

VALUE OF SELF-RESPECT.

The following address was delivered by Rev. P. F. Scott before the Alumni Association of St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N.H., on the occasion of their recent annual banquet.

"And this above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Not all of the many who so glibly quote this advice of the worldly-wise Polonius realize the full force of its meaning, for the true motive of self-consistency is a fact far higher and holier than the dictates of policy or the conclusions of mere human prudence, and that fact is the inborn dignity of the individual. Man's greatest good in this world is self and his supreme duty in life is his individual development and perfection. This statement contains no irreverence, because the life and faculties with which we are born are the highest gifts of an omnipotent Creator, are in a certain sense a participation in the divine perfections, and the right direction of this life and the proper exercise of these faculties constitute the highest acknowledgment of God's supreme mastery and the most perfect compliance with His eternal will. Hence a fundamental element of all human endeavor is what we may call in the highest and best sense of the term, "self-respect." Without a becoming appreciation of self there can be no dignified conception of God, no high regard for one's fellow-man. To the individual lacking in this feeling, life is an aimless journey, duty only a matter of convenience, and fellow-man nothing more than a circumstance by the wayside. Search the records of human failure from the first man down to the very friend of your school days nor become a shiftless idler, and one reason accounts for them all—they failed in life because they failed to preserve their self-respect.

On the other hand, who are the men whose actions have left lasting inspiration upon the world's history, and whose lives have been the inspiration of posterity? Are they not those who, rising to the full height of manly dignity, felt within them a power to do and who labored earnestly to accomplish their aim? Do we not find this same truth exemplified in our own limited experience? Among our companions and acquaintances, among our companions of the class room, have not those succeeded best, have they not gained to the highest degree the respect and confidence of their associates, who have most carefully guarded their self-respect?

If cannot in the nature of things be otherwise, for "to thine own self be true, and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Current writers and speakers are constantly pointing out the qualities that achieve success. Underlying them all is self-respect. It is the spur of ambition, the companion of labor, the light in the dark hour of trial, the soul of perseverance, the ripe fruition of final achievement. No lofty motive can shape the designs or regulate the life of man in any career. The man who seeks to be true to himself must by that very effort bring forth the very best of which he is capable, must develop to their highest degree the gifts of mind and soul that have been entrusted to him. That man's life, too, will bring the sweetest blessings to those whose hopes and happiness are centered in his career; to the parents who have cared for and educated him, to the wife who has bestowed upon him her trust and affection, to the innocent children whose silver voices greet him with the sacred name of father. If earth can produce one picture to compel the admiration of heaven, it is the self-respecting man who, feeling that "life is real, life is earnest," finds stirring in his breast a consciousness of power for good, looking out and beyond the petty vanities and wasting dissipations of the thoughtless herd, raises his eyes to his Maker while his heart beats the determination, "I dare do all that becomes a man!" And those best equipped for the strife toward that ideal and those who should come nearest to its realization are the educated Catholic men. From childhood we have been taught to regard life under a serious aspect; we have been made to understand that the highest court of approval or condemnation is the unerring sentence of our own conscience; we have been schooled that if we would be true

to our fellow-men, we must first be true to ourselves, for we are made to the image of God and the real likeness must always approach the original. Yet despite all this is it not true that as a class we fail to reach the heights for which our education has fitted us? And why is this? In plain words it is mainly because we are lacking in self-respect. We do not esteem at their true value the gifts bestowed upon us. We are too prone to sit in admiration of our neighbor's qualities and achievements when with a like amount of effort and perseverance we could and would show far greater results. These results will never be attained by the young man who is satisfied with any chance position in which circumstances may have placed him when he left school. Great results will never come to him who is content with "well enough." "Well enough" is a funeral wail over the grave of buried ambitions, a maxim that has ruined more bright careers than even the vice of intemperance. The man who pauses at "well enough" and ends in worse, while the man with ambition makes of the present victory a stepping stone to future success. He is ever

"Up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learns to labor and to wait."

What does it matter to him if thoughtless companions sneer at his ambition and mock his honest efforts? He is right and he knows it! To be something and to do something is a part of his religion whose full inspiration is to be the noblest and to do the best.

I have no patience with the young man who on account of his religion is willing to be considered as belonging to an inferior class. The young man who feels that because he is a Catholic he may not on that account aspire to the highest positions of trust and responsibility in the commercial or industrial world, who tamely submits to the insinuation that the higher dignities of public office are reserved to those not of his faith, is false to Catholic principle and tradition, a traitor to his training and to Catholic manhood. For Catholic manhood only rejoices in obstacles as the more enhancing ornaments which crown success. Race prejudice and religious bigotry there may be in the local atmosphere we breathe, but the world of progress and the paths of honor open wide and vast beyond the narrow cradle of Puritan traditions and religious intolerance. The gigantic march of progress to-day calls for the very best in human skill and talents, and the highest places are opened to the most efficient. The qualities demanded are efficiency, honesty, and conscientious labor, and the man who can show these qualities to the most perfect degree is bound to reach the highest place of trust and emolument, no matter if his name give forth a rich Celtic ring and he bows the knee before that altar whose defense has won for his countrymen the admiration of the world.

The days of apology for Catholics in America have passed. We need no longer any winning pretensions of our loyalty and patriotism. These are facts so deeply writ in the nation's history that without them the record were an unintelligible page, more incomplete than the shattered hieroglyphics of Egyptian antiquity. The Catholic citizen has no excuse to offer for his presence in this country to-day, no justification to make for any legitimate ambition that may move him to seek the highest honors in the land. In the pursuit of such an ambition he is not the subject of toleration or the recipient of a favor, but rather the one who has a favor to bestow, for he gives to the country's service the very best that it can expect. His claims to equal rights and equal preferences are manhood, intelligence, honesty, and self-respect. Upon these he stands the peer of any citizen, and upon these he must secure recognition. If heretofore this recognition has been slow in coming, perhaps the reason is that it has been timidly sought. But come it must, and come it will, when our Catholic young men, rising to their full height of self-esteem, realizing the security of their position, awaken that reserve of strength and strength that has been so long dormant, shall stand together in one grand phalanx and with dignity and manly demeanor shall demand what is theirs by every right, and shall be prepared to enforce that demand by every means consistent with honor and justice.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION A NECESSITY.

When Notre Dame University presented Bourke Cockran with the Laetare Medal, the eminent orator made a reply worthy the occasion and his own great reputation. Every line of that speech deserves to be preserved. For example in the very introduction he says:—

"It is not for me to undertake a definition of a Catholic's spiritual duty. That is not a subject of human speculation, but a matter of divine revelation. But while matters of belief are not to be debated on platforms, but must be expounded from Catholic pulpits, whence no error ever has been or ever can be preached, it is permissible and fitting for laymen to inquire what lessons of civic patriotism are conveyed by Catholic faith. How does

loyalty to the Church affect loyalty to the State? What influence on citizenship has the divine law of which the Catholic Church is the depository and the infallible exponent?"

Here we have, at once, the real Catholic layman taking up some of the most important questions that affect religion in its connection with the human race, yet avoiding, in a most distinct manner, intruding upon the domain of the pulpit. In speaking of the authority of the Church as necessary for the Preservation of the Faith, the orator delivers himself of these striking words:

"By the preservation of the faith we mean not a mere nominal attendance at Catholic worship with mental reservations of hesitations

about any feature of Catholic doctrine, but a loyal acceptance of every line by the divine revelation was conveyed to man, and full recognition of the authority of the Church to interpret every word of it. This may seem easy in our day when freedom of conscience is almost universally acknowledged; but in every age the most valuable of our possessions is the most difficult to guard. If there is no longer reason to apprehend attempts to drive men from the faith by furious persecution there is reason to guard against insidious attempts to seduce them from it by appeals to their self-love and to prevent flattery from proving a more dangerous weapon than fear."

In speaking of true and false Liberalism we are treated to a splendid definition, with a pointed distinction drawn. He says that every Catholic should be liberal in the true sense. "He who is liberal with what belongs to him is generous; he who is liberal with what does not belong to him, is dishonest." This is followed by one of the clearest definitions of the attitude of Catholicity towards error that we have ever read. Mr. Cockran says:—

"Neither Church nor Pope can be liberal with the faith of which they are the custodians. Their sole duty is to guard and protect it as a precious deposit for the salvation of men. But while Catholics cannot be liberal in matters of faith they can be liberal in their attitude to those who differ with them. The Church cannot compromise with error, nor tolerate it; but for those who reject the truth as she expounds it she has nothing but charity and prayers."

What a world of false impressions does not this short paragraph dispel! On the question of education, and especially that section of the subject that deals with religious and non-religious institutions, the speaker has delivered a series of remarks that we feel bound to reproduce in full. He said:—

"The history of civil institutions for nineteen centuries is the record of a gradual but constant assumption by the State of enterprises originally assumed by the Church as works of charity for the sick, the aged and the care of the needy, which the Church assumed in rade ages when the man who was unable to bear arms sank beneath the range of human sympathy, and was abandoned to die on the roadside in misery and suffering, the State now acknowledges as an obligation of civil society, and everywhere the support of hospitals and almshouses is imposed on the community through the power to taxation. During the warlike and violent period, when physical prowess was the sole method of attaining distinction, when learning was held in contempt and distrust, the education of youth as a pre-eminently essential to its own safety, and everywhere schools are maintained at public expense to prepare youth for the duties of manhood. The Church, believing the education furnished by the State to be inadequate and insufficient, has established at her own expense schools in which moral instruction is added to intellectual training. She does not believe that Catholics should be taxed twice for educational purposes—once by the law of the State for the support of the public schools, and again for their own sense of duty for the support of Christian schools; but while refraining on the one hand from encouraging what she regards as injustice by approval or acquiescence, and on the other from seeking justice through disloyalty or disaffection, she pursues her work of morality, civilization and patriotism, relying upon time, circumstance and above all on truth, to convince the highly intelligent people that the education which embraces moral and secular instruction is a powerful influence for the maintenance of order and law, and therefore a force to be encouraged by every supporter of Republican Government."

Our space will not allow of any further quotations, but this splendid effort of a gifted and conscientious Catholic orator, will stand as one of the great Catholic speeches of the nineteenth century.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.

So frequently have we sought to impress upon our readers the unreliability of all the per odical reports concerning the Pope's health that we are pleased to be able to quote this week, a very clear statement made by a correspondent from Rome who signs "Don Alessandro," in the Montreal "Semaine Religieuse." After mentioning the frequency of these sensational and baseless reports, the writer above named, says:—

"In Rome we are accustomed to these stories; they are made up periodically, and no attention is paid to them. It is a certain thing that each succeeding year weighs heavily on the Sovereign Pontiff. God does not seem to wish a perpetual miracle; and if He accords to the Supreme Head of His Church an old age exempt from the infirmities that ordinarily constitute its companions, He does not, dispense him from the grand law of depression of physical strength."

"It is an undeniable fact that the Sovereign Pontiff's strength wanes, which is but natural in a man who has reached his ninety-second year. For over a year the Pope scarcely

ever says Mass in public, and when he says it in private, which he never fails to do each day, except in case of illness, he celebrates it seated. Pius VI. did the same, and sometimes popes have accorded this favor to some aged Bishop, whose weaknesses bound them to their chairs and who, notwithstanding, ardently desired for their own consolation and the good of the Church, to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice.

"This sinking of his strength is manifested in a great difficulty to walk and to remain standing. But when the Pope is seated no person can perceive his weakness. His voice is clear and strong, his eye is brilliant, his language flowing, above all when he makes use of the Italian language. In a word, he appears as an old man, whose condition would be the dream and hope of many an individual of eighty years."

This seems to us to be a fair and correct statement of the Holy Father's condition. According to medical report he is in a condition, physically, that could possibly continue for several years yet, still one that might, at any moment, terminate suddenly and fatally.

PAPAL ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

It is a well-known fact that the Pope, in spite of the occupation of Rome, is still acknowledged by all governments to be a sovereign, and as such he has the right to confer orders, decorations, and titles which are officially recognized everywhere as equal to the decorations of any other State, and considering them, we must distinguish between orders properly so called, and decorations, service-crosses, etc.

