on one occasion of his poor health. He received the following reply, which is quoted in Illinois as "Lincoln's prescription": "Do not worry. Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of biliousness. Exercise. Go slow and go easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good life."

"A great many of the ailments that humanity suffers from," says a physician, "proceed directly from the stomach, while as many more proceed indirectly therefrom. Apoplexy, heart failure, and, in many cases, sudden deaths can be traced directly to the stomach, over-taxed and weak, yet pushed on to the task for which it is unequal. The result is inevitable. Dyspeptics are continually dosing themselves with drugs or trying to find something they can eat with safety. Everything disagrees with the overburdened digestion, but they never stop for a day or two days to allow the wheels to rest. I have cured many cases of dyspepsia by advising fasting for a while and then gradually regulating the diet. This, with fresh air and exercise, deep breathing, which is especially helpful in this disease, and hot water, taken internally, baths, and massage will surely bring about improved conditions even in cases of long standing."

Next to air and food in the human economy, comes exercise. We may have plenty of fresh air, and a proper allowance of the right kind of food, and yet, without helpful daily exercise, these will not avail to keep the body in good condition. In answer to the question, "Why do we grow old?" a French writer gives these three reasons: "We do not get enough physical exercise in the open air, we are poisoned by microbes which the phagocytes have not succeeded in destroying, and we are depressed by fear of death." Of the three reasons it will be noted that he gives the place of first importance to lack of exercise. There is nothing else which can take the place of physical activity as a preserver of youth and energy. "Grow younger as you grow older by cultivating a moderate love of good, healthful, honest sport," is sound advice. Walking, running, jumping, rowing, playing golf, tennis, or croquet, or any other mild form of exercise in the open air, keeps the muscles supple and prevents the joints from stiffening, fills the lungs with life-giving oxygen, and keeps the blood from becoming sluggish or the liver torpid. In short, it is exercise that keeps the body in tune and "up to concert pitch," just as exercise keeps the voice or a musical instrument in perfect tone.

Notes From Scotland

FOR THE CHURCH.—In bonnie Scotland there is, as may be seen from the following account of a recent meeting of St. Andrew's Cathedral, parish, Glasgow, a strong and praiseworthy spirit of Catholicity in the ranks of the laity; a spirit that means in the individual parishioner an appreciation of his whole duty. The meeting, which was held immediately after the last Mass, was presided over by Very Rev. Canon McCarty. He was supported by the Revs. Bernard Lynch and Florence McCarty. The Very Rev. Canon said that the meeting was called for the purpose of devising ways and means to meet the debt which would be incurred in the renovation of the Cathedral. The south window, which had been blocked by the organ, now threw light into the church, thanks to the progress of mechanical science; the floor of the sanctuary was about to be relaid; electric light was to take the place of gas, and the church redecorated and beautified. There was not an equal to the Cathedral in architectural beauty, and when renovated no church in the archdiocese would show a prettier interior.

As they knew, the Cathedral church was the mother church of the archdiocese, and for 26 years was the only church in Glasgow; indeed, with the exception of Paisley, it was the only church in the now archdiocese. It was now 89 years since the Rev. Andrew Scott laid the first stone, and so great was the bigotry of those times—it did not show itself so openly now—that they had to place sentinels on the building, because what was built by day was thrown down by night. The building was opened two years later. Prior to that several places of worship used by Catholics in Glasgow had been burned down. As he had said, it was a church with many sweet memories, where every important diocesan function took place, and properly speaking everyone in the archdiocese was attached to it in some way or another. They had the right to appeal not only to the congregation, but to the whole archdiocese (cheers). Circumstances over which they had no control, such as the death of the late venerable Archbishop of the appointment of his successor, his investiture with the Pallium, etc., had delayed the commencement of the necessary work of renovation and improvement. It would cost money—(laughter)—and he was proud to say that the St. Andrew's League of the Cross had generously donated £500 to that object (cheers). He would like to hear what they proposed doing.

Mr. D. J. MacCreadie said that he would rather that some older member had risen. To get up a fazzar towards liquidating the debt caused by the renovations he considered impracticable just now. He proposed that they should appeal to the Catholics of the archdiocese to assist them in raising funds towards the renovation expenses.

Mr. John Mackenzie, Parish Councillor, felt it a great privilege to be able to support the motion. The building had a voice, and that voice gave them inspiration to appeal to their friends. It spoke of the beginning of Catholicity in Glasgow, its traditions were to be adored, and it told them of the time of M. Gavin, the Protestant, Bishop Scott, and damages. It brought back blessed recollections of Catholic trials and triumphs. The probability was that they would get much more money than they intended.

Father Lynch said the motion required explanation. They must not forget the fact that they as members of the congregation had something to do, and the question was what was the best way to extract money out of them (laughter). There were several ways of extracting money out of a parish. He did not know them, but the Canon did (laughter). Were they going to appeal to the outside public and not to the congregation?

Mr. D. J. MacCreadie said that he did not mean that. He would appeal to the congregation first, and what they could not do outsiders could be asked to do (applause). They were not often asked to do anything, and he suggested that every parishioner should be asked to give a week's wages towards the renovation (applause).

A member pointed out that it was a bad time to ask for a week's wage, and the holidays coming on, but Mr. MacCreadie pointed out that they were not going to go on a Saturday night and demand a man to give up his week's wages (laughter). The time would be spread from now till June, and they could give a month's wages in that time if they felt inclined to do so (laughter).

Mr. MacCreadie's motion that every member of the congregation be asked to give a week's wages towards the

renovation fund became then the finding of the meeting, and a committee, with Canon McCarty as chairman, Mr. D. J. MacCreadie secretary, and Mr. Henrietta treasurer, was formed with the object of gathering subscriptions.

A BAD SCARE.—The following incident reported by an exchange may perhaps be the means of conveying a lesson to people how important it is to be calm when they attend a large gathering, and a bad accident occur. It runs thus:—

An incident of a somewhat alarming nature took place in St. Athony's, Govan, on Sunday at the last Mass. Father Quinlan was preaching, and the church was, as is usual, crowded to the door, when suddenly a member of the congregation shouted "Fire!" At the same time a volume of steam was seen arising from the door, and several of the congregation rose and made for the street.

Luckily, however, the majority of the congregation kept their heads and a panic was averted, though for a time a considerable amount of excitement prevailed. Eventually, when Fireman Wilson arrived, the fear of the congregation was allayed when it was found that the mishap was due to the displacement of an air valve, which resulted in the steam escaping. The air valve being restored to its original position, the interrupted sermon was completed.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—On December 7th, the Rev. Dr. Smith, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, formally opened the splendid new Catholic schools at Lochgelly which the energy and perseverance of the rev. manager, Father Hogan, have promptly been the means of speedily upraising. A letter was read from Dr. Dunn, H.M. Inspector of Schools for Fifeshire, in which he said: "I have been greatly impressed by the energetic efforts being made by the Catholic managers in Fife to provide suitable school accommodation for the children under their care, and I am glad to observe the advancing educational efficiency of their schools. I know the special difficulties that they have to encounter, and which they are worthily endeavoring to surmount.

As regards the moral training of the children in the Catholic schools, I am still more impressed by its beneficial results. It is always a pleasure for me to examine Catholic children. Their earnestness, faultless behaviour, and politeness redound to the credit of both the managers and the teachers, and indicate clearly enough the excellent influences brought to bear upon them.

There cannot be a doubt the moral is more important than intellectual training, though there is a close connection between the two, and in this respect the Catholic schools with which I am acquainted are second to none. I trust that the zeal of the managers will be appreciated by the parents in the best and most practical way, namely, by sending the children in undeviating regularity to school. Regular attendance will tend to lighten the heavy financial burden that the managers impose upon themselves from the highest of motives, and I hope the parents will regard it as a point of honor to take advantage of the excellent provision made for the education of their children by allowing nothing to interfere with the attendance of their children at school."

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.—The inhabitants of Arisaig, Protestant and Catholic alike, have presented the Rev. Father Angus Macdonald with a purse of sovereigns on the occasion of his transference from Arisaig to Rothesay. The presentation which took place at a large and enthusiastic gathering of all denominations.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

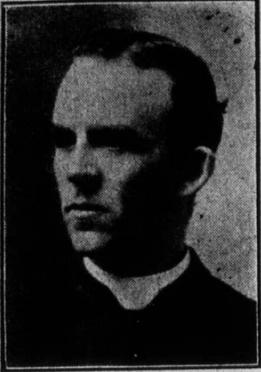
The Catholic population of the diocese of Fargo, N.D., is at present about 52,000. It has more than doubled within the last ten years. There are nearly 6,000 Catholic Indians within the limits of the diocese. During the past year 28 new Catholic churches were built in the diocese.

A NEW TREATY.

Referring to the consecration of the property of the English Benedictines of Douai, Abbot Gasquet says, in a letter to the London "Times": "As I understand the new treaty between England and France, it is precisely to deal with such cases that it is now proposed there should be arbitration."

PHILLIPS SQUARE. We decided to GOODS a few leading ly added to the ly" and "The would well re. Rattan Easy chair, to match. \$4.50 Rattan Fancy finish ... \$6.50 Rattan Fancy finish ... \$7.50 Rocker, selected oak, carved covering ... \$6.75 Oak and finish ... \$7.50 Mahogany, solid mahogany, top 31 x ... \$9.75 Rack, weather 7x27 ... \$3.15

FIRST MASS AND ANNIVERSARY AT ST. GABRIEL'S, AND THEIR LESSONS.



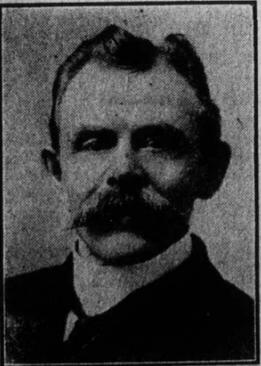
REV. EDWARD POLAN.

It was a gala day Sunday last, for St. Gabriel's parish. The 28th anniversary of the canonical erection of the parish was not only celebrated in a manner well worthy of the occasion, but associated with it was the unique joy for the parishioners of attending the first High Mass of Rev. Edward Polan, a child of the parish, and a newly-ordained member of the Catholic priesthood.

The names of those who entered the sacerdotal ranks from the congregation of St. Gabriel's are:— Rev. D. P. McMenamin. Rev. John E. Donnelly. Rev. C. J. Hagerty. Rev. M. L. Shea. Rev. G. McShane. Rev. Geo. Daley. Rev. E. Polan.

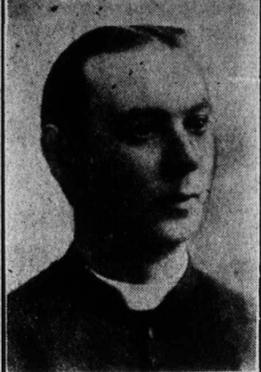
This was a theme that called forth the warmest expressions of the pastor's sentiments, and we can readily understand how pleased Father O'Meara must have been, to thus be enabled to express congratulations that affected not only the young priest and his parents and friends, but also the entire parish of St. Gabriel's.

The attendance of the faithful on the occasion was unprecedented in the history of the parish. Besides the parishioners who turned out in a manner which was inspiring to behold, three Courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters—St. Patrick's, Sarsfield and St. Gabriel's assisted, as well as a large number of the parishioners of the other Irish parishes of this city.



MR. PATRICK POLAN, Father of newly-ordained Priest.

The scene after the Mass as the young priest gave his blessing, to the young and old, of both sexes as they knelt at the communion railing, each in turn, made a deep impression upon all present.



REV. M. L. SHEA, Preacher of the Day.

THE SERMON.—Rev. M. L. Shea delivered the sermon, and as was to be expected considering that he occupied the pulpit in the parish where he had spent the days of his boyhood, it was an eloquent and touching effort, and one which went to the hearts of the vast congregation.

Father Shea took for his text:—

"I have chosen thee: thou art to be a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec." (Hebrews, 7, 17.)

He said:—I cannot assign any other cause than that of partiality which induced your beloved pastor to ask me to speak to you on this, the occasion of a double celebration; the 28th anniversary of your parish—the first solemn Mass of a young parishioner, Rev. Father Polan. I certainly wish he had chosen one more competent for the task, but I make no apology to you, for I do not disguise from you that it gives me great pleasure to address you once again.

It is 28 years this month since your parish was canonically erected. The ceremony of its erection was of the simplest nature, but created no little stir among the scattered residences of the nascent village. The Church, or rather the little village chapel as it was then called, was a dependency of St. Henry, it having been built by the Rev. Father Lapierre in the years of 1869 and 1870, or the foundation was laid in November, 1869, and the chapel blessed and formally inaugurated on the first of May, 1870. Five years later the Rev. Father Salmon, then acting as curate to the above named pastor, and administering priest to the village folk, was translated as pastor to guide its destinies. The first care of the young, zealous and progressive priest was to provide for the education of the children, and soon a school-room was opened in the vestry-room of the old chapel. Later he built the large school house on Centre street, which has since fallen into the hands of the Christian Brothers; and the number of children having increased, so as to fill up every available portion of it, he was forced to turn his attention to a suitable school for the young girls. After many attempts to provide for them, he was successful in inducing the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross to build, as they afterwards did, on the present site.

The advent of the Sisters, these noble-minded and noble-hearted women, whose hands and hearts are tempered and sweetened by divine love, was the occasion of great rejoicing, for all felt that by entrusting the young girls to their zealous care that their religious and moral training would be secure. The Church has ever prided in her Sisterhood, and by confiding to her, a large part of her apostolate, she lifts up womanhood to the highest possible levels. From this epoch the little village parish began to flourish. The population grew steadily, and the ever increasing number of French-Canadian families brought about a change. The chapel having become too small for the accommodation of all, a division was made, a parish formed and ere long a chapel was built on Island street, which has since been replaced by the present

monumental edifice which redounds to their great zeal for the glory of God. The next important move was the extension of the old village limits to Conde street, thus taking in a portion of St. Ann's parish and substituting somewhat for the number of French families. The annexation of the village to the city soon followed. With these changes which occurred in '83, '84, '85, there came a change in the administration of St. Gabriel's. Rev. Father Salmon having been transferred to St. Mary's, the parish fell into the hands of the Rev. Father McCarthy, who after three brief years of labor and sacrifice, fell a victim to sickness and died at his country home in the first days of January, 1890. Father McCarthy was a devoted priest; a kind, zealous and protecting pastor, and whose saintly life and charitable deeds are remembered by many to this present day.

Meanwhile the parish was administered by your present pastor, who was then the assistant priest, and the Archbishop being quick to recognize his executive ability promoted him to the pastorate on the 27th January of the same year. Shortly after assuming charge, Father O'Meara threw all his splendid energies into the work of improving the parish, placing it on an excellent financial footing and making it in many respects a leading parish. One of his first cares was to provide a new Church, (the old having become dilapidated and unfit for further use), a Church which would meet the requirements of the congregation, and one in which the name of the Lord might be hallowed and the Victim of Salvation offered for the living and the dead for not only a day or years, but for generations to come. It was said at the time that he erred in building so large and expensive a Church, but I will not admit that he erred.

He was not wrong in planning largely, nobly, grandly, nor in relying on his people. The times were propitious, sentiment strong, and thanks to his great heroic energy and untiring zeal you have this magnificent temple which can vie with the best in grandeur. The adjoining presbytery, an ideal priest's house, is also the crowning work of his hands to this date, and coupled with it, is the splendid school in the rear of the Church which he was instrumental in having built by the Catholic School Commissioners.

Father O'Meara richly deserves the high and honored place he holds in your hearts to-day.

Looking back in fancy to these days of long ago, and seeing a vista luxuriant with deeds of love and duty, made straight in every line, I cannot but say with St. Peter, in his text: "You are a chosen people, a kingly priesthood." Yes, as members of the mystical priesthood of Christ you have born the green foliage of Christian faith and have brought forth the fruit of good works. You have given with royal bounty and with priestly sacrifice out of the very slenderest means to build and foster, the institutions of religion and education. You have esteemed and honored those who were placed over you, particularly your present pastor, who must account for your souls. You have co-operated with him heart and hand; heart, by giving him your confidence and reverencing his sacred character; hand, by materially assisting him in whatever he undertakes for religion and education; and as deputies of God you have been faithful and true to your vocation. You have taught your children to love virtue by showing its beauty to them in your own lives. You have developed in them the love of God which they have brought from heaven. You have taught them to love the Blessed Mother of God, the saints, their religion. You have finally brought up your children in piety and holiness, and your work does not end with your lives.

Your children growing up models of piety edify one another and to-day many of them as men and women are valuable and prosperous members of society; as nuns and priest, as students, seminarians and teachers reflect credit upon you, are heaping honor upon the Church and are attracting many souls to God.

Thirteen years ago to-day, following in the footsteps of the priests of this parish who preceded me, I ascended the altar of the old Church for the first time. Since, then, both time and chance have wrought full many a change in the hearts and homes of the parishioners. There were many present then who are absent to-day, there are many here to-day who were strangers then. And if we turn our glance upon Mount Royal, we shall find that there are many mounds in "God's acre" at Cote des Neiges that were not there then. Among others there is one covered with the season's silvery pall and it marks the resting place of a good and virtuous woman, a devoted and saintly mother whose powerful influence and example had the effect of moulding the souls of her children and making them true members of the Church. One of whom we can truly say the world is better for her having lived in it. I refer to the kind, conscientious and pious mother of the young celebrant at the altar, who departed this life seven years ago, and who is to-day enjoying her reward in the Kingdom of that other Christ whom her Son is representing to-day.

Beloved brethren, after all these years have sped their way and we stand at the door way of a bright year another young parishioner in the person of the Rev. Father Polan, ascends the altar for the first time. (Rev. Father Polan is a son of Mr. Patrick Polan, an old resident and a most worthy parishioner.)

In his youth he dedicated himself to serve God, like another Samuel in the sanctuary. A boy of fourteen he entered the Montreal College to pursue the course which leads up to the altar. Years followed of studious retirement and preparation for his life's work, until yesterday when the voice of the Archbishop was heard in the solemn words of the Pontifical "Dost thou know him to be worthy?" to which his director answered: "As far as human frailty can know, I know and testify that he is worthy." Then and not till then the sacred hands of the Bishop raised, and the holy oil of consecration poured upon his head. Then he was clad in the garments of the priesthood of Jesus Christ.

Have you ever reflected on what that means, brethren? Have you ever thought of the sacrifice which the young Levite must make as he approaches the sanctuary. One of the most powerful feelings of the human heart, is that which creates in the young man a desire to perpetuate his name. At the entrance to the sanctuary he must forego this pleasure of a home, and the consolations and support of both loved and loving ones. This happiness he must renounce forever. I tell you, it is a miracle of the heroism of self-renunciation; a miracle which is not a miracle only because it is so common, so ordinary an occurrence in the Church of the Living God, that we cease to wonder at it, even as we wonder not at the miracles of the divine wisdom, power and love which the creation presents to our everyday vision. But it is a miracle, it is a heroism of which all are not capable but, "to whom it is given of the Father." This life is a God-like life, says St. Chrysostom. This profession is an angelic one.

And why, you may ask, is the priest called on to make this renunciation? That he may bring to the service of the sanctuary an undivided heart—that being a "priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec," he may be without father, without mother, without genealogy; without the usual ties which bind a man to this world, so he may give himself wholly to the service of his people. For the married man thinks of the things of this world and of his family, and is divided, and the unmarried thinks of the things of God, how he may best serve the Lord; and "every priest is taken from amongst men and is appointed for men that he may offer gifts and sacrifices in the things that are of the Lord."

