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L. LYMAN,
Attorney,
h February, 1908.

The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Vol. 36
Gardien de la Salle
de Lectur-
Feb 19 1908
Assemblée Legislative

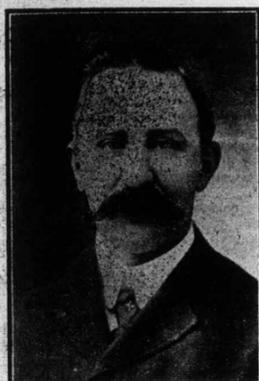
General and Route of Procession

The Societies will proceed direct from their respective Halls at 9.00 a.m. to St. Patrick's Church for Grand Mass, which will begin at 9.30 sharp.

AFTER GRAND MASS

The procession will form on Lagachetiere Street, and Beaver Hall and proceed by way of Victoria Square, St. James and Inspector Streets, Chaboulliez Square, Colborne, Ottawa, Murray, Wellington, McCord, Notre Dame, McGill and St. Alexander Streets to St. Patrick's Hall.

Order of Procession



Ald. Thomas O'Connell, Marshal-in-Chief

BAND—FLAG

- 1. Hibernian Knights (in Uniform.)
The Ancient Order of Hibernians.

BAND

- 2. Congregation of St. Michael.

BAND

- 3. The Congregation of St. Agnes.
- 4. The Congregation of St. Gabriel.
(Not members of any Society.)
- 5. The St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society.
- 6. The St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society.
- 7. The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence Benefit Society.
- 8. The Congregation of St. Anthony.
- 9. St. Anthony's Young Men's Society.
- 10. The Congregation of St. Mary.
(Not members of any Society.)

BAND—BANNER

- 11. St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
- 12. The Congregation of St. Ann.
(Not members of any Society.)
- 13. St. Ann's Juvenile Temperance Society.

BAND—FLAG

- 14. St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

BAND—BANNER

- 15. St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society

BAND—BANNER

- 16. Congregation of St. Patrick.
(Not members of any Society.)
- 17. Boys of St. Patrick's Christian Brother's School.

BAND—FLAG

- 18. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.

BAND—FATHER MATHEW BANNER

- 19. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.

BAND—BANNER

- 20. St. Patrick's Society.
The Mayor and Invited Guests.
The Clergy.



Lines on St. Patrick's Day

(Written for True Witness.)

Go many Dhea, true men all!
To each and every one all hail!
May heaven's best blessings freely fall
On those who love the Clan-na-Gael!
This is old Ireland's first of days,
Her proudest feast of all the year;
Let toil and trouble go their ways,
Give not to grief one parting tear!

Where'er the errant winds may blow
In storm or sun, in east or west,
By tropic strand or blinding snow,
Throbs there one manly Irish breast,
Then did it beat more fast and free
When darkness died this happy morn
Shuid urth, my friend, whoe'er you be,
Since you are true and Irish born.

In Erin's cities, fine and fair,
Right merrily the church bells play,
And honest townfolk everywhere
Are keeping joyful holiday;
In every hamlet, on her soil,
By rugged path or smooth boren,
They lay aside their deersot toil,
And dance the mournneen on the green.

And they who tread on foreign earth,
Far from Ierna's sacred isle;
In reverent prayer, in matchless mirth,
Shall every fleeting hour beguile.
If chill the hearth, the heart's alight
If spare the board, the welcome's kind;
In loyal homage all unite—
A spectacle to cold mankind!

Haply the saint in days gone by,
Musing alone by Laggan's flood,
Saw, with a keen, prophetic eye,
Our fealty—proof to bonds and blood;
Then, sure, the joy of victory's hour

Must in his bosom have found place,
As, lifting up his hand of power,
He called a blessing on the race!
Ah, bless us, master! Words re-veal

But little that the heart would say,
By sun and wind! The love we feel
Was never stronger than to-day!
Till Doehra fall on Skibbereen
And Scariff sink beneath the sea,
We will not scorn the knot of green,
Nor turn from Erin, nor from these!

THOMAS S. BANKS.
Edward Murphy School, Montreal.

Self Control the Watchword.

Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking in the East End of London, said they were living in a day when too many people wanted to be like a motor and to run through the ways of life at top speed. It could not be done without a breakdown or a collision or both. It was a waste of time to be everywhere at timetriving to be everywhere at once. "The fact is," he said "if man's chief mission in life be to leave a dust after him, he ought

not to have been a human being at all, but only a glorified dustbin." Father Vaughan declared that it was far more important for a man to look to his break-gear than to his speed-gear. Self-control was the word for 1908. He sincerely hoped and devoutly prayed that during the year each one of his countrymen would see that he was on the right road and going the right pace, so that at the end of life's journey he might make sure of slowing into the right station.



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GOD SAVE IRELAND.

Professor Fowler's Retirement as Organist of St. Patrick's.



PROF. FOWLER.

Much surprise and regret has been expressed at the news of Prof. Fowler's retirement as organist of St. Patrick's Church. Owing to great pressure this week we are unable to give a write-up but will take much pleasure in giving space to an appreciation of this gentleman, who has given so many years of his life as organist in the oldest parish of the city.

Cathedral. On the evening of April 28 Pontifical Vespers will be celebrated by the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Diomedo Falconio, D.D., Cardinal Gibbons will deliver the anniversary sermon.

The remainder of the week will be devoted to receptions at the Archbishop's residence at 452 Madison avenue and at other ecclesiastical residences; to mass meetings, street parades of Catholic societies, and to special services in the churches.

The diocese had for its first head the Rt. Rev. Luke Concanen, who was consecrated April 24, 1808, and died on June 19, 1810. The second Bishop was the Rt. Rev. John Connolly, who presided over the diocese from 1814 until 1825. He was succeeded by the Rt. Rev. John Dubois, who died in 1842. The fourth was the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, who came to the see in 1842 and became the first Archbishop on the elevation of the see on July 19, 1850. Cardinal McCloskey was the second Archbishop, presiding from 1864 until 1885, when he was succeeded by the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, whose death occurred in 1902. Since that time the Most Rev. John M. Farley, D.D., has served as Archbishop.

The Cathedral at Fifth avenue and 50th street was projected by Archbishop Hughes in 1850. The plans were drawn soon after by Architect Renwick, the cornerstone was laid in 1858, and the Cathedral was opened in 1879. Its seating capacity is 5,000.

Pilgrimage to Rome.

Advantage of European Travel With a Catholic Party.

Before deciding on a European vacation trip, why not communicate with McGrane's Catholic Tours, 187 Broadway, N. Y. City, and provide for companionship with congenial people of your own kind, have the privilege of hearing Mass on the steamer, an audience with the Holy Father in his jubilee year, travel on special railway trains in Europe, and return pleased with not only all you have seen, but in the acquaintances which you have made.

