

SOCIETY.—Established 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at first Monday of the month. Meets last Wednesday. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; P.P. President, Justice G. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green; Correspondent, J. Kahala; Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

S. T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of the month in St. Patrick's Hall, Alexander street, at 8 o'clock. Committee of Management meets on the first Monday of every month at 8 o'clock. Rev. Director, W. P. Doyle; Secretary, P. Gunning, 716 St. Henri.

A. & B. SOCIETY.—863—Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, D. J. O'Connell; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 18 St. Augustin; Treasurer, M. J. O'Connell; Secretary, 18 St. Augustin. Meets on the second Sunday of the month, in St. Ann's Church and Ottawa at 8 p.m.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—1885.—Meets in its hall, on the corner of St. James street, on the first Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

CANADA BRANCH.—18th November, 1885. Meets at St. James street, on the first Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, J. J. O'Connell; President, J. J. O'Connell; Treasurer, J. J. O'Connell; Secretary, J. J. O'Connell.

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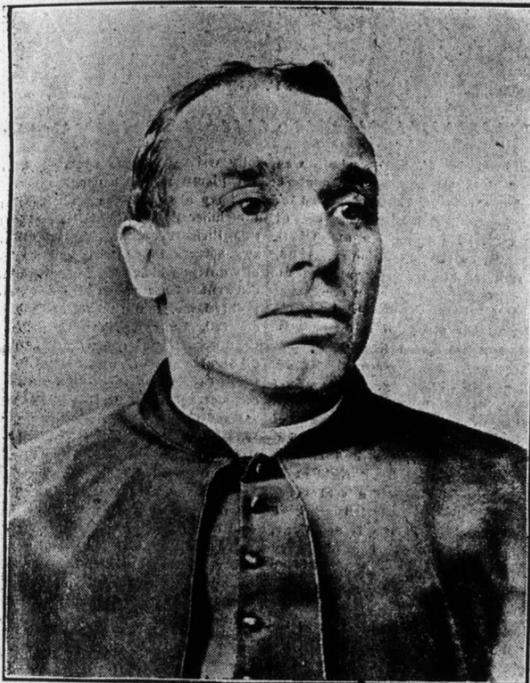


Vol. LIII., No. 37

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1904.



THE PREACHER OF THE DAY.



RIGHT REVEREND RONALD MACDONALD.

day. We could not but recall these lines of Davis, the poet:

"The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day
The chief, that to-night, they'll as truly obey;
For loyalty springs from a people's consent,
And the knee that is forced had been better unbent."

All this will help the cause that is dear to Irish hearts. It will be seen, by those in the high places, that with a fair measure of Home Rule, Ireland can be content, happy, prosperous and a tower of strength to the Empire whose best foundations and most glorious superstructure have been the work of Irish hands and of Irish genius.

We trust that when another St. Patrick's day comes around, we will have to record the realization of many of the fond hopes that so buoy up the Ancient Race to-day.

We now turn to the details of the celebration, here and elsewhere, and we are confident our readers will find it most instructive as well as pleasant reading.

AT THE CHURCH.—This year the religious celebration of St. Patrick's Day assumed a most imposing character. The presence of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who pontificated at the High Mass in St. Patrick's imparted an éclat to the ceremonies that was most highly appreciated by both the clergy and the faithful. And after all, this sympathetic action on the part of the first pastor of our Church in this city of Mary, is only in keeping with the generous and kindly sentiments demonstrated by Mgr. Bruchesi towards the Irish Catholic element ever since his advent to the archiepiscopal See.

Never before did the old mother Irish parish Church appear more gorgeous than on the occasion of St. Patrick's Day. The decorations were elaborate, appropriate, rich, varied and harmonious. A credit truly to the devoted pastor and assisting priests of that important parish. The High Altar was resplendent with banners and golden candelabra. On all sides shone appropriate mottoes—such as "Eris's Faith," "Faith, Hope and Charity,"—accompanied by emblems, such as the Harp, the Round Towers and the like. That magnificent altar seemed transformed into a gorgeously decorated shrine. The ponderous candle-sticks, the rich and rare faces, the natural flowers—lilies, shamrocks and others—all lent a festive aspect to the solemn sanctuary wherein congregated a vast concourse of priests and guardians of souls.

IN THE SANCTUARY the attendance of members of the clergy and ecclesiastics was very large and very representative. Every Irish parish in the city, and many of the French parishes, were represented by either their pastors or curates. The Grand Seminary sent its usual contingent of surpliced ecclesiastics—principally young men of Irish parentage, who are preparing for the glorious mission of the priesthood. Ranged in serried lines under the eye of the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in our archdiocese, this numerous band of young Levites told a story of wonderful triumphs for the Church Militant in the future.

The Archbishop was assisted by Rev. Father Caron, rector of St. Ann's, who was assistant-priest; by Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's, and Rev. Father Perron, St. Leo, Westmount, who acted as deacon and sub-deacon of honor respectively. The deacons of the Mass were Rev. Father Casey, of Montreal College, and Rev. Father Polan, St. Patrick's. Rev. Father Demers was master of ceremonies for His Grace.

Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan had charge of the arrangements of the Sanctuary and was ably assisted by Brothers Anselm and Jerome. The officers of the Mass were Thomas Kelly, master of ceremonies; Gerald Leitch, censor; Michael Brown and George Brown, acolytes; Harry Larkin, mitre-bearer; B. Hyland, candle-bearer; Arthur Richardson, book-bearer; P. Robine, gem; J. Power, crozier-bearer; R. Dube, train-bearer; assistant acolytes A. Kilkerry and John McEnroe.

Among the members of the clergy occupying seats in the Sanctuary were noticed: Rev. Father Lecog, Superior of the Seminary; Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers J. Killoran, P. Hefferman, St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Flynn, St. Ann's; Rev. P. McDonald, St. Gabriel's; Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; Rev. M. L. Shea, Rev. Thomas E. Hefferman; Rev. Father Brady, Rev. Father Cullinan and Rev. Father Callahan, St. Mary's; Rev. Father Kieran, St. Michael's; Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. James Lomeragan; Rev. Father Beaubien; Rev. Father Rossin; Rev. Father McInerney, Maynooth, Ont.; Rev. Father Chisholm, Antigonish; Rev. Father Rollard, St. Eusebe; Rev. Father Lessard, Lachine; Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M.; Rev. Father Leparlleur and others.

THE MUSIC.—Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist and choir-master, and the members of the choir maintained their reputation by the artistic manner in which the musical portion of the Mass was rendered.

The "Fourth Mass" of the talented organist, dedicated to St. Joseph, was the one chosen. In previous issues of the "True Witness" we have spoken of its merits. At the Offertory, Mr. Bernard Sullivan, of New York, a baritone, singer of much dramatic power and sweetness, sang an "Ave Verum" with much feeling and taste.

The choruses and solos of the Mass were exceedingly well interpreted.

During the entry of the various societies into the Church, at different times during the Mass, and at its close, Prof. Fowler played Irish melodies in a manner which touched the hearts of the exile and his descendants.

THE LITANY.—Every pew, bench and chair and space in the aisles of the sacred edifice was occupied. In the seats of honor were His Worship the Mayor, leading Irishmen in public life, and the presidents and officers of the various Irish national organizations.

In the body of the Church were noticed hundreds of familiar faces in our ranks—faces and forms that link us with the days of the pioneer; the younger generation of Irish Canadians in our schools, who are the hope of our race in this great Dominion, were also present in large numbers under the guardianship of those good religious whose great work in the training of our youth of both sexes is written in the Book of Life. It is not

It affords us sincere pleasure, in this number which chronicles the proceedings of the celebration of the National festival, to present to our readers the likeness of a sincere friend and admirer of the Irish race—Rt. Reverend Ronald Macdonald, Bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. His Lordship has been a patient at the Hotel Dieu, this city, for some time past. The "True Witness," in expressing the earnest wish for his speedy recovery and restoration to the scene of his episcopal labors, merely voices the sentiments of the Irish Catholics and Catholics speaking the English language in this city, thousands of whom have known the distinguished prelate through the reputation which he has earned down by the sea for his Apostolic zeal.

THE SERMON.—Ever since the arrival of the Irish Catholic pioneer emigrants in Canada the sermon on St. Patrick's Day has been one of the principal features of the celebration. The Sons and Daughters of Erin and their descendants through long centuries have manifested a spirit of devotion to the faith which is unsurpassed by any other nationality within the bosom of the Church. It is not surprising, therefore, that they turn towards the pulpit to listen anew to the glorious lessons of the life of St. Patrick. This year, one of Newfoundland's eloquent young priests, Rev. Joseph Murphy, Secretary to His Lordship Mgr. Ronald Macdonald, of Harbor Grace, was the preacher, and we are merely expressing the sentiments of those present when we say that his effort was worthy of the occasion; a grand tribute to Ireland's great Apostle and to the fervor and loyalty of the race to the Faith. He took for his text:

"Arise, O North wind, and come O South wind, blow through my garden, and let the aromatic spices thereof flow."—Canticles.

Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, Beloved Brethren:

THIS IS ST. PATRICK'S DAY. To us of the Irish race it is, as it should be, a day of thanksgiving. We review the events in our Saint's life and rejoice. We recall his heroic virtues practised in an heroic degree and we are filled with admiration. It is not wrong to thus rejoice. It is not

wrong to admire what is good and great, but the dominant note, be it remembered, in to-day's celebration is one of thankfulness. For this reason we come this morning—one and all—the revered and loved Archbishop, as well as the humblest of his subjects—to the foot of the Altar that in prayer and praise, in sacrifice and solemn ceremonial, we may join in one grand act of thanksgiving to God for the spiritual favors He conferred on the exiles of Ireland and their descendants through the ministry of their first great Apostle. The North wind has arisen, the South wind has come to blow through the garden of our ancient faith, and allow its aromatic spices to flow in prosperity and adversity. By the North wind of adversity and persecution, not less than by the South wind of peace and National greatness did God realize his designs on the spiritual children of St. Patrick. The vicissitudes of this missionary nation, so clearly foreshadowed in my text, were as legendary tradition hath it, in a vision made known to the Saint.

VISION OF ST. PATRICK.—At the end of his great missionary labors, and shortly before he closed his eyes in death, the Saint had a vision which filled him with alternate fear and joy, of despair and hope. It was prophetic of the country's future. He saw the whole face of Ireland, from one end to the other, covered with innumerable bright glowing fires. Light enveloped the land, and not a shadow of darkness remained. The Saint continued in prayer, and a voice was heard saying:

(Continued on Page 4.)

Archbishop O'Brien's Pastoral.



MOST REV. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN.

Like all that comes from the pen of the gifted Archbishop of Halifax, his recent Pastoral letter on Christian Faith is a masterly document. It is replete with fresh and striking thoughts, it commences with a most beautiful explanation of the Creation, it analyzes the sublime Gospel of St. John in a manner as elaborate as it is inspiring, and it finally gives us one of the most admirable expositions of what our Faith really is that we have read for many a day. Unfortunately we have not space to reproduce the entire letter, but we cannot avoid giving a couple of columns of extracts. His Grace begins as follows:

"The first account we have of the origin of created things is the only intelligible and credible one ever written,—*'In the beginning God created heaven and earth.'*" The true cause of the existence of visible matter is at once assigned, whilst the manner and process of its after transformation are not specified. The first act was a creative one, and required the direct action of an Infinite Power. Hence, without any ambiguity, it is attributed—and necessarily so—to God. Human reason, rightly employed, can prove this, for evolution can only begin in pre-existing matter. It does not produce, it only modifies, or develops. Hence the Apostle, held as inexcusable *'Those men who detain the truth of God in justice,'* because from the visible things of creation they did not understand God's *'Eternal Powers also, and Divinity.'* (Rom. I: 20). What judgment would the great Apostle pass on those men of to-day who cannot find a God in their investigations into the origin and constitutions of matter, and who bid us accept as a sufficient explanation of the beauty, order, harmony and overpowering grandeur of the universe, blind forces, the cause of whose existence is unknown and unknowable. Yet this is the dreary and unscientific conclusion of so-called *'Modern Science,'* this is the teaching given in great institutions of human learning, to the sons of poor deluded parents who measure the scholarship of the Professors by the amount of the annual fees; this is the doctrine which callow seekers after notoriety proclaim from the pulpit or platform. Now, whilst they may think it as evidence of emancipation from the superstition of the middle ages to deny the revelation, surely they should recognize the self-justification of rejecting a conclusion of right reason, viz., *'In the beginning God created heaven and earth.'*

"What form matter had at its creation, to what extent, and in what manner secondary causes, acting under the impulse and in accordance with the plan of the creator, wrought the subsequent changes which geology reveals, what period of time has elapsed from *'the beginning'* until our day, are all legitimate objects of research: but profitable only as a satisfaction to the intelligence, not as

an explanation of the mystery which is hidden in Christ. We smile to-day at the predictions of astrology which, in the earlier age, were made known by men deeply versed in astronomy. Why? Not because these men did not know many useful facts concerning the positions and the motions of the heavenly bodies, but because they endeavored to use that knowledge to draw conclusions in matters with which it had no relation. To-day, the thoughtful smile, as everyone, a few years hence, will, at the pretensions of men who, repeating the errors of the astrologers, seek to explain the supernatural by what they have learned concerning natural phenomena."

His Grace then asks why a Catholic Bishop should touch upon such a subject in a Pastoral, and he replies to his own question by pointing out that the greater "part of modern literature is replete with erroneous principles and false doctrines, all the more dangerous on account of the language with which they are clothed, and the suggestive rather than the dogmatic form in which they are set forth. Thoughtless Catholics, young and old, read these works from which no possible moral or intellectual good, rather a coarsening of the finer moral faculties, and a clouding of the intellect, is to be derived. The continual and indiscriminate reading of the works issuing from the press is always highly dangerous, and frequently criminal. Catholic Faith, and Catholic principles of morality, are too precious to be lightly exposed to danger."

Here we are treated to the admirable dissertation on the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, one of the most sublime pieces of writing in Holy Writ.

"What is taught in the first chapter of Genesis, regarding creation, is more fully and explicitly repeated in the first Chapter of St. John. Therein is revealed the *'mystery'* that has been hidden from ages and generations, viz., Christ Jesus. (Colos. I: 1-26). We are told that *'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God.'* Moreover, that *'all things were made by Him; and without Him was made nothing that was made.'* Not only this, but *'in Him was life, and the Life was the Light of Men.'* It was no false light, no uncertain glimmering shining in the darkness. It was *'the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world.'* The holy Apostle pathetically tells us that this One in whom was life, *'was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.'* He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." This sad account of an historical event is followed by the joyful and hope-inspiring words: *'but as many as received Him, He gave them power to be*

made the Sons of God, to them that believe in His name.' We are not left to guess at, or speculate on the identity of this wonderful Word by Whom all things were made, in Whom was life, Who was the true Light of the World, and Who gave to those who believe in His name the power to be made the Sons of God, for the Apostle leaves no doubt on that head. He was not speaking in parables, nor clothing some unknown and unknowable force with symbolic attributes. He was speaking of a personal Being who was Himself God, and who, in time, was known on earth as Jesus Christ. For he says: *'And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us (and we saw His glory, the glory, as it were, of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.'* (John I: 14). In the sublime opening of this first chapter our intelligence is called away from a contemplation of the material and visible objects around us, to reflect on the invisible Creator. We cannot of course comprehend that Infinite Being; we must have human thoughts, and human standards of comparison and measurements in regard to Him, just as the Apostle has to use human forms of speech. But because this weak human language does not adequately describe Him, nor because our limited intelligence does not, and cannot, fully comprehend Him, it does not follow that He is a vague and impersonal force, as so many seem to believe. Visibility is a quality without which objects cannot be perceived by human eyes; but it is not necessary for perception by the intelligence. True, our phantasy clothes the perception with form and figure in its endeavor to realize more fully the nature of the intellectual, perception. We can, therefore, and do know that there is a God, although we cannot describe Him by words, nor comprehend His infinity with our finite minds. As before said reason can prove the existence of God, but from revelation we are to learn the mystery of the Trinity, as well as the Incarnation of God the Son, and His will in our regard.

How Faith comes to us by hearing the logical sequence of all we have thus far seen, is now explained.

"With a surety and clearness born of revealed knowledge, St. John, in a few sentences, makes known the eternal generation of the Son, the Creation of the world by Him, and the fact of His Incarnation and appearance amongst men of whom the Apostle himself was one. Now, *'Faith cometh by hearing.'* (Rom. x, 17) not by a process of reasoning, nor by seeing and comprehending. But the mind must be disposed to accept the truth. The individual has the right to demand motives of credibility for his belief; but he has no right to expect that the matter revealed shall be made perfectly clear to his understanding. On mere human authority, we believe many things we do not understand; unless we did this social intercourse would be intolerable, perhaps even impossible. Now, as St. John says, *'If we receive the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater; for this is the testimony of God, which is greater, because He has testified of His Son. He that believeth in the Son of God hath the testimony of God in himself. He that believeth not the Son of God maketh Him a liar because he believeth not the testimony which God hath testified of the Son. And this is the testimony, that God hath given to us—eternal life. And this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life. He that hath not the Son hath not life.'* (I John v, 9-12). How simple, precise and convincing is this language to an intellect that is sincerely desirous of learning the truth, and of embracing it, let the cost be what it may. There is no hesitation of speech, no halting in the calm statement of facts, no shadow of doubt regarding their truth; no attempt to support them by other arguments than the one all-sufficient, and only possible one, viz., the testimony of God as heard by Himself from the Eternal Son. For he had walked with Him, had sat at His feet, and listened to Him proclaiming Himself to be the Son of God, not in any figurative sense, nor as by adoption, but in reality and truth as when He said: *'Philip, he that seeth Me seeth the Father also. How sayest thou, show us the Father.'* (John xiv, 9; had seen Him raising Lazarus to life in proof of His Divinity; had reclined on His bosom at the last supper; had seen Him die; and helped to lay His body in the tomb, had seen Him alive again, showing to the incredulous Thomas the marks of the nails in His hands and the wounds in His side (John, xx, 27) and had witnessed His glorious ascension into heaven. With every right, therefore, he could say in the beginning of that Epistle: *'That which was from the beginning which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have*

looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life; for the life was manifested; and we have seen, and do bear witness and declare unto you the life eternal, which was with the Father, and hath appeared to us.'