Oh, dignity of the priest! How sublime! How beautiful! St. Justin, one of the early writers, says of the priest: "In them we find the likeness of earth, but they partake of the sanctity of Heaven." St. Jurent says they come from sacred hands, and are the link between man and heaven.

O, priest of God! They that consider the beauties of thy office; they that consider the sublimity of thy power—they are more sublime than all but God Himself.

Ye that think of worldly power consider the power of the priest. As far as the soul is above the body, as far as the heavens are above the earth, so far is the divine character of the Catholic priest above that of other men. Moses, directed by God, struck the waters of the Red Sea,

and they opened a way for the escape of the children of Israel from the captivity of Egypt and their entrance into the promised land. The priest speaks the word and the waters of baptism relieve the soul from the thralldom of Satan and admits it to the heirship of the Kingdom of God. Elias spoke and the heavens closed and not a drop of rain fell for three years; he spoke again and the rain fell. The Catholic priest speaks and either closes the portals of heaven to the unrepentant sinner, or brings down the mercy and grace of God to reconcile the sinner with his Heavenly Father, and console and strengthen him in the battle for his eternal salvation. Such is the spiritual character of the priest—of the one who ascends the altar to-day for the first time.

To-morrow he will go forth into the wilderness of spiritual destitution that he may gather into the fold the sheep in danger of perishing. Yes, in obedience to the command laid upon him, he goes out, poor in the things of this world, but rich in the confidence which hope in God always inspires. Day by day he will stand at the altar to offer to the Eternal Father the victim of propitiation for the sins of the people. Every day he will be busy seeking after the children to catechize them; in visiting the sick that he may console them in their afflictions, and administer to them the Holy Sacraments in time of need. His career begins to-day.

When Christ began His wonderful career, the Scribes and Pharisees, the powerful classes of Judea, missed no possible opportunities of watching Him. His greatest miracles were witnessed by many of them, and the first converts came from their ranks. The more they sought to discover the secret of His powers, the more were they convinced that this wonderful Being came from God.

But alas! his miracles irritated and maddened them. They soon hated Christ because He would not be a party to their foulness, would not sanction their iniquities and threatened to remove them from their seats they so unworthily filled. They were mere worldlings, who sought a Messiah that would minister to their passions and secure their private interests. The world is full of Scribes and Pharisees at this moment, and a good number of them can be found among Catholics. Let them not be deceived, however, for the denunciation of Christ apply to them and the punishment of the Pharisees hangs over them. Their house shall finally be left to them desolate.

But you, brethren, let us beseech you with St. Paul, to know them who labor among you, and are over you in the Lord Jesus Christ, that you esteem them more abundantly in charity for their work's sake. Love and respect them chiefly upon account of their character and labor, as being the instrumental cause of our spiritual life; for by them we are made Christians and received into the Church; by them we are delivered from our sins, and reinstated into the grace and favor of Almighty God; by them we receive His blessings and are nourished and fed, not only with the spiritual food of God's word, but also with the heavenly food of Christ's most precious body and blood in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist; and by them we offer to God the dreadful sacrifice; in fine, by them the sacraments are administered and the heavens are opened. We ought, therefore, to hold them in reverence "as the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." (St. Paul).

And brethren, I speak not this for their honor, but for your advantage; to the end that you may never be so unfortunate as to fall under the heavy displeasure of God, by your disobedience and irreverent behavior to His ministers, and that you may obtain his blessing, like obedient and dutiful children whom He will at the last day reward with the fruition of his glory in the Kingdom of Heaven. Amen.

The musical programme was under the direction of Mr. J. J. Shea, one of the leading young Irish Catholic musicians of Montreal, Miss Byrne presided at the organ with her usual ability.

Advertisement for SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE, featuring a small image of a bottle and text describing its benefits.

A Reminiscence of an Ordination.

(By Miss M. L. Hart.)



MISS M. L. HART,

Toronto correspondent of the True Witness.

As I write it flashes upon me that this the 21st Dec., and with the date comes a scene of the same day eight years ago. The picture began in the dim darkness of the early December day; as I entered the Cathedral of St. James at Montreal, its walls of gold and white were yet hidden in the shadows of the still lingering night; a light or two near the altar, a verger opening the doors were the only signs of brightness and life. Presently the shadows began to disperse, the dome was lightened though the aisles were still in shade and then in the distance was heard the faint but ever-increasing sound of the music of a chant, and out from the shadows came a long procession of ecclesiastics, cassocked and surpliced, the last rows wearing the stole over one shoulder only and carrying on their arms the chasuble in which later they would be vested; on into the side chapels moved the youthful procession, the chant now rising into full and glorious melody.

The most solemn note of the picture was at the ordination of the candidates for the priesthood, seventeen in number, were the youthful Levites and as they formed a crescent and with one simultaneous movement prostrated themselves before the High Altar, the very air seemed heavy with the solemnity of the sacrifice, the sacrifice of each young heart, and of each pure and enthusiastic soul offering itself to the service of God's Altar. The Litany was intoned, the prayers were said, the grand ceremony continued, and another solemn moment approached; from stalls and chapels, from behind the altar and from the dim recesses of the sanctuary came priests and abbots, regulars and seculars, some were brown-garbed and bearded other white-cassocked and cowed, and some again wore the black-robe and crucifix of the missionary; all in turn advanced and laid their hands on the head of the newly-ordained, then left them raised until a perfect forest of hands testified to the coming of the Holy Ghost and the imparting of the sacerdotal graces to the newly ordained.

All this was eight years ago, eight years of change; death has claimed some of that white-robed group, the larger number, however remain, and to them must come the memory of that happy day, serving as a vivifying fire to re-lighten even embers that may have been quenched by tears of sadness or smothered by the cares and turmoils that enter so largely into the daily life of the priest.

KILLANG TIME.

People who make it a business to kill time are allowing time to kill them.

C.M.B.A. NOTES.

Remember the big progressive eucharic party and social of Branch No. 232, Grand Council of Canada, which will be held in the Windsor Hall, Friday, January the 22nd, 1904. Secure your tickets without delay, as they are limited to 200, and may be had from members of the committee.

THE TEN

(From Catholic T

The Right Rev. D. Bishop of Liverpool the Liverpool Diocese which was read in diocese on Sunday referred to the death of Vaughan and His B and the elevation of Father to the Chair says: There is one ticular that has be minds of men, espec side the Church, an titude the Holy Fat with respect to the Temporal Power. T amongst them who world to believe th question is dead, w the Pope should giv call the dream of and yield to accomp they are resentful if loyal address to the pathise with the He in the intolerable po deprived of his domi

Hence they have little incident that to their opinion the Holy Father will ab to the Temporal Pow will at least come to usurpers of the P and, as happens in o also in this, the vie tics find sympathetic certain section of Ca beginning to claim to to have what they ca on the question o Power. It is well, d brethren and child should be warned in in so important a que listen, not to the op but to the voice of th in the first place, ther to be no little confu even amongst Cathol ter, so that it is nec real point at issue sh understood. It is n whether, admitting th Holy See to the Te and even to the whol Papal States, it mig or prudent for the Hol out relinquishing his tolerate for the time privation or curtain rights. There are a c of matters in which the Church and those of clash. There are o they do not naturally which the State may s fully interfere with the Church.

Such, for instance, at the Church to educate to foster vocations to tical or the religious s less worldly goods. W by one title her just Church may at times dent, as the lesser o tolerate the invasion o Through the malice o men, rather than to ex ther from the warfare ers of Evil, the Church to consent to enter the one hand tied. As to injustice is to be tole sacrificing rights and p best be settled by the Church, who, from his you, has the knowled grace to be able to de most conduces to the e sets of souls. Again, t not so much whether the Italian usurpation half a century, the rig forfeited by which Pontiff as Trustee of the Church, has held for e patrimony of St. Peter, has been voiced by the Copate addressing Pope 1862, when they said: dare to attack a Sovere cent, founded on so gre ity, and under the stres a necessity? What othe be compared to it, it simply the human righ the security of princes o peoples rest? What venerated and so sacre archy or republic of pa centuries can boast of r ust, so ancient, and s Hence, Holy Father, you and struggling, certain but also for right and f

presence of Ordination.

M. L. Hart.)

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE HOLY SEE.

(From Catholic Times, Liverpool.)

The Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Lord Bishop of Liverpool, in his report of the Liverpool Diocesan Mission Fund, which was read in the churches of his diocese on Sunday last, after having referred to the death of Cardinal Vaughan and His Holiness Leo XIII, and the elevation of the present Holy Father to the Chair of St. Peter, says: There is one question in particular that has been agitating the minds of men, especially of those outside the Church, and that is, the attitude of the Holy Father will take up with respect to the question of the Temporal Power. There are many amongst them who would have the world to believe that the Roman question is dead, who declare that the Pope should give up what they call the dream of Temporal Power and yield to accomplished facts; and they are resentful if Catholics in their loyal address to the Holy See sympathise with the Head of the Church in the intolerable position of being deprived of his dominions.

Hence they have seized on every little incident that might give color to their opinion that the present Holy Father will abandon the claim to the Temporal Power, and that he will at least come to terms with the usurpers of the Papal dominions; and, as happens in other matters, so also in this, the views of non-Catholics find sympathetic echo amongst a certain section of Catholics, who are beginning to claim to be at liberty to have what they call an open mind on the question of the Temporal Power. It is well, dearly beloved brethren and children, that you should be warned in time, and that in so important a question you should listen, not to the opinions of men, but to the voice of the Church. But, in the first place, there would appear to be no little confusion of thought even amongst Catholics in this matter, so that it is necessary that the real point at issue should be clearly understood. It is not a question whether, admitting the right of the Holy See to the Temporal Power, and even to the whole of the old Papal States, it might be desirable or prudent for the Holy Father, without relinquishing his just claims, to tolerate for the time being the deprivation or curtailment of his rights. There are a certain number of matters in which the rights of the Church and those of the State may clash. There are others in which they do not naturally clash, but in which the State may at times wrongfully interfere with the rights of the Church.

Such, for instance, are the rights of the Church to educate her children, to foster vocations to the ecclesiastical or the religious state, to possess worldly goods. Without abating by one tittle her just claims, the Church may at times deem it prudent, as the lesser of two evils, to tolerate the invasion of her rights. Through the malice or perversity of men, rather than be excluded altogether from the warfare with the Powers of Evil, the Church has at times consented to enter the contest with one hand tied. As to when such an injustice is to be tolerated without sacrificing rights and principles, can best be settled by the Head of the Church, who, from his exalted position, has the knowledge and the grace to be able to determine what most conduces to the eternal interests of souls. Again, the question is not so much whether by reason of the Italian usurpation of less than half a century, the right has been forfeited by which the Sovereign Pontiff as Trustee of the Universal Church, has held for centuries the patrimony of St. Peter. That right has been voiced by the Catholic Episcopate addressing Pope Pius IX. in 1862, when they said: "Who should dare to attack a Sovereignty so ancient, founded on so great an authority, and under the stress of so great a necessity? What other power could be compared to it, if we consider simply the human rights upon which the security of princes or the liberty of peoples rest? What power is so venerable and so sacred? What monarchy or republic of past or recent centuries can boast of rights so august, so ancient, and so venerable? Hence, Holy Father, you are fighting and struggling, certainly for religion, but also for right and for justice."

The claim made for the necessity of the Temporal Power is not based on

much on natural right and justice, though this may best appeal to non-Catholics. But it is claimed, and this the children of the Church will understand and admit, as a deduction from one of the chief prerogatives which Christ, the Church's Divine Founder, bestowed on her and on her Head. It is the teaching of the Church that Christ Our Lord bestowed on the successor of St. Peter, full, supreme, and independent jurisdiction over the whole Church, and hence gave him the right to be free and unfettered by earthly powers in the exercise of his exalted duties. As Pius X. in his first encyclical, teaches us, "The Church ought to enjoy full and perfect freedom, as she was constituted by Christ, and ought not to be subjected to any external Sovereignty; and when we vindicate this liberty we are defending the most sacred rights of religion." But again, it should be clearly understood in what sense the Temporal Power is claimed to be necessary for the spiritual independence of the Sovereign Pontiff. There are some things that are necessary for the very existence of the Church. To fetter the exercise of her teaching office, to prevent the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or the administration of the sacraments, would be to dry up the very sources of truth and grace, whence the minds and hearts of the Faithful draw their supernatural life. Again, there are other things which, though not necessary for the existence and life of the Church, are necessary for its well-being, and without them the Church would be hampered in its efficiency, or shorn of its perfection. Such are the Roman Congregations for assisting the Sovereign Pontiff in teaching and ruling the Church; such are the religious orders for the practice of the Evangelical Counsels.

If the Temporal Power is asserted to be necessary to the Church it is not meant that it is necessary to it as are dogmas, sacraments, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the priesthood, or the Episcopate, which are necessary for its very existence; but it is meant that it is necessary for its well-being. But once again, it is not claimed that the Temporal Power is necessary, even in this limited sense, for any hypothetical or ideal condition of the Church and of society, but only for the Church in its present normal and fully developed condition, and for society as it actually exists, with those weaknesses and evil tendencies which in practice are almost inseparable from it. The Church must be regarded, not as she was in the early centuries of her history, a proscribed and persecuted society made up of a few scattered flocks, fleeing from the light of day and hiding in the catacombs. She must rather be considered in her normal state, when having emerged from obscurity, she became a publicly recognized body, developed her organization, and, in particular, the principles of the central authority of the Holy See, and gradually extended her sway over nation after nation. She has to exercise her exalted duty of guarding, explaining, and defending the deposit of revelation in all parts of the world.

She has her mission not only to peoples but to rulers and Governments, with whom it might be her duty to remonstrate if they are unfaithful to their office. She has delicate points of discipline to settle affecting Governments and peoples, in all of which she has to be free from temporal influences, and even from suspicion of bias, if her subjects have to give her that full confidence and whole-hearted obedience which Christ required to be given to the Church. Furthermore, we have to suppose a condition of society and of Governments such as it has generally been in the past. It is of no use conceiving an ideal condition of things—a State in which the Sovereign Pontiff might live without being a subject of its ruler, with his position so fenced in by supposed adequate guarantees, either by the Sovereign himself or by Christian nations, that the Pope would be free to fulfill the duties of his position. If the Pope's freedom had to be in practice real and effectual, the conditions required would be such that, taking nations and governments as we find them, they would not be carried out. Self-interest enters so much into the motives of actions of nations as of individuals,

that it would be futile not to expect that, sooner or later, it would enter into the treatment of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose vast moral influence extends, not over one, but over all nations.

If, then, the Temporal Power is claimed as an inalienable right of the Sovereign Pontiff, it is claimed as necessary, not for the very existence of the Church, but for that well-being and perfection which its Divine Founder wished it to have, and that, when the Church had attained its normal development, and in the condition of society as we know it, with those traditional ambitions and weaknesses from which it has seldom been free. But whence have we to learn what we are bound to hold with respect to the necessity of the Temporal Power? For Catholics there is only one source of light, and that is the authoritative teaching of the Church. That teaching is very clearly reflected in a decree of the Sacred Penitentiary, issued in January, 1886, at the command of Pope Leo XIII, when a jubilee was proclaimed for the Universal Church. Special powers were given in that decree to confessors to absolve from reserved sins, and amongst them, that of ecclesiastics who had signed addresses against the Temporal Power. These persons were allowed to be absolved provided they made the following retraction: "I admit and assert that he is guilty of error and rashness, who questions doctrines made known by the Church, and that a person cannot, without grave sin, refuse obedience and sincere submission to the authority of the Holy See, and for that reason I reverence and assent to all the declarations of the same Holy See, and especially to those which have reference to the Temporal Power of the Sovereign Pontiff, and which have been echoed by the Catholic Episcopate."

In these days when there is so much talk about claiming the liberty of keeping an open mind upon questions on which the Church has made known her teaching, it is important to notice in the above retraction the doctrinal basis upon which the obligation for Catholics rests, of accepting the teaching of the Holy See on this subject of the Temporal Power. As the late Holy Father in one of his encyclicals taught us, "in settling how far the limits of obedience extend, let no one imagine that the authority of the sacred pastors, and, above all, of the Roman Pontiff, need be obeyed only in so far as it is concerned with the dogmas, the obstinate denial of which entails the guilt of heresy. Again, it is not enough even to give a frank and firm assent to doctrines which are put forward in the ordinary and universal teaching of the Church as divinely revealed, although they have never been solemnly defined. Another point still must be reckoned among the duties of Christian men, and that is, they must be willing to be ruled and governed by the authority and direction of their Bishops, and, in the first place, of the Apostolic See." (Encyclical "Sapientiae Christianae.") As the joint Pastoral of the English Bishops on Liberal Catholicism lays down, besides the assent of Faith, there is a second kind of assent of the mind, that of religious obedience, which the Church may demand. "It is given to that teaching of the Church which does not fall under the head of revealed truth, nor even under the endorsement of her infallibility, but under the exercise of her ordinary authority to feed, teach, and govern the flock of Christ." Under this would come the teaching of the Catholic Episcopate, the decisions of Roman Congregations, or the Encyclicals of the Roman Pontiff. Were a person, then, to refuse assent to the declarations of the Holy See or of the Catholic Episcopate on the subject of the Temporal Power, he could not escape the imputation of a culpable temerity in setting up his own opinion against the teaching of the divinely appointed Teacher; or, as the Sacred Congregation expresses it, "he is guilty of error and rashness, who questions doctrines made known by the Church, and a person cannot without grave sin refuse obedience and sincere submission to the authority of the Holy See."

And what are the declarations of the Holy See with respect to the Temporal Power which the Catholic Episcopate has re-echoed? Amongst the errors which Pius IX. in the exercise of his Apostolic ministry condemned, and admonished the Catholics of the whole world to abhor and avoid as the contagion of a direful plague, is the error that "the abrogation of the Temporal Power possessed by the Apostolic See would very greatly conduce to the freedom and happiness of the Church." In an Encyclical addressed to the whole

world in 1859, the same Pontiff taught as follows: "We publicly declare that the Temporal Power is necessary to the Holy See, in order that it may exercise without hindrance its sacred power for the good of religion." And in the following year he addressed an Encyclical to the whole Church, in which, after he had called attention to the special Providence by which at the destruction of the Roman Empire, the Sovereign Pontiffs obtained possession of the Temporal Power, he goes on, "by this means, God most wisely arranged that amidst so great a multitude and variety of temporal princes, the Sovereign Pontiff should possess that political liberty which is so necessary in order that he may exercise, without hindrance, his spiritual authority and jurisdiction throughout the whole world." If now we turn to the declarations of the Catholic Episcopate who have echoed the teaching of the Sovereign Pontiff, we shall find them in an address presented by some 300 Bishops to Pius IX. in the year 1862. These are their words: "We recognize the civil principedom of the Holy See as something necessary, and manifestly instituted by the Providence of God, nor do we hesitate to declare that in the present state of human things, this civil principedom is altogether required for the good and free Government of the Church and of souls. It was assuredly necessary that the Roman Pontiffs should not be the subject, nay, not even the mere guest of any prince but that residing in a kingdom and dominion of his own, he should be his own master, and in a noble, tranquil, and venerable liberty, should defend the Faith, and rule and govern the Christian commonwealth. But to say any more on this subject hardly becomes us, when we have so often heard thee, not so much discoursing as teaching with regard to it. For thy voice as a sacerdotal trumpet resounding throughout the whole world, has proclaimed that by a decidedly singular counsel of Divine Providence, it happened that the Roman Pontiff, whom Christ had constituted the Head and Centre of His whole Church, acquired a civil principedom. By all of us, therefore, it is to be held as most certain that this temporal rule did not fortuitously accrue to the Holy See, but by a special disposition of God was assigned it, and during a long series of years confirmed and preserved to it with the unanimous consent of all kingdoms and empires, and almost by a miracle." With such declarations of the Sovereign Pontiffs and of the Catholic Episcopate before you, dearly beloved brethren and children, you will see that you would incur the stigma of culpable rashness were you to claim to be at liberty to have an open mind on this question. It will be for you rather to proclaim along with your spiritual rulers: "We do not hesitate to declare that in the present state of human things the Temporal Power is necessary for the good and free government of the Church and of souls."