When one considers the disadvantages of travelling through Europe and lack of sociability, it must be admitted that the advantage is all on the side of party travel, provided the date, company, itinerary and management is satisfactory.

Centennial of New York Diocese.

The centenary of the diocese of New York, which occurs April 8, will be observed with a noteworthy celebration on April 26, after the close of Lent.

Two Cardinals will be present, Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, in Ireland, the diocese founded by St. Patrick, and Cardinal Gibbons. In addition there will be present the Apostolic delegate and most notable ecclesiastics of the Church in America. The festival will begin at 11 o'clock on the morning of April 26, with solemn high Masses and thanksgiving in all the churches. On April 28 Pontifical Mass will be celebrated by Cardinal Logue in the

Francis Thompson Mystic and Poet.

Dr. Wilfred Meynell, the English editor and reviewer, husband of Alice Meynell, poet and essayist, discovered the late Francis Thompson and reclaimed him when he was wandering in poverty and misery in the streets of London, says a writer in the Catholic Universe. He placed the poet in surroundings where his genius could best express itself, gave him friends, encouragement, and such appreciation and sympathy as can reach a mind as remote from the common interests of men, as mystical in its visions, as profound in its insight, as that of Francis Thompson. Convinced that no one could write of a man whose life was a tragedy, and that no one could write of a man whose life was a tragedy, and that no one could write of a man whose life was a tragedy...

But we were already at our ward, and Francis Thompson, docile as a child, divested himself—what was left of himself—of his outward garments, and sank with a sigh of relief into the narrow bed, in which he was to die. But he did not divest himself of quite everything. There was a medal around his neck—a Catholic emblem tied with a piece of not too cleanly string. This he kept through his ten days' delay, with us—his worn fingers often assuring themselves that it was safe. In his other hand he held faithfully the book of a popular living humorist! His time of high thinking was over, and he craved light comedy. I think "Many Carriages" bore its strangest and noblest freight when it helped Thompson through that last passage. It is nineteen years since a little roll of manuscript was posted to an editor at Charing Cross by a man with all the outward appearances of a tramp. His clothes were ragged; his features had the stamp of privation. The paper, too, on which the verses were written was "not too clean"—like the poet's—"not too clean stable" of Bethlehem. Pearls dwell in the fetid oyster, and these soiled sheets held the purest poetry. The happy editor made haste to discover the writer. He sought to waylay him by day in the streets, and at a certain chemist's in Drury Lane; and by night under London's sheltering archways in London's dismal rain. At last the wanderer was found. Little by little we learned that Francis Thompson was the son of a doctor in Lancashire had been educated at Ushaw College, near Durham—the college of Charles Wetherhead, and Dr. Lingard and Lafcadio Hearn—where he had nearly become a priest, and at Owen's College, Manchester, where he had never nearly become a doctor, though that was what he had been sent there to become. Be sure his failure distressed and perplexed his father, who saw, not as we see, the genius, but only the apparently rebellious boy. Hidden from that parent were the heart and brain—of his own conceiving. The people about no more suspected his power than the man in the street, seeing the tramp posting his soiled envelope, guessed that what bulged the bedraggled coat pocket were two books—"Echylus" and "Blake." They did not know, as he knew, that he labored under what he called "The curse of the destitute verse."

So he found himself in London streets, as De Quincey did, and began, at that early time, to doctor himself disastrously with laudanum to palliate the miseries of his mind and the pangs of disease—consumption—of which he finally died. Laudanum made of Francis Thompson an exile through all the rest of his life; but an outcast never. He bore a fine dignity through every assault of bodily vicissitudes. When Browning saw some of these first verses of Thompson's, he at once pronounced them "extraordinary," and expressed a "confident expectation" of the poet's success, and this, although Browning, very shrewd as he was, lacked Thompson's celestial vision; and, knowing as he was, yet did not know the things pertaining to spiritual imagination. But that was Thompson's luck—to be so richly endowed that, if you missed him in what you thought was his essential greatness, you yet found in his mere byways and blind alleys riches enough and to spare. It has been well said that the images he rejected would have made the fortune of any other half dozen poets of his time. "Sister Songs" was the second of Thompson's books. The "Poems," published two years earlier—in 1893—sufficed by themselves for his fame. They caught at once at the heart of the lover of English poetry. Vision and thought found expression worthy of them; unlike his poor self, a soul in an unfit tenement, and one, conduit pipe, as he called himself, "running wine of song." The phrasing was glorious—transfiguring. The "Love in Dian's Lap" section, which Coventry Patmore rather mildly said that Laura would have envied, showed Thompson's sonship to Dante, and added another name to those of the troubadours of Fair Love, passionately pure—to the high company of Crashaw, Patmore and Rossetti. The poems to children, "Daisy," "Poppy," "Monica," "Thought Dying," and the rest, give a new experience even to the expert in child lore. That these song children will live forever, I gather that he knew, for, speaking "To my godchild, Francis M.," he says in noble numbers: "And when immortal mortal droops your head, And you, the child of deathless song, are dead, Then, when you search with unaccustomed glance, The ranks of Paradise for my countenance, Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod Among the bearded counselors of God; For, if in Eden as on earth are we, I sure shall keep a younger company. Pass the crystalline sea, the Lam-pads seven, Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven!" The "Poems" include "The Hound of Heaven," that pursuit of the fleeing soul by Christ which moved Burne-Jones more than any other poem, "since Gabriel wrote his 'Blessed Damozel,'" and the reading of which made him dress himself again after he had gone to bed, so sweet was the abstraction and perturbation the poem caused. In the "New Poems" Thompson preached more starkly his gospel of renunciation for those who would find favor from the Mistress of Vision: "Pierce thy heart to find the key, With these take Only what none else would keep; Plow thou the rock until it bears, Die, for none other way canst live."

The poet had enjoined his godson to seek for him "in the nurseries of Heaven," and we counted it a strange and even comforting coincidence that when we had chosen his grave in the "blear necropolis" of London, we saw a seemingly vacant plot of greenery adjoining it; and, on inquiry, were told it was named "Holy Innocents' Ground," being planted with the bodies of unrecorded babes. So now he and they share the same cold playground, these unnamed children and this child of genius whose name shall stand forever. Flowers laid with him in his grave, George Meredith's roses, violets, grown in "kindred turf" from the lady of "Love in Dian's Lap," boy leaves from his muck-song "Monica"—these were frail symbols of the laurels on his "unwithering brow."

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The Present Position of Catholics.