Having come into such intimate relation with Jesus Christ, and having heard His words, and witnessed His deeds, it was impossible for St. John to deny the *'Testimony of God'* and to *'make Him a liar.'* It is this competent witness who testifies to the divine and human nature really and truly united, though not confused, in the one Divine Person, Jesus Christ."

It was originally our intention to simply give a synopsis, with some extracts, of this splendid Pastoral; but we have concluded that it is better to let our readers have the full benefit of this first half, and next week, when space will not be so narrow, to give a synopsis of the Archbishop's conclusions.

THE POPE'S HEALTH

As far back as the days of Pius IX, the press correspondents of the world had got into the practice of harping upon the health of the Sovereign Pontiff. One would have imagined that this subject came in at all times in good stead whenever there was lack of other news. A score of times they had Pius IX dead before even his term of life was within sight. As years went past the press became more and more extensive in its information, and proportionately grew its sensationalistic tendencies in the same ratio the inventive genius of its correspondents was taxed. When Leo XIII came to the throne, his advanced age, and apparently frail form, promised to be a fruitful theme for the croaking news-mongers and certainly his every illness—real or imaginary—received an overdue amount of attention. During the last years of his eventful life the cry of "wolf" was raised by the press every week, and in every imaginable key; and when, at last, the "wolf" came in the form of grim death, there was a veritable bonanza for the correspondents.

Although it is only a very short time that Pius X is on the throne, they have already commenced to tell of his indisposition, the effects of confinement on his constitution, and even to verge upon sensational rumors regarding his possible breakdown. It is quite possible that these mean tactics will be continued, in various forms, and periodically. To set them at rest, once and for all, we quote the statement of Archbishop Farley, of New York, who was received in private audience on last Saturday. Speaking of the Pope, he said:

"I was particularly impressed with the fact that the Pope appeared to be a man of great physical power, and I think that in the natural order of events he will live to a very ripe old age. His vitality and intellectuality are wonderful, and he has the physical appearance of a man of fifty. I saw no sign of the weakness or mental depression that has been spoken of. He is a healthy, strong, and clear-minded man, thoroughly fitted to fill his high position."

OAK AND SHAMROCK.

An oak once made a jest
About a Shamrock bright,
He was so very anxious lest
The Trefoil miss its light,
That he explained it.

The Shamrock in his turn,
Made one both light and broad;
But solid Oaken brains don't burn,
Unless sold by the cord—
And that restrained it.

The old Oak of that jest,
Became well season'd peat;
The Shamrock, on a soldier's breast
Could smile down on his heat,
But—He refrained it.

E. P.

Laetare Medalist.

From the Notre Dame Scholastic we learn:

The Laetare Medal, the highest expression of esteem within the gift of Notre Dame University, and annually bestowed on some American lay Catholic for moral excellence, civic worth and distinguished service to humanity, is this year conferred on the Hon. Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis.

A CATHOLIC MAYOR.



DR. F. F. KELLY.

Dr. Frederick F. Kelly, who was successful in the recent civic contest at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, is the first Catholic Mayor of that city. He was born at Charlottetown on the 4th January, 1866, and received his early education at Queen Square School, then conducted by the Christian Brothers. Dr. Kelly began the study of medicine in 1884, and graduated from New York University in 1888, since which time he has been practising, with marked success, in his native city. Both parents of the new Mayor are of Irish descent. His father, Mr. Michael Kelly, contractor and carpenter, has been a respected resident of Charlottetown for half a century.

Dr. Kelly married Ellie second daughter of the late Capt. Hickey, founder of the firm of Hickey & Nicholson. Their only child is a bright boy of five years old.

The members of Branch 216 of the C.M.B.A. of Canada presented the following address to the newly-elected Mayor congratulating him on his well-earned reward:

To His Worship Frederick Francis Kelly, Esq., M.D., Mayor of the city of Charlottetown.

May it please Your Worship:

Your brother members of Branch 216 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, with a feeling of pride, congratulate you on your accession to the Mayoralty of your native city.

As a member of this Society—whether in the ranks, in active office, or as a Chancellor—you have evinced an earnest devotedness to the interests of the Association, and its individual members, who exult at the confidence in your ability, integrity and probity of character, as expressed in your selection to fill the highest position in civic government.

Your assiduous efforts in the direction of duty, in its various bearings, have won for you the esteem of your fellow-citizens of all denominations; and your success will tend to inspire us with a confidence in the reward due to merit.

The exalted position to which you have attained, confers a distinction on the C.M.B.A. from the fact that a member of this Association is the Catholic Mayor of a City the Charter of which dates back half a century. We feel assured that, still observing the triple object of our fraternity, your vigor and influence will continue to be exercised in the cause of right, and we have every reason to hope that greater honors are yet in store for you.

Signed on behalf of Branch 216 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, on the first day of March, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four by the following Committee:

J. McCAREY,
Jas. LANDRIGAN,
H. FITZGERALD.

His Worship, in reply, said in part: Could indeed would be my heart and unresponsive my feelings were I not on this occasion deeply moved by the kind expressions that are contained in the admirable and beauti-

fully written address which you have just placed in my hands.

I have always felt a pride in being a member of the C.M.B.A., and of this Branch, and if I have attained any success in discharging the various duties which appertained to the different offices to which you appointed me, and to which you have referred, I am deeply convinced that that success was due, not to any individual effort of mine, but to your co-operation and assistance. In your conduct to-night, brother members, I see reflected those principles that are crystallized into the constitution under which we are banded together. I see more clearly than ever how these principles animate you, each and all.

I realize that with you brotherhood and fraternity are no meaningless words, but that they symbolize every thing which, in the fullness of their meaning, is intended to be thereby conveyed and carried out, and I feel that I am expressing myself very moderately when I say that the Society to which we belong stands second to none in Canada. Its aims and its objects, the character of its members, its constitution and its principles, all combine to make the C.M.B.A. an organization whose voice, when heard, must be respected, an organization which constitutes a strong auxiliary to Mether Church in diffusing and in inculcating that brotherly love and that true charity so characteristic of the religion and of the Church to which it is our happy privilege to belong.

You have mentioned my recent success in the civic contest, and you have referred to the municipal position which I to-night occupy as a citizen of this city. In doing so I am satisfied that you are voicing not only your own sentiments but the sentiments of the great majority of Catholic people throughout this Province, for I have received since my election telegrams, letters and words of congratulation from almost every part of the Island. In telling you this I am not moved by any vain feelings nor am I actuated by anything born of selfishness, but I mention it merely for the purpose of showing how universal was the common joy and satisfaction among the Catholic people of this Province when they learned, not simply that I was elected Mayor, not, mark you, because it happened to be myself, but because it was an humble member and adherent of that Church and that religion to which we gladly owe allegiance.

I heartily thank you, Brother members, for the strong support which each and all of you gave me in various ways during the contest.

I thank you for the expressions which your eloquent address contains, expressions which I am afraid are too flattering. I accept them as an indication of the individual and collective feeling of the members of the branch, to which I am proud to belong, and in my acceptance be assured, brother members, that your conduct to-night will form a strong incentive for me to discharge the duties that lies before me in order that you one and all may share with me as members of this Branch in whatever measure of credit to which I may be thereby entitled.

IN IRISH



REV. FATHER GANNON. Rev. Father Gannon is rector to one or more Catholic organizations. He has been associated with Patrick's Church for some years and is highly esteemed by the members.



MR. FELIX CARBRAY. One of the prominent figures in Quebec, particularly in the Irish National League, Mr. Felix Carbray, President of the Irish National League, has been associated with our race.



ALD. PATRICK HOGAN. Patrick Hogan, Treasurer of Patrick's Branch, No. 108, was born at Rathcaul, Co. Ireland, in 1849, and when years old came to this country. He was educated at Christian Brothers school, and graduated from Normal School. Mr. Hogan has an extensive business in the grocery and provision line, and is the head of one of the establishments in that line in the Province. In 1902 he was elected by a large majority to recent elections he was re-elected. Mr. Hogan is a prominent member of the Association of Hibernians, Knights of St. Patrick's Institute. He is one of the five trustees of St. Patrick's Church, and enjoys the respect and esteem of the entire community.

IRELAND'S

(Special Feature)

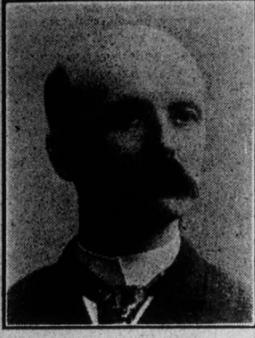
The feast of Ireland's patron, the glorious St. Patrick, is being celebrated in this city to-day. The feast of Ireland's patron, the glorious St. Patrick, is being celebrated in this city to-day. The feast of Ireland's patron, the glorious St. Patrick, is being celebrated in this city to-day.

IN IRISH RANKS AT QUEBEC,



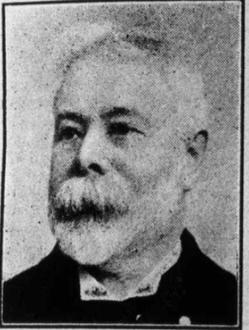
REV. FATHER GANNON, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Father Gannon is spiritual director to one or more of the Irish Catholic organizations of Quebec. He has been associated with St. Patrick's Church for several years, and is highly esteemed by the parishioners.



PROF. J. W. M. WALLACE, C.E.

The subject of this sketch was born in Chatham, N.B. He first distinguished himself in the College of his native place by carrying off medals during four consecutive years. Leaving school he entered the office of the "North Star," of Chatham, and was appointed to represent this paper at the Dominion Exhibition in Halifax. He was afterwards on the "World" of Chatham. Spent one year in the office of Thomas Fringie, of Montreal, one of Canada's most distinguished engineers. Received appointment of Professor of Mathematics at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, remaining three years. Occupied the position of Professor of English at Chicoutimi Seminary two years. Re-entered the field of applied sciences and was engaged during six years at architecture, surveying and engineering in the office of W. M. Walbank, Montreal. Among other enterprises was entrusted with the calculation and compilation of all data and estimates in connection with the development of the Lachine Rapids for the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic and Power Co. In 1898 he founded an educational institution known as Wallace College, which from its inception has been steadily increasing in popularity, efficiency and equipment. Mr. Wallace was at one time President of St. Patrick's T.A. Society of Quebec, and is at present Secretary of the United Irish League, a member of Division No. 1, A.O.H., and St. Patrick's Literary Institute.



MR. FELIX CARBRAY.

One of the prominent figures in old Quebec, particularly in Irish ranks, is Mr. Felix Carbray, President of the Irish National League, and office-bearer in many other organizations associated with our race.



ALD. PATRICK HOGAN.

Patrick Hogan, Treasurer of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 108, C.M.B.A., was born at Rathale, Co. Limerick, Ireland, in 1849, and when but two years old came to this city with his parents. He was educated at the Christian Brothers school, Sweeney's Academy, and graduated from Laval Normal School. Mr. Hogan does an extensive business in the green grocery and provision line, being at the head of one of the best known establishments in that line in the Province. In 1902 he was a candidate for municipal honors, and was elected by a large majority. At the recent elections he was re-elected by acclamation. Mr. Hogan is a prominent member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Columbus, and St. Patrick's Literary Institute. He is also one of the five trustees of St. Patrick's Church, and enjoys the respect and esteem of the entire community.



MR. T. J. BRESNAHAN.

Thomas J. Bresnahan is the Recording Secretary of Division No. 1, A.O.H., and is greatly esteemed by a wide circle of friends. Mr. Bresnahan was born in County Kerry, Ireland, on October 6th, 1882. In 1884 he came to Canada with his parents, making Quebec the home of their adoption. He was educated at St. Patrick's School, where he distinguished himself in arithmetic and penmanship. After leaving school he entered the employ of the G.N.W. Telegraph Co., and is still an employe of that Company, filling the position of a telegraph operator to the entire satisfaction of the Company. Mr. Bresnahan is also a member of the Canadian Order of Foresters, Young Men's Sodality and St. Patrick's Literary Institute.

holes or on their hats. Unfortunately the Irish population of Quebec at present is less than one-third of what it was in days of yore, but the patriotism of those who still remain has not been dimmed in the least, as was manifested by the parade this morning.

The procession started from the Sarsfield Amateur Athletic Club Hall at 8.30, every Irish society in the city taking part. It then proceeded along Champlain, Cul-de-Sac and St. Peter streets, up Mountair Hill, to the Archbishop's Palace, where an address was read to the representative of His Grace. From thence the parade proceeded along Du Fort, Buade and Fabrique streets to the City Hall, where an address was presented to His Worship Mayor Parent. Continuing, the parade proceeded along St. Anne, St. Ursule, St. Louis, St. Augustin, St. Amable, St. Michael, St. Julia, St. Eustache, D'Youville, St. John, St. Stanislas, and McMahon streets to St. Patrick's Church. Passing St. Patrick's Presbytery, an address was read to the Rector, Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R. The procession was viewed by the Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's and invited guests from the balcony of the Presbytery.

The following was the order of the procession:

- Flags of Honor.
- Band.
- Pupils of St. Patrick's School.
- Banner.
- Quebec Branch of United Irish League and Unorganized Irishmen.
- Band.
- Flags.
- Sarsfield Amateur Athletic Association.
- Flag.
- St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society.
- Banner.
- St. Patrick's Branch, No. 108, C.M.B.A.
- St. Patrick's Court, No. 620, C.O.F.
- Flags.
- Band.—Flags.
- Ancient Order of Hibernians.
- Invited Guests.

At St. Patrick's Church the services were exceptionally imposing. Solemn Grand Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Marois, Administrator of the Archdiocese, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached. The altar was gorgeously decorated with electric light, tapers and a profusion of flowers. In the Sanctuary were representatives of the different religious orders, the Rectors of the city Churches, the Christian Brothers of St. Patrick's School, as well as representatives from other schools taught by the Christian Brothers. The English-speaking pupils of the Seminary also occupied seats in the Sanctuary, while the Sanctuary boys, in their multi-colored rascos and white surplices presented quite a pleasing sight.

After Mass the Sarsfield A.A.A. formed in front of the church, and, headed by a band, returned to their rooms. The streets through which the procession passed were gaily decorated with arches, flags and bunting. This evening a very interesting soiree will be given in Tara Hall, when "Fag a Bealac" will be presented by St. Patrick's Dramatic Club, under the able direction of Mr. R. Timmons, a number of selections of Irish music being introduced.

LETTER OF PERE DIDON

(By a Regular Contributor.)

During the past week, Montreal has been favored by the presence of Miss Therese Vianzone, the renowned lady lecturer. In various cities of Canada this wonderfully eloquent lady will be heard. "Francoise"—Miss Barry—in her delightful little publication, takes occasion of Miss Vianzone's visit to reproduce a letter that was written twenty-four years ago to the learned lady, by the famous Dominican orator, Rev. Pere Didon. The letter is a gem, if one can judge from the extracts given; and such is its merit in our eyes that we will translate, for the benefit of the readers of the True Witness, the portions published in "Le Journal de Francoise."

PERE DIDON'S LETTER:—

Corbora, 4th Sept., 1880.
No, my poor dear unique girl, no alas! I am not a Jerome, and I

must tell you, that neither are you a Paula. We are in the XIXth century, a period of crisis and of fearful upheavals. They belonged to the IVth century. And by simply turning their heads they could catch a glimpse of the last lingering lustre of the nimbus of Jesus. While for us, we must dive into the depths of eighteen hundred years to behold the God that has disappeared from earth. They kissed a soil warm yet with his breath; and we seek with painful efforts amongst accumulated debris—the ashes of volcanos and the ashes of generations—for the foot-prints of the Master. They had the Divine flame, we have but the sparks. Jerome, the rude Dalmatian, the ardent youth whom pagan Rome had for an instant intoxicated, became, at the feet of Christ, a tamed lion. What superb roaring was his in the desert, where he—the greatest hermit—cultivated the eternal knowledge of God and of Christ; and where his divine tenderness satisfied, without ever growing less, like a living water, those souls that thirsted for truth and love.