CALIFORNIA "NAVEL" ORANGES

Table with 2 columns: Price per box and Quantity. Includes items like 96 to the box, 126 to the box, 150 to the box, 176 to the box. Prices range from \$4.25 to \$4.75 per box.

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Harry Webb's Plum Pudding, in linen bags, 2 lbs. each 25 cents per pound. Harry Webb's Plum Puddings, 3 lbs. each, 25 cents per pound. Harry Webb's Plum Puddings, 5 lbs. each, 25 cents per pound.

Christmas Mince Meat.

Oneida Community, in quart glass jars \$.60 Oneida Community, in half-gallon glass pails 1.00 Crosse & Blackwell's in 3-lb. stone jars 1.00 Crosse & Blackwell's in 1-lb. stone jars 1.25

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDINGS and PLUM PUDDING SAUCES.

Carefully packed and shipped to all parts of Canada. Here they are { The Best Plum Puddings made in France. The Best Plum Puddings made in England. The Best Plum Puddings made in America and The Best Plum Pudding Sauces made in America.

Table listing various plum pudding products and their prices. Includes items like English Plum Puddings, Franco-American Food Co., Jersey City, N.J., and Gordon & Dilworth, New York.

PLUM PUDDING SAUCES.

Table listing plum pudding sauces and their prices. Includes items like Franco-American Clear Punch Sauce and Gordon & Dilworth's Plum Pudding Sauce.

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Our "Best" Port, \$150 Wine, \$25.00 per doz. Our "Best" Sherry, \$150 Wine, \$25.00 per doz. SPECIAL "ALICANTE" WINE. A perfect Tonic Wine, recommended by the Medical faculty. 75 cents per bottle, \$7.50 per case of one dozen.

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THE OGILVY STORE. Open Every Night Until Christmas. Christmas at Hand! We have everything that you will need to purchase in these days left at our disposal.

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NG TIME. make it a business to following time to fall A. NOTES. the big progressive and social of Branch Council of Canada, held in the Windsor January the 22nd. tickets without delay, ted to 200, and may members of the commit-



BETHLEHEM ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

ONE CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

It was Christmas Day. We had met again in the dear old village home. Two of us had returned from college, and all five rejoiced that the old coterie of our youth had come together once more.

The custom of the old village had been observed by an attendance at three Masses, and a late breakfast, with the Christmas candles still burning on the table. We had much to talk over, and as we walked along the roadway toward the deer-park, we concluded we would turn off to the woodland and enjoy a stroll amid the oaks. A little while, and we got around to the old manor park wall. Nearby was the pond with the many deer in the distance, and close at hand were the myriad hazel nut trees.

There we sat chatting of the days when we sat together at the village school, of the old school-master whom every one loved, especially when he dozed asleep by half at the desk in the corner, or, even better, when he sent us on a mission for some truant play boy, or still more so when we were blessed by the order to bring the old horse "Fox" from the neighboring hill. We talked, moreover, of the village wit, "Pad" Egan, who knew everything, who had been to London and brought back that well known glass case watch, and who spoke plain English though he had wide knowledge, and was not, as he used laughingly to remark, "like some people he know who had such a twist in their style of speech you would have to get a velocipede to understand them, sir!"

So the day wore on with our stories and our daughter, and we turned homeward for the late dinner. As we struck the roadway again it was almost dark. Some two miles from the village we were suddenly affront of a small cart and donkey which, as we approached, we saw beside the driver, who was a very old man, the singular load of a coffin. He spoke to us that familiar salute, "God save you all," and one of the group answered. Then came from the old man, "Could you direct me to Springfield graveyard?" He was alone, forlorn and old, and he was performing the last sad duty to the faithful wife and companion of fifty

years or more whose body was within the coffin. With one impulse we retraced our steps, and Ned, one of the group, went for a lantern while Tom, another, went for a spade, shovel and pickaxe. We journeyed to the graveyard, and there in a corner near the ruins of the old monastery we in turn dug the grave.

Finally, as the work was done, we knelt down to say a prayer for the soul departed. Above and around us were the beeches and oaks and the light of a dim moon flickered from the star-studded heavens. As we recited the final Hail Mary, poor old Denis Mullane, his furrowed face in tears, bade a last good-bye to Mary, and prayed that she might soon come for him and take him up yonder. It was a pathetic scene, unusual, too; and yet not unusual in its broad lesson of charity. Here were five young men—boys, indeed—standing around the newly made grave, giving as tender a care to an old timer as their hearts could carry, and yet it was only putting into practice the lessons they heard and saw around them, for surely in Ireland are the dear laid away with tender caress and parted from in heartbreaking sorrows. How often will you see there as a token of respect the hat lifted as you pass by the graveyard and the lips move in prayer for those that are gone! Though no artistic stones mark the mound, remembrance of the lost one is as vivid, aye, more so, than where, amid palatial surroundings in other lands, the last resting places are.

We walked from this home of the dead beside the old man to the village, and there, in one of our houses, was he made comfortable, and subsequently accompanied a part of his long journey homewards by the same circle of grave-diggers. He had come nigh twenty miles in his rude conveyance in compliance with an old custom and the dying request of his wife that she might "lie near her own people." He had counted on getting to the village earlier, and thereby be able to find some old friend to aid him, since those people who lived near had not, nor could they well, come all the way with him. Besides, it was Christmas Day, when every one wished to be home,

but Denis Mullane knew no duty more sacred for such a time than the burial of his good wife. And was he not right? Many Christmas Day festivals have come to me since, but none that does not recall the evening of this story.

Of all the friends of that time, the youngest and the noblest, and for whom life seemed to hold the most on the morrow, lies asleep in the same churchyard. There, also, poor Willie sleeps awaiting the last call. There, moreover, sleeps another and my best friend—the mother of my troubles and my joys. Another of the circle sleeps beneath the turf of the north in the land of the Clan O'Donnell; and two live, one in London and one in far Australia; and to the@ must also come back the burial of lowly Mary Mullane.— P. J. O'Keefe, in the New World, Chicago.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

PAUL'S CHRISTMAS DAY.— Mabel A. Farnum is the author of the following touching story, which we take from the "Sunday Companion." It was the day before Christmas, and through the streets of the town people were hurrying to and fro, intent on their shopping, or gazing in to the resplendent shop windows, which abounded on every side.

The principal street was the most brilliantly lighted of all. Only one spot seemed dark and gloomy; the old, gray hospital, which stood over near the toy store.

At one of the windows, far up, could be seen the pale face of a young boy, as he rested his head upon his fragile hand, and looked wearily out over the gay throng beneath.

Opposite the hospital was a large store, whose windows were filled with everything that could delight the young heart at this season. Before this, with their faces flattened against the pane, stood a group of school children, chatting merrily.

would not be sufficient in the store to satisfy their desires.

"Oh! that is my doll," cried Jennie Lee, jumping at the thought of possessing an elegantly attired doll sitting in an Ellis, gazing at one of her class-mates, said:

"Why, Martha! you are not choosing anything at all; don't you care for any of the pretty things?"

The girl addressed was shading her eyes as if to see the things inside the window better, but in reality to conceal the tears that sprang to her eyes, and replied, after a moment's pause:

"May, if I tell you a secret, you won't tell?"

"Oh, no, Martha."

"Well, then, I am not going to have any presents this year."

"No presents? Why, Martha! what has happened? Surely your father can afford them?"

"Yes, he can afford them. But I have asked my folks to give me money, this year, instead of anything else, so that I can give a beautiful Bible to Paul Berkley, the crippled boy, who lives over in the big hospital, and sits in a chair all day. I heard Father Ryan tell my mother that he wanted a Bible so much, but he had no one to give it to him. So, you see, I am going to do it, so that he will not be disappointed."

"What a dear child you are, Martha! I wish I were half as good. I will keep your secret; but I must go now, so good-by, until I see you again."

May hurried off, and Martha entered the store.

"I want the nicest Bible you have," she said; "and it must be black, with a big gold cross on the cover."

The salesman selected a very nice one for her, and leaving nearly all her Christmas money on the counter, she took up the book and went out.

As she passed the hospital she waved her hand merrily to Paul, and as he raised his head to answer she almost thought she could see a great tear roll down his worn cheek.

"He shall be happy to-morrow," she said to herself, and tripped on.

Early next morning Martha arose, and started before breakfast for the hospital.

Sister Angela met her at the door, and raised the glowing cheek, saying: "Dear child, what are you out so early for?"

"He will be delighted, dear. He has been sitting in his window this last hour, waiting for Santa Claus, he says, but he was only joking. The poor child would not have had a thing if you had not come, for the wards are very full this year, and our expenses are very heavy. But go, child, you know the way."

"Oh, yes, Sister!" and Martha sprang up the stairs, and burst like a sunbeam into the children's ward.

Paul turned his beautiful face as she came in, and cried out:

"Oh! Martha, how good of you to come to see me."

"Dear Paul," replied the child, "see, I have got your Bible!"

"Oh! Martha, Our Lord did send it after all. I prayed so hard that I might only get it, and then I would be willing to die."

"Nonsense; you are going to get well now, you silly boy."

"Oh, no, Martha, never; but I have been thinking of something. Wouldn't it be lovely if I should die to-day; the very day Our Lord came to earth?"

"Why, Paul, you must not talk so. But I must go, or I shall be late for Mass; so good-by, until I see you again."

"Good-by, dear Martha. Thank you so much for my Bible. I shall be reading it while you are at Mass, and don't forget me, and pray that I may go home to heaven to-day, if it is God's will."

"I'll pray that you may get well, rather, you foolish boy. Here comes Sister Angela with your breakfast. Good-by!"

It was evening, and the flakes of snow were falling softly on the old hospital roof. From the church, far down the street, came solemn peals of Christmas music, and the city bells began to ring the evening hour.

Martha, sitting in her father's pew, was thinking of the Infant Jesus and the scene in the stable, when a messenger stole gently in, and whispered to her that Sister Angela had sent for her. Paul was dying.

"Paul dying? Oh, no," thought poor Martha, "that cannot be. God is too good. Oh, shall I ever get there?"

She hurried on past the shops and turned in at the hospital gate. Without stopping to ring she ran to Paul's room, and there she saw that it was true. On his white cot lay the boy, his beautiful face lit by a light not of this earth, and his worn hands clasped tightly around his Bi-

ble. As Martha entered he turned his eyes toward her, and said:

"Dear Martha, it is true, Our Lord has answered my prayer at last, and I am going to Him in heaven. Sister, give her my Bible when I am dead, and Martha, you will keep it for me, and whenever you see it you will think of me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," dear Paul. "But you must not leave us," sobbed the kneeling girl. "Sister, quick, he is dying!"

Sister Angela knelt by her side, and while Father Ryan, who had been sent for before, recited the prayers for the dying, they prayed for the fair young boy, so early called home.

Suddenly Paul opened his eyes, and turning to Martha, said:

"Good-by, Martha. My Blessed Mother has come for me, and I am going now."

He grasped his Bible closer and gently expired.

That night, as Martha sat alone in her room, reading Paul's Bible, she felt that she had never passed so happy a Christmas, because by her self-denial she had smoothed the crippled boy's path to the grave, and she realized, as never before, how true is the saying: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

"Papa," she said, softly and blushing, "young Mr. Simpson is in the dining-room and wishes to speak to you." Then she sank into an easy chair and her heart beat so fiercely that it made the gas fixtures rattle. Presently the father returned. "Oh, papa," she said, "did he—was he—what did he want?" "He wanted to borrow five pounds," said the disappointed old gentleman.

A NON-CATHOLIC VIEW.

Rev. Dr. George H. Gutterston, agent of the six Eastern States of the American Protestant Missionary Association, after his investigation into conditions in New England, says:

"Moral conditions in the rural districts of New England," he writes, "are far from encouraging. In some places they are unspeakable. The old New England stock in certain localities has degenerated in religion and morals, and, to some extent, in intellect and physique."

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WORDS OF WISDOM.
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a striking case in point.
from "The Universe," o-
"Catholic newspapers of
metropolis:—

The tenth annual Bohem-
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the Catholic Clubs of L-
held in the Masons' H-
Basinghall street, E.C., o-
evening, the Hon. Evera-
in the chair.

The programme was of
character, and was noted
the artistic contributions
Brookes and Miss Alice
which were greatly app-
the audience. There were

Catholic Doings In England.

CATHOLICS IN CIVIC LIFE. — The broad and patriotic views in regard to promoting unity of aim and marching along the highway of the public domain in so far as representation of our element is concerned was very well put in evidence at a recent banquet held in London, under the auspices of the Irish National Society, to Catholic and Irish Councillors who were recently elected.

The toast of "The Pope" was proposed by the Chairman, who said it would be superfluous to dilate at any length upon the excellent qualities of His Holiness. He had sprung from the people, and had already given evidence of following in the footsteps of his glorious predecessor.

The toast was cordially received, and in responding Father D. Cox said he was sure that the Holy Father would be pleased at the action of that society in honoring those who had taken part in the public life of the country by becoming Borough Councillors.

The toast of "Ireland a Nation" was given by the Chairman, who said there were two ideas which never yet escaped the mind of the Irish people, and which no amount of persecution had wiped out from the intellects and hearts of the Irish race — Ireland a nation, and Ireland a Catholic nation.

The toast was enthusiastically received, and before responding Mr. O'Hart read the following telegram from Cardinal Merry del Val:

Holy Father graciously accepts homage, and sends blessing to Catholic Councillors.

In responding to the toast, Mr. O'Hart appealed to Irishmen to work together for the good of their country and the realization of their national aspirations.

The Chairman then gave the toast of "Our Guests," and expressed the pleasure they felt at entertaining the Catholic Borough Councillors. With regard to the Education Act, he thought it was properly administered it would be a great advantage to the community, and he was sure the Councillors present would look after the interests of Catholic schools and see they were treated fairly.

Alderman Canon White, who was received with cheers, thanked the company for the cordial way in which the toast had been received, and mentioned that he went on the Hammersmith Council entirely over the education question. The rates would be increased next year. That was the dying act of the School Board; they would never have dared to have done that if they had not seen that Act was coming into force. He did not say Mr. Balfour was favoring Catholics, but in favoring universal education he was conferring favor on them as well. The Irish members supported the Education Act to a man, and English Catholics would ever be grateful to them for that. In conclusion the Canon urged Catholics to move heaven and earth at the next County Council election to return men who would be friendly to their cause.

Alderman Everett and Councillor McCarthy also suitably responded. Other toasts followed, and the evening closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

Other toasts followed, and the evening closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

WORDS OF WISDOM. — To those who read and keep in touch with the aims and aspirations of our co-religionists in other lands, there are many lessons which, if learned and applied to our own condition, would yield immense benefits to our people. There is need to-day for real unity in Catholic ranks, a unity which will not be bounded by parish lines, but that greater and more practical unity which will bring all Irish parishes into closer communications.

Here is a report of the proceedings of a recent meeting of the Federated Catholic Clubs of London, which is a striking case in point. We take it from "The Universe," one of the Catholic newspapers of the great metropolis:

The tenth annual Bohemian concert in connection with the Federation of the Catholic Clubs of London was held in the Masons' Hall Tavern, Basinghall street, E.C., on Saturday evening, the Hon. Everard Fielding in the chair.

The programme was of a varied character, and was noted chiefly for the artistic contributions of Miss Brookes and Miss Alice Vennings, which were greatly appreciated by the audience. There were nearly forty



ARRIVAL OF MARY AND JOSEPH AT BETHLEHEM.

ty items on the programme, each of them being vociferously cheered. During the interval the Hon. Chairman congratulated the clubs upon the progress which the Federation had made. More clubs had entered this year, and everything pointed to an era of prosperity. They were, he was sorry to say, somewhat at a disadvantage over the allocation of one of the prizes, because one of the clubs, through some regrettable misunderstanding, had refused to part with its trophy of war. He was sorry for this, because of the inconvenience it caused, but the Duke of Norfolk, with his ready sympathy, had come to the rescue, and promised to supply the missing trophy (cheers). He had also to thank Miss Lambert for her assistance in providing prizes. He would not stand longer between them and Father Alphonsus, whom they were all anxious to hear, and whom he thanked very much for his presence there that evening.

Father Alphonsus said: It is not merely a pleasure, it is an honor I greatly appreciate, to be called upon this evening to distribute the prizes to the successful competitors in the games of the federated clubs. My own club, of which I have the honor of being president, has come out of the ordeal well. But you have made us fight for our own particular prizes in such a manner as to make us recognize that the enemy has only withdrawn into winter quarters, and that with the resumption of operations we may expect a fierce onslaught, a possible capture, which we must meet with all the nerve and energy and resource of which we are capable.

Whatever happens, let the spoils of war go to the worthiest champion. If we rejoice in success we shall not be cast down by defeat. The value, however, of this movement, which has been so successfully inaugurated and is being now consolidated, does not in truth depend on the trophies which we win. They are but a symbol of that great energy which movements of this description will, I hope, bring into our Catholic life in the metropolis, and help us to realize the fact that we are a body in the Metropolis and not a phantom—a body which may make itself felt for the furthering of those ends which to us seem essential for the well-being of society. Every club is founded and perpetuates itself by confessing a particular idea, and the spontaneous evolution of the federated clubs is a confession of our desire to consolidate the Catholic life of the Metropolis.

Life in London presents the very highest advantages, and the gravest disadvantages. It can widen out our sympathies and ideas in a manner unapproachable by any other aggregation of human beings in the world. But the very vastness of the opportunity here offered may be its own defeat. Our want of appreciation may thrust us back into the most individual existence, and our lives may be more bounded and parochial than that which shapes the destinies of the obscurist villager in the remote Hebrides. Until movements such as the federated clubs dawned upon our horizon some years ago, few amongst us felt any participation in the wider Catholic life of the Metropolis. Every opportunity presents itself here in London of living a most bounded life. Split up into small churches—confined I may almost say in narrow sects—we may, if we will, develop a most parochial and sectarian spirit in the midst of the life of this vast city, which is indeed the University of Humanity.

The federated clubs have done more to check this tendency than any other movement with which I am acquainted, for though the Catholic League has done much to break down this spirit on the south side of the water, it has yet to capture you on this side before it can claim to have widened its borders sufficiently to embrace the whole Metropolis. To that day I look forward with hope; that day I confidently anticipate.

