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OK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday month in St. Patrick's hall, Alexander street, at 8 o'clock. Committee of Management in same hall on the 1st of every month at 8 o'clock. Rev. Jas. Kilgallon, W. P. Doyle; Secretary, P. Gunning, 718 St. Street, St. Henri.

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# Witness

Vol. LIII., No. 41

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 16 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & CO. Limited,

255 1/2 Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1122.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; 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, "The True Witness" P. & Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1122.

### EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.

In this issue we give our readers some extracts from the powerful encyclical letter of Pius X. on the Centenary of Gregory the Great. One tenet of the great Pontiff concerning whom it was written and the great Pontiff who has written it, comprises almost the entire history of Gregory the First. "He left on God's Church an impression so great, so deep, so lasting, that his contemporaries as well as posterity justly bestowed upon him the title of Great."

Glancing over the extracts that we publish, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the wonderful character of the first Gregory. In fact he stands out conspicuous amongst the greatest rulers that earth has ever beheld. Had he not been a Pope he might have been a great law-giver, or a temporal leader calculated to conduct a people out of barbarism into the full glow of civilization. Had he not been called upon to rule the Church he would have left his impress upon his generation in any other sphere of human activity. And the evidence of his real greatness could not be better established than the fact that thirteen hundred years after his departure from the scenes of life the grand image of his sublime personality walks the hilltops of the centuries and appears to us as it did to the men of his own generation. In fact, we who look back over that mighty expanse of years, through the telescope of history, behold his true proportions—larger and more clearly defined than they could ever have been to the men of his immediate surroundings.

It is to be noted that as this centenary occasion approached, our present glorious Pontiff had the happy thought of celebrating it in a manner that would most benefit the Church of to-day, and pay most glowing tribute to the great Gregory. There is no better or more fitting way to honor the departed than by reviewing their works and carrying out their cherished designs and wishes. Thus in reviving the solemn and glorious Gregorian chant in all the Churches in Christendom, Pius X. has paid the most delicate and glowing tribute imaginable to the author of that immortal form of vocal service.

There is another lesson to be drawn from the life and the centenary celebrations of Gregory the First—it is that the Scripture's saying, "In memoria aeterna erit justus," has always been fulfilled in the Church. In eternal, that is everlasting memory, shall the just man be preserved. It matters not that centuries have rolled their weight thirteen times over the tomb, nor that the ages have since produced great men, wonderful rulers, glorious Popes nor that the present is an age that is centred in itself and very forgetful of the past; all this matters not. The Church never forgets her dead, nor does she allow her great saints to sink into oblivion; she never permits the golden chain of the communion of Saints which binds the Church militant to the Church suffering, and both to the Church triumphant to be broken. And even from the mere temporal standpoint, she keeps before the present the names and deeds of the great ones of the past, for they serve as examples for the practice and models for the imitation of the future. And if such be the case, it is not astonishing that she should display so much energy and devotion in recalling the life and achievements of such a Pontiff as Pope Gregory the Great. It is with attention and pious senti-

ments that we should read the Papal Encyclical on this beautiful subject, and we should not fail to unite with Pius X in his prayers and his wishes on the occasion of such a jubilee celebration.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.—A large number of people, members of an Association in Ontario, have sent in basketfuls of petitions to the House of Commons, asking for legislation along their lines—in regard to the observance of Sunday. The outcome of their petitioning is a bill, drawn up by themselves, which is to be soon introduced, and which contains all the rules and regulations which they deem fit to set down as necessary to the proper observance of the Lord's Day.

We have no doubt that there are abuses of the Sunday to be found, and none regret them more than we do. But we believe that such abuses will only be increased if a law be passed restricting the liberty of the people to such a degree that even innocent pleasures are to be forbidden. We do not question the sincerity of the promoters of the Bill, but we doubt the wisdom of any one section of the community being allowed to legislate for all others, and to impose their will and ideas upon those who do not participate in them.

THE VATICAN SPEAKS.—It has been imagined by some that the Pope should not have ever given expression to his disapproval of the conduct of the French Government, in regard to the expulsion of the religious orders. Amongst others the Paris correspondent of the London Times has seen fit to criticize severely the Pope, for having dared to not approve of the conduct of the French Government. This we can fully understand, as coming from a correspondent, for he has to please the Government of the country in which he resides. But he should not sacrifice all ideas of that boasted "British fair play" for the sake of the little favors that he may get through the Government in France. He believes that the Pope's expressions did more harm than good. But he will find it very difficult to persuade English readers that it is the duty of any one, of the Pope as well as any other person, to remain silent while those who belong to him are being plundered and expelled from their homes.

A MISLEADING HEADLINE.—Our readers are perfectly aware of all the occurrences in France. The last attempt, in the crusade against religion, was to close up the shrine at Lourdes. It has been resisted by all. The Catholic peasants were ready to rise in rebellion against any insult offered to the shrine. Even others were opposed to such a course from a political or a commercial standpoint. All this we know. A despatch to one of our American exchanges tells the story thus:

"The report which appeared yesterday in a Bordeaux paper that the French Government had decided to close the miracle grotto at Lourdes in Easter week, and so put a stop to all further pilgrimages, is not credited in Roman Catholic circles in Paris."

"A high church dignitary whom I saw to-day said that although M. Combes had long been pressed by the advanced anti-Clerical party to close Lourdes, it was quite certain that he would do nothing of the kind, as it

would interfere with the local prosperity and would result in an electoral change.

"When some months ago, M. Combes was being urged to close Lourdes and put a stop to pilgrimages, he was waited upon by local Senators and deputies, who pointed out to him that by taking such a step he would ruin the trade of the district and seriously prejudice the inhabitants against the government."

All this means simply that the matter is considered from a political point of view, and if Lourdes escapes it is not on account of any respect that the government has for the holy shrine. But what contains the real error and real sneer in this despatch is the headline. It reads: "Miracles to Continue." This would lead one to suppose that the continuation of the miracles at Lourdes depended upon the government. We would not be surprised if the leader were to attempt the desecration of the shrine that the greatest of all the miracles yet performed there might astonish his minions. But the point is this: the one who prepared that item for the press wished to convey the idea that if Combes desired he could close the shrine and prevent any further miraculous manifestations. The meaning, probably, of the writers was "Pilgrimages to continue"—that is to say, that no obstacles, as was at first intended, would be placed in the path of the pilgrims. Had this been said there would be no comment needed. But it must not be imagined because Combes could turn back pilgrims that he could check the supernatural manifestations at the shrine.

ABOUT EDUCATION.—The Boston Sunday Globe has another of its symposiums under the question, "What is a practical Education." Four have contributed replies, and of these not one seems to have ever thought of looking beyond the mere money-making, livelihood gaining, society-climbing needs and requirements of this life. We are not going to analyze the contributions of these four learned professors and presidents of large educational institutions. We simply take a few extracts. What they say is all very true, each from his own standpoint, and as far as their opinions affect one side of human life—the material. One tells us that a practical education is "what gets the most out of life"; another says it is "what develops the faculties"; a third calls it "that which fits for life." All these are general terms with which no fault can be found; but they suffer greatly when we descend to details and explanations—they become totally inadequate. We take a few brief extracts, leaving out the contexts that explain them.

"A practical education is an education that fits a man, or woman, to put the most into life and to get the most out of life. It enables a man to make the most of himself. It fits him to take himself as he is, with what heredity has given him, and to use his environment, whatever it may be, to become what he ought to be."

"What is the claim of the public school in which the great body of American children receive their training? First, that it fits the successive generations for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, both by the enlargement and discipline of the faculties and by specific instruction in at least the rudiments of our national history, as well as the essential demands of patriotism. Then it has been maintained by all our great advocates of the public school, from Horace Mann to Pres. Eliot, that the training by the public school increases the efficiency of the pupil at whatever point he is compelled to take up the business of earning a livelihood."

"A practical education is an education which teaches the boy to think and develops his judgment; teaches him to apply the knowledge he possesses; teaches him to use books that he may acquire knowledge on any subject. The school must help him find the particular line of work for which he is best adapted. The pupil, when he leaves school, should have a trained mind in a ro-

bust body, with a knowledge of how to develop further the mind and how to care for that body."

We are not in this symposium, but we would like to add our humble definition. All that goes before deals in generalities and applies merely to the education intended to prepare a man for the material struggles in life—and the standard by which all successes or failures is gauged is the making of money. We would say that "A practical education is one which, in every sense, prepares a person for the duties in the station of life for which he has a vocation, and that enables him to become that for which he was created." Our definition goes beyond the mere life of this earth—the few decades that one has to pass here below. Our definition deals with the spiritual, the intellectual and the physical requirements of man. It affects his social, political, commercial, professional, and religious status. It takes in man as one great and complete entity, composed of a body and soul. So we believe that if any one will follow out and develop all the definitions that we glean from the four writers in question, and then do the same with ours, he will find that we embrace the entire human being, his present, his immediate future, and his equally certain but more remote and more important future. Our field is so much vaster, our aim so much higher, that, as we speak our reply from a Catholic standpoint, we indicate something grander and more necessary than mere education for material ends.

A NEW ORGANIZATION.—A large number of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens are now organizing an association after the plan of "Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française." The French Association was founded by Count de Mun, and has grown to great importance. Its membership is large; it publishes a review; has reading circles, and is otherwise equipped for the purpose of helping and protecting young men. The Canadian Association has been several months in contemplation. About the end of last April a few young men conceived the idea. They hurriedly convoked a kind of congress, and success far beyond their expectations attended their laudable endeavors. They secured a room in the Academic Hall of the Gesu last June. Over a hundred young men from all over the Province, and especially from colleges, attended the meeting. Committees were organized; they all set to work with a will the regulations of the Association were drafted; these were submitted to the Archbishop; His Grace, on the 10th March last, wrote them his approval accompanied with his blessing. They also received encouraging expressions from other Bishops, and especially from the Apostolic Delegate. The first public demonstration to be held by the Association will be in the form of a Congress on the 25th and 26th June next. This Congress will probably be held under the presidency of His Grace Archbishop Bruchési.

Three grand aims have the associates, as expressed in their constitution—the attainment of piety, study and action. Nothing could be more encouraging for the Catholic community than to behold the sons of the younger generation thus, of their own free will, organizing for such laudable purposes. Needless to say that we wish them every possible success in their splendid undertaking—for the success of such an organization means a triumph of true Catholic principles, in the years to come, and it means a great counteracting power to the evil influences of indifference and infidelity that seems so much in vogue in our day.

### CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, at High Mass on Sunday last, made reference to the unexplainable apathy of Catholics towards their own press. He pointed out the dangers of sensational books and newspapers, and urged upon all present the necessity of providing Catholic literature in their homes.

## THE WAR.

After several weeks of expectancy the news from Port Arthur on Wednesday was most startling. While the Russian first class battleship Petropavlovsk, with Admiral Makaroff, commander-in-chief of the Russian naval forces, was cruising off Port Arthur, she was struck by a mine, which blew her up, and she turned turtle. Admiral Makaroff and 600 men were lost. A number of those on board, including Grand Duke Cyril who was first officer, were saved.

The following official despatch was received from Rear Admiral Gigorovitch, the commandant at Port Arthur, addressed to the Emperor: "Port Arthur, April 13.—The Petropavlovsk struck a mine, which blew her up, and she turned turtle. Our squadron was under Golden Hill. The Japanese squadron was approaching. Vice-Admiral Makaroff was lost. Grand Duke Cyril was saved. He is slightly injured. Captain Jakoblevf was saved, though severely injured, as were five officers and thirty-two men all more or less injured.

"The enemy's fleet has disappeared. Rear Admiral Prince Oukhtomsky has assumed command of the fleet."

The following, to the Czar, was received from Viceroy Alexieff: "Mukden, April 13.—A telegram has just been received from Lieutenant General Stoessel (commander of the military forces at Port Arthur). I regret to report to Your Majesty that the Pacific fleet has suffered irreparable loss by the death of its brave and capable commander, who was lost, together with the Petropavlovsk."

Another despatch from Viceroy Alexieff to the Czar says: "According to report from the commandant at Port Arthur the battleships and cruisers went to meet the enemy, but in consequence of the enemy receiving reinforcements, making his total strength thirty vessels, our squadron returned to the roadstead, whereupon the Petropavlovsk touched a mine, resulting in her destruction. Grand Duke Cyril was saved. He was slightly injured. The whole squadron then re-entered port. The Japanese are now off Cape Liao Shan (the southern extremity of the peninsula on which Port Arthur is situated). No reports had been received from the acting commander of the fleet up to the time this despatch was sent.

The awful disaster to the battleship Petropavlovsk at Port Arthur, with a loss of almost her entire crew of over 600 men and the death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff, has been a terrible blow. It would have fallen less heavily if the ship and the commander-in-chief of the fleet had been lost in battle, but to be the result of another accident following upon the heels of a succession of tragedies, of which the Port Arthur fleet has been the victim, it has created something like consternation. "Reverses we can endure," said a prominent Russian, "but to have the Petropavlovsk meet the fate of the Yenesai and the Boyarin, is heartbreaking." Besides, it has just become known that the battleship Poltava, several weeks ago had a hole rammed in her by the battleship Sebastopol, while the latter was manoeuvring in the harbor of Port Arthur.

The day has been one of intense excitement in St. Petersburg. The first inkling of the catastrophe leaked out on the receipt of a telegram by Grand Duke Vladimir, from his son, Grand Duke Boris, announcing the loss of the Petropavlovsk and the wounding of Grand Duke Cyril, who was first officer. The Grand Duchess Vladimir was almost frantic on receipt of the telegram, being convinced that the message was only a precursor of worse news, as it was signed by Grand Duke Boris, instead of by the aide to Grand Duke Cyril, Lieut. Von Kube. The reason why the telegram was so signed afterwards became apparent, as Lieut. Von Kube had gone down with the ship.

The youngest son of Grand Duke Vladimir, Grand Duke Andrew, a dashing young guardsman, behind the fastest of trotters, tore off to the Winter Palace, the Admiralty and elsewhere, seeking confirmation of the

news, which came two hours later in a message to the Emperor from Rear Admiral Grigorovitch, the commandant at Port Arthur. A religious service was immediately held at Grand Duke Vladimir's palace, in which thanks was returned to the Almighty for sparing the life of the Grand Duke Cyril, but the Emperor was so overwhelmed with grief at the death of Vice-Admiral Makaroff that neither he nor the Empress attended the service. Instead the Emperor sent a member of his personal staff to Vice-Admiral Makaroff's widow, who is living in St. Petersburg. Meantime the city was filled with the wildest rumors, but the official despatches were so meagre and private despatches of conflicting that the public was kept in suspense for six hours.

Then, although the report was incomplete, despatches were posted on the war bulletins boards. The grief of the crowds, whose worst fears were thus officially confirmed, was touching. The Ministry of Marine was soon surrounded by thousands eagerly asking for more details, including the stricken relatives of those who were on board the Petropavlovsk. What occurred prior to the blowing up of the flagship was only vaguely known, except that Vice-Admiral Makaroff, with his flag flying on the doomed vessel, sailed out to engage the enemy until his reinforcements appeared.

It is possible that Vice-Admiral Togo planned an ambushade by sending in a small squadron in the hope of drawing out the Russian commander and then cutting him off.

The Associated Press learns that the location of the mines planted by the Yenesai were unknown, the charts having been lost when that vessel went down. Probably it was one of the Japanese mines that the Petropavlovsk struck.

Vice-Admiral Makaroff's death is a greater loss than would be that of several battleships. He was the pride of the navy and enjoyed the implicit confidence of his sovereign and of the officers and men of the service. Speaking of his death officers here all remarked upon the strange fatality that he should lose his life on a heavily armored battleship, to which he had a particular aversion. This morning was the first time he raised his flag on a battleship, while previously he had gone out on board the cruiser Novik or Askold. It was at the urgent request of his friends that he did not risk his life in this fashion and so transferred his flag to the Petropavlovsk.

It is now an open secret that Vice-Admiral Makaroff was not anxious to resign his command of Cronstadt, which necessitated his leaving his wife and family, but the Emperor held such a high opinion of him that he declined to consider other candidates and would take no refusal. By Imperial command a requiem service will be celebrated at the Admiralty Church at noon to-morrow for the Emperor's favorite Admiral.

To-night the grief-stricken widow, according to the Russian custom, had a requiem service celebrated at her residence. The admiral's death is also mourned by his daughter, Lillie, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was the belle of Cronstadt. Both mother and daughter will attend the requiem service at the Admiralty Church to-morrow.

The coincidence is generally commented upon that the ice-breaker Yermak, one of Vice-Admiral Makaroff's greatest triumphs, steamed majestically up the Neva to-day, having cut through the ice from Cronstadt, her enormous black hull dwarfing the warships moored alongside.

"There's Stefan Osepovich's ship," cried the Moujiks, who knew and loved Makaroff so much that they called him by his patronymic.

### CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

The last issue of the official Missiones Catholicae (1901) gives the number of Catholics in Japan as 55,453, in 355 Christian mission centres, with 207 Churches. The more recent and very careful statistics of Father Kroese, S.J., and the Benedictine missionary, Father Maternus, puts the number of Catholics now at 65,321, with 8000 catechumens.

# The Holy Father's Encyclical Letter On Gregorian Centenary.

From the last issue of the Liverpool Catholic Times we take the following translation of the Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pope Pius X. on the Gregorian Centenary:

To the venerable brethren the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops and Bishops and other ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Apostolic See.

Pleasant, indeed, venerable brethren, is the remembrance of that great and incomparable man (Martyr, Rom. 3 Sept.) the Pontiff Gregory, the first of that name, whose solemn centenary, on the advent of the thirteenth century since his death, we are about to celebrate. Amidst the almost countless cares of our Apostolic Ministry, amidst so many anxieties of mind on account of the numerous and grave duties which the government of the Universal Church imposes on us, amidst the pressing solitude to consult in the best manner we can for you, venerable brethren, who are called to be a part of our Apostolate and for the interests of all the faithful committed to our care not, we think, without a special providence of God who killeth and maketh alive . . . humbleth and exalteth (1 Kings ii, 6 7) was it arranged that at the beginning of our Sovereign Pontificate we should turn our gaze towards this holy and illustrious predecessor, an honor and ornament to the Church. For the mind is raised to great confidence in his powerful intercession with God and is comforted by the remembrance of what he inculcated in his sublime teaching and of his saintly works. If by the force of his principles and the fruitfulness of his virtues, he impressed such large, deep and enduring traces on the Church of God that from his contemporaries and from posterity he received the title of Great, and that to-day, after so many centuries, the eulogy of his sepulchral inscription befits him: "He lives eternally in every place through his innumerable good works" (Joann. Diac., Vita Greg. IV, 68), it cannot be but that it will be given to all the followers of his admirable example to fulfil their own duties so far as human weakness allows.

It is scarcely necessary to detail what is known to all from historical documents. The state of public affairs was disturbed in the extreme when Gregory was elected Supreme Pontiff; the ancient civilization was almost extinct, and barbarism invaded all the dominions of the falling Roman Empire. Italy, abandoned by the Byzantine Emperors, became almost the prey of the Lombards, who, not being yet in a settled condition, wandered about, devastating everything with fire and sword, and filling every place with desolation and slaughter. This city itself, menaced by enemies from outside, afflicted internally by pestilence, inundations, and famine, was reduced to such misery that there was no longer any means of saving the lives not only of the citizens but of the dense multitude that took refuge there. There were to be seen men and women of every condition, Bishops and priests carrying sacred vessels snatched from rapine, monks and innocent spouses of Christ betaking themselves to flight either from the swords of enemies or from brutal violence of impious men. Gregory himself calls the Church of Rome "An old ship terribly damaged . . . for the waves penetrate on every side, and the rotten beams daily shaken by fierce tempests, threaten shipwreck" (Registrum I, 4 ad Joann. Episcop. Constantinop.). But the seaman whom God raised up had a strong hand, and placed at the helm, was able not only to bring the ship into port amidst the raging storms but to safely preserve her from future tempests.

And it is truly astonishing how much he did during a Pontificate which lasted only a little over thirteen years. For he was the restorer of the entire Christian life, quickening the piety of the faithful, the observance of the monks, the discipline of the clergy, the pastoral care of the Bishops. Like "a prudent pater-families of Christ" (Joann. Diac., Vita Greg. n. 51), he guarded and increased the patrimony of the Church, providing extensively and abundantly for the distressed people, for Christian society, and for individual churches according to their respective needs. Having truly become "a consul of God" (Inscr. Sepulcr.), he extended his fruitful energy beyond the walls of the city and expended it all for the benefit of

civil society. He stoutly opposed the unjust pretensions of the Byzantine emperors, and as a public vindicator of social justice defeated the audacity and restrained the sordid avarice of the exarchs and imperial administrators. He softened the wild manners of the Lombards, fearing not to go to meet Agilulf at the gates of the city in order to induce him to abandon its siege, just as Pope Leo the Great had done with Attila; nor did he cease to pray and to use gentle persuasion and wise action until he saw that dreaded race at length pacified, possessing a more regular form of government and won to the Catholic Faith, through the zeal especially of the pious Queen Theodolinda, his daughter in Christ. Wherefore Gregory can rightly claim the name of the saviour and liberator of Italy, of this his land, as he fondly calls it (Registr. v. 36 (40) ad Mauricium Aug.). Through his unremitting pastoral efforts the embers of heresy were extinguished in Italy and in Africa, the affairs of the Church were set in order, the conversion of the Visigoths in Spain pushed forward, and the illustrious British people who, "placed in a corner of the world, remained till then obstinate in the worship of wood and stone, also received the True Faith of Christ" (Registr. lxx, 29 (30) ad Eulog. episc. Alexandr.). At the news of this precious conquest Gregory was filled with joy like a father on being embraced by his dearest son, referring all the merit to Jesus the Redeemer, "through Whose love," he says himself, "We seek brothers in Britain of whom we were ignorant; through Whose grace we found those whom, not knowing, we were in search of" (Registr. XI, 36 (28) ad Augustin. Anglorum episcop.). That people were so grateful to the Holy Pontiff that they always called him our master, our teacher, our apostle, our Pope, our Gregory, and looked upon themselves as the seal of his Apostolate. Finally, such was the force of his activity, such its usefulness, that the recollection of his works impressed itself profoundly on the minds of posterity, particularly during the Middle Ages, which, so to speak, breathed the breath infused by him, nourished themselves upon his word, conformed to his example in their lives and manners, Christian civilization happily succeeding in the world in opposition to the Roman civilization of the preceding centuries, which had altogether disappeared.

This change is by the right hand of the Most High. And it can indeed be truly said that Gregory was convinced that nothing else but the hand of God had done such great things. For he addresses the holy monk Augustine concerning the conversion of Britain in these words, which in truth may be applied to all the rest of his Apostolic Ministry: "Whose work is this," he says, "if not His Who declares: My Father worketh until now and I work (John v 17)? Who, in order to show the world that He wished to convert it, not by the wisdom of men, but by His own power, chose unlettered men as preachers to send into the world; doing this even now, because He has designed to do great things amongst the nations of the Angles through weak men" (Registr. xi, 36 (28)). We are, indeed, well aware of that which the profound humility of the holy Pontiff concealed from his eyes—his skill in affairs, his keen ability in bringing undertakings to a conclusion, his wonderful prudence in regulating matters, his assiduous vigilance, and his continual solicitude. But it is, at the same time, certain that he did not advance with might and power, like the princes of this world, for at the summit of the Pontifical dignity, he, first of any, desired to be called "the servant of the servants of God"; that he opened a way for himself not by profane science only or by "the persuasive words of human wisdom" (1 Cor. ii, 4); not by the counsels of civil prudence only; nor by systems of social renovation carefully prepared and then put in execution: nor in fine—a fact which is surprising—by setting a vast programme of Apostolic action to be gradually carried out; on the contrary, as is known, his thought was fixed upon the end of the world which he believed to be near at hand, and he was accordingly of opinion that only a short time was left for great deeds. Very thin and weak in body, continually suffering from illness, often to the extreme danger of life, he had incredible force of mind which ever received fresh nourishment from a lively faith in the infallible word of Christ and in His Divine promises. He had the greatest confidence also

in the power supernaturally given to the Church whereby she might properly accomplish her divine mission on earth.

Accordingly this was his design throughout life, as proved by each of his words and acts—to maintain in himself and to excite ardently in others the same faith and confidence, and whilst the great accounting day was approaching to do all the good that could possibly be done at that moment.

Hence the holy man's resolute determination to use for the salvation of all the exuberant wealth of supernatural gifts with which God had enriched His Church, such as the infallible truth of revealed doctrine and the efficacious preaching of the same throughout the world, the Sacraments which have the power of infusing and increasing life in the soul, and finally the grace of prayer in the name of Christ, which gives an assurance of Heavenly protection.