More than half a century has passed since Cardinal Newman delivered his famous "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England." The label was one that even a decade of years was bound to render antiquated; for the Present is transformed to the Past under our eyes, and the Cardinal himself lived long enough to see the contents of his addresses so far on their way as to justify that honest warning of impending staleness which his very title-page conveyed. Looking back to-day on the picture of the Catholic position as he saw it, we may feel that the Cardinal showed his accustomed acumen even in the transiency of his title-page. Moreover, helped by two such volumes as now lie at hand—The Catholic Directory of 1908 and The Catholic Who's Who—we may estimate the more easily the great advances made by Catholics in the fifty years that have intervened. The material increase is told in the vast multiplication of churches and convents, a familiar tale, and one, we may fairly hope, that stands for a growth of things spiritual answering to the growth of things temporal. The Catholic Directory has lived long enough to be a witness of this great revival. It was there when it had to record by only hundreds the institutions that Bishop Johnson now reckons by thousands. And the other volume, newer-coming though it be, bears a witness not less apt because so personal—a witness which Cardinal Newman would have been the first to welcome had he lived to see it. When, at a period midway between the present date and that of his lectures, a list of "Rome's Recruits" was first tentatively printed in a newspaper, it gained at his hands its warmest greeting. For the Cardinal held that the number and significance of the names would tend to lessen the public prejudice that had accustomed itself to account Catholics men all of one mould, and that the meanness. And if the mere accessions to the Church scattered to the winds that idle proposition, how utterly vain does it become in face of this fuller roll-call of Catholics—those that were born to the purple no less than those who trod themselves the thousand paths that lead to Rome, the Catholics not of these islands only, but of all the Empire, and no mere enumeration of names but biographies, which, brief as they are, indicate the presence of adherents of the old religion in every department of the national life in which character counts and talents tell. If there is one passage more clinging to the memory than another in the Cardinal's lectures, it is surely that in which he depicts the Catholic as an alien, if not an outcast, in the eyes of his Protestant fellow-countryman. He was hintest almost in touch with the times when the "Romanist" was regarded as a "freak"; when his "chapel" was hidden away behind heavy and often misleading doors in a blind alley, and when the priest offered to non-Catholics this only alternative—was he a knave or was he a fool? That is all ancient history now. The last fifty years in particular have been at work to break down those insensate barriers. The priest has been the Protestant's colleague on the School Board; he has sat beside him on emergency committees of all kinds in times of peril and privation; he has relations with him in private life. The tide of conversions has swept round all our coasts, and the very storms it brewed have cast up the treasure that calm waters never yield. If as Catholics we have a right to a Catholic who's who of our own, as Englishmen we are none the less part and parcel of the nation in its best aspirations and ideals. There is nothing foreign about us except what is accidental. The casual taunt of Archbishop Benson when he calls us "the Italian Mission" is best rebutted by the accession to that same mission of his own son. The first name on the list of The Catholic Who's Who—a very English name it is too—is that of Mr. Arthur A. Beckett, who, like Mr. Louis Garvin, Mr. Richard Davey, Mr. Harold Spender, and others in the book—not for a moment forgetting its editor, Sir F. C. Burnand himself—have distinguished themselves in that peculiarly English institution—an untrammeled and an unsubsidized press. In many another department of its amusements and its instructions has the great British public been beholden to Catholics. It lends a listening ear to the voices of Patti and



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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person; residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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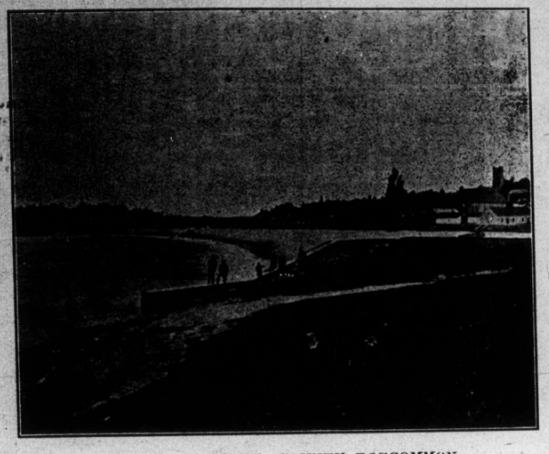
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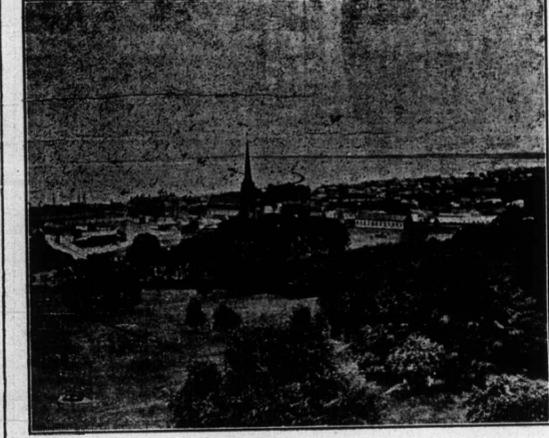
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Famous Irish Town.



TOWN OF ATHLONE, COUNTY ROSCOMMON.

The strong town of "stout Athlone" is one of the oldest in Ireland, and stands on both banks of the Shannon, in the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon, nine miles from the ruins of Clonmacnoise, or the Seven Churches. It derives its name, according to some authorities, from the Gaelic Ath-Luan—the Ford of the Moon—according to others from Ath-Luan—the Ford of the Rapids. Professor Joyce takes a widely different view, holding that it was originally called Ath-More—Great Ford—and that its modern appellation is derived from the name of a man called Luan. However this may be, the place sprang into importance, as a military stronghold, in the reign of King John, when the castle was built. Since the fourteenth century it has been regarded as a key to the possession of Ireland. The English monarchs always placed a high estimate on its value as a strategic point, and it has been the scene of more battles and investments than any other Irish fortress, with the exception of Limerick, its sister in renown. In addition to its vicissitudes during the Williamite wars, it was captured by the Parliament during the Cromwellian period, during the notorious "So-help-me-God" renegade, Judge Keogh, who cut his throat, like Castlereagh, was elected from Athlone to Parliament in the early fifties of last century, and his country at the first opportunity,



WEXFORD TOWN.