With organization a people is strong; without organization a people is weak. Organization is the witness of strength, it is a necessary medium for assisting the power of life.

Therefore, when I am asked what is the good of these Catholic clubs, and of this movement among the clubs for federation, I answer that it is of the highest possible utility to the social mission of the Church in this Metropolis. If we are to take the teaching of the Church out into society, it is necessary that we first of all be impressed with the fact that it is a Catholic teaching which we have to bear out into the highways and bye-ways, and to do this successfully we must have Catholic intercourse with our fellows. In our clubs we exchange ideas, we grasp hold of the common idea which animates us as Catholics.

Though we may differ on nine hundred and ninety-nine points, one point at least will forbid a difference, as we are children of the Church. That one point will determine our position and correct our attitude in the one thing where it is essential that the Church should be heard. Catholic clubs are indeed the night schools, the continuation classes of the Church. But our Catholic clubs serve another and very essential element for the consolidation of Catholic life, and that is the legitimate recreation of the people.

I could wish that in most parishes something were done for our young women similar to that already effected for our young men. Why should ladies not combine for furthering a common interest? Of this I am absolutely certain—they would gain by combination in every way. They need social relaxations as much and perhaps more than men. The fact is our clubs teach us how to recreate ourselves. Nothing is more heartrending than to see the inability of our masses to take their recreation rationally. Now that the Church has had to vacate her place and withdraw her festivals in order to give place to the Bank Holiday, it is little wonder that scenes are nightly rehearsed in this Metropolis on those days which would be a disgrace to the orgies of Dahomey or Ashantee. Is it for license of this description that Mr. G. Moore and his band of Celtic eclectics plead? Is this the prize of civilization they would offer to a people emancipated from the thralldom of the Church. The mental unhealthiness of the people, as indicated to us by the things which amuse them on a Bank Holiday, is depressing in the last degree. The clubs indicate a better way. They help to habituate the mind to high and holy pleasures, to manly and graceful recreations, in which alone man can find true nobility and strength of mind (cheers).

A FAMILY CONVERTED.
An American exchange says:—An entire family converted to the Catholic faith and received into the church on the same day is a remarkable occurrence. This is the record of Rev. Daniel J. Lowery and Rev. P. Joseph Casey of the Church of the Holy Rosary, St. Louis, Mo. The converts were the six members of the Flogg family, who reside at 4252 Lexington avenue, and they were all baptized and taken into the Holy Rosary Church on a recent Sunday morning. They are William L. Flogg, his wife and four children.

Total Abstinence Cause In Philadelphia

The meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union on Sunday afternoon was marked by the reception of the annual reports, which showed that much success has been achieved this year. The president, Rev. R. F. Hanagan, stated in his report that when it is considered what obstacles have to be met there is much reason for congratulation, and the future gives promise of unprecedented achievements. Some few societies show no progress. The fault may be a lack of zeal on the part of the officers, therefore care should be shown in selecting these for next year. It is important, he said, that members should attend every meeting, and the speaker suggested annual prizes for those who were present throughout the year and more valuable ones for those having a continuously clear record for five years, as also prizes for those securing new members. The wonderful zeal shown by members of organizations of a purely social or beneficial character should be more than paralleled by total abstainers, who are engaged in a movement which draws men nearer to God and preserves them from sin and its greatest occasion.

Father Hanagan spoke of the interest displayed by Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Prendergast, as also by a number of the spiritual directors of societies, and hoped that each member would endeavor to secure one other during the year. Special efforts to secure those between the ages of 16 and 21.

The treasurer, John A. Smith, reported a balance of about eight hundred dollars.

The corresponding secretary, Philip A. Nolan, gave the following statistics: 161 societies with a membership of 16,948, a gain of 1,033. The combined treasuries amounted to \$66,627. The recording secretary, William J. Power, reported the monthly and average attendance at Union meetings. The emigration agent's report for the month showed attendance on the arrival of four steamships. The financial secretary, Miss Harriet A. Stonelake, collected \$1,714 per capita tax for Archdiocesan and National Unions.

The organization committee, through Miss F. Sophia Ferris, second vice-president, gave an outline of its work in establishing and visiting societies and furnished a list of parishes in the archdiocese in which regular total abstinence societies exist, as also where all four branches are not yet organized. It was announced that men's and women's societies would be started at St. Gabriel's on Sunday evening, December 20 and at St. Teresa's at a date yet to be fixed by the rector.

Under the head of reports of societies, the election of new members was announced by the following: Assumption men's, 9; girls', 10; ladies', 4; St. Thomas Aquinas' cadets, 7; girls', 22; St. Malachy's men's, 5; St. Peter's, Reading, 4; St. Francis Xavier's cadets, 6; men's, 20; St. Charles', Kellyville, men's, 4 on transfer; St. Bridget's cadets', 12; Epiphany cadets', 15; girls', 10; ladies', 5; St. Ann's girls', 5; St. Paul's men's, 4; cadets', 2; St. James' men's, 26; ladies', 3; St. John the Baptist's ladies', 10; St. Augustine's, Bridgeport men's, 2; cadets', 3.

St. Francis Xavier's cadets have addressed a circular letter to the mothers of the boys of the parish. St. Bridget's cadets were formally presented with the Union banner on Thursday of last week by Father Hanagan. The acceptance was by Rev. William J. McCallen. Between five and six hundred members of the juvenile societies were present. A cadet society of 108 members has been organized at the Ascension, but has not as yet affiliated with the Union. The Epiphany cadets expressed a hope of getting the banner next year, as they have now the spiritual director that St. Bridget's had last year.

St. Mary's men's will have a smoker on the first Tuesday of January at their hall, 230 South Third street. The delegates were invited to attend. St. Edward's societies will hold a rally on Sunday evening, at which Rev. Joseph L. J. Kirilin, of St. Patrick's, will speak. St. Gregory's boys and girls have formed societies which may soon be in the Union. St. Vincent de Paul's

Germanstown, have adopted a social recess at their meetings.

There were several amusing incidents during the meeting. A delegate from St. Ann's who is possessed of an original wit and philosophy which have manifested themselves on previous occasions complained that lack of interest in his society's meetings was due to speech-making and that several remedies had been proposed. One was to have the speech delivered to a committee of one in an anteroom and then to appoint the speaker on the committee; another was to have the sergeant-at-arms scrutinize each member as he came in, and "if any one looked as if he would be guilty of making a speech, to keep him out." He did not know how it would work, but he believed that the same old speakers would continue to make the same old speeches.

A delegate from St. Anthony's men's intimated that the women's society of that parish was not as large and as progressive as it should be, when a lady delegate interrupted him and said that it was because there was a man at the head of it. The gentleman from St. Anthony's stated that the men's society numbered 86 members, whereupon a second lady delegate said that they must be a lot of crusty old bachelors or the women's society would be at least as large, as any man who is half a man should be able to influence at least one woman.

A new delegate asked if boys could be elected delegates from cadet societies, whereupon the reverend president announced that a number were present. Another delegate stated that two of the boys from one society had voted on opposite sides of a question, and instead of bringing their difference into the Union, had sensibly agreed to "fight it out on the road home."

Steps were taken to have arrangements made for the New Year's Day reception to the Archbishop.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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"The Home and Headquarters of Santa Claus,"

On our third floor. An hour of happy sight-seeing can be spent amidst its many marvels with the children that will prove the richest treat of the holiday season. No such aggregation of Toy Novelties as its stock embraces has hitherto been seen in Montreal. To amuse, to instruct, to bewilder. Toys are here in varied form by the thousand, at a range of prices to accommodate all purses.

Thousands of Novelties for Christmas giving in Silver, Ebony, Bronze, Brass, Enamel, Leather, Celluloid, etc., etc. Everything new and beautiful in Christmas Cards, Booklets, Art Calendars, etc. Useful Christmas presents in Ladies' Cloaks, Costumes, Blouses, Gloves, Neckwear, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Furs, Dress Goods, Silk, Blouse, Flannels in pretty boxes Linens, etc.

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Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM gives for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 SLEURY St., Montreal.

A Christian Brothers' Boy's Success in Montreal,



MR. PATRICK DUBEE.

We offer our heartfelt and sincere congratulations to our esteemed young fellow-citizen, Mr. Patrick W. Dubee, of the Montreal Street Railway, on his recent promotion to the important and responsible position of secretary of the Company.

The young business men of our Metropolis have reason to feel proud of Mr. Dubee, who has the distinguished honor of being probably the youngest railroad official on the continent.

Mr. Dubee was born in Montreal in 1876, and is now in his twenty-eight year. Educated at St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School, Cote street, where so many of our young business men figure prominently in the commercial life of this city to-day laid the foundation of a sound practical knowledge of business affairs, which has fitted them to occupy with credit to themselves, and their teachers any position within the gift of our leading companies and most important commercial institutions.

Mr. Dubee has won his spurs through his own ability and unswerving loyalty to the interests of his company, the executive recognition of this fact in a most tangible manner by appointing Mr. Dubee when the opportunity presented itself to one of its most important positions.

FRANCISCAN NOTES

On next Sunday afternoon, the 27th inst., an important ceremony will take place at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street, when 26 members of the Third Order of St. Francis (English section) will make their profession in the Order. The public are admitted to the service after the sermon. At 3.30 the doors will be open for visitors. Immediately after the solemn Benediction will be given, and the following programme will be rendered by the choir:-

- 1. "Cor Jesu," choir.
2. "Ave Maria," solo by Mr. Lamoureux, the blind tenor of Nazareth.
3. "Angels we have heard on High," Soloists, W. McPherson and J. Underdown.
4. "Te Deum," choir.
5. "Adeste Fideles," soloists, Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., Messrs. Underdown and Tynan.
6. "Holy Night," Solo by Rev. Father Christopher.
7. "Tantum Ergo," choir.
8. "Laudate Dominum," choir.
9. "O Paradise," choir.

Prof. Fowler will preside at the organ, and an orchestra will assist.

Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., will preach the sermon, and Rev. Father Ambrose, O.F.M., will preside at the profession, and solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

City and District Savings Bank Distribution.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank has just distributed \$9,350 among the following charitable societies, being in interest on the Poor Fund:

Table listing charitable societies and their respective amounts: Soeurs Grises \$813, L'Asile St. Joseph 240, La Salle de l'Asile St. Joseph 98, L'Asile des Aveugles 240, La Salle de l'Asile Nazareth 98, Soeurs de la Providence 576, La Salle de l'Asile, Visitation street 162.

Table listing various institutions and their amounts: L'Asile des Sourdes Muettes 289, L'Asile du Sacre-Coeur, Fullum street 98, Soeurs de la Misericorde 400, Soeurs du Bon Pasteur 480, Orpheline Catholiques, St. Catherine street 196, Asile des Sourds-Muets, Coteau St. Louis 196, Hospice St. Vincent de Paul 98, Notre Dame Hospital 480, Hotel Dieu 300, Hospice Auclair 51, Hospital for Incurables 400, Patronage St. Vincent de Paul 400, Union Nationale Francaise 65, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum 575, St. Bridget's House of Refuge for aged and infirm destitute persons 280, St. Bridget's House of Refuge for night refuge for destitute poor 820, The Little Sisters of the Poor 200, Montreal General Hospital 480, Protestant House of Industry and Refuge 380, Montreal Dispensary 155, Ladies' Benevolent Society 150, Protestant Orphan Asylum 80, Protestant Infants' Home 200, Protestant Industrial Rooms 100, University Lying-in Hospital 100, Hervey Institute 100, Protestant Church Home 50, Mackay Institute for Protestant Deaf Mutes 75, Woman's Hospital 50, Samaritan Free Hospital for Women 50, Western Hospital 150, Hebrew Benevolent Society 100, Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society 50, Hebrew Ladies' Aid Society 25, Total \$9,350.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

TIDE OF EMIGRATION. — One of the most serious problems in our time in connection with the dear old land, and there have been many during the past century, is how to stem the tide of emigration. One of our exchanges, the "Irish Weekly," of Belfast, in a recent issue thus refers to the subject:—

"A Royal proclamation appoints Tuesday, February 2, as the day on which Parliament will reassemble for the dispatch of business. It is said that the coming session will be in a considerable degree an Irish session, and that the laborers' question will, beyond doubt, be a topic in the King's Speech, and that the University question may not be forgotten in that document, as Ministers see critical times ahead and are most anxious to rally to their help the Irish Nationalist members, but for whose votes they would have been in peril of their existence on various occasions during the last two sessions.

Unhappily the legislation which has been passed this year in the interests of the farmers, and the prospects of legislation in the interests of the laborers, has failed to stem the wide and deep and swift tide of emigration from these shores. For fifty years the tide has been flowing steadily, incessantly in one direction. Last year 40,000 arrived in the United States from Ireland. This year the estimate of Irish emigrants is 50,000. There is no sign of the stoppage of this emigration of persons who leave Ireland when they are beginning to be useful to the country and themselves. This constitutes the most terrible factor in Irish life to-day.

If the emigration continued at the present appalling rate in time no Irish problem will be left for solution, and no Irish nation remain to cultivate the soil. "There appears to be greater interest in this country even than in Ireland," said Rev. Father Finlay, S.J., to an audience at Carnegie Hall, New York, this week, "and unless industries are promoted in Ireland the race must leave it. If Irishmen cannot obtain the ordinary comforts of life at home it is certain that they must go elsewhere. Statistics show that half the island's population has come to the States, but that which has done so much for this country has drained the strength of our people. They leave Ireland when they have reached a position where they can aid in the work of building up the country, but we have not been able until lately to ask them with fairness to remain where they would be half fed and half clothed when America is only six days distant.

Our main difficulty has been that we have had to deal with an agricultural people, the country at large having no industries to speak of, such industries having been killed off by the laws forced upon us by England." Can this emigration be stopped? Father Finlay, one of the first economists in Europe, is hopeful that

It can, and that the evil is not yet beyond remedy. The remedy must be mainly furnished by the people themselves, and the spread and development of technical education during the past few years shows how keen and apt the people are to keep pace with the other countries of Europe, and to take advantage of the new opportunities for improvement and advancement. Notwithstanding the energy and hopefulness abroad through the land, emigration continues at an appalling rate, with grievous and well nigh irreparable loss to the country.

THE LAND ACT.—Touching this subject the same authority says:— It is regrettable that the attitude of the landlords of Ireland in regard to the purchase proposals of the tenants is still in most cases characterized by unreasoning exorbitance. Here in Ulster, where there has been as strong a desire on the part of the tenants as anywhere else to take advantage of the Act, their offers, when not declined point blank, have been met with a demand for impossible terms, which amounted to the same thing.

A few days ago some of these figures asked for were quoted at a meeting of the Executive Council of the Ulster Farmers' and Laborers' Union, to which we then referred, and monthly returns of the negotiations for purchase were promised by that body. No doubt when the second batch of these are available they will prove interesting reading.

In other provinces the situation is equally gloomy. The prices asked in many instances would mean an increase in "the present income" of the landlords, which they hold was contemplated for them by the Act in pursuance of the compact entered into at the Land Conference. But even they were satisfied with what is their own interpretation of the meaning of "present income" it is obviously fallacious. Because it was made perfectly clear from the report of the Land Conference that the income to be secured to the landlord was not his "present income" but his net income from second term rents. Under the old Purchase Acts much more favorable terms were offered by the landlords than they are willing to concede now.

It is a satisfaction to the tenants to know, however, that where the sellers are not willing to entertain reasonable offers the machinery of the Land Courts can be again put in motion for the purpose of having second term rents fixed as before. They would in such cases have the advantage of having their exceptionally bad harvest and depreciation in prices of produce taken into reckoning. In the landlord philosophy the value of land has this year appreciated in direct proportion as the crops have failed and the prices fallen.

In such a season as this it is quite usual for the big landowners in England to make substantial reductions in the rents of their holdings. But the Irish landlords, it has been seen, have a different method of reasoning. There is not the least doubt, however, but they will ere long come in to a different frame of mind. They are not likely to throw away lightly the opportunity which the State has offered them of making a remunerative ready-money bargain, and they are not such fools after all as to imagine that the opportunity will be so favorable even in a year or two. Their present attitude is undoubtedly one of bluff, and the tenants have nothing to lose but everything to gain by patience and circumspection. They can crack their fingers at threats and conditions if they are not what is reasonable.

THE THEORIST.

As a man grows in experience his theories of conduct become fewer.

A WARNING.—One of the holdest and at the same time meanest robberies which has ever taken place in Nashua, N.H., occurred last week, when a thief gained admittance to St. Joseph's orphanage on South Main street, and obtained about \$200 in money. Shortly after noon a man called at the orphanage and informed the sister superior he was a plumber, and had been sent there by the Rev. J. B. H. V. Milette. As Father Milette is the priest in charge of the orphanage, the fellow was permitted to enter, and was given the freedom of the buildings. He was at the orphanage some time, and after he had departed the Sister Superior on going to her room found that \$200 was missing. The police were notified, and a description of the "plumber" given, but they refuse to disclose any facts about the fellow's appearance. The news of the robbery has caused intense indignation among Catholics of the city.

RAILROADS.

GRAND TRUNK CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

Round trip tickets will be issued at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE— Going Dec. 24 and 25. Return limit Dec. 28, 1903. Also going Dec. 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904. Return limit Jan. 4, 1904. FIRST CLASS EARE & ONE-THIRD Going Dec. 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904. Return limit Jan. 5, 1904.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 87 St. James Street. Telephones Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAY EXCURSION

At One Way First-Class Fare Dec. 24th and 25th, 1903, good to return until Dec. 28th, 1903, and on Dec. 31st, 1903, and Jan. 1st, 1904, good to return until Jan. 4th, 1904. One Way First-Class Fare and One-Third Dec. 23, 24 and 25, and Dec. 30, 31st, 1903 and Jan. 1st, 1904, good to return until Jan. 5, 1904. Special Fares to points in Maritime Provinces. City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 199 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was quite evident to any reflecting mind, during the past couple of years, that the trend of Government administration and legislation in France, was towards the absolute effacement of all Catholic instruction, and of the Catholic Church in that country—if such could be accomplished. We need not go over the history of the movements, nor of the different stages in that programme of demolition. The Law of Associations could have had no other ultimate aim. It could have no other logical conclusion. It could not be turned or twisted to mean anything else. Of course, the time has gone past when the civilization of the world would tolerate the erection of the guillotine and the beheading of archbishops, bishops and priests, for supposed and trumped-up political offences. Another, and a more modern method had to be adopted.

M. Combes, when he succeeded to Waldeck-Rousseau, as Premier of France, in June, 1902, announced that he would compel enforcement of that Law, and he went to work at once to make good his word. Having won his point in a bitter fight in the Chamber, on July 4, he served on seventy-six schools in Paris and over two thousand in the provinces, a circular to the effect that all unauthorized institutions "would be closed by the police unless closed by July 23. He now comes out with the last blow, and strikes at both authorized and unauthorized schools. The following authentic despatch from Paris, under date of December 18, that is a week ago last yesterday, gives a fair statement of the situation and of the action taken by this monster of anti-Catholic brutality:—

"Premier Combes has communicated to the Council of Ministers the text of a bill forbidding all teaching by the religious orders, even those now actually authorized, which will be presented in the Chamber of Deputies to-day, Friday.

"The purpose of the measure is to abrogate the existing legislation permitting teaching by the authorized religious orders.