The remembrance of these things, venerable brethren, affords extraordinary comfort to us, who, if we look around from the summit of the Vatican walls, cannot but experience the same fear as Gregory, or perhaps greater fear; so many storms have gathered on every side, and are impending; so many troops of enemies in battle array are pressing on; and so destitute are we of human aid that the means are wanting to drive back the former, and to sustain the attack of the latter. But bearing in mind where we stand, in what place this Pontifical See is established, we feel that we are safe in the citadel of Holy Church. "For who is there that does not know"—so wrote Gregory to Eulogius, Patriarch of Alexandria—"that Holy Church is made secure in the strength of the Prince of the Apostles, whose name indicated mental firmness, as he was called Peter from petra, a rock" (Registr. VII, 37 (40)). The supernatural power of the Church has not failed with the lapse of time, nor have the promises of Christ disappointed expectation; they remain as they were when they lifted up Gregory's courage; nay, they have much additional force for us owing to their verification in the course of so many centuries, and the great changes that take place in affairs.

Kingdoms and empires have fallen away; peoples most flourishing in renown and civilization have disappeared; often, as if stricken by old age, nations have ruined themselves. But the Church, indefectible in its nature, united to its heavenly Spouse by an indissoluble bond, flourishes here in un fading youth, possessing the same vigor with which it came forth from the transfixed heart of Christ dead on the Cross. Powerful men have risen against her on earth. They have disappeared, but she has survived. Leaders of opinion have thought out philosophic systems in almost infinite variety, proudly boasting of themselves, as if they had finally disposed of the doctrine of the Church, refuted the dogmas of the faith and shown that all her teachings was absurd. But history speaks of those systems as consigned to oblivion one after another, and utterly destroyed, while from the citadel of Peter the light of truth shines with the same splendor that Jesus at His appearance in the Divine utterance, "Heaven and earth world diffused and fostered by the shall pass, but My words shall not pass" (Matt. xxiv., 35).

Nourished by this faith, and firmly fixed upon this rock, whilst feeling in the depth of our heart all the weight of the duties of the sacred Primacy, and at the same time the vigor instilled by Divine Providence, we wait tranquilly for the cessation of the voices of those who cry aloud that it is all over with the Catholic Church, that its doctrines are done with forever, that it will soon be compelled either to accept the dictates of science and civilization denying God or to disappear from human society. We feel bound, however, like Gregory, to remind all, whether leading men or inferiors, how necessary it is to have recourse to this Church, by which men can consult for their eternal salvation, for peace and even for the success of this life on earth.

Wherefore, to use the words of the Holy Pontiff, "Continue to turn the steps of your mind to that solid rock upon which you know that our Redeemer founded the Universal Church so that those who are sincere of heart may not go astray." (Registr. VIII, 24, Sabinian. Episcop.). Of itself the charity of the Church and communion with it "unites what is divided, arranges what is in disorder, harmonises inequalities, makes

perfect imperfections" (Registr. V, 58 (53) ad Virgil. Episcop.). It must be firmly borne in mind "that no one can rightly rule human affairs, if he knows not how to deal with those that are of Heaven, and that the peace of the State depends on the peace of the Universal Church" (Registr. V., 37 (20) ad Mauric. Aug.). Hence the absolute necessity of a perfect harmony between the two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, each being designed in God's providence to aid the other. "For to this end power over all men was given by Heaven, that those who aspire to good may be helped, that the path to Heaven may be opened more widely, that the earthly Kingdom may serve the Heavenly Kingdom" (Registr. m. 61 (65) ad Mauric. Aug.).

The Holy Father goes on to say that from these principles proceeded Gregory's unconquered strength of mind, which he, with the help of God, will endeavor to imitate, proposing to defend at every cost the rights and prerogatives of which the Roman Pontificate is the guardian and the assertor before God and men. He contrasts the docility that princes and peoples showed in listening to the words of Gregory with the conditions of things at the present day, when the world seems to be tired of the Christian life which is the source of so many blessings, and when the gratuitous denial of the supernatural principle, a mark of science falsely so called, becomes a postulate of an historical criticism equally false. Many fell under the glamor of the extraordinary apparatus of erudition and the apparently convincing proofs brought forward, and either lost their faith or were seriously disturbed in their belief. There were also those who, firm in their faith, charged critical science with being a demolisher, whilst it is in itself innocent and a sure element of research when rightly applied. Neither of these take account of the rash assumption at the start, that is to say, falsely-called science, which logically leads to false conclusions. For by a false principle of philosophy everything is necessarily vitiated. But these errors will never be refuted unless the position is changed, that is, unless those who commit the errors are not brought from the posts of critics, where they think themselves fortified, into the legitimate field of philosophy, on abandoning which they fell into error. Meanwhile it was sad to have to apply to men who were not wanting in mental acuteness and constancy of application the reproach which St. Paul addressed to those who do not rise from earthly things to those that escape the sight: "They became vain in their thoughts and their foolish heart was darkened; for, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." (Romans I, 21, 22). Absolutely foolish indeed must anyone be called who expends his intellectual powers in working on sand. Not less lamentable is the injury done by this negation to the moral life of the individual and of civil society. If it be held that nothing divine exists outside this visible world there is no longer any restraint on the unbridled passions, even the basest and most unworthy, enslaved to which people fling themselves into all kinds of disorders. "Wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, unto uncleanness, to dishonor their own bodies among themselves" (Romans I, 24). Nor can authority help the other evils if it be forgotten or denied that all power comes from God. The only curb of every Government, then, is force, which is not constantly applied and is not always at hand.

His Holiness then states St. Gregory's views on the duties of Bishops, pointing out that he declared the prelate that did not fight strenuously for the cause of religion unworthy of the name of Bishop. Valiantly for the cause of religion unable admonitions abound in the pages that Pope Gregory left behind, and as all these things necessarily arise out of the nature of the principles of Christian revelation and from the intrinsic qualities of the Apostolate, it could be seen how greatly they erred who thought they would render a service to the Church and help in the salvation of souls if, with a certain worldly prudence, they made large concessions to science falsely so-called in the vain hope of being able to win the erring more easily, but they were really exposing themselves to the danger of perdition. The Holy Father further shows how, in Gregory's view, spiritual matters should not be lost sight of in work for the humbler classes, and how he sought to provide for the Church Bishops and priests animated by great zeal for God's honor—a purpose that he set forth in his book "Regula Pastoralis," in which are collected together rules for the proper training of the clergy and the administration of Bishops—rules which were not only adapted to his times but are also suited to ours. In conclusion,

the Holy Father dwells upon what Gregory did for the arts, including music, and says that owing to the intrinsic efficacy of the principles to which we should have recourse, and of the means we have at hand, it will be possible once more to secure the benefits which Gregory obtained for his age, if the good things which by the grace of God still survive are retained with all zeal, and if those things wherein there has been a defection from the right path be "re-established in Christ" (Epi. i, 10).

## The Temperance Cause

There are seven great reasons why young men should stay out of saloons and let whisky alone, says the Michigan Catholic:

1. The cost. The drink habit wastes a lot of money. It prevents saving. It keeps down one's bank account. If a young man spends only 10 cents a day for beer or gin he lets go for that sum alone \$36.50 a year. That little sum, with interest, would mean about \$1000 in twenty years, and more than \$2000 in the period between his twentieth and sixtieth year.
2. How many an old man unable to work, would be glad to have \$2000 cash to keep him from want in his old age?
3. But ten cents a day does not at all suffice for the average drinking man. What, with the high price of liquor, the treating custom, the Saturday night excesses, and the home supply for Sundays, 50 cents a day would be a low average for all to spend who frequent saloons. That means \$182.50 a year, and about \$10,000 in forty years.
4. Can you afford to lose this amount?
5. Bad habits. Next, think of the bad habits that follow the use of stimulants—the late hours, the wasted time, the neglected duties, the irksomeness of refined society, and the adoption of gross ideals.
6. Evil company. The acquaintances that one makes in saloons are more apt to be demoralizing than elevating. Their influence is pretty sure to be noxious. And just as a man's circle of friends, if good, will tend to lift him up, so his associates, if depraved or dissipated, will draw him down.
7. The craving for stimulants. As soon as a young man gets to like his morning cocktail or his evening beer, the craving for stimulants that makes drunkards begins to fasten its octopus hold on him. The more he drinks the firmer is his clutch on him. Finally he loses all control, and the devil of it has him as a thrall.
8. Ill health. The drinking of liquor brings on disease. First there is heart trouble, then disorder of the stomach next kidney disease, and finally a general breakdown. Once the nerves give way and occasionally insanity results. As a rule, every one who drinks liquor would have better health if he would never touch a drop; and, as a rule, every one who uses liquor to excess has poor health.
9. Loss of reputation. The man who frequents saloons, even if he never gets drunk, loses cast in refined society and in business circles. No one wants him around with the smell of whiskey on his breath. If he gets to be known as a steady drinker, no one will employ him. To be a total abstainer is one of the best recommendations that he could offer to get a position of trust.
10. Sin. What a legion of deadly sins flow from the use of liquor! It inflames every vile passion. It neutralizes every inspiration to self-denial. The eyes are tempted to base uses; the imagination is beset with wicked thoughts; the loins are filled with illusions; and the will is weakened to resist impurity.
11. There are plenty of men who say: "I can take liquor and leave it alone. But they all take it. And when, during Lent, they are asked to leave it alone, they find that they can't or they won't—it has too firm a grip on them.
12. The best way to be temperate is (to coin a word) to be total-Abstain.
13. And this is especially the case with the young. Their habits are not formed. Their passions are beginning to be violent. They need self-restraint more than the old, who have got into settled ways and whose hey-day is passed.
14. So vital is temperance in the young that many Bishops, when they administer Confirmation, request the children to take the pledge until the age of twenty-one, thinking that if they reach that time without knowing the taste of liquor, they'll have sense enough to keep out of the saloon all their lives.

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## THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

Within the heart of the Catholic Church there exists a supreme, abiding sense of the justice of her cause, the strength of her position, the surety of her ultimate triumph. The world may go against her as it will; the tongue of calumny misrepresent her; the pen of historian and of reporter be dipped in gall when there is question of her affairs. Things may go so far that it becomes true to say: "History has been systematically falsified, to prove the necessity of a separation from Rome." The old Church, despite all this, still bides her time, knowing it to be God's time. "All things come round to them that wait."

This perfect fearlessness, this perfection of trust, made Leo XIII throw open the historical treasures of the Vatican to friend and foe alike, and bid them tell fearlessly what they found there. When a man knows that God is with His Church, and will never fail her, he can well afford to face truth, for the cause will always come round to God's side in the end.

These thoughts have been awakened by the knowledge of truth's resurrection in England in regard to the so-called Reformation and the Anglican church. Many pleasing tales have been imposed upon our non-Catholic brethren, whether by Foxe in his "Book of Martyrs," or Burnet in his "Reformation," or Froude in his historical romances, that passed too long under the honored name of history itself. But Cobbett, Maitland, Brewer, Gairdner, have dealt, with a stern love of truth despite its consequences, into the annals of the times in question; and men are learning now the story as Catholics believe it, as our Lingard wrote it, and as, all the while, the Church knew it. Concerning such non-Catholic historians one is inclined to quote the noble lines, written on the memorial of Charles Russell Lowell in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts:—

"He followed truth, and found her, With danger's sweetness round her, So loved her that he died for her."

To Dr. James Gairdner, to Dr. F. W. Maitland, to Mr. A. F. Pollard and to Mr. Bass Mullinger, the task was entrusted of writing the latest volume, that on "The Reformation," in "The Cambridge (Eng.) Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton. What have they to say? Writes Mr. Pollard:

"The Reformation in England was mainly a domestic affair, a national protest against national grievances rather than part of a cosmopolitan movement towards doctrinal change. It originated in political exigencies, local and not universal in import, and was the work of kings and states men, whose minds were absorbed in national problems, rather than of divines whose faces were set towards the purification of the Church. . . . Its effect was to make the Church in England the Church of England, a national church, recognizing as its head the English King. . . . From the time of the submission of the clergy to Henry VIII, there has been no instance of the English Church successfully challenging the supreme authority of the State."

Writes the Anglican Dr. Gairdner: "The King felt truly enough that if he was to have his way the voice of the Church must be either silenced or perverted. So the central authority of Christendom was no longer to determine what was right or wrong. In England the Church must be under Royal Supremacy. . . . For the first time in history Europe beheld a great prince deliberately withdraw himself and his subjects from the spiritual domain of Rome, and enforce by the severest penalties the repudiation of Papal authority."

As to Dr. Maitland, when using once the word "continuity" in relation to the Anglican Church, he describes it as "that proprietary continuity which had been preserved in England"; that is, the continuity of political preservation of the Catholic Church's property or patrimony for the support of the State religion. And Mr. Mullinger writes with moderation and care of the reign of that Mary whom it was once the fashion to depict as a sort of feminine monster, hungry after human prey.

So the tide turns, flowing ever toward the sunlight, bearing with it many who have grasped the full truth with its on-coming waves. That England will yet be our Lady's Dowry again, the Land of the Blessed Sacrament, the Patrimony of Peter, is the hope and belief of many souls whose prayers rise fervently for this great grace to the throne of God. Great is the truth, and it shall prevail.—Sacred Heart Review.

NON-CATHOLIC MISCELLANEOUS. An interesting contribution from Champlain Educator, Mr. Conroy, C.S.P., says: "I have said sometimes that more money-making people more religious earnestness abroad who knew us not. These missions to non-Catholics are essential. Even his indifference has called forth upon him his heart. He will go anywhere town hall, the school-room, the Catholic Church itself; he many a mile, in all sorts and despite many obstacles a Catholic priest declares that the doctrines of his faith are certainly for his wants certain, not of his wants a solid conviction and not an indefinite, end of conversion."

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS. A question of moral training is one which is occupying the minds of thoughtful educators. They are now beginning to realize the importance of the Catholic Church in the education of the young. Speaking recently Brooklyn Teachers' Club, editor of a non-Catholic magazine made the following observations: "The great company of needs to be sternly warned. The public schools. Righteousness does not cure any more than reading does. Somebody must be in it for six months. ing to it that he has a moral morality and has what it practically means its unfitness to be a plan for future citizens."

EXPULSION ORDERS. An American exchange says: "Up to date, 50,000 teachers and 30,000 teaching gious have been driven from their property and

A WELCOME VISITOR. ing Director, True Witness—Enclosed please find \$1.00 subscription to the True Witness. Your paper is a great help, every week, and greatly improved. It would more people would appreciate and subscribe for the news, instead of the trash. Yours truly, B. B.

OUR NEIGHBORS. —A heading "Notes and News" of the United States of Cleveland. "Why, it may be asked, Catholics are continually asserting their rights and protesting their freedom in their public in which absolute freedom is a constitutional logical adherence to this would make any religious discrimination impossible. practical workings, the seems often to be distinctly Catholic. Catholics no sooner notice in one thing than they to fight for it in another. necessity of their perpetual of a defensive attitude is a serious impeachment of the consistency to its own principles have to pay for educating ten in our own way at the that we pay for an education do not receive and of which do not approve; we have to years to secure the most justice for Indians who are dealt with for no other reason that they are Catholics, supposed to accept justice a favor. And we do so. Injustice is so natural to regard justice as a concession. This anomaly in a free country Catholics are entitled to that their neighbors enjoy fault with them or with inheritance as if they were. In either case, and again,

TURNING OF THE TIDE.

RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.—In an interesting contribution to "The Champlain Educator," Rev. Bertrand Conway, C.S.P., says: "Men abroad have said sometimes that we were a mere money-making people without deep religious earnestness. Men abroad who knew us not have declared America hostile to the Church. These missions to non-Catholics give them the lie direct. The American non-Catholic is essentially religious. Even his indifference has been logically forced upon him by a religion which failed to satisfy his mind and heart. He will go anywhere—to the town hall, the school-room, the Catholic Church itself; he will drive many a mile, in all sorts of weather and despite many obstacles, to hear a Catholic priest declare authoritatively the doctrines of the Church. He wants certainty for his uncertainty; he wants dogma, not opinion; he wants a solid conviction of pardon and not an indefinite, emotional sense of conversion."

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS.—The question of moral training in schools is one which is occupying attention in the ranks of thoughtful non-Catholics. They are now beginning to realize the importance of the attitude of the Catholic Church in this regard. Speaking recently before the Brooklyn Teachers' Club, a prominent editor of a non-Catholic journal made the following observations: "The great company of educators needs to be sternly warned that morality must be specifically taught in the public schools. Righteousness is essential to a people's very existence. Righteousness does not come by nature any more than reading or writing does. Somebody must teach it. Any school which permits a pupil to be in it for six months without seeing to it that he has learned essential morality and has been taught what it practically means has shown its unfitness to be a place of training for future citizens."

EXPULSED ORDERS.—A Catholic American exchange says: "Up to date, 50,000 teaching Sisters and 30,000 teaching male religious have been driven from France and their property abandoned."

A WELCOME VISITOR.—Managing Director, True Witness, Dear Sir,—"Enclosed please find \$1.00, my subscription to the True Witness for one year. Your paper is a welcome visitor, every week, and would be greatly missed. It would be well if more people would appreciate this fact and subscribe for the True Witness, instead of the trash they read. Yours truly, B. B."

OUR NEIGHBORS.—Under the heading "Notes and News," the Catholic Universe of Cleveland remarks: "Why, it may be asked, should Catholics be continually obliged to assert their rights and protest against infringements of their liberties in a republic in which absolute religious freedom is a constitutional principle? A logical adherence to the Constitution would make any religious discrimination impossible. Yet in its practical workings, the government seems often to be distinctly anti-Catholic. Catholics no sooner gain justice in one thing than they are forced to fight for it in another. The necessity of their perpetual assumption of a defensive attitude is in itself a serious impeachment of the nation's consistency to its own principles. We have to pay for educating our children in our own way at the same time that we pay for an education they do not receive and of which we do not approve; we have to agitate for years to secure the most elemental justice for Indians who are unjustly dealt with for no other reason than that they are Catholics, and we are supposed to accept justice finally as a favor. And we do so accept it. Justice is so natural to us that we regard justice as a concession. Why this anomaly in a free country? Catholics are entitled to every right that their neighbors enjoy; is the fault with them or with the government that they must battle for their inheritance as if they were usurpers? In either case, and again, why?"

A CONVERSION AND LESSON.—The Catholic doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead won the Church a convert the other day down in Alabama. Nathan Brown, a Methodist, living in Huntsville, heard through a non-Catholic mission of the Catholic practice of praying for the dead and was much taken by it. Not long ago he fell sick, whereupon his physician sent a Methodist minister around to see him. Mr. Brown received him kindly, but informed him that his services were not needed, as he wished to see a Catholic priest. "The Catholics pray for their dead," said he, "and I shall need prayers after I am gone." Father Burns, of Huntsville, was sent for, and the sick man's countenance lighted up with joy as the priest entered the room. Being in immediate danger of death, he was conditionally baptized and anointed, but later rallied sufficiently to be instructed in the Catechism and receive Holy Communion, when he passed peacefully to heaven, as we confidently hope and believe.

THE PASSIONIST FATHERS, whose provincial house is in West Hoboken, N.J., have concluded negotiations for a tract of fifty-four acres at Norwood Park, Chicago, where they will found their first monastery in that Diocese. It will be known as the "Retreat of the Immaculate Conception." The site selected is a fine wooded farm with a residence, and only eleven miles from the site of the Summer Home and proposed isolation hospital for the little inmates of the St. Vincent Infant Asylum. The Passionists will minister to the Catholics of Park Ridge, and act as chaplains of the Asylum.

A NEW BISHOP.—Rev. John Bernard Delaney, chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester and Secretary of the late Bishop Denis M. Bradley, has been appointed a Bishop to fill the vacancy caused by Bishop Bradley's death.

GREGORIAN MUSIC.—Archbishop Farley, of the Archdiocese of New York, has announced that the St. Patrick's Cathedral famous mixed choir will be succeeded by a male choir which will produce Gregorian music in accordance with the Pope's recent letter on the subject.

TOO MUCH MEAT.—For three years since the completion of the large new dining hall at Yale, says the New York Sun, each boarder has consumed between two and three pounds of meat a day. In that time the hall has been managed at a loss of between forty and fifty thousand dollars.

The management of the hall was recently given to Capt. S. A. Smoke, lately of the United States Army, and the change in diet is intended to make the hall a paying institution as well as to increase its popularity, which has not always been great. A modification of the a la carte system, which is at present in force at the Harvard dining hall, will be the most important change. By the old system each boarder paid \$4.75 a week, and was served with meat for breakfast, dinner and supper. By the new system, for \$3 a week, the boarder will get cereals, fruit, tea, coffee, cocoa and desserts. All meats will be ordered as extras, at prices varying from 8 to 13 cents a portion. By this plan a student may spend from \$4 to \$10 a week for board, and the charge will still be within the provisions under which the hall was given to Yale—that no boarder should be charged more than \$4.50 a week.

DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.—Referring to a suit for libel entered by a priest against the "Irish Times," the Irish Catholic, Dublin, Ire., says: "The 'Irish Times' may well congratulate itself on escaping so easily from what should have been the consequences of the atrocious libel on the Very Rev. John Canon McInerney, P.P., V.G., Killaloe. The anonymous letter which was published by our contemporary contained as base allegations and insinuations as could be levelled against the character of a Catholic priest. Unable to sustain a single statement in the anonymous communication, counsel for the Irish

Times had to throw up the sponge and make a public apology to Canon McInerney, agreeing at the same time to pay a sum of £450 in satisfaction of damages and costs. It was announced in court that the Canon intended to devote all that remained of that sum, after the payment of costs, to charitable purposes—an intention on his part which will not surprise any one who is acquainted with his noble and self-sacrificing character. Meantime the experience of the Irish Times should teach the publishers of other journals inclined to adopt similar priest-baiting tactics, a very good and wholesome lesson."

LONG SENTENCES.—On March 19 the Criminal Court at Douai, France, rendered a verdict in the cases of twenty-seven prisoners charged with being implicated in the attempted assassination of two priests during the strike troubles at Armentieres last August. Thirteen of the prisoners were convicted and fourteen were acquitted. Of those convicted, two were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment and one to eight years' at hard labor, one to five years' in solitary confinement and nine to various terms of imprisonment.

CARDINAL LOGUE.—Referring to this eminent prelate's approaching silver jubilee of his elevation to the Episcopate, a correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times says:

Catholics all over Ireland and far beyond its shores will learn with deep interest of the religious celebrations which are to take place in the Priamial City on Sunday, the 24th of July. On that day His Eminence Cardinal Logue will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopate, and the event will be signalized by the consecration of the magnificent edifice to the completion and decoration of which the Cardinal Primate has devoted so much energy. The clergy and laity of the archdiocese of Armagh are leaving nothing undone to raise sufficient money to free the Cathedral from debt and to have it in a condition to be consecrated on the day decided upon. Even outside of the diocese many friends of the Cardinal are availing themselves of this opportunity of presenting to him the most acceptable testimonial that could be tendered to him on the occasion of his silver jubilee. Needless to say, no more acceptable testimonial could be offered to His Eminence than his Cathedral Church absolutely free of debt, and so rendered fit to be consecrated to the services of Almighty God.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—On February 4 the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Australia (Eastern District), assembled in conference at Murtoa, Victoria, and unanimously adopted the following declaration, which will form a useful sequel to the telling pronouncement of the Archbishop of Melbourne:

- 1. Holy Writ enjoins the parents and the church to instruct the children in the Christian religion and to bring them up in the admonition of the Lord, but no such command is given to the State.
2. Civil government, which, according to Holy Writ, should look to the bodily welfare of its subjects, cannot and should not claim any authority in matters of conscience. Religion and all exercises of religion is a matter of conscience. Scriptural reading, therefore, being an exercise of religion, is entirely out of place in State schools.
3. The reading of a text-book, containing extracts from the Scriptures, is certainly not intended to be merely a new feature in the course of language or literature, but avowedly aims to afford a certain amount of religious instruction.
4. It is impossible to give religious instruction of an undenominational and undogmatical character, as the teacher more or less imparts his own religious convictions to his pupils.
5. The constitution of Victoria, as well as that of the Commonwealth, guarantees perfect liberty in religious affairs. The introduction of Bible lessons into the State school course, the conscience clause notwithstanding, would be conflicting with such liberty, as the taxpayers are required to support the State schools, and thus would be compelled to assist in inculcating religious views which possibly they cannot endorse.
6. Every church body should find

and maintain its own schools. The practicability of this plan is evidenced by the numerous parochial schools of the world in general, and of Australia in particular. An opportunity would thus be provided for all parents to give their children the desired religious training, and the churches would perform their duty, while the State would not be expected to undertake a task foreign to it. In this manner Church and State would remain separated, as they ought to be, and the question of reading the Bible in the State schools would be effectually settled.

A GREAT MUSICIAN.—A remarkable man is Senor Manuel Garcia, the well known professor of singing, who reached his one hundredth birthday on Thursday. Of an exceptionally musical family, his sister, Mme. Malibran, being the most famous, Senor Garcia was once an opera singer himself, though three-quarters of a century have elapsed since he fulfilled that role. Not only in music is the veteran renowned, for his is the invention of the laryngoscope, an invaluable adjunct of surgery. The venerable age of Garcia is best realized by remembering that his sister, Mme. Malibran, died sixty-seven years ago, having made for herself an enduring fame, and that among Garcia's pupils was Jenny Lind.