For myself, I am a poor valiant soldier, keeping by dint of constant struggles of a personal character, amidst an age that is godless, my unshaken faith. I am a "modern" in the full acceptance of the term, a man of my own time, feeling its sap in me and partaking of all its ardors. And yet, I remain, in every fibre, a believer in Christ, I confess His Divinity, I see it through the veil of His crucified flesh; I place all my life at His feet, as did the elect of the first hour, the Apostles, who saw Him with their own eyes, heard Him with their own ears, and who have told us what He said, what He did, what He desired. I try, despite my feebleness, to save those who perish, and people are perishing in crowds. For me it is an indefinite sorrow to gaze upon this deluge which, under my very eyes, is engulfing the world. In the depths of my soul are racking pains. Dear child, be compassionate for the world, which is being lost, and which, by your sacrifices, united to my own, in the charity of Christ crucified, we will have the joy and honor of saving a few of those lost souls.

We must not ask more of men than they can give. I'll say more; we must expect nothing from them, but give them all. When they are glad and devoted we bless them; when they are hostile or indifferent we bless them likewise. Church has taught us the heroism of virtue, we have only to walk with Him. A friend—do you know what a friend is? He is a being who never doubts us, for the greatest injury we can do to a man is to doubt him. A friend is a being who asks nothing from you and gives you everything. A friend is a fan-seeing being who has the courage to say to you: "You did wrong!" A friend is one with a large heart who forgets and who pardons. A friend is a being who will compromise himself to serve you. A friend is a pearl in the depths of the sea. Living friends, where are you? I know only one friend. I could say, and I do say, He suffices for me. O beloved Christ, you never betray; you are severe and mild; you are good and infinite; you never wound; you have no hatred and you are eternally greater than us—poor beings of a day, who dream on infinity and who do not even know how to love.

AN EXILE'S PRAYER,

For I was born in Ireland—I glory in the name—
I weep for all her sorrows, I remember well her fame!
And still my heart must hope that I may get repose at rest,
On the holy Zion of my youth. In the Israel of the West.

T. D. MCGEE.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION.

Good Catholic homes are wanted for a number of young children who are at present eligible for adoption. There are three girls aged six years, two aged five years, one aged four years and two aged two years; also two boys aged two and four years respectively, and a baby boy aged ten months. All of these children are attractive and lovable and some of them beautiful. Further particulars will be furnished on application to W. O'Connor, Inspector Dependent Children, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

AT ST. FRANCIS.—The first "40 Hours" of the new Church of St. Francis was held last week. Beginning on Friday morning with appropriate ceremonies, it closed on Sunday morning by a grand gathering of all that the parish could bring together to add to the solemnity of the occasion. On Friday evening the Pastor, Rev. W. A. McCann, was assisted by Rev. Fathers Williams, McGramel and Cline, and the Church was crowded to its utmost. Rev. Father Cline—a speaker whom Toronto has not the pleasure of often hearing—prefaced a beautiful sermon on the Blessed Sacrament by complimenting pastor and people on their new Church and the zeal he witnessed in those present.

On Sunday at the High Mass, His Grace the Archbishop was present in full canonicals, and Rev. Father McCann, P.P., celebrant of the Mass, was assisted by Rev. Father Williams and Rev. Father Chiniac as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. His Grace preached an instructive sermon on the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament, and the devotion then about to close. The children's choir under the leadership of Miss Nellie Corbett, with Miss Angela Breen at the organ, sang the music of the Mass with precision and much devotional expression. An "O Salutaris" by little Miss Genevieve Kelly was the appropriate Offertory selection. The Sanctuary boys afterwards took part in singing the "Pange Lingua." The altar was a work of art, outlined with green vining, its gold and white background was generously adorned with carnations of scarlet and white; red lamps, like burning hearts, glowed amidst the milder gleam of waxen tapers, and the floor of the Sanctuary was laden with the floral offerings of the people of St. Francis. A procession composed of the Sodality, acolytes, priests and Archbishop was formed immediately after the singing of the Litany of the Saints. Headed by the Cross, followed by the magnificent Sodality banner of the Immaculate Conception, the lengthy lines soon encircled the church. The little ones, daintily clad in white, with snowy wreaths entwining their sunny tresses, threw sweet-smelling blossoms from fairy-like baskets, the smoke from the censurer rose before the Sacred Host, as it passed between the kneeling rows of people; the Pange Lingua was sung, the Benediction given at the hands of the Archbishop, and the grand ceremony was at an end. The numbers who approached the Sacraments and the ardor with which the people entered into the spirit of the time speaks well for the new parish. No where throughout the city was the devotion of the Forty Hours carried out more impressively than in the Church of St. Francis.

PASSING OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.—The old Church of St. Paul's, used lately as a hall, together with the presbytery, are being rapidly effaced. A new presbytery, more in keeping with the requirements of the parish, is shortly to be erected. The new house when completed will cost in the vicinity of twenty thousand dollars. Meantime the curates of the parish are lodged in the House of Providence and a temporary residence is rented for the parish priest and the convenience of his parishioners.

A SERIOUS FIRE.—The large business establishments of the T. Long & Bro. Company, Limited, Collingwood, was completely destroyed by fire on Tuesday, the 8th instant. The firm had been in business for forty years, and its establishment was once before the prey of fire, when in 1881, they with many others of their townsmen, suffered from the fire of that year. The loss is estimated at about \$100,000, said to be only partly covered by insurance. Mr. Thos. Long was at his home in Toronto and Mr. John Long in Europe when the fire, the cause of which is unknown, occurred. The Long Brothers have been generous benefactors in the Catholic parish at Collingwood, much of the Church and the entire presbytery being the result of their generosity.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Before this issue of the True Witness greets its readers the feast of St. Patrick will have come and gone. Even now at the beginning of the week signs of Ireland's great day are already in the air.

In Toronto preparations are in hand to make the feast worthy of the grand Saint it commemorates, and of the people who claim him as their own. Besides the special Mass of the day and the probable gathering of different societies to hear sermons and eulogies on St. Patrick, there is promised for the lovers of Irish music and song, two excellent concerts; one is to be given under the auspices of the A.O.H., and the other under the direction of the I.C.B.A. At the former Hon. John F. Keating, of Chicago, Ill., and ex-National President of the A.O.H., will speak. At the gathering of the I.C.B.A., Mr. Jas. Commey, M.P.P., one of Ontario's best known Irish Catholics, will be the orator.

Next week I hope to tell you in detail how Toronto kept St. Patrick's Day.

DEATH OF FATHER J. KEOGH.—Last week the diocese of Hamilton lost one of the most energetic and admired of its priests. His service of over thirty years in the Church gives a record of much labor and extensive charity in the cause of his Divine Master.

Father Keogh was the son of James Keogh and Rose McDonnell, and was born in the township of Guelph in 1840. He was educated at the Ottawa University and at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. In 1871 he received ordination at the hands of Bishop Farrell, and the following year was appointed to Walkerton, where he had charge of seven outside missions. Here he erected a handsome presbytery and convent. He was afterwards stationed at St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, where he remained for seven years. At different times he was appointed to Dundas, and then to Paris; he became Chancellor of the Diocese in 1879, and in 1883 he was also administrator, and by the vote of his brother priests, one time treasurer of the Hamilton Diocese. He was appointed Vicar-General in 1889. May he rest in peace.

MR. F. ANGLIN.—Reports from Ottawa state that in the new appointments of judges, one will positively go to Mr. Frank Anglin. This is what Mr. Anglin's friends have been expecting for some time, and their congratulations are now ready for the deserving recipient.

DEATH OF MR. JAS. WALSH.—Mr. James Walsh, a once well known lumber merchant and contractor of Toronto, died at the House of Providence on Friday of last week. Mr. Walsh was a native of Ireland, but had spent the greater part of his life in Canada. He is regretted by the community and those amongst whom he spent the last years of his life, and his memory is held in respect by the many with whom he was once associated in business circles. Amongst the edifices erected partly by the skill of the deceased gentleman is the old wing of St. Michael's College, which he helped to build. Mr. Walsh has a brother in Halifax and another in Detroit, besides a niece, Rev. Mother Berchman, of the Sisters of Charity, Halifax, N.I.

WORKS OF PAUL KANE.—Until a few days ago the name of Paul Kane was unknown to the greater part of the present generation of Toronto people. Of Paul Kane the artist we have never heard. Our fathers, or better still our grandfathers knew him as one of themselves, for it was in 1810 that Paul Kane first saw the light of day. His name is revived and his work made known by the exhibition of his paintings now being held under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Historical Society. Paul Kane is Canada's Parkman in art. What Parkman did in his writings, Paul Kane did in his paintings. He worked for posterity. The collection at present on exhibition are owned by Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., and consist of over one hundred pictures of Indians and Indian life. The "word pictures" of Parkman are here found delineated on canvas with graphic and life-like effects. The brave of many tribes, the squaw and Indian maidens, the capacious lodge with its several fires and distinct family groups the buffalo in its primitive state together with varied scenes of Indian life and localities make up a collection of great interest to the ethnologist and to the student of history.

IRELAND'S DAY IN QUEBEC.

(Special from Our Own Correspondent)

Quebec, March 17th, 1904.
The feast of Ireland's patron Saint, the glorious St. Patrick, whose preaching, exemplary piety and self-sacrificing efforts were the means of converting the early inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, is being fittingly celebrated in this city to-day. The feast of St. Patrick has always been

celebrated with great eclat in this city by the Irish residents, but this year more than ordinary enthusiasm is manifested. The sons and daughters of old Ireland were easily distinguished from the rest of the population by "The Dear Little Shamrock," worn either in their button-



REV. FATHER MCCORREY, C. S. P.

REV. FATHER KENNEDY, C.S.P.

REV. FATHER MORAN, C.S.P.

REV. FATHER DEVINE, C.S.P.

One of the most successful Lenten Missions held for many years in St. Patrick's Church was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon last at 3 o'clock, when 2500 men, married and unmarried, attended the closing exercises of the week devoted to them. The spectacle which such an assemblage of Irish Catholic men of

all walks in life, professional, commercial and industrial, associated with the old mother parish, presented, was one to give joy to our spiritual guides and to inspire the thoughtful layman with noble sentiments.

The married ladies, who enjoy the

special privilege at all times of being accorded the place of honor, attended during the first week in a most exemplary manner, morning and evening, numbering, so we are informed, about 2000. They were followed by the unmarried ladies, who taxed the capacity of the sacred edifice to the fullest extent.

The Mission was conducted by four members of the Paulist Order, connected with the house of the Order, New York, and they displayed a zeal and enthusiasm in their work which won all hearts. This week it affords the "True Witness" much pleasure to reproduce the portraits of the eloquent missionaries, the me-

mory of whose visit to St. Patrick's will be long cherished in the minds and hearts of those who availed themselves of the Mission.

We are indebted to Mr. P. J. Gordon, the well known Irish Catholic artist photographer, of St. Catherine street, for the photographs from which our portraits are made.

THE SERMON.

(Continued From Page 1.)

"The fires are symbols of the faith that now burns in the hearts of the Irish people, the light the symbol of the virtues of the nation."

At this the Saint poured forth fervent utterances of thanksgiving and shed copious tears of joy. But the scene suddenly changed. Fires which a moment before shone so brightly quickly became dim and glowed no longer. Nothing but smouldering embers remained. Then a deep shadow of darkness like the very pall of death hovered over the land. The Saint, now in doubt and sorrow, became more than ever earnest in his prayer when a voice in measured accent spoke—

"Even thus shall it be with Ireland in later days."

The Saint, overwhelmed with grief, asked God in His mercy to avert from his spiritual children so dire a destiny. His prayers were heard. The embers of the first fires, which were all but extinguished, were now seen to glow again, and to spread as of old their warmth and heat over the extent of Ireland.

We shall see in the sequel how truthfully the vision has been verified.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.—The earlier Apostles had already gone as missionaries to many countries and carried the Name of the Crucified Redeemer to many lands. On many a shrine of paganism they had planted the banner of the cross. "Into all the earth, their sound hath gone forth and their words to the utmost ends of the earth." (Psalms, 18-4.) Full four centuries had come and gone and yet Ireland had not received the glad tidings of salvation. Rome's pagan civilization was unknown to her. Her people had never yielded to the all-conquering invader of the proud empress of the world. No Roman legions had trod the virgin soil. Ireland, possessing a civil polity all its own, was independent and free. The nation was yet, it is true, pagan, but was not sunk in the debasing vices in which the early missionaries found other nations. The very form of paganism which obtained in the country, the pagan priesthood that gave them laws, were highly intellectual. The fair Isle, immuned though it was from Roman invasion, was not however inaccessible to the Apostolic zeal of Pope Celestine.

In the year A.D. 433 this great Pontiff, having already ordained Patrick priest, and consecrated him Bishop, sent him with the fullest ec-

clesiastical powers to the Irish nation. The Saint was accompanied by twenty zealous companions. Of this Apostolic land, Patrick alone had any previous acquaintance of the country. For he had in his youth been carried hither as a slave and spent there six years of painful servitude. Never before did a more beautiful field or more promising await the labors of Apostolic men. The nation, as I have said, was not sunk in the debasing vices and what is more, those who have given time to the research of ethical knowledge have no hesitation in asserting that the Irish people at this period still retained the tradition of many of the revealed truths first delivered by God to mankind.

When the ship that carried Saint Patrick and his companions touched the shores of Wicklow, we may well imagine, my brethren, that there was rejoicing among the Angels in Heaven over the prospective conversion of the fair Island. But how can we conjure before us the anxieties and misgivings, the hopes and the fears which succeeded each other and at that moment agitated the Saint's own heart?

The retrospect he made of his former sojourn in the country was, however, we may take it for granted, reassuring. From what he then learned of the people of Ireland filled him with hopefulness for their conversion. He had come to impart the liberty of the children of God to a people among whom he had served his apprenticeship in the servitude of bondage.

For he had come to bring them the Divine Truth. They shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make them free. The South wind was about to come and blow through his garden; the aromatic spices of Divine faith would now flow.

Never did a nation before hear the word of God more submissively, or received it with more cheerful alacrity. The conversion of Ireland is unique in the history of the Church. It was brought about peacefully without the sacrifice of one human life, without the shedding of one drop of blood.

Faith as immovably settled there as the impregnable rocky ramparts which nature has thrown up along its shores to beat back the waves of the tyrant ocean. It was accomplished speedily. The lifetime of the Saint saw its beginning and saw its end. Jesus Christ at once entered upon, if we may use the expression, the possession of His new inheritance amid the spiritual rejoicings of the universal nation. For it was a thorough conversion. No lurking remnant of paganism remained.

THE SUBMISSION of the nation to the Divine law was without reserve; their acceptance of God's authority was unconditional, and their submission to the men whom God appointed over them was equally submissive and unconditional. Their allegiance to the Holy See is phenomenal. The nation became at once Christian, Catholic, Papal to the core. No concordats—which at best are but instruments in the hands of temporal rulers to oppress the Church—were then necessary to regulate the relations of the Holy See with the native princes of Ireland. Rights were respected—the temporal rights of the rulers; the spiritual rights of the Church, the rights of the King, the rights of the subject. At that period Ireland might well be said in the true sense of the word to be a Christian republic, in which the temporal and spiritual grew up side by side in commingled freedom and in which all were equally free and equally happy.

The Irish people grasped the ideal of the supernatural immediately it was proposed to them, and with them the supernatural was not merely an ideal but they made it a paramount factor in the individual and national life. Hence, my brethren, during the centuries next following their conversion they made the history which I may say has ever been the admiration, if not the despair, of other nations. It was at that period, too, Ireland became the Isle of Saints and scholars. Monastic institutions came into being, where Ireland's saints and Ireland's virgins practised the evangelical counsels, and homes where the poor were fed and the sick were cared for and whence the gifts of charity went forth laden with the benediction of earth and blessed by the smiles of Heaven. Even at this day we may see in their ruins the magnificent proportions of these institutions of charity and learning. For Ireland is a country where indeed, compared with its former religious self, all may be said to be ruin, but where ruin seems to us exiles of Erin more beautiful and appeals to our senses more forcibly than the freshest perfections of other countries. These ruins have resisted the hand of the despoilers and refused to yield to the devastation of time—and if now they rear their hoary heads and continue to live on 't is that they may to the remotest generation bear evidence of the invincible genius of our faith and of the great virtues of our early ancestors.

"This is the victory, which overcometh the world, our Faith" (John v., 4). Thus, my brethren, the first part of the Saint's vision had been literally verified.

SHADOWS OF DARKNESS.—Alas, for the constancy of human affairs! Four hundred years had now come and gone since Saint Patrick landed

in Ireland, when shadows of darkness began to gather on its horizon, and disturb the peace and tranquility it had so long enjoyed. Fierce hordes of Norse barbarians began to land on its shores and make conquests of the fairest portions of the country. For three hundred years they continued to harass the people, lay waste their lands, and destroy where they could their monasteries and Churches. This, however, was but a mere prelude to the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century, to which we shall allude as briefly as possible, and with the sole view of vindicating the constancy of the Irish nation and their monumental fidelity to the faith of Saint Patrick. To put it clearly

England had disrupted the bond of Catholic unity by throwing off her allegiance to the Holy See and initiated what she was pleased to call a religious reformation, but which the Irish people, with the Divine instinct of Faith, at once recognized as the mere political innovation which it really was.

Ireland was asked to give up at the bidding of England its own cherished faith and religion. Never was an all-important question more sternly put. Never was it more triumphantly and clearly answered. The self-called reformers enforced their demand with the strong hand of brute force. For the purpose of asserting their argument, penal laws were enacted which for cruelty and vindictive baseness could put to shame the edicts of the persecuting Roman Emperors. But I shall not dwell on the harrowing scenes which were then perpetrated—for you, my brethren, know the rest. To all this the Irish people had but one answer to make in the words of St. Paul—"Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? But in all these things we overcome because of Him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Paul, I, Romans, chap. xiii., 35-39.)