There are five orders conferred by the Holy See, viz., the Order of Christ, of St. Sylvester, of St. Gregory, to which we may add that of the Holy Sepulchre, although it is entirely different from the rest historically and in the manner of conferring.

The highest in rank is the Order of Christ. It originated in Portugal, where it was founded in 1318 by King Dionysius as an ecclesiastical military order to defend the boundaries against the Moors. Pope John XXII. approved it April 14th, 1319, but reserved the right to confer it himself. The Portuguese order retained its ecclesiastical character until it was secularized and changed into an order of merit in 1797, but the papal soon became one of the latter class exclusively, and the highest of its kind. It is conferred very rarely. It has only one class, but as a special mark of distinction a star of brilliants is sometimes given with it. The real badge of the order is an oblong enamel cross of red with an inner cross of white, and is worn around the neck with a red ribbon, whilst the splendid star ornaments the left breast. Like every papal order, the Order of Christ has a special gorgeous court uniform, consisting of a red dress-coat with white gold-embroidered facings and cuffs, gold epaulets, white trousers with gold trimmings, sword and two-pointed hat with white feathers.

Next comes the Order of Pius, which was instituted in 1847 by Pius IX., who thus resuscitated the order of the Cavalieri Pii, founded by Pius IV. in 1550. Originally this order had only two classes, but now it has four, viz., the Grand Cross, commander of the first class (with star), commander of the second class, and Knight's Cross. According to the Bull of June 26th, 1849, the first three grades bestow hereditary, the last one only personal nobility, on the recipient. The decoration of this order consists of a dark blue star with eight rays surrounding a white round shield, which bears the inscription of Pius IX. encircled by a gold band with the words: "Virtuti et merito." On the reverse is the date of institution, 1847. The ribbon of this order is dark blue with two red stripes. The gala uniform consists of a dark-blue dress coat with red, gold-embroidered cuffs, white pantaloons with gold stripes, epaulets with the insignia of a colonel in gold, two-pointed hat with white plumes and sword with mother-of-pearl hilt.

The Order of St. Sylvester, according to tradition, is the most ancient of all papal orders. It is also called the Order of the Golden Spur, and is said to have been instituted by the Emperor Constantine and confirmed by Pope Sylvester I. In the Middle Ages this order was not only conferred by the popes, but also by other sovereigns, and the title "Eques aureus" or "aureus" was considered one of the greatest titles of honor. Under Gregory XVI. the constitution of the order was amended, and it was determined that it should consist of two classes, commanders and knights. Its decoration is an eight-pointed white enamel cross with a gold border. Below the cross is a golden spur. In the centre is the picture of St. Sylvester, and on the reverse the inscription: "Gregorius XVI. restituit." The uniform for both classes is a red dress-coat with two rows of buttons, a green collar, and gold-embroidered cuffs, together with white trousers with gold stripes, and a two-pointed chapeau with plumes, sword, and the epaulets of a colonel. The decoration is worn by a red ribbon striped with black. A special distinction for both classes is the golden chain which is worn over the shoulders and on the breast. Of this order only 150 Commanders and 300 Knight crosses can be given away; besides all papal chamberlains are born Knights of the Golden Spur.

Of the orders of the Holy See the one most frequently conferred is that of St. Gregory, founded in 1831 by Gregory XVI. It comprises two classes, namely for military and civil services, and each division has four classes, viz., the grand cross of the first and second class, commanders and knights. The knights of the military division wear the decoration, which consists of a red, indented enamel cross, in the centre of which is a picture of Gregory the Great and on the reverse the inscription "Pro Deo et Principe" with a trophy, and those of the civil division with a green enamelled laurel-wreath. The gala uniform consists of a dark green open dress-coat with silver-embroidered cuffs, without epaulets, white pantaloons, sword and two-pointed chapeau with black plume.

The Order of Christ holds precedence over all other papal orders. Next follows that of Pius, but in regard to the other two it is not certain which one takes precedence, but it is obvious that the grand crosses precede all those of commanders and knights, and commanders the knights of all other orders.

Properly speaking, the Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem does not belong to this series, but forms a division by itself. Its history dates back to the time of the Crusades, when it was considered a special honor to be knighted at the Holy Sepulchre, and great privileges were bestowed on these knights since that time. Alexander VI. granted the Franciscans, the custodians of the Holy Sepulchre, the power to confer knighthood there. Benedict XIV. reformed the statutes in 1746 and after having lapsed into desuetude, they were revived by Pius IX. in 1837. Since then the Patriarch of Jerusalem is the representative of the Pope in all affairs of this Order, and he has the power to grant it independently. In Rome he is represented by a bailiff of the order, at present the Papal Chamberlain, Count Fani. This decoration is intended for those that have deserved well of the missions in the Holy Land. It has four classes, and consists of the so-called five-fold cross of Jerusalem, surmounted by a golden royal crown and attached to a black ribbon. The court uniform consists of a white, buttoned coat with black, gold-embroidered collar, facings, and cuffs, gold epaulets, white trousers with gold strips, two-pointed hat with white feathers and sword.

These are the only papal orders that are conferred at the present time, as the rest have been suspended since 1870.

Now a word about other decorations, viz., crosses of honor and medals. Of these we have the cross for military services rendered before the occupation of Rome ("Pro Petri Sede," for the campaign of 1860, the Mentana cross of 1867, etc. Then we have the gold and silver medals "di Benemeranza." These bear the portrait of the reigning pope, and are worn with a white and yellow ribbon. The cross "Pro Pontifice et Ecclesia," founded by Leo XIII. in 1888, is the one most frequently conferred at present. It is in gold, silver, and nickel, and is attached to a red and white ribbon.—T in the Review, St. Louis, Mo.

greatly how they could pin their faith to a definite institution or bind their hopes of salvation to a following. My visit to New York on a gloomy summer disillusioned me. I stayed a week at the home of a body of devoted religious men. It was only after repeated conversations with these worthy priests that I thoroughly realized what a fool's paradise I was brought up in. I now see that whatever the world possesses of learning, art, or civilization is due entirely to the old Catholic Church that had been the best exponent of Christian ideas through the centuries. It dawned on me with wonderful force that Protestants, who value the Holy Scriptures, are entirely indebted to the Catholic Church for the Bible. Needless to say, when I saw the truth I lost no time in repudiating the errors of my early training.

There are not a few intelligent converts to-day whose conversion has come about in the same way. It broadens one's mind, and there is no better way of dissipating prejudices than to exchange thought with men brought up in another environment and in circumstances different from our own.

On the piazzas of summer hotels there goes on a constant non-Catholic mission. There is no thought nearer the hearts of the people than the thoughts of religion. It is one's highest relation in life. So little wonder in the conversion that passes in the idle moments religion has a large share. So strongly have these considerations about the possibility of non-Catholic mission work being carried on at the summer watering places impressed a zealous Catholic layman that he is about to start a seaside apostolate. His purpose is to induce every Catholic to put a copy of some manual of Catholic teaching, like "Plain Facts," into his grip when he goes off on his vacation; to urge them not to neglect the opportunity when it presents itself of driving home an explanation of Catholic doctrine; to endeavor to induce the priests at the summer resorts to have a few lectures for non-Catholics.

There is no doubt about the willingness on the part of non-Catholics to attend. They are curious to know what the teachings of the Catholic Church are, and while they might not go to the Catholic Church in their own town for fear of being talked about, when they are away from these social restraints they will go. They will listen with a much more open mind.

There is no telling how much good work may be done under just such circumstances as these.

A. P. DOYLE,
Secretary of the Catholic Missionary Union.

FATHER MARION WELCOMED HOME

Rev. Father Marion, P.P. Douglas, who has been absent in California for the past eight months, for the benefit of his health, returned home on Saturday, May 18th, and was heartily welcomed by his devoted parishioners.

On Sunday, after his return, in presence of a very large congregation, the following address of welcome was read by Mr. John McEachen, while Mr. Patrick M. Conway presented Rev. Father Marion, with a beautiful set of gold vestments and a handsome purse, on behalf of the parish.

To Rev. H. S. Marion, P.P., "St. Michael's," Douglas.

Rev. and Dear Father,—When, after a long and faithful service amongst us, you were forced through serious illness to temporarily relinquish the arduous labors of the parish and seek a change of climate for the restoration of your shattered health, the members of this congregation were deeply grieved, and earnest prayers were offered for your speedy recovery.

We are, therefore, greatly pleased to know that you return to us with renewed vigor and strength; and with grateful hearts we thank Almighty God that He has also guarded and protected you from the perils and dangers of such a long and fatiguing journey.

It is then with much joy and pleasure we embrace the present auspicious occasion to tender you a most sincere and cordial welcome; and as within a few days you will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of your birth, we also wish to offer you our most hearty congratulations, and pray you to accept this set of gold vestments and the accompanying purse as a slight token of our love and esteem.

We cannot close without publicly acknowledging our indebtedness to Rev. Father French, for his many acts of kindness, and the faithful and acceptable manner in which he directed the affairs of the parish during your absence.

Hoping you may be long spared to continue the many good works you so happily inaugurated in our midst, and assuring you of our fervent prayers and best wishes for your future health and happiness, we are your devoted parishioners.

Signed on behalf of the parish,
JOHN McEACHEN,
PATRICK M. CONWAY,
MICHAEL BULGER,
PATRICK HELFERTY,
MICHAEL T. BREEN,
JOHN O'NEIL,
JOHN CARTY, Jr.,
PATRICK P. ENRIGHT.

Rev. Father Marion feelingly replied, thanking all for their kindness and generosity, and expressing his joy to be home again.

We are pleased to know that Rev. Father Marion returns in good health, and we join our good wishes to those of his devoted people in welcoming him home, and in wishing him many years of health and happiness to continue his good work in the vineyard of the Lord.—The Visitor, Eganville, Ont.

I have frequ
there is no in
tion than that
ism. Why it s
than I dare ve
the facts are
facts," s Dick
Catholic paper
hill road to tr
are a few exc
substantiate th
themselves, u
have had ampu
perking the ten
Catholic journa
and in the neig
I have failed.
a single exampl
cess. Why is it
has been asked
ple, all of wh
having good an
ic journals, an
causes of man
care. They lam
they have it in
Horate, yet the
ing the first ne

This questio
to my mind on
ing passage in
able work "The
deals with the
difficulties; an
is general, still
the Catholic ju
I say this bec
scientific Catho
handicapped b
existence. He i
opportunities
advantage of w
The Catholic fe
exceedingly lim
only poor, but
are found upon
and even Protest
forbidden field
ter upon it if
find therein a m
but he is thereb
fice principle at
sity. If he does
in no measured
not do so, he is
his own consci
compensation in
starve for auct
care, but he mus
principles for the
livelihood that h
ford him.

I will reproduc
graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

graph from Cra
its truth and ex
to impress the r
is thus the nove
"Among the ma
entering upon a
losing forever of
moment there is
Let a writer work
reels and his fing
hold the pen. He
find it impossib
imagining that
cannot escape fro
drives him, becau
driver and the dri
his victim, the tor
tured. Let physica
rrible consequences
sive smoking, an
of and morphine
of all stimulants
of taskmasters, th
of enchanters, th
sweetest dreams
palling nightmares
ating of poisons, t

THE FATE OF PEN-WORKERS

BY OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

I have frequently observed that there is no more ungrateful avocation than that of Catholic journalism. Why it should be so, is more than I dare venture to surmise. Yet the facts are there: "cold, hard facts," as Dickens calls them. The Catholic paper has always an uphill road to travel. And, if there are a few exceptions, they merely substantiate the rule that obtains. I have had ample opportunity of observing the trend and the working of Catholic journalism, both in Canada, and in the neighboring Republic, and I have failed, so far, to meet with a single example of unqualified success. Why is it so? This question has been asked me by scores of people, all of whom are interested in having good and prosperous Catholic journals, and all of whom are, themselves, unintentionally the causes of much of that material failure. They lament a condition that they have it in their power to ameliorate, yet they never dream of taking the first necessary step in that direction.