A SENSATIONAL CAMPAIGN is what one might expect in connection with the efforts of the proprietor and publisher of the New York Journal, to secure the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States. One of the features of the preliminary steps leading up to the convention is, according to an American journal, "an attempt on the part of the Hearst managers to engage all the space in the St. Louis hotels during convention week, and thus practically bar the delegates and friends of the other candidates. The St. Louis hotel managers, however, refused to enter into the deal. There are few parallels in the history of national pre-convention campaigns to the work of Mr. Hearst. He has engaged quarters in St. Louis to house an army of men and his delegates and shouters will be entertained, roomed and fed at his expense."

HOME RULE FOR EGYPT.—An editor and proprietor of an Egyptian newspaper has organized an agitation in Egypt in favor of Home Rule. The people are much interested in the matter.

IRISHMEN IN AUSTRALIA.—The Hibernal Australasian Catholic Benefit Society is now in the 33rd year of existence and has a membership roll of 22,000 members, and over \$500,000 in funds.

FRAUD AT ELECTIONS.—Five officials in connection with polling booths at the recent municipal elections in Toronto were sentenced to one and two year terms in prison. A local journal says: "In the witness box, in their own defence, all save Thompson denied absolutely the irregularities charged, in spite of the most convincing evidence. That men of hitherto good reputation would stoop, first to ballot manipulation, and then to perjury, for mere personal consideration, is unlikely. The question now asked is: Whom were they acting for, and what false hopes were they deluded with to keep them silent?"

ELECTRICITY.—Discussing a new invention called the "Dynelectron," A. Frederick Collins in the New York Herald writes:

Electricity has been produced direct from fuel! This mere statement does not appear startling, but the possibilities of the achievement are stupendous when considered in relation to the country's commercial and social conditions. It will result in the saving of millions upon millions of dollars. It will lessen to an enormous degree the demand for coal, for a greatly decreased percentage of energy is realized from fuel. Made for household use, the new contrivance may furnish both light and heat so far below the present cost that housekeepers will hail them as one of the greatest blessings. In effect, all a man has to do is to throw a shovel

ful of coal into this new electric furnace, and it will do the rest. In manufacture, also, it is destined to work a revolution, the extent of which, measured in dollars, will make the story of Aladdin seem like everyday fact.

In this new process, instead of utilizing heat to develop steam and then converting the latter into mechanical motion, which in turn transmits its energy to a wheel covered with coils of wire and revolving in a magnetic field to generate a current—in the new process a furnace only is needed and electricity flows from a pair of elements as easily as from the battery which rings your doorbell. Mysterious as such a process must appear to those who have never given a thought to the roundabout way in which electricity is generated commercially, it is in itself a beautifully simple operation as evolved by Mr. James H. Reid, of Newark, N.J. To develop electricity in large volumes, continuously and economically, has taxed the ingenuity of men the last two hundred years, yet strange to say the greatest progress has been made during the last half century.

PRIZE FIGHTING.—Call it by the less shocking name of boxing or glove contests, or anything else; it still remains the brutal and dangerous, the heartless and immoral pastime that men know as prize-fighting. In the Quebec Legislature, on the order paper for last Tuesday, was an Inquiry of Ministry, by Hon. L. P. Pelletier, which speaks volumes. It concerns the laws forbidding boxing and fighting for prizes, and it inquires into the means that are taken to have that law put in execution. The immediate cause of this interpellation was a boxing match which took place last week after which one of the contestants died. It must be remembered that these two young men were no vulgar common prizefighters; they were adepts with the gloves, they considered that they were giving an exhibition of the "manly art," and they had decided to fight twenty rounds to see which was the "better man." They fought sixteen rounds; in the sixteenth the victim received a blow that laid him out. A few hours later and his late antagonist was a corpse. It was very sad to see a young man cut off thus in the bloom of youth, in the vigor of budding manhood, and to be sent from the arena of brutal struggle into the presence of God.

The lesson is a severe one. It is to be hoped that Mr. Pelletier's inquiry will have the effect of awakening the authorities to the grave necessity of doing something to prevent a repetition of such scenes. VALUE OF OLD MEN.—Under this heading, "Frank Leslie's Monthly" illustrates by example, in an extract given below, the subject in a manner which should convince all who are inclined to take too extreme a view of the question. It says:

America is the young man's country, we are told, because so many of the conspicuous figures among us are young men. The thing is said conventionally, as if there were some moral virtue in being young; as if, too, the greatest tragedy in American history was not the death some forty years ago of half a million of men in the prime of life, which deprived our generation of its wisest counsellors. Experience is the only school which gives a degree honored of all men, and a man of three score, with the vigor of life still in him, should be the most useful citizen of a community.

The awful catastrophe at Baltimore furnished a splendid instance. The conflagration had been raging for twelve hours. Chief Horton of the fire department had been disabled by a live wire. The fighters were without a head. Then William C. McAfee, veteran fire chief, retired for age and accounted an old man, offered his services to the Mayor. They were accepted. Donning his oilskins and grabbing his trumpet, the old chief went into action. At once the men knew they had a leader. They needed one. The fire was roaring down to the river bank, where were some great rosin works filled with turpentine. And as they went so must go East Baltimore.

"There will be a terrible time if the fire gets into that resin," yelled McAfee through his trumpet. "If enough of you men will follow me we'll go in there and dump the whole outfit into the bay."

They followed the leader and they saved East Baltimore.

SPHERE OF THE LAITY.—Under the heading "The Proper Sphere of the Laity," The Messenger Monthly Magazine remarks:

"Long before it had been decided to retire Bishop Doane, of Albany, from the Board of Regents of the University of New York, and without any intimation from the State officials or leaders of the party in power, it was agreed among Catholics and especially between the Right Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, of Cebu, late Regent of the University, and many ecclesiastics, that it is desirable for good reasons to have laymen in preference to clerical representatives as hitherto on the board. Chief among the reasons for this agreement is the fitness of entrusting to the laity the civil offices for which they are peculiarly qualified, and the likelihood that they will be free and able to exert their influence more effectively than priests, who, precisely because it is presumed they are committed to certain views or principles, are not always regarded as unbiased or most desirable as political counsellors. It is gratifying to know that Catholics of their own accord anticipated this policy, and gratifying, also, to have as a ground of confidence in the Hon. Eugene A. Philbin, who has been chosen to represent Catholic interests in the Board of Regents, the knowledge that for some years he has been actively interested in the various measures proposed for improving our educational system, and successful in checking attempts to introduce politics into the schools and to discriminate against private interests in education."

FASTER IN ROME.—From a sketch published by one of our exchanges we take the following extract, which graphically describes one feature of the imposing ceremonies on Easter Sunday in Rome:

"The grandest of all the ceremonies," says the writer, "that took place at Easter was the benediction given by the Pope from the balcony above the central entrance to St. Peter's. The weather at this season of the year is always bright and sunny and warm. Every one is in holiday attire. The joy of the season is reflected in the face of rich and poor alike. Over the balcony is stretched a great white awning, which is to shade from the rays of the sun the Pope and the attendant Cardinals. had opportunities of seeing it frequently. Above us the great dome of St. Peter's and below the grand enclaving colonnade, and the vast space, in the centre of which rises the solemn obelisk, thronged with masses of living beings. And he tells of peasants from the Campagna and pilgrims with cape and staff, and Sisters of Charity with white hoods, and an enormous gathering of carriages; while the sunlight dazzles and beams, and the fountains are as showers of diamonds in its glare. No one thinks of the heat, or sultriness of the day, says an old writer, aggravated though it be by the crowd of many thousand panting bodies. So rich and varied, and yet harmonious a scene could be produced by one person only, and for a single and almost momentary act. The bell has been tolling a heavy, monotonous boom; it suddenly stops; every eye is turned towards one point—the window of the balcony is opened; the great white feather fans are seen approaching the front of the very high balcony.

The Pope is seated on the "sedia gestatoria." With targa on his head he looks down upon the vast multitude beneath; and in the silence that at once falls upon every one the voice of the Pope is heard, as he pronounces the prayers preliminary to the benediction of the city and the world, "urbi et orbi."

When, amidst a silence that is almost painful, and which is only broken in upon by the neighing of the horses away at the back of the square, the last words of the benediction have been pronounced, the canons of the castle of St. Angelo proclaim the joyous tidings to the city, the drums beat, the bells ring wildly out, and a great cheer rises from the hearts of the people. It is a moment of intense feeling; but it is of the past.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

THE SESSION.—As your correspondent writes, the debate on the Grand Trunk Pacific Bill goes on, or rather "drags its lengthening chain" along. It is now fallen into the trough of monotony and the members and the public have already commenced to grow weary of it.

IN THE CHURCHES.—On Sunday last in the various Catholic Churches of the city it was announced, at each Mass, that the quarterly general meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held in St. Patrick's Church basement next Sunday afternoon.

On last Sunday seventy-five members of Division No. 2, A.O.H., attended eight o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Church and received Holy Communion—this was the Easter duty performed in a body.

On Thursday, at eight o'clock, a solemn requiem Mass was sung in St. Joseph's Church for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Michael Harrington, one of Ottawa's best known ladies of charity and of religious fervor.

His Excellency Monsignor Sparretti said the seven o'clock Mass on Sunday at the Water Street Convent. He was accompanied by Rev. Dr. Sinnott the secretary to the Apostolic Delegation.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY

From a multitude of standpoints has this important question of an Irish University been treated, and it would almost seem as if it had been exhausted, but still another strong argument has been set forth by the Bishop of Limerick.

"In the first place, I do not think that this scheme of Lord Dunraven's would ever give the people of Ireland the kind of institution which we want. If you take the list of the

"New Woman." He pointed out to them how they should meet her requirements, and he held out to them the example of the "strong woman" of the Scripture—Judith—and also the Blessed Virgin; and in conclusion he bestowed on all the pupils his Apostolic blessing.

In St. Patrick's Church, at High Mass, on Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Father Whelan, preached an eloquent and forcible sermon on the Resurrection. He said that as the Risen Christ had exactly the same Body as that which was crucified, having been identified by the doubting St. Thomas, so all men when comes the final judgment will rise with exactly the same bodies as they had in this world, and each one will be recognized and will recognize, even casual acquaintances by their physical features.

On Tuesday last the Capital put on again the full robes of winter. Not less than two and a half inches of snow fell, and the transformation was magical but not of that kind of magic that delights.

On Thursday, at eight o'clock, a solemn requiem Mass was sung in St. Joseph's Church for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Michael Harrington, one of Ottawa's best known ladies of charity and of religious fervor.

Catholic gentlemen who met in the Shelbourne hotel a couple of years ago to launch this scheme, and put a mark against those who were ever identified with any Catholic or national movement, I think you will find very few of the kind. They were, for the most part, that class which hang around the Castle.

this college for Catholics, I think I can guess its significance. It reads perfectly fair to give a College to Catholics, a college to Episcopalians, Protestants and a college to Presbyterians. Perfect equality, you may think. But when you constitute a Senate academically of these three, you have the Catholics in a permanent and hopeless minority of one or two.

With regard to the exclusively academic government of the university and college, I would ask what is the necessity of it? In Wales they established very recently a national university, and have given representation on the governing body to Urban and County Councils, and headmasters of schools, and other such local authorities.

As an educationalist, too, I do not think it well to condemn Ireland to one university, and that of the federal type. There is no precedent as far as I know for a successful institution of the kind. It was proposed to the Scotch universities some years ago to join in "a federation," and they would not listen to the idea.

THE BIBLE CRITICIZED

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We have long contended that, as the fundamental principle of Protestantism, which is individual interpretation, is of itself false and illogical, it would eventually end in having the Scriptures ignored, discarded and ridiculed. It is even now evident that this is becoming the result of such emancipation from all authority in matters of faith and revelation.

Canon Henson finds little in the New Testament to offend reason or conscience, "but," he says, "whether much or little it will have to go the way of the Old Testament prodigies." He commends supplementing the reading of the Bible in Church with "Christian compositions which have secured the approval of general acceptance," declaring that "indiscriminate reading of the Bible in public is an extremely perilous proceeding."

to canonical Scriptures is as intrinsically indefensible as it is practically the Infallible Head of the Catholic Church. Any more either from Canon Henson or from Sir Oliver Lodge, both of whom advance theories, though not agreeing with each other, that are severe blows at the public use of the Scriptures.

These outspoken utterances have caused public and private appeals to be made to the Archbishops of Canterbury, but so far no action has been taken. The upshot of Canon Henson's bold declaration that "current and generally accepted versions of Christian truth are becoming inadequate and unsatisfactory" is awaited with keen interest, says a large London publication; and we do not doubt it. We would be surprised if it were otherwise.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

All that is as the coming months will show. Russians who never expected great things from their fleet will not have it that their army can fall. To questions as to its ability to cope with the most modern firearms—the great length of range, the flat trajectory of the bullet and the smokeless powder—they answer always that numbers, bravery and endurance are bound to prevail.

Beyond this general assertion they have little material to go upon. The high average of physique is unquestioned. None of the European conscript armies shows such chest development and such serviceable feet for marching. It is not contended that this is a national superiority, but the enormous population enables the Government to give exemption for mere family reasons to more than half the young men each year as they are due for conscription.

An official handbook, which is now out of print although it is only eight years old, gives the most reliable information on Russian army organization. The Czar had it edited in English by the "Chancery" of the Committee of Ministers for his newly married Empress, who cannot read Russian. It deals with all the institutions of the country. Under the head "Military Service," which became compulsory in 1874, it states:

"All the male population capable of service, from the ages of 21 to 43, enter into the composition of the armed forces of the State. Some, however, belong to the regular permanent troops, while others are counted as militia, opolchenie, and are called out only in time of war, and then principally for service in the rear of the regular army. The general term of service in the regular army is eighteen years, four of which are passed with the colors, and four in the reserves.

"The term of active service is diminished in proportion to education, the shortest term being one year. There are in Russia a great many exceptions to the rule of obligatory service, as the full number of conscripts afforded by the whole population is not necessary to complete the cadres in time of peace. For instance, the cadres of the Russian army on a peace footing represents about 900,000 men, called out for four years; consequently 226,000 conscripts are required annually, but in view of completely filling up the ranks of the army in case of war, the yearly contingent is fixed at 265,000 men. The population furnishes yearly 880,000 men of 21 years of age, which is three times the required number. The remaining two-thirds, therefore, have to be relieved in some way or other from the duties of active service.

"The principal ground for exemption is physical incapacity, and for

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

(By our Own Correspondent.)

CRIMINAL COURT.—The spring term of the Criminal Court opened on Monday, the 11th instant, Hon. Judge Bosse presiding. The docket is a very light one, there being but six cases to be tried, the most serious of which is that of Richard Murray, for manslaughter. This case was transferred from Bonaventure to Quebec. As there has been no term of the Court since last April, the small number of cases speaks well for the morality of the city. The Crown prosecutors are Messrs. A. Malouin, K.C., M.P., and J. Dunbar, K.C.

SALE OF LIQUOR.—The Municipal Council of Limoulin, which embraces quite a large territory, at its last meeting decided to abolish all tavern licenses in that municipality. The members of the Council have been led to take this action from the fact that much disorder has occurred from the abuse of intoxicating liquor. Two licenses have been granted to grocers, which the Council deemed sufficient.

STILL OUT.—The painters are still on strike and no advances toward a settlement have been made by either side. It looks as if the employers could not hold out much longer, as many of the men have found employment doing jobbing on their own account.

PRIZE FIGHTING.—Notwithstanding the fact that prize fighting is strictly prohibited by law, it has been tolerated in this city for some time past under the guise of boxing bouts. On Wednesday evening, the 6th instant, another of these fights occurred between Geo. Wagner and Louis Drolet, which had a fatal termination. In the sixteenth round Drolet received a knock-out blow, and despite the efforts of physicians to revive him, he never regained consciousness and expired early next morning. He leaves a widow and two small children in poor circumstances. These fights were attended by numbers of young men, many of them still in their teens, upon whom they must have a decidedly evil influence. How they were allowed to take place under the very eyes of the authorities many are at a loss to know. It is earnestly to be hoped that the regrettable termination of Wednesday night's fight will put an end to the so-called sport, and that Quebecers have seen the last of a practice which it is difficult to characterize as it deserves.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.—St. Patrick's Amateur Dramatic Club will repeat "Fag a Bealac" on the 15th inst. This beautiful drama was last presented on St. Patrick's night to a crowded house, and the proceeds of the present entertainment are to be devoted to a charitable purpose, and it is expected the hall will again be packed.

On this reason about 290,000 conscripts are made free of military service every year. In the next place, the privilege is granted for domestic reasons; as, for instance, in the case of an only son of a family, or an eldest son assisting his father when his brothers are not ready for work. Medical men, clergymen, dispensing chemists, teachers, etc., are at once included in the reserves for eighteen years. The remainder of the superfluous conscripts are exempted by drawing lots. Out of the yearly contingent of 265,000 men, about 6000 are placed in the navy.

As transportation is Russia's hardest problem in this war, she will have to make the fullest use of the men whose permanent homes are on her eastern frontiers. This means that the Cossacks will be put to the first test. The word "Cossack" is Turkish, and means a free man, or, more definitely, a free lance. The fundamental idea of their military service is that the entire population must undergo it. In return they are given considerable allotments of land and various privileges which the peasantry have never enjoyed. In several respects the mingling of civil and military in their rural commune governments resembles the Boer political system.

Each separate Cossack body is under the immediate command of a deputy Ataman—the title of Ataman is Commander-in-Chief, and is at present held by the Czarewitch—who

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.—A meeting of the Quebec branch of the United Irish League was held in Wallace College on Sunday afternoon for the election of officers and the transaction of other important business. The newly-elected officers are as follows:

- President—M. J. Ahern.
1st Vice-President—J. J. O'Flaherty.
2nd Vice-President—M. Monaghan.
Treasurer—J. M. Collier.
Secretary—J. W. M. Wallace.
Committee—F. Carbray, W. J. Breen, J. Gallagher, J. W. McDermott, P. Evoy, D. Coveney, P. Hogan, J. A. Collier, P. W. Brown.

Several stirring addresses were delivered, and much enthusiasm manifested. It is the intention of the League to invite Mr. Connor O'Kelly M.P. for North Mayo, to visit the Ancient Capital while on his tour of Canada. Strenuous efforts will be made to boom the League in this city, and to this the newly elected officers are pledged.

CLERICAL RETREATS.—The retreats for the clergy of the Diocese of Quebec will be preached by the Very Rev. Father Le Dore, Superior of the Order of Eudistes. The first of these retreats will take place from the 31st July to the 6th August, and the second from the 15th to the 20th August.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.—The ceremonies attending the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Oblat Fathers to the St. Sauveur Church, will commence on the evening of the 20th inst. There will be devotions in the Church for young ladies, when a sermon will be preached by Rev. Abbe Faucher, of the Basilica. At 7.15 p.m. on the 21st there will be religious exercises for men and a sermon by Rev. Abbe Morrisette of St. Jean Baptiste Church. Friday evening at the same hour there will be devotions for married ladies and sermon by Rev. Abbe Roy, Cure of Notre Dame de Jacques Cartier. Mgr. Marois, V.G., will be the celebrant of the solemn Grand mass on Sunday, the 24th, and Rev. A. Gauvreau, of St. Roch, will be the preacher. After Mass there will be a banquet at the presbytery, and in the evening Solemn Benediction and presentation of addresses. On the 25th there will be Grand Mass at 9 o'clock for the children and sermon by Rev. Abbe Bouffard, Cure of St. Malo, after which there will be a banquet at the presbytery. A Requiem Mass will be celebrated on the 26th for all benefactors of the Church for the past fifty years, and a sermon preached by Rev. P. J. Lefebvre, Provincial of the Oblat Order in the United States. In the afternoon the pupils of the convent will hold a reception, which will bring the ceremonies to a close.

also governs the local civil administration. It is akin to the Transvaal field cornet, who was county corner and Magistrate in peace time, and local enlisting officer and Colonel when there was war. In time of war the various Cossack populations furnish 146 cavalry regiments, 39 separate squadrons, 204 infantry battalions, 38 horse artillery batteries representing a regular total of 178,000 rank and file. In peace only one-third of these are in service, the rest are exempted. Kouropatkin, though actually commanding in the field, remains Minister of War. His office here is filled by a locum tenens. This gives him an absolute free hand, but it does not follow that it will improve the working of the military bureaucratic departments. The Czar's handbook admits that after the Turkish war of 1878 "all the materials and armaments of the troops were found to be either useless or very imperfect." Kouropatkin did all he could to improve it.

Let the State designate those to be taught, determined to be reached, examined annually, and when reached, pay for it what is called the Result. It should make no difference if the school is taught there, or if all. Such a school should be not by denomination but by

Each separate Cossack body is under the immediate command of a deputy Ataman—the title of Ataman is Commander-in-Chief, and is at present held by the Czarewitch—who

DO NOT BUY THRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate Are the Best. Notice the Name on them

Father Who

Asked what things he would see done to advance the interests of the Church, Rev. J. Phelan, I.A., writes to the Morning News:

1. I would like to see a Catholic paper in every Catholic parish. A Catholic paper is to the house as a window is to a room.

2. A united, earnest, intelligent effort on the part of the laity to advance the interests of the Church, by the conversion of non-Catholics. The clergy are regarded as prejudiced by outsiders, while the laity can favorably dispose towards our religion. A million earnest workers could do a world of good, and a million of earnest workers would do a world of harm. The press should work up the Apostolate of the laity.

3. As the Church has more to fear from whisky than from heretics, she ought to be opposed to the sale of spirits, to the use of tobacco, to the law of God, to the welfare of one's own soul, and to the interests of the Church.

4. I would like to see a Catholic Truth Society established in every Catholic parish, and little, throughout the country. The duty of the member is not to be a non-Catholic, but to be a Catholic, to be a "What the Church Teaches Belief," or the "Box," occasionally lending a Catholic paper, and praying for the conversion or edifying him

5. I would like to see the Central Verein established in every Catholic parish, to be a non-Catholic, to be a Catholic, to be a "What the Church Teaches Belief," or the "Box," occasionally lending a Catholic paper, and praying for the conversion or edifying him

6. Each Catholic to show to non-Catholics the injustice of taxation in order to get an education for their children, and to be a Catholic, to be a "What the Church Teaches Belief," or the "Box," occasionally lending a Catholic paper, and praying for the conversion or edifying him

7. To promote the interests of the Church mixed marriages

QUEBEC.

Father Whelan on Many Topics

IRISH LEAGUE. — A Quebec branch of the league was held in a Sunday afternoon for officers and the transfer of important business. Officers are as follows: J. J. Ahern. President—J. J. O'Flaherty.

President—M. Monaghan. M. Collier. W. M. Wallace. F. Carbray, W. J. Lagher, J. W. McDermott, D. Coveney, P. Hollister, P. W. Brown.

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Y THRASHY GOODS PRICE. Swan's Chocolate

Swan's Chocolate

Swan's Chocolate

Swan's Chocolate

Asked what things he would like to be done to advance the interests of the Church, Rev. J. Phelan, of Marquis, Ia., writes to the Monitor as follows:

1. I would like at least one Catholic paper in every Catholic home. A Catholic paper is to the home what a window is to a room.

2. A united, earnest, intelligent effort on the part of the laity to advance the interests of the Church by seeking the conversion of non-Catholics. The clergy are regarded with prejudice by outsiders, while the laity can favorably dispose those towards our religion. A million of earnest workers could be mustered and a million of earnest, intelligent workers would do a world of good. The press should work up this great Apostolate of the laity.

3. As the Church has more to fear from whisky than heresy, a Catholic ought to be opposed to excessive drink, for drunkenness is opposed to the law of God, the law of the man, the law of one's own body, the welfare of one's home, one's eternal interests and the interests of the Church.

4. I would like to see a Truth Society, a Catholic Truth Society, established in every Catholic centre, big and little, throughout the country. The duty of the members to be light and easy, such as each one supplying a non-Catholic with a Catechism, or other Catholic book, such as "What the Church Teaches," "Catholic Belief," or the "Question Box," occasionally leading him a Catholic paper, and praying for his conversion or edifying him or her.

5. I would like to see the German Central Verein establish a Bureau to watch over German non-Catholic publications poisoning their readers with untruths about the Church, and to procure authorized translations of Reformation literature. Then it may be seen how the world went crazy over Luther, a man who, were he living in our day, would probably be an inmate of a lunatic asylum, according to the opinion of a well-known non-Catholic writer. Also, that the Verein would have organized missions to non-Catholic Germans.

6. Each Catholic to show some non-Catholic the injustice of double taxation in order to get a suitable education for their children. This is an effective way to educate the masses, and in a couple of years the country will admit the justness of our claims. Catholic schools doing good work for the State ought to be recompensed by the State. Just as a volunteer regiment is as acceptable to fight for the nation as the one hired by the State, and is just as much entitled to regular wages. The same principle holds good in the battle against vice and ignorance. Moreover, these volunteer schools do what the State schools cannot do under existing circumstances. These schools are a help to the State in educating the children, and they save the State money. We want this help rendered, and this money so saved to be recognized.