"The bill provides for the dissolution, accompanied by the sequestration of property of such congregations as exist solely for the purposes of teaching and for the partial sequestration of the property of those congregations which in addition to teaching also conduct hospitals for the indigent.

Five years are allowed for the complete carrying out of the proposed law, the adoption of which will entail the closing of 1,299 schools for boys, 2,195 school buildings where girls are taught, and all the schools conducted by the Christian Brothers.

The bill also provides for the enlargement of the Public schools con-

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FOR LADIES.

Ladies' 2 dome Reindeer Gloves, fur lined, pique sewn points, in tan only; sizes 6 to 8. Per pair...\$1.35 Ladies' 2 dome Gloves, wool lined, fur tops, pique sewn points, in tan and black; sizes, 6 to 8. Per pair...85c to \$1.00 Ladies' 2 dome Reindeer Gloves, wool lined, fur tops, pique sewn points, in tan and black; sizes, 6 to 8. Per pair...\$2.45 and \$3.95

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Gloves purchased from the best makers, and each price secures the limit of value. 2 stud tan Mocha Gloves, wool lining. Per pair...80c 1 stud gray Mocha Gloves, wool lined, leather bound wrist. Per pair...\$1.15 1 stud Mocha Gloves, fur lined throughout. Per pair...\$2.85

THINGS MEN WILL HAVE TO BUY Unless Gift Makers anticipate their needs.

Men's Fancy Stripe or Check Cashmere Mufflers, in a wide range of colors...18c to 61c Men's Best Quality Silk Mufflers, in the latest English design and colorings...78c to \$1.00 Men's Black Brocaded Silk Quilted Mufflers, linings in assorted colors...\$1.35 Winter Weight Natural Wool Underwear, shirt made with French neck and double breasted. Sizes, 34 to 48. Price depending upon the size, from \$1.20 per garment to...\$1.55

Heavy Scotch Underwear, double breasted shirt. Sizes 34 to 46. Price, according to size, from 59c to...76c Better quality Heavy Knit Underwear, double breasted shirts, drawers, well shaped and finished. Sizes, 34 to 46. Price, according to size, from 94c per garment to \$1.30 Men's and Youths' Fancy English Tweed Overcoats, Raglanette style side pockets, fly front, Italian cloth lining, strapped back...\$15.00

Are Ladies' Coats On Your Gift List?

Then these reductions—averaging 33 per cent.—off new style Coats, will probably engage your attention. Misses' Heavy Brown Box Beaver Cloth Coats, double shoulder capes, with fancy braiding and satin piping, new sleeve and square back. Regular \$12.50. Reduced to...\$8.34 Ladies' Extra Quality French Gray Box Beaver Cloth Coats, double shoulder capes with self applique, kimono collar, new sleeves with cloth applique, new French back, with lined with satin. Regular \$21.00. Reduced to...\$14.00

Decidedly Swell Clothing for Men.

Men's and Youths' All-Wool Worsted Fl.ish Tweed Suits, small neat pattern in brown and dark gray, made in sacque style, best trimmings used and workmanship of the highest character. \$9.25, \$9.50 and \$11.50. Men's and Youths' Fancy English Tweed Overcoats, Raglanette style side pockets, fly front, Italian cloth lining, strapped back...\$15.00

FURS FOR GIFTS.

Children's Fine Natural Dark Raccoon Muffs...\$2.85 Ladies' Fine Japanese Sable Ruffs, trimmed with 2 heads and 4 large tails...\$12.80 Ladies' White Tibet Ruffs and Muffs Per set...\$14.50

Slippers—A Gift That Will Please Him

Men's Black Dongola Kid Opera Slippers. Sizes 6 to 11. Per pair, \$1.40 Men's Tan Dongola Romeo Slippers, Sizes, 6 to 11. Per pair...\$1.95 Men's Black Kid Romeo Slippers. Size, 6 to 11. Per pair...\$1.75

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We have them in Designs, Grades and Colorings. Linoleums, Oil Cloths, Cork Carpeting, Outside Matting, etc, in an endless variety. Rugs, Art Squares, Curtains, Draperies, Table Covers, Fancy Quilts, Quilts, Comforters, etc.

An Immense Assortment to Choose From.

We have just received a shipment of Fancy Furniture suitable for Children's Gifts, including Miniature Couches, Morris Chairs, Jewelled Lanterns, etc. Our range of Brass and Enamelled Bedsteads must be seen to be appreciated; also Springs, Mattresses, Pillows, etc. Any of the above articles would make a most useful Holiday Gift, and would create a lasting impression on account of their stability of wearing qualities.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY FILLED.

THOMAS LIGGET, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

Advertisement for Ronayne Bros. featuring 'The Warmest Footwear' and 'OUR MEN'S FELT, CONGRESS AND LACED BOOTS' for \$2 per pair. Includes address: 2027 Notre Dame St. Chamblin Square.

ducted by the state. It is estimated that the complete operation of the Premier's plan will cost the state \$5,000,000. Are the people of France going to stand this? The question is very pertinent. Not only the Catholics, but all the fair-minded citizens of the Republic are interested. They have their pockets touched to the extent of \$5,000,000, for unnecessary and vexatious legislation, tyranny and unjustifiable execution of Draconian laws, and they have no remedy at their command, save that of the votes that they can give when comes the time to exercise their franchise. What are they going to do under the circumstances? There is not the shadow of a palliation for such oppressive measures. In fact, the wrong is so crying that no sane person can fail to appreciate it at its full value. Just imagine that vast number of schools closed, that immense number of pupils deprived of education, that great number of devoted teachers cast out of their homes and deprived of their livelihood, imagine all this, for the mere purpose of gratifying the whims, the prejudices, and the fanatical hatred of a handful of politicians who do not represent the twentieth part of the French people. And if it could be said that all this were done for the sake of economy, there might yet be found some to believe in its necessity. But when it will cost the country, the tax-payers of France, five millions of dollars, in the very first year, to please and satisfy the legislating wolves that are hungry to devour the rock, the things becomes incomprehensible, absurd, abominable. And yet France tolerates all this! Surely there will be spirit enough in the Catholic element, and in every other fair and unprejudiced section of the French electorate, to rise up and aid at the polls to politically efface this Nero and bury for all time his tyrannic system.

Friend

The following able reply of Rev. William... visor of Catholic ch... lyn diocese, to cert... upon the administr... Orphan Asylum... York, is well worth... as the present day... crank may at any... the doors of our... this country, and... who are associated... agement of such nob... make themselves fa... methods of a class... trample upon custo... for which they cher... a feeling of hatred.

Father White writ... lyn "Eagle" says:—

In your issue of 9, there is a remark "Orphan Asylums; ies." It is a paper C. Seitz, at a me... Souls' Church Unit... League, in the Sou... Chapel on Tuesday... brands the charitat... the care of depend... York as pauper fact... less and hopeless h... bred; declares the... Church is responsib... ence and pleads fo... of the Michigan or... tem, which she cla... child to normal life... sive.

Mrs. Seitz's pa... false logic, misstat... clusions drawn fro... adequate premises... in your columns to... readers some facts... tems of caring for... in operation in this...

Mrs. Seitz says... quate statistics sho... accomplished by c... tions in caring for... ted to them. How... arrive to the conc... are "pauper factor... "sole business of t... chant Litanies and... statistics she gives... institution children... matory and the nu... inmates who were o... this class are miske... Charities Aid Assoc... ber, 1902, publishe... investigation made... as regards the cond... dred children place... homes by superint... sers of the poor d... five years.

Twenty-four of t... not be found, and... only thirty-five wer... homes in which the... placed. The Rev. ... Buffalo, N.Y., at t... ence of charities hel... Buffalo, declared th... young girls who ve... stitutions by overs... and placed in free l... days as inmates of... tution. The plac... therefore, and not... would have to bear... this awful conditi...

Mrs. Seitz advoc... placing out system... the industrial syst... but she forgets that... Michigan. The met... dependent children... ities. Illinois and... tural States, hav... problems to encou... the sea coast. Ge... intendent of the... New York York, ... York State confere... speaking on this... "This is really a N... Rochester, Buffal... easily take care of... But we are the dur... destitution of the... ilies are brought h... load, not because t... but because they ar... italists who wish... cheap labor to des... and, and the city... obliged to house t... Charles Loring B... the Children's Aid... port dated Novem... this experience of... ing to place out c... York State: "We a... ly homes in the... every part of the...

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Friend of Catholic Orphans In the Breach.

The following able and vigorous reply of Rev. William J. White, supervisor of Catholic charities for Brooklyn diocese, to certain attacks made upon the administration of Catholic Orphan Asylums in Greater New York, is well worthy of careful study as the present day intolerant secular crank may at any moment knock at the doors of our establishments in this country, and it is well for those who are associated with the management of such noble institutions to make themselves familiar with the methods of a class who desire to trample upon customs of a religion for which they cherish nothing but a feeling of hatred.

Father White writing to the Brooklyn "Eagle" says:—

In your issue of Wednesday, Dec. 9, there is a remarkable article on "Orphan Asylums; Pauper Factories." It is a paper read by Mrs. Don C. Seitz, at a meeting of the All Souls' Church Universalist Women's League, in the South Tenth street Chapel on Tuesday, in which she brands the charitable institutions for the care of dependent children in New York as pauper factories, where helpless and hopeless human beings are bred; declares that the Catholic Church is responsible for their existence and pleads for the substitution of the Michigan or placing-out system, which, she claims, restores the child to normal life and is less expensive.

Mrs. Seitz's paper is so full of false logic, misstatements and conclusions drawn from faulty and inadequate premises that I ask space in your columns to place before your readers some facts about the systems of caring for dependent children in operation in this and other States.

Mrs. Seitz says "there are no adequate statistics showing the results" accomplished by charitable institutions in caring for children committed to them. How, then, does she arrive at the conclusion that they are "pauper factories," where the "sole business of the inmates is to chant Litanies and hear Mass?" The statistics she gives of the number of institution children in Elmira Reformatory and the number of almshouse inmates who were once children of this class are misleading. The State Charities Aid Association in November, 1902, published a report of an investigation made in three counties, as regards the condition of one hundred children placed in free family homes by superintendents or overseers of the poor during a period of five years.

Twenty-four of the children could not be found, and of the remainder only thirty-five were found in the homes in which they were originally placed. The Rev. Nelson Baker, of Buffalo, N.Y., at the State conference of charities held last month in Buffalo, declared that many of the young girls who were taken from institutions by overseers of the poor and placed in free homes ended their days as inmates of houses of prostitution. The placing out system, therefore, and not the institutions, would have to bear the blame for this awful condition.

Mrs. Seitz advocates the Michigan placing out system as preferable to the industrial system of New York, but she forgets that New York is not Michigan. The methods of caring for dependent children differ with localities. Illinois and Michigan, agricultural States, have not the same problems to encounter as States on the sea coast. George Blair, superintendent of the Outdoor Poor of New York State conference of charities, speaking on this question, said:—"This is really a New York question. Rochester, Buffalo, Michigan can easily take care of children in homes. But we are the dumping ground of destitution of the entire world. Families are brought here by the shipload, not because they want to come, but because they are brought by capitalists who wish to use them for cheap labor to destroy American labor, and the city of New York is obliged to house them." Charles Loring Brace, secretary of the Children's Aid Society, in a report dated November 1, 1893, gives this experience of his society in trying to place out children in New York State: "We advertised for family homes in the local papers in every part of the State, and have

placed two competent agents in the field; the result so far leads us to believe that sufficient family homes are not to be obtained in our well populated States, as out of the large number of applications only about twenty approved homes have been found.

Now if the Children's Aid Society is unable, after industrious canvassing, to find more than twenty homes for dependent children, how much more difficult the problem becomes when the homes sought for are Catholic and Jewish homes. Mrs. Seitz believes that it does not make much difference what is the religion of the foster parents, but all thinking men and women will consider it a crime to take advantage of the death of a child's natural protectors to rob him of what they consider his most precious heritage, namely, his religion.

John W. Keller, president of the Department of Public Charities under the Van Wyck administration, in an address at Albany in November, 1900, said: "First and foremost, in finding a home for a child we must regard the religious belief of the parents of the child. The best Protestant home would not be a good home for a Jew child and the best Jewish home would not be a good home for a Catholic child." Would Mrs. Seitz advocate so strongly the emptying of the institutions if the conditions were reversed and Protestant children were sent to Catholic homes to be brought up "Mass hearing litany chanting Romanists?" We think not.

If it be objected that if homes cannot be found in New York State, let dependent children be placed outside the State, then we come upon a condition of affairs that Mrs. Seitz is either ignorant of or does not wish to touch upon. In the report of the State Board of Charities, 1897, we read: "Many of the institutions, societies and organizations as well as individuals concerned in placing out children in this State have transferred them from this State to some of the distant Western States, where they have been placed in homes in agricultural districts. While many of these children have been fortunately placed, investigation reveals the fact that with a large number too little system has been followed." The implication of this statement contains a hint of grave dangers to the children who have thus been placed. The Western States have seen this and have compelled placing out agencies to give bonds that the children will not become a public charge. This legislation would not have been enacted if there was not grave reason to suppose that children sent to free homes from the East had become public charges. It is unfortunate that there is no public inspection or supervision of the homes to which dependent children are sent, either in the State or out of it.

Mrs. Seitz says "that system which soonest restores a child to the normal home life is bound to be the most effective." No one will question this statement. But when she further says: "This, the Michigan placing out system does; its result is the grafting of the child into new family life." I most decidedly disagree with her, and for the following reasons: Of the 17,236 children committed to institutions in New York State in 1898, 7,658 were committed for destitution, and 8,008 were received for miscellaneous causes. Seventy-five per cent. of these children were either half orphans, or had a brother or sister, or other relative to the second degree, who at the time of commitment was unable to care for them, but who sooner or later would be able to relieve the State of the support of these children. Now, I ask, is it not doing a great wrong to a child of this class to take him from an institution where his mother, or brother, or sister, may call from time to time to see him, and send him to a home in Texas or in Ohio, or Indiana? Must we not respect the ties of nature? If a poor woman has lost her husband and is reluctantly compelled to break up her home and see her children supported at public expense, is it right to send her little ones hundreds of miles away from her, where they will form new ties and new friendships, and forget the best friend they have on earth? Is this the kind of grafting Mrs. Seitz proposes?

A case of this kind came under my observation lately. An Italian boy of 14, one of a numerous progeny, was surrendered by his father to a placing out society, under the impression that the boy would be cared for in an institution until such time as home conditions permitted his return. The father was ignorant of the fact that the document he signed gave the boy to the society until he was twenty-one, but he was soon disillusioned. The boy was sent to Texas and every effort made by the father to have him restored has failed. It may be argued that character formation and the development of individuality are more easily attained on a Texas farm than in a crowded tenement under the Brooklyn Bridge, but what about the sorrowing mother of that young lad? If he does come back to her the chances are he will be ashamed of her. The gentle Phillips Brooks never surely meant that helping a child, in this way, helped humanity. It is trampling on the most sacred ties of humanity. It is a grafting whose results are most disastrous to the individual and to the society that permits it.

If we want to see the placing out system in operation and see whether it does all that is expected of it, we must go to England, where it flourishes on a large scale. Here are extracts made from a report by a woman inspector who is a friend of the placing out system. In one district she visited, containing 400 children, her reports speak of "much cruelty and neglect of these defenseless children." She finds a child of eight, "dirty and neglected, her back, shoulders and the upper part of her arms were covered with severe bruises," the result of beatings by the foster mother, of whom the local visitors reported, "We have known her for years, a most excellent and trustworthy woman," says the report. In another district she found a boy and girl boarded out in a house with two small bedrooms. In this house she found three men, three women and three other children living when she visited the place. In another place, a foster child, a girl, after being removed, "charged her foster father with the most shocking immorality." A boy, aged eight, was boarded out with a consumptive widow "and slept in the same bed with his foster mother." In another case she found a child with scarcely any clothes and stunted in growth. "An no wonder, for she had to get up at 5 in the morning to do the housework of the family and was kept until 10 at night at work."

That New York is not a stranger to these abuses is shown by a paper read by the Rev. Nelson Baker, at the fourth State conference, in Buffalo, last month. He declared that many of the young girls sent to foster homes finally end their lives in houses of prostitution. In the city of New York last year it was found that six dependent children, for whom the city was paying \$12 a week board to the foster mother, were sleeping in one room.

It will surprise Mrs. Seitz to know that the institutions of New York State, in spite of the fact that they are "waxing fat on the public funds" from the board of these children, are placing out children in family homes, accompanied by a rigorous inspection to avoid the evils I have just quoted, and are placing more children than all other placing-out agencies combined.

From the State Board of Charities report for 1899, we learn that 2,260 children were placed in foster homes in one year, and that of these 1,394 were placed by the institutions themselves. The New York Foundling Asylum (Catholic) has placed in one year 288 children in permanent homes; the Catholic Protector, 191; St. Joseph's Home, Peekskill, 67. The Catholic Home Bureau, through whom the children from Brooklyn Catholic institutions are placed, has in the four years of its existence, found homes for 810 children.

I think that if Mrs. Seitz will verify these figures, she will hesitate before praising so unstintedly the "grafting" process she recommends.

But there are other assertions in her paper that demand more serious attention. Here are some gems of thought that I find enshrined in a setting of false logic, loose statement and half truths. Our orphan asylums, and especially the Catholic ones, are "pauper factories, breeding helpless and hopeless human beings." "The chanting of a litany does not induce thought nor the saying of a Mass inculcate moral progress." "The sectarian idea is at the bottom of their ruin. The fear that their souls may be weaned from the church leads to the neglect of their faculties."

I wonder if Mrs. Seitz, when she penned those lines, remembered that it is written, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," for she certainly has written them as if she never put foot in a Catholic institution. She objects to the religious training the little ones receive, for in no way can I explain her "chanting of a litany" and "saying of Mass;" yet, without this training, these children would be sent out into the world like so many ships, without a rudder or compass. Religion is the vital element in character. Man is born to act. The chief inspiration to right action is found in faith and hope and love, and not in knowledge.

"The hard and valuable part of education," says Locke, "is virtue, and virtue rests on religion. If there is no God, the moral law is meaningless." This is why our orphan children are taught to love God and their neighbor, too, and not to bear false witness against them. Such teaching, however, is not had at the expense of the development of their other faculties, as Mrs. Seitz seems to imagine. They receive a good common school education and, in addition, if they remain long enough, are taught a trade of some kind. Mrs. Seitz advocates sending them to the public schools. I wonder if Mr. Maxwell or the taxpayers of New York city will listen with complacency to such a proposition. There are already 80,000 children, in the greater city in half time schools, and the superintendent of the Board of Education confesses that this crowded condition is likely to continue. The public schools that they do not learn in the orphan school, which is under the supervision of the State Board of Charities and the Board of Education? In the Convent of Mercy, on Willowbury avenue, girls of ten years of age read music at eight. Can public school children of the same age do this? The older girls in the industrial home are taught shirt-making and buttonhole making, at which, when they leave the home they can easily earn six or seven dollars a week. If a girl shows aptitude she is taught embroidery to play the piano; all who have a voice are taught to sing. Why are they not trained to domestic service. Some of them are, but the great majority of them prefer to work in a store or factory. In this they do not differ from the average American girl, who is prejudiced against "living out." It is not the fault of the institution if more of its charges do not become servants. It is rather the ridiculous notions about domestic service that are universal.