This question was brought forcibly to my mind on reading a very striking passage in Marion Crawford's able work "The Three Fates." It deals with the Pen-Worker and his difficulties; and while its application is general, still, to my mind, it fits the Catholic journalist to perfection. I say this because the truly conscientious Catholic writer is fearfully handicapped in life's struggle for existence. He is obliged to forego opportunities that others may take advantage of without any scruples. The Catholic field of journalism is exceedingly limited, and it is not only poor, but many barren patches are found upon its surface. Secular and even Protestant journalism is a forbidden field for him. He may enter upon it if he wishes, and may find therein a means of livelihood, but he is thereby obliged to sacrifice principle at the shrine of necessity. If he does so he is condemned in no measured degree; if he does not do so, he is left the reward of his own conscience, but no other compensation in this world. He may starve for aught any one seems to care, but he must not sacrifice his principles for the sake of gaining a livelihood that his own cannot afford him.

I will reproduce the entire paragraph from Crawford's pages, and its truth and exactness cannot fail to impress the reflecting reader. It is thus the novelist writes:—

"Among the many consequences of entering upon a literary life is the losing forever of the feeling that any moment there is nothing to be done. Let a writer work until his brain reels and his fingers can no longer hold the pen, he will, nevertheless, find it impossible to rest without imagining that he is being idle. He cannot escape from the devil that drives him, because he is himself the driver and the driven, the fiend and his victim, the torturer and the tortured. Let physicians rail at the horrible consequences of drink, of excessive smoking, of opium, of chloral and of morphine—the most terrible of all stimulants is ink, the hardest of taskmasters, the most fascinating of seducers, the broader the sweeter dreams are for him, the most appalling nightmares, the most insidious, the most insinuating, the surest of de-

stroyers. One may truly venture to say that of an equal number of opium-eaters and professional writers, the opium-eaters have the best of it in the matter of long life, health and peace of mind. We all hear of the miserable end of the poor wretch who has subsisted for years upon stimulants or narcotics, and whose death, often at an advanced age, is held up as a warning to youth; but who ever knows or speaks of the countless deaths due solely to the overuse of pen, ink and paper? Who catalogues the names of those men whose brains give way before their bodies are worn out? Who counts the suicides brought about by failure, the cases of men starving because they would rather write bad English than do good work of any other sort? In proportion to the whole literary profession of the modern world, the deaths alone, without counting other accidents, are more numerous than those caused by alcohol among drinkers, by nicotine among smokers, and by morphine and like drugs among those who use them. For one man who succeeds in literature, a thousand fail, and a hundred, who have looked upon the ink when it was black and cannot be warned from it, and whose nostrils have smelled the printer's case, are ruined for all usefulness and for the drifting and struggling down the stream of failure till death or madness puts an end to their sufferings. And yet no one ventures to call writing a destroying vice, nor to condemn poor scribblers as 'ink drunkards.'"

Permit me an old saying:—"there is more truth than poetry" in this. Is there no way in which this sad fate of the man who devotes all he possesses of talents, time, and energy to the cause of his fellowmen, can be averted? As far as we Catholics are concerned, there can be no; it is to seriously encourage the Catholic press. I am fully aware that appeals in this direction are almost useless, for they have ever been more or less fruitless. Yet, it becomes a duty, at times, to touch upon the subject, and to bring it out in different lights in order to attempt the awakening of very good-intentioned people from the apathy which seems to have fallen upon them.

What impresses me the most in this matter is the lack of feeling, or pride, or whatever I may call it, which seems to have fallen upon our co-religionists. It would be indelicate if we were accused of inhospitability, of indifference to our church, of slothfulness in matters of religion, of incompetency in competing either commercially, industrially, politically or otherwise with the other elements of the community. Yet, we witness day in and day out the evidences of our inferiority in matters concerning the journalism of the hour, and we calmly move along as if the affair was no concern of ours. We are not ashamed to acknowledge the lack of support from which our Catholic papers suffer; yet we demand that our journalists should fight our battles when all others are against us. We permit our Catholic pen-workers to drift into misery, before our eyes, yet we would boil over with indignation if any of our neighbors declined to subscribe to a monument to the memory of some one whose death was due to the starvation that our indifference forced upon him. He asked for bread and ye gave him a stone. If each individual could do his duty towards the Catholic press, yet we would be insignificant individually to carry, but the aggregated result would be enormous.

MEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

BY A VETERAN SCRIBBLER.

In the course of my life I have had occasion to see and to hear some famous men; several of these have not only passed away from earth, but out of the recollections of the great public. I call them famous, because they had all attained certain degrees of renown in their own day. It occurred to me the other evening that possibly a number of the readers of the "True Witness" would be interested in a few brief reminiscences of personages whose they, too, may have met, or heard speak. Any way I have dotted down some of these personal recollections, and, if the paper's management does not care to fling them in the waste paper basket, they may see the light of day through its columns.

THE REV. DR. ROGERS.—It is very probable that not one of all my readers will recall Dr. Rogers; if any still live who chanced to have heard him, it is very likely that they have, in the rush of life, long since forgotten him. In 1874-75 I was in the class of Belles-Lettres in one of the leading colleges of this country. One evening in midwinter a rare and exceptional treat was afforded us. It was announced that a Rev. Dr. Rogers was to lecture, in the city theatre, on "Life Here and Hereafter;" the students in the classes of Belles-Lettres, Rhetoric and Philosophy were granted permission to attend the lecture. I subsequently learned that this permission

was granted for a two-fold reason. In the first place, the rector wished to give us an opportunity of hearing something exceptionally good; and, in the second place, he wished to encourage the lecturer for reasons that now appear to me very natural.

When this Dr. Rogers came I do not know; whether he went, or what afterwards became of him I ignore. He had been a Baptist minister, and became a convert to Catholicity. He was lecturing for the purpose of making a living, having, at the age of fifty, lost, by his entry into the Catholic Church, the means of livelihood, which for twenty-five years had been his. Naturally I have but slight recollection of the man, beyond the impressions that his appearance on the stage have left. I was young, unaccustomed to hearing public speakers, and an interval of more than a quarter of a century lies between us to-day, and that occasion. The most I can do is to describe the lecturer as he now stands before me, summoned up by the wand of memory. He was a man of medium height, compactly built, with long black beard and very black flowing hair. He was dressed entirely in black, and what added to the somberness of his appearance was a clerical coat buttoned up to the neck, leaving no sign of white collar or shirt-front. His features were rather of the coarser cast, and his eyes seemed to me to be steel-grey. He began his lecture with a very

hurried statement of his conversion. Without gesture, or apparent animation, he spoke for fully fifteen minutes. Yet every eye was riveted upon him, and every breath was held. It was his voice that worked this miracle upon the audience. Such a voice I had never before heard; it was like some delicately tuned instrument that the performer could use at will, up and down the gamut of sounds and intonations he glided with an ease that was most astounding. His lowest, softest whisper could be distinctly heard in the remotest corner of the thronged theatre; and his louder tones never shocked the nerves, nor left an unpleasant impression. But when he had glided into the subject of his feature, when his features became animated with the glow of enthusiasm, when his grey eyes flashed rays of penetrating eloquence, when his gestures became more active, when he unbuttoned his long coat, threw back his hair, and stared a foreward nearer to the footlights, the transformation was electric in its effect. No longer did the same man seem to occupy the platform; another being, a robed angel with a celestial clarion, appeared to have descended amongst us to proclaim some glorious message. Can I ever forget that hour and a half!

What did he say? I do not know. I cannot remember. Had I been a reporter and commissioned to perform the task, I could never have permeated the whole of that vast audience. At will he carried us along with him, from scene to scene of the mental panorama that he unrolled before us; there was no resistance possible, no distraction, no inattention, no criticism, no calculation. It was a mighty river sweeping seaward and bearing away, despite all efforts to the contrary, the frail vessels that danced upon its bosom.

At the close, or as he approached that which represented a peroration, he drew a picture of a battle—it might have been Waterloo, or Balaklava, or Fair Oaks, or Chantanooga, or any other modern battle—so vividly, so realistically that we could almost hear the boom of the cannon, the clash of the sabres, the clamping of the horses, the rush of cavalry, the moans of the wounded, the yells of conflict, the cheers of victory. And, in the midst of that leading on to a charge, a Sister of Charity, kneeling beside a dying soldier, we heard a terrific volley: the officer and the nun were both killed at the same instant—that volley had swept the whole face of the field.

There was a pause; a pause of the most intense excitement. The lecturer seemed to be taking breath before attempting another eagle-flight into the realms of the imagination. The two words, "the charge," and "the moment of glory's last effort," he then followed the two souls to the throne of God. The scene changed. He pictured the Eternal upon His judgment seat, and these two souls standing there, side by side, in the awful silence of the Infinite. Were I to live a hundred years, I could never forget that moment. It was eloquence reaching the very apex of the sublime. And, at that moment, when we expected a prolonged description of the judgment scene, the speaker paused, became silent, looked around for a moment, bowed and resumed his seat. He left to our imaginations the completion of the picture—a compliment to his audience which was fully appreciated.

There was no applause. The audience had been spell-bound; no one seemed to realize that the man had sat down. It was only when the chairman arose to propose a vote of thanks that the spell was broken. I need not say how loud and prolonged was that burst of applause. After the vote of thanks Dr. Rogers came forward to say a word or two in expression of his appreciation of the reception given him. All was changed. He was again the very common-place looking individual in black. Were it not for his charming voice his re-appearance would have almost swept away every feeling that his magnetic eloquence had awakened.

Who was Dr. Rogers? What became of him? Is he still in the land of the living? Did he ever since repeat for others that lecture? None of these questions can I answer. His form, his appearance, his oratory, constitute for me a mere memory—but one of those rare and charming recollections which mark, like stars of extra magnitude, the confused brilliancy of that galaxy which hangs in the sky of each man's past life.

FAMOUS YACHT BUILDERS.

The fame of the Defender and Columbia has fallen, curiously enough, upon an entire family. A few yachtmen and the people of Bristol know the Herreshoffs man from man; the numerous inland know only "the Herreshoffs," a dim aggregation of genius that designs and builds extraordinary sailing craft. There are nine of the Herreshoffs, seven brothers and two sisters, now nearly all men and women well along in years. Four of them are blind—curious malady which has attacked this family of genius without seemingly impairing its power of achievement. Only two of the brothers are connected with the yacht-building establishment. John B. Herreshoff, the president of the company, though blind from his boyhood, has built up and managed the business which has made the name famous—even concerning himself with the intimate details of con-

struction and finance. Captain "Nat"—Nathanial Green Herreshoff—is the other member of the company. It is he who designed the Gloriana, the Vamoose, the Defender, each of which, by its revolutionary boldness of construction, marked an epoch in the history of the racing-craft. It is he, also, who watched the building of the cup defenders, one after another, and afterwards helped sail them to victory. These two men have built their business and made a name in a single generation—they did not inherit their reputation. They came rightfully by their love for-the sea. They built boats and sailed them before they were well out of knickerbockers. As early as 1877 Captain "Nat" built a new kind of catamaran, with an odd joint which permitted the sections to work independently of one another, and he beat all comers with her. It is recorded that he once sailed her twenty-one miles an hour on a measured course. At another time he met the Sound steamer at Newport, and beat her in a race of distance. He is described by a citizen of Bristol as having been a tall, serious, silent youth, who preferred a sail alone in his cat-yawl over any kind of company. He was graduated from the Boston school of technology, and then served a thorough apprenticeship in the Coast engine works, afterwards travelling extensively among the shops and shipyards of Europe.

Personally, Captain Nat is tall and looping and gray. He says little but he is a prodigious worker of excitement of a great race he sits as calmly at the helm as he would in an office chair, peering out under the boom, often through blue spectacles, and watching every spar and halyard with the eye of a past master in his craft. He is a thoroughly hard worker of the scientific turn of mind which knows no rest from its labors. He has no recreation beyond sailing, and that, in a measure, is a part of the serious business of his life. To him, more perhaps than to any other builder, is due the credit for the new methods of scientific yacht design whittled his model from a block of wood cutting here and cutting there, until its curves suited the pleasure of his eye. Such methods bring a substantial and worthy vessel for the slow sailing service of the merchant marine, but it required the scientific insight and the mathematical accuracy of a Herreshoff to produce a racing machine such as the Defender of the Columbia. Captain Nat has built his home even nearer to manhood. He has a father, High tide in the harbor reaches within fifteen yards of his front doorway. It is a big, roomy, yellow house with the models of yachts showing in its upper windows. From his front door he can look across the beautiful harbor of Bristol; he can see, scarcely a hundred yards away, the big twin sheds which have been the cradle of so many famous yachts, and further to the right he can see the old homestead which his father built and in which he grew to manhood. He has a family of six children—five boys and one girl—all of whom take to the sea with happily less enthusiasm than their father. Indeed, Mrs. Herreshoff comes from the ancient Bristol family of De Wolls, of whom Captain "Jim" De Wolf built the famous privateer Yankee in 1812.