The State wishes top pay for the education of the child, that is, for its secular education. The State school, however, does not give a complete education to the child. It gives a secular, but not a religious education, and this it says it cannot give. But both are necessary; hence Catholics have to establish schools where both are given. But let the State pay for the secular instruction therein imparted and overlook the religious training. Let the State designate the branches to be taught, determine a standard to be reached, examine the pupils annually, and when the standard is reached, pay for it. This is what is called the Results System. It should make no difference what religion is taught there, or if none at all. Such a school should be denoted not by denomination but by number.

7. To promote the interests of the Church mixed marriages must be

stopped, the Catholic party marrying only one who is already a member of the Church or becoming one.

8. The Catholic societies in the parish should be obedient to the pastor.

9. Each person to lay aside 2 cents a week, or \$1 a year, for its propagation of the Faith, and for its preservation too. 'Tis easier to conserve than to convert. And here let me say that there are probably more lost every year by want of conserving than are gained by conversion. This the society with its numerous officers throughout the world ought to attend to. Take for example immigration to this country from European ports. Great care and needful help ought to be given. Leaflets containing instructions to prevent drifting away from Church should be distributed on departure as well as on arrival. An effort to affiliate schismatic Russians, Greeks, Armenians, etc., to the Church ere they join the sects, ought certainly to be made. A large additional instruction and encouragement and they would attach themselves to the nearest Catholic Church. Southern, Central and Northern Dakota contains large Russian settlements, attended to be zealous missionaries. One of the fairest fields for missionary work is the docks—the ports. The Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, New York, the Leo House and the St. Joseph's Home ought to be more and more encouraged and valued. The society, by looking after religion in our immigration ports, will get more results from their time than would surprise them. Of course, the interests of the Church demand that the service of such men as the Scandinavian priest in the Archdiocese of St. Paul be called in for occasional lectures where there are Scandinavian settlements.

10. And this brings me to the most important part of this article. Bureaus ought to be established for the benefit of Catholic immigrants, as well as for Catholics moving from one part of the country to another. Catholics ought to be warned against moving from where they have a priest and Church and school to where they have no church, nor the prospect of having one. I would like to see two such bureaus established, one in New York in connection with immigration ports and one in Chicago for the interior. These soon would branch out, as from Chicago one in Kansas City, St. Paul and Winnipeg would be advantageous; also in points of country to be settled.

For the past one hundred years neglect of immigrant has been the cause of the greatest leakage in the Church. I have no hesitation in saying that if such a bureau were in New York during the past century under the guidance of wise and unselfish men, to-day this country would be largely Catholic. It would be one-fourth Catholic; yes, probably one-third Catholic instead of one-seventh.

It is stated on good authority that from the immigration from Ireland during the past one hundred years, there ought to be twenty-five million Irish Catholics in this country. While the official directory for 1904 gives only about one half this number, nearly twelve millions (11,887,317), and the twelve millions is largely made up of German, French, Italian Slav and other peoples.

There is as large an immigration to-day as ever, and mostly from Catholic countries, while in the interior there is a great migration, whether to the cotton fields of the South or the farm lands of the North and West.

Last year there were 200,000 Italian immigrants, as per your figures. Why don't these come in bands to take up the cheap, free lands, and accompanied by a priest? Even 10,000 of this 200,000, or one-twentieth, should be located on lands. Ten thousand, or twenty parishes of 500 each, would constitute a new vicariate every year. I know where there is free land and a tract adjoining at a low figure and easy annual payments, and I know where new railroads are going to be built to afford labor, so as to equip these free lands or buy an adjoining piece. But soon these chances may be gone. And

what I say of Italians I say of other peoples—Poles, Germans and Irish. Ten thousand English-speaking people could be got to-day in New York, Boston or Chicago who would gladly avail themselves of such opportunities. Even as I write there are, I am told, 5000 Germans and Galicians on the seas to be provided with homes and spiritual care, thanks to the great efforts of a zealous priest. Some twenty years ago these two great leaders in thought and action—Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Spaulding—took a hand in colonizing, and notwithstanding the sharp winds of adversity, the Ireland colonists are to-day amongst the most prosperous and happy people in the land.

New settlements are establishing in the interior. Thousands of immigrants are coming in quest of homes and lands. Vacant lands there are, and these should be occupied by the needy people.

Thousands of French nuns are seeking our shores. The scene causes us amazement, but we may be assured such is permitted by Providence for the ultimate prosperity of His Church. Distributed among our convents, soon they will be qualified to teach in this country.

I would like, then, to see a bureau or central agency of some such organization established. It is the crying need of the hour. The Catholic people will then become more centralized. Scantly populated parishes will receive enough to have a priest and schools and churches will flourish. Even well established parishes can be benefited. What can be said of this diocese can be said of many, that it can admit of more members advantageously. There are three or four good vacancies for settlers in this parish, even. Let there then be a bureau and in the hands of practical business men, while the clergy may co-operate consistently with duty and office.

Having said this much on the matter, let me ask, are there any philanthropists to take up this grand work along these lines for the benefit of humanity? Any men to co-operate with each other in extending the Kingdom of God on a grand scale?

11. And this brings me to an important part relative to the financial building up of the Church. I would like to see an Insurance Bureau established so that the millions of dollars yearly expended for insurance on Church properties, to the enrichment of the old line companies, would be utilized for the extension of the Church, aiding poor missions, giving cheap money for building churches and schools, etc. Our Methodist friends in this case can teach us a lesson; each pastor being a gratuitous agent, and the business placed in the hands of a bureau or board of directors of practical business men.

Of course in this article I have omitted what belongs to pastors and their parish obligations, such as the building of schools—the nurseries of the Church—the occasional having of missions to get back the stray ones and the instructions which zealous pastors will give occasionally on Sunday evenings, explaining Christian doctrine in the plainest language for the article is intended for the laity, except where otherwise mentioned. I wish to see the laity interested in this emobling work. God, grateful for such efforts, would shower blessings on the undertaking. Of course, heated or angry discussions might be carefully avoided. But 'tis amazing how ignorant our neighbors are of Catholic doctrine, and when explained to them they seem pleased, and invariably say, "Well, I never knew that."

Dear reader, is the extending of the Kingdom of God worthy of our best and most earnest efforts? If so, then let us make it. And wonderful is the advance the Church will make here in the next few years. Yes, wonderful is the word.

FOR SALE.

Twenty-six volumes of the "True Witness," commencing with its first issue in August, 1850. These volumes are nicely bound, in perfect order, and consecutive, containing most valuable information regarding English-speaking Catholic interests in Canada, it being at that period the only exponent of their views in the country. Price \$3.50 per vol. Address "True Witness" office, Montreal.

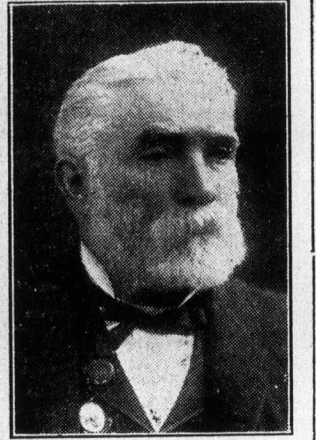
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Golden Jubilee of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McNamee

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McNamee, of Cathedral street, this city, will celebrate the golden jubilee of their marriage on Monday, April 25th. The jubilarians will assist at High Mass in St. Patrick's Church in the morning at 10 o'clock. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has expressed a desire to be present, and it is expected that a large number of the clergy will attend. Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's, assisted by Deacon and sub-deacon, will be the celebrant of the Mass.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. McNamee will hold a reception at their home from 3 to 7 o'clock. No invitations have been issued, as all friends and acquaintances will be welcome.

Mr. McNamee is a native of the County Cavan, Ireland, and came with his family to this city 65 years ago, where he has resided during that



MR. F. B. McNAMEE.

long period with the exception of a few years spent in Quebec, while engaged in building the Quebec and Richmond railroad. It was during his association with that important undertaking that he was married to Mrs. McNamee, in the Basilica of that city. Mr. McNamee has been engaged in the business of contractor of public works for upwards of half a century, and has successfully completed some of the most important contracts, involving millions of dollars, during his career. Amongst others may be mentioned the Quebec Water Works, several sections of the Eastern portion of the G.T.R., the Chambly Canal, Welland Canal, Carillon dam, Montreal Inland Cut for our city water works. He has been long associated as director and shareholder with leading commercial enterprises, notably the Union Abattoir Co., Lighterage Co., Montreal Stock Yards Co., Bell Telephone Co., and Park Incline Railway.

In works of a philanthropic character such as the Catholic Sailors' Club, the Western, Notre Dame and General Hospitals, Mr. McNamee has during many years displayed much interest. For several years he occupied the office of President of the parent Irish National society of this city, St. Patrick's, and is yet an active member of that organization. Despite his long and strenuous life-

being 76 years of age—he is yet manifesting much enthusiasm in the last mentioned organizations, and is now striving to erect a permanent home for the Catholic Sailors' Club in one of the most central locations along the great harbor of Montreal. Mr. McNamee aided in the excavation of the foundation of St. Patrick's Church and was present at the laying of the corner-stones. He also assisted at the inauguration of St. Ann's and the other Irish parishes. He remembers the sad days of the ship fever, and saw the interment of the victims of that dreadful scourge.

Mrs. McNamee is a native of King's County, Ireland, and came to Canada with her parents early in life. For many years she lived in the Ancient Capital, but she has been a resident of Montreal for nearly half a century. In all under-

occupies a high office in its ranks. The funeral was attended by the members of the Holy Name Society and by citizens in all ranks of professional and commercial life. R.I.P.



MRS. F. B. McNAMEE.

takings associated with her nationality, religious, social and charitable, she has been a conspicuous figure. She had been connected with the well known charitable work of providing homes for the orphan and the aged poor which was known under the name of St. Patrick's Bazaar, founded shortly after the erection of St. Patrick's Church. In other philanthropic enterprises such as the Catholic Sailors' Club, the Western Hospital, Montreal Foundling and Babies Home, Mrs. McNamee has rendered services which have been recognized and appreciated by all. Her zeal, and her ability to solicit aid for those good works has been unsurpassed by few of her associates. She is now in her 74th year and is imbued with a sincere desire to enthusiastically support her husband in his great endeavor in connection with a new home for the sailors visiting this port.

Mrs. McNamee has many memories of the old days in the social life of Montreal, when the Irish Catholic section united in holding soirees and picnics in the old Bonsecour's Hall, and at Guilbault's garden, days that remind her of the good old Irish jigs and reels now replaced by the less enjoyable modern dances.

Mr. and Mrs. McNamee are receiving many congratulations in this city and from outside districts.

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. PATRICK KELLY, a retired Captain of His Majesty's 2nd West Indian Regiment, and a prominent figure in religious, national and social ranks of Montreal during the past three or four years, passed away to his reward quite unexpectedly on Monday morning. Capt. Kelly had been out on Sunday spending the evening with some friends, and returned to his home apparently in the enjoyment of the best of health. Next morning the attendants found him unconscious. Medical aid was summoned, but all efforts proved unavailing. The immediate cause of death was pronounced to be paralysis of the brain.

Deceased was, during the term of his residence in Montreal, a zealous and enthusiastic member of St. Patrick's parish, being prominent in the ranks of one or two of its parish organizations, especially that of the Holy Name Society. On Sunday morning last the members of the latter organization approached the Holy Table according to their rules, and amongst them was the deceased. The funeral was held at St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung, at which

Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan officiated, assisted by Rev. P. Heffernan and Rev. J. Killoran. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, rendered the musical portion of the solemn service, and Prof. Fowler, as the remains were being removed from the Church, played "Nearer My God to Thee." Previous to the removal of the remains to the Church, the members of the Holy Name Society assembled at the residence of the deceased and recited the office for the dead in the most impressive manner.

In social life Capt. Kelly was a welcome guest at many homes, and was esteemed for his high integrity and intellectual attainments. He was a member of the St. James Club and of the Catholic Sailors' Club and other organizations of a social and philanthropic character in Montreal.

He leaves six children to mourn his loss, two sons and four daughters. Amongst the former is Dr. W. Weisber Kelly, now resident in Green Bay, Wis. One of the daughters is a member of the Order of Holy Souls, and

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occupies a high office in its ranks. The funeral was attended by the members of the Holy Name Society and by citizens in all ranks of professional and commercial life. R.I.P.

MRS. J. W. MCGARVEY.—On the 10th inst., a well known and esteemed resident of this city, and sister of Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's, parish, in the person of Mrs. Ellen McGarvey, widow of the late John W. McGarvey, passed to her eternal reward. The remains were taken to Sherrington, P.Q., for interment. The True Witness offers its most sincere sympathy to Rev. Father O'Meara in his bereavement. R.I.P.

MRS. JOHN MARKUM.—After an illness extending over several months Mrs. John Markum, wife of Mr. John Markum, a well known business man of this city, died on the 13th inst. Deceased had long been an exemplary member of St. Patrick's parish, and had been associated with many religious societies.

Her funeral took place on Friday morning to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted. After which the remains were taken to Cote des Neiges Cemetery for interment. R.I.P.

BROTHER HALWARD, a zealous and able member of the Order of the Christian Brothers, died this week at the Mother House, Mont de la Salle. He was known to a large circle of the residents in the Irish parishes of this city, in which his notable services to the cause of Catholic education were most highly appreciated. Brother Halward held many important positions in the Order during his career and his death is deeply regretted. A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Mother House at which representatives of the various religious bodies in Montreal, assisted. The interment took place in the cemetery of the Order at Mont de la Salle. R.I.P.

MR. THOMAS FALLON.—On Monday, April 4th, at the Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, after a short but painful illness, occurred the death of a highly respected resident of Kilbain, Huntingdon, P.Q., in the person of Mr. Thomas Fallon. In his last moments there were at his bedside his sorrowing wife, his son James, who is a member of the Order of St. Viator; his aunt, Sister Mary Edward, of the Providence Asylum; his sister, Mrs. Lachance, of Huntingdon, Mr. James A. Moore, of Huntingdon, and his nephew, Mr. J. C. Moore, manager of the Alza English Sash Window Co., Montreal.

All that medical skill could suggest was done to save a precious life, but without avail. Mr. Fallon was born at Kilbain on Jan. 28, 1844, and was therefore sixty years of age. With the exception of a year that he spent in the Western States, with his brothers, he lived in his native place, where he prospered, making farming his life work; ever industrious, unassuming and kind of heart, he endeared himself to all who knew him.

Eleven children are left to console the widowed mother. They are Mr. John Fallon, of West Constable, N.Y.; James Fallon, C.S.V., of Ridgand; Jane (Sr. Lucy of Narni), of Schenectady, N. Y.; Edith, (Sr. Thomas a Becket), of Winnipeg, Man.; both of the Order of the Holy Names; Florence, Herbert, Mabel, Elmer, Joe, Beatrice and Genevieve are at home with their sorrowing mother.

Deceased took much interest in organizing and maintaining the little parish of St. Agnes, of which he was a member, and a Church warden for twelve years. He also held many other offices of trust in the district, being a member of the Godmanchester Council for a number of years, and of the School Board from the year 1887 until the time of his death. The members of the School Board showed their sympathy by many kind enquiries during his illness and by sending a beautiful floral contribution to be placed on the coffin.

The funeral was held on Wednesday to the parish Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Pastor, Rev. Father Derome, at the close of which he paid a tribute to the integrity and honesty of his deceased parishioner. The remains were interred in the family plot. Mr. Fallon had been for long years a reader of the "True Witness." To the members of the bereaved family we offer our most sincere sympathy in their sad loss.

Knights of Columbus And Washington University

(From Boston Globe.)

On April 13, the Knights of Columbus fund of \$50,000 for the establishment of a chair of secular history at the Catholic University at Washington will be formally presented to that institution by Edward L. Hearn, of South Framingham, the Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus.

This will be the first national gathering of the Knights of Columbus as a body, and, in fact, the assemblage will be of an international character, inasmuch as the order is now instituted in Canada and the provinces, as well as in every State of the United States, and is to-day the largest and most representative organization of Catholics in the Western Hemisphere.

The occasion is bound to be of historic importance, both to the order and to Catholicity. The first national gathering of the order as a body, before the highest authorities of both Church and State, will mark an epoch in the history of the order and the marvellous progress made during the last dozen years of its existence will receive a new impetus.

The event will mark the completion of the greatest enterprise yet undertaken by the order, and its members feel especially proud of their achievement in establishing in the most representative Catholic seat of learning in the United States, a department which will in a large measure treat of the exploits of those valiant martyrs of the Church who first brought to many sections of the country the blessings of Christianity and civilization.

The project has its beginning five years ago at the national convention held in New Haven. For some time previous to that convention the order had been considering the most fitting manner of perpetuating its influence in an institution of learning, under the direction of the Catholic Church.

At the convention of 1899 the privilege of the floor was granted the vice-rector of the Catholic University Rev. Dr. Phillip J. Garrigan, now Bishop of Sioux Falls, Ia.

Dr. Garrigan outlined the work of the university and told of its wonderful progress. He mentioned particularly that the university was in need of a chair of secular history, in order that the deeds of all men, Catholic as well as Protestants, might be recorded, and the parts they played in the formative life of this great nation explained.

Dr. Garrigan reviewed the history of the colonists and showed how the names of Marquette, Joliet, DuRoielle, Jaques and others were almost lost sight of in the works of the present day.

"The Knights of Columbus," he said, "were the national representative Catholic body, and no better means was at hand to show their loyalty to the Church than to establish a chair at the university which would provide ample means for original research and investigation in the history of this country and the part taken by Catholics.

At the conclusion of Dr. Garrigan's remarks, a motion was made by J. J. Delany, at present corporation counsel of New York, that the National Council of the Knights of Columbus pledge itself to establish a fund for the foundation and maintenance of a chair of secular history at the Catholic University and that the Board of Directors devise means of effectually carrying out this project.

will be presented to the rector of the university, will be handsomely engraved, and will afterwards be framed and preserved in the national office of the Knights of Columbus as a souvenir of this grand undertaking.

The check will contain the name of every Council which has contributed to the fund. The names of the 25 Councils which have contributed the largest amounts will occupy the first places in the order of the amounts subscribed, and the rest of the Councils will follow in alphabetical order.

The committees in charge of the presentation exercises consist of Joseph C. Pelletier state deputy of Massachusetts, chairman; James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia and Charles A. Webber, of Brooklyn, and they have obtained special rates on all railroads running into Washington.

Large excursion parties are being made up in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Haven, and from the reports received from the cities mentioned it is already certain that fully 10,000 Knights and their ladies will be in Washington at the presentation exercises.

The Massachusetts State officers, under the direction of the State deputy, have arranged an excellent programme for a party of excursionists who will leave Boston on the boat train April 11 and arrive home on April 16, stopping over at Philadelphia and New York on the return trip.

A special train is already chartered, and it is now assured that fully 1000 Knights and their ladies will represent Boston at the presentation of the check for \$50,000 by the Supreme Knight.

It has been decided that the presentation will be made by Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn, and that Cardinal Gibbons, the Chancellor of the University, will officially accept it.

Bishop Garrigan, formerly vice rector of the university, who first presented the matter of establishing the chair of secular history to the Order will speak, and an address will be delivered by Hon. John J. Delany, who is generally credited with having given the initiative to this undertaking.

President Roosevelt will also attend and deliver an address. The National marine band of Washington has been secured and will furnish the music incidental to the ceremony. The rector of the university, Mr. Denis O'Connell, will preside at the exercises, which are scheduled to begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of April 13.

After the exercises the trustees of the university will entertain the national officers and board of directors of the order with a banquet at the university.

The chairman of the chair fund committee of the board of directors, Joseph C. Pelletier, has arranged that all the State deputies shall see that the visiting members of their various jurisdictions shall wear badges or ribbons of the color designated by the ritual of the order, thus showing what office, if any, the member holds in the order.

President Roosevelt will tender a public reception to the visiting Knights and their ladies at the White House Thursday afternoon, April 14.

The Washington Knights are making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the visiting members and a large general committee under the direction of Dr. H. J. Crosson, deputy for the District of Columbia, has the work in hand. A supplementary committee of ladies has been appointed to see that the visiting ladies are looked after. The Washington Councils have appointed many of their members as official guides, who will be ready at any time to conduct the visitors around the city and point out the places of interest.

The committee of the national board of directors which has charge of collecting funds consists of Joseph C. Pelletier of Boston, chairman; Charles A. Webber, of Brooklyn, secretary; James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia; William S. McNary, of Boston; Dr. Jos. E. Smith, of Brooklyn; George F. Monaghan of Detroit; D. J. Callahan of Norfolk, Va.; Jas. A. Burns of New York; Hugh V. O'Donnell of Providence, W. J. McCullough of Davenport, Ia.; J. P. Kavanagh of Montreal and W. A. Prondergast of New York.

At the meeting of the Bishops and Archbishops of this country assembled in the second plenary Council of

Baltimore in October, 1866, the matter of establishing a university was mentioned, but nothing more than merely considering its feasibility was done until the third plenary council of Baltimore of November, 1884.

At that Council the matter was again taken up and the offer of Miss Mary Gwendoline Caldwell of Newport, R.I., of \$300,000 "for the purpose of founding a grand theological seminary for the higher education of the clergy of the United States, said Seminary to form the basis of a future university," was accepted, and an executive board appointed to go ahead with the work of establishing a university.

In 1885 Washington was selected as the site of the university, and the Middleton estate was purchased. In the next year Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, S.T.D., then Bishop of Richmond, was chosen rector. The late Pope Leo gave the project his approval in 1887, and the university was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia and the ground broken in the spring for the erection of the first building—Caldwell Hall. In November, 1899, the schools of sacred sciences were opened in this building.

At the meeting of the trustees in April, 1891, an offer was received from Rev. James McMahon, of New York, to transfer to the university property valued at \$400,000, for the erection of a building to be devoted to philosophy and the social sciences. Accordingly McMahon Hall was built and dedicated in October, 1895.

Since that time other halls and smaller buildings have been erected, and to-day are also established within the grounds of the university the College of St. Thomas, under the direction of the Paulist Fathers; the Marist College, under the direction of the Marist Order; Holy Cross College of the Fathers of the Holy Cross; St. Austin's College of the Sulpicians and the College of the Holy Land, presided over by the Franciscan Fathers.

The university has at the present time buildings and endowments amounting in all to about \$2,000,000 contributed by the clergy and laity.

The university, when it is thoroughly equipped for its work, will accomplish great things for the Catholic Church in America, if the marvellous success accomplished in the short period of 15 years of existence is any criterion. Pope Pius is greatly interested in the work, and has already signified his intention of furthering its prosperity whenever the opportunity presents itself.

An eminent Protestant clergyman, in speaking of the Catholic university, said: "In this age of materialism and rationalism the Catholic university stands out pre-eminently as the foremost pioneer in combating the doctrines of scepticism and infidelity, and the future of our country will owe a great deal to its teaching and influence."

The university has at present 50 professors and instructors, picked from all the universities of the Church in Europe, and more than 500 students are enrolled. Degrees are conferred in theology, philosophy, science, law and civil engineering.

The Supreme Knight, Edward L. Hearn, who will present the fund in behalf of the order, is a Massachusetts man, and a past State deputy of the order in this State. Although now a resident of South Framingham, Mr. Hearn was born in Boston and received his early education in the public schools here.

He was the first Grand Knight of Coeur de Lion Council of South Framingham, and held a prominent place in the Knights of Columbus circles of Middlesex county until in 1897 he was elected State Deputy and re-elected unanimously the following year.

At the national convention in 1899 Mr. Hearn was first elected Supreme Knight, and in 1901 and 1903 he was unanimously re-elected.

The progress of the order during his term of office is the best evidence of his worth and ability. To his great executive powers, progressive spirit and judgment may be attributed the really national character of the order to-day, and its standing as a fraternal organization of the first rank, and as a Catholic order, which has not only the approbation of the hierarchy, but has also attracted to its membership many of the highest dignitaries of the Church.

TENDER AND BRAVE.

Discussing some features of life in Germany, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan concludes:

"The tenderest are indeed the bravest and in my opinion what this old world of ours needs most sorely to-day is more tenderness and gentleness

of heart and less brutal force—more of the poverty and self-denial of a St. Francis of Assisi and less of the glare and glitter of the millionaire. Men say that the time for the medieval monk has passed away, but in my opinion no age in the history of the world needed him so badly as does our own day."

Household Notes

A HAPPY HOME.—What thrilling words! A charm encircles them as our eyes trace the letters which form them. They are full of meaning, for they combine circumstances, individuals, thoughts, feelings, habits and actions. They tell of a sanctuary where the better part of our nature is enshrined, into which the turmoil and bustle and strife of the great world never come. With what bounding steps would the poor wanderers over life's dreary desert turn, if they could be assured that for them there was a happy home, on earth. The desolation which settles like a pall on the orphan heart, would be lifted by the sweet words "a happy home for thee."