The faith of the Irish people prevailed in the end. For faith is indeed the victory which overcometh the world, and vain are the forces of man when they are marshalled against the omnipotence of the Most High. "Wherefore have the Gentiles raged and the people devised foolish things? Know they not that He

who dwells in the highest heavens will smile at them—and the Lord will deride them." (Psalm 2).

The very means used by the enemies of divine faith to destroy it in Ireland became in the hands of God the occasion of giving it a greater and more extended victory. For when in their thousands and tens of thousands the Irish went into exile, leaving behind them the smoking ruins of once happy homes, and of dismantled Churches, they carried with them wherever they went the precious, inestimable gift of the Irish faith, and thus it is, my brethren, that the sun this morning shines not on a spot of this earth, speaking our language, where it does not find the faithful around their altars, celebrating, as we do, the feast of Ireland's glorious Apostle and the triumphs of our holy faith. Like the vineyard so beautifully described by the Psalmist, they brought it out of Egypt, they cast out the Gentiles, and planted it. They watered with their labors, and their care had made it fair and fruitful. The shadow of it covered the hills, and the branches thereof the cedars of God.

DOWN BY THE SEA.—Among sea—Newfoundland, where I first saw the light, owes its faith to the exile emigrants from ever faithful Catholic Ireland. From there in 1674 Louis XIV., Le Grand Monarque of France—the greatest potentate of his time—used the means and wealth at his disposal to establish a Catholic colony. It lived a short and precarious existence. A few tombstones and a small unused Church alone record the enterprise. Forty years previous Lord Baltimore, with ample resources at his command, established a Catholic colony on the peninsula of Avalon. Of this colony now not a vestige—hardly a memory remains. Later on still there came to the shores of Terra Nova poor exiles—fishermen from Kerry and Waterford—farmers from Tipperary and Kilkenny, followed by others from other parts of Ireland. These had but little of the world's goods. Simple in their manners, and, in many instances, illiterate. To all worldly seeming they were ill fitted to win success where the French King and the English nobleman had failed. But behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened. These poor humble fishermen had with them the faith of Saint Patrick, and became the pioneers of the Catholic Church, which is now so flourishing in Terra Nova, and I might add without the least feeling of boastfulness that nowhere else the Catholic Church lives a more vigorous and promising life.

STRIKING LESSONS.—These, my brethren, are the divine favors for

which we offer our thanksgiving to God on this day. We offer our thanks to God because the South wind came and blew on the garden of Irish faith and made it fair and fresh and beautiful. We are grateful because the North wind of persecution rose and drove to this as well as to other countries the Apostles of the Irish faith. We are thankful that that faith has taken deep root in new lands, that the aromatic spices thereof flow. But how may we best express our gratitude for these divine gifts? Need I tell you, my brethren, that it is by imitating the holy example of our Irish forefathers—by reproducing in our own lives the special virtues of the Irish race—unflinching allegiance to the Holy See, the centre of all Catholic unity, great spirit of self-denial, love for the poor, which they practised—and above all great devotion to the Blessed Mother of the Redeemer, the divine model on which Irish womanhood, whether in the cloister or in the world, formed the chastity which has ever been the admiration of the world.

"They were good as they were fair, None—none on earth above them, Pure in thought as angels are To see them was to love them."

Happy indeed is the country in which this beautiful trait of Irish womanhood obtains.

May these and the other virtues of the Irish race ever flourish in this great Dominion of Canada and make it happy and prosperous as Ireland was in its palmier days. Then indeed would we say with the poet:

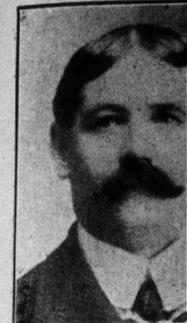
"Our native land with fond regard we view, Its clustered hamlets and its mountains blue, A virtuous populace—a nobler boast Than the riches of both India's coasts."

Loving as we do our own country, here, be it that of our birth or of our adoption, or hearts go forth affectionately to-day to dear old Ireland—the fairest Isle of the ocean. We thank God for His bounties to that country. Whether in prosperity or adversity, its children were the children of destiny—the favored people of God. We love it because it was the cradle of our faith. We love it because it was the home of Saints and scholars, and we love it none the less because of its dark days of trial and persecution—none the less because its soil was made sacred by the blood of our martyred forefathers. May God ever bless dear Ireland.

THE PROCESSION.—After Mass the procession formed on Radogonde street, which was crowded with citizens of all nationalities anxious to obtain a view of the parade. The Marshal-in-Chief, Mr. W. J. Ryan, of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. As-

association, attended by his busy half hour in lining up the various societies. But he admirably. Seldom, if ever, witnessed such a well-ordered parade; there were no gaps in the various organizations.

The order of the parade follows:



W. J. Ryan, Marshal-in-Chief.

- Band—Flag. 1—The Ancient Order of 2—Congregation of St. M 3—Congregation of St. C (Not members of any 4—St. Gabriel '98 Litera 5—St. Gabriel Total Abs

tating Society.

Benefit Society.

- 6—Congregation of St. A 7—Congregation of St. M (Not members of any 8—Holy Name Society of 9—St. Mary's Young Men 10—Congregation of St. (Not members of any 11—St. Ann's Cadets in 12—St. Ann's Young Men 13—St. Ann's Total Abst

Benefit Society.

- 15—Boys of St. Patrick's (Not members of any 15—Boys of St. Patrick's Brothers Schools. 16—St. Patrick's Cadets, No. 1, in uniform. 17—St. Patrick's Cadets, No. 2, in uniform. 18—Young Irishmen's Lite 19—St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and invited gu

The Clergy.

Leaving Radogonde ast

procession proceeded by way

Little Craig, St. James,

streets, Chaboulez Square,

Dame, Seigneur, St. Patrick

prairie, Centre, Wellington,

Ottawa, Colborne, Notre D

Gill, and Alexander streets

Patrick's Hall.

NOTES—The three gallan

tants of young men—You

men's L. & B. A., St. Ann's

Men's Society, and St. Mary's

Men's Society, turned out

to give a striking example of

spirit and patriotic fervor

footpath patriots. Bravo, des

of the Irish exile, may you

life manifest this spirit of r

for the land of your fathers

mothers.

The unformed Knights of t

H. marched with the skill of

They were the leaders in the p

The A.O.H. divisions turned

in hundreds, and their presen

ed much to the success of the

The Cadets, St. Ann's and

Patrick's, and Mount St. Lo

cadets' Band, organizations tra

the Christian Brothers, gave

that the younger generation

became imbued with the spi

rit of the race.

Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S.

Rev. Father O'Reilly, Hotel D

occupied a sleigh in the line of

sion.

Mr. Frank Loye, Marshal of

Young Irishmen's L. & B. A.

led a gold-headed cane with all

grace of a drum-major.

The clergy of all the Irish p

occupied sleighs and proudly

the Shamrock.



...NE, C.S.P.

...visit to St. Patrick's...
...erished in the minds...
...those who availed...
...a Mission.

...d to Mr. P. J. Gor...
...own Irish Catholic...
...her, of St. Catherine...
...photographs from...
...raits are made.

...ur thanksgiving to...
...ay. We offer our...
...because the South...
...blew on the garden...
...made it fair and...
...ul. We are grateful...
...wind of persecu...
...ove to this as well...
...tries the Apostles of

...We are thankful...
...as taken deep root...
...that the aromatic...
...w. But how may...
...our gratitude for...
...? Need I tell you...
...t it is by imitating...
...of our Irish fore...
...ducing in our own...
...virtues of the Irish...
...allegiance to the...
...of self-denial, love...
...ch they practised—...
...at devotion to the...
...of the Redeemer, the...
...of Irish woman...
...the cloister or in...
...the chastity which...
...admiration of the

...as they were fair...
...with above them...
...as angels are...
...to love them."

...s the country in...
...ful trait of Irish...
...ns.

...the other virtues of...
...fourish in this...
...Canada and make...
...perous as Ireland...
...st days. Then in...
...with the poet:

...with fond regard

...lets and its moun...

...ace—a nobler boast...
...of both India's

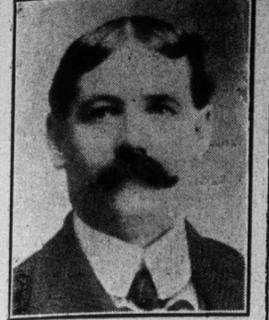
...o our own country...
...of our birth or of...
...hearts go forth af...
...to dear old Ire...
...le of the ocean.

...His boundries to...
...ether in prosperity...
...children were the...
...the favored peo...
...ve it because it...
...our faith. We love...
...the home of Saints...
...we love it none...
...f its dark days of...
...none the less...
...as made sacred by...
...artyred forefathers...
...is dear Ireland.

...ION—After Mass...
...crowded with citi...
...anxious to...
...the parade. The...
...Mr. W. J. Ryan...
...men's L. & B. A.

...ociation, attended by his aides, had...
...a busy half hour in lining up the...
...various societies. But he succeeded...
...mirably. Seldom, if ever, have we...
...witnessed such a well organized...
...parade; there were no gaps between...
...the various organizations.

The order of the parade was as follows:



W. J. Ryan, Marshal-in-Chief.

Band—Flag.

- 1—The Ancient Order of Hibernians
2—Congregation of St. Michael's.
3—Congregation of St. Gabriel.
4—St. Gabriel '98 Literary and De...

Band—Banner.

- 5—St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
6—Congregation of St. Anthony.
7—Congregation of St. Mary.
8—Holy Name Society of St. Mary.
9—St. Mary's Young Men's Society...

Band—Flag.

- 10—Congregation of St. Ann.
11—St. Ann's Cadets in uniform.
12—St. Ann's Young Men's Society...

Band—Banner.

- 13—St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
14—Boys of St. Patrick's Christian...
15—Boys of St. Patrick's Christian...

Band—Banner.

- 16—St. Patrick's Cadets, Company No. 1, in uniform.
17—St. Patrick's Cadets, Company No. 2, in uniform.
18—Young Irishmen's Literary and...

Band—Father Matthew Banner.

- 19—St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
20—St. Patrick's Society.
The Mayor and invited guests.
The Clergy.

Leaving Radegondeastreet, the...

...procession proceeded by way of Craig...
...Little Craig, St. James, Inspector...
...streets, Chabouillez Square, Notre...
...Dame, Seigneur, St. Patrick, La...
...Prairie, Centre, Wellington, McCord...
...Ottawa, Colborne, Notre Dame, Mc...
...Gill, and Alexander streets to St.
...Patrick's Hall.

NOTES—The three gallant...

...contingents of young men—Young Irish...
...men's L. & B. A., St. Ann's Young...
...Men's Society, and St. Mary's Young...
...Men's Society, turned out nobly and...
...gave a striking example of public...
...spirit and patriotic fervor to the...
...footpath patriots. Bravo, descendants...
...of the Irish exile, may you through...
...life manifest this spirit of reverence...
...for the land of your fathers and...
...mothers.

The uniformed Knights of the A.O.

...H. marched with the skill of veterans...
...They were the leaders in the parade.

The A.O.H. divisions turned out...

...to hundreds, and their presence add...
...ed much to the success of the day.

The Cadets, St. Ann's and St.

...Patrick's, and Mount St. Louis Ca...
...dets' Band, organizations trained by...
...the Christian Brothers, gave proof...
...that the younger generation have...
...become imbued with the spirit of...
...the race.

Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S., and...

His Worship Mayor Laporte, Rev.
Martin Oallaghan, P.P., St. Pat...
rick's, Mr. Justice Charles J. Doherty,
President St. Patrick's Society,
and Hon. Dr. Guerin, occupied a
sleigh in the place of honor in the
parade.

Hurrah for the boys in green who
were mounted on spirited horses.
They cleared the way along the
route.

All honor to Irishmen for the man...
ner in which they celebrated the day.

Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., and Ald.
M. F. Walsh, walked with the execu...
tive and members of St. Ann's T. A.
& B. Society.

EVENING CELEBRATIONS.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—The
banquet under the auspices of St.
Patrick's Society, which was held in
the Windsor Hotel, was a magnificent
success. At this hour of preparing
for press we are unable to do more
than give a brief outline of the func...
tion.

Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty presided.
At the table of honor were seated
leading citizens in the public life of
Canada, in the professions, and in
commercial affairs.

After full justice had been done the
excellent menu, the chairman, in
proposing the health of the King, said:
'I ask you to honor the King,
who has won his way into Irish
hearts, and let us hope that he may
live to see the entire fruition of
those hopes he has also planted in
Irish hearts.'

This sentiment was received with
applause.

Hon. Dr. Guerin proposed the toast
of 'Ireland.' He said that to Irish...
men and sons of Irishmen, the whole
world over, the name of Ireland, on
St. Patrick's night, is like a magic
wand which awakens all that is high...
est and holiest in the soul. In clos...
ing an excellent speech Hon. Dr.
Guerin said that the day would soon
dawn when Ireland's parliament
would again open on College Green.

Mr. J. Hamilton Ferns, an ex-pres...
ident of the Irish Protestant Bene...
volent Society, was also called upon
to join in proposing the toast, and
made a very practical address.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, in rising
to reply, received an ovation. In a
speech full of enthusiasm and pathos,
the Minister of Justice pictured scene
after scene in Irish history, which he
said, proved that the sons and
daughters of Erin loved their country
with a spirit never surpassed by any
other people.

Mr. C. A. McDonnell was also call...
ed upon to respond. After a spirited
plea to continue the good old cus...
tom of celebrating St. Patrick's
Day, and paying a tribute to the
gentlemen who had preceded him, he
touched upon the great events in
Irish history. Mr. McDonnell con...
cluded with an earnest expression of
hope that ere long Ireland would en...
joy a measure of Home Rule such as
has made Canada and Australia the
scene of millions of happy and
prosperous homes.

The toast of "Canada" was propos...
ed by Dr. F. E. Devlin in a spirit...
ed and eloquent manner. He point...
ed out that Ireland had played an
important part in the history of many
nations.

Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, in responding
referred to the honor roll of Irish...
men in the administration of affairs
in Canada, and in various other
walks of life.

Mr. F. D. Monk, M.P., in speaking
to "Canada," said that Irishmen had
glorious records in many lands. They
had, he said, played a leading part
in Canada.

Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, in a capital
speech, proposed "Our Guests."
Sir William Hingston, His Worship
Mayor Laporte, and the various re...
presentatives of sister societies re...
sponded.

The toast of the "Press" was propos...
ed by Mr. Louis E. Curran, B.C.
L., son of Mr. Justice Curran, in a
thoughtful and neat address, which
bore evidence of much judgment.

Mr. J. C. Walsh, a clever young
Irish Catholic, who holds the respon...
sible position of editor of the
"Herald," answered for his conferees
in a manner which impressed his
audience.

Mr. T. M. Tansey, B.C.L., a bright
and rising young member of the Bar,
in most graceful terms proposed
"The Ladies."

During the evening instrumental
and vocal selections were rendered.
We regret that our limited space
will not permit us to refer at length
to the contributions of Mr. Bernard

Sullivan, whose artistic and pathetic
interpretation of Irish ballads won
all hearts. To Mr. J. MacCormac
Clarke, Ottawa, too much praise
cannot be given. He possesses a
sweet tenor, and uses it with skill.
For our own "Ned" Quinn, whose
splendid basso was heard in patriotic
songs of Ireland with so much plea...
sure, we have only to add he is also
an artist.

The members of the banquet com...
mittee, and secretary, Mr. T. P.
Tansey, are to be congratulated on
their great triumph.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. A.—
This patriotic and progressive orga...
nization, now entered upon the 30th
year of its existence, held its cele...
bration in honor of the National festi...
val in the evening at the Monument
National, one of the largest public
halls in the city. Every seat in the
vast auditorium was occupied by the
members, friends and admirers of the
old association.

The programme consisted of Irish
music, instrumental and vocal, and
the romantic Irish drama, from the
pen of Boucault, "Arrah-na-Pogue,"
in four acts.

Previous to the opening of the pro...
gramme, Mr. John P. Cunningham de...
livered a neat address, during the
course of which he reviewed the his...
tory of the Association since its
foundation. He referred to the
steadfastness of its members through...
all that period, to the Irish cause,
and said that a new era was dawning
for Ireland. Mr. Cunningham's re...
marks were greeted with applause.

An orchestra, under the leadership
of Mr. J. J. Shea, St. Gabriel's pa...
rish, one of the most talented of ris...
ing young choir directors, and musi...
cians of Montreal, played an over...
ture, "Memories of Erin," which
awakened great enthusiasm and put
the audience in the best of humor.

The curtain was rung up and reveal...
ed the first scene in the drama,
"Glendalough, the Ruins of St.
Kevin's Abbey."

The cast of characters included a
long list, in addition to the princ...
pal roles, which were as follows:
Colonel Bogenal O'Grady—Mr. John
P. O'Connor.

Beamish McCool—Mr. M. J. Power.
Major Coffin—Mr. J. P. Cunning...
ham.