MADAME TEN BROECK.

It is appropriate to give now, in June, a brief sketch of Madame Ten Broeck, a member of the society of the Sacred Heart. Madame Ten Broeck's ancestors were among the first settlers in New York State. Her father was John Rensselaer Ten Broeck and her mother, Elizabeth Van Buren Van Ness; the mother was a cousin and a resident Van Buren in Catskill, N.Y., in 1815. Her mother died when Elizabeth was only an infant, but when she was six years old a kind stepmother took charge of the young child. All the relatives were Protestants, and until many years afterward, she herself was non-Catholic. As soon as she was old enough to

Religion is the fear of God; its demoralization is good works, and faith is the root of both.

FIRST COMMUNION.

Handsome bound Prayer Books. Neatly mounted Prayer Beads. Crucifixes in Metal, Pearl, Ivory, etc. Religious Pictures, small and large. Medals in Gold and Silver.

Suitable for First Communion Gifts AND AT REASONABLE PRICES.

JUBILEE BOOKS.....5 cents
JUBILEE MEDALS.....5 cents

Stagnary in Metal, for Pocket:
BLESSD VIRGIN.....5c, 10c, 15c each
Larger Size, 35 cents.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
1600 Notre Dame Street.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Canada.

Theological, Philosophical, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Fully Equipped Laboratories. A Practical Business Department.

THOMAS LIGGET
Makes a magnificent display of newest effects in Carpets, Curtains and every description of floor coverings, rugs, etc. Office and church work a specialty.

Our new work rooms are now in full running order. Carpet making and laying, removal of carpets, carpet beating, making over and re-laying in all its branches a specialty.

A large and competent staff and sewers to ensure prompt attention to all orders. Note the address.

THOMAS LIGGET, Empire Bldg., 2274-2276 St. Catherine St.

NINETEENTH Annual Irish Catholic PILGRIMAGE
To Ste. Anne de Beaupre and Cap de la Madeleine,
Under direction of Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Montreal,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN ONLY.
SATURDAY, June 22nd, 1901.
The Steamer "THREE RIVERS" leaves Bonsecours Wharf at 2.30 P.M.
TICKETS—Adults \$2.10, Children \$1.05.
Tickets and Staterooms can be secured at St. Ann's Presbytery, 32 Basin, Street
N.B.—Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for Men, by Ste. "Three Rivers," Saturday, July 27th, at 6.30 P.M.

attended school, she was placed in the "Hudson Academy." Here her attention was directed toward the Church by hearing a man, who claimed to have once been a Catholic, talking against the Church. The young girl thought, as she listened to the speaker, "I wonder if this is all true. Are the Catholics as black as he paints them?" The more she heard the man say against the Church, the more she wanted to learn about that Church, and the first step she took was to go to a Catholic Church on Sunday. There she saw poor, but devout people, and she heard an excellent sermon. Next she procured a prayer book which she read with interest. When she was about twenty-eight, her father died and left but a small amount of property. Elizabeth went out from the home to earn her own living and to assist the family. She had no difficulty in securing a position as governess in a family in Maryland. In her new home she did not forget her study of the Church, although she said then she was only trying to find out about the Catholics, and that she had no idea of becoming a member of the Church. But God's ways are wonderful and He led her to the true Fold at last. In 1844 she was baptized in the Church of St. Thomas, near Port Tobacco, Md., and some time afterward she entered the New York convent of the Sacred Heart in New York. At this time the convent was in Astoria, but it has since been moved to Manhattan, N.Y. Her talent as a teacher was spent wholly and cheerfully in the service of God. When she was not in the school-room teaching, she gave many hours at her desk writing charming books for both young and old. Her magazine articles, as also, her books, were signed "E. V. N."

She died at the convent of the Sacred Heart, Eden Hall, Pa., on March 19, 1901. Thus passed away a soul ripe for the Kingdom of Heaven, one who needed but to know a duty and her pleasure was to do it. —From Messenger of the Sacred Heart for May, the article "A Hidden Toiler."

Be Sure to Order ROWAN'S
Belmont Ginger Ale, Soda Water, Apple Nectar, Kola, Cream Soda, etc. Note our Trade Mark, the "Shamrock" on every bottle. Agents and Bottlers of the "Beaver Brand" Caledonia Water.
ROWAN BROS. & CO.,
Phone, Main 718. 221 Vallee Street.

CARTER'S 10c Gold Cure 10c.
CURES IN A DAY.
P. McCORMACK & CO., Agents,
Cor. Prince Arthur St. and Park St.

W. GEO. KENNEDY, ...Dentist...
No. 758 PALACE STREET
Two Doors West of Beaver Hall Hill.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS
For Summer Use.

A practically unlimited range of choice in all the latest styles, at popular prices, will be found in our Ready-to-Wear Dept. —

JUST RECEIVED.—A beautiful lot of American Lawn Blouses, in all the latest designs, prices from \$1.00 to \$7.50.

CRASH SKIRTS.—A very serviceable assortment at exceptionally low prices! Prices from \$1.00.

PIQUE SKIRTS. Nicely made, trimmed insertion, prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50.

PARIAN COLORED DRESSES. In Muslin, Satin, etc., latest styles, beautifully trimmed with Valenciennes Lace. See our window!

SUMMER CORSETS. In all the leading styles, from 50c.

BOYS' SUMMER BLOUSES, well made, from the best materials, from 50c.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES in leading designs, from 50c.

CHILDREN'S WHITE CASHMERE COATS AND REEFERS, trimmed with embroidery and satin ribbon, beautifully finished, from \$2.25.

Country orders carefully filled. **Butterick's Patterns and Publications.**

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
22 42nd, Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street.
TERMS CASH. Telephone 9503.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The INTERNATIONAL LIMITED
Leaves Montreal daily at 9 a.m., reaching Toronto at 4.40 p.m., Hamilton, 6 p.m., London, 7.30 p.m., Detroit, 9.40 p.m. (Central time), and Chicago at 7.30 following morning.
A Cafe Parlor Car is attached to this train, serving luncheon in a car at any hour during the day convenient to its passengers.

FAST SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.
Fast trains leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 9.15 a.m. and 4.10 p.m., arriving at Ottawa at 11.35 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
Local trains for all O. & N. R. points to Ottawa leave Montreal at 7.40 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 5.45 p.m. daily.

Picturesque Pan-American Route to Buffalo.
CITY TICKET OFFICES,
287 St. James Street and Bonsecours Street.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., Limited, 3 Esplanade Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.60; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance.

All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their own 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.

SATURDAY JUNE 15, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

THE YOUNG IRISH GIRL.

Truly our separated brethren must be hard up for arguments against Catholicity and poor in means of evangelization. A reader has sent us a tract—we may call it such—consisting of four small pages, in the French language, and purporting to be a dialogue between an Irishwoman and her dying daughter, which dialogue is continued between her son Patrick and the same dying girl. The girl is made to say the most unlikely things imaginable about Purgatory, and the brother is made to console her in her last moments, with the assurance that all she needs is the Bible—the priest, the absolution, the rosary, the acts of contritions, the general prayers for the dying, according to Patrick are good for nothing. And the poor girl listens with joy to her brother, and crying out that she is saved, she expires in peace and goes to heaven. This tract was distributed in large numbers at the doors of Notre Dame Church a few Sundays ago. Whoever invented such a rig-ma-role must have been very innocent, or very ignorant. If it required a given amount of cheek to hand around such a document at the very door of Notre Dame, it needed a still greater degree of self-assurance and consummate ignorance to concoct a like story. Written in French, and about an Irish Catholic family, it bears upon its face the unmistakable evidence of humbug. The author should have selected some other characters than Irish people; any one who has ever stood by an Irish death-bed in an Irish-Catholic home, would smile at the simplicity of the fool who thinks that any one living could be imposed upon with such rubbish.

ACTING AS ARBITRATOR.

One of the daily papers, during the course of last week, published the following:— "Archbishop Bruchesi has been asked to act as arbitrator in any disputes that may arise between the boot and shoe manufacturers of Montreal, and their workmen. A committee representing the boot and shoe manufacturers recently waited upon His Grace, and explained a plan of arbitration for the settlement of all differences. Archbishop Bruchesi also received the workmen's delegates. The plan proposed is similar to that which has been tried in Quebec."

Whether His Grace has been actually asked to arbitrate in this matter, or not, is more than we know; nor do we know whether or not he would have time, in the rush of pastoral visitations and other multiplying occupations to accept the task. But we see in this movement a hopeful sign. It is evident that the impartiality, the ability and the interest in the temporal, as well as spiritual welfare of all sections of the community, that characterize the pastors of the Catholic Church—from the Pope to the last curate ordained—are becoming duly recognized in the very sections of the world's social industrial and political organizations.

REV. DR. WILLIAMS AGAIN.

We have often remarked the unreliability of despatch reports of important speeches, lectures, sermons and other public pronouncements; if, in the case of Rev. Dr. Williams, the accounts of his sayings in Toronto be not merely sensational and unauthentic, we can but conclude that the gentleman has been too much preoccupied and over-worried with the consideration of the St. James Methodist Church debt. Certainly he gives utterance to very much nonsense; and that would not be so bad were it not injurious nonsense. Here is one report, in the form of a despatch from Toronto to the "Herald":—

"Dr. Williams asked what would be the effect upon Protestantism in Canada if two crosses were to be placed eventually upon the spires of St. James' Church, and if holy water were soon to be sprinkled within the sacred precincts. 'The thought,' said the doctor, 'of metrols chants which

nobody understands being sung in that church comes to me as a dreadful nightmare before my eyes. May God help me, I cannot face it, and I won't face it, with the help of my brethren.'"

Suppose two crosses were placed on the spires, what objection can a sane Christian have to the sign of redemption. According to Holy Writ, to tradition and history, the cross was the instrument of man's salvation? Does Rev. Dr. Williams know of any other kind of gibbet upon which Christ wrought the redemption of our souls? Holy water and metrol chants seem to constitute the frame-work of his nightmare. It would be a mercy to the poor man if some charitable Christian would awaken him from his ghastly dreams and visions.

But better still is the next paragraph, which runs thus:— "If the Methodists let this magnificent edifice slip out of their hands, Dr. Williams said it would surely be purchased by the Church of Rome. The old property had been incorporated into the Temple building, which was connected with the church, and was rented for offices, which brought in an excellent income. So the prospects for the future were very bright, but for the incubus of this tremendous debt, Montreal Conference had promised to give \$50,000 and had already paid \$30,000."

What on earth do the Catholics want with that massive structure. Right around are St. Patrick's Church, the Jesuit Church, the Cathedral and a number of chapels. But the nightmare will not be broken. In a frenzy of vision the great dreamer says:—

"That the priests of the Roman Catholic Church had already measured the altar and other portions of St. James, anticipating that it would be up for sale in the near future."

Catholic priests are not in the habit of going into Protestant temples, even for the purpose of measuring altars. If the church is ever under the hammer it is much more likely that some theatrical speculator would turn it into a play house, and measure the space for a stage. We would, be very curious, had we been invited to help in clearing off the debt, to know the names of the priests who went measuring for altars in this Methodist Church, how they succeeded in getting access to the building, and what kind of measures they used. Above all let Rev. Mr. Williams give details. He need not have any dread of the Catholic priests, we can promise him that they are far better occupied than spending their time with tape-measures inside that church.

THE YEARS OF ST. PETER.