But as we look at the human family, we find that it is not alone the outcast and the friendless who sigh for happy homes. Many homes there are, where unhappiness broods with her long train of wretchedness and discontent. As we reflect upon this we are led to inquire, what constitutes a happy home?

It does not consist in honeyed words and fond caressings, for there are often times when these are out of place and unavailing, or prove but daggers to pierce the hearts of those on whom they are lavished.

To make a home truly happy, it is not necessary that any of its inmates should entirely crucify their own taste and judgment, and serve only the caprices and whims of others, wearing hypocritical smiles; or for each to close his eyes to, and be ignorant of every blemish which may appear in the others. To increase happiness in any state, the highest perfection should be sought; hence in the family circle one important means to ensure it is to see and correct in a kind, judicious manner the faults of each other. Parents and children sometimes form mistaken views of the basis on which domestic love and happiness rest: that to be affectionate parents or children, and make home happy, they must not for a moment indulge the thought that either can have a fault. We know that full, perfect, complete happiness can be enjoyed only in the entire absence of every imperfection, and this can never be found but in the family of the redeemed in their home above. "Perfection must not be looked for this side of heaven; the trail of the serpent is over all her flowers." Yet, in the present state, there may be, there are, happy homes.

Confiding love and virtue must be their foundation, but other elements must enter into their superstructure. The husband may truly love his wife, and yet make her the victim of unhappiness, by hasty censure of thoughtless neglect. The wife may ardently love her husband, and yet render his home a place of wretchedness by her fretful complainings, and inattentions to his wishes or comfort. The sister may love and weep over her wayward brother, yet devise no means to make home attractive to him, or win back his misguided affections to their proper centre. The brother may love his sister, yet chill her heart by cold reserve, and indifference to her warm sympathies. The strictest integrity may characterize the conduct of individuals, and still their home be destitute of everything that gives a glow and charm to life.

There must be a kind consideration of the feelings of each other, and a harmony of views and purposes. There can be little union where discordant opinions and clashing pursuits are brought in close contact. Their opinions may differ, but they must be kindly expressed, and the contrary ones as kindly heard. Different views may be entertained with a meek conscientious firmness, which will command the deeper love and respect of the opposite. Each member must know not only his own temperament and disposition, but the others; that every word and action may be calculated to produce the happiest effect upon the whole. Each must be willing and prompt to bear his or her share in toil and service, for the general good. There can be no idle ones in a happy family; none who are intent only upon serving themselves. There can be no wrath, envy, jealousy; no taunts or fears. There must be a head to give directions, to control and govern; whom all respect and revere. A ship may be well built and strong, completely rigged, and

The Annunciation.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

On Sunday next (to-morrow) the Church will solemnize the feast of the Annunciation, which falls on the 25th March. The reason of this postponement is that the Sundays succeeding that feast were Palm Sunday and Low Sunday, upon which days no feast could be solemnized. Therefore to-morrow we are requested to go back in spirit to the 25th March and to recall that great event in the wonderful story of the Redemption. We are not going to enter into considerations upon the glories of Mary, the exceptional honors paid to her by God, nor the vast importance of the event, when the celestial messenger appeared in her humble abode and announced to her that she was selected by the Eternal to become the mother of the Redeemer. Such a theme is more fitted for the pulpit than the press, and more adapted to the learned and eloquent expounders of theological truths—the accredited and the humble journalist who walks in the ranks of the faithful. But there is one phase of the subject to which we are inclined to draw attention.

Taking the Bible in hand—that sacred volume on which Protestantism seems to entirely rely, or professes to entirely rely for its faith—we find the details of that visit of the Angel Gabriel to the maiden of Judea, told in plain and forcible language. The sacred writer gives us the very words pronounced by the envoy of God. What was the text of that message? It is well that we should know it. God it was who spoke to Mary through the voice of His ambassador. When earthly kings send messengers to subjects the text of the message is considered most sacred, for that text has been well and carefully prepared, not containing one word too little or one word too much, and it constitutes the expression of the King's wishes and it indicates the degree of honor intended by that King for the subject addressed. Likewise it must be with God. Since God sent an Angel to bear that message, the text thereof must be the standard of the honor in which God held the subject to whom He sent His envoy. Then, how did the Angel speak to Mary? He spoke as follows:—we quote the Bible:

"Hail Mary, full of grace: the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women; blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus."

That was all. Very simple, very significant. "Hail Mary," a salutation from God to His creature, spoken by God's messenger Gabriel, the Angel. "Full of grace," an acknowledgment that God had made her the tabernacle of all graces; therefore that she was sanctified and immaculate. "Blessed art thou amongst women." It is God who said so. He it was who ordered His messenger

richly freighted, her sails all spread to a favoring gale, but without a helm how will she keep her course? So in a home, there must be a steady firm, wise hand on the wheel of action, or it cannot be happy.

We have thus glanced at a few important requisites in the constitution of a happy home. But the most important of all, the crowning excellence, without which there must be a void, an evanescence to the dearest joys, is Religion; that calm, all pervading all controlling spirit of faith, and love, which gives peace in storms which lightens care, subdues the wicked propensities of the human heart, and looks upon the present state of being as preparation for an eternal one of holiness and happiness in the mansions made by God for those who serve him on earth. No system of morality can compare with that taught by Christianity, and the households whose hearts and conduct are controlled by its precepts are households where harmony and love distil like the dew.

And such happiness is not easily destroyed. Trials and privations may come, but the households of faith are but drawn by them nearer to each other, and firmer to their almighty hopes. Death may enter and take some of the most treasured loved ones, but their happiness does not depart, for while they weep they rejoice with a holier joy that some of their number have been released from pain and sin and are forever at rest. One by one the stars of earthly hope may set, but they rise in glory until the blessed family are all gathered in their eternally happy home.—Annals of St. Anne de Beau-

Gabriel to assert that she was "Blessed" amongst women; it was the sacred evangelist who recorded the same in Holy Writ; it is in the Bible that we read the account of this fact. There can be nothing plainer, nothing clearer.

It was not the Catholic Church that invented that salutation, that invocation, that address to Mary the mother of God. It was not any special council of the Church, nor any particular Pope, nor any of the holy Fathers, nor any of the great theologians that gave to Christianity the "Angelical Salutation." We get it in the Bible. It was an Angel who first used it; and he used it at the command of God. And God having thus addressed this special creature in that manner, we, of the Catholic Church, have continued to repeat the same; and in repeating it we have simply been fulfilling the Scriptures, for in the Bible we find the "Magnificat," and in that psalm of exultation we find it said "and henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!"

It has been reserved for the Catholic Church alone—and rightly so, for she alone is the true Church—to continue on through "the generations" the application of "Blessed": it has been reserved for her alone to perpetuate the word of God, through the mouth of Gabriel, addressed to the Blessed Virgin Mary. In this alone, were no other evidence at hand, have we ample testimony of the truth of the Catholic Church, and the justification of all her claims. Yet we do not blame Protestantism for rejecting Mary, for refusing to pay her the homage that God paid her, for denying the prerogatives that the Angel ascribed to her, for rejecting the very testimony that the Bible bears in her regard. We do not blame it, for it could not naturally, nor logically do otherwise.

A religion founded by a Luther, whose sensuality and pride were the wings that wafted him down the abyss of error; a religion founded by a Henry VIII., the most unspeakable monster that ever exhibited the rufian lust of a murderous adulterer; a religion based upon the most positive antagonism to the virtue of chastity, could not, and dare not, in the face of humanity, of history, and of common sense, accept the formula pronounced by Gabriel, nor acknowledge the Blessedness, the Virginity, the Immaculate Conception, the glorious attributes, prerogatives and graces of the Mother of Christ. Such would be to condemn its own teachings, to admit its own errors, to acknowledge its own falsehood.

We cannot expect that of Protestantism. All we ask of it is to allow Catholicity to peacefully fulfil its mission of perpetuating from generation to generation the homage that God paid to the Blessed Mother on the day of the Annunciation.

Patent Report.

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

- Nos. CANADA. 86,296—Wm. Millar, New Hamburg, Ont., compensating stove pipe joints and couplings. 86,302—Wm. Goetz, Winnipeg, Man. harness tug, securing and releasing devices. 86,303—Arthur P. Couture, Toronto, Ont., pivoted sash supports. 86,321—Messrs. Ketselson & Putrav, Seattle, Wash., self-venting faucet. 86,332—Joseph Dupont, Rochester, N. Y., pneumatic tire. 86,357—Octave Aube, Montreal, Can. smoke consumer. Nos. UNITED STATES. 752,398—Joseph L. Kieffer, Montreal, Que., stitch forming mechanism for shoe sewing machines. 755,905—August Meuschel, Montreal, Que., electric traction system for railways. 756,849—Phyllis Belle, Montreal, Que., stiffener bath.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 10th April, 1904: Irish, 162; French, 140; English, 25; other nationalities, 16. Total, 343.

A House

Just where the stone city meets the green country is a great-roofed building that stretches wings as if they were the brooding dove. This is the Good Shepherd that greets in its walls the scarlet waltz of the street, and shelter and protection and to the feet of Him who led the Magdalene of old and sins whiter than snow.

One of the most cruel things in life is that which has once sinned, society is pushed her down further into wrong-doing. Almost is shut in her face. Almost honest avocation is barred. Women draw their skirts and stab her with their glances, and she finds no repentance, though she weeps. It is then that she looks to the Good Shepherd, where hands draw her across the white-robed nuns take their breasts and bind up that life has dealt.

Everybody in New Orleans vaguely of the noble Misses of the Good Shepherd, few know specifically of and magnitude of the great work that they do forward, and so the other woman reporter of the knocked at their door and be told something of this rity for the rescue of fallen

Standing within the gateway for the far-off softly shod feet one has sense of being stranded for a moment on some island of Without the world beat waves up about the high walls. Without all was serenity and quiet. Within temptation and struggle. Within was infidelity, and you could under the poor storm-tossed soul one known this sheltering had gone forth from it again and again to it, and last desire was to die in shadows.

A moment more and the had reached the gate and robed in spotless white, co-visitor along the long hall reception rooms, each with row of chairs and its latt behind which the inmates vent could speak to strangers to the presence of the Mother Julieta. Everywhere immaculate cleanliness, and was a representation of Shepherd. He looked down the walls in compassionate niches and from altars wreathed about with pink roses of spring, smiled a luminous benediction on by. It was the very poe- holism, holding ever before the One in whose sight this was more precious than mine who were safely shel in the fold.

Nor did this beautiful end here. It reappeared in snow-white robes of the Good Shepherd, in garb of the Magdalenes who turned from evil ways, but never fully get back the purity; in the black dress nuns, and it was emphatic that the members of are not addressed as "S as "mother," because it is mission to comfort the creatures that come to the a mother comforter one. No stage ever showed a of such dramatic contrast enacted in these quiet corners when the women, who are embodiment of all that noblest and highest in stretch their hands down. list creatures in the gism and strive to draw them.

But beautiful and poetic atmosphere surrounding the Good Shepherd, no-ism is allowed to enter in- duct. The work of rescu woman, of wearing her vices, of inspiring her wit and strengthening her to- tion is a very practical is carried out by the nu Good Shepherd along abso- tical lines.

Salutation.

to assert that she was amongst women; it was an evangelist who recorded the Holy Writ; it is in the book we read the account of the things that can be nothing clearer.

Report.

benefit of our readers we have a list of patents recently granted to the Canadian and American inventors through the agency of the Canadian Patent Office, Montreal, Can., and D.C.

A House of the Good Shepherd

Just where the stone forest of the city meets the green fields of the country is a great brownish gray building that stretches out its wide wings as if they were the wings of a brooding dove. This is the House of the Good Shepherd that gathers within its walls the scarlet women, the outcasts of the street, and gives them shelter and protection and leads them to the feet of Him who had pity on the Magdalene of old and washed her sins whiter than snow.

Everybody in New Orleans knows vaguely of the noble mission of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, but few know specifically of the scope and magnitude of the great humanitarian work that they are carrying forward, and so the other day a woman reporter of the "Picayune" knocked at their door and begged to be told something of this great charity for the rescue of fallen women.

A moment more and the footsteps had reached the gate and a Sister, robed in spotless white, conducted the visitor along the long hall, past tiny reception rooms, each with its prim row of chairs and its latticed screen, behind which the inmates of the convent could speak to strangers, on and on to the presence of the superioress, Mother Julitta. Everywhere was immaculate cleanliness, and everywhere was a representation of the Good Shepherd.

It reappeared again in the snow-white robes of the sinless nuns of the Good Shepherd, in the brown garb of the Magdalenes who have turned from evil ways, but who can never fully get back their white purity; in the black dress of the penitents, and it was emphasized in the fact that the members of this order are not addressed as "Sister" but as "mother," because it is their holy mission to comfort the unfortunate creatures that come to them even as a mother comforteth one who mourns.

But beautiful and poetic as is the atmosphere surrounding the House of the Good Shepherd, no sentimentalism is allowed to enter into its conduct. The work of rescuing a fallen woman, of weaning her from her vices, of inspiring her with new ideas and strengthening her to meet temptation is a very practical one, and is carried out by the nuns of the Good Shepherd along absolutely practical lines.

There are three classes of women who may become inmates of this institution. The first are women who repent their evil lives and who desire to reform, and who come of themselves seeking its shelter. The second are women, mostly young girls, who go astray, and are placed in the institution by their friends in the hope that its restraining influence and religious teaching will check their footsteps on the downward path; while the third class are women, and these, two, are mostly young girls, committed to it by the court. In the latter class are girls so young as to be mere children, who have not yet done anything wrong, but who are surrounded by such evil influences and such great temptations that they are sent to the House of the Good Shepherd simply as a sanctuary to protect them from the dangers that beset them.

As soon as a woman comes to the House of the Good Shepherd she passes into the charge of Mother Mary of the Divine Heart, a woman of great intellect and great heart, human, tender, sympathetic and loving, who listens to her story and places her into the penitential class. She is then given work-work that fills every minute of the time except the hours of devotion and the brief interval of rest, and that takes the place of the idle excitement she has known and sends her tired to her bed at night. The shortest period for which an inmate will be received into the House of the Good Shepherd is six months. At the end of that time the penitent can leave it if she so desires or if the court or her friends permit. If she wishes to stay on, however, she may do so indefinitely, and as a matter of fact there are twenty-two women now in the home who, next year, will celebrate their silver anniversary—twenty-five years—there, and one who has known no other home for thirty years.

Sometimes the penitent goes back into the world thoroughly reformed and marries and lives a noble and happy life. Sometimes she still lacks the strength to stand alone and falls again and comes back to the House of the Good Shepherd as to a refuge. Often she realizes that her safety lies in being upborne by the arms of religion, and she enters the order of the Magdalenes and spends the balance of her life within the convent. The vows of the Magdalenes are taken once a year for ten years, after which time the perpetual vows are made. At the present moment there are more than fifty Sisters in charge of the House of the Good Shepherd, besides 79 Magdalenes, 150 penitents, and a large number of colored girls who occupy the building given by the negro philanthropist, Thomy Lafon. These women form a vast, industrious hive of busy bees, in which there are no drones. It is intended not only to provide work for the inmates, but to make the home as near self-sustaining as possible, and to this end various enterprises have been inaugurated.

In long rooms, each presided over by a white-robed Sister who is most competent of superintendent, are long rows of sewing machines run by electricity, at which the brown-garbed Magdalenes or black-robed penitents as the case may be, manufacture day after day hundreds and hundreds of overalls and jumpers and coarse shirts and trousers. In another room are silent groups of women making the exquisitely delicate lingerie for which this convent is famous. To the Sister who designs for this department are brought the latest caprices in Parisian fashions in underwear, the latest frivolity in frills and ruffles, and she cuts and arranges the work that is to be done by the patient Magdalenes, who spend their lives in setting fine stitches in dainty garments whose like they shall never wear. There were tiny baby caps, each as fine as if a mother's loving hand had made them laying on the rough tables before them; there were billowy trousseaus for happy brides, and shirt waists so gossamer they might almost have been drawn through a ring, yet embroidered with delicate flowers and butterflies and wreaths, and to look at them it seemed to the observer that all the thoughts and memories and stories of these quiet-faced women must be stitched into them.

In another department the House of the Good Shepherd conducts a large laundry, in which they have just installed the latest and most improved laundry machinery. Here are all the new-fangled devices for washing,

wringing and drying clothes by machinery, and nothing is done by hand except the fine ironing and clear starching. It is hoped to make the chinery, and nothing is done by hand as it is generally known that the House of the Good Shepherd is prepared to do first class work. The Sisters are specially anxious to get the work of hotels and restaurants, and while they have the patronage of some of the largest hotels in the city they still have not as much work as they can do.

In the building given by Thomy Lafon, where the colored inmates are segregated, the negro girls are taught to wash and iron by hand as well as to sew. Indeed, in reality, in addition to being a reformatory institution, the House of the Good Shepherd is a big industrial school. Most of the girls, white and black, who come to it do not know how to do any kind of work, and each before she goes away is taught to sew or cook or wash, so that she has some honest craft by which she can make a livelihood and those who desire to go back into the world are quietly placed in good families, if they care to be, where they prove valuable servants.

Reformatories are not as a general thing cheerful places, but what struck the observer most in the House of the Good Shepherd was the note of quiet and peaceful happiness. Over all was the unmistakable atmosphere of the home. It whispered to you from the rows of comfortable blue spread beds in the dormitory; it winked at you from the shining copper pots in the vast kitchen; it called to you in strident notes from the whirr of the sewing machines; it smiled at you from the peaceful and happy faces of the women, and it breathed to you in the incense about the altar. It was the very incarnation of life that had righted itself and was finding that peace that passeth all understanding in well doing.

Such is the work of the House of the Good Shepherd, such are the results it attains. It is a helper for those who wish to reform, an asylum for those who find the scorn of the world too hard to bear; a refuge for those temptation has driven; for, as one poor creature said who had found shelter in it, "if I could not have come here I would have thrown myself in the river." The need of such a place is attested by the fact that it is overcrowded and that the calls made upon it for food and shelter stretch the slender resources of the nuns to the utmost. No charity could be worthier or more noble, and the pity of it is that in this great and generous city it should be hampered for the lack of a little money.—Dorothy Dix in the New Orleans Daily Picayune.

A New Passion Play

Encouraged by the financial success of the season of 1900, the Oberammergau Passion players are preparing to revive in 1905 "The School of the Cross" in order that they may not remain idle until 1910, when the "Passion Play" will next be given.

The manuscript of "The School of the Cross" bears the date 1662, and the play has often been given as a counterpart of the "Passion Play" from the close of the eighteenth century to 1875, when King Ludwig II of Bavaria and the then Crown Prince Frederick of Germany were present. Next year the play will be presented in celebration of the unveiling of a group representing the crucifixion, which was presented by King Ludwig to the actors in the "Passion Play" for erection on Mount Calvary, near Oberammergau.

A LARGE BEQUEST.

The will of the late Hon. William E. Grace, ex-Mayor of New York, who died on March 21, was filed in probate last Friday. It was executed five years ago, and bequeathed \$100,000 to Grace Institute, of New York, founded by Mr. Grace, "for the instruction of young women in useful industries to equip them for earning a livelihood." Grace Institute is in charge of eight Sisters of Charity, with Sister Marie Dolores as Superior. It has at present about five hundred pupils.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A PLUCKY BOY'S REWARD.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson, I believe." The pleasant face gave the speaker a welcome at the desk of the swell florist not always accorded to visitors possessing no business cards. "That's my name, young man. What can I do for you?" The florist looked keenly over the young fellow's face and took note of his sturdy figure and roughly neat clothing. "I am out of work, sir, and venture to ask to see you personally. I need a job pretty badly. I will do anything—sweep out the office, tend hot-house or drive team—"

"Sorry," and the florist looked it, "but we have no vacancies. This is our dull season. We laid off several men last week. You'll have to excuse me now," he said, rising abruptly. "I see a particular customer has just come in. Good morning," and the man hurried to the front of the shop.

Nine boys out of ten would have accepted defeat and departed, then and there, but this young applicant was the tenth. He lingered with a vague notion that perhaps he could think of something to say to the proprietor that would please him or interest him, and that would be the opening wedge he needed. The florist returned to his desk presently.

"Still here, eh?" he said, shortly. "Yes," replied the boy. "I just waited because—well, because people sometimes change their minds, and I'm not throwing away even the slimmest kind of a chance." "I have nothing for you," was the curt answer, and in disappointment the boy turned on his heel. Before he reached the door he was hailed.

"Just a moment," said the florist; "do you know anything about orchids? I have a rich customer—she was just in—who commissions me to secure new and rare varieties for her and it has—just occurred to me that you might—but—well, the hunt for orchids is difficult and dangerous—" "Let me try," eagerly. "I'll not stop at a little danger. If you'll tell me where to go and what to get, I'll not come back empty-handed."

The florist told the youth that he had recently lost one of his best hunters in a Philippine jungle. He explained the danger, the uncertainty of reward, and the probability that the headwaters of the Amazon would furnish the best specimens if they could be reached.

He would pay the ocean passage both ways and advance \$50 in addition if the applicant was determined to try his luck but would not advise him to go on a long trip without wages or certainty of success.

"I'll risk it," said the youth, "if you are willing to trust me." "I'll do it. You have grit. Perhaps you'll win. You are sure of selling rare orchids to my customers at a high figure if you get them."

Six months later a half-completed raft lay moored to a gum tree on the upper Amazon. A haggard youth was putting the finishing touches to it. He had neither hammer nor nails, nor saw, nor ax, but he was happy in the possession of a wonderful lot of orchids.

Away up on the rugged cliffs of the Andes he had gathered the choicest specimens. No human being had crossed his path for a full month. He was not sorry, seeing that his last visitors had been savages, who had shot his horse to death with poisoned arrows along the river bottom.

With saddle, rifle and hunting knife he had managed to escape, after hanging an ozier crate of brilliantly beautiful orchids high up in a tree to await his return. He had no need to mark the spot. The peril of his adventure had fastened the place indelibly on his mind, and the orchids were safe from the unappreciative native marauders.

The saddle served him well in the raft making. So did the willow-like reeds from the river, which he bound into ropes for the lashing of the sapplings. His ride of 2000 miles was begun one morning with the precious crate of wood orchids transferred from its tree cradle to the raft.

at a window overlooking pleasant grounds, and talking eagerly about the future. Their plans were various reaching onward with no thought of grief or sorrow. Wealth, admiration, fame were among the attainable. Music and art would each have its devotee. One would continue her studies at a higher institution; another would become the mistress of a beautiful home.

One had not spoken, and when the question, a second time, was asked impatiently, "Louise, what are your plans?" the answer was eagerly awaited. "I shall help my mother," said quiet Louise.

"Oh—oh, we all mean to do that, of course," said one, "but what plans have you? You can't mean just to stay at home in a poky way and not try to do anything."

"Girl," said Louise, "I do mean to do just that, for the present at least. My business shall be to help my mother in any way that is possible for me to help her."

A glance at the puzzled faces around her, and she continued. "Shall I open my heart to you a bit, and let you read a sad passage from it? You remember Stella Morton? You remember that I once visited her during vacation? Her home was very pleasant and a large family of brothers and sisters made the days pass merrily. Our pleasures kept us so much out of doors that we saw little of Mrs. Morton—a delicate, quiet lady, always ready to bestow sympathy when needed. I noticed that the girls were not so tidy and helpful about the house as I had been taught to be; but as I did not see who supplied all deficiencies I thought little about it. One day a picnic had been planned, and I heard the girls impatiently commenting upon the illness of the one servant, as it threw upon them some disagreeable household duties. How Mrs. Morton ever accomplished the delicious lunch we ate that day only such overworked mothers can explain—the little assistance given by Stella and Alice must have been most unsatisfactory."

"We returned by moonlight, so tired that we went to our rooms without seeing anyone, if, indeed, anyone was up at that hour. By and by—I don't know how long we had slept—a frightened voice called Stella who shared my room, and soon we all knew that gentle, tired Mrs. Morton was alarmingly ill. At sunrise she was gone, without hearing the voices so full of love and sorrow. Girls, I can't describe Stella's grief. She placed her own delicate hand beside the thin, toil-stained dead one, and said: 'See, Louise, at what cost mine is so fair; and I have been vain of my white hands.' She kissed the cold fingers again and again.

"One day I found Stella at her mother's work-table, holding up some unfinished piece, evidently left in haste. 'Louise,' she said, 'mother asked me to do this, and I really meant to; oh, why didn't I do it at once!'" "You can understand what an impression all this made upon me; and when, a few days later, I was called home by the illness of my own mother, the feeling was intensified. Mother was very ill, and as hope grew fainter my distress was hardly less than Stella's. One night when my sister and I were too anxious to sleep, I told her about Stella, and we then pledged ourselves to take from mother every possible care, and to make our home our first object. To make the promise more binding and real, we exchanged rings. Mother's illness made it seem more natural and easy at first, and everything moved on so smoothly that I really think she regained her health more quickly. All the mending and sewing were done promptly under her direction, and we always silenced her by saying we liked to do it. She seldom knows what is prepared for tea or breakfast; we beg her not to inquire, for we know that she enjoys little surprises. The boys and the dear baby are better and happier for having so much of her time and attention.