Shaun the Post—Mr. J. J. McLean.
Michael Feeny—Mr. J. J. Rankin.
The Irish Secretary of State—Mr.
Thomas J. Murphy.

Sergeant Hall—Mr. Mark Duffy.
Winterbottom—Mr. J. H. Leonard.
Clergyman—Mr. Hugh McCarthy.
Patsy—Mr. James O'Grady.
Oiny Farrell—Mr. T. P. Murphy.
Fanny Power, the Colonel's ward—
Mrs. G. C. Arless, Jr.
Arrah Meelish, "Arrah-na-Pogue,"—
Miss Tina Kitts.

It is impossible at this hour of
going to press to enter into a detai...
led review of the respective merits of
the various performers, the majority
of whom are well known in amateur
ranks, and needless to say sustain...
ed their parts in a manner which was
worthy of their best efforts in the
past.

The scenery, costumes and other ac...
cessories were most elaborate. No
expense was spared to stage the
drama, which, from the first to the
last scenes, was not marred by de...
lays or mishaps. The stage director,
Mr. Henry E. Codd, and his associa...
tes are deserving of all praise.

During the acts Irish songs and
dances, as may be seen by a glance
at the following programme, were a
prominent and praiseworthy featur...
e:
Song—"Eileen Aroon," Miss Celia
Cote.

Song—"Come Back to Erin,"—Miss
Fanny Coogan.
"Her Eyes of Irish Blue"—Miss Tina
Kitts.

"The Ould Plaid Shawl," Mr. Wm
Biggs.
"Kerry Dance," Miss Bertha Arnold.
"Killarney," Master Edgar Rankin.
"O'Donnell Aboo," Mr. J. Deegan.
"Wearin' of the Green," Mr. J. J.
McLean.

Double Irish Jig, by Messrs James
J. and Joseph McLean.
The music and songs incidental to
the drama were arranged by Prof. J.
J. Shea.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.—This
year St. Ann's Young Men's Society
patriotically, and in a spirit worthy
of the reputation of their Society,
celebrated in their own hall, Ottawa
street, the afternoon and evening of
the feast of Ireland's Patron Saint
by the presentation of a sterling Irish
drama entitled "An Irish Rival" a
production of the pen of a member
of the Society, Mr. James Martin, who
has during many years displayed
rare merit as a writer of Irish plays
which are elevating and calculated
to teach sound lessons to the descen...
dants of the Irish exile.
Needless to add that at both pe...
rformances the large hall was taxed
to its full capacity.

The cast of characters was as fol...
lows:
Gerald O'Rourke, suitor for the
hand of Rose O'Dwyer,—P. Kenchan.
Mr. O'Dwyer, father of Rose, J.
Nolan.

Philip O'Rourke, brother of Gerald,
J. Kennedy.

Sir Arthur Fairfax, an English
Baronet—R. Hart.

Ralph Belgrave, rival of Gerald
O'Rourke—W. Liston.

Dan Snyder, Belgrave's Accomplice
—W. Kinsella.

Mons. Lebeau, a son of "La Belle
France,"—J. O'Brien.

Terry McCann, a true Irish boy —
C. Killoran.

Barney O'Callaghan, Terry's friend
—J. Shanahan.

Tom Clifford, a jolly tar—J. Kenne...
dy.

Corney Regan, a blacksmith— W.
Hooper.

Tim Flanagan, an Irish fiddler,
O. J. Hamill.

Capt. Lawless, Master of the "Sea
Bird,"—M. J. O'Donnell.

Warbles, Wiggins, Companions in
distress—J. Benoit and J. Meehan.

Sergeant Maxwell, of the Irish
Constabulary, —E. McCarthy.

Dick, Tom, sailors on the "Sea
Bird"—J. Gallagher and W. Morin.

Perkins, the jailor, E. O'Brien.

Of the individual merits of the
members of the cast it would be diffi...
cult for the representative of the
"True Witness" to write in detail so
as to do full justice to each. All were
most conscientious and entered into
the spirit intended by the author.

Of the musical features nothing can
be written but words of the highest
praise. Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of
St. Ann's, and musical conductor of
the Society, enjoys the well-earned
reputation of being one of the ablest
interpreters of Irish music in this
city, and we may add, one of the
most enthusiastic promoters of the
cultivation of Irish national selec...
tions, vocal and instrumental. The
programme incidental to the drama
was as follows:

Song—"Wearin' of the Green"—Master
Eddie Ryan.

Song and Chorus—"Ould Tralee,"—
Mr. Wm. Murphy.

Song—"Corney Regan's Forge," —
Mr. Jno. E. Slattery.

Song and Chorus—"The Dear Little
Shamrock"—Our Juniors.

Song—"The Lass I Love," (by re...
quest)—Mr. A. Jones.

Irish Reel—Mr. Thos. Lyons and
Company.

Grand Chorus and Jig—Mr. Thos.
Lyons and Choral Union.

Song and Chorus—"Come Back to
Erin,"—Mr. M. E. Norris.

Song—"The Minstrel Boy," Mr. R.
Latimer.

Song and Chorus—"Eileen Aroon,"
—Mr. Ed. Jackson.

Song—"Keep the Old Flag Floating
—Mr. Chas. Killoran.

Chorus—"Good Night," Choral
Union.

During the evening the following
Irish overtures were played by the
orchestra:

St. Patrick's DayC. Wallace
Old Limerick TownC. Oloott
Beauties of Erin... ..H. Bennett
Memories of TaraL. O. Dewitt

ST. MICHAEL PARISH — The
children of the parish school held a
most delightful entertainment in the
hall of the parish on St. Denis street
on St. Patrick's Day. The esteemed
pastor, Rev. Father Kiernan, presid...
ed. Miss Maude McElligott, the pr...
incipal of the school deserves all praise
for the manner in which all the nu...
mbers of the programme were presen...
ted. The attendance was large and
the enthusiasm manifested in the
songs, instrumental selections, reci...
tations and dances was most marked.
The following is the programme:

Overture—Irish Airs, Miss Maud
McElligott.

Recitation—"Welcome," Miss B.
Metcalf.

Solo and Chorus—"Come Back to
Erin," Master E. McElligott and
children of St. Michael's.

Recitation—"Erin! The Tear and
the Smile," Master Claude Burns.

Recitation—"The Road to Yester...
day," Miss V. Scanlon.

Dialogue—"Spring Time," Misses
N. Jefferson, V. Horan, E. Ward,
F. and G. McNulty, C. Pilon, C.
Freeman, F. Murphy, M. Meagher, M.
Hyder.

Song—"The Harp that Once,"
Misses M. Wilkinson and M. Clark.

Recitation—"Every Irish Heart
Should Open," Masten W. Burns.

Recitation—"A Mortifying Mistake"
Miss B. Metcalf.

Song—"Old Folks at Home," Miss
N. Jefferson.

Recitation—"The Minstrel Boy,"
Master J. O'Brien.

Solo and Chorus—"Dear Little
Shamrocks," L. O'Brien and child...
ren of St. Michael's.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

DENTIST.

Walter G. Kennedy,
Dentist,
883 Dorchester Street
Corner MARRFIELD

GENUINE WILTSHIRE BACON.

Shipped by Harris, Calne, Wilts, England. Precisely as supplied to
the Breakfast Table of His Majesty the King.
in 2 oz. pots50 \$ 4.75 per pound (for less than a middle).
Harris's Wiltshire Bacon (in middles about 30 pounds each) 35 cents
per pound.

Armour's "Solid" and "Fluid" Extract of Beef

A shipment just received in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz., and 16 oz. bottles.
Each. Per dozen.
Armour's "Solid" Extract of Meat, in 2 oz. pots. 50 \$ 4.75
Armour's "Solid" Extract of Meat, in 4 oz. pots. 90 8.40
Armour's "Solid" Extract of Meat, in 8 oz. pots. 1.50 15.75
Armour's "Fluid" Extract of Beef, in 4 oz. bottles50 5.00
Armour's "Fluid" Extract of Beef, in 8 oz. bottles95 10.00
Armour's "Fluid" Extract of Beef, in 16 oz. bottles . . . 1.60 17.75
FRASER, VIGER & CO.

1904—EASTER CHEER—1904

Easter Teas and Easter Coffees,
Easter Fruits of every description,
Easter Hams and Easter Bacon,
Easter Ales and Easter Stout,
Easter Wines of all kinds.
Our customers throughout the Dominion will kindly send in their
Easter lists at the earliest possible moment, before the rush sets in with
our city trade.
Everything of the very choicest and best that the markets of the
world afford.
FRASER, VIGER & CO.

SAVORY'S "O B" (Russian Blend) Cigarette.

In Leatherette Boxes of 20, 50 or 100 each, now in store.
SAVORY'S "O B" (Russian Blend) CIGARETTE.
In boxes of 20 each, 95c per box
In boxes of 50 each, \$2.00 per box
In boxes of 100 each, \$4.00 per box
SAVORY'S NO. 2 GOLD TIPPED CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 100 each. \$4.50 per box.
SAVORY'S NO. 2 GOLD TIPPED CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 50 each, \$2.25 per box.
in leatherette boxes of 20 each, \$1.00 per box.
SAVORY'S NO. 2 CORK TIPPED CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 100 each. \$4.00 per box.
SAVORY'S NO. 2 CORK TIPPED CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 50 each. \$2.00 per box.
SAVORY'S PLAIN CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 100 each. \$3.50 per box.
SAVORY'S PLAIN CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 50 each. \$1.75 per box.
SAVORY'S "STRAIGHT CUT" GOLD TIPPED CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 100 each. \$3.50 per box.
SAVORY'S "STRAIGHT CUT" GOLD TIPPED CIGARETTE.
in leatherette boxes of 50 each. \$1.75 per box.

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ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,
ESTABLISHED 1866.

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207, 209 & 211 St. James St.
MONTREAL.

Operette—Kitchen Duett, Maggie
and May Tobin, M. Murphy and L.
Dumphy.

Recitation—Adoption of the Sham...
rock as the Emblem of Erin, W.
Meagher.

Recitation—The Lily, Miss M. Co...
nolly.

Song—"Prettiest Little Song of
All," Blanche Metcalf, L. O'Brien,
and E. McElligott.

Recitation—"Vanquished Erin,"
Bernard Halpin.

Grand Tableau and Chorus—"God
Save Ireland," children of St.
Michael's.

Song—"Ireland I Love You, Acush...
la Machree, Agnes Malone.

Recitation—"The Wish," Miss M.
Clark.

Dialogue—"The Boasters," H. Met...
calf and H. Punt.

Song—"Always in the Way," Miss
C. Pilon.

Solo and Chorus—"What Would
You Take for Me, Papa?" C. Pi...
lon and children of St. Michael's.

WE REGRET that owing to our in...
ability to secure particulars of
other parish and society entertain...
ments in honor of the day, in time
for press, we are obliged to defer our
notices until next week.

LENTE PASTORALS OF IRISH PRELATES.

In the course of his Lenten Pastoral the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore says:

The future of Ireland, religious, social and material—is closely bound up with the question of University education. In every department of public life we find what is most prized and sought after in the hands of people of other religions, some of them Englishman or Scotchmen, who in many instances at least, have little knowledge of our real needs and less sympathy with our feelings and aspirations. In our commercial and industrial life it is the same. We want one thing—one thing only—but that want is fatal in the present day. We are without the means of obtaining the necessary education, unless we are satisfied to barter our religion for them, and the Government of the country which can alone supply them persists in withholding them. What makes matters much worse, much more galling, is that the Government supplies them to every other religious body in the land. Presbyterians and Methodists have them in Belfast, not to speak of all of Cork and Galway, Protestants in Trinity College; yet Presbyterians, Methodists, Protestants and all non-Catholic bodies combined, form only one-fourth of the population. Nor, surely, will any reasonable man say, if we have any claim at all, that we are claiming too much. All we ask, as we have said again and again, is simple equality. Take Protestant who have Trinity College. They number 580,000. We are 3,300,000. Give us a College equal to Trinity. Give for every six Catholics what you give for one Protestant, and we are satisfied.

When the Emancipation Act was passed in 1829, it was understood that Catholics were put into possession of all the rights and privileges enjoyed by their Protestant fellow-countrymen. It is now very close on 60 years since Sir Thomas Wyse, a distinguished Irishman, whom we can claim as a citizen of Waterford, and its representative in Parliament, made a proposal in the House of Commons for "founding and maintaining a Catholic University with equal rank, endowments and privileges with those of the University of Dublin" as one of the ways in which the demands of Irish Catholics could be met. No Irish member would venture to put forward such a proposal to-day. How much longer is the injustice to last? Within the past few months we were led to expect, not for the first or second time, that it was at length about to cease. But our expectations were vain, and we are now told by a Minister of the Crown, who admits our grievance, that we must continue to bear it until all parties in Ireland are substantially agreed that it should be removed. To anyone who knows the intolerable bitterness of party feeling in this country, this official assurance is disappointing to the last degree. It only remains for us to call on our representatives in Parliament to exhaust every means at their disposal, and that without delay, to compel the Government to do us justice.

The temperance question demands the earnest attention of all who wish well to the country and its people. The awful evils of intemperance in Ireland are so well known that there is no need to dwell upon them. While addressing you on the subject of the suppression of intemperance, we would be wanting in what we cannot but regard as a distinct duty if we did not refer with gratitude to the efforts that have recently been made in this direction in Waterford holding of Saturday night amusements for the people. We believe, and we must always believe, that religion is by far the most powerful agency we can command for winning souls from intemperance, as from every other vice; but this is no reason why we should not employ human means to remove temptation from the people, or, as in this case, to remove the people from temptation; it is, and it ever will be, true that God helps those who help themselves. There is the very best reason for thinking that the amusements to which we have referred have effected immense good, and while we thank the promoters for what they have done, we trust they will continue their efforts, and that in doing so they will receive, as they have already received, all the aid which can be given to them both by the general authorities and by the citizens generally.

The subject of emigration has been brought prominently under the

notice of the country during the past year.) We refer to it now, not for the purpose of pointing out the fatal consequences to the Irish people, as a people, that must result from this awful drain should it continue, nor for the purpose of reminding intending emigrants who have any means of living at home that they are exchanging a certainty for an uncertainty, that they know little of the drawbacks of American life—the long hours, the unhealthy occupations, the grinding toil. But it is our duty to address a solemn warning to parents not to allow their daughters to leave Ireland under any circumstances unless they have an express understanding with near relatives on the other side to meet them at the landing place, and keep them under their protection until they find them suitable employment.

The Bishop of Cloyne, in his pastoral, says:

In connection with the subject of attendance at Sunday Mass, I have a word of advice and warning for our young men. In recent years it has become the custom to hold athletic and kindred games on Sundays. They say rightly that the working people need healthful recreation, and can spare no other day in the week on which to have it. Now, as long as the sport supplies only health, innocent recreation that involves no desecration of the Lord's Day or neglect of religious duty, they can do only good. But with this purpose in view two conditions should be insisted on: (1) That the time for the opening of the sports be fixed for the afternoon, so as not to hold out any inducement or temptation to our young men to neglect the solemn duty of hearing Mass; and (2) that these meetings should not tolerate the sale of drink on or near the grounds, and should separate themselves as much as possible from public houses. When interested publicans are found to be promoters of fixtures of this kind, there is reason for us, who have the welfare of our young men at heart, to fear and be uneasy.

I may not, brethren, close this pastoral letter without referring to the righteous demands of the Catholics of Ireland for opportunities of receiving University education equal to those granted to the non-Catholic minority of our fellow-countrymen. It is not an agreeable subject to dwell upon in present circumstances when I have to express your feelings of bitter disappointment, and, indeed, of indignation, at the continued inaction of the Government to redress this admitted grievance; nay, more, at their apparent determination to withhold from us, because we are Catholics and obedient to Catholic religious principles, equal rights in our own country. It is disheartening and calculated to stir up feelings that do not make for peace and good will, to recall that for the past fifty years and more we have been begging of the Government to do us justice in this important matter, but in vain. Almost every year the Bishops, as the spiritual advisers of the Catholic people, have regularly pressed it on the attention of successive Governments; and the demand has been voiced over and over again, and notably within the present year, by the laity assembled in vast public meetings for the purpose.

It is not the demand of any party, political or social; of any section, lay or clerical. It is the demand of the Catholics of Ireland, who form three-fourths of the population, and who have come together again and again, irrespective of political or social or other distinctions, to claim redress of this grievance, which presses on them most unfairly from a religious, an intellectual, and a material point of view. We Catholics ask for no privilege or preference but only for equal treatment with our non-Catholic countrymen. University education in Ireland, which is provided at the public expense, is arranged to suit the wants and wishes of the small non-Catholic minority. They can avail themselves of it without doing violence to any conscientious or religious principles they hold. This right is denied to us. We Catholics are called on to accept a system of University education that brings with it a straining of the Catholic conscience, a violation of our religious principles; or else we have to go without University training altogether. This is the alternative set before us, and it has practically led

to our exclusion from the advantages of University training. As citizens we have a right to University education in common with our fellow-countrymen, and to offer it to us only on conditions involving a wounding of conscience, and a violation of our religious principles, is to penalize us because we are Catholics. If the state of things were reversed, and if the University system was Catholic in tone and spirit as it is now non-Catholic, no one believes that our non-Catholic fellow-countrymen would accept it, and we should not be found among those who would try to force them to what they conscientiously objected to. But there is no such consideration for us, and we are made to feel in a practical way that Irish Catholics do not yet enjoy equal rights in their own country. This is the wrong against which we protest. And the history of higher education in Ireland for the last fifty years is witness to the sincerity of our protests.