On June 9th, in the Church of St. Ignatius, Rome, the Cardinal-Vicar said Mass and gave Holy Communion for the purpose of obtaining from God the prolongation of the Pope's life, so that His Holiness may see the years of St. Peter. When the Pope celebrated his nineteenth birthday, the Archpriest Pietro Placenza published a study which has gained in interest as the years have gone past. According to this study: His Holiness Leo XIII. was born on March 2, 1810, and he was elected Pope on February 20, 1878; thus, on June 7, 1901, he had reached the age of 91 years, 2 months, and 27 days, and 22 years, 3 months, and 17 days in the Pontificate. Now, the following is the place he occupies in the order of the longest lived Popes:

- 1. St. Agatho, died in 682, aged 107 years.
2. Gregory IX., died in 1241, aged 99.
3. Celestine III., died in 1198, aged 92.
4. Gregory XII., died in 1471, aged 91.
5. John XXII., died in 1334, aged 90.
6. Leo XIII., on June 7, 1901, counted 91 years, 2 months and 27 days. It may be noted here that Pius IX., whose days seemed very long, died in 1878 at the age of 85 years, 8 months and 24 days. Proceeding in his study the author found that three Popes lived to the age of 85, five to 81, five to 80, two to 78, one to 77, one to 76, one to 74 and four to 70 years of age. The others lived from fifty to 70 years. With regard to duration of Pontif-

cate, Leo XIII. has gained a high position. The longest reigns are:

- 1. St. Peter, who from A.D. 33 to 68 reigned 34 years and 6 months.
2. Pius IX. (1846-1878) reigned 31 years, 7 months, and 22 days.
3. Pius VI. (1775-1799) reigned 24 years, 7 months, and 14 days.
4. Adrian I. (771-795) reigned 23 years, 10 months, and 17 days.
5. Pius VII. (1800-1823) reigned 23 years, 5 months and 6 days.
Leo XIII., up to June 7, 1901, had reigned 22 years, 3 months and 17 days. Another fact of interest in this respect is, that being consecrated Archbishop of Damiana, on January 27, 1843, at the age of 33, he is at present the most ancient of all the Bishops of Christendom, and the only one living promoted to the Episcopate by Gregory VI. He is also the most ancient in the Curia, having been elected on December 19, 1858. The Bishop who follows next the Pope in the order of time is Mgr. Joseph George Strossmayer, Archbishop of Sirmio.

THE IMMIGRANTS' CEMETERY.

It will be remembered that on the 27th May last a meeting of delegates from the Irish societies and of representatives chosen from the five Irish parishes unanimously passed resolutions protesting against the threatened acquisition by the Grand Trunk of the cemetery at Point St. Charles, and requesting Archbishop Bond as owner and trustee to require the Grand Trunk to restore the monument to its place in the cemetery at Point St. Charles. A committee was appointed to act with a view to accomplishing the wishes of the meeting, which was adjourned to June 17th, Monday evening next, if not sooner convened, as it was expected that before that date the committee would be in a position to report that Archbishop Bond had definitely refused to transfer the cemetery to the Railway Company. However, the three weeks are nearly up and no meeting has been called. We do not blame the committee, because we do not know that there has been neglect on their part, but from the fact of their not being ready to report sooner the inference is rather that difficulties have arisen where none should have been found.

We understand that the matter has been referred by Archbishop Bond to a committee of the Synod of the Church of England. However, the ultimate decision rests with His Grace, as well as the responsibility. And, therefore, while his committee may hesitate and delay, we still have no reason to anticipate that Archbishop Bond will ever consent to make over to the Grand Trunk the graves of our unfortunate countrymen of 1847-48, which were committed in trust to the Lord Bishop of Montreal in his corporate capacity and to his successors in office.

We have heard that some of the lay advisers of Archbishop Bond pretend now that the land where the monument stood is not a cemetery at all, and that no burials ever took place there. But we are quite sure in believing that His Grace will not accept any such finding, and for the simple but excellent reason that His Grace cannot do so, because in 1896 he refused to transfer the land to the Ancient Order of Hibernians; first, because in his opinion the terms of the trust would not allow it, and secondly, giving as his reason that so many Protestants, as well as Catholics are buried there. To advise the Archbishop now to say that no bodies were buried there, would be to advise His Grace to contradict himself.

And even if there were not this writing, there is the fact of the trust accepted by the Anglican Lord Bishop, and the object of that trust. The deed does not mention the object, but the Archbishop's predecessor accepted the lot with the monument and the inscription, "to preserve from desecration the remains of 6,000 immigrants." Is it not patent to the Synod's committee that the Archbishop cannot abandon the trust and give his consent to the desecration of the graves.

Out of respect for the memory of his predecessor who accepted the trust, the present Archbishop cannot do anything or consent to anything which would be a violation of it, and as we do not know who compose the Synod's committee, having heard the name of one only of its members, while we think its final report should be favorable to the Irish Catholics, even were it otherwise we would still confidently hold that His Grace Archbishop Bond, true to the trust, would refuse to give the graves to the railway. It is nonsense to talk about public necessity in this matter. If there were any real necessity the Grand Trunk has the means at hand. The law provides for such a case, and all the Railway would have to do would be to take legal means to have the property expropriated. If this were done by law, no one could be blamed, and no one could reproach the Archbishop. But His Grace must feel that, if without

waiting for these expropriation proceedings he were voluntarily to consent to a desecration of the cemetery, there would be grave reason for reproach and blame.

This sad subject has one bright side to it. It has been shown that the Irish Catholics know how to unite at times when the occasion demands it; their coming together from the four quarters of the city and the unanimity of their action on that occasion show that they all feel as one man on this subject, and when the Irish feel like one man they feel like a strong man whose strength commands respect. Another feature of this incident which we are pleased to note is that in this matter the Irish Catholic press of the country has lent its voice to tell the Irishmen of Montreal and all whom it may concern, that the Irish of Canada insist upon it that sacrilegious hands be not allowed to touch the last resting place of the Irish victims of persecution, famine and pestilence in 1847-48.

THE POPE'S NOBLE GUARD.

A very impressive function was celebrated within the walls of the Vatican last week, when His Holiness received the Noble Guard, whose office it is to defend his person and accompany him in the solemn functions which are so frequent in Rome. It was the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of their organization. Before then the Pope was protected by a body of Nobles called "Cavallegieri," and after the "Lance Spezzate." When Rome was assailed in 1527 by the hordes of the Grand Constable, and Clement VIII was obliged to seek safety in the castle of St. Angelo, the "Broken Lances" took their stand around the Pope, and the "Cavallegieri" were suppressed in 1798, when the French Republicans, after occupying the States of the Church and the Eternal City itself, proclaimed the republic, and led away into captivity the Holy Pontiff, Pius VI. His successor, Pius VII., returning to Rome from Venice in the year 1800, appointed a commission composed of three Cardinals and two prelates to provide for the reconstitution of the "Cavallegieri" and "Lance Spezzate," but before they had done their labors the members of many of the foremost patrician families of Rome and the States of the Church begged to be formed into a body guard for the Supreme Pontiff. The request was granted, and ever since then the Noble Guard has never been separated from the Pope on solemn occasions.

The Noble Guard has the custody of two precious standards, one blessed for it by Pius VII. in 1820, and the Standard of the Holy Church. When Boniface VIII. appointed James, King of Sardinia and Corsica, to undertake the deliverance of the Holy Land, he consigned to him the Standard of the Church, nominating him Standard Bearer, Supreme Commander of the Troops and Defender of the Church. In the course of time the same dignity was conferred by successive pontiffs on different kings and princes, until Urban VIII. made it hereditary in the family of John Baptist Naro, from whom descended the family of Naro Patrizi, with whom it rests to-day. The wife of the present holder of the dignity is the grand-daughter of General Lee.

The function last Saturday was rendered especially solemn by the presence and the inspiring words of His Holiness, who in his splendid health once more, and by the excellent music performed under the direction of the Maestro Perosi.—Roman correspondence, New York Freeman's Journal.

THE SPANISH ELECTIONS.

While the elections to the Spanish Cortes have resulted in the return of the veteran Premier, Sagasta, yet his majority will not be sufficient to guarantee any radical changes in the existing condition of affairs being secured. Considerable disturbance, scenes of disorder and violence, marked the contest. According to a correspondence in English Catholic exchanges, it would seem that Church and State are at deadly warfare in the Peninsula. One correspondent tells how:—

"Socialistic and Anarchist propaganda has been openly advocated and permitted under the aegis and shelter of the law for the last six months. Meetings were held with the permission of the authorities and the assistance of their delegates at which the extermination of the clergy was advocated and encouraged, and religion and its ministry in its varied grades openly assailed. It is not astonishing, then, that elections which excited the worst passions of the populace, and which brought into the arena all the political sections of the nation and appealed to the revolutionary instincts of many, should be attended by a few fatal casualties. Previous to the contest, at one of the meetings, a Socialist, Pablo Iglesias, urged in blasphemous tones that the clergy are not the trees, but rather that noxious growth that remarkably shades the capitalist trunk; that it is therefore necessary to cut it down, in order that the trunk may dry and wither; and it will then be easier to drag it

from its pedestal and cast it into the furnace. Let us not," continues this Godless Socialist, be satisfied with the mere suppression of the friar and the nun, but let us also get rid of the secular clergy, who shelter the capitalist whilst at the same time they preach heartless resignation to the poor. First finish with the monk and the friar and the nun, and then unceremoniously suppress the capitalist, and manufacturer." Fortunately Barcelona, with its vast cosmopolitan population, amongst whom the Anarchists and Socialists of Europe find a home, and too often willing disciples to inculcate with their pernicious doctrines, is yet Catholic to the core.

"Save in the Basque Provinces of Vizcaya and Guipuzcoa, in no other cities outside Ireland would you witness on Sundays such crowded churches, where multitudes are to be met who, finding it impossible to enter the aisles, contentedly hear Mass in the approaches to the sanctuary or in the open streets in front, particularly at the 12 o'clock services."

The manner in which the various governments have ignored the representations made by the Church is a matter of astonishment to all who know the Catholic history of Spain. The same writer says:—

"The Bishops of Spain in their Pastoral letters, by their voices in the Senate, in their diocesan and national synods, have year after year urged a deaf, unwilling Government. At the first National Council held in Madrid in 1859, and at those subsequently held year after year since, in Saragossa, Valencia, Tarragona, Lugo, Sevilla and Burgos, collectively and individually the prelates of the Peninsula begged for a law of public education conformable to the wishes of the Catholic hierarchy. They sought, as is now sought in Ireland, the delivery to the Catholics of one of the universities, where Catholic Faith and Catholic teaching might be fully unfolded under Catholic professors. To all these requests the Government turned a deaf ear. Their written appeals have remained in the Cabinets of the Ministry as waste paper. So says the Bishop of Oviedo, Dr. Vigil, in a brilliant article which he has published under the title of 'La Formula Catolica para la Union de los Espanoles.' Within the year three different ministries have come to grasp the reins of Government—as incompetent as the other. So far as religion and Christian education is considered, it matters not whether it is a Liberal or a Conservative that has grasped the helm of State."

To us the whole anomaly seems to hinge upon one fact, namely: That Masonic influence has control of the Spanish Government, and the representatives of the people are mere tools of the lodges.

CHANGES IN THE CHINESE CAPITAL.

Many and great are the outward and visible changes which at once strike the eye of any one who knew Peking in the old days, says the correspondent of a leading London daily, but there is another and more subtle change less easy to describe. Shorn of all the mystery which threw a weird glamour over its hidden life, the squalor of Peking seems to stand out now absolutely naked and unashamed. Formerly, for instance, there was at least a suggestion of exotic grandeur in the stately outline of halls and temples and the occasional shimmer of yellow tiles through the trees, which were the only glimpse of the Forbidden City allowed to the "outer" barbarian from the Tartar walls. Now its almost sanctuaries have been laid bare. The treasures of bygone centuries which may have helped to disguise the ravages of senile decay have become the spoils of the conquerors, and nothing is left to hide the deplorable and slovenly old age. The barbaric gaudiness of the very throne room itself is overlaid with the accumulate filth of years; the red and gold lacquer of the pillars has peeled off in great scabs, cobwebs and birds' nests defile the painted ceilings.