The name of this celebrated place comes from the Danish "Weisford," by some authorities translated "white inlet," and by others "washed by the sea." It was captured by Robert Fitzstephan, who led "Strongbow's" van, in 1169, and became for a time the headquarters of the first Norman invaders. Henry II sailed from Ath-Luan in 1173. It fell into the hands of Cromwell, through the treachery of the Anglo-Irish captain, James Stafford, who had command of the Castle, in October, 1649. On this occasion 2000 surrendered soldiers were put to the sword, and 800 maids and matrons, the flower of Wexford's fair woman, were butchered by the order of the great cross, planted in the public square. The married women begged for mercy for their infants, but in vain. Cromwell was determined to repeat the horrid tragedy of Drogheda, and the beautiful and innocent were doomed to die. In the great Irish rebellion of 1798, Wexford played a conspicuous part. It was taken and held by the insurgents after the capture of Ennisecorthy, and remained three weeks in their possession, under the governorship of Matthew Keogh, who finally made terms with his prisoner, Lord Kingsborough, which were repudiated by General Lake. The latter entered the town, at the head of his army, and had Governor Keogh and other leaders hanged. Wexford is situated on the south side of the Staney, where it enters the harbor.

case of her death, to bring her remains back to be laid at rest among her own kin and kin. The bereaved young man faithfully fulfilled every request made by his dying wife. The remains were first brought to the Cathedral at Three Rivers, where funeral proceeded to the church and thence were borne off on the train to Carleton Place, and here rested till the morning of the 27th ult. From Carleton Place the funeral proceeded to the church and cemetery of St. Clare of Goulbourn, known as the church and cemetery of the Soldier. At this last place, Father C. Mahugh, a cousin of the deceased, performed the last sad rites over the dead mother child. On the same day a gran-

uncle of this young woman, Mrs. John Weathers, was also being buried in the adjoining parish of Richmond. Mrs. Theveige was affable and kind and highly esteemed by all her acquaintances. She had many warm friends in her new home among her husband's people in Three Rivers. To mourn her untimely end she leaves a husband, parents, four brothers and three sisters, to all of whom the condolence of sympathetic public is cordially extended. May her soul rest in peace.

MARTYR. Begged Them to Stay. Writing from his diocese in Cebu, Philippines, Bishop Hendrick in the Philippines, says he is in America soon. "I am not going for pleasure," he says, "but in the interest of our little for our poor Filipinos. I don't think ask about my people. I don't think any Bishop in the world ever has better people than there are in this diocese of Cebu. They come nearer to fulfillment of Our Lord's precept, 'unless you become as little children.' I hope the mercy of God may let me in, for I know that there will be multitudes from the diocese of Cebu. They have always treated me with the affection and loyalty of children. "It is terribly hard, however, to travel around through these islands and see poor little chapels and churches unattended for ten years or more, and the poor people dying without the sacraments, for there are none to serve them. We have now thirty-four parishes that have been without priests for ten years or more. When I arrived there were twice as many, but the coming of religious helped to reduce the number of vacant parishes. "The Redemptorists from Ireland are having wonderful success. They

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had great difficulties at first, but they have conquered almost all. They have been giving missions, and the poor people, at the end of their missions, would kneel down and cling to their habits begging them with loud cries and with tears to stay. Then delegations came afterwards asking me to use my influence to keep them. It is very consoling to see how they work, all the time, never sparing themselves. They will do wonders here."

The Excommunication of Napoleon.

In a frenzy of rage the Emperor made answer to this complaint from the French camp at Schoenbrunn by declaring Rome an Imperial and free city. On June 10, 1809, the Pontifical standard was taken down from Castle San Angelo and the tricolor hoisted in its place. The same day Pius VII. and Cardinal Pacca, hearing of the event, exclaimed sorrowfully, in the words of the dying Saviour: "Consummatus est." The Pope had long felt the necessity of excommunicating his enemies, but had foreborne up to this time in the hope that the Emperor might display some spirit of repentance. As soon as he perceived that such hope was groundless he only needed this crowning act of sacrilege to close the doors of his heart, and to proceed to make use of the spiritual arms of the Church. That same night the venerable Pontiff signed the bull of excommunication against Napoleon and all concerned in this spoliation. A courageous man was found who, before the morning, affixed this bull to the doors of the principal churches of Rome. It was, of course, torn down as soon as discovered, and carried to Napoleon, who was then in camp at Vienna. Two years before, in July, 1807, the Emperor had asked scornfully: "What does the Pope mean by the threat of excommunicating me? Does he suppose that the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" It was but a few years later when the arms did actually fall from the hands of his soldiers in the great retreat from Moscow, when famine and cold drove them from their grasp.—"From the Church and the First Empire," by Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, in Donahoe's for January.

Irish Learning in the Middle Ages.

In a letter to the Dublin Freeman's Journal, Stephen V. Eton says: "Your reference to the recent publication by the Royal Irish Academy of Mario Esposito's astronomical treatise by an Irish Monk Dicuil, who lived about 775-850 A.D., prompts me to send you a few extracts and quotations which may prove equally interesting to your readers. Spalding (when speaking of the indefatigable industry of the monks we should not now be able to do justice to the genius of Cicero and Demosthenes, nor be charmed with the beautiful strains of Homer or Virgil." Consequently, it is to be deplored that nearly two centuries, commencing in the reign of Henry VIII., the destruction of the manuscript treasures of the monasteries, the principal if not the only depositories of such was decreed, as if essential to accomplish the object desired, at least it would appear so, as the editor went forth that all should be destroyed; so, as far as possible, the same were given to the flames; and as the libraries contained hundreds of manuscripts on every known subject, the loss was irreplaceable. Referring to the remarkable period, 500 to 850 A.D., or thereabouts, Ireland's Golden Age—Montalembert has written, "That Ireland was then regarded by all Christian Europe as the principal center of knowledge and piety. In the shelter of its numberless monasteries a crowd of missionaries, doctors and preachers were educated for the church and the propagation of a faith in all Christian countries. A vast and continual development of literary and religious effects in there apparent, superior to anything that could be seen in any other country in Europe." Proof of this is given, because during that period the monasteries, which were the only schools, gradually became remarkable centres of learning. The School of Armagh at one time had seven thousand students; Bangor, three thousand; those of Clonard, Durrow, Clonmacnoise, Lismore, Clonfert and many others were also crowded. The British historian, Green, writes: "The science and Biblical knowledge which fled from the continent took refuge in the famous schools of Armagh and Durrow, the universities of the West. In them were trained an entire population of philosophers, writers, architects, painters, historians, poets, musicians, calligraphers and carvers, but above all missionaries and preachers, destined to spread the light of the Gospel and Christian education, not only in all Celtic countries, of which Ireland was always the nursing mother, but throughout