THE LAY OF AN EXILE.

The following verses were written by the late Mrs. Jas. Sadlier, when she was a young girl and still in her native Ireland. It is signed by her maiden name, Mary Anne Madden, Cootehill, Co. Cavan, Ireland, and was published in the Dublin Nation, that illustrious journal, champion of the cause of Ireland—in its issue of March 4th, 1844, 60 years ago. The patriotic sentiments here expressed by this devoted child of Ireland remained, as warm and enthusiastic, to the very hour of her death.

'Twas evening and the setting sun had shed his latest beam On Philadelphia's burmish'd roofs and Delaware's broad stream; Beneath that calm and soothing hour a lonely exile roved, His heart replete with memories of all he ever loved.

Bright visions of departed scenes—the joys of other years— Those friends, the tried and true, who shared his early hopes and fears, The land that he so well had loved, all unforgotten still, Her beauty and her hapless fate could still his pulses thrill.

O Erin, loveliest Isle that gems the boundless ocean's breast, Now dark the fate that counteracts the gifts wherewith thou 'rt blest Endow'd by heaven with every charm and every rich resource, Alas! for all thy streams of wealth impeded in their course.

The land of mine adoption is a glorious land and free! Yet I cannot love her, Erin, with the love I feel for thee, When sick'n'g at thy present state, I turn me to the past My spirit relling in the light thine ancient glories cast.

Tho' here the Mississippi rolls his awe-inspiring tide, His precincts are not classic ground as is the Sharnon's side, There many a frowning reek looks down upon the flood below, And each one doth his chronicle of former greatness show.

A halo from that glorious past forever glids thy name, More sacred, fair Ierne, than the glare of present fame,— Hence, 'round thy wand'ring children's hearts thy memory is entwined, And with their brightest, holiest hopes thy welfare is enshrined.

SCHOOL FIRE DRILL.

In view of the importance of discipline in all cases of fire, it seems to us that too much attention cannot be given to the system of fire-drill that is now becoming so popular in the United States. There are occasions when large institutions, filled with young pupils, are entirely destroyed by conflagration, and in almost every case of which we have read, those who escaped owed their safety in a considerable degree to the discipline of the school. Of such serious fires we might recall, among others, the burning of the Villa Maria Convent some years ago, and the destruction of the Ottawa University a few months ago. In some of the schools of New York they have

what is called the "smoke drill"; it is one of the most difficult forms of discipline to inculcate; but once the pupils have become fairly drilled, and have had occasional exercises, to prevent them from losing what they have gained, the danger to life in a great fire are reduced fully fifty per cent. The New York sun tells of a case in which two thousand school children escaped in four minutes from a burning school house in Brooklyn. The children were marched safely to the street through a dense smoke that filled the corridors of the large three-story building. In another New York daily we find some details of the event, and a summary of them may be interesting and certainly not unimportant:

The successful escape of so many children down the narrow, steep, winding stairways of the old school building is attributed to the rigid disciplinary training in fire drill given by the Principal—Mr. Sprole—who was a West Pointer before his days of teaching began, some thirty years ago. A large body of the pupils was assembled in the intermediate department on the ground floor for the day's singing lesson. From the moment of the discovery of the fire by Miss Champney, who sent word to Mr. Sprole, till the last child left the building, only four minutes elapsed.

The critical moment of the third floor came in Miss Blackner's classroom, which was filled with girls. The smoke began to work through the cracks in the door, and the girls moved uneasily in their seats. Miss Blackner, who had received the fire signal slip and was waiting for the gong to sound, went on with the lesson. One girl rose from her seat and started toward the door. "Sit down," sternly commanded Miss Blackner. The child obeyed. The pupils were reassured by the decision in Miss Blackner's tone, and a moment later the door was thrown open and the fire drill march was begun. The successful performance of the drill, which had, fortunately, been rehearsed only the day before, avoided a panic among the children, who marched steadily to music through the smoke.

This story certainly has its moral, and we are confident that the serious adoption of this fire drill in our schools would be a splendid safeguard in the hour of danger—especially when any approach to a panic would mean the loss of many a life.

SOME NOTES ON MATRIMONY.

One of the important instructions of a series, delivered by Rev. Father Biden, rector of the Cathedral, Buffalo, N.Y., during Lent, dealt with the important question of the marriage tie. From a report in a Catholic American exchange we take the following extracts:

"A young man with an honest heart, a good head, and a pair of willing hands possesses the principal requirements that go to make what we call a marriageable young man. "The young man who loves industry, is not afraid to work, who is not disposed to shirk his duty, who makes his life useful, not only to himself, but to those around him, will make a good husband. The man to be selected for a husband is he who carries out in his everyday life the religious teachings of his youth and who has the courage of his religious convictions.

Young women should not form any kind of attachment for young men who drink. This is a fault that stands out more prominently as having made more unhappy homes than any other which now comes to mind. "Marry not the man who has only money to offer. If you marry a man for his money you will not marry him for his love, and there will be no love or happiness. For let me tell you that a man who has made his money striving against the world and competitors will not possess the kindly sympathy that a woman wants in her home. His main interests will be in his money, and in his home will be discontent and dissatisfaction. In the palaces of our city there may be seen to be happiness and virtue, but it is not so. We too often find lack of happiness and of love and of virtue in the palace, which cannot be replaced by the riches therein.

"There can be love in a cottage where there is intelligence, virtue and contentment. Shun the immoral man—the man who practices immorality and vulgarity, and who breaks the Sabbath. The man who has no respect for Sunday has no religion, and no religion means that he is a pagan. "Avoid the indolent man. Such a

OLD PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We are still within the atmosphere of St. Patrick's Day, and it may not be inappropriate to give the readers some lines from the last Canto of James S. Law's poem—which has been the subject of remarks and appreciations during the past few weeks. It must, however, be remembered that this was written in 1812, seventeen years before Emancipation. Keeping this fact in mind, the reader will be better able to appreciate and understand the force and tenor of these verses.

"Erin, Adversity's dark days are o'er, Erin, thy ancient spirit wakes once more; Bursting, like sunshine, through a broken sky, Its long-imprisoned emanations fly; Thro' Error's scatt'ring mists it drives its rays; With lightning's swiftness flies the light-winged blaze; Till on th' attracted navigator's sight, You rise sublime, a brilliant globe of light."

"Emancipation, once a waking dream Grows from a wild chimera to a theme Of much importance—more attention draws, More strict observance of the stubborn laws; The breezes bear it on their airy wings,— From every rock Emancipation rings."

"The Presbyterian, with a different creed, Stands by his Catholic friend in time of need; The Protestant, his advocate avowed, Nobly appeals to have his claim allowed, And every sectary, with generous zeal Imbibes new feeling for the public weal."

"Hail to those many souls! whose spirits brave, Who first essayed our sinking Isle to save, Who raised her head—and lit Hope's beacon light, To shed a faint ray on her polar night."

The poet then pays tribute to several of the emphatic friends of Catholic Ireland's cause—Fingall, Killen, Southwell, O'Connell, O'Connell, Netterville, French, Barnewells, Bryan, Kirwin, Taaffe, Sheridan, McDonnell, Dromgoole, Pensonby, Donoughmore, Hutchinson, FitzWilliam, Moira, and Downshire. Most of these are names almost unfamiliar to the men of to-day. But let us take, as a sample of the praise bestowed on these friends of Emancipation, the lines addressed to Grattan:

man will have to be supported, as will his children, if he is your husband and they are your children, you will have to support them.

"Beware of the Har—a man who makes promise after promise and never regards them with any sacredness; a man who strives to go through life holding up his head as an honest man, but who is making his living on what justly belongs to others.

Do not marry a fop. The young woman usually attracted to such a creature are those who foolishly think only of the marriage ceremony and the beautiful trousseau and the honeymoon.

"Do not fall in love with a man because he has a lovely little moustache, because his shoes are a little more highly polished than some others, because his hair is artistically curled and parted in the middle, or because his hands are white and soft. In later years you will find his head is in the latter condition.

"There are many, many men who attend to their religious duties and respect their mothers and sisters, and who are disposed to be amiable. Such a young man will be entirely safe.

Poverty is no objection. Many good young men are poor. I would rather have the man without the riches than great riches without the man.

"Oh, Grattan! honor of thy honor'd race! Thou well deserv'st, in government, a place; For never yet thy laurels didst thou stain, Or sell thy country in Corruption's fane. Human Inconstancy, so fong to range, Through mazes new, has caused, in thee, no change; No coming year has alteration wrought, Nor time, nor accident has variance brought; Thou 'rt still the same, thy ever steady soul, To Truth directs, like needle to the pole; One cause thou advocat'st—and such a heart As thine, will never from that cause depart; And, oh, while honor lives in such a breast, The Catholic, still on thee, his hopes shall rest."

And, while the closing picture of that poem would more fittingly apply to-day than in 1812, for many the dark year of misery and division has Erin known, it may not be inappropriate to repeat them at this hour.

"Erin, rejoice! and let thy griefs be given To passing winds that fan the face of heaven; Fling on the buoyant bosom of the gale, Thy song of sadness and thy mournful tale. Thy day of trial has dissolved in night, And joy suspended shows its matin light; Bright'ning along our plains its glories spread, And heaven's blue dome bends cloudless overhead, Th' auspicious period, when at length arrives, our children, our wives; 'Twas long expected—now it comes at last, Like western zephyr chasing winter's blast; Our native flow'rets feel the genial glow Of vernal suns, and show their hearts of snow; Our fields are dress'd in Pleasure's gayest smile, And Union's sun beams warmly on our Isle."

It would not be just to say that this is a great, or even a remarkable poem, but it is unique—especially when we consider the period in which it was written and the courage it required to say aught in favor of Catholicity in Ireland. However, there are scores of passages in it that savor of Goldsmith's "Traveller," others of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope"; but the resemblances are not sufficient to warrant the critic in calling it imitation.

HOME RULE.

Mr. John Murphy, M.P., East Kerry, Ireland, is now on a visit to the North of England in the interests of the Home Rule movement.

Canadian Patents.

The following patents have recently been made subject to the Compulsory License Clause, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.:

- Nos. 72,546—William Brandon, Kinsmore, Man., band cutters or feeders for grain separators or threshing machinery.
- 72,721—P. J. M. Waslyng, Savanne, Ont., lifting and track aligning jack.
- 74,118—Frank Alex. Breeze, Forest Mills, Ont., spinning frame.
- 76,378—Jas. D. Somers, Wallaceburg Ont., perambulator.
- 78,054—Frank A. Breeze, Forest Mills Ont., spinning head.
- 79,087—Thomas S. Rath, Tweed, Ont. Harvesting machine.
- 79,405—Dina Boisvert, Providence, R.I., self-propelling boat.
- 82,439—Dona Boisvert, Providence, R.I., electric semaphore.



The annual meeting of the Lacrosse Club was held last evening, in the hall of the Irishmen's Literary and Association. Previous to the meeting, the business, groups and young members were discussing the prospects of the season.

The popular and successful of the team, and President Club occupied the chair. on the platform were the



The report of the Secret Gentlemen—I have the approval the following outline year.

Your club's representative the much coveted honor of tain Thomas O'Connell and connection. With the exce Ottawa, as the series of match field, as a glance at the tol show.

Date.	Teams.
May 30.....	Montreal.....S
June 6.....	Toronto.....T
June 13.....	Toronto.....S
July 11.....	National.....S
July 25.....	Cornwall.....S
Aug. 1.....	National.....S
Aug. 8.....	Cornwall.....S
Aug. 29.....	Capital.....C
Sept. 5.....	Montreal.....S
Sept. 12.....	Capital.....S

Date.	Teams.
May 16.....	Mascotte.....M
May 25.....	National.....N
July 29.....	Ox-Cambridge.S
Sept. 7.....	National.....N
Sept. 19.....	Brantford.....B
Sept.	Nelson, B.C...N
Sept. 29.....	Westminster...W
Oct. 1.....	Vancouver.....V
Oct. 3.....	Westminster...W
Oct. 7.....	Vancouver.....V
Oct. 11.....	Seattle.....S
Oct. 17.....	Vancouver.....V

Early in the season the mites to assist the Captain practices. Mr. Thomas Moo

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOYS IN GREEN.

The annual meeting of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club was held on Monday evening, in the hall of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.

The popular and successful Captain of the team, and President of the Club occupied the chair. Beside him on the platform were the honorary

secretary, Mr. W. J. McGee, and the secretary-treasurer, Mr. William P. Lenny. During the reading of the reports of the honorary secretary and treasurer, the members showed their approval by enthusiastic cheers.

The election resulted as follows: Hon. President—H. McLaughlin. President—T. O'Connell. First Vice-President—T. F. Slatery. Second Vice-President—J. J. White.

Hon. Secretary—W. J. McGee. Assistant Hon. Secretary—T. Emmett Quinn.

Many rumors are in circulation that a few of the stalwarts of the team of last year will not be seen in uniform during the approaching season. The first practice will show, as in the past years, that such rumors are devoid of truth.

The old club on every field in Canada, and able administrators such as Harry McLaughlin and his confreres will not be caught napping when the hour arrives to face their adversaries.

The financial report was considered satisfactory, the contribution of the club to the general fund of the Association being \$3,754.18. This sum goes to show that the interest in the national game is not, as many pessimists imagine, on the wane.



SHAMROCK CHAMPIONS, MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE, TRAINER AND "MASCOTT."

The report of the Secretary was as follows:

Gentlemen—I have the honor to submit for your consideration and approval the following outline of the work of the Club during the past year.

Your club's representatives in the Senior League series again captured the much coveted honor of the championship; the brilliant work of Captain Thomas O'Connell and team is worthy of special mention in this connection.

Table with columns: Date, Teams, Grounds, Games Won/Lost, Goals Won/Lost. Lists various matches from May to September.

EXHIBITION MATCHES.

Table with columns: Date, Teams, Grounds, Games Won/Lost, Goals Won/Lost. Lists exhibition matches from May to October.

MINTO CUP SERIES.

Table with columns: Date, Teams, Grounds, Games Won/Lost, Goals Won/Lost. Lists Minto Cup series matches from July to August.

Early in the season the Directors of the Association appointed a committee to assist the Captain of the team in making arrangements for practices. Mr. Thomas Moore, a well known player on senior teams of

previous years, was engaged to look after the training of the team.

The Oxford-Cambridge Lacrosse Team visited the grounds of your Club during the season and played one match, receiving the gate receipts, Your Executive and team tendered a banquet to the visitors at the Windsor Hotel after the match.

During the year your club joined with the Nationals in an exhibition game, the proceeds of which were destined for the fund organized to erect a memorial to the late Dr. Beers, whose noble endeavors during many years to promote the popularity of the national game have yielded abundant fruit.

The struggle in connection with the "Minto Cup," in which the Brantfords were the opponents of your team, aroused the greatest enthusiasm in Montreal. Your team won both matches and continue to hold the trophy. The Brantfords have again challenged for the Cup and the games will be played the first week of July next.

A striking feature of the close of the lacrosse season was the trip of your team to British Columbia and San Francisco.

The management of the trip was entrusted to Mr. William P. Kearney and the results achieved were very satisfactory. In all cities visited on Canadian and American territory during this trans-continental trip your team received the most striking evidences of hospitality, and were banqueted at Vancouver by the Catholic Order of Foresters. On the return of the team, Rev. Father O'Meara, the patriotic pastor of St. Gabriel's Parish, assisted by a large number of enthusiastic ladies of his congregation, organized a complimentary banquet in honor of your team which was indeed a tribute much appreciated by your Executive.

The following is the list of players who occupied a place on the team, and the number of matches they played during the year:

Table with columns: Names, League, Exhibition. Lists player names and their match statistics.

The whole respectfully submitted,

W. J. MCGEE,

Hon. Secretary.

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NEW YORK HOSPITALS.

It was announced the other day, by the Board of Directors of the Eye and Ear Infirmary of New York, that it was necessary to close the institution—a model of its kind and the oldest in the country. As soon as the announcement was made it came home to the public that a crisis has been reached in the matter of great civic hospitals. Heavy deficits stare the majority of these big institutions in the face.

Dr. Sturgis, who has taken active interest in hospitals work, says that these hospitals "are practically a tax on the rich men." The directors claim that they cannot interest the public in hospitals. They experience difficulty in raising money for expenses.

"One of the causes for this is that many persons who see that the city pays annual appropriations to these institutions don't see why they as individuals should advance money to help them.

"They look at the lists of directors who are nearly all wealthy men, and ask why the latter do not attend to the financial needs of the institutions. They overlook the fact that the wealthy directors have been practically making up the deficits for years."

Frank Tucker, of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, suggests that New York should raise an endowment fund of \$10,000,000 in their behalf. He says:

"Even though a considerable increase were allowed by the city it would only modify the annual deficit. It could not possibly reduce it to make the situation safe.

"The end of the nineteenth century saw several huge funds raised for various educational and religious activities. Why not let the beginning of the twentieth century see an endowment fund of \$10,000,000 raised for the great hospitals of New York City?"