The same atmosphere of dirt, discomfort and neglect pervades the private apartments of the Emperor and Empress Dowager, and the dilapidated temples sacred to the dynasty. The foul and tattered robes of the few eunuchs who still hang about the imperial palaces are only less offensive than the oily slime to which they train their evil countenance in the presence of the hated foreigners. Sturdy weeds have grown up between the marble flags of the spacious courts, and pools of fetid water lurk beneath the marble bridges of ornamental streams. Here and there a magnificent array of gilded lions and the painted fretwork of a cloisonne screen behind ancestral shrine serves only to heighten by force of contrast the general sense of desolation.

In the streets of the capital the same sense of desolation prevails. Some of the chief thoroughfares have resumed in a measure their normal physiognomy, varied only by the incongruous presence of the Benzol lancia or the German Uhlan, the French zouave or the Italian marine. But most of the streets are still comparatively deserted even in the busiest hours of the day-time, and at night the whole city is hushed in unaccustomed silence. The stillness is no longer broken by itinerant hawksters and story tellers, or by the bawling runners of high officials proceeding long before daybreak to the imperial audience chamber. Even the music of the pigeons as they circled in the early morning, among the trees with a sort of jensary struck against their necks has ceased. No one knew exactly what the population of Peking was before the

troubles, and still less does any one know what it is to-day. To judge by the appearance of the streets it might well have diminished by one-half, and women are more than ever rarely seen. The vast majority of the upper classes have fled, and the once familiar sight of high officials, with their motley crowd of retainers, borne by swift bearers in their curtained chairs to and from rank and fashion doing their rounds of shopping in closed carts with red hangings, has entirely disappeared. In some quarters almost all the houses are closely shut up, though many of them are doubtless not untenanted, and foreign flags alone relieve the gray monotony of long, silent streets ankle deep in the accumulated winter's dust. The amount of bunting displayed by the inhabitants seems to vary in inverse proportion to the confidence inspired among the natives by the nationality to whose administrative mercies they have been committed.

But the old spirit still lurks beneath the surface, and of late especially the belief has been reported to be rife among the populace that the heroes of the Boxer movement are not dead but only asleep, and will wake up again to smite the foreigners as soon as the sap rises in the trees. If ever the present negotiations reach an end and the time arrives for evacuating Peking, there will be an awkward period of transition during the withdrawal of the troops and the restoration of responsible Chinese authority. In the mean time, whatever of the glory and glamour of the East still clung to Peking has departed, probably for ever; the havoc alone remains.

CONVENTION OF CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

Fraserville, P.Q., June 13.

A grand reception awaited the delegates of above order on their arrival here to attend the fifth Provincial Convention. The two local courts of the town turned out in large numbers with two bands of music, and escorted the delegates to the different hotels, the Commercial House being the official headquarters. On Tuesday morning the local members and bands marched the delegates to the parish Church where they assisted at High Mass, Rev. Father Blas, P.F., being celebrant. Rev. Fathers Brossard and Castonguay—both delegates to the convention—being deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon, in English, was preached by the Provincial Chaplain, Rev. Father Chateleine, of Thurso, and in French by Rev. Father Morrisette, of Quebec. A musical choir of fifty male voices rendered the principal portion of the Mass. After Mass the delegates were escorted to the Convention hall, and the first session opened by receiving the report of the credential committee, which reported 180 delegates present, after which the obligation was taken by the Rev. Chief Ranger Gibeault presiding. The various committees were named, and the Convention adjourned until 7.30 p.m. At the evening session the local clergy, accompanied by the Mayor, attended, and addressed the Convention. On Wednesday morning the Convention opened with prayer by the Rev. Chaplain, after which the report of officers, Chief Ranger, Secretary and Treasurer was read and commented upon. The total strength of the Order showed 194 courts and 14,672 members; a gain of 58 courts and 4,000 members since the last Convention two years ago. Members expect to leave for home Friday morning.

HEROIC MARTYRS.

At a time when worldliness and the love of wealth so largely pervade society, it is cheering to read of the heroism with which Christians in China have been facing death for the Faith which they loved more than life. Some remarkable instances of the exhibition of this fearless spirit are recorded in the latest issue of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith." One missionary tells how Venn Yinn, the mayor of the Christian portion of a village in North China, was cited to appear before the local mandarin. Foreseeing that he would be put to death, he knelt down to ask his mother's blessing. Like the mother of the Macchabees, she exhorted him to be true to God. "If," said she, "you die for the Faith, God will take care of us. Give no thought to me or to your children. If you apostatize, I will no longer recognize you as my son." The mayor bade her to be confident as to his fidelity, and he did not deceive her. After having been beaten almost to death with a bastinado he was hung in a wooden cage, and here he expired, his legs moving in prayer to the last. Another martyr, before being put to death at Tsiang-ho, said to his persecutors: "If you chop my body into portions and question each portion, it will answer you that it is Christian." This Christian bravery is manifestly of the same type as that evinced by the early Christians in the midst of danger.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

When sorrow, humiliation, and sadness weigh upon you, do not ask God to deliver you from them; it is a service that He cannot always render you, despite the pleading of His Heart. Lovingly ask Him to come and share your suffering; that is the service of a friend which He will never refuse you; and your suffering, shared with Jesus, will indeed be light.

Activity in the kingdom of God augments the power of spiritual life, and deepens the consciousness of religious realities.

CATHOLIC

The annual meeting of the Catholic Association of Montreal was held on Wednesday evening at the Quinlan Hotel. Amongst those present were Mr. Justice C. Smith, Ald. Frank William McNally, Martin Egan, B. Fallon, C. A. Moran, E. Doran, the hon. the Corporation. After the reading of the minutes of the meeting the Rev. Chas. length to the program made by the year now drawing to a close.

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT.

Following report from the principal of the school was then read.

Catholic Rev. Chairman has the honor to have the second annual report of the High School. The boys enrolled on the year amounted to 115, compared with 115 last year. The average attendance is 38 1-3 per cent. of the total number of our first year. This attendance was considerably below the standard of 50 per cent. not been for the first time throughout the city.

The work done in the school this year, very favorably reflects upon the results. We had our troubles and our triumphs, and our success arises from the fact that the parents themselves, to achieve any good results, the parents recognize the regularity of the attendance of their children, often of the tardiness in the morning, to say the result has been good, and the Rev. Sisters' painstaking, in the two we have established a much higher standard of efficiency has been attained in our first session. We started a class for a qualified teacher has by the Board to take system of specializing branches of studies.

Continued this year, a satisfactory result, perhaps the best school is the ever-growing honor and manliness, dually developing its boys. Punishments few—complaints few—speak volumes for the success of the school. Usual at this time of some of our boys obtained very good marks.

During the year we sports, and the energy with which they were not intended to be behind in the modern schools in this branch of education. Owing to sickness this year our entertainment had one, but we were

DECADE

A special correspondent of Liverpool "Catholic Times" writes:— "Portugal once held a rank amongst the Catholic world. The generation of kings and nobles, and their people had obtained well-deserved title of 'Faithful Kingdom.' The people a few centuries ago, unquestionably a brave and a somewhat rude, rugged Portuguese navigators among the boldest and the world. Their maritime achievements at the cost of many sacrifices and in the teeth of insurmountable obstacles, have never excelled, by any discovery of Brazil, of Good Hope, of the East, an enormous portion of Coast—these, together with circumnavigation of the globe, among the heroic exploits of Portuguese navigators, and their land that they were intruders. Their heroic struggles, their valor, their efforts to throw off the yoke of the Moors, the bravery of the common soldiers, the proof of their fortitude and integrity; in those days gone days of the nation's history, the Portuguese were as the world were. The zeal of their navigators and their burning desire to spread the Cross and spread the

THE BROKEN CRUCIFIX

"See my nice dolly; naughty papa broke it." "The Saints preserve us! Where did you get the cross? Mamma must take it, pet."

"No, don't take it, mamma. It's my dolly 'cause Pinky said so," and Maggie ran away to the sofa. "Indeed, then, an' it's a naughty papa ye have."

Maggie was sleeping in her mother's arms when Jimmie arrived. He carried a bottle in his hand. "I found it outside," he explained.

"That yours, dad?" asked Jimmie, as he put down the bottle. "It was mine, but it ain't now, bad luck to it," said Mr. Kerrigan.

"Pity it out in the street," his father fell on his arm again, and the mother smiled at the boy. "Mike has turned agin the bottle," she said, as she wiped away a tear.

"The sleeping child muttered in her dreams and held to her breast, 'an' I'm down' to keep it, 'cause it's a nice dolly."

"Here comes mamma!" exclaimed Maggie, running to the door to meet the person heard coming up the creaky stairs.

"Oh, it's papa," she said, in evident disappointment, as a man staggered into the room. The new-comer fell into a chair by the table, and after repeated attempts, managed to light a bit of candle stuck in a bottle.

An interesting feature in connection with this gift is that although the Old World order of Perpetual Adoration was established in the United States several years ago it had no permanent home until Mrs. Ryan came to the rescue by purchasing a plot of 10,000 feet of ground in V street, Northwest, and erecting the convent and chapel.

The main altar is of Carrara marble, trimmed with Mexican onyx and embellished with three panels carved in figures of adoring angels. The door of the tabernacle is of Russian enamel. Both the main altar and the side altars are exceedingly rich and were executed in Rome.

The Chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as the Dahlgren memorial is named, has the distinction of being the only Jesuit chapel of early Gothic architecture in the world.

The main altar is of Carrara marble, trimmed with Mexican onyx and embellished with three panels carved in figures of adoring angels. The door of the tabernacle is of Russian enamel.

It is not generally known that the pretty little stone chapel which occupies a corner of the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, this city, and which is intended for the use of inmates of the hospital only, was built by Miss Leary, of this city, as a memorial to her brother, Arthur Leary.

Every spring Miss Leary invites her friends to the little parlor to inspect the work of the year and attend Benediction in the chapel, on which occasion there is special music by noted artists engaged by Miss Leary.—New York Tribune.

Ground will be broken this summer for Lady Chapel, the gift of the late Mrs. Eugene Kelly, of this city, to St. Patrick's diocese. When finished it will stand a memorial to the donor and her husband, the late Eugene Kelly. A bequest of \$200,000 in Mrs. Kelly's will assures the erection of the chapel, which will take the form of an extension to St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Fifth avenue and Fiftieth street.

As a builder of chapels, Mrs. Thana Ryan, of this city, has, perhaps, few competitors. Mrs. Ryan is a daughter of the late John S. Barry, of Baltimore, consequently much of her charitable work is in behalf of the South. She has for many years devoted much time and large sums of money toward the erection of Roman Catholic chapels in the more impoverished districts below the Mason and Dixon line.

At the close of this lengthy task, young Jimmie fidgeted about a moment or two, and then said: "Mr. Waldron, may I ask—" "Mr. Waldron, may I ask—" "Yes, my boy, I'm very much obliged to you for all your kindness to me," said Jimmie. "I know that I owe a great—" "Oh, it's all right," interrupted the manager. "Come over here and check off these commission accounts with me."

At the close of this lengthy task, young Jimmie fidgeted about a moment or two, and then said: "Mr. Waldron, may I ask—" "Mr. Waldron, may I ask—" "Yes, my boy, I'm very much obliged to you for all your kindness to me," said Jimmie. "I know that I owe a great—" "Oh, it's all right," interrupted the manager. "Come over here and check off these commission accounts with me."

"Er—may I ask?" repeated the boy, nervously, "may I ask why Mr. Grenhard is so excited about not getting this two thousand ton steamer charter?" "Can't get the steamer," replied the office manager, without turning around.

"But there are lots of them in the harbor," persisted the youth. "Why, I saw dozens when I came over in the ferry-boat from Jersey this morning."

"Yes, I dare say; but they're all either liners or ready chartered," said Mr. Waldron, fussing with some documents as he spoke. "You see, this war in South Africa has made a great scarcity in tramp steamships at New York, as well as at other ports. The British Government is using a great many in its transport service."

"That's right," returned the manager, admiringly. "Here's a little pointer for you, now. A tramp steamship is one belonging to no regular line, but seeking cargoes from one port to another, wherever she can get them."

"So, I shouldn't wonder if we lost our biggest account," went on Mr. Waldron, sardonically. "But such a tramp steamer may come into the harbor by to-morrow morning," spoke up Jimmie, eagerly.

"Well, young man," began the latter, a trifle brusquely, as he staggered back from the shock of the encounter. "What are you trying to do? Knock me—"

"Please, sir, er—captain—excuse my haste, but are you a tramp?—er—that is, your vessel, I mean—is she a tramp steamship?" interrupted the excited youth.