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Europe, among all the Teutonic races, amongst the Franks and Burgundians, who were already masters of France, as well as amid the dwellers of the Rhine and Danube, and up to the frontiers of Italy." Among the famous Irishmen who carried the light of the Gospel and the blessings of Christian education and civilization over Europe were St. Columbkille, from Clonard, afterwards Abbot of Iona, the Apostle of Scotland. St. Columbanus became the Apostle of Eastern France, where he founded the famous monastery at Bobbio, where his tomb still attracts pilgrims. St. Gall converted Switzerland, where his name is yet venerated. St. Aidan founded the great monastery at Lindisfarne, and his monks converted northern England. St. Malduiph established the celebrated Abbey at Glastonbury, where he taught St. Alhhelm, the first of the Saxons who wrote in Latin. St. Cuthbert was an Apostolic light in northern England. St. Killian died for the faith in Germany. He is honored as the Apostle of Bavaria. St. Donatus became Bishop of Fiesole, in Italy, and Germany honors one hundred and fifty-six Irish saints, of whom thirty-six were martyrs. Forty-five Irish saints find a place in the calendar of France, while forty-four are venerated in England. Belgium honors thirty; Italy, and Norway and Iceland eight; all of whom are martyrs. Undoubtedly Ireland was at that time the school of Europe, as well as the Insula Sanctorum, being a happy, prosperous and independent nation. Camden says: "The Anglo-Saxons went in those times to Ireland, as if to a fair, to purchase knowledge, and we often find that if a person is absent, it was generally said of him, by way of a proverb, that he was sent to Ireland to receive his education. Prince Alfred of Northumbria (A. D. 895) spent many years studying philosophy and the sciences, and in traveling through the country, very many no doubt being familiar with his famous poem in which he gives an account of what he saw. Alfred the Great was also a student in Ireland.

necessary church, sacristy and other appurtenances; and for the payment of all expenses occasioned by this reconstruction; to form a syndic office having all the powers, rights and obligations required and necessary for the ends of said reconstruction, the assessment and everything else required in similar cases; to authorize the Fabrique to give to the Syndic to use for the said reconstruction, all the moneys they can dispose of, proceeding from the insurance on the old church destroyed by fire; and to authorize the said Fabrique to lend to the Syndic for the ends of said reconstruction all sums of said reconstruction, all sums of money which it can dispose of the immovable possessions commonly known under the name of "land of the Fabrique." JOS. A. DESCARRIES, Of the firm of Cressé & Descaries, Attorneys. Montreal, Feb. 11, 1908.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing as dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Emphysema, disfiguring Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

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This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very fine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other medicinal herbs. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. G. N. Loomer, writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and I have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors who was more than pleased with the result." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Beware of cheap imitations. Trade wrapper, and three pine trees mark. Beware of cheap imitations. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

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Shrine at Waubaushene

On Site of Jesuit Massacre.

Subject of Much Discussion.—Letter in an Orillia Paper in which Rev. A. E. Jones, S. J., and other distinguished Scholars are Criticized.—Refutation by the learned Archivist of St. Mary's College this City.

COAST-LINE NEAR MOUTH.
Considering now the coast-line, we see that the bay, which Mr. Hunter takes for the outlet of the North River, lies about three miles north of what he accepts as the opening of the bay into which the Coldwater River flows, and that the correct tracing on modern maps places the mouth of the Severn due north also of the mouth of the Coldwater, while the North River is correctly made to flow into Coldwater Bay. From this it follows the river which Mr. Hunter contends is the North River is not that river but the Severn, especially as a stretch of coast line three miles long would intervene between the mouths of the two rivers.

A glance at the northern coast-line of Greater Matchedash Bay makes Mr. Hunter's self-evident proposition, if possible, still more untenable. The trend of the extreme south-west shore of Baxter Township, beginning just outside the bay at Fort Severn, from Moreau Rock to the extremity of Moore Point, let us say, according to Government charts, is within eight degrees of north-west. A line drawn, on Ducreux's map, tangent to the forelands, at the each and west of his coast-line, which begins just outside the bay at Chionkiaea, takes within a few degrees the same trend. Therefore the bay where Chionkiaea is marked is the mouth of the Severn. Again, if the river whose mouth is at Chionkiaea is the North River, and if the Severn is "several miles further east," as Mr. Hunter affirms (Relations, Cleveland edit., vol. 20, p. 305), where is he to find place for the bay which exists at the Severn, seeing that there is no coast-line further east?

To put it in another way: The only bays, east of the Wye, in all the Greater Matchedash Inlet, into which rivers empty as traced on modern maps, are four in number, Victoria Harbour Bay, Sturgeon Bay (receiving the waters of that river and the North) and the bay at the mouth of the Severn. There is not another to be found. On Ducreux's map, in the inlet corresponding to the Greater Matchedash, there are the four bays east of the Wye, and four only. The first three, as all acknowledge, correspond to Victoria Harbour Bay, Sturgeon Bay and Coldwater Bay. If this be so, to what bay on the modern map does Ducreux's fourth bay correspond? Momentous question? One would think that any mortal, or child of mortal, capable of understanding the query, could manage to find no other answer save the correct one. But Mr. Andrew Hunter's answer is: it corresponds to the bay at the mouth of the North River!

THE LAKES AT THEIR SOURCE.
(d) And here again Mr. Andrew Hunter's "evidence" runs counter to the reality. If the river whose mouth is at Chionkiaea is the North River, according to Mr. Hunter's conception, he maintains also, as is natural, that the lake lying on Ducreux's map north-east of St. Jean Baptiste is Bass Lake. In fact this was his original and principal contention, the North River theory being but a consequence.

That "Lacus Ouentarionus" is Lake Simcoe, he, with all others, finds no difficulty in admitting. Now the position of the lake in dispute occupies the exact relative position to Lake Simcoe as does Lake Couchiching. Its southern extremity faces the most northern extremity of the greater Lake precisely as Lake Couchiching does on the modern maps relative to Lake Simcoe. Were it intended to represent Bass Lake it should lie five miles west of that extremity of the greater lake. It lies so far east as to preclude the possibility of squeezing in, as it were, any other lake further in that direction, which by means of a stream (at the Narrows) could receive the outflow of the greater lake and this more especially on account of the abrupt veering southwards of the eastshore of the greater lake. Moreover, when we consider all this eastern portion of Ducreux's map we cannot fail to be struck with the exact resemblance in outline which it bears to Ram Township, and the northern part of Mara. Add to this that the greater axis of Bass Lake runs east and west, while that of Ducreux's lake is north and south inclining to the north-east, as is the case with Lake Couchiching.

RELATIVE SIZE.
As for size, the lake Mr. Hunter claims to be Bass Lake would be out of all proportion to it. On modern maps Bass Lake is given about the same area as Cranberry Lake, the latter being the "Lacus Anauites" of Ducreux. Compare this with the lake on the same map, lying north and north-west of "S. I. Baptiste," and the disproportion becomes apparent.

From all these reasons the conclusion to be drawn is that not only the small lake is not "evidently that now called Bass Lake," but that the evidence is all the other way. That "the small lake mentioned in Champlain's narrative as lying near Cahagiugé (nine miles from it) also becomes identical with Bass Lake" has been shown already to be utterly at variance with Champlain's formal statement which I quoted in full.