This plan is severely criticized by others, and on apparently good grounds. Dr. Graham Bacon, secretary of the Board of Directors of the Eye and Ear Hospital, blames the situation on the lack of a permanent endowment fund to cover running ex-

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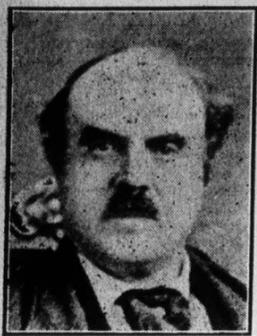
St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.

As a matter of fact the wealthy men connected with the institution have been supporting it right along, but the needs of the hospital have far outstripped their generosity.

With this object lesson before us, we can surely be proud of our Catholic institutions. Take this city, for example. Contrast Laval and McGill, the former with the mere support afforded by its pupils, the latter with the millions lavished upon it by Redpaths, Macdonalds, Strathconas, Mount Stephens, and many others. Reverse the situations and what magical transformations would we not behold. Take our Grey Nunnery, our Notre Dame, or our Hotel Dieu, and compare them, in their prosperity, with institutions that have to depend upon immense donations, vast subscriptions, fabulous endowments. Of course, it will be argued, that our institutions are carried on by persons who give their services free, on account of their religious vows, and consequently curtail the most important item of expenditure. That is true. But what a magnificent testimony to the self-sacrificing and Christian spirit of our saintly religious orders! What more could men ask? What a splendid refutation of all their critics!

THE STORY OF AN IRISH EXILE.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)



LATE WILLIAM O'NEIL.

Regarding the late William O'Neil, concerning the death of whom an article appeared in last week's issue of your paper, permit me to add a few notes from memory which undoubtedly will be read with pleasure by many who had the pleasure of acquaintance with this excellent exiled son of the Emerald Isle.

William O'Neil left his home at Cratloe Castle, Co. Clare, Ireland, at the age of twenty years, two years previous to the rising of '48. For six years he worked at farming and lumbering with his father in the County of Ottawa, in what was then known as the Province of Canada East, or Lower Canada.

At the age of thirty he went to New York City and took passage there on a sailing vessel for Australia, and after a voyage of one hundred and four days, arrived in Melbourne. He gave a most interesting and realistic account of this journey and its accompanying wonders: the magnificent tropical nights in the South Atlantic, with their grandeur of the Southern Cross after the equator was passed, and the awful storms of thunder and lightning so frequent in those parts. With only sixteen shillings in his possession he set about a hunt for fortune in the town of Melbourne, a place then filled with all kinds of adventures. What is now the centre of that city could have then been purchased for a trifle. The day after arrival there he set out on foot for a journey of one hundred miles. This accomplished, he found work at five dollars per day, and after a little threw up his job and went prospecting for himself with varying success. When the rush and excitement were at their height he was there on the Turon, Bendigo and Ballarat diggings. He was one of the first men on the Ballarat field, where four thousand men swarmed in the space of one month. In those days mounted police armed to the teeth preserved order, and weeded out the desperado gangs who were sent to Melbourne in chains.

Mr. O'Neil's accounts of the daring robberies and hold-ups of the gold laden stages would remind one of the romantic days of Spanish adventures in old-time golden Mexico and Peru. On one occasion he, at the head of a party of miners, to reach a new field, under the burning tropical sun, accomplished a journey of two hundred miles across a barren desert in four days. On this journey he saved the life of a young Irish emigrant, Governor O'Shaughnessy. Mr. O'Neil's maternal uncle, was at this period exercising his official functions in New South Wales, and here we have an instance of what Irish brain and wit can rise to when not hampered by the artificial trammels of bad governments.

After three years in the gold diggings, during which time he never slept in a house, Mr. O'Neil left Victoria and went to New Zealand to a place called Christchurch, then a hamlet but now a flourishing city. There he gladly availed himself of an opportunity to fulfil his religious duties, and went to confession and Communion to a French Jesuit Father who, with one companion, had just arrived there and arranged a temporary place of Divine worship in a little hut. He spent two years in New Zealand cattle ranching. A noteworthy experience in this South Sea land was his being imprisoned in a mountain valley for six months, all alone, by an avalanche of snow. With the closing of a two year sojourn in New Zealand, he turned towards his old home to visit once more his aged and beloved mother before her demise. He was her favorite son. He passed by the Cape of Good Hope and was in London in the year of the World's Exposition, 1861, and

saw the wonderful sights of that great event. Among the great notables to visit the world's metropolises at that time was Napoleon III. of France.

Mr. O'Neil then finished the circuit of the earth by crossing over the Atlantic on the steamer Canada to Quebec, with the snug fortune of \$10,000 made in Australia. At the age of twelve years it was, he said, his proud privilege to take the total abstinence pledge from the great Father Matthew, and on the same day was presented to the great liberator, Daniel O'Connell, in the old city of the broken treaty, Limerick. He also felt it a distinction worthy of special mention that he had heard the great O'Connell speak during the famous Clare election. The present Lord Dunsarven's father, Mr. Quinn, lived across the Shannon from Cratloe Castle at Ayr. Mr. O'Neil witnessed the awful ravage of the famine in the "forties." He was always true to his race and kin. In the days of Parnell he infused a spirit of patriotism into his compatriots around Buckingham, and succeeded in raising a respectable donation for the old cause. His two sons in Buckingham to-day not only continue his mercantile business but also perpetuate his patriotic example. At the time of his demise his younger son, John Louis, was living in Seattle, and the funeral was delayed for six days by the family so as to allow their absent brother the sad and sacred privilege of beholding once more his beloved father's countenance, then chilled in the cold embrace of death.

"He died but lives, and living we hope to see him."

AN FAER ER AN SLIAV.

IRELAND'S DAY AT WESTMOUNT.

The solemnity of the Feast of St. Patrick was celebrated by anticipation on Sunday last at the Church of St. Leo, Westmount.

High Mass was sung by Rev. Oscar Gauthier. After the Gospel, the Pastor, Rev. Father Perron, speaking of the recurring feast day, urged the English speaking members of his flock to celebrate with due piety and patriotism, Erin's national festival.

He then announced the preacher of the day, Rev. Gerald McShane, of Notre Dame Church, who took for his text the words of Exodus: "Therefore have I raised thee, that I may show my power in thee, and that my name may be spoken of throughout all the earth."

The speaker pointed out the realization of these words, by the nations who throughout the Church's history had been God's instruments in the spreading of His holy Name. To Ireland and Ireland's people has been confided the mission of bearing the Light of Truth to many lands and nations.

If we claim to descend from such a race of stalwart Apostolic Christians we should not be degenerate children, but maintain the traditions of religious zeal and holiness handed down to us by our forefathers in the Faith.

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. JOHN F. MULLIN.—On the very eve of preparation for the Lenten Mission conducted by the Paulist Fathers in St. Patrick's Church, this city, Mr. John F. Mullin, manager of the Canada Cold Storage Company, and son of our esteemed fellow-countryman, Mr. Patrick Mullin, was suddenly attacked with a severe illness which lasted through the week and ended in death on the day of the close of the Mission, Sunday last.

Mr. Mullin has been a parishioner of the mother Irish parish during his all too brief career. He was educated in schools within the shadow of the sacred edifice, where all the members of his family have long worshipped.

At the time of his demise he had only reached a period of life which may be termed the evening of young manhood, being only 29 years of age. In his particular calling his prospects were of the brightest, occupying the responsible position of manager of one of the largest establishments of its kind in Canada, and enjoying the confidence and esteem of all with whom he had business relations.

Mr. Mullin was of an unassuming disposition, and possessed in an eminent degree the characteristic convictions, religious, national and domestic, which have been the glory

of our race. A few years ago he married Miss Conway, daughter of Mr. John Conway, for long years a member of the staff in connection with the Lachine Canal. The funeral, which was held on Wednesday morning to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted, was largely attended by citizens of all classes. The sacred edifice was deeply draped in mourning, and representatives of hundreds of the households occupied the pews to show their sympathies for the bereaved families.

To Mrs. Mullin, the widow, to the aged and venerable father of the deceased, and to the other members of the two households in mourning, the True Witness offers its most sincere sympathy. R.I.P.

IRISH PARTY IN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The news of the defeat of the British Government, on last Monday, by a vote engineered by the Irish Nationalists, came as a surprise to many. Of course the subject of the motion moved by Mr. Redmond was of minor importance, the House was thin, and it could not be expected that the Government should resign upon an accidental vote of the kind. But all the same it goes a long way to prove the power of the combined Irish party.

Mr. Redmond's motion was for a reduction of the Irish Education estimates. There were two hundred and seventy-one members in the House at the time. Scarcely had the discussion commenced than the Nationalists ceased speaking, a vote was called, and the Government was defeated by 11—the vote standing 141 for the motion and 130 against it. At once Mr. Redmond moved to report progress; but by that time the Government whips had mustered enough members to give them a majority of twenty-five, the vote being 171 to 146. This saved the situation, but not before Mr. Redmond was able to say to the Government, "We defeated you."

Our Ottawa Letter

(From our Own Correspondent.)

PARLIAMENT is at last open, and a session is in full swing. While the coming of one in session in Quebec, and the closing of one in Ontario, are attracting attention in different local sections, the entire eyes of the Dominion are centred on the scenes that are being enacted at Ottawa. As your correspondent foreshadowed in the letter of last week, there is very little as yet to tell, and the programme is so meagre that it would be difficult to predict the possible duration of the session. On account of the amendments to the Grand Trunk Pacific project, and the ratification of the various alterations in the contract, it had been expected that the session would last several months. But this is the only measure of major importance before the House, and as it has been threshed out last session, in a very protracted debate, and is in every shape now ready for the House to consider it, there is not much likelihood of the session lasting beyond the end of May.

On Monday the Address was moved by Mr. Grant, of North Ontario, and seconded by Mr. Rivet, of Hochelaga. Both gentlemen made very favorable impressions, and it can be truly said that they were appreciated all the more, in as much as they displayed no very special partisanship, but rather gave credit all around—wherever credit was due. It may also be noted as a sign significant of the session's probably short duration, that the Premier, in reply to the criticisms of the Leader of the Opposition, confined his remarks mostly to a justification of the appointment of Hon. Mr. Blair to the chairmanship of the Railway Commission. There was, of course, a reference to the G.T.P. scheme, and also mention of the taking of Newfoundland into the Confederation, and of granting Provincial autonomy to the Northwest Territories; but all that does not constitute a "menu" that would take more than ten or twelve weeks to digest.

The number of private bills is quite limited; many of them are for either divorces or the extension of time for construction of railways, or the incorporation of minor companies; and all these will not occupy much time, and can be pushed in committee while the House is proceeding with other matters. In a word, "there is nothing new before us to-day," as

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one member said, and that means a good deal.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—We could not have a better transition, from the consideration of the political field to that of the patriotic efforts to celebrate the feast of Ireland's National Saint, than by drawing attention to the fact that Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, has just succeeded in placing three Irish Catholics on the Bench in one move. They are Mr. Dowling, of Ottawa, who goes to Perth; Mr. O'Meara, of Pembroke, who comes to Ottawa, and Mr. Donahoe, of St. Thomas, who goes to Pembroke. The new system of appointing judges to districts in which they have never practised as lawyers, is being adopted, and is looked upon with great favor—and for reasons that must be obvious to every person. The general preparations for St. Patrick's Day celebration are being completed as I write, and, as they will likely be carried out to the letter, it is as well to mention what they are. In the first place a procession will leave the new St. Patrick's Hall, and proceed to St. Bridget's Church, in Lower Town, where High Mass will be sung, at which His Grace Archbishop Duhamel will pontificate. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Father William Murphy, pastor of St. Joseph's. After the Mass the procession will take in all the prominent streets, and finally will wind up at the Hall. Meanwhile Rev. Father Whelan, of St. Patrick's, will have the usual nine o'clock Mass for the children, and Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate will both preside at the throne and preach to the young people. In the evening the Russell Theatre will be used, and a splendid concert will be given; the grand feature of that event will be an address by Hon. Bourke Cockran, of New York, on "Ireland in the Twentieth Century." Mr. Cockran's great oratorical powers have preceded him as an echo of his reputation, and it is confidently expected that his speech will be one ever to be remembered by the Irish people of Ottawa.

OTHER EVENTS.—On next Monday night the lecture to be given by Mr. John Francis Waters, M.A., under the auspices of the d'Youville Reading Circle, Rideau St. Convent, on the reign of "Queen Mary the First," promises to be a great treat. Your correspondent will make an effort to secure a fair report of the lecture, for all that is written, or spoken, by Mr. Waters bears the seal of scholarship, and a genuine spirit of the purest Catholicity permeates his every effusion.

It would seem that considerable progress is being made in the preparations to rebuild the Ottawa University. Already the contract has been given out—for \$1100—to remove the debris and the ruined walls and the work of demolishing has already been commenced. Some weeks ago a plan of the new proposed University building was published. In how far that plan, in its details, will be adhered to is more than we can say, but as it appears the institu-

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tion presents an appearance not unlike the Capitol at Washington. It is to be in the purest Greek style, with numberless Corinthian pillars, and surmounted by a dome that is to be a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of that of St. Peter's in Rome. If these plans are fully carried out it will cost at least a quarter of a million dollars. But it need not be expected that the institution will be a spring, phoenix-like, from its ashes in a day, or a month, or a year. It will take time to repair the damage caused by the conflagration—years to rebuild what an hour sufficed to destroy.

THE EASTERN WAR.

The reports that have come to us throughout the past week concerning the struggle going on in the Far East between Russia and Japan, have been so meagre, contradictory and vague that it is not possible to form any new estimate of the actual chances on either side. Some weeks ago we gave our opinion regarding the probable outcome of the entire conflict, and as conditions have not materially changed since then, we see no reason to alter our views. While Russia simply allows to go forth to the world that which suits her purposes, there is no doubt that the Japanese are equally as careful of their reports and as strict in their supervision of the press. However, through the cloud of mystery that seems to hang over all those in the Far East—and the Orient has ever been a region of

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

Some time ago I had of telling my experience the war news from the will be remembered that example of how very people knew about the South Africa when the B. commenced, and of how much known by a goodly number distances and situation Corea and Eastern Russia week I desire to record sions concerning the tact by the belligerent parties sent struggle. I will a two incidents.

A FRIEND OF RUS week, while travelling do West, I met with a gentl was an enthusiastic pro- the course of our conver fell upon the subject of t fore long we were launche question of tactics, N absolutely ignorant on pertaining to military a especially to active serv was the audience and he He began by telling me t sians had purposely all to succeed in the beginni the letter to crush the tively smash their entir few months. So well ha planned that had the Jap blown up the Russian m Port Arthur, the Russian would have been deep g same tactics were used by tish in the Boer war; the Boers every opportunity the first engagements, so ly play them out and for try their power. This i that I had never dreame must admit that it has i part. They my new frien describe the entire line fro the Vladivostok, and the line to Port Arthur. At spoken for an hour on th imparting what I deeme very best of information, to ask him how long he i in Russia. To my surpr formed me that he had n there, not had he ever re about it. But he had a map of the Trans-Siberian and had read Fred. Burnet to Kiva." I came to the that he was a second editio Verne, or more properly c Munchausen.

A PRO-JAPANESE—A ago I had the pleasure of station with a gentleman, a Japan, who gave me a dea nation. He said, amongs bright things, that if Jap only to "take no chances strike at the right moment, prevent Russia from gaini advantage—even the most there could be no doubt as t sult of the war. He was u under such circumstances, pan would come out victo was perfectly in accord w fact under the conditions a cribed them, there could not slightest doubt that Japa

A QUESTION OF U

The week before last, at considerable importance was the press and otherwise to a resolution moved by Rev. Mison, at an Assembly of detional clergymen. To judge the headings in the press and borate preface with which the resolution was introduced, as the serious manner in which commented on, one would be expect something very new. In reading the first column of art, which led up to the ex ally grand idea of the reveren Geman, a person was prepare perfect bomb-shell announce However, when the whole mat boiled down and the idea of B. Kition was expressed, we four it amounted to this: that it necessary to establish an inter-national unity between the Protestant Churches of the

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OUR
 CURBSTONE
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On the War Wise.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of telling my experiences regarding the war news from the Far East. It will be remembered that I gave an example of how very little some people knew about the geography of South Africa when the Boer war commenced, and of how much less is now known by a goodly number about the distances and situations in Japan, Corea and Eastern Russia. This week I desire to record some observations concerning the tactics adopted by the belligerent parties in the present struggle. I will simply relate two incidents.

A FRIEND OF RUSSIA:—Last week, while travelling down from the West, I met with a gentleman who was an enthusiastic pro-Russian. In the course of our conversation, we fell upon the subject of the war. Before long we were launched into the question of tactics. Now I am absolutely ignorant on all matters pertaining to military affairs and especially to active service, so I was the audience and he the lecturer. He began by telling me that the Russians had purposely allowed Japan to succeed in the beginning, in order the better to crush them and effectively smash their entire nation in a few months. So well had this been planned that had the Japanese not blown up the Russian men-of-war at Port Arthur, the Russian Government would have been deeply grieved. The same tactics were used by the British in the Boer war; they gave the Boers every opportunity of winning the first engagements, so as to finally play them out and forever destroy their power. This is a theory that I had never dreamed of, and I must admit that it has its novel aspect. They my new friend began to describe the entire line from Moscow the Vladivostok, and the branch line to Port Arthur. After he had spoken for an hour on the subject, imparting what I deemed to be the very best of information, I ventured to ask him how long he had been in Russia. To my surprise he informed me that he had never been there, nor had he ever read much about it. But he had a newspaper map of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and had read Fred. Burney's "Ride to Kiva." I came to the conclusion that he was a second edition of Jules Verne, or more properly of Baron Munchausen.