"Because, if she is, I can offer you a fine charter," went on the glib Jimmie, "that is—er—if your boat does not run much over two thousand tons."

"Bless me! The boy must be crazy," exclaimed the portly individual. "If I'm right in my guess that this vessel is a two-thousand ton tramp steamer, and I do hope I am, you really must give our firm the chance of chartering her," rattled on the enthusiastic youth.

"What is the name of your firm?" queried the other, commencing to be interested by the lad's combination of ignorance and earnestness. "Grenhard and Company, one of the oldest and best in our line," declared Jimmie, proudly.

"No, only a two hundred thousand dollar steam yacht," replied the portly individual, gravely; "but I like your spirit, and I'll tell you what we might do. We might help you to find what you're looking for."

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

"I'm over come by the friendly tones of the other, and stood abashed, but secretly hopeful. "Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874, incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, M. J. Phelan; Secretary-Treasurer, M. J. Power. All communications to be addressed to the hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Finlay, D. Gallery, Jasf McMahon.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Miss S. Mack; Vice-President, Miss B. Harvey; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 608 Anderson street; Telephone, 1006 Main; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlett, 383 Wellington street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine street. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street; Telephone Main 2259. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League.—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A. O. H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Aid. D. Gallery, President; T. McCarthy, vice-president; P. J. Derlin, recording secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strube, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.—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. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Francis J. Curran, B.C.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

JIMMY'S ENTERPRISE.—The old merchant handed the charter-party copies back to young Jimmie Evans, and remarked: "These are very nice, my boy. I like to see them done so neatly and ruled so correctly. Little things like that add greatly to the reputation of our office. Keep on as you're doing, and we'll see if we can't make a first-class ship broker out of you."

"The lad's face flushed crimson with mixed pleasure and embarrassment, and, saying nothing, which was a very good answer under the circumstances, he hastened back to his tail desk.

"Gee-whillikens!" ejaculated Ralph Connor, after Mr. Grenhard had left the office. "I've been here over a year now, and the old man has never given me any such dose of taffy in the whole time."

"Good reason why," growled the elderly office manager, who could not help overhearing the conversation of the two lads. "You take a whole day to make a set of copies, what with tearing up expensive blanks and beginning again, and even then they're so smudgy and blurred that it's all one can do to read, let alone admire them. The trouble with you, Ralph Connor, is that you don't understand the meaning of what you are writing. You go at it just as if you were a parrot. Young Evans has pretty nearly bothered the life out of me by asking questions, but I will say that he seems to profit by what he is told."



That Snowy Whiteness can come to your lines and cottons only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls, nor how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.

HIS SOUL'S

"Never a cry of pain, Never a wail of wrong, Has not its arch-angel city, Finds not its celestial song."

You must give him. It is not fit to console. The girl raised up her lids and glanced upon the stern face of her somewhat mutinous curves of her lips.

"I—I cannot give him," she exclaimed. "I have wished him long, and—I may be good some day."

The priest shrugged. "Oh you women! to himself. That is say."

It was an April morn'g. Overhead stretched southern sky, blue on the right their ruffled, rose the purple tains and in the beams glittered on and lofty towers in of B.—The inexplicable magic of the Italian permeated the very air through every pore. It was a day alive, and rejoicing shine, is sufficient pl moment; when one's is to relegate the can-

existence to a far back count, and to hope all things it seemed to Bianca spring morning that go wrong. It was true, the man she loved the blackest sheep in hood, and the exception rule, and that Padre forbidden her to think surely—with God all possible, and sooner prayers in his behalf and answered in heaven.

"Listen to me, I'll tell you a good deal of lately and nothing to visit to Rome did him go into a set of free-anarchists and what I religion he ever had was extinguished like candles. When Rome de saints she creates dev has been her effect on Bianca shuddered at ready tears of her clas rose to her eyes.

"But—but at least I him," she faltered. "An the Sacred Heart w was especially tryin to this rural village, and a few exceptions, his of direction had not appa crowned with success.

Various Notes...

PARLIAMENTARY FUND.—An exchange says—The fund for the support of the Irish Parliamentary Party has now reached well over £5,000.

HOME RULE.—The United Irish League of Great Britain held its annual meeting at Bristol recently, under the presidency of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who said that, being in a strong financial position, the League was about to appoint more organizers. The importance of the Home Rule question was emphasized by the passing of a resolution, which was spoken to by Mr. Blake and Mr. W. Redmond. Mr. T. P. O'Connor was re-elected president for the year.

MRS. BOTHA IN LONDON.—The arrival of Mrs. Louis Botha in London this week, according to English correspondents of American newspapers, has been the signal for a revival of peace rumors. She speaks English well, and has informed reporters here and at Southampton that she has no communications to make respecting her mission here. Mr. Fischer, who accompanies her, is equally emphatic in refusing to impart any information. They had little to say to their fellow-passengers during the voyage from the Cape. They met one or two sympathizers when the ship reached the dock, and drove quietly to their lodgings from the station, taking pains to conceal their address. The rumor mongers have little but sheer guesswork to go upon when they draw the inference that she has come to London to deliver messages and proposals from her husband respecting a suspension of hostilities, and that as soon as she has consulted with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain she will go to Holland and talk with Mr. Kruger.

A PRIEST'S DEVOTION.—About midnight of a recent Sunday, Rev. L. A. Tieman, pastor of St. Rose's Church, Cincinnati, received a summons to the bedside of one of his sick parishioners. The boy who carried the message, brought with him a horse for Father Tieman to ride, a short distance when the horse became so frightened and threw him to the granite pavement, which he struck with the back of his head. Father Tieman then returned to his residence, and after having his wound dressed by a physician, insisted on carrying to his sick parishioner the consolation of our holy religion. After fulfilling his mission the devoted priest returned home. Not arising at his usual time next morning, he was found unconscious when an attempt was made to arouse him. The physician was summoned, and after considerable work succeeded in restoring Father Tieman to consciousness. He has been steadily improving and is now out of danger.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.—The sensation of the week in Paris, France, has been the arrest of Mme. Monnier, a rich, miserly land owner of the neighborhood of Poitiers, and her son, a former sub-prefect of the Department of Vienne and a leader of Poitiers society, on the charge of incarcerating Mile Blanche Monnier, daughter of Mme. Monnier, for 25 years in a room of Mme. Monnier's house. The police were anonymously informed of the woman's detention, entered the house and found Mile Monnier shut up in a room in darkness, lying on a mattress stark naked, and so emaciated that she appeared to be a living skeleton. The room was covered with filth, bones, refuse food, worms, rats and all kinds of vermin. The unfortunate woman, who had partially lost her reason, was taken to a hospital. It was thought she would die, but she is now improving.

Twenty-five years ago she was a beautiful brunette, and fell in love with a lawyer without means. Her mother disapproved of their love, and confined her in the room which she has only recently left. The son after his arrest pleaded that he acted as he did on account of filial piety, and that the mother was responsible. The lawyer died in 1855. There was a dramatic development in the case to-day. Mme. Monnier died in prison of heart disease. The gravity of her crime was brought home to her at the judge's examination on Thursday. She became ill, and died suddenly in the infirmary of the prison this morning.

HUMBUGGING THAT PAYS.—There is a man out in Chicago by the name of John Alexander Dowie. Last Sunday, addressing a vast assemblage in the Auditorium, he said: "I am the messenger of the covenant. I am the forerunner of Christ. I am he who will smite the enemies of the Lord of Hosts. I am he who will subjugate all government. I am Elijah."

There is no significance in the fact that there is a lunatic in Chicago. There are many of them roaming about the country, harmless and otherwise. There is, then, no significance in this Dowie's being abroad. The significant fact is that he had a large and applauding audience, and has thousands of followers, and that their contributions for the last few years have made him a millionaire. Barnum was an adept in the follies of mankind, and he meant more than a joke when he said, "The people like dearly to be humbugged."

There is an old woman up in New Hampshire who announces to the world that there is no such thing as sickness or disease. She is the inventor of the Christian Church, scientist, and has, it is claimed,

over a million followers, and the adepts among them undertake, for a consideration, to cure diseases whose very existence they deny. This inventor, like Dowie, has accumulated a fortune. The age of incredulity is the most credulous age. This may look like a contradiction, but it is an idea of Pascal.—New York Freeman's Journal.

BROOKLYN'S IRISH CENTENARIAN.

Barney Morris attained his 109th birthday on Monday last, and he celebrated the event by working from 7 a.m. until 3 p.m. in Prospect Park, where for many years he has been a laborer. A reporter who congratulated him on his 108th birthday, a year ago, talked with him again this year. There was not another wrinkle in his face, scarcely a hair gone from his head, not an extra quaver in his voice. His complexion is as ruddy and his eyes as clear as it was a year ago. If anything, the old man seemed younger, more spry and more happy than he did then.

Barney lives with his third wife at the home of their son-in-law, H. D. Cohen, No. 842 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and still earns his daily bread by assisting in keeping Prospect Park free from papers and other refuse scattered by pleasure seekers. Asked if he did not think he would ever die, Barney replied, with a twinkle in his eye: "I've got the best chance in Brooklyn to live. There's nothing trouble with me, barring a little trouble with my feet from corns and bunions. Not one in ten who are seventy-five years younger than I am can say that."

"Well, don't you think you've earned the right to retire?" Barney was asked. "Are you never going to stop work?" "I shall work as long as I live," was the quick reply. "How can I live if I haven't got money? Why, I wouldn't live here with my daughter unless I paid my board. I never accepted charity from any one. I can get along out there in the park as well as any one. None of 'em can carry more in his scragging than I."

"But, haven't you laid up enough money in all these years so that now you can retire?" "Now, how could I do that on the small pay of a laborer? If I had been a good rogue I wouldn't have had to work in my old age. That's the way people grow rich—by being dishonest. I never did a dishonest thing in my life. Nobody could ever say that black was the eye in my head."

Mrs. Morris explained that Barney meant by the last statement that he had never told a lie. Barney has a claim against the city for \$755 in back pay, and declares that he intends to sue the city for his honest money. In 1893 a law was passed allowing all city laborers to get \$2 a day. Barney and other employees continued to get no more than \$1.50 until January 1, 1900. His claim consists of an extra 50 cents for 1,510 days.

Barney says that he was born in the parish of Central Port, County Cavan, Ireland, June 10, 1792. He came to America seventy-three years ago, and became a coachman. Then he drove a hack of his own for nearly half a century. Many is the interesting tale of adventure that he tells of the early days of Brooklyn. The old man has always been a great fighter.

"I never met a boy or a man that could lick me," he says proudly. "If I was as young as I used to be I could handle them all out there in the park one day, long ago, I beat seven rogues, who tried to rob me."

Even more wonderful than his strength of limb is the remarkable way in which the old man has retained his eyesight. He has never worn glasses, and can read as well to-day as he could fifty years ago. His hearing is fair, and his voice is clear. He eats heartily of anything that strikes his fancy, and sleeps from nine to ten hours every day. Soon after 7 o'clock each night he goes to bed, and is always up before 5 in the morning. Never has he missed a day at the park on account of sickness, and his slight, wiry form, somewhat bent, is familiar to many regular visitors to the park, although few ever dream how old he is.

Barney has a ready tongue, and no ordinary person can get ahead of him.

"Say, what would you do if you were Mayor?" laughingly said some facetious young person the other day, when Barney was relating his anecdotes.

"I'd teach you some manners," flashed back the old man. "Yes, and I wouldn't let these rogues steal any money from the city, either if I was Mayor."

That his long life and continued strength and health are the reward of virtue and temperance in all things Barney is firmly convinced. He never used tobacco or strong drink, has always taken plenty of exercise and sleep, has been honest and honorable with every one, and has lived and is still living a God-fearing, happy, busy life.

AN OLD CATHOLIC CEMETERY.