EVIDENCE WITH A DISTINCTION.
When I said, above, that all the evidence was against Mr. Hunter's extraordinary notion, I meant not merely what becomes plain to our reason from the testimony of others, but what stands out clearly in bold relief to the mental or physical eye; for, all the reasons embodied in this long dissertation could be taken in at a glance by any one who is not bent on not seeing. Was I not right in saying that it is no easy matter to prove what is evident? Mr. Andrew Hunter is quite content to assert that things are evident. It might have been wiser on my part to have imitated him in this, and to have opposed a simple "I" to his unsupported affirmations. It would have saved time, and not ruffled the patience of others. But I owed it as a duty to the cause of historical research in my own native Province of Ontario. Indeed it was high time to head off one who was doing harm to that cause by disseminating a perverse interpretation of Ducreux's map, that invaluable guide, just as he was striving to work injury to the shrine at St. Ignace II., now the Martyrs' Hill, by vaguely alluding to "evidence as favorable to his theory. For my part, I have just what his powers of assimilation are when he thinks he has mastered the contents of the old records; and will know moreover to what degree his conclusions, which he would force upon others, by dint of bold assertion not reasoning, are reliable.

WHERE CAHAGUE STOOD.
If Mr. Hunter is anxious now to know where Cahagiugé is to be set down on Simcoe County Map, let him first read again what I have quoted from Champlain: "We left the village (Cahagiugé) on September 1, and passed on the shore a little lake three leagues distant from the said village"; that is, as he adds, where the extensive fisheries are carried on by means of the weir described. The lake, termed "little" in comparison with Lake Simcoe, and where stakes of the old weir are occasionally drawn out of the marl even to the present day, is Lake Couchiching. Consequently let him take his compass, and place the point on the shore line near the Orillia railway station, and with an opening of three leagues, or nine miles taken on the scale, describe a quarter circle or quadrant from the north shore of Lake Simcoe up through the county. Cahagiugé should be found somewhere or near that arc.

Before determining now that "somewhere," let me draw attention to the expression used by Champlain: "nous passames sur le bord d'un petit lac," that I have translated literally, "we passed on the margin of a little lake," that is, "we skirted a little lake." It is impossible that the whole clause should mean that the nine mile journey lay continuously along the margin of the lake, as Parkman probably thought. The reason is very apparent for the lake itself was the full nine miles from Cahagiugé, so that the "skirting" began only after the nine miles had been covered, that is when having reached the present site of Orillia, they skirted the southern extremity of the lake, about as the railway now runs, till they came to the Narrows where the fishing weir had been constructed.

And now let us see where on the arc of the circle, described above, Cahagiugé should be located. On page 517 of the volume above quoted Champlain says: "And seeing the length of time they (the Hurons at 'Cahagiugé') took to get the bulk of their army together, and that I

mentioned in connection with the event recorded, but the same date, June 13, and the same number killed, twelve, are given in the same relation. (1636, p. 94, 2 col.) where Contarea is mentioned as the scene of the disaster.

A stretch in a straight line of thirty miles from Honatiria would just reach an ancient village site near Bass Lake, described by Mr. Andrew F. Hunter on lot 7, concession XIII, Oro Township, the Buchanan farm: "Considerable remains of a town or village have been found. . . The site has seven or eight acres altogether, on a raised plateau. . . there were thick deposits of ashes with relics and fragments. . . This is an important site, and I have concluded that it represents the earlier position of the 'capital' of the Rock nation. . . and was probably the town visited by Champlain and called Cahagiugé." (Oro pp. 25, 26). It should be suggested here, in Mr. Hunter's own words, "a little more attention to distances" would perhaps help to eradicate the error" (Id. p. 11.). This only brings home to us more and more that Mr. Hunter's observations should be directed to other necessary conditions besides the presence of "Red Hollyhocks."

ON A PAR WITH THE REST
And now I come to Mr. Hunter's peroration, his pathetic appeal to the "clergymen who took part in the dedication of the shrine last August." I am sure they feel greatly honored by the high estimation in which he assures him that though they are all he believes them to be, a very reverend and truth-loving body of men, he will, in this case, find them an obdurate set, not because they will not listen to reason, but because they have done so already. Mr. Hunter's hopeful view of their ultimate return to saner notions, if not in bad taste, is to say the least, out of place. They are incomparably better fitted by their mental training and natural ability to follow a train of reasoning in support of a "thesis" than is Mr. Andrew Hunter by his own showing. And to class them (for that is what his words imply) as a silly set who would crowd to "a spot which not only is not St. Ignace, but is not a Huron village site of any kind, and has not a single jot or tittle of evidence to make it worthy of any one's consideration," would be deemed a grievous affront coming from any other quarter.

The public, and particularly those interested in Canadian Archaeology and historical research, being now in possession of what can be, and has been said on either side, will have no difficulty in discerning wild talk and bald assertion from conclusions legitimately drawn from reliable data and facts solidly established. Though Mr. Andrew Hunter's blunders have been appalling, and though he has to the best of his ability attempted "soberly" to mislead them, they will, I dare say, hold out a chance of rehabilitation not as an expert but as a veracious man, strictly, however, on his own principle that "no blame can rightfully be given to any one who merely blunders and then honestly corrects his error." From the line of action he may follow in the future, people will be put in a position to form a fair estimate of his sincerity.

A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.
It would be a sad thing if there were no redeeming feature in all Mr. Andrew Hunter's career as a lover and registrar of the relics of a heroic past. On this score, I heartily and gratefully bear witness to his untiring zeal in beating year after year, through all the country now occupied by the Hurons in Simcoe County, bringing to light many sites which might have been overlooked, and stating minutely, as far as conditions allowed, whatever remains of Indian villages the first white occupants of the land had themselves found, or whatever had been noted by others. In this field he has no rival, and I have in numerous instances turned to account what he has listed in his monograph on Tiny, Tiny, Medonte, Orillia, Vespra and Flos. In this work, peculiarly his own, his help has been invaluable at least to me. I am not overstepping the mark when I affirm that had Grey been as fortunate as Simcoe County, in this respect, in possessing an equally persistent and successful seeker of sites once occupied by the Petuns, St. Jean, or Etharita, would long since have been discovered. It is this sort of observation which may well find place in the Ontario Archaeological Reports, but not a few of his other observations on what he has observed or noted, certainly do not deserve the distinction of being there recorded.

As for his historical deductions from what he has observed, owing no doubt to a too superficial reading, or a misunderstanding of the old records, or even more to neglect

in collating one passage with another, most of them, to put it very mildly, are absolutely valueless.