"Last summer I visited Stella again. She is the light of the home. Only for the discipline I had passed through could I understand how she was able to accomplish so much. Once, when I expressed something of this to her, her eyes filled with tears as she asked: 'Do you suppose she can see us—that she knows what I am trying to do?' Her hands were not fair and delicate, but I thought them more beautiful. Why, girls, I never see a pretty hand now without wondering if it has a right to be fair and white. So I am going home to help mother; I shall be happy, because I know it is my duty."

As Louise finished speaking the retiring bell sounded. Not a word was spoken, but the kiss that each bestowed on the flushed face of the speaker told of the impression her words had made. Those mothers alone can tell whether the influence was lasting.—Pittsburg Observer.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of this Bank will be held at its Head office, 176 St. James street, on

TUESDAY, 3rd May next, at 12 o'clock noon.

for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the Election of Directors.

By order of the Board, A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager. Montreal, March 31st, 1904.

John Murphy Company LIMITED

Summer Beauty AND Spring Freshness Combine in Our New Wash Fabrics.

Figuratively speaking, it is no exaggeration to say that Summer Beauty and Spring Freshness combine in our New Wash Fabrics. In no branch of textile manufacture during recent years has there been so marked a progression as in this; and season after season sees added perfection in exquisite finishing touches and colouring effects. Our new importation merits the description of "the prettiest yet."

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- NEW FANCY TWINE CLOTHS—All the latest coloring, the Season's Novelty; prices 25c to 50c per yard. NEW FANCY BLOUSE MATTINGS—All the choice shades and patterns for Spring, 1904; prices from 20c to 45c per yard. NEW FANCY STRIPED LAWNS—For Dresses and Blouses; prices from 12 1/2c to 30c per yard. NEW FANCY DRESS MUSLINS—An almost endless assortment, all new for 1904; prices from 15c to 50c per yard. NEW PLAIN AND FANCY SCOTCH GINGHAMS—All shades, patterns and qualities; prices from 15c to 25c per yard. NEW FANCY ENGLISH CAMBRIO PRINTS—300 new patterns; prices from 10c to 15c per yard. NEW WHITE BLOUSE MATTINGS—A choice selection; prices from 17c to 50c per yard. NEW WHITE PLAIN AND FANCY PIQUES—Prices from 25c to 75c per yard. NEW FANCY KNICKER LINENS—Prices from 15c to 65c per yard.

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SOME INTERESTING PRICES For this Week.

Each Department has something very special to offer you. Take special note, the early morning shopper gets a better choice.

A Shirt Waist Special at \$3.50

This is a special line which we are giving you this week at a special price.

What is daintier or more becoming to a Lady than a neat Lawn Shirt Waist; can always be made look new and clean.

For this week we are going to offer you this special line: 144 only, FINE LAWN SHIRT WAISTS, trimmed with Swiss embroidery, Valenciennes lace, insertions, tucking and hemstitching; regular \$5.75 to \$10.00; sizes 36 and 38. Special, at. \$3.50

\$1.00 CORSETS FOR 88 Cents

This is what we are giving to our customers for this week's special selling.

This is a Corset made of durable Jean, in drab and white, with military hip and medium bust; is unbreakable at the side and daintily trimmed with lace and beaded ribbon; sizes 18 to 36.

One of the particular features of which this Corset is storing in is having its new self-acting clasp.

This is a Corset exclusively our own. Ask for the "OLGA" Corset, and you will be perfectly satisfied. 58c a pair.

FIRST COMMUNION SUITS.

In finest Black Venetian, Veneux or Worst-d, in two pieces, pleated, Norfolk, or three piece. These suits are made expressly for this event; we look to every garment being well tailored. Price \$4.00 to \$12.00

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

# THE MANAGER'S REWARD.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

John Crawford, proprietor of a large jewellery establishment in the heart of London, sat in his private office pondering over the contents of a letter he had recently received. Its perusal had produced many a visible change on his mobile countenance. Leaning his right arm on his desk, he brushed the steel gray hair from his prominent forehead, while his keen dark eyes wandered restlessly about as if to say: "Why did I part with that man? I might have known there was some mistake."

Until three years previously, John Crawford and his brother Charles had been partners in business, when the health of the latter began to fall perceptibly. He was advised by his physicians to leave London without delay, and seek a warm southern climate, where a prolonged sojourn might eventually restore him to his former strength. The thought of separation was painful to both; for they were alone in the world with the exception of a distant relative in Los Angeles, California. To him Charles wrote a lengthy letter stating his case. He received a prompt reply from his cousin, bidding him welcome to his home, besides assuring him that the climate of Los Angeles had worked wonders for many afflicted as he was. John Crawford, as well as Frank Ross, the manager of the firm, accompanied him to Liverpool whence he sailed for his destination. Letters came regularly with sanguine reports of the sick man's condition.

Charles had been away some time before John perceived that a considerable sum of money had gone wrong. Investigation proved useless in solving the difficulty. Dark days were evidently in store for the manager; for finding no clue to the culprit, evidently in store for the manager, deficiency in funds rested with him. In due time he received his dismissal notice after ten years of faithful service. Such an imputation as that of dishonesty cast a baneful shadow over his otherwise irreproachable character.

A few short weeks, and then came the startling intelligence that Frank was about to leave for the United States, where his apparent guilt would not prove a barrier to his success. He had his widowed mother and only sister an affectionate farewell, promising that as soon as he was fortunate enough to secure a lucrative position, he would provide them with a home in the land of the free. More than two years elapsed, and no invitation was forthcoming. Occasionally a letter arrived—at times rather depressing, and again a little more encouraging. So far, success had not crowned his efforts.

Mrs. Ross and Evelyn had partaken of their evening meal at the close of a warm May day. Both seemed to be in a somewhat contemplative mood.

"Mother," said Evelyn in a disheartened tone of voice, "do you think Frank will ever be in a position to send for us? If we are to judge by the general tenor of his letters, he will scarcely realize his expectations."

"It does seem hard," answered her mother, "to be parted from him for such a length of time. We must, however, be patient; and perhaps, when we least expect, it will be our good fortune to participate in that long wished for reunion."

"Oh! mother," interrupted Evelyn, "I hear a footstep on the walk. Who can be so kind as to favor us with a visit?"

So saying, she rose to satisfy her curiosity.

"Good evening, Miss Ross. My presence here will likely be a surprise to you. Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, Mr. Crawford, mother is at home," answered Evelyn graciously, though not without restraint.

"I trust, Mrs. Ross, I did not call at an inopportune time," said he, extending his hand as Evelyn ushered him into her mother's presence.

"Pray be seated," responded Mrs. Ross coldly, the memory of her son's injuries flashing across her mind.

"It may look like presumption on my part to come here, Mrs. Ross; however, I have some interesting information to impart to you, if you can spare me a few moments."

"If the information concerns my son, I shall hear you; otherwise you will scarcely succeed in interesting me."

"Precisely as you suppose. A few days ago I received a letter from my brother Charles. Humiliating as it may seem, I am going to read it in order to prove to you that I mean to repair any harm my rash act may have done Frank's character. I have had time to regret my hasty step."

Los Angeles, April 24, 18—

My dear John:

By the time this letter reaches you I shall more than likely have passed away. My health for some months back has been anything but good. Just as I feared, my recovery was but temporary. My strength is certainly waning; so much so that I can scarcely last much longer. Before I die, I have a duty to perform—a confession to make. Only last week, Frank Ross passed through this city on a business trip, and called on me. Great was my surprise to learn of the state of affairs existing between you. Strange to say, you never alluded to the subject when writing. I would not die happy knowing that the imputation of dishonesty rested on him through my fault. Yes John, your own brother is the culprit, and not Frank as you supposed. Some time back I conferred a favor on him for which he considered himself deeply indebted. Rather than depreciate me in your estimation, he suffered the blame, all the while knowing that I was the guilty party. The smallest recompense I can offer him is to reinstate him in your favor. Then you, dear brother, will do the rest.

I trust I do not ask in vain for pardon. My crime, I admit, is great; yet knowing as you do the weakness of human nature, I feel confident you will not refuse the request of

Your dying brother,

Charles.

"May I hope for your forgiveness, Mrs. Ross?" asked Mr. Crawford after for me to forget that my only son has been grievously wronged."

"I knew it would come out all right," said Evelyn, turning to her mother. "It has been my firm belief all along that Frank was too conscientious to stoop to so base an act."

"He is a lucky man," answered Mr. Crawford, "to have a worthy mother and devoted sister to plead his cause."

"Mr. Crawford," said Mrs. Ross, "I hope you will never experience the pangs we have suffered since Frank's good name has been at stake. You have, however, made the advance toward reconciliation, and it is but right we should do our part. Here is my hand in the matter."

"I am about to start for Los Angeles," continued Mr. Crawford. "I may possibly reach there before my brother dies. His sickness, as you know, may not carry him off as quickly as he imagines. If you will favor me with Frank's address, I will hunt him up regardless of inconvenience. Until I shall have made amends to him, I will never rest satisfied."

"When we last heard from him, a week ago," answered Mrs. Ross, "he was stopping at 2240 Wabash Avenue, Chicago."

"Thank you. Now I shall not detain you longer. I shall be obliged to start early to-morrow for Liverpool, in order to sail by the next steamer. I must bid you both good bye. You shall, however, hear from me again."

"Good bye, Mr. Crawford," answered mother and daughter, "A safe journey."

Glancing over the London Times about a month later, Evelyn came across the following item, which she read aloud:

"Mr. Charles Crawford, formerly of this city, died recently in Los Angeles. He had been suffering some time from tuberculosis. A few years ago he went to California in the hope of recuperating. For a time he rallied, but eventually succumbed to the disease. His brother John, a prominent jeweller of this city, was with him at the time of his death. His remains were interred in the family lot of a relative with whom he lived during his sojourn in Los Angeles."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Ross, "that Mr. Crawford arrived before his brother died. I wonder if he has yet come across Frank?"

The words were scarcely uttered when a familiar voice sounded on her ears. "All is well that ends well, don't you think so, mother?"

She had not time to realize her position when she was in Frank's arms, almost overcome with joy. When all three had recovered from the shock of the first meeting, Mrs. Ross took Frank's hands in hers, and said: "Do sit down, and tell us all about yourself and your enterprises since you left England."

To say that he had two eager, attentive listeners is expressing it

mildly. Evelyn, in the full bloom of young womanhood, with a wistful expression in her bright eyes, presented a charming picture as she drank in every word that fell from her brother's lips. Her mother's face usually colorless and calm of feature, never appeared more interesting. It seemed to light up with a radiant glow, caused by the pleasure she experienced in listening to her son's recital. Frank concluded by saying: "Mother, you will be astonished to learn that I have accepted an offer of partnership from Mr. Crawford. The firm will henceforth be known as 'Crawford & Ross,'"

"Wonders will never cease," was all she said in response, while she kept her gaze steadfastly fixed on him. She could scarcely believe that such a reconciliation could be effected between two men who had parted at enmity.

At the Ross homestead Mr. Crawford became a constant visitor. Frank was not slow to discover that he was not the sole source of attraction. Very soon Mr. Crawford's calls meant an exchange of glances between mother and son—glances which might be interpreted to Evelyn's advantage.

A day came when Evelyn Ross changed her name for that of Crawford. On the happy occasion, no trace of suffering was visible on her fair countenance, though she had endured much while Frank's honor was at stake. His exonerator was sufficient to compensate for all the mental anguish she experienced during that crucial period. Shortly after her marriage, she had occasion to call one day at the office of Crawford & Ross. She arrived in time to hear the following remark made by her devoted husband to his partner, her brother: "My admiration for her dates back to the evening when she so nobly acted as your champion."

Stepping in between them, she said playfully: "It was always my firm conviction that Frank's honesty would bring its own reward, yet it never occurred to me that the reward would be of a two-fold nature." Montreal, April 14, 1904.

## CURIOUS WILLS.

A case which will involve some legal points for the consideration of members of the Bar and Bench of Portland, Me., is described as follows by an American journal:

Some weeks ago Mrs. Elizabeth Bibber, widow of Capt. Albert P. Bibber, died at her residence at the Falmouth "Foreside," and the next day Capt. William Griffin, her friend during more than 50 eventful years, followed her, and there was a double funeral. Capt. Griffin was at the point of death before the death of Mrs. Bibber, but that event doubtless hastened it. Mrs. Bibber was 72 and Capt. Griffin about 67.

Born in Bristol, Me., Mrs. Bibber left her home while a girl of 13 and obtained work in the Bibber clam house, on Mill creek, in Falmouth. A year later, while only 14, she married Albert P. Bibber, a young man of 21. She looked, so old people say, much older than 14, and would have passed for 20.

The youthful couple worked hard, and saved their money. After they set up housekeeping William Griffin, then a boy, secured work in the clam house and lived with the Bibbers. They became fast friends, and their friendship lasted during their lives, and led to a strange sort of a co-partnership, and to the formation of a firm destined to operate in all quarters of the globe.

Albert P. Bibber had been a sailor and after his marriage went to sea for some years, taking Mrs. Bibber and the boy, William Griffin, with him. The latter became mate, and served in that capacity for some time. Later he became a master mariner, but fell back to his old place as chief mate whenever he sailed with Capt. Bibber.

The three continued fast friends and at last clubbed their money and built a fine schooner. Capt. Bibber commanded her. Capt. Griffin was mate, and Mrs. Bibber went with them.

They traded in every part of the world, and were always willing to take a freight, no matter where to. They speculated and made money rapidly. They bought then for \$50 a piece of land now worth fully \$15,000, and still a part of the estate.

After many years of life at sea, Capt. Bibber retired, having built a nice house at a cost of about \$10,000. There he lived until his death a few years ago.

Capt. Griffin followed the sea for a short time after the retirement of his friends, and then sold out his interests in a number of vessels, and himself settled down, going to live with the Bibbers.

After the death of Capt. Bibber the two surviving partners of the firm, Capt. Griffin and Mrs. Bibber, con-

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tinued to live in the pretty and almost stately house. Mrs. Bibber aged rapidly after the death of Capt. Bibber and grew very feeble. Capt. Griffin, who had always regarded her as his nearest friend, took care of her.

The poor health of Mrs. Bibber forced her to remain at home, and Capt. Griffin led a very secluded life, seldom visiting Portland. He was a good talker when he became interested in a subject, but he had few friends and no intimates. For some time previous to his death his health was not good.

Capt. Bibber left his estate to his wife, and Capt. Griffin and Mrs. Bibber made wills, giving to each other a life interest in the entire estate. Mrs. Bibber provided that if Capt. Griffin survived her the estate should go to him during his life, he to be free to use it as he saw fit, but that on his death the remainder should go to the worthy poor of her native town of Bristol.

In his will Capt. Griffin gave his property, under similar conditions, to Mrs. Bibber during her life, whatever might be left at her death to go to a local cemetery. Capt. Griffin had a life interest in the estate of Mrs. Bibber less than 24 hours.

It has been understood in rather a vague way that Mrs. Bibber was not on good terms with her family, because of some trouble growing out of the distribution of the estate of her father. Capt. Griffin never showed the least interest in his relatives, and only cared, as far as could be seen, for the Bibbers. Neither Capt. Bibber, Capt. Griffin nor Mrs. Bibber ever made any special friends among their townspeople.

There is as yet no sign that the will of Mrs. Bibber is to be contested but it is understood that there will be a fight over the will of Capt. Griffin. Harry F. R. Dolan, a Boston attorney, representing Calob Griffin, a brother of Capt. Griffin, has entered an appearance in the Court of Probate, and came here this week to investigate the matter. He retained Hon. J. W. Symonds, and there is every indication of a big legal battle ahead. The estate is represented by Benjamin Thompson, attorney and administrator.

Capt. Griffin added a codicil to his will the day before his death. He was unable to sign, but laid a dying hand on that of one of the persons in the room at the time.

The value of his estate is said to exceed \$50,000.

## EX-QUEEN ISABELLA DEAD.

By the death of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, which event took place in Paris on the morning of the ninth of April, a striking figure in the royal group of Europe has passed from the scene. The former Queen had been suffering some months from a severe attack of grippe, and finally she succumbed on Saturday morning

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last. The Infanta Isabella, Eulalie and Marie, her daughters, were by her bedside at the last moment. She was grandmother of the present King of Spain. She was in her seventy-fourth year, being born in 1830. She was the eldest daughter of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, and was born in Madrid on the 10th October, 1830. In 1846 she married Don Francis D'Assisi, who died at Epinay, in France, April 17th, 1902. She and her husband were expelled from Spain as a result of the revolution of 1808. Her abdication of the throne was made from Paris, on the 25th June, 1870. She resigned in favor of her son, the late King Alphonso XII., who was father of the present King. About a year ago the ex-Queen expressed a desire to visit her grandson King Alfonso, but the Queen mother informed her that if she came to Madrid she would not be received at Court nor allowed to live in the palace, giving as her reason that she wished to keep Alfonso in ignorance, as much as possible, of his grandmother's past life. She was certainly the innocent victim of an unfortunate marriage. It must be remembered that no matter how her marriage upset the plans of statesmen, she was not yet sixteen when she entered upon that matrimonial alliance which was destined to play havoc with her own life. Although she had the great humiliation of having to fly from the country and to abdicate the crown, she eventually had the gratification of seeing both her son and her grandson wear it. She was a striking example of the uncertainty of human affairs, and of the proverbial uneasiness of the heads that bear the weight of crowned authority. Personally she was a model woman, and in dying, the Vicar of

the Church of St. Pierre, Paris, administered to her the last Sacraments of the Church, of which, in life, through good or ill fortune, she had been a faithful and exemplary child.

**HOW FORTUNES ARE LOST.**  
Some weeks ago the following dispatch was published in the New York Herald:

A real sensation has been caused at Westminster itself, however, by an article which appears in the current issue of Truth referring to the late Mr. Drucker, Conservative member for Northampton in the late Parliament.

Mr. Labouchere says that a short time before he entered Parliament he inherited a fortune of about \$1,250,000. He lost it all during the three years he was a member. Mr. Labouchere produces the statement of H. C. Richards, Tory representative for East Finsbury, who declared that Mr. Drucker's losses were due to men who were his Parliamentary colleagues plundering him.

"Never would I have believed, unless I had seen and heard the plans of the ventures, what pitfalls there are for men of means in the House of Commons."

"I can vouch for the accuracy of this statement," adds Mr. Labouchere. "Mr. Drucker seemed unable to say 'No,' and these ventures induced him to take shares and subscribe to syndicates, most of which were utterly valueless."

Mr. Richards showed a tendency to back water when asked to be more explicit in his charges. He said he did not refer to the present House.

This week the subject of St. Patrick's Day parades has been discussed by a couple of our contributors. My idea is to deliver myself of an article on such demonstrations, and to edit out, nor to dictate rules which have probably far exceeded those I have in such I am an outside correspondent in no way connected with the management or direction of the "Witness," giving in my tribulations for the sole of a little and according to the grand cause of journalism. I do not wish any organ should be held responsible for my ideas or sentiments. I preface my few words on this subject by stating that I thus write is all my own and to blame if by others might disagree with me. Some time since I sent to the "Witness" a letter signed "J. F. S." and have published in the columns of the old paper some of the old grammes of St. Patrick's writer expressed his desire to publish the paper, claimed that he in the home of every family in the Dominion and gave a list of some he would like to see reprinted as "Come Back to Erin, that Once," "Dear Her Country," the "Wear Green," and "O'Donnell am not aware whether the publication of the paper will be able to republish all the seeing that they are known to every person who organ; but I am sure that of "J.F.S." is an indication of fervid patriotism and spirit. The desire to learn by heart, in possession the olden gems is one that cannot be commended, especially in growing indifference to patriotism. It is refreshing that some of the olden vives, and that it is transmitted to future generations that spirit that has Irish nationality intact. ages of trial, that presence of St. Patrick all through centuries of desolation and that made it possible for Ireland and the people to carry her cause. It has reached the portion of this may not have made the subject of parades, my purpose to show the spirit of Irish patriots, the people and is to be every corner of the world strata of society.

A STRANGE THEO- turning to the question of St. Patrick's Day parades, I am quoting from an American paper, in which allusion is made to the recently expressed view of the "New Century" on this subject, connected with what written, will give me a t "Speaking for itself New Century expresses a view that the old day rick's Day parade have the least, in this particular world. What good accomplished by the marching, the drums and the squeaking cheering and the shout there was often on St. P—a day that should be a religious observance—as an argument to the parading and a citement scenes of disorder. It is well expressed passing the day becoming a duty for the sons of Ireland to meet around the table to recall the glory of Ireland's glory, to recede of their ancestors' story and give expression to the hope that the time come when Robert Emmet may be written and in take her place among the earth."

ABOUT DISORDERS. going is only the opinion of the individual who wrote it. It can be seen that the out-door demonstrations of St. Patrick's Day are two-fold.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADES.

By "CRUX"

This week the subject of St. Patrick's Day parades has been suggested to me by a couple of circumstances that have created an impression upon my mind. My idea is not to upon my mind. My idea is not to upon my mind. My idea is not to upon my mind.

scenes of disorder, not creditable to Ireland, that take place, and secondly the need of a quiet celebration in the form of a banquet, a gathering at the "festive board." Before going further I desire to enter my humble protest against the unmerited slur on Irishmen that the first objection contains.

Is a man, filled with such a fine and patriotic spirit as that, to be deprived of enjoying the traditional demonstration that has made St. Patrick's Day one of marked importance in the record of each year? Surely not.

word signifying the cell or Church of Canice or Kenny.

ST. KEVIN. — There are two other Saints of that period to whom brief allusions would fit in here. St. Kevin was born of parents of the first rank in Ireland, in 498. He was educated with great care by holy men, and at the age of fifteen he assumed the monastic habit.

OUR GURESTONE OBSERVER. ON CIGARETTE PICTURES.

During the past two sessions legislators in our Federal House of Parliament have been trying to secure enactments prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of cigarettes.

MY OBSERVATIONS. — Nothing could be more true than the closing sentences of the foregoing quotation. I could multiply my own observations by the dozen.

PREMIUM PACKAGES — An amendment to the Revised Statutes has been moved at Washington, with a view to preventing the putting into or upon packages of tobacco, cigars, and especially cigarettes, anything beyond the proper labels and stamps.

Outside a small store—a kind of candy and tobacco shop where newspapers are sold—in the north end of the city, I had occasion to stop for a few moments one evening not long ago. A number of young lads ranging from ten to sixteen, were gathered in the light, opening packages and handing around for inspection cigarette pictures.

SOME RENOWNED IRISH SAINTS.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Last week and the week before, we gave brief sketches of some Irish saints.—No wonder Ireland was called "the Isle of Saints"—and amongst them was Saint Finian.

ST. COMGALL. —This abbot was one of the most illustrious founders of monastic orders in Ireland. Born of noble parents in Ulster, in 516, he was brought up under Saint Finian, in the monastery of Cluain-Ardnech, in what is now known as the Queen's County.

ST. FIACRE. — In Paris the ordinary cab, or hack, is called a "fiacre." How many Frenchmen, or Irishmen who visit the French capital, are aware that when the cabbies at the station shout "fiacre, Monsieur," they are pronouncing the name of a renowned Irish Saint? Yet it was he who gave his name to those vehicles of public conveyance.

WHAT'S THE HARM? What's the harm in publishing the details of crime in a newspaper that is taken into the family circle? Is there any harm in admitting to the home one who habitually talks scandal and gives full details of crime?

CONCLUSION. — While, then, our Solons are seeking to legislate and to do the impossible, for they can never regulate the traffic in cigarettes by mere Act of Parliament, they might do well to consider the other and more deadly evil that, like the serpent under the rose bush, lurks in the cigarette packages.

A STRANGE THEORY. — Now turning to the question of St. Patrick's Day parades, I will begin by quoting from an American contemporary, in which allusion is made to the recently expressed views of "The New Century" on this very subject. This, connected with what I have just written, will give me a text: "Speaking for itself alone, The New Century expresses its gratification that the old days of St. Patrick's Day parade have passed— at least, in this particular section of the world.

BANQUET CELEBRATION.—That part of the "New Century's" remarks which speaks of the sons of Erin meeting around the festive board, recounting the glories of Ireland and expressing hopes for the time when she will "again take her place among the nations of the earth is perfectly correct. But there is nothing new in it. In all great centres, here in Montreal as elsewhere, this form of celebration has become traditional.

ST. BRENDAN. — Another disciple of St. Finian, at Clonard, was St. Brendan. He wrote a monastic rule which was long famous in Ireland, and founded several schools and monasteries, the chief of which was Clonfert. He died in 578, in his 94th year. It would be too long to attempt the wonderful story of his famous voyage—it is said that he sailed westward to the Island of Hy Brasil, and in fact that he visited America. But this is a tale for another time, as it would demand an essay in itself.