We who have so many places of interment in our own city, and over so many of which the busy tide of unreflecting life and activity ebbs and flows, can appreciate an account given of the oldest Catholic cemetery in New York. As the article is somewhat lengthy, as well as interesting, we will simply reproduce it without other comment. It runs thus:—

"The oldest Catholic Church building in this State stands in this city, but it is on the other side of the East River and in the borough of Brooklyn. St. Peter's in Barclay

MEN AND LADIES The "Mansfield" \$3.00 SHOE. The Best in the City. Goodyear welted; made in Enamel Calf, Box Calf, Wax Calf, Velour Calf, Russia Calf—light and heavy sole—all sizes, 3 to 10. MANSFIELD, The Shoelist, 124 St. Lawrence st., cor. LaGauchetiere.

street was the first congregation organized in New York city (1786), but the present church is comparatively modern structure. It is the second building on the site and was put up in 1836. St. Patrick's, in Mott street, built in 1810, was nearly all destroyed by fire on Oct. 6, 1836, and had to be rebuilt. St. John's in Ulster, St. Mary's in Albany and the Church at Carthage have all disappeared. St. James' Church in Jay street, Brooklyn, built in 1823, is therefore the oldest original Catholic Church structure in the whole State. It is used now as a pro-cathedral, and stands surrounded by a graveyard within whose narrow confines, eight city lots, it is said no less than 6,000 persons are buried.

"In the old times every church had a place of burial attached to it. There were a number of Protestant churches near St. James', but all these contemporaneous fanes with their graveyards have been sold for commercial uses. St. James' steeple stands the bronze memorial resting place of the pioneers of Catholicity in Brooklyn. A ramble among the tombstones gives many interesting mementos of old Brooklyn families, and of the poetic style of elegiac tribute in vogue in the early years of the last century.

At the corner at Jay and Chapel streets stands the bronze memorial bust to Peter Turner, the layman who organized the congregation that built the church in 1822. It was erected there on Oct. 22, 1895, by the Brooklyn Catholic Historical Society. Mr. Turner, who died in 1862, is buried in Flatbush Cemetery, but one of his children was buried in a grave in St. James' on July 6, 1825. His surviving son, William, a man 85 years old, died on May 30, 1901. Near the Turner memorial is the grave of one of the first priests of the church, over which is a horizontal slab in a fair state of preservation. The inscription on it reads:—

"Beneath this tomb, erected to his memory, he interred the remains of the Rev. James McKenna, a native of the Parish of Rathdowney, Queen's County, Ireland, who was called by Him that giveth to receive the reward of his labors as a minister of Christ, on the 3rd of October, 1824, in the 60th year of his age, Also Michael McKenna, brother of the above named. This stone was placed by the widow of the latter."

Mind the memory of men that are sleeping; but in death, never earth to value more. Removed by their God from a world of weeping. Great joys to receive for the just there in store!

"Another priest, the Rev. James Dolerty, a native of the parish of Deseronty, County Donegal, Ireland, who died on March 10, 1841, is buried in the grave adjoining. A short distance back from this on the Chapel street side and about the middle of the church is the oldest known Catholic grave in Brooklyn. It is that of John O'Connor, once a grocer in Cherry street, near James' slip, Manhattan. His epitaph says:—

"Sacred to the memory of John O'Connor, a native of the Parish of Kildring, County of Limerick, Ireland; died Aug. 19, 1822, age 36 years. Erected by his affectionate brother, May his soul rest in peace. On the south side of the church the Jay street front of the yard in a well-kept circular plot are the graves of the relatives of the well-known Brooklyn politician, Hugh McLaughlin. They are marked by four high marble slabs. Nearby is the resting place of the ancestors of the late Judge Alexander McCue, of the Longstaffs, Colmans, Bennetts, Murrays and other well-known Brooklyn families of to-day.

"In the old parish records is to be found this entry: 'Sept. 12, 1823, J. Mehaney was appointed schoolmaster and sexton, and to take care of the burial ground.' The salary was \$60 a year. He was the first Catholic schoolmaster in Brooklyn. His grave is to be found under the eaves of the vestry in the rear on the south side of the church. The stone over it is in a good state of preservation and has inscribed on it the following:—

"Sacred to the memory of Jeremiah Mahaney, a native of Ireland, County of Cork, who departed this life April 19, 1827, aged 36 years. Requiescant in pace.

"In this dark tomb remains my partner dear. So much esteemed and loved by me whilst here. I hope and trust to see thee as thou art. In Heavenly glory never more to part. Mourning not for me my wife most dear."

I am not dead, but sleeping here. My debt is paid, the grave you see; Prepare yourself to follow me."

DUTIES OF PHYSICIANS.

In a lecture on physicians' professional rights and duties, Father Coppens, S. J., points out the duties which physicians owe their patients not as men but as Christians. All of us enjoy the blessings of Christian civilization, even those who are not Christians themselves. We are dealt with by others of Christian principles, and we ought to treat others in the same spirit. What duties does this impose?

When your patients are in real danger of death, let them have a good chance to prepare properly for their all important passage into eternity. Give them fair warning of their situation. Doctors and relations are often afraid of alarming the patients and thus injuring their health. But those who attend Catholic patients at least soon find out by experience that the grace and consolations of the Last Sacraments usually bring a peace of mind that benefits even the bodily health. In any case, the interests of the future life are too important to be ignored.

For the same reason the physician should not prescribe such doses of morphine or other anaesthetics as will render the patient unconscious at a time when he ought to be preparing to meet his judge. This would be not kindness but cruelty. A little suffering more in this life may save much suffering in the next. If a Catholic priest, on being called to a patient's bedside, finds that the family's physician has been so inconsiderate, he cannot help protesting against employing such a man in Catholic families.

If you attend a woman in childbirth, you may be asked by a Christian mother not to let her child die without baptism. The vast majority of Christians believe that this sacrament is necessary to obtain supernatural happiness. The ceremony is easily performed; no harm can come of it, but immeasurable good for eternity. It should properly be performed by the clergy. But if this cannot be done, any man, woman or child, even not a Christian himself, can administer the sacrament. Every doctor in a Christian land should learn how to do it, and do it with unerring accuracy. It were a disgrace for him to be ignorant of what even an ordinary child is expected to know.

RED TAPE METHODS.

A Somerset House clerk entered the private room of the head of his department to ask for a fortnight's holiday. The official received him with his usual affability, and told him to hand in his request in writing.

"Oh, I did not think that was necessary if I applied to you in person," said the clerk.

"Oh, yes; in fact, it is indispensable."

"Then I will go back to the office."

"No need to do that; see, here are pens, ink and paper; sit down and write."

The clerk obeyed. The petition was written out, signed and folded.

"Now," said the functionary, "you have only to present it."

"To whom?"

"To me, of course." And, taking the petition, he wiped his glasses, carefully adjusted them, read the document from beginning to end, placing it on file along with a number of similar applications, and then remarked with the utmost gravity: "I have read your petition, and regret exceedingly that I am compelled to inform you that I cannot accede to your request."—London Tit-Bits.

There is often room for much courage in speech, courage not so much to maintain opinions as to confess ignorance.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, June 15, 1901.

SPECIAL OFFER: The "Mount Royal" Bicycle. HIGH GRADE Wheels for \$15.95. Only one hundred more to sell and to close out this special lot of high grade Bicycles. The Big Store offers them at the following extraordinary price: The "Mount Royal" High Grade Bicycle, thoroughly reliable in every particular, best finish, splendid roadster. These famous wheels are equal if not superior to any \$40 Bicycle in the market. Special price; to close them out, \$15.95.

Men's Navy Serge Suits. These suits are of very fine Serge, thoroughly well shrunk, fast indigo dye, fine light weight, suitable for present wear, made in the latest style, equal to custom-made garments, regular prices \$12.50 and \$15.95. Special prices, \$9.00 and \$13.25.

SUN-PROOF HELMETS. Light, easy, cool Sun-proof Helmets, covered light fawn, finished with band to match, with extra sweat band. The Big Store's price, 40c. Men's Crash Liner Helmets, very light, quite up-to-date Summer head-wear, 75c.

Ladies' fine quality Taffeta Silk Gloves, in new Summer shades of Tan, Fawn, Grey, also Black and White. Special, 25c. Ladies' Extra Quality Pure Silk Gloves, in pretty shades of Tan, Fawn, Grey, Green, Helio, Purple, Cyano, also White, Cream and Black. Special, 35c. "Kathleen" Ladies' Fine French Kid Gloves, new two-dome astener, in Tans, Fawns, Grey, Green, Navy, Helio, also Black and White, with dainty silk points. Special, 73c.

Butterick's Patterns and Publications on Sale at THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

Summer Furniture. COOL, COMFORTABLE, DURABLE. Our Verandah Chairs are Painted Red, Green, or Var-nished on the wood, and from the best makers. We have a big supply of Duck Camp Beds at... \$1.50 Duck Camp Stools at... .30 Duck Camp Chairs at... .45 Woven Wire Cots, with Mattresses complete, at... \$3.50

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, Furniture and Bedding, 652 CRAIG Street.

A STRANGE CASE. A remarkable instance of arrested development comes to light in the death of Aurelia Rodriguez, which occurred on May 28. She was born August 10, 1878, in Eagle Pass, and was an ordinary, healthy baby. A few months after birth she ceased to grow, and for nearly twenty-two years she remained literally a baby. He never talked or walked, never developed any muscular power, could not turn over in his crib, and was fed with liquid food, from a spoon, by his mother, for the whole time. He would indicate displeasure or a bodily need by an infantile cry, and express pleasure by a little laugh or chuckle, and could recognize his friends as does any baby of his apparent age. Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished.

\$300 On payments of \$15 cash and \$8 monthly will purchase at once from us choice of 4 practically new, regular \$450 Nordheimer and Heintzman Pianos. - These pianos are quite as good as new for wear, have only been rented a short time. . . Rare chance for a high-class bargain. Also new STEINWAY, NORDHEIMER and HEINTZMAN pianos. LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER CO., 2366 St. Catherine Street.

Vol. I PROGRESS Some idea of the great arch may be gleaned from the following interesting inter-Eminece Card was read in all archdiocese rec- lows - CAPITAL DE we laid before the financial in- case, in order to ter realize the progress of the We explained the lutely necessary borrowing, in o- ter—such as gra- tion of souls; a- ney in this way lect is thorough business point, a provision is made have frequently missions are bou in justice to ma- tained efforts to extinguish their in the last two- pily, been able to portant scheme f of the principal making exceptio- arrangements with insurance compar- whereby the who- tomatically wip- riod of about for- adding a penny f- terest hitherto d- sions. But it is- that the mission- of their burden o- a much earlier da- we trust that th- under considerat- ulate local co-op- out the prospect- advantages to th- greatest exertion- personal effort is- plishing may be- that, within the \$- \$150,000 have be- duction of capital- connection it is r- name the late-Jam- James', Spanish- dral, and the rect- gh's, Poplar, and- Kingland. So far- dual liquidation- concerned the mat- oughly in hand, at- may take heart an- with confidence to- years, if moderate- not wanting on th- CHURCHES ER- while, it will be on- a brief retrospect- work accomplished- decade. I. First, eit- have been opened- numerous churches ha- the following: St. Ce- moor (together with- Tring, and Barkha- Stortford, Bow Co- Cheyne Walk (Chel- Sea, Cricklewood, East Finchley, Hfrow- row, St. Vincent's, Hampton Wick, and- ton (near Feltham), desdon, Leyton, M- Polish Mission (Beth- vertown, South Ea- Hill, Stroud Green, Tottenham, Uxbric- Docks, Watford, We- Green. Fifteen good- churches have been- been solemnly consec- are also in course of- thanstow and Balin- to be begun at Star- the cost of the Jesuit- in addition to their- legs. Have recently- public elementary sch- growing district, in- olic children had n- Board schools to fre- tract has been signed- church, undertaken n- at the sole expense- Howard to replace th- Guardian Angels. Mi- be a large and hand- with a tower and sp- main thoroughfare, a- most striking ecclesi- the Mile End Road. commodious public el- in the same mission- ing her life-time by t- of holy and happy m- Lady Margaret Howar- of whose life and spir- sibly amongst us. It- to mention in this p- church, presbytery, a- a small endowment, a- mon were all provid- wile of the late 20. W- while alive desired th- the author of these p- works. R.I.P. In rel- list of missions and o- above, we desire to s- eral cases we were un- able to obtain names- to ensure accuracy o- otherwise have been- the generat-