What the Convent of Mercy is doing for its charges the other Catholic institutions are doing for theirs. Failures there are, at times. What system will not have them? But to call these institutions "pauper factories, breeding helpless and hopeless human beings," is to make a statement that has no warrant in fact, for which no statistics are shown and for which an apology ought to be made. Mrs. Seitz complains that no adequate statistics are kept of the children who leave institutions. It has been shown that 75 per cent. of the children who enter charitable institutions are returned to their parents or relatives in the course of time, and these children are absorbed into the community, find positions through relatives and friends, and are lost sight of as institution children. Why should we keep statistics of this class any more than we should keep statistics of the public schools? The remaining 25 per cent. are placed out, else the institutions would now be filled with adults, and these children are not lost sight of. They are encouraged to visit their teachers, or to write, if they are at a distance. The children that are placed out by the Catholic home bureau are visited twice a year and changed, when necessary, or returned to the institution.

It is not true that children are admitted to institutions who ought not to be there. This was done in the past through a faulty system of commitment, but to-day only after a most rigid investigation will the Department of Public Charities of the Children's Court receive a child as a charge on the municipality.

Mrs. Seitz has undertaken to write on a subject of which she is evidently very ignorant. Her ignorance has led her to make statements that are false, and that do a great injustice to the gentlemen who have consecrated their lives to the services of dependent children. In justice to them and their institutions she should rewrite her paper, in the light of the facts I have presented, eliminate her intemperance language and she will find that we Catholics are willing to co-operate in any system that will make our dependent children useful members of society.

BRYAN IN IRELAND.

At the luncheon given to the Hon. William J. Bryan, in Dublin, Ire., on November 29, by the Lord Mayor, John Redmond, M.P., and other leading Nationalists, his fellow-guests, the distinguished American said, among other things:

It is natural that we in the United States should be well informed of what is going on in Ireland, because we have a great many Irishmen there. In fact, it is hard to find one whose people have lived in the States for several generations who has not more or less Irish blood in his veins. My name, as you recognize, is an Irish name. If I were compelled to state exactly how much Irish blood I have in me, I am afraid it would be difficult to calculate it, because, while the name is an Irish name, it is so long ago since the original Briens came to America that I have not been able to locate either the persons, the time, or the place from where they came (laughter). But when they come from a good place, it is not necessary to know (laughter). Like all Americans, however, I am somewhat mixed in my race, and various strains of blood contend in me, not for the mastery, but in rivalry. I am glad, at any rate, to come back to this island from where the name comes. I have been accused of dropping the "O." But that is not true, because I can point to the fact that Brian was the original name (laughter), and unless some O'Brien in Dublin can trace his descent back beyond Brian Boru, he cannot accuse me of dropping the "O" (laughter).

It would not be hard to get a good, enthusiastic Democratic crowd in the United States with a larger representation of the O's and Macs than I find in this room. It may be that the United States is the really Irish country after all (laughter). Our country is so large and has received such large contributions from the various nations of Europe that you can go into any of our great cities and find more people there of different nationalities than you could find of their own particular nationality in any city of the home country. I venture to say that we have more Irish in New York than you have in Dublin. We have more Poles in Chicago than in any city in Poland. It shows what a gathering we have of races and what a composite people we are.

I believe that our greatness is going to be due largely to the composite character of our people. We have the best blood of all the races, and we are going for a development and civilization that will be in advance of any that the Old World has known. And that new civilization will be all the more useful because those who come to us are linked by ties of blood to those across the sea, and they will communicate to their own peoples what they may learn in the science of government and the art of administration.

It seems to me, therefore, that while we are gathering from the world we are also in a position to contribute to the world. It has been a benefit to me to cross the ocean and to mingle with the people of the Old World. I have wanted to come for many years, but I have been kept so busy for the last few years that I have not had the chance. I know you have much here that has been developed in the longer period of your national life that we can learn by. I am not vain enough to believe that we are going to bestow everything and receive nothing.

In discussing the silver question in 1896 I found that one of the most useful pamphlets we had to present for the consideration of our readers was a pamphlet that emanated from this city, and it was in that way I became acquainted with the name and learned to respect and revere Archbishop Walsh (loud applause).

I remember that that pamphlet grew out of the facts of the existing situation. As I recall it, His Grace was called on to testify in regard to the fall of rental, and took up the position that with falling prices no rent that was just to-day would be just a few years hence, because while the amount of the rent was fixed in dollars, pounds or shillings, the ability of the tenant to pay, while prices were decreasing, decreased also. Therefore, with a principle of justice there was associated the moral element, and through all this pamphlet I have referred to runs the moral tone.

Take any of those questions that have been dealt with by statesmen whose names we have learned to know—take the questions on which they have struck blows that have resounded through the world—and it will be found their fame is due to the fact that they have been plead-

ing for what they believe to be just. The response that has come to them is the response that comes from those who entertain the same views, and who also are seeking for justice. So that justice is, after all, the thing on which we must build, and my friends, justice is not a national virtue. It is not a truth confined to any land.

Justice is the universal foundation of government (applause). And just in proportion as a government is built on justice, is it strong, and in proportion as it rests on injustice, is it weak. Wendell Phillips once said something like this—"You can build your Capital until it reaches the skies but if it rests on injustice, the pulse of a woman will beat it down." It is gratifying to those who strive for what they believe to be right and who desire to know the right if they are in the wrong—it is consoling to them to know that there is omnipotence in justice. It is consoling to know that if they are fighting for what is right, it will ultimately prevail, and that upon no other foundation can man fight boldly and continuously. Take away from man the belief in the triumph of that which is just, and what courage has he to go into battle?

There is no reason why two families in our land should come into conflict. They can have their separate family affairs and interests and yet have no reason for clash. Nations also have no reason why they should clash. I am glad that my life is cast upon a time when there is less of hostility between nations than there was in former years.

We sometimes say how much better it would be if we could have lived a few centuries ago. I have read history, and if I had my choice of all the ages there recorded I would rather live in this age than in any other, because we have the advantage of the light that has come from those who have gone before us. We have advantages that I believe were never opened up before in this generation. I do not mean to say that any who are agitating and talking and laboring at this time will do a work as great as that accomplished by the great Irish agitator as we know him—O'Connell—(loud applause). But while no two kinds of grievances are just the same, and while two great factors cannot easily be compared, I believe that to-day furnishes the largest opportunity for energy and labor for any one who really desires to be helpful to his fellow-men that in any age was ever known.

I am glad to-day that, through the courtesy of the Lord Mayor, I am permitted to meet the distinguished representatives of the greatest city of Ireland—to meet and shake hands with the men whose achievements have been such as to make their names known across the Atlantic (applause). I need not tell you that over there we know not only His Grace the Archbishop (cheers) and your Lord Mayor, not only Mr. Dillon, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Davitt (renewed cheers), and those other men working with them, but we know—and we are glad to know it—the progress which the common people of Ireland have made (loud cheers); and, after all, the progress of the nation is not to be measured by the fame of its great men. It is to be measured by the happiness and progress of the great masses of the people.

A Glimpse of Ireland.

In his speech in Roscommon, Mr. Redmond thus referred to the scene through which he had passed:

"As I drove through the plains of Roscommon to-day to this meeting I could not help thinking what a desolate scene it was; it seemed to me as if the whole country had been devastated by a hostile army, or had been subjected to one of those great convulsions of nature which in other lands have come from time to time to destroy the habitations of the people, and to drive away, to destroy the people themselves.

"I am here in the centre of a district where there are 30,000 or 40,000 acres of the best land in Ireland practically without any habitation. I believe that in the richest part of this land there are only about eight human habitations to the square mile, and as the land decreases in value the habitations increase until at the edge of the 80,000 or 40,000 acres in the bog and on the mountains, where the land is valueless, the people are huddled together under conditions which destroy the possibility of decent living and of comfort or happiness of any kind."

The Topics of Magazines.

"THE NEXT REVIVAL."—A few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. John Watson (Jan Maclaren, ex-moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of England, delivered an address on the subject of "The Next Revival." In it he said, in brief, that nobody can look upon society in our day without being depressed and alarmed. A general unsettlement of belief and institutions prevails, and things can only be righted by another great "revival." Christ is calling His Church to the help of the common people, and Dr. Watson suggests a remedy for the social evils existing in the following words:

"It is right to preach life everlasting and to exalt the life of the soul above meat and raiment, but it is also right to strive and pray that life here in the cottages of the country and the crowded streets of the city may be brighter, cleaner, healthier, and gladder. With Christianity has at a great cost given a home to the humblest of the people, she will find a welcome home in the people's heart."

It is our humble opinion that the "general unsettlement of belief," which Dr. Watson deplures, is the logical result of the so-called religious "revival" set going by the infamous Martin Luther, the no less infamous Henry VIII., and the heartless apostle of the Presbyterianism of Scotland, John Knox. And now the people, surrounded by a multiplicity of beliefs and whole armies of preachers contradicting one another, know not what to believe, and are fast drifting into the hopeless fields of irreligion, agnosticism and infidelity.

The remedy for this widespread religious evil is obviously a "revival," having for its aim unity in the faith of Jesus Christ—unity of faith and unity of Church; but Dr. Watson seems to think differently. He at least suggests that the mission of Christianity is to give a home to the humblest of the people, and that this is to be the aim of Christianity in the "next revival." It is a noble aim to seek to ameliorate the condition of the impoverished masses, and so minimize the misery of humanity. To accomplish this perfectly has been the problem of the ages—but a problem never yet satisfactorily solved.

There were poor in Christ's days, when He commissioned the Apostles to go preach the Gospel to all nations, as witness Lazarus; and there were rich in those days, as witness the rich man in the Gospel; and rich and poor had his reward, as Christ Himself told for a sublime lesson unto men.

On the other hand, amongst the masses either indifferent in religious faith or with no faith at all, the material cry, "What has religion done for us?" is intelligible and significant. But while the duty of the Church imposes the obligation to look not only to the spiritual, but to the entire welfare of humanity, by at least preaching the duty of man to fellow-man, as also the duty of man to his Maker, it is primarily the duty of the State to so legislate and govern that the material conditions of the people as a whole may be such as to ensure health, comfort and a robust family life.—The *Champion Educator*.

OLD MOTHER CHURCH.—In the current number of "The Missionary," Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., well known in Montreal, contributes an article entitled "A Review of Catholic Growth and Progress; from the Planting of the Cross in America to the Dawn of the Twentieth Century." We take the following extract from the article:—

While the nineteenth century has been all the world over one of great triumph for the "Old Mother Church" of Christendom, as may be seen by contrasting the peaceful close of that century with the dying agonies of the eighteenth century, typified by the groans and writhings of the French Revolution; still the young giant of the west—the Church in the United States—has distanced them all. The young American Church has gone forth by leaps and bounds, "leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills," until from Maine to California there is scarcely a town which has not felt the genial glow of her presence, or a city that has not been the better for having her within its gates. It is in the great cities where her choicest work is done. Where the grind of daily life is a contention against poverty, vice and degradation, some angelic visitor from the other world must come to comfort and console. America has had one great purpose—the eager grasping for wealth; and in the attainment of this purpose, as the

huge throng rushes on, many are crushed; still others are cast by the wayside, and others still are brought into a life for whom existence is but a damning fate. So everywhere we look we see the pinched face of want, and everywhere we turn there is stretched out to us the withered hand of misery.

Thinking men say that there are tremendous problems for us to solve if we would preserve ourselves a great nation, and not the least of these are the problems created by the grasping avarice for wealth. The Catholic Church has been, and is today, pre-eminently the Church of the common, plain people of the land. In the teeming cities it has placed its strongholds, and its coercing, restraining, uplifting and spiritualizing power among the masses of our population is a tremendous civilizing force. Every Catholic pulpit in the land is a battery belching forth hot shot against anarchy, insubordination and lawlessness. Every Catholic Church is a most powerful agency inculcating reverence for authority, obedience to law and the sacredness of the rights of property.

No one who has seen the manner in which Catholicism has identified itself with the cause of struggling and suffering humanity can doubt that it has been ever will be the saving factor in our American life. The Catholic priesthood has understood that its duty lay not exclusively within the sanctuary, but out among the people, in the highways and byways, down in the dark mines as well as by the hot forge, in the dusty lane, as well as up the creaky stairs of the unwholesome tenement, in order to lift up the fallen, to wipe away the tears of sorrow, and to seek out individuals and to urge on the masses of men to higher and better things.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for December is a most interesting number. Besides the strikingly interesting story which we publish in another column in this issue, it contains a well-written sketch of our own Catholic Sailors' Club, which is made particularly attractive by the fascinating and appropriate pencil work of the artist. The Christmas contributions with their wealth of pictorial drawings so appealing in their outlines are a marked feature. Rev. Father Fox, O.M.I., also gives another instalment of his interesting reminiscences.

THE MESSENGER, of New York, is a well conducted magazine. In its December number the leading contribution is from the pen of Rev. T. A. Finley, S.J., and is entitled "The Struggle for Life in Industrial Ireland." From Father Finley's able presentation of the question we take the following extracts:—

"This was the gospel of self-help which was now preached to Irish farmers. Its chief apostle was Horace Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett, one might think was ill-equipped for his mission. He was a landlord by caste, a Unionist in politics, and a Protestant in religion; and his work, in its inception, lay among the tenant farmers of southern Ireland—Nationalists and Catholics, almost to a man. But Mr. Plunkett was possessed by a consuming devotion to his economic ideals, and he would doubtless have been able to overcome, single-handed, the prejudices against his class and his party which those he desired to serve had good reason for entertaining.

At an early stage of his propaganda he was, however, joined by other believers in the gospel of co-operation—the present writer among the number—who, without having his mental gifts or his material resources, had the saving merit of being Nationalists and Catholics. Henceforth his task became easier and the prospect of ultimate success more assured. This help notwithstanding, it took a year of weary effort to induce a body of farmers to establish the first co-operative society in Ireland. At last, after fifty meetings held in school houses, in private houses, or on the road side, a small group of farmers in County Limerick consented to give the methods of industrial combination a trial.

The first application of co-operation was made to the dairy industry—the most important branch of the farmer's business in the southwestern counties. A society was formed, a creamery built, the best available machinery set up, and the services of a skilled manager secured. The results surprised the most sanguine of the innovators. Hitherto

the butter of the farmer had been manufactured by his wife or daughter, with much expenditure of his own or his son's labor in the "churning" process; it took from three to four gallons of milk to make a pound of butter; and the pound of butter thus made sold for sevenpence or eightpence. Under the new conditions the labor of the farmer and his family was limited to sending his milk to the creamery; there the steam-driven machines made a pound of butter from two-and-a-half gallons of milk; and this pound of butter sold for elevenpence or a shilling. But there was something more and something better than the saving of labor and the money gain.

The farmer had now to watch the processes of a highly technical manufacture, to examine accounts, to follow from day to day the price lists of the English markets, to study the cost and the conditions of transport by sea and land. The rural creamery became a school as well as a factory. Its owners began to widen their view of the actual world, to make a larger acquaintance with nature and with life, to develop the qualities which mark the man of business as distinguished from the mere peasant. The promoters of the new movement regarded this as among peasant. The promoters of the new work; they had looked for it, and it had come.

The success of the first creamery facilitated the establishment of others. An object lesson is more effective than the exposition of a theory. The successful creamery owned and managed by a body of farmers furnished the object lesson. When it had been at work for a year and its benefits had been demonstrated to the observant critics who watched its operations closely, it became possible to establish sixteen new societies. Soon the co-operative creamery became a familiar feature of the Limerick and Tipperary villages, and the panting of a steam-engine and the whirr of revolving machinery lost their novelty for the inhabitants.

When the movement spread northwards to the borders of Ulster the fierce antipathies which divided Orangemen from Catholics had to be dealt with and appeased. The question of union, even for business purposes, had to be approached cautiously. I recall, as I write, the incidents which attended the foundation of the first society in which the representatives of the hostile parties were invited to join in cordial effort for the common good.

The meeting to discuss the project of establishing a society was convened by a Protestant Home Ruler; his religion, it was thought, would command him to one section of his neighbors, his politics to the other. At the hour fixed for the opening of the meeting, Mr. Plunkett and myself found ourselves confronted with a crowd of at least a thousand stalwart men, whom an allusion to the Battle of the Boyne would have stirred to instant conflict. Behind us stood two bands of musicians, the one in full orange regalia, the other in uniforms lavishly bedizened with green. The discretion of the speaker could be relied on, but the prudence of the musicians could not be taken for granted. A lady who was interested in the success of the meeting undertook to subject the programmes of both bands to careful censorship. The tunes which had been selected, were, on the whole, innocuous; but to make assurance doubly sure, and at the same time to exact from both sides a sacrifice to the spirit of conciliation, she struck "God Save the Queen" out of one programme, and "God Save Ireland" out of the other. As a result of the meeting a co-operative Dairy Society was established.

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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

STARTING OUT IN BUSINESS.

NEATNESS AND BREVITY.—Many a boy has failed to obtain a good situation by answering an advertisement with a sprawling, slipshod letter; and many a man owes his success to a concise application for a position. I have seen business men, in looking over a large number of applications for a situation, set aside a single letter because of its neatness, compactness, and brevity of statement. The practical eye of the employer saw in that letter that its author was a young man of executive promise although he had never seen him, while a long-drawn-out letter, covering pages of self-laudation, did not attract him. He knew that the boy would correspond with his letter, and the letter of a few lines, which said a great deal, made a strong and favorable impression.

When boys and young men ask my opinion about their ability to succeed in business, I try to find out whether they have this power of directness, of coming to the point clearly, squarely, and forcibly without indirection, without parleying, without useless words. If they lack this quality, apparently there is little chance of their succeeding in a large way, for this is characteristic of men of affairs who achieve great things. The indirect man is always working to disadvantage. He labors hard, but never gets anywhere. It is the direct man who strikes sledgehammer blows, the man who can penetrate the very marrow of a subject at every stroke, and get the meat out of a proposition, who does things.

PUNCTUALITY.—There is no more desirable business qualification than punctuality, and no other so indispensable to a man of affairs, or to any one who would save his own time and that of others. Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him, but as they did not arrive at the moment appointed, he began to eat without them. They came in just as he was rising from the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "dinner is now over, and we will immediately proceed to business."

We may ruin ourselves by dilatoriness in keeping appointments, but we have no right to waste the time of others who, perhaps at great inconvenience, have kept to the letter their engagements to meet us at certain times. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Horace Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his five dollars?"

The habit of promptness, like all other habits, is due very largely to environment and early training. It is the boy who says "Wait a while," when his mother wants anything done, who puts off his school work until the last minute, who delays an errand until he has finished his play, and who never does anything without being told, that comes in just a little too late for the opportunities in life that were waiting to be grasped and made the most of by those who had prepared themselves for them.

A person who is punctual to the minute with everything he does practically doubles his time. Napoleon said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. "Every moment lost," he used to say, "gives an opportunity for misfortune." Promptness begets confidence. The reputation of being always on time is a very enviable one, and the youth who has attained it possesses, as a rule, the qualities that mark forceful men.

FALSE ENTHUSIASM.—Young people are often subject to acute attacks of enthusiasm. They are completely swept off their feet by new ideas, and think that they will accomplish wonders with them. For days they think and dream of nothing else. It may be the making of a cart or some toy, the taking up of a special study, a plan to improve the home or the farm, or to work out some pet theory, or determination to engage in some particular kind of work. But in most cases the enthusiasm cools, the zeal evaporates, the fire dies out, and nothing is left but embers and ashes.