ST. CANICE. —Another disciple of St. Finian was St. Canice. The Irish Annals fix the birth of this illustrious Saint in 527, and his death in 599. In his youth he studied some time in Wales, under a celebrated and holy abbot named Docus, and afterwards in Ireland, under St. Finian, to whose famous school his monastery of Cluain-Irraid, the lovers of true wisdom repaired from all parts. The zeal and labors of St. Canice in propagating the practice of Christian perfection through Ireland have ranked him among the most glorious saints whose virtue has been the greatest ornament of that Island.

of childhood's innocence are exposed to the polluted columns of unprincipled journals. Perhaps not unprincipled, as the ruling principle is to make money at almost any cost by means of sensational news and immoral advertisements. A prominent non-Catholic educator said, in a late address given in New York city: "One of the most usual and most continually operative causes of crime is the vast volume of criminal suggestion flowing in upon the public mind through various means, but especially through the public press. In the detailed accounts of criminal actions in the average newspaper there is minute instruction in crime as a fine art. The reader is taught both how to perform the criminal part and how to evade his merited punishment."

sensations rather than to print news. The fault of the depraved press lies not so much in the prominence given to police annals as in its treatment of them. To journals that belong to this class the murder, or assault, or theft which is reported in the news of the day is regarded merely as material for "a story" in which, if the victim is not a person of importance, the criminal is made the central figure, the hero of what is in many cases turned into a mere romance. Hence every detail, whether real or imagined, that will heighten the effect is brought into requisition, the sole effort being to produce in the reader a thrill of excitement. The plain record of an ordinary crime has no value for this purpose. There is as much reason in many places for the Church newspaper as there is for the Church pulpit. This fact is recognized by the Holy Father by the Bishops and by the priests. It should be recognized by the Catholic people. The flock must be guarded while the wolves are prowling.—Catholic Universe.

ABOUT DISORDERS. —The foregoing is only the opinion of one organ, and possibly of only one man—the individual who wrote the article. It can be seen that the objections to out-door demonstrations on St. Patrick's Day are two-fold. Firstly, the

Y Co. LIMITED CANADA. COMMUNION COATS & PANTS Dressed Men. Costumes. Year Hats. Y Co. LIMITED James Street Montreal.

# Martyrdom of the Last Dominicans in Japan.

In his interesting work entitled "Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan," Father Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P., dwells upon the causes that have impeded the growth of Christianity throughout the Empire. He places Protestantism as the foremost and most fatal obstacle to the conversion of heathen nations. The effects of the endless splits of non-conformity in the various Protestant sects is especially noted by the Japanese people. Of the Dominican missionaries in Japan whose heroic labors were crowned with martyrdom we give a passing word.

The General Chapter of the Friars Preachers assembled at Toulouse during the year 1628 took into consideration the afflicted state of the Japanese Church, and ordained that the largest possible number of missionaries should be sent to its assistance. Directly the intelligence of this order reached the Priory of Manila, all the fathers were anxious to depart immediately. But obedience obliged many to remain, while certain favored ones were chosen. Father Thomas of St. Hyacinth started forthwith, and arrived safe in Japan in 1629.

In the year following (1630) Father Hyacinth Esquivel, accompanied by a Franciscan missionary, endeavored to reach Japan, but the precautions taken at every port made it almost as difficult to effect a landing as to escape detection when actually laboring in the empire. These fathers were seized just before disembarking at Nagasaki, and were both beheaded.

Meanwhile the fury of the persecution was unabated, and in 1628 three more members of the Third Order of St. Dominic were beheaded for their faith at Nagasaki. Particular mention is made of these, because the circumstances of their martyrdom were carefully examined by the testimony of eye witnesses, and they were amongst those beatified by Pius the Ninth. Their names were Michael, Paul and Dominic, and they were selected for death on account of their generous zeal in assisting the Fathers of S. Dominic. Three hundred martyrs are known to have suffered between the beginning of 1629 and the end of 1632, but these are doubtless only a few compared to the multitude whose names are forgotten on earth.

Unhappily space forbids more than a rapid mention of a few heroes of the faith, as illustrated during their lives as they were invincible amidst the torments of their last triumphs. Many interesting details are given about each in Adverte's long history of the Philippine Province. Father Jordan of S. Stephen, who arrived at Nagasaki during the year 1632, was a Sicilian who had been attracted to the Eastern missions by the fame of the martyrs of Japan. After being clothed with the habit of S. Dominic in his native country and studying in different Priors in Spain, he labored for some time in the Philippine Islands amongst the Chinese, whose language he had completely mastered. He was a very learned theologian, and wrote several works of considerable merit, so that he is adorned in heaven with the three special aureolas of virgin, doctor and martyr. He arrived at Nagasaki in the disguise of a Chinaman after the evening had begun to close in, and having no guide, he was wandering about the streets trusting to God's providence, when he saw Father Dominic Erquicia standing at the door of a house. In spite of their disguise they recognized each other, and were soon locked in the tender embrace of brothers unexpectedly meeting in a strange land. Father Jordan assisted Father Dominic until his martyrdom, and then continued his labors, until his career as a missionary was cut short, by his own capture, with Father Thomas of S. Hyacinth, during the course of the next year. Father Thomas was a Japanese, who had been professed and ordained in the Priory at Manila, and had already labored as a missionary in the island of Formosa, and for nine years in his own country. Marina of Omura, a member of the Third Order, was arrested with the two priests. Another Tertiary, Magdalen of Nagasaki, deserves special notice, as it appears that God inspired her to deliver herself up to martyrdom. Hearing of Father Jordan's imprisonment, she boldly presented herself before the guards, demanding admission in order to be professed in the Third Order, in which she was only a novice. The cruel Japanese soldiers were touched with companion and admiration at her

courage, and tried to persuade her to retire, and not to force them to arrest her as a Christian. "I am a Christian," she exclaimed, "and what is more, a Religious, the spiritual daughter of Father Jordan, and it is your duty to apprehend me." Her desire was gratified, and all these four martyrs expired by inches, after a series of torments, suggested by the ingenious cruelty of their persecutors.

After the numerous martyrdoms of 1633 the Church of Japan presented a deplorable aspect. Glorious as the persecution had doubtless been, and numberless as were the white-robed martyrs with which it had peopled Heaven, still these were times in which the fervent alone could be Christians. Many, therefore, unable to resist the trial, denied their faith, and thus purchased safety. Finding themselves again orphans, bereaved prematurely of those fathers sent to their assistance, the poor Christians once more raised a cry of distress, which was answered by the Friars Preachers of Manila. Four of their number determined, under the sanction of obedience, to brave every danger and to venture into the forbidden regions of Japan. These were Fathers Anthony Gonzales, Michael Ozarata, William Courtet and Vincent of the Cross.

Father Vincent of the Cross was a Japanese born of Christian parents, who offered him to God before his birth. He received his education in the Jesuit College in Nagasaki, and when the persecution broke up the college, he went to Manila, where he dwelt some time, and returning to preach to his countrymen, was ordained priest, and afterwards admitted into the Order of St. Dominic, about a year before his martyrdom.

These missionaries, accompanied by two seculars, reached the island of Loo-Choo in July, 1636, and not being able to proceed, they labored for some time in that and neighboring islands. It appears that they were never able to penetrate into the Empire itself, but were recognized and conducted to Nagasaki, bound as captives, on Sept. 13, 1637. Before the tribunal of the judge they boldly confessed that they were priests, and religious of the order of St. Dominic, and that, although they were well aware of the Emperor's edicts, they had entered Japan in order to teach the true faith and console the afflicted Christians. Finding they could not be shaken by their threats, the judges determined to employ torture, and in this they discovered a truly diabolical ingenuity. Several different times an almost incredible amount of water was poured down their throats, and then forced through their mouth and nose by means of extreme pressure. Father Anthony Gonzales hardly survived the infliction of this torment, and being carried back to prison, he shortly after bade a tender farewell to his companions, and gave up his soul to God on Sept. 23, 1637. The heathens vented their malice on his senseless corpse, which they burnt, afterwards casting the ashes into the sea.

Although these martyrs are not included in the list of the beatified, which extends only to the year 1632, whereas they suffered on September 27, 1636, it is a fitting termination to the long series of heroic conflicts by which the Friars preachers distinguished themselves in Japan. It is the last Dominican martyrdom, though no doubt many Tertiaries and Rosarians continued to be chosen as victims for the sacrifice as long as the persecution lasted.—Dominicans.

Father Vincent of the Cross was for a moment overcome by the intensity of his sufferings, and consented to abjure his faith. No sooner, however, had the shameful words of apostasy crossed his lips than he felt a bitter remorse, and yielding to the earnest exhortations of his companions, he again boldly confessed the sacred Name of Jesus Christ.

They were next tortured with long sharp awls that were thrust under the nails even to the first joint of the fingers, but this excruciating agony wrung from them no words unworthy of a Christian; they only exclaimed, "How sweet it is to suffer! Queen of the Holy Rosary Pray for us." The executioners in astonishment rattled the handles of the awls together, and the martyrs replied: "How sweet a music is this for heaven!" When the blood dropped upon the ground, one of the martyrs in a transport of love cried out: "Behold those beautiful roses! I have dyed them sweet Jesus, for Thy love in my blood; but what are these few drops compared to the torrents of blood Thou didst shed for my sake?" They were then obliged to scratch the ground with the protruding handles of the awls, but no torment could shake their constancy.

At this dreadful spectacle the bystanders wept with compassion, and the executioners themselves, moved by such an exhibition of heroic generosity, complained of the folly that could induce men so noble-hearted

and courageous to come to Japan merely to undergo death of protracted suffering. "We came not hither," replied Father Courtet, "for the sole object of being tortured to death; but we came to preach the true religion, and to convince men of the folly of idol worship."

After the torture had lasted a considerable time, nature became completely exhausted, and the martyrs fell back with their eyes closed, completely lifeless. This was seized upon as a successful moment to attempt them to apostatise, but the question was no sooner put than life and vigor seemed to return, for the martyrs cried out aloud: "We are deaf to all such proposals; we have not come to Japan to be guilty of such weakness." Seeing that nothing could shake their constancy, the soldiers carried them back to prison on litters.

A day or two later the moment of their last triumph arrived. After being paraded round the streets of Nagasaki, the martyrs were conducted to that famous hill on which so many Christian warriors had already won the crown of victory. Here five pits had been prepared, and over each a martyr was suspended with his head downwards. Their feet were tightly bound to a horizontal beam, and half their bodies were in the pit, which was then covered with boards so arranged that they pressed the victims down, and so increased the intensity of his suffering. This agony, declared by the executioners to be intolerable, continued for two days and nights, but God supported His servants, and their courage was not exhausted. The only sounds heard issuing from those pits of torture were earnest prayers, or the voice of one suffering exhorting his companions to perseverance. On the morning of the third day, the pits being uncovered, the two seculars were found dead, but in the three religious some sparks of life still faintly lingered. The command was to behead those who might be discovered alive, and this sentence was carried out on Father Vincent of the Cross, as he lay prostrate, totally unable to kneel. Father Michael Ozarata and Father William Courtet had sufficient strength to embrace each other tenderly. "We have much to talk over," said they, "but we will leave all till we meet in heaven." Side by side then knelt these two brothers; the executioner's sword descended as the names of Jesus and Mary were on their lips. These are called by Father Alexander de Rhodes of the Society of Jesus, "the greatest martyrs of Japan," and it is indeed astonishing to reflect on the length and intensity of their sufferings and the cheerful fortitude they displayed.

Although these martyrs are not included in the list of the beatified, which extends only to the year 1632, whereas they suffered on September 27, 1636, it is a fitting termination to the long series of heroic conflicts by which the Friars preachers distinguished themselves in Japan. It is the last Dominican martyrdom, though no doubt many Tertiaries and Rosarians continued to be chosen as victims for the sacrifice as long as the persecution lasted.—Dominicans.

## The Japanese Character

(By Colgate Baker, in the Independent.)

(Mr. Bayer was born in Japan and lived there many years, and even speaks fluently the Japanese language.)

Now that Japan is fighting for supremacy in the Orient, with every promise of success, the real character of these Martians of the Far East becomes a subject over which the people of the United States should gravely ponder. It is possible that this country, in conjunction with other world powers, may be called upon to say how far Japan may be permitted to go in her victorious march towards complete ascendancy in Eastern Asia, and in this connection it is certainly worth while for Americans to study the character of the Japanese.

To the American public the real Japanese character is a sealed book. The people of this country base their estimate of the Japanese on their achievements in all lines of progress, in the arts of war and peace, in science, industry and commerce; but American ideas of Japanese character are derived from the highly-colored works of fiction written by over-enthusiastic travellers and by observation of the clever, tactful natives of Japan who reside in the United States.

The excessive politeness, the charm of manner, the refinement and astute diplomacy which the Japanese display in all their social intercourse with foreigners have won for them

a host of eulogists. The enraptured globe trotter who spends a few months in Japan invariably writes a book when he reaches home replete with fulsome adulation for Japan and her people, which is immediately placed on the shelf with the authorities. It is the fashion to sing the praises of the Japanese just now, and attempts to do otherwise are frowned upon. In fact, it has always been thus, and this is one of the reasons why the few people who do understand the Japanese and are entitled to speak with authority have said little or nothing.

There are some white men in Japan who could tell startling things about the Japanese if they chose. Some of these men have become Japanese, politically, socially and morally—so enthusiastically, in fact, that they actually regret their inability to change the color of their skins. Of course, they can only say what is complimentary and pleasant to the natives of their adopted country. Perhaps they are afraid to tell what they know of the real Japanese character, perhaps they are ashamed—if they have any sense of shame left—and perhaps they consider it quite useless to try and enlighten the Western mind concerning this dangerous subject.

Lafadio Hearn exploits in his fascinating writings all the charming traits in the Japanese character, but he is blind to the ugly side of it, for his viewpoint is that of a Japanese. If he ever wakes from his trance and becomes a white man again he can tell the world something of far more importance about the Japanese than pleasant fairy tales and vague rhapsodies.

To those who have lived long among the Japanese and have studied them closely, the most striking elements in the Japanese character is an inherent philosophy which seems to be a natural quality of the Japanese mind. This remarkable characteristic is evidenced in every man, woman and child, one observes. Whether this peculiar inherited philosophy should be termed an element of character or merely a mental quality is immaterial; its influence on the Japanese character, which it absolutely dominates, is unquestioned.

Foreigners marvel that Japanese can bear great personal sorrow, loss of fortune, disease, and reverses of all kinds which comparative composure, and conclude that for this reason the Japanese has more fortitude than the Caucasian, or less feeling. As a matter of fact, the Japanese does not allow himself to feel the sorrow that a Caucasian must inevitably experience on such occasions, and he is therefore able to meet the crisis with a calmness and power which gives him a great advantage over the Caucasian.

At the funeral of some dearly beloved one in Japan the weeping is done by hired mourners, and when the obsequies are over the bereaved family and friends feast and drink and make merry at a nearby tea-house.

It is the Japanese philosophy that since we must live, we should live as happily as we can, therefore there is no sense in feeling sorrowful, as what has happened is over and done with, and grief is folly. The spectacle of a Caucasian smitten with grief is ridiculous to the Japanese mind, but the Japanese is too tactful to express his sentiments on the subject to a foreigner.

The stoicism of the samurai, the fortitude of the Japanese soldier and sailor to-day is largely due to this inborn philosophy, which has also contributed to the remarkable success of the Japanese in many modern professions and industrial and commercial pursuits. For practical purposes it is undeniably a great advantage to possess this absolute control of the feelings or power of self-hypnotism. Herein lies the secret of the adaptability of the Japanese to all sorts of conditions of life and the power which they possess of pursuing their chosen careers unwaveringly and relentlessly to the goal which they seek to attain.

That the Japanese are frugal, patient, industrious and calculating everybody well knows, but the possession of these qualities does not account for the wonderful progress which they have made in modern science, art and industry. The Chinese possess all these qualities as well as the Japanese, and so do the people of other Oriental countries which Japan has left far behind in the march of progress. The Japanese are quick-witted and alert to an astonishing degree, considering they are Asiatics and these qualities have most elicited American admiration; yet without that inborn philosophy of life the Japanese never would have attained to the position which they now occupy in the world's affairs.

The leprosy spot in the Japanese character is the moral element, which

is absolutely dominated by this inborn philosophy. It has been stated that the Japanese have no morals, but this is quite untrue. They have no moral ideals, so cherished by Western civilization. The beauty of the moral principle—right for right's sake—is quite incomprehensible to the Japanese mind. In the Japanese philosophy it is right to do anything which is wise, and wrong to do anything which is foolish; beyond this there is no right or wrong, good or bad.

In business the Japanese is honest when honesty is the best policy, and dishonest whenever it seems advisable. The merchant who does not take advantage of an opportunity to cheat by giving short weight or substituting an inferior quality of goods considers himself a fool. The man who does not break his plighted word if it is advantageous for him to do so is stricken by his philosophic conscience.

I do not think there is a foreigner doing business in Japan who will not bear testimony to these facts, which are freely admitted by the Japanese among themselves, although they will be indignantly denied as a matter of policy by the Japanese abroad.

American and European business house importing goods from Japan do not dare import from Japanese merchants, and for this reason the export trade of Japan will largely remain in the hands of foreign houses. Japanese firms here and in Europe import from native firms in Japan, but in most cases the importing firm is only an agency of the home firm, as the Japanese merchants know each other too well to trust each other. Orders from Japanese firms for American and European goods are generally sent through the medium of some foreign firm in Japan, which assumes the responsibility of payment whether the Japanese customer takes the goods or not, and if the market has fallen while the goods are in transit, so he can buy cheaper on the spot, the Japanese merchant does not hesitate to repudiate his order. These facts are well known in Japan and among merchants in this country and Europe who do business with Japan.

Foreign firms doing business in Japan have always experienced the greatest difficulty in preventing their Japanese employes from defrauding them by secretly exacting a commission from the native merchants with whom they transact business. It is a matter of common knowledge that the native "bantos" or head men of the oldest foreign firms have enriched themselves by the fraudulent practice of charging a secret commission or "kosen" in all dealings with native merchants. Many of these "bantos" have amassed millions by their dishonest methods, and the business of the foreign firms that employed them has practically passed into their hands, the foreign partners in these firms being mere salaried employes of the Japanese "banto." It is a fact that this is the condition of one of the principal American export houses in Japan to-day. Dishonest collusion between the native merchant and the "banto" to obtain higher prices from the foreign buyer has made it impossible to break up this system and has wrecked many a foreign firm in Japan.

The religious element in the Japanese character is strong in the women, but the men are materialists pure and simple. The women are the temple-goers. Buddhism and Shintoism have taught the women the beauty of self-sacrifice, which is the keynote of their character. The religion of the women has created a state of affairs in the Japanese home which is most agreeable to the lord and master man. The wife finds delight in being her husband's slave and exaltation in her self-immolation. She seems to always have in mind the saying of the blessed Buddha, "Only through self-sacrifice shall you enter into heaven."

The character of the Japanese people as a whole has not been affected by Christianity. The number of Christian converts is insignificant in comparison with the population of Japan, and the influence of those converts on the national character is not apparent. The average Japanese looks upon the efforts of the Christian missionary in his country with a kindly spirit. He is well aware that the progress of Christianity in Japan is not sufficiently rapid to endanger any of his social institutions for generations to come, at least, and he is also fully convinced that his own philosophy of life is infinitely superior to the Christian doctrine.

The young Japanese who becomes a convert to Christianity while studying abroad sometimes meets with kindly indulgence when he returns to his family in Japan, but more often with mild ridicule, particularly from a Buddhist mother. As a rule, the young man lets his Christian lapse and soon becomes more

by a materialistic Japanese. The Japanese nation has assimilated everything in Christian civilization except the Christian religion and its standard of morality. To-day Japan is equipped to hold its own in warfare, in science, in industry, in art and commerce with any nation in the world, but it does not accept Christianity because it considers the Japanese philosophy superior.

To the Japanese mind there is no sin but folly, no ideals to be realized but material and patriotic ones. By clever diplomacy Japan has engaged the sympathy of the Anglo-Saxon people in her war with Russia for the dominion of the Far East, and it is proclaimed that she is fighting the battle of Western civilization.

It must be admitted that Japan appears to stand for the material interests of our civilization, but she does not and never will stand for Christian ideals.

It is my conviction that the Japanese character is the most insidious force that has ever menaced Christianity. The Japanese philosophy is diametrically opposed to Christian principles on all Cardinal points. It is a philosophy which completely possesses those who believe in it with a power almost hypnotic. One has only to observe the white men who have become Japanese to see how it wrecks the moral character of the Caucasian.

The effect of the Japanese philosophy on the brain of the European or American is not unlike that of a subtle narcotic. It perverts all moral ideas and poisons the very source of every thought and action. To the white man who falls under the sway of this mystic power Christian civilization with its ideals, appears ridiculously Quixotic. He has nothing but contempt for the men of his own race, and is even ashamed of the color of his skin. It is only natural that such an individual should forsake his own kind, don a kimono, become a Japanese and try to lose himself in the great yellow mass.

While sojourning in a small city on the Inland Sea, far from the beaten tracks of tourists, I was surprised to hear that a white man had come to the place with a troupe of Japanese actors and was to give a performance at a local theatre. Out of curiosity I witnessed the performance of this man and subsequently invited him to dine with me. As I expected the fellow, who called himself Yensaburo Black, was completely possessed by the Japanese philosophy. He was an Englishman, educated at Harrow, and his father, happily deceased, had been one of the pioneer editors of Japan. He preferred to converse with me in Japanese rather than in his own mother tongue. Of course, he spoke enthusiastically of the Japanese life. He declared that he was supremely happy. It was painful for him to meet foreigners, he said, because they did not understand Japanese life and ideas, and because they reminded him of the contemptible Christian civilization he wished to forget. He assured me that before he had accepted my invitation he had inquired whether I could speak Japanese and would entertain him in Japanese style, and had he not been satisfied on these points by the tea-house people he would have stayed away. This man refused to touch the foreign dishes placed before him, explaining that he could only eat Japanese food. What the Japanese philosophy has done for Mr. Yensaburo Black it has done for others of stronger mind, greater abilities and more distinguished positions.

There is no mystery about the Japanese character as Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Lafadio Hearn and others would have us believe, but there is an absolute lack of what the Christian world understands and cherishes as moral ideas. The inherent natural philosophy of the Japanese mind does not permit it to conceive those ideal, and while it cannot be gained that there are many admirable traits in the Japanese character, all of them together do not counterbalance the absence of true moral principle.

While the sympathy of the United States are necessarily with Japan in her present struggles with Russia, it is not wise for the people of this country to consider the character of the people to whom they have given their sympathies and to what extent they can afford to let these sympathies carry them?

It would be an injustice in any discussion of the Japanese character not to pay a tribute to the exquisite esthetic sensibility of the Japanese of all classes of society to beauty in nature and in works of art. This is one of the most charming and distinctive character traits common to the Japanese.

### CHAPTER II.—Continued

In the secrecy of her own mind she spent many sad hours gradually giving up all hope of being back where she was, but she closely guarded her heart from her husband. She could not bear to have her husband know that her husband was neglecting her religion; she would break her poor mother's heart, so she felt it was better to let her remain where she was. One thing she did wisely. Her husband's knowledge she kept away from home and called a priest in a distant and secluded part of the city. To him she told and as long as her health permitted she paid him regular visits; faith was kept alive, but she so closely watched that no one presented itself for her to Mass or receive the sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. A companion was hired who her lessons daily on what was of her in her social position, well did she learn that her friends and he listened to the comments passed on her beauty. He represented that he belonged to an aristocratic family so artfully did he cling to that which only in part was known even to the maid. She well paid for keeping the secret her mistress' origin.

At her first ball, Agnes against the low-cut, sleeveless dress was given to wear, but she had been obliged to insist on an hour of triumph when he saw the many admirers and heard the compliments friends paid her beauty, she might struck the first blow of separation from his fair Overheated from dancing, she repose for a time on a cool bed and caught a severe cold, which laid her to her house for days. On her recovery, which only partial, she was ready to again upon the glittering life society lady, and all that she brilliant beauty and rich dress the envy of not a few of the belles of the season. Could combined with the tender love of a gay social world, had her happiness, the joys of her life would have been complete had sacrificed her peaceful home, happy life to become a lady, and far more than she wished had been given her. I she was far from happy, and would have given all his possessions had been restored to the life had known before she met him.

Spring came, and with it the beautiful gardens, but the little feathered serenade Agnes so much of her she welcomed them not as she in years gone by, and the of the flowers often sickened her hardest task was to keep a face in the presence of her whom she still loved most dearly in the summer a bright boy to cheer her life. But as she in her arms and gazed at innocent face for the first time heart was filled with strange feelings. A true mother's pride happiness on the advent of her baby was hers, and she hoped she might live to see him a man the world was all brightness; when she thought of having his heart sank within her instead of the cleansing water. Mrs. Daton's faithful companion was conscious that her dress was not happy, and in her she would willingly have all in her power to have helped. She had hoped that would make life brighter for young mother, but in vain. But surely Agnes' health was not it was not long before the disease consumption had carried her all earthly help. Baby was very delicate, and it was necessary to separate him from mother in order to save his life. She clung so closely to her that he could not be taken from her. Agnes said to her husband "I wish you would take me to see mother."