And if Mr. Andrew Hunter degrades his readers with the least degree of penetration and sagacity, he would do well to refrain from any pretentious twaddle on palaeology. This is an idiosyncratic weakness. When he has in particular cases the assurance of the old chronicles to guide him, well and good. Otherwise he could do no better than keep present in mind the words of Brebeuf, who read the Huron character to perfection. "This nation," he writes, "is over-timorous. The Hurons do not maintain a vigilant watch; they have next to no care in preparing arms, or in shutting in their villages with stockades, their ordinary expedient, especially when the enemy is in force, is to betake themselves to flight." (Rel. 1636, p. 94, 2 col.)

And now, Mr. Editor, I am done with Mr. Andrew Hunter for the present, and leave him to his covetings. I thank you for having given so much valuable space to this lengthy communication. My sole apology to you and to your readers is that the work of refutation is necessarily more prolix than the formulation of a series of unfounded and misleading assertions.

Sine ira et studio,
A. E. JONES, S. J.,
St. Mary's College, Montreal, Feb. 14th, 1908.

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The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, what is the best way to strengthen it? The answer is: by the example of our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908.

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A Voice from the Void,

By Marton J. Brunowe, in The Christian Family.

PART I.

"Rose, I have something to say to you; can you spare me a few minutes before retiring?" And Miss Carrigan, coming into her sister's dressing-room, placed herself on the sofa beside her.

"Oh, of course," was the slightly petulant answer; "but please, Margaret, don't lecture."

The other looked at her a moment in silence; then:

"Dearest," she said, "was not that Mr. Harper whom I heard going just now?"

"It was," returned Rose, rather shortly.

Margaret hesitated a moment before she spoke again. It was with some degree of embarrassment that she said:

"Rosie, I don't want to lecture, as you call it, or seem over-particular, but—but—is it honorable to treat him so, to accept his attentions so constantly?"

"I don't see anything dishonorable about it," was the answer.

"You know, you and Mr. Harper can never be anything to each other, Rose."

"Rose!"

Margaret's face was a picture of astonishment, dismay and sorrow. Rose laughed lightly and affected to hide her blushes. But truth to tell, she trembled from head to foot.

For a full minute there was complete silence in the room. In the hearts of the sisters seated side by side, a conflict was going on. They were great contrasts, these two girls, daughters of the same mother, yet in face, form or feature not bearing the slightest resemblance. Margaret was tall and rather dark.

perhaps not strictly beautiful in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but her clear, pale complexion, coal black hair, broad white brow and large serious looking gray eyes, combined with a fine womanly presence and a dignified, even at times somewhat reserved manner had earned for her among some of her would-be admirers the appellation of "the stately Juno."

And if Miss Carrigan was a Juno, Miss Rose Carrigan, to be fanciful, resembled a sylph. Slender as a reed, fair as a lily, of small stature, blue-eyed, possessed of a delicate transparent complexion of pink and white, she was, in the language of the poet, "beautiful as a dream."

Added to these charms of person, a gently confiding manner, an apparently trustful, clinging nature, made her a universal favorite in society.

Old ladies patronized and petted her, old gentlemen found her delightful; young ladies, albeit a trifle jealous, could not long remain impervious to that subtle charm of manner, that sweetly confidential tone, that cooing, loving creature who would not harm a worm.

And of her male admirers—ah, Rose Carrigan might be said to have had a legion at her feet. Yet, of them all to-night had proved her choice, and it was a strange one.

George Harper was not a young man; that is a man of forty is hardly young in the eyes of a girl of twenty; in manner and bearing he was perhaps as settled as a man of fifty.

Margaret, conscientious to the last degree, and not usually given to unreasoning dislike of any human being, had nevertheless, from the very first moment of her acquaintance with him, conceived a violent aversion to this man.

Conquer the feeling she could not, to reason it down was equally impossible, even to pray for strength to overcome it had heretofore seemed quite beyond her.

That he was courteous in manner though somewhat cold, educated, cultured, traveled, apparently in every sense a gentleman, and at least so far as drawing-room deportment went, a model of chivalry toward womanhood, she could not deny. But gifted as she was with an unusual degree of keen perception, and with a large share of the philosophers' scorn it as they will, woman's unerring instinct, Margaret in spite of herself disliked, distrusted him. At times she caught a look, a tone, a gesture, and in one unguarded moment, when addressing a servant, a few words which betrayed a glimpse of a tyrannical, domineering nature. The girl had shuddered, praying for grace to conquer her hatred of the man.

As we have already intimated, Rose had been accepting his pronounced attentions for some time, but Margaret, in general with most of her friends, was inclined to set it down to merely idle amusement on her part, or perhaps to the gratification of a little vanity at possessing the power to influence such a character.

No one knew better than Margaret how far such a motive would go in governing Rose.

The girls had been bereft of their mother at an early age, and though Margaret was the senior by but three years, yet her different character and the sense of responsibility thus thrust upon her as her father's companion, housekeeper, and the protector and guide of her little sister, the last charge bequeathed by the dying mother, had made her rather old for her years and observant of many things.

Father and sister had petted, deferred to, perhaps spoiled the little one, only ten at the time of her mother's death, until if the heart was full of small vanities we cannot wonder.

Naturally indolent, pleasure loving, averse to trouble, anxiety or care, Rose could endure any amount of passive inactivity sooner than exert herself beyond a certain point. She would smile at Margaret's occasional impetuous outbursts; it was such a trouble to get angry even if the cause were just. She would shrug her pretty shoulders when confronted with a serious view of anything.

"Life is too short to spend in anything but sunshine," the young philosopher was wont to affirm; "I wonder, Meg, you aren't sensible enough to see that."

In the whole course of her existence perhaps she had never so much as raised her little finger to help another, when by so doing it would in the slightest inconvenience herself. Anything for an easy life, was her motto. That winsome manner was a gift of nature; to be otherwise would have been an exertion.

Thinking now of all this, Margaret trembled for the future of the girl, her future as the wife of George Harper; trembled as she thought of the character to whom her sister was about to intrust her life, a man to whom religion was nothing, an egotist, an unbeliever. And—Margaret almost hated herself for the thought, but it would come—the horrible thought that to this man a wife would be a piece of property, to be owned body and soul.

But to return. After Rose made the announcement so evidently distasteful to Margaret, she fell to tapping the carpet nervously with the toe of her little slipper, once or twice glancing deprecatingly toward her sister. Margaret, however, sat rigid as a statue looking straight out before her. The younger girl's lips formed themselves into a pout, and she slipped noiselessly to the floor at her sister's feet.

"Meg," she implored in a caressing voice, "O darling Meg; look at me; give me a kiss; say you are glad." And she pressed her cheek against the other's hand.

Margaret stooped, lifted her for she was but a fairy weight, and strained her to her bosom while hot tears fell upon her bright hair. But she could not yet command her voice enough to speak.