I have known more than one youth to be so fired by listening to some great orator at the bar that he then and there made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. He would tend all his energy to the study of law for perhaps a few weeks. At the end of that time he would throw his law

books down in disgust and decide that the writings of Coke and Blackstone are dry picking for a boy who delights in action. His enthusiasm for the law had received a death-blow. His mind was ready for some other diversion. He saw a successful physician hurrying about in his carriage, and thought that medicine is the ideal profession, so he decided at once to become a doctor. But a very short experience with the dry homes of anatomy was sufficient to dampen his ardor, and he quickly followed some other will-o'-the-wisp which danced before his fanciful imagination.

Young people who are completely unbalanced by new ideas, and who do not stop to consider whether they are feasible or practicable, rarely have the persistence to follow one to a conclusion. Victims of transitory enthusiasm, they change about from pillar to post until youth and opportunity lie behind them. They work as clerks for a while, teach school a term or two, work in factories, half-year this trade or that, waste a year, perhaps, in the study of medicine, another in that of law, or a few months in attempting to master the foundation principles of architecture, or in studying some art or science that strikes their fancy for the moment, and, almost before they realize it, they are no longer eligible for success. Their lives are made up of fragments which do not belong together, and which no ingenuity could make into a complete pattern.

If erratic people of this kind would stick to even the humblest thing they attempt, they would accomplish something; their lives would make some sort of finished pattern, however homely, instead of a mass of disconnected fragments. Nothing can be made out of fragments of different kinds. A beautiful mosaic is made up of tiny bits, but they are of the same kind.

If all the knowledge and unbalanced enthusiasm which so many young men and women waste in trying scores of things could be put into one worthy endeavor; if every day's work were made to help out that of the previous day; if every bit of experience were made to count upon the one great object of their lives, their power of achievement, their possibilities of increased usefulness and of weaving a beautiful life-pattern would be increased a thousandfold.

THE INVENTOR'S WORK.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- CANADA.**
- Nos. 82,631—Ernest Renaud, Montreal, Que. Railway signal system.
 - 84,254—James Dickie, Cumberland, N.S. Harness pad.
 - 84,255—George Kerr, Winnipeg, Man. Rail joint.
 - 84,400—Chas. C. Swanson, Wetaskiwin, Alta. Self propelling sleigh.

- UNITED STATES.**
- Nos. 745,420—James Ed. Currie, jr., Montreal, Que. Patent brush.
 - 746,279—Edward Brougham, Brandon, Man. Pneumatic seat post for bicycles.
 - 746,984—Malcolm McKeller, Neshbit, Man. Cloth measuring device.

MINISTERS IN POLITICS.

Like the non-Catholic clergymen of New York, the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches have sounded their war-trumpets. Every minister in England and Wales is summoned to contribute money and other munitions to secure the next elections and destroy the recent Education Act. They want "a national system of unsectarian education under complete public control." Not that they love education, but that they love the Church of England and the Church Catholic less. They purpose to adopt approved modern methods of electioneering. A large fund will be collected, literature and orators distributed therewith throughout the country, and needy parliamentary candidates aided. The Church By-Law-Established is denounced as the head and front of the offending, and worthy of the vengeance of all true Liberals.—Catholic Chronicle of the "Messenger Magazine."

Non-Catholic Missions.

On every side and in every way the greatest interest is being manifested by the non-Catholic people in Alabama to learn something about the true teachings of the Catholic Church. I never fail to get a respectful, attentive audience. This has happened time and time again in places where I went expecting quite different treatment. In one little town where I spent three days, and which could boast of only one very indifferent Catholic, I fully expected to meet with obstacles and many disagreeable features. It turned out I received a most cordial reception, and the greatest interest prevailed among all classes during my stay.

One day a man living a few miles outside the town brought me a copy of a book called "The Devil in the Catholic Church." I thought the devil in robes was bad enough, but this book is the worst of the kind ever published. I inquired if there were many copies of the book in the neighborhood, and was astonished to find that nearly every house was supplied. My instructions were well attended, notwithstanding this opposition.

These books are circulated, as a rule, through the efforts and aid of the Protestant clergy. When this concentrated effort is being made to injure the Church by the spread of bad literature, every good Catholic should rally around the Brooklyn Truth Society, and render every assistance possible. In helping Dr. McGinnis and his associates, you are helping the missionaries who are in the field and at the front.

A little pamphlet containing some information about Catholic teaching or practice is, as a rule, always accepted, and no doubt read, when a book would be refused. Many do not care to be seen carrying a book away from the hall. The complaint is often made to me that after reading our books of instruction they do not understand what they have read.

I was astonished some time ago to meet two very intelligent men who had attended one of my instructions, the subject being the Infallibility of the Pope. One of them said to me afterwards: "Well, father, I am very glad I attended that instruction, for I always was at a loss to understand how Catholics could believe that their Pope could not sin." Let thousands of copies of our little catechism be distributed, and let the United States mail be used to send into every home in the Southland plain explanations of the truths of our religion.

I preached in three churches for colored people this fall. On Sunday night, November 15, I preached in Zion A. M. E. Church, Greenville, Ala., to about 2,200 people, in the presence of their bishop and five ministers. This was the first time that many in the audience heard a Catholic priest. Even the Methodist bishop told me it was the first time he had that pleasure.

The pastor, in introducing me, said he never thought he would live to see the day when a Roman Catholic priest would come to preach in a Methodist church. "We have with us to-night a priest of the 'old Mother Church,'" said he.

When I stood up to thank the pastor for his kind introduction I did not fail to call their attention to the pastor's remark, calling the Church the old Mother Church, and to express to them the hope that the day was not far distant when the world would come home to that kind, loving mother, so patiently waiting for them.

After the sermon many came up to shake hands and to beg me to come soon again.

For months and months these instructions will be the subject of conversation in their homes.

At the close of the season of 1903 I want to say to all the readers of "The Missionary," help us by your prayers, and the Missionary Union with whatever material assistance you can give. It is a great work—the greatest that can be undertaken—to preach the Gospel to every creature. It is putting it mildly when we say Catholics are benefited by the instructions. We have some fearfully sad examples in this country to-day of people who come here from Catholic countries, knowing little or nothing about their religion. Unless thoroughly understood, the great Catholic Church cannot be appreciated.—Rev. H. E. O'Grady, in The Missionary.

I could never forgive mas Eve, even previous aspiration of the even ed it indelibly on my when the green was gains and valleys, a quiet home, I would covered landscape, clad stranger, staff in at the gateway. We mountains of Kentucky had an unenviable lawlessness, part of due, and the other part ation of an ignora press. A venal press, politics of the offend law determined the d erime. The mountain mainly Republican, an throw opprobrium on the influential Democr contributed greatly to the mountain part of disrepute. If this fam be kept within the co commonwealth, it mig reprehensible; but give advertisement it disc tucky, for the rest of not see the sharp lir tion that is draw mountain country and Belt.

I do not deny that root of this evil. The ern Independence tore chasm through Kentuc tized murder, and peace able to nullify his ordi lowlands men slay the ponents by slander the mountains, they t though not a more de All who love the fair State look with sorrow proch of an election. county Democratic pri without trouble. Perh the religious and educ ties of the Blue Grass employ our tongues m hands less, in the subv foes. We have no scho have no churches; all t are enemies. Enemies t threaten our lives; ene tants to ruin our char Nature is against us. wealth that is locked tains is not for us but culator from afar; and in her narrow valleys s meagre return. We hav lives which we must m face of peril from man tion from nature.

My home stood on the capital town of—Co. in my father's family tions, for we are as mu the mountain country, peaks and narrow valle children had been born a boy and a girl. He v advance of his time, ar rare appreciation of kn sacrificed a generous po inheritance to give his education. My brother, tion from the Kentucky had returned to his married, and soon ident with the interests of the surrounding country. I mixed in politics, and county offices, as a rep the Republican party. school-girl, I had marri professor of the college tended. On the death of band, six years later with my three children, ther's house. Soon after my parents. In view of condition my brother m share of the farm to m economy and careful m was able to support my ily, besides laying asi yearly for their educati

Every Christmas, sin riage, my brother was turn, with his family, t home to spend the hol Christmas Eve, accordi custom, I had driven to make my purchases back my brother and h children. The winter had the snow lay deep on a while a fierce wind swept pines and hemlocks, an saplings on the mountai "Thank God that we and a fire waiting for u brother, as we drove h teeth of the rising storm seen my guests comforta the parlor, I left them supper. Presently my y came running to the kit

Catholic Missions.

A STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES.

(By ANN C. MINOGUE, in Donahoe's Magazine.)

I.

I could never forget that Christmas Eve, even previous to the transpiration of the event which stamped it indelibly on my mind. Often when the green was on the mountains and valleys, and I sat in my quiet home, I would see the snow-covered landscape, and the poorly-clad stranger, staff in hand, standing at the gateway. We lived in the mountains of Kentucky. Our district had an unenviable reputation for lawlessness, part of which was its due, and the other part the exaggeration of an ignorant, sensational press. A venal press, too, for the politics of the offenders against the law determined the degree of their crime. The mountain country is mainly Republican, and the desire to throw opprobrium on that party by the influential Democratic press has contributed greatly toward bringing the mountain part of the State into disrepute. If this family affair could be kept within the confines of the commonwealth, it might not be so reprehensible; but given widespread advertisement it dishonors all Kentucky, for the rest of the world cannot see the sharp line of demarcation that is drawn between the mountain country and the Blue Grass Belt.

I do not deny that politics is the root of this evil. The war for Southern Independence tore an impassible chasm through Kentucky. War legalized murder, and peace has not been able to nullify his ordinance. In the lowlands men slay their political opponents by slander and falsehood; in the mountains, they take a quicker, though not a more deadly weapon. All who love the fair name of the State look with sorrow upon the approach of an election. Scarcely can a county Democratic primary pass without trouble. Perhaps if we had the religious and educational facilities of the Blue Grass Belt we would employ our tongues more and our hands less, in the subversion of our foes. We have no schools and we have no churches; all that we have are enemies. Enemies at hand to threaten our lives; enemies at a distance to ruin our character. Even Nature is against us. The priceless wealth that is locked in her mountains is not for us but the rich speculator from afar; and for our toil in her narrow valleys she gives us a meagre return. We have only our lives which we must maintain in the face of peril from man, and opposition from nature.

My home stood on the edge of the capital town of Co. It had been in my father's family for generations, for we are as much a part of the mountain country, as her rocky peaks and narrow valleys. Only two children had been born to my father, a boy and a girl. He was a man in advance of his time, and having a rare appreciation of knowledge, he sacrificed a generous portion of his inheritance to give his children an education. My brother, on graduation from the Kentucky University, had returned to his native place, married, and soon identified himself with the interests of the town and surrounding country. Naturally he mixed in politics, and filled various county offices, as a representative of the Republican party. While yet a school-girl, I had married a young professor of the college which I attended. On the death of my husband, six years later, I returned, with my three children, to my father's house. Soon afterwards, I lost my parents. In view of my helpless condition my brother made over his share of the farm to me, and, by economy and careful management, I was able to support my little family, besides laying aside something yearly for their education.

Every Christmas, since his marriage, my brother was wont to return, with his family, to the old home to spend the holidays. This Christmas Eve, according to my custom, I had driven to the village to make my purchases, and bring back my brother and his wife and children. The winter had set in, and the snow lay deep on the ground, while a fierce wind swept through the pines and hemlocks, and bent the saplings on the mountain side. "Thank God that we have shelter and a fire waiting for us!" said my brother, as we drove home in the teeth of the rising storm. When I had seen my guests comfortably seated in the parlor, I left them to prepare supper. Presently my youngest child came running to the kitchen, saying

that there was a stranger at the gate. I followed the boy to the front door, and, on opening it, I saw him standing in the snow, on the other side of the gate, leaning heavily on his stick. On the walk stood our watch-dog, barking fiercely. I called the dog to me, and then I heard the man ask in a faint voice if he could stay all night. The question proved him to be a stranger to the mountain habits, for an invisible altar to hospitality stands at each humble doorway. I bade my boy run and open the gate for the man, and as the sunny-haired child walked back to me, clasping the stranger's hand, I felt a peculiar sensation creep into my heart. As he drew near I saw that the man's face was lined by sorrow, and there was an expression in his eyes that chilled me. My husband had worn that look a few days before he died. "You are freezing!" I exclaimed, drawing him quickly into the house. "I am very cold, madam," he replied, in a weak voice. I led him into the parlor and left him to the care of my sister-in-law, while I hastened to the kitchen to prepare a hot drink. When I returned I found my brother and his wife chafing the man's hands, while the children stood around with frightened faces. The drink revived him, and seeing him out of danger, I went back to my interrupted meal. As I was laying the dishes on the table, my sister-in-law joined me. "How is he feeling now?" I queried.

"He is some better, but I think, Aurelia, that you are going to have a patient on your hands. It appears to me that he is taking lung-fever." "Poor soul!" I ejaculated, trying to recall my mother's remedies for the threatened disease. Bidding her to keep a watchful eye on the cooking, I hastened to the loft to bring down the huckleburr and hoarhound to make him a tea. "Did he tell you anything about himself?" I asked, on my return. "Henry put a few questions to him but he was backward in answering them," she replied. "He said that he had been in the Trappist monastery, which is somewhere down the State. He was working for the monks, it appears. They have a large farm and hire men to help them on it. He said that he had grown tired of the place and decided to make a change. Henry asked him why he didn't wait until the spring, and he said that it was fine weather when he had left the monastery." "Did he tell Henry his name?" I inquired.

"He gave the name of Carrel." My sister-in-law's tones were distrustful, and I said: "You don't think that his real name?" "Honestly, Aurelia, I do not," she answered. "There is something mysterious about him. Do you think that he could be a rovenue detective, or," and her face got white, "one of the Glasgow boys?" There had been some difficulty between a branch of her family and the Glasgows, a generation ago; but we regarded it as settled when the remaining members of the Glasgow line had moved to Kansas. "If he were one of the Glasgows, he would die on the way before he would claim hospitality from this door," I assured her. "And it does not seem likely that the Federal Government would send an old and sickly man on the dangerous mission of detecting mountain stills. There may be a mystery connected with him, but I do not think that it pre-sages harm to us, or any of our people." Mr. Carrel ate sparingly of the meal, but drank two cups of coffee. "I am burning up with thirst," he said apologetically, and as I noted his feverishly bright eyes, I felt alarmed. He was silent during supper, unless spoken to, and as he sat, during the evening staring into the fire, his sad and meditative aspect threw a shadow over our festive spirits. Presently, he asked if he might retire, and I escorted him to the spare bedroom, where I had kindled a fire, and, after administering the herb tea, I left him, with the hope that he would be better in the morning. When the children were asleep and we had filled the five pairs of stockings that hung about the hearthstone, we three sat, for long hours, talking reminiscently; then, my brother and his wife sought their room, and I was alone. The minutes passed. The lamp burned low and the fire was dying in the ashes. A

sudden wild blast swept about the house, lashing the branches of the cedar against the portico and shaking the window panes. I sprang up, in a panic of fright, for I was conscious that the door leading into the hall had been softly opened. I turned and saw the stranger standing in the twilight of the room. "I did not think said, hoarsely. "I did not think you were still up. The fire in my room is out. I am much worse and wanted to warm over this tea, in the hope of gaining relief." I had quite recovered from my alarm and begged him to close the door, for he continued to stand in the cold draught from the hall. I made him sit in my father's chair, while I rekindled the fire and boiled a kettle of water to prepare him a glass of punch and give him a hot foot-bath; for there was no doubt in my mind now that my unexpected guest was taking pneumonia. While I was waiting on him, I noticed that his feverish eyes were fastened on the row of stockings, which were filled with Christmas gifts. When the fire in his room was again burning brightly, and I suggested that he had better return to bed, he thrust one hand convulsively into his bosom, and said: "I have a gift here for your favorite child."

"Only three of those children which you saw here are mine," I answered. "And a parent can have no favorite child." "O yes, she can! At least," he added, "fathers can. It may be different with mothers." "I believe it is," I answered, remembering suddenly that my husband had almost worshipped our youngest baby. "If you have no favorite among your children, then give this to the one, who, you think, may have greatest need for the service of a friend, in after years." As he spoke, he held towards me a locket of yellow gold. "Take this," he said, "and put it in that child's stocking. Tell him that he must not open it until the hour when he finds himself surrounded by foes, and all succor from friends is unavailing or cut off. Then, let him open it. He will find inside a picture and a name. Let him communicate with the person therein named and tell that person that the locket was given to him out of my unutterable gratitude to his mother; for her kindness to me, a sick stranger; and that person will cross sea and land, will go through fire and water, yes, to the very door of death to save that child. And that person will save him."

I was clutching the locket so tightly, that for days afterwards, I could see the mark of its carved edge in my flesh. It seemed to me that I was listening to the voice of prophecy. O my darlings! How could I foresee which should need that powerful friend? I went to the line of stockings blindly. When the locket had slipped from my fingers, the mist cleared from my eyes, and with a moan of pain, I turned to the watching man. "It is my baby!" I cried. "The child that met me at the gate? It is well, now, madam, may I trouble you to help me to bed. I am very sick." I could not sleep that night, but divided the hours between the room where the stranger lay and the one where the stockings hung. His slumber was fitful and towards morning he grew delirious. At daybreak he was in a high fever. I called my brother and sent him for the doctor. For days we fought for his life, and during all the time, unconscious of our efforts, as he tossed and moaned, he called constantly for a woman named Rosamund. Sometimes, he addressed her as one might address a beloved child; again, he spoke her name with the deference of a man for a woman he loves; but it was always, Rosamund. On the morning of the ninth day he died, with her name on his lips. We buried him in our family graveyard, and over his grave I caused a stone to be placed, with the name which he had given engraved thereon. We had found no papers in his clothes to lead to his identification, nor was ever inquiry made of us concerning him.