THROUGH THORNY PATHS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

In the secrecy of her own room Agnes spent many sad hours and would gladly have given up all her wealth...

At her first ball, Agnes rebelled against the low-cut, sleeveless dress she was given to wear, but her husband and companion insisted upon it...

Spring came, and with it the return of the birds and the flowers in the beautiful gardens, but the sweet notes of the little feathered songsters reminded Agnes so much of home that she welcomed them not as she had years gone by...

"Wait until spring," he said, "then you will be stronger." Without a word she turned away to hide her tears, for she knew that her husband's strong will could not be broken.

"Please send him up to my room at once," she said to the servant, "and you," turning to her companion, who seldom left her, "may be excused as he is my cousin from home and I wish to meet him alone."

Wealth and luxury were everywhere visible, and he saw it all; but his attention was fixed upon the costly cradle, where reposed the sleeping infant, of whose existence he had been ignorant; then he looked at the mother, so changed in little over a year, and he found it hard to believe that the pale, sunken features before him were the same that had bloomed with the roses of health when last he saw her.

The young priest brought the child to her and she soon soothed it to sleep again. Then she whispered, "I am so glad to see you, Thomas, I know God sent you here when I needed you so much."

"But what, Agnes? Tell me all. You can trust me now as you did when you were at home." In tones of bitterness she told him what had happened since last they parted, but he was painfully conscious that it was not as the little Agnes of other days had talked to him.

"Poor little Agnes! Poor child," he said, "God has indeed punished you." "Yes, Thomas, He has, but I deserved it for refusing to take your advice as well as that of our kind old priest."

"You have suffered much for your sin, but God will forgive if you are truly penitent." "I am, I am, and I pray that I may make one more good confession and see baby baptized before I die, but Edward has me watched closely, and will not allow a priest to come near the house."

able when you objected to my marriage. The sooner it is over the better, for my husband will be home to-morrow and he must not know even that you were here. As he took the purple stole from his pocket and was about to put it around his neck she made an effort to kneel, but seeing her weakness her cousin objected. Covering her own face with her hands she made what was to be her last confession, after which she insisted upon kneeling while he pronounced the absolution.

At her earnest request he remained that night at the house, but left before daylight to say an early Mass, returning with the consecrated Host before any of the servants were aware of his absence. He went to her room as early as was prudent, and while the companion was out giving orders to have breakfast sent up, Agnes had the great happiness of receiving her first Holy Communion since leaving home. Baby was also baptized, and before noon the young priest was on his way to his missionary labors in the far West. He carried with him a heavy heart when he thought of the great change in his dear little cousin, and under different circumstances he would have been sorely grieved to see her so near death, but now he felt that it was all for the best. Had it been possible he would have remained near her until the last, but duty called him and he must go. He knew that in a few weeks it would probably be all over with her, and believed that baby would soon follow his mother to the grave.

Agnes, too, thought that the child could not live, but he was such a comfort to her that she earnestly prayed that he might be spared until she was called, and then she hoped that with his baptismal robe unsullied he might be taken home. This was her one earnest prayer, but baby was destined to live and become a man.

On Mr. Daton's return he was informed by one of the servants that a priest who was a relative of his wife's had spent the night at the house, and it was with difficulty he controlled his anger on entering her room. He found her looking brighter than for many days, but he imagined that she shrank from his embrace.

"So you had a visitor, Agnes," he said. She looked at him, but said nothing.

"I know all about it Agnes, so you need not deny it." "Yes, Cousin Thomas, whom you met at my home, called to see me on his way to the West, but he left on the noon train."

"The best thing he could do," her husband could not refrain from saying, "When I married you, Agnes, it was for yourself because I loved you, but I did not marry your relations. You promised to give up all for me, and I expected you to do it. Since your cousin's visit was short, and I was not put to the unpleasantness of meeting him whom I know well tried to keep you from me, I will say nothing of it; but it did hurt me to be told by a servant that a Catholic priest had remained over night at my home during my absence."

"I am sorry, Edward, that you are offended, but it was such a pleasure for me to see some one from home." He looked at her, and seeing that the bright light had faded from her face he changed the subject, but he determined to remain at home more and watch her more closely. Our own are often the blindest, and so it was with him, for he still hoped for his young wife's recovery, and he thought the watch would be a long one. Before another week had passed God in His infinite mercy had taken her home.

Almost at the last hour, Agnes clasped her child to her bosom, showed tears and kisses upon his innocent face and renewed her earnest prayer that he might soon be with her.

Like the social life she had enjoyed for one short season, the funeral was a grand one. The minister from the most fashionable church in the city preached a glowing sermon on her who in the bright beauty of her youth had thus early been taken away from a loving husband and darling child; then a long prayer was offered by the pastor of Mr. Daton's church, not for the poor soul that stood alone before its God, but, like the sermon, intended to console and flatter a rich husband. Could Agnes have spoken from her costly casement she would have cried out in rebellion

and begged rather for one simple prayer which from the lips of even a poor beggar might have brought her nearer her eternal reward. The ceremony over, the funeral cortege wended its way to the cemetery, where in a magnificent vault beside the parents of Mr. Daton Agnes was laid to rest.

The husband returned home and for a short time sadly mourned the death of his fair wife; but he was still young and his sorrow was, alas! short lived. His child, which he at first feared he would lose, grew strong after the mother's death, and his whole affections were centered on the little one. Aiter a time he grew tired of leaving baby Edward entirely to the care of servants, and he, too, growing lonely again without a companion. Accordingly in less than two years the grand home which Agnes had named "Innisfallen," had another mistress, a young Protestant woman of wealth and position. Happily there was one tender spot in her proud nature for the baby whom she loved as ardently as she would had it been of her own flesh and blood.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, Nellie, I have such good news," and little Cecelia O'Kane's dark eyes grew larger and brighter as she burst into the room where her only sister was busily engaged with several letters which must be written before to-morrow.

Without laying down her pen, Nellie glanced up from her work, noting the bright expression upon her sister's face. That pretty smiling countenance reminded her so much of her mother that she could have lost hours in gazing upon her, and in her own eyes might be plainly seen the fact that Cecelia was all the world to her, as she should be, for the two sisters were all that was left of a once happy family.

"What is it, little sister?" asked Nellie.

"Little sister," repeated Cecelia, throwing her hat on a chair; "that is one of the misfortunes of being small. Do you forget that I am almost sixteen?" and she drew herself up proudly. "How I wish I could be tall like you, but never mind, there may be time enough for me to grow."

"You are tall enough, Cecelia, and I hope you will remain just as you are, because mother was small like yourself."

"And I suppose I should be content to be like poor mamma, but it is sometimes inconvenient, especially when one has one's own living to earn."

"Time enough to think of that Cecelia after you have graduated. But the good news of which you speak, what is it?" Cecelia's eyes fairly danced as she took up the morning paper and read: "WANTED—A young lady as companion for a middle aged widow; one who understands French preferred. Apply at No. — avenue between 1 and 5 p.m."

"What can that have to do with us?" asked Nellie.

"A great deal, Nellie," said Cecelia, seating herself on a low stool at her sister's feet, looking smilingly up into her face. "Do you know who it is?"

"No. How should I know when no name is given?"

"And you cannot guess?"

"No, not being acquainted in that part of the city."

"Then I will tell you. It is Mrs. Daton, who lives alone with her servants at Innisfallen, the grand mansion on the hill."

"Yes, but what has she to do with us?"

"I have applied for the position and she has partly promised to engage me."

Nellie looked at her sister in blank amazement.

"Cecelia O'Kane, what do you mean: what have you been doing?"

"Just what I told you, Nellie. I am tired of seeing you work as you do to support me while I am in school, only a burden on you, for it is costing so much for you to educate me."

"Do not think, Cecelia, that you are a burden to me, for I never thought of it in that light. It is too great a pleasure for me to fulfil my promise to mother by keeping you in school, and I have such a good position that until you finish I can easily support us both."

"But I am no help to you, Nellie, and it seems unfair for you to be doing all of the work while I do none."

"You help me a great deal, Cecelia by writing so many of my letters for me. Indeed, if it were not for you I would hardly be able to keep up the vast correspondence which the company has left in my hands."

"I have a way of helping you far more now, and I intend to do it."

"Not until you have graduated. Remember, Cecelia, I promised mother that I would keep you in school, and I intend to do it."

"I have another year to go, and that would be all foolishness and selfishness as well, when I can get such a good position now."

"If you wait another year you can do as well, perhaps better; but you have not told me about how you applied for the position at Mrs. Daton's."

"I called there this afternoon, and oh, Nellie, if you could have seen the grand reception room where she received me. I could hardly describe it to you now, but it was furnished beautifully and just like what we sometimes read about in stories."

"Never mind about that now; it is yourself I am interested in."

"Well, when I was left alone in that room by the servant I really trembled for fear; then after a few minutes Mrs. Daton came downstairs dressed in an elegant black silk, but she smiled so kindly that I was not at all afraid of her. When I told her my errand she looked at me in amazement and said that I was far too young to be out of school."

"She was right," said Nellie.

"She was more than surprised when I told her my age, and she said I did not look over fourteen. Her manner was so discouraging at first that I felt like running from the house; but that kind smile was still there, and I found courage to tell her that I had a good French as well as English education. That seemed to surprise her, but she asked me a question in French and she was so pleased with my answer that she continued her conversation in French for some time. You should have heard how she praised me for speaking so well. She took a French story book from the table and asked me to read which I did."

"A French novel, I suppose," said Nellie, slightly frowning.

"Well, yes, and after I had read the first chapter she was so pleased that she told me she had had several applicants, none of which suited her as well as myself. She asked me about my family, and when I told her I was an orphan and had only you she seemed more interested in me, and told me that her only objection was my age, but that I might call again to-morrow and she would make arrangements."

"But Cecelia, you cannot, you must not go. I could never consent to your leaving school until you have finished."

"Not even when I have so good a position in view? You certainly cannot refuse. It is well enough for girls who have their parents and plenty of money to think of graduating, but I realize as well as yourself that we are poor, very poor, and I am not blind to the fact that you are wearing yourself out working for me."

"Do not say that Cecelia; I am young and strong and it is a pleasure for me to work for my little sister, especially since I promised mother that I would do it."

"I know you are willing to work for me, sister, and I appreciate it so much, but I cannot permit it when I have means of doing for myself, and I am sure if mother were here and could speak she would say I was doing right."

"I am afraid not, Cecelia, so you had better give up all thoughts of Mrs. Daton and apply yourself more closely to your studies."

"Why not, Nellie?"

"Because it seems to me that Mrs. Daton, with her many vain, worldly ideas and her French novels, would hardly be the proper companion for my little sister, and as her companion you are risking your faith, for I have always heard it said that the Datons are bitter enemies of the Catholic Church."

"I cannot believe that of her, for so many false things are told about people. I told her I was a Catholic and she did not seem to care, but if she did she could not change me. I would fight to the last."

Nellie understood too well the enthusiastic nature of her little sister

to say more. She could only pray for her and leave the rest to the development of time, when the girl would have leisure to think for herself.

"We will say no more on the subject now, Cecelia, for I have a great many letters to write this evening and I wish to get them finished. Besides, I am getting very hungry."

Cecelia took the hint and hastened to prepare the evening meal, which was soon ready. She was an excellent cook for a school girl, and in the bright prospects of her own good luck she prepared a much daintier repast than usual. But in spite of the fact that Nellie had declared herself hungry, her heart was too full to eat much, and for once Cecelia's thoughts were too much occupied to notice it.

After the supper was cleared away the girls sat down together, Nellie to continue her writing while Cecelia applied herself to her school work. At ten o'clock the younger sister laid aside her books and prepared to retire, but Nellie still worked on with increased zeal. Cecelia knelt at her bedside, said the Rosary, then going to her sister said:

"Nellie, are you not coming to bed now?"

"Yes, in a little while; I have just a few more letters to write."

"It is half past ten, and you will tire yourself out. Do leave them until morning and try and get some rest."

"They must go by the first morning mail, and it will not take me long to finish them. Go to bed darling, and pleasant dreams."

Cecelia kissed her sister and soon was sleeping soundly, but Nellie, poor tired Nellie, worked on. It mattered not to her if she were tired and her head ached; she was working for her Cecelia, her darling little sister whom she had promised her mother she would care for until she was educated and could do for herself. Cecelia was all she had to love and do for now, and she truly loved her with more than a mother's love; but unknown to strangers there was another who was daily remembered in her prayers and for whom she shed many bitter tears in secret. At last the clock in the city hall chimed the hour of 2; the last letter had been finished, and putting it in the envelope she prepared to retire. Several times she had nearly fallen asleep over her work, but tired as she was she would not omit her evening prayer, so she knelt before her mother's favorite painting of the Sacred Heart one of the relics left from better days, and prayed earnestly for her little sister. Arising at last as the clock struck the half hour, she bent over her for another good night kiss. Cecelia was sleeping soundly, with the sweet smile of innocence on her lovely face.

"Dear little sister," thought Nellie, "how much more like poor mother she grows every day." And now the sleeping figure reminded her forcibly of the face she had seen in the coffin for her mother in death, relieved of the cares of a sad life, had worn a sweet, peaceful smile.

"God protect her," she murmured, "and keep her as good and pure as our angel mother was; but spare her, dear Lord, from such a life."

As late as she had retired, Nellie was the first to awake in the morning, and she had breakfast ready before arousing Cecelia. The subject of the preceding evening was again referred to, and before Nellie went to her work she had almost won from her sister a promise to go and tell Mrs. Daton that she could not accept her offer. It was hard for her to do it, for life in such a beautiful home and in company with such a wealthy and refined woman was just what Cecelia's bright, ambitious nature craved. All night she had been dreaming of the stately mansion, even that she herself was Mrs. Daton and the mistress of Innisfallen. This she told to Nellie in the most glowing terms, but it only made Nellie the sadder.

(To be Continued.)

NO POLITICS.

No more political meetings in Catholic Church school halls, no more interference in purely party politics by priests—that is the edict which has gone forth from Archbishop Messner of Milwaukee.

Old Publications

(By a Regular Contributor.)

I am still with Ossian and in the misty past. Before laying down the volume I must extract from it a confession of the translator Macpherson. It will be remembered that I pointed out, in recent issues, that Macpherson had taken almost every means, short of a plain assertion, to leave the impression that he had been the real author of the poems ascribed to Ossian, and that the latter was a mere myth. Here and there under passages in Ossian's poems the translator has entered notes, or explanatory comments, generally at the foot of the page with the usual asterisks. I will quote the first verse of the great poem "Cath-Loda," and then give the note that Macpherson subjoins—mark them both well.

Ossian sings: "Whence is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many colored sides? I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams on a distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war. There, silent, dwells a feeble race. They mark no years with their deeds as slow they pass along. Dweller between the shields; thou that awakest the falling soul, descend from thy wall, harp of Cora, with thy voices three. Come with that which kindles the past; rear the forms of old on their own dark-brown years. Uthorno, hill of storms, I behold my race on thy sides. Fingal is bending in night, over Duthmaru's tomb."

Here comes in Macpherson's queer note, it runs thus:

"The bards, who were always ready to supply what they thought deficient in the poems of Ossian, have inserted a great many incidents between the second and third Duan (canto) of Cath-Loda. Their interpolations are so easily distinguished from the genuine remains of Ossian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally reject them. If the modern Scots and Irish bards have shewn any judgment, it is in ascribing their own compositions to names of antiquity, for, by that means, they themselves have escaped that contempt which the authors of such futile performances must necessarily have met with, from people of true taste. I was led into this observation, by an Irish poem, just now before me. It concerns a descent made by Swaran, King of Lochlin, on Ireland, and is the work, says the traditional preface to it, of Ossian MacFion. It, however, appears from several pious ejaculations, that it was rather the composition of some good priest, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, for he speaks with great devotion of a pilgrimage, and more particularly of the blue-eyed daughters of the convent. Religious, however, as the poet was, he was not altogether moral in the scenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of Conguillon, both of whom he represents as giants."

No more need I quote for the present. By this note, however founded in truth, or authentic, the criticism it contains may be, it is clear that Macpherson acknowledges the reality of Ossian. For the statement that the ancient poet had modern imitators, who sought to escape the condemnation their mediocrity deserved, by ascribing their faulty compositions to him, is sufficiently acknowledgment of the genuineness of Ossian, the reality of his personality, and the great antiquity of his work. Thus does Macpherson, in a moment of honest literary criticism, clearly upset all the impressions he otherwise has sought to create as to the non-existence of Ossian, and as to his own originality in the poems that he had translated.

At the time when Macpherson published his productions it was quite possible to make the general reading public believe that there were no older, or pre-Christian Irish or Celtic works of importance. But today, in presence of all the discoveries in the rich mines of Celtic letters, that have been made, and in the presence of the volumes—manuscript and illuminated—that are deposited in the Library of Trinity College, in the British Museum, and in other great collections (all open to the student of to-day) it would be absolutely impossible for any man to make the world agree with such an assertion.

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Who or what Ossian really was may be a matter of conjecture; even if that were his right name may be made a subject of doubt. But that a poet existed, some two or three centuries before Christ, who wrote the immortal epic of Fingal, is just as certain as that, in ancient Greece, there dwelt some men who penned the Odyssey. Homer he is called; that may or may not have been his name; he may or may not have been blind in later years, as was Ossian; he may or may not have begged his bread from town to town; he may or may not have died in misery on the Island Chao; cities may or may not have contended for the honor of being his birthplace. All this may be historically true, or it may be legend but one irrefutable fact remains—the self-evident fact that some one, in the days when Homer is said to have lived, did compose the immortal epics that have come down to us upon the stream of classics lore from the most remote antiquity. They certainly were not fabricated in modern times and ascribed to a myth called Homer. And the same stands good in regard to Ossian and his works. By whomsoever they were composed, it certainly was not at the end of the eighteenth century by Mr. Macpherson.

I may add, in closing that it is a pity, for Macpherson's own sake, that he should have so foolishly marred his otherwise magnificent work. Had he been satisfied with the honest credit of a translator, his name would have gone down to posterity side by side with Pope and Lafontaine—he being greater as a translator than either of them.

FRANCO-IRISH LITTERATEURS.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

In glancing over the most attractive works that we have in the splendid French-Canadian literature of the past fifty years, one cannot help being struck by the remarkably large number (proportionately speaking) of Irish names that the most popular writers possess. Especially is it so in the domain of poetry. Apart from Cremazie, in the "fifties" and Frechette in the last half of the past century, few of the poets have risen to the first rank. Not that many of them have not written as delightful, as poetic and as perfect verses as these two, but because none of them wrote as much as Frechette and none had the happy combination of pioneer circumstances that surrounded Cremazie to help them to fame. But there is a long list of them, and none of them have published anything mediocre; they all have risen, at given moments (if only for one short flight) into the atmosphere of the sublime.

During the past few months, the Canadian press has been filled with extracts from the works of Emile Nelligan, and with biographical sketches of the young poet, whose bright spirit took too early a flight from earth to heaven. Like Davis, like Chatterton, like Keats, like Poe, the poet Nelligan died very young; but not until he had left behind him infallible proof of the genius that he possessed, and evidence of what he might have become if he had only lived to maturity. What a pity such a flower should have perished under the chill breath of spring frosts. His was a genuine Irish name.

Then we have James Donnelly. Nothing in French-Canadian letters surpasses his wonderful poems. They were the admiration and the astonishment of all who read them, as they appeared. But Donnelly,

though by education, and greatly in sentiment, was French, he was purely and simply Irish by parentage and character. Yet he has contributed priceless gems to the casket of French-Canadian letters.

In passing we might mention "Francoise," the eloquent and brilliant editress of that admirable literary publication—"Le Journal de Francoise." She, as all know so well, is Miss Barry. It is true, on her father's side, there is genuine Irish blood—but her education and her lofty ideals learned from her mother, and at the knees of the best and most religious teachers in our land, have enabled her to do miracles for French-Canadian literature and journalism.

There is not a more popular, more charming, more versatile pen in all Canada to-day than that which is wielded by that sweet and lovable "chronicler" of La Patrie, the now famous "Madeleine." She is Miss Gleason—pure Irish on her father's side, and having, as she delicately expressed it, "three lands to love—Ireland, France and Canada." When we peruse the delightful lives of the poet Gill, and think that his young spirit ranges the hills of poetry, wrapped in the golden mantle of the beautiful language of old France, we pause and ask how comes he by such a name? Yet he is a French-Canadian poet, and a son of the soil in the truest acceptance of the term.

It was only the other day that all literary France arose to acclaim and honor the morning star of French-Canadian letters—Mr. William Chapman. His success, which culminated in honors from the French academy and decorations from the French Government, as his magnificent volume "Les Aspirations" appeared in Paris, is the most astounding in this century. With his English name, his Catholic principles, and his Canadian genius, he landed amongst the infidel litterateurs of France, and forced them to bow down in acknowledgment of his superiority. Nor did he lose aught on account of his glorious songs in honor of Christ.

As we reflect on all these things, we think what a golden bond of union these facts should establish between our two races in Canada.

ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN.

As to the facility or the reverse of obtaining entrance to the Vatican, it is a curious fact that a Protestant lady, one of the many who have undertaken the arduous task of converting the Pope, did actually penetrate into the sanctuary of the apartment of Leo XII. (1823-1829).

Almost as incredible as the thing may seem, it is vouched for by Cardinal Wiseman in his "Recollections" and, I fancy, by Artand de Mentor. None the less, as things are, approach to the Pope is not easy. The Vatican has its bronze door and the gate of entrance opposite the Mint, and besides these two it has doors communicating with St. Peter's; that of the sculpture galleries and others. Of the two public entrances, one is for carriages, the other for pedestrians. Outside the latter, the bronze door, there are Italian carabinieri and Roman police in uniform and in civilian's clothes; doubtless the police take note of Vatican adherents from what they see, but their principal and obvious duty is that of public order, and they exercise it regularly.

At the door stands always a Swiss who, unless he recognizes a person, inquires the purpose of each one entering. Near him is a picket of the same guard. If those entering go up the stairway of Pius IX, on the

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right, they find a posse of carbiniers who question them more closely. If they can pass these, they are more carbiniers or Swiss at the foot and on the landings of the grand stairway leading to the Papal apartments. To enter this last they must cross a redoubting of guards of various sorts, chamberlains, lay and clerical, and intelligent servants, all in goodly number.

Each anteroom thereafter has its chamberlains of various order. The master of the chamber, the major-domo, or some other prelate or functionary of about equal rank, is generally on duty, as are the commanders of the various military corps. I will not speak of the watchful, incredulous eyes of Msgr. Bressan, the Papal private secretary, nor of the second private secretary, Don Pessini. Of course, everything is possible, even that the lofty walls built by mediaval Popes around what is now the garden villa, should be scaled, but this story of an anarchist or similar outrage at the Vatican is one of the commonplaces which are treated expressly as jokes in the telegraph room of the press at San Silverstrao, and which have been used as summer time "copy" for English and American papers year in and year out.—W. J. D. Croke, in Standard and Times.

A SAD LESSON.

To amuse herself and annoy her fellow workers, Beckie Lewis threw an unfilled squib or fuse into the stove in the Dickson squip factory at Priceburg, Pa., a few days ago. There was a little explosion and the squib hopped out of the stove and into a pail of liquid sulphur close by. Then there was another explosion, followed by a third, when 200 pounds of powder blew up, tearing the building into fragments. Nine employees were killed, including Beckie Lewis, several were injured, and great damage to buildings done.

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A CHAIR OF HISTORY Knights of Columbus seeing great and good work, evidence of their activity lag of a fifty thousand d for the establishment of t History in the Catholic U. America. Elsewhere in th he found a detailed repo proceedings connected with sation of the amount, plate last week. There is sign of the times, and a able one, in this. Of all profane learning, we kno that is more important t Catholic History. To th perfect knowledge on that ant subject, much of the e day are to be assigned. knowledge of the princip tic and moral—of our h the next most essential s the Catholic to fully gras the history of the Church connected therewith.

ST. PATRICK'S DIGNITY correspondent "Crux," in cond last issue, dwelt upon ject of St. Patrick's birth rentage and titles. It w remembered that he call the fact that St. Patrick ber of the Order of the stituted by Constantine t and that hence the name one of the most noble in corroboration of this, a C ologist, Professor Franz in a recent discourse, said "At the time of the b Saviour, the Irish were surpassed in culture, learn arts only by the Greeks a mans. Their language w rude dialect, without a li even an alphabet, as was German and the Saxon. There existed, long before t St. Patrick, a regular fo ernment with a well-bal of laws and the congress people assembled tri-ann halls of Tara—peer of th senate." This indicates that not St. Patrick a patrician, when he came to Ireland there an assembly the me which were of an order as