"I think you are cruel," said Rose plaintively; "I feel so strange and bewildered; you might be kind to me Meg."

As she spoke she trembled violently and pressed closer to her sister.

Margaret encircled her pet more tightly and bending her head kissed her.

"My little sister," she said in a tone of infinite tenderness, "I wish you happiness, but, O Rosie, have you not been rash? Do you really love—George Harper?"

The last words seemed wrung from her as by a tremendous effort.

Rose lifted a face now wreathed in smiles.

"You dear, darling, over-anxious girl, such a question! Why, of course I love George. Do I not look happy? Come now, don't look such a handsome tragedy queen but wish me every joy. Indeed," she finished up, "I wonder he did not fall in love with you; one would imagine you would be more in his style of woman, you know, than an airy flitting creature, a very butterfly like myself, but—there's no accounting for tastes."

Involuntarily Margaret drew herself up; was her sister comparing her to this man? Then a wave of self-reproach overwhelmed her, and she felt she was indeed acting in this supreme hour of that sister's life.

"Rose," she said, in a voice that shook in spite of every effort to steady it, "Rose, you know I wish you every happiness on earth; I am glad, glad, glad that you are happy to-night, that you love and are beloved, but, O God! I cannot say I am glad it is—George Harper."

Rose freed herself from the embrace, and turned a little pale.

"Why do you dislike him so intensely, Meg?" she demanded in a tensely voice. "Has he ever been unkind to you?"

"No, no, no," cried poor Margaret, "but I distrust him, Rose, I distrust him. Above all, how can you look forward to spending your whole life in such close, intimate companionship with one who is not of our faith, with one who professes no faith?"

Margaret clasped her hands and leaned toward her sister in an imploring attitude. Rose laughed tremulously, though with a little tremor.

"Is that all?" she said; "an unreasoning distrust, and"—Here she paused. Margaret finished the sen-

tons. "And no religion."

"Well," asserted Rose, a little defiantly, "that is better than a false religion. It will make him more tolerant to me, for I suppose he will allow me to practice mine."

"You suppose!" Margaret's voice was charged with a vibrating indignation.

"O dear!" exclaimed the younger girl with childish abandon, "you are dreadfully disagreeable, Meg. Of course Mr. Harper—I mean George—will allow me to do just as I please. Perhaps I shall even make a Catholic of him yet. At all events it's time enough to talk of troublesome things after marriage."

Margaret could not repress a heavy sigh.

"God keep you, my darling," she said, as her arm stole around her sister's waist, "and forgive me if I seem unkind or wanting in sympathy. It is only my love, if you will believe it, which makes me appear so."

Rose was moved beyond her wont, and for a moment remained quite silent, softly returning the mute caress. Then there was a relapse into her former mood.

"You dear old Meg," she said, stroking her sister's cheek, "I wish it had been a Catholic—to please you, but"—looking up archly, "do we know any Catholic gentlemen? Could you have me lose my heart to our butcher, our milkman, even granting I should find favor in the eyes of those gentlemen? Ah, no, my high and mighty Meg; some day you will do just as I have done, and then—"

She held up one finger in playful menace.

Margaret shook her head; she could not treat the affair in this light spirit. Besides part of Rose's assertion was quite correct. In this little New England town they numbered not one Catholic in the circle of their acquaintances.

Although Patrick Carrigan had no pretensions to family in the way of titled grandfathers or ancestors descended from Irish kings, and had but risen from the working classes himself, still an innate refinement had led him, while still poor and struggling, to woo and win a gentle girl of birth and breeding, every inch a lady.

There is an old adage, perhaps obsolete nowadays, that blood will tell, and in this case it was verified. The daughters possessed, as a natural inheritance, what a score of years' training in schools, convents or otherwise, would never have bestowed upon them, a delicacy and refinement of thought and feeling too seldom met.

And on this subject of the choice of society Miss Carrigan had sufficed many conscientious scruples. Melford was a small town and as a New England town, notwithstanding its coterie of educated cultured men and women, was essentially a narrow town.

Enthusiasts and ultra-liberals may assure us to the contrary, but the fact exists that our New England brethren, liberal perhaps in all things else, have not overcome to any marked degree their dislike of and repugnance to Catholicism.

So it is not strange that Margaret, with many of her surroundings did not always feel in rapport. Even Rose, in some of her better and more thoughtful moments, had that sense of something wanting, which strangers to our faith cannot understand.

Yet thus affairs stood, and Margaret, who had at one time some very ardent, rather socialistic ideas as to the perfect equality of all human beings, and had made some ludicrous, perhaps mortifying experiments as the social equal and companion of some ladies, who were more up in the price of eggs or the breed of cows than in the rudiments of grammar, and who would persist in addressing her as "ma'am," now acknowledged she could not establish a new order of things. Rose, had such an idea ever entered her head, might have succeeded better, as naturally possessing more adaptability than the high-minded though rather perplexed Margaret.

And now, while not approving, yet she could not consistently blame Rose for her choice. In her prayers that night she was fain to place, as had ever been her habit, all fears for the future in the hands of "One without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth." But her heart was heavy.

Six months later a quiet home wedding was celebrated under the Carrigan roof. The bridal pair stood beneath a bell of lilies at the far end of the flower bedecked parlors while the ceremony was performed by the parish priest of St. —. The usual promises required of the prospective bridegroom on such occasions had been solemnly sworn to. George Harper was pledged to refrain from any interference in his wife's practicing of her religion, or with her perfect freedom in the religious training of their children.

"All now depends upon you alone, Rose," Margaret had said; "and who knows, my dearest, what your example, combined with the grace of God, may do for your husband?"

Margaret was looking on the bright side now with all the force of her strong will. Margaret was endeavoring to hush a voice which would not be quieted. Margaret was trying to feel that this was the marrying scene she had dreamed of for her darling, but ah, was it?

No, that picture had held much of simple beauty, of divine meaning lacking here. It had been a morning in early June, rendered glorious by the sunshine, the song of the birds, the fresh flower-scented air of that month of joy and roses, and above all a sky of serene blue looking down upon an humble little church—humble, plain, perhaps ugly, yet, withal the abode and resting place of the Most High.

Before the altar, glowing with burning tapers, knelt two forms, and the head of the fair young bride blossoms is bowed low as with uplifted hands God's minister bestows the Nuptial Benediction—the blessing descending that both may be faithful unto the end.

To that, how cold and formal this scene, when before no higher audience than the fashionable assemblage bereft of prayer or blessing, the awful binding vows are taken.

Yet Rose is radiant as turning she receives the congratulations of her friends.

The two sisters had one minute quite alone before the parting came, and Margaret took advantage of it to remind Rose of a promise made by both to their mother on her death bed.

(To be continued)

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