From that night to the chapter of my life's story that smote me with

old age, there is a lapse of ten years. My two older sons were married, and I was alone in the old home with my youngest child, now in his eighteenth year. He was a reckless youth and had caused me much anxiety; but as he possessed a strong sense of honor I never entertained any fear that he would come to grief. He was his own enemy only. That year brought to us one of our bitterly contested elections. My brother, then in the plenitude of his powers, was a candidate to re-election to office; but one of those political landslides occurred, and he was defeated, dishonestly defeated he and his supporters claimed. My son Harry, hot-headed at all times, had distinguished himself, during the campaign, by the bitterness of his fight, and with one of the Democratic leaders he had had, on several occasions, angry disputes; but when the election was over, and the matter past remedying, he dismissed it from his thoughts. Others were not so wise. The defeated candidates refused to accept the result of the ballots, and demanded an official count, to which the Democrats refused to accede. The press throughout the State took up the matter, fanning our political difference into fanatical hatred. One evening, returning to his home in the country, this Democratic leader was shot from ambush and killed. He had been a contentious person, and his private enemies were many; but in the ensuing fever of excitement and frenzy of passion, his friends would not take this into consideration, and unhesitatingly declared that he was a victim to the hatred of his political opponents. Because of their frequent altercations during the campaign suspicion was directed toward my son. And circumstances appeared to confirm that suspicion. The day of the assassination, Harry had been in the town, and, mixing with his wild companions, he had partaken of liquor. He had left home intending to ride to his brother John's to spend the following Sunday; and the first intimation I had of the tragic event was when the officers entered my house to arrest my boy for murder. I was horror-stricken, but I told them where they would find him, never doubting that he could prove an alibi. But at the preliminary trial, it was shown that he had not reached his brother's until daybreak. The liquor having stupefied him, he could not say where he had spent the night. All that he could tell was that, regaining consciousness, he had found himself lying at his horse's feet, a mile from his brother's house. It was in vain that the boy pleaded his innocence; in vain my tears and prayers; in vain the efforts of his brothers and uncles; the political enemies of my brother declared him guilty and the public demanded his death. The partisan press of the State denounced him as the tool of the opposing party; reporters hounded his waking and sleeping hours, trying to wring from him a confession, and his nervousness and misery were portrayed, in vivid language, as the unconscious betrayal of guilt. Our friends, goaded past endurance by the injustice meted out to the boy, were driven into rash acts and rasher expressions, and, pleading that justice could not be secured from a mountain jury, his enemies secured his transfer to a distant county for trial. As the train bearing my last child away from me sped down the valley, I cried to God, in the presence of the people, to deliver him from the hands of his foes; and standing there, on the little wooden platform, with a suddenly awed crowd of people regarding me, I remembered the stranger whom I had sheltered that Christmas night and the gold locket which he had given me for my youngest child. I clasped my uplifted hands, with an exclamation of joy. I suppose they thought that grief had demented me, for friends hastened me away to my home. My sister-in-law was with me, for my brother and other sons had gone with Harry to his new prison. I told her the cause of my sudden joy, and together we took the locket from its place in my trunk. It opened readily and we saw the face of a young girl. On the opposite side was her name, "Rosabund Hughes," and her address was the town in which my son's new trial was to be held. We knelt there, two old, gray-haired, sorrow-bowed women, a gratitude too large for words showering our faces with tears.

"The hand of God is guarding you, Aurelia," at length my sister said.

"Get ready and go to— It is not a large place. You will have no difficulty in finding her." "Hughes, Hughes," I kept repeating. "I have heard that name." Then I clutched her arm. "Hughes is his lawyer!" I cried. "The hand of God is in it!" she repeated, solemnly "O Aurelia, He will give our innocent child back to us unharmed. Never doubt His justice!" To escape the reporters, many of whom still lingered in the town, one of my nephews drove me to a station ten miles away. I went from there, by rail, to—and entered the town undetected. I inquired of the post-master about Rosamund Hughes and he informed me that she was the adopted daughter of Attorney Hughes and directed me to her home. A negro met me at the door, and, ushering me into the parlor, left to call Miss Hughes, without asking my name. In a few minutes, a young woman, tall of form and fair of face, entered the room. Evidently she had expected to see another caller, for she paused an instant; then, advancing, with outstretched hand, she said: "I am pleased to meet you— Pardon me, but Sallie forgot to give me your name."

"I am Mrs. Brayfield," I said. I noticed that her cheeks got a shade paler, at the name. She pressed my hand, half-drawing it to her bosom, while she muttered "Oh, you poor mother!" "I am indeed to be pitied!" I replied brokenly. "For not only is the life of my child threatened, but he is innocent." "Father believes that firmly," she said. "And you?" I inquired. She looked into my eyes, and her glance seemed to penetrate my very soul. If there had been falsehood hidden there, or doubt, those dark eyes would have drawn it up, as she asked: "Is he innocent?" "He is!" I replied. "Then, I believe in his innocence as firmly as my father—and you," she answered, and led me to the sofa. When I had recovered from my emotion, I said: "Miss Hughes, I come to you, bearing a message from the dead." "The dead!" she exclaimed. "Who, of the dead, could send you to me?" "He to whom this belonged," I replied, holding out the locket. She stretched forth a slow hand and took it from me, and looked down on it, without a word. Now I studied her face. I saw that its beauty was cold, frozen, I might say. It reminded me of a white rose which I had once seen enveloped in a veil of ice. What grief had turned the woman into a statue? What sorrow had silenced the laughter on the scarlet lips, and chased joy of life from the dark eyes? Breaking from the thought of her concealed misery, I began my story, and, though I told it in detail, she never moved, or lifted her eyes from the face pictured in the locket. When I ceased speaking, there was silence, for a while. When, finally, she turned her white face and still eyes toward me, and said, "He is dead!" I took her in my arms and wept the tears that she could not shed. She lay quietly on my bosom, and, because I knew that she desired it, I talked to her of him. I told her how all that human aid could do for him had been done; how the kindly mountain people had watched through the hours of those eight days and nights with me; how untriflingly the physician had worked to save him, and, by his attention and skill, rendered his last moments painless. I told her of the burial in our family graveyard; how the sun had thawed the Christmas snow, and how blue and sunny was the sky that morning; how the people had left merry-making and occupation to pay the tribute of their respect to the departed, and how sweetly our village choir had sung, as we laid him down, under the pine trees. But I spoke longest to her of his hours of delirium, when the name of Rosamund fell constantly from his lips. "How did he speak to—to her?" she asked. "Sometimes as if she were a child; again, as if she were a woman; and always as to one loved with a great, abiding love," I answered. "And there was never any doubt expressed of—of her fidelity?" "Never, my child! Shortly before he died, he made as if to fling himself from the bed, saying, 'Al! the world has forsaken me!' then, he

leaned back quietly on his pillow, and whispered, 'Not all! Rosamund is true!'" She shook in my arms, under the heart-breaking sobs, then lay quiet for a few minutes. "You are good!" she said, lifting herself from my embrace. "Only the great heart of God knows how good I hold you to be!" But controlling her emotion, she said: "You must leave town immediately. It must not be known that you visited me. I shall send you over to Paris, where you can take the train home. I don't know what I am going to do. I must have time to think. What did he say? Repeat his words, when he gave you the locket!" I obeyed. When I had finished, she half moaned: "Through fire and water"— Oh! oh! How well he knew me!" Then, she said, quietly: "Your boy is innocent; he must be freed. And if he were guilty"—she stopped at the thought, and looked into my eyes, appealingly: "If he were guilty, would you want him to be freed?" "But he is not guilty!" I cried. "But if he were guilty?" she insisted. "I am his mother!" I replied. "You would want him set free?" she questioned. "I would want him set free!" I replied. I thought a new light shone on her face. "It is always so—with us—for we are women; and we brought them in to the world; but—but they never understand, and—and they condemn us."

After that she conducted me to the dining-room and sat with me, cool and collected, while I ate. As she kissed me good-bye, she said: "Leave your fears and grief in this town! Your son will be saved." And I laughed in my heart, at the words.

Mr. Hughes walked the floor of his office, his iron-gray head bowed, his face set in hard, inflexible lines. On the chair before his desk, sat Rosamund, her dark eyes following him in his long walk. Finally he said, without pausing or looking at her: "His condemnation is a foregone conclusion. It is not only a murder to be avenged. There is the animus of party spirit and there is also the desire to intimidate the mountaineers, to teach them to respect law and human life, and human life, and lift dishonor from the name of Kentucky. The public believes the boy guilty; the jury believes it; and the evidence is such as to warrant that belief. I do not know how I am going to break down that evidence, and convince the jury that the boy is innocent." "But you will do it," she asserted, confidently. He walked twice the length of the floor before replying; then, he paused and looking down on her with a beautiful light in his eyes, he said, "I will do it." He continued his walk and again there was silence; then, again he stopped, and said: "Rosamund, I will not ask you to swear, for I know that to save the universe you would not utter an untruthful word; but tell me is there the shadow of doubt in your mind concerning the boy's innocence?" "No, sir," she said. Again he bowed. "We have gone over the evidence frequently. Do you not think there is a possibility that we may be mistaken, and that Harry Brayfield may have killed Mark Davidson, in a fit of drunken anger?" "No, sir," she said. Again he bowed his head and began to walk. "The jury has been impaneled," he said. "They are honest men. They will try to do their duty, and they go into the box with the conviction, (unconscious perhaps) that it is their duty to adjudge that boy guilty of murder. I might hope to destroy that conviction, if Bonnet Morgan were not one of those twelve men. He hates me too well to be amenable to my reasoning. And why does he hate me?" asked the old man, of himself, as she strode down the carpeted floor. At the name of that man the blood crept slowly into her face, until cheeks and brow were crimson. When it receded, leaving her paler than before, she had made her decision.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

ASTRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

(By Ann C. Minogue in Donahoe's Magazine)

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

"I will help you, father," she said. He stopped and she went to him. "I must accept that help, Rosamund," he said, helplessly. "The life of an innocent boy demands it; and—" "And the debt laid upon me by the dead must be paid," she said. "Even so!" he answered, drawing her white face to his kiss. She let her head rest on his shoulder for a moment, then left the office. Dr. Bennet Morgan was riding home, the evening of the day that the jury for the trial of Harry Brayfield had been drawn. His selection was not of his seeking, but, having been chosen, he made no protest. He was a man of good family and some fortune. Without retiring from the practice of his profession, he had interested himself in political affairs, and was now a candidate for the Democratic nomination of State Senator, from his district. Further on in the sky of his future shone the faint star of a hope of a higher office in the commonwealth; and his mind's eye was on it, as he rode slowly homeward that summer evening. At a place where the lane crept down into a grove of beeches, his horse gave a start. Reining him in, Dr. Morgan peered through the twilight, and discerned, a few paces ahead, a woman, on horseback, waiting under a wide-armed tree. His heart felt a swift contraction of pain. On one occasion she had met him there, a rare October afternoon. He saw again the sunlight pouring down on her pale face, the slender figure in the blue riding-habit; again he heard her voice. "Rosamund!" he exclaimed. "Yes, it is I," said the waiting horse-woman, faintly. "Why—why are you here at this hour?" he asked, blindly. "To see you," she said. His mind groped feebly over her answer. To see him, after the parting which she had said was final! "Rosamund, you are in trouble?" He knew nothing else could send her here. He saw her bow her head, in the dim light; then, leaning forward him, she said, her lustrous eyes meeting his in the dark: "Bennet, Harry Brayfield is innocent! He did not kill Mark Davidson—" "Rosamund!" cried the young man, lifting a pleading hand. Unheeding his appeal, she continued: "You must listen to me!" "Then, I must withdraw from the jury—" "No! no! Bennet," she pleaded, "If ever you loved me—" "Hush, Rosamund, for God's sake!" he cried. His words silenced her. When next she spoke, her voice was calm. "I have gone over the evidence carefully. I have heard the worst that can be brought forward; yet nothing has convinced me of his guilt. Bennet, you must show the jury that Harry Brayfield did not kill that man. I know that he is innocent; if not—she stopped abruptly, for before her swept the picture of that death-bed in the mountain home. "Through fire and water." She bowed her face before his eyes: "If not—O Bennet! I still must have come to you to-night to say, if ever you loved me, set Harry Brayfield free!" "I have loved you well and long, Rosamund, I love you still!" But when he rode onward, his head was sunken on his breast. During the trial Dr. Morgan sat with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the young prisoner. Though Mr. Hughes made a powerful argument there was little doubt in the minds of the public as to the verdict. They anticipated a speedy announcement, but the hours wore away, and still that closed door stood between the prisoner and his fate. When the evening was far advanced, the jurymen haggard and pale of face, appeared. In reply to the demand of the judge, the foreman stated that the jury had failed to convict on evidence so entirely circumstantial, and remanded the case to the judgment of the court. There followed an electric pause. For a moment, the judge's face wore a dark expression; but, smothering the feelings of the man, he rose to the dignity of the office. "If twelve men can find no evidence of guilt in the case, one cannot undertake to both discover that guilt and pronounce its punishment. The prisoner at the bar is dismissed!" In dead silence the words were received, and while the boy and his friends and counsel retired, the audience continued to sit in silent astonishment. Someone whispered "fraud and Republican gold," and an electric current seemed to dart through the assembly. They hurried

Apurehard Soap. SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

from the courtroom, angry, excited crowds, denouncing judge and jury, and prophesying that the State would be hurled forward to destruction by that verdict. The printed and spoken utterances against their rectitude stung one of the jurors into revealing the secret source of their failure to return a verdict of guilt. Others reluctantly confirmed his statement, and when the public learned that the conviction of eleven men as to the guilt of the prisoner had been defied, and finally overthrown, by one, though that one was known and honored in the community, its indignation poured over him in a lava stream. Populace and the press openly denounced him as a traitor to the sacred cause of justice bought by Republican gold, to betray the trust confided in him. Old friends avoided him, his very kindred turned away; but, hiding what suffering this brought, Dr. Morgan pursued his daily avocation, calmly and silently. He had foreseen this attitude of men toward him when they should learn what he had done. He knew that his career was ruined, but he did not regret his course. She had said that the boy was innocent; she was always right; he had forced the law to sanction her opinion. On another evening, as the sun was going down behind the hill, he saw her waiting for him under the beech tree. He rode forward quickly to meet her, but the sight of her face brought anguish to his heart. "Rosamund!" he cried. "What is the matter?" "I have been ill since that day," she said. "If it were not so, I should have come before this to thank you." He tried to interrupt her, but she passed over his words unheedingly. "To thank you and to tell you all." She drew away the ribbon from her throat, as if it were choking her; then began, in an unfamiliar voice: "Two men loved my mother. Once she loved and married. The other—you know him!—made himself an exile from his native place, for her sake. There were several children. I was the youngest. When I was about fourteen, my father was accused of forging a note for several thousand dollars. He was convicted, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. He was innocent, but only I believed in his innocence. Even my mother doubted, and it killed her. I did all in my child's power to save him; failing, I helped him to escape from jail. My action made me amenable to punishment by the law, but through the legal efforts of my mother's old lover I was not prosecuted. My people, feeling that I had brought double disgrace on them, disowned me; then this man took me to his home and legally adopted me as his daughter. Now you know," her voice went gaspingly over the words, "why I refused to marry you. I did not want—the cruel world—something to tell you—that your wife—was a forger's daughter." He bent his head and kissed the white hand that clutched the horn of the saddle, murmuring, "O Rosamund! to doubt my love!" "Ten years ago, on Christmas Eve, a sick, old man knocked at the door of Harry Brayfield's home. His mother took the stranger in. For eight days she nursed him as if he were her own flesh and blood. When he died, she buried him with respect and reverence, in her family graveyard. Before he died, he gave her a locket, and told her that if ever a child of hers needed a friend to find the person whose picture it contained, and bid that person to repay his debt of gratitude to her, by befriending her loved one. I was the person whose portrait was in the locket, that dying stranger was my father, and the hour of payment came when Harry Brayfield stood in the dock, charged with murder. He said to that woman that I would pay that debt—through fire and water—and I did! I did!" she finished, her voice broken by sobs, while the tears ran down her white cheeks. "For I—I—have destroyed your future! And that future was all that remained to me, in life. Oh! I loved you so well, I would not marry you—because—because they hold my father guilty, and I was afraid it might injure your career. And I let you go out of my life—let you go thinking that it was Mr. Hughes who opposed you, for I couldn't tell you,—and now—and now—"

"Rosamund!" he cried, "You love me!" and the twilight fell about them like a veil, and in the deep heart of the silence and the night, they found that the meaning of their lesson of pain was great joy. Years later, the arrest and trial of a noted mountain outlaw developed the fact, that he, because of a private wrong, was the murderer of Mark Davidson.

Household Notes

LITTLE THINGS SAVED. — A writer in an exchange says:—It is no small merit in the mistress of a house to have everything ready for use at a moment's notice. This may be easily effected by the exercise of a little forethought, and by keeping all things in their proper places. Don't waste pieces of string as they come in with grocery and other packages. Take the trouble (which is really not so very great) to disentangle them without cutting, and roll them up neatly or wind them on a card, keeping the different sorts and textures on different winders. Also fold up sheets of brown paper and reserve them in a dry place till wanted; and keep all clean paper bags, which are often found so handy for putting things in. Have a bag or basket for the string, and hang it up, always in the same place. If housekeepers will only make a point of following these simple rules, they will thus keep a supply on hand, which will cost them literally nothing, and often save much irritation and perplexity.

FURS.—A little sawdust moistened with benzine, as an excellent method of cleaning furs will be found most useful at this season of the year. Rub this thoroughly into the fur, a little at a time, shaking out the sawdust as it gets dirty. When the fur looks clean, rub it with dry sawdust. Hang on a line in the air till the fur looks dry and natural once more. Shake thoroughly till no sawdust remains. Do not use the benzine near a fire or light.

GLASS KITCHEN UTENSILS.—A young graduate of Harvard believes he has learned how to make all kinds of kitchen utensils out of glass, and if he is not mistaken the world in a very short time will be cooking its meals in vessels made of pure silica. Imagine glass pots, skillets, kettles, baking pans, frying pans and stew pans! Why, there will be an eternal end to scouring and polishing. There will be no corrosion, no rusting, no cracking of agate ware, no burning of holes in the bottom. Nothing is so easy to wash as glass. The rice will never stick, the hominy will never scorch, the bread will never burn, the—but what's the use of going into details? The Harvard man referred to is now keeping a bachelor establishment. He does his own cooking. Every utensil is made of glass. He has glass spoons, glass forks, glass toasters, glass pans, glass trays, glass pots, glass meat boards, glass rolling pins, glass ovens, glass skillets, glass frying pans, glass stew pans, glass pudding dishes, glass case-roles of every shape and size, glass tea kettles, glass coffee pots, glass boilers, etc. It is impossible to enumerate the glass vessels he has in his kitchen. Some of the vessels are opaque, but most are clear. They do not seem to be affected by quick changes of temperature. He will fill a pot with hot water, and after letting it stand for ten minutes, will empty it and pour in cold water without breaking it. There could be no better test.

NOT CONSISTENT.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secretary, J. Kuhala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCull, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, R. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES. NEW YEAR'S GREETING. Happy New Year! The phrase is on every lip, is certainly in every heart, is a perfunctory way of use of it this week. "Happy New Year" of our readers, we do not share the same feeling and same when we extend the same ship and use the same our most intimate 1903 goes out with a phrase of joys and sorrows, fears, of pleasures and sorrows and disappointments our last issue for the closing; when next the "New Year" comes to its end be under the heading

There are mournful flash through the minutes that throbs in the end of the year. And it cannot be well as like the parting with intimate companion; 1903 goes out with a phrase of joys and sorrows, fears, of pleasures and sorrows and disappointments our last issue for the closing; when next the "New Year" comes to its end be under the heading

Then comes the shawl over the vacant chair, that beheld the dawn are closed forever, and the advent of 1904, like voices beloved, for that all sleep in the These are the more tions that come naturally of the old year

In life, however, G has distributed with tears and the smiles, have the winters and the clouded skies and lit days, the terrible gentle zephyr. So come of each one of us down and lights; and sary to us, and all tfection and happiness, difficulties, losses, and but to purify us and better for the enjoyment of the happiness, and delights of the lot of the deservin

At the close then of while we summon up its twelve months, we let to recall the ble and often unmerited g has bestowed upon us streaks of light that glorious upon the pas one, and we enjoy the of their scintillations.

Having thus gazed year, as it is about the yawning abyss that ed up all its precece dawn of creation, we a spirit of hope to Year that is at our There is, they say, certainties of adventu hazards of game, and that, in a nobler spirit sentiment with whi

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