A PRO-JAPANESE:—A few nights ago I had the pleasure of a conversation with a gentleman, a friend of Japan, who gave me a deal of information. He said, amongst other bright things, that if Japan were only to "take no chances" and to strike at the right moment, and to prevent Russia from gaining any advantage—even the most minute—there could be no doubt as to the result of the war. He was confident, under such circumstances, that Japan would come out victorious. I was perfectly in accord with him; in fact under the conditions as he described them, there could not be the slightest doubt that Japan would

have to win. And the same might well be said of any other of the nations on earth. I finally requested him to tell me what Japan should do to gain all the points that he mentioned in the chess-game of war. He then set to work to show me how he would divide the Japanese forces, the number of men he would keep in the field, the number in reserve, the character of the marches that they would make, the obstacles that they would raise in the path of the Russians, and a lot more of equally instructive information. But he totally neglected, or ignored all or any kind of obstacles that might happen to appear in their own path. I was exceedingly amused at the whole affair, for I was fully convinced that the gentleman was neither joking nor crazy. Imagine my delight that evening, on taking up an American publication, the Chicago Tribune, to find in its columns over the initials "W.D.N." a poem that described to a nicety the very person I had been conversing with—or rather a thousand persons of the same category. The verses were under the very simple heading, "If Bill Was There." I will close my ramblings of this week with those few lines:

If Bill were there—
 There where the Jap and Russ
 Are raisin' such a fuss—
 The cables would be sizzin' hot,
 A'tellin' of the fights they fought
 For Bill—he's got the whole thing
 planned:
 How each one ought to make a stand
 And just how either would begin
 And, with no trick at all, could win,
 There would be troublin' in the air,
 If Bill was there.

If Bill was there—
 He'd take his submarines
 And rapid-fire machines
 And tow 'em slowly, after dark,
 Right up to where he's put a mark
 Near that there town—it's name,
 'b'gee!
 Runs out fifteen miles to sea—
 And then you bet there'd be some-
 thin' drop.
 He'd fight below 'em and on top,
 And some one sure would get a
 scare,
 If Bill was there.

If Bill was there—
 He stuck a dozen pins
 To mark the outs and ins
 Of how he'd march a million men
 Across the land and back again
 And put the foeman in the ditch,
 Whose men? What side? He don't
 care which!
 He says sometimes he fairly aches
 To see both sides make mistakes
 There would be fightin' everywhere
 If Bill were there.

If Bill were there—
 But he's at Miller's store—
 Him and a dozen more
 Of our town's keenest strategists.
 With stubby pencils in their fists,
 Concoctin' battles and campaigns
 That take in all the seas and plains.
 If either one—the Russ or Jap—
 Is looking for a likely chap
 To run the war with tact and skill,
 They'll send for Bill.

the disunion that arose amongst them, the more serious the divisions that they created, the more persistent was their cry and the more keen their craving for unity.

We do not dispute, for a moment, their good faith in seeking to be united, but we pity the blindness which seems to prevent them from seeing the absolute impossibility of any union between themselves. In certain cases, and under certain circumstances, it is quite possible that two or three, or more denominations, in some isolated locality, may succeed in combining their forces to attain some special object, to promote some work of benevolence, or to advance some moral principle—to combat intemperance, to establish closer social intercourse, and such-like. But there is no religious unity in all that. There is co-operation in temporal works; but no unity of doctrine. For a given time the harmony may exist, but the slightest zephyr will disturb the surface, and shatter the reflection of union beneath. The Presbyterian goes on with his predestination, the Baptist with his peculiar theories concerning the first Sacrament, the Unitarian with his denial of the Divinity of Christ, the Anglican with his thirty-nine articles and each of the others with his peculiar tenets; interpretations, means of solution, and repudiations of the means adopted by his neighbors. Where, then, is the unity? Where the hope of unity?

At the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, it was found that upon two things they all could agree, all could heartily unite: one is the Lord's Prayer, the other Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light"—the former a prayer that all could say, the latter a hymn that all could sing. There was, however, a third point upon which all agreed—their opposition to the Catholic Church. On this there is unanimity; there is unity; there is co-operation.

How strange that it never should dawn upon the minds of those learned men, who rise to ministerial rank in the various folds of Protestantism, that, if they can agree upon no one doctrine between themselves, and yet can all agree in their opposition to the one Institution, it might be possible to find the unity so ardently sought after, in that one particular Church. Possibly the day may come when, having vainly sought for the desired unity, they will learn that all along they have simply been combatting the Unity of Christ, in His Church.

The Late Father Godts.

The following sketch of the career and last moments of the late lamented Rev. Father Godts, C.S.S.R., whose death was announced in the last number of the "True Witness," is taken from the Brandon Daily Sun, of March 7, received this week:

The death occurred here this (Monday) morning at an early hour of Rev. William Marie Godts, Superior of the Redemptorist Order in Brandon, and parish priest of St. Augustine's Church. The news of the death of Rev. Father Godts came with a shock to his very many friends throughout the city, as few, even of the parishioners of St. Augustine's, were aware of his illness. For the last ten days the deceased has been suffering from a severe cold, but no serious result was anticipated.

On Sunday evening, at about 8.30 the reverend father was visited by his medical adviser, Dr. Matheson, and appeared to be making favorable progress. The patient felt that he was not ill enough to be confined to his bed, and insisted upon being up and around as much as possible. He chatted with the doctor and took his usual nourishment. And after the doctor's departure Father Godts was unusually cheerful and not suffering in any way. At his usual hour he fell into a peaceful sleep, after assuring his attendants that he was comfortable for the night.

When the members of the household retired at ten o'clock Sunday night, Father Godts was quietly sleeping, and during the night gave no sign of distress or of needing assistance. At the hour for rising this morning, five o'clock, one of the brothers proceeded at once to the Superior's room, fully expecting to find him improved after a good night's rest. Upon entering the chamber, he found that death had come to the venerable and respected head of the house, and only a short time before, for the body lay upon the bed, and had not yet grown cold. The immediate cause of death is not known, but undoubtedly was the result of general weakness.

For some years Father Godts appeared frail and aged looking to those who were most intimate with him, but he appeared to disregard any weakness or illness. During the recent severe weather he had several

attacks of illness, but they scarcely interfered with his duties, to which he gave the closest attention whatever the condition of his health happened to be. His life had been one of constant activity and he seemed not to realize that the day had come when there was a limit to his strength. The heavy responsibilities of the great work he has accomplished for the Church in Brandon was a great burden in the closing years of such a career of work as his had been and his sudden collapse when all is considered, is not surprising.

The news of the death of Rev. Fr. Godts was heard throughout the city with feelings of the deepest regret. Few residents were better known or more highly respected than the deceased.

The late Rev. William Marie Godts, C.S.S.R., was born in Belgium on December 18th, 1842. He entered the Redemptorist Order in April, 1864, and was professed on the 15th of April, 1865. He became a priest on Oct. 8, 1869. He began his studies at the Redemptorist Novitiate, Saint Troud, Belgium, and completed them at Wittem, Holland. He came to Canada in 1889, and was for a time at St. Anne's Church, Montreal. He was also at St. Anne de Beaupre, and Hochelaga, Que. He was always recognized as one of the ablest exponents of Church doctrine in the Redemptorist Order, and during his residence in Eastern Canada, much of his time was taken up in missionary work. Before coming to Canada Rev. Father Godts spent a number of years as a missionary in the West Indies. He had also been in England and Ireland, and was actively interested in the work of sending young men and women from the crowded centres in Great Britain to Canada.

The late Superior of the Redemptorist Order here came to Brandon and opened the house here on Aug. 15, 1898. Prior to that he came through Western Canada on an inspection trip and the result of his report to his superiors was the talking over by this Order of this city and the surrounding missions, where the Redemptorists have since accomplished great work. Under the direction of Rev. Father Godts, the fine residence of the Redemptorist Fathers was erected, and the splendid Church of St. Augustine, at the corner of Lorne Avenue and Fourth street was built. At the different missions in the Brandon district, too, much progress has been made since Rev. Father Godts took over the territory for the Redemptorist Order, less than six years ago. There are now nine churches at Rapid City, Austin, Souris, Shoal Lake and other places, and at Yorkton a new house has been opened under the direction of Rev. Father Delaere. St. Michael's Convent, which the Redemptorists found unoccupied when they came here, is now on a splendid footing, with a capable staff of teachers and a large and flourishing separate school. All this progress and much more, which it would take columns to enumerate, is due almost entirely to the great zeal and splendid administrative ability of the Rev. Father Godts. Probably the greatest wish of the dead Superior was to see in Brandon a Church in keeping with the rapidly extending requirements of his people here, and he was spared to see the completion of the splendid edifice, which will stand as a monument to his zeal and devotion.

The deceased was a writer of considerable ability and has issued several books which have been widely read, notably "Confession," "The Virgin," "The Protestant Rule of Faith," etc.

A SERMON IN IRISH.

The Rev. Murtagh Farragher, P.P., Aran Isles, occupied the pulpit in the spacious Church of the Jesuit Fathers Gardiner street, Dublin, at last Mass on a recent Sunday. His object was to appeal for help to complete the Church of St. Brigid, which he is building in the village of Kilmoran. His sermon, which was delivered in the vernacular, was a novelty to the congregation, which included people from all parts of the city. Having preached on the Gospel of the day, the Rev. gentleman expressed the great satisfaction he felt in being able to address them in that church that day in the native language—in the same tongue that was used years ago by St. Laurence, the same tongue in which St. Kevin prayed in his little cell on the shores of Glendalough, the same tongue in which Brian Boru addressed his soldiers at the Battle of Clontarf, when he pointed to the sacred sign of their redemption.—Catholic Times.

ST. BRIDGET'S REFUGE.
 Report for week ending Sunday, 13th March, 1904: Irish, 126; French 210; English, 88; other nationalities 13. Total, 257.

DEMOCRACY, SOCIALISM AND LABOR.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX."
 (Continued.)

In last issue I reviewed in as brief and complete a manner as possible the splendid address of Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, on the grave political and social problems of the day. I had space only to touch upon the first half of the address, in which he disposed of Anarchism and dealt fully with Socialism. When I turned down the page, to take up the subject again this week, I was at that point where the Bishop showed that the "Sovereign good is spiritual," and when he was about to contrast the materialism of the Nineteenth Century with the spirit that will have to dominate the Twentieth Century. Here I will take up the subject and begin with his own words regarding the century that has just elapsed.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—After telling us that the new century clamors for new men, a more thoughtful, more loving, more generous kind of man, he thus refers to the last century:

"The Nineteenth shall be gratefully remembered for its scientific achievements and mechanical inventions, but not for the nobleness and heroism and love of its children. It was an age of greed and grasping, of little faith and feverish desire, of fine phrases and cruel deeds, of weak will and lawless passions. We inherit its spirit of unrest, of doubt, of low-mindedness and rapacity, of boastfulness and sensuality. Against this spirit we must struggle if we hope to make our country rich and fair in the intellectual and moral qualities of its citizens. Philosophy is turning from materialism as an inconceivable and incredible world-view."

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.—"Science postulates an unseen power with in and beyond all that appears. Religion more and more lays stress on the worship of God in spirit and in truth. The great pessimists have made it forever impossible to feel that life is not a curse, if it be not rooted in the being of an Eternal Father. All the thoughts and love and sacrifice of the wisest and the noblest compel belief in God, in Whom children and virgins and mothers and all true lovers have always believed. In the process of the ages in which the vision of God has become clearer and more inevitable, the soul has risen to fuller consciousness of its divine nature and immortal destiny; and in the world in which the soul lives and is free there is no hate, no envy, no greed, no blind desire, no mad passion."

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.—From these general and generally accepted principles the Bishop passes on to the consideration of individual right to property as being fundamental. Inequality is a law of nature. The social organism would not be true to the unending variety of its existence if it failed to include inequality of possession. This brings us to the crucial test of ownership. "Property rights are sacred, but not absolute—they do not imply that a man may do what he likes with his possessions. He may not do what he likes with himself, but only what is becoming and worthy." This again is true, and it establishes the necessity of a superior authority, and of respective rights and obligations. Here follows another striking truth, and one that does not seem to be considered in the hundreds of cases wherein capital and labor clash. "The wage does not constitute the sole relationship between master and workman, for in all human associations rights and duties are involved of which money can never be the equivalent." To explain this we have the following grand passage:

"We may not exclude religion from ethics, nor ethics from economics. Justice itself is not enough. Honesty is indispensable, but sympathy and loving kindness and serviceableness are of a higher worth and potency. The lack of these make possible all the wrongs and perjuries which are the cause of misery to millions, and are of a higher worth and potency, world. Until the spirit of which Christendom is born shall prevail, not only in the home and the church, but in civil affairs, in politics, in industry and commerce, it can never be well with mankind; and our doubts and misgivings concerning the future

arise in this truth and less desire to make it the controlling principle of social as of individual life."

MUTUAL INTERESTS.—Here, now we are in face of the problem, that is the social problem, of the age; the mutual interests of Labor and Capital. A plea is made for the attitude of friendship between the laborer and the employer, because their interests are inter-dependent. Sentiments of justice and humanity must prevail if peace and success are to be expected. Laws cannot entirely regulate the differences between them; it needs that which can raise the mind and touch the heart—for that alone can go to the fountain head of the evil that exists.

"Our industrialism and machinery have wrought marvels, but they have not made us wiser or more unselfish. On the contrary they have promoted the formation of vast centres of population, in which life, physical and moral, degenerates; and consequently they are a menace to the highest interests of humanity. Towns of fifty or a hundred thousand inhabitants are indispensable. Without them there can be no class with leisure to devote themselves to science and art, to the more important functions of Government and to the refinements and elegancies of life; but the massing of millions of human beings at a single point makes it the most fitting culture for every kind of infectious germ, a nursery of vice, and a breeding ground for crime."

A FEARFUL PICTURE.—We cannot pass over the following picture of the terrible results of massing human beings into hives by the hundreds of thousands. The scenes drawn with mastery strokes are all only too true. Bishop Spalding says:

"Here is every provocation of passion, every promise of immunity. Hither come from a thousand villages and towns, from innumerable farm houses, those who, grown weary of virtue, crave for opportunity to defile themselves in the mire of debauchery, without risk of discovery and infamy, and so the leperous contagion spreads throughout the land. Here, as in a vast whispering gallery the murmurs of all the horrors, atrocities, murders, suicides, and inhumanities circulate ceaselessly to be caught up from hour to hour and borne on the wings of the press to countless homes where only innocence and love should be known. Here women are offered for the shambles of the slave driver; here children wander homeless through the crowded streets and the haunts of vice, or are taken and confined in asylums and reformatories where it often happens that corruption fosters here anarchists, agitators, and all the contrivers of mischief congregate and find their work waiting."

THE INNER SOURCES.—No need to insist further on this feature. We are shown that it is necessary to foster a public opinion which shall teach men that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of peoples as of individuals, while prosperities and pleasures, if they be separated from justice and purity, dig their graves. A magnificent oration, filled with true principles, is the following:

"The mob of the worshippers of Mammon, Bacchus and Venus may gather in increasing numbers; but it lacks principle, it lacks steadfastness, it lacks persistence, while they who are controlled and held together by moral and religious convictions obey abiding impulses and become a permanent force. They have the strength of reason and conscience which overcomes the lawless passions of the rabble as it subdues the forces of nature to human uses. This is the soul of the opinion which rules the world, which, if it but assert itself, can reform homes and cities, churches and states. When an organism loses the power to remake itself, its destruction has begun. Too rapid growth is a symptom of disease. Voraciousness is pathological. In vain shall we widen our boundaries, in vain multiply markets for our goods. If the inner source which made our fathers lovers of truth and justice and freedom run dry."

A QUESTION OF UNITY.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The week before last, at Ottawa, considerable importance was given in the press and otherwise to a special resolution moved by Rev. Mr. Kittson, at an Assembly of denominational clergymen. To judge from the headings in the press and the elaborate preface with which the said resolution was introduced, as well as the serious manner in which it was commented on, one would be led to expect something very new. In fact in reading the first column of the report, which led up to the exceptionally grand idea of the reverend gentleman, a person was prepared for a perfect bomb-shell announcement. However, when the whole matter was boiled down and the idea of Rev. Mr. Kittson was expressed, we found that it amounted to this: that it is necessary to establish an inter-denominational unity between the various Protestant Churches of the city.

These are not the exact words; but they convey the entire meaning.

In the first place there is nothing very startling in the discovery of a necessity for Christian unity. From the very dawn of Christianity it has been an essential of the religion of Christ. Christ being Truth in all its perfection, could impart nothing but Truth to His Church. And Truth cannot be divided; it cannot be other than one. Consequently for a Christian creed to be true, it must be one; for a Christian Church to possess the Truth, it must be the most complete example of unity. Therefore, we have no fault to find with the clergyman who declares the necessity of Christian unity.

The object to be attained is good; the only consideration that awakens misgivings is that regarding the means to attain that end,—and the question of the probability, or even possibility of ever attaining it by the means to be used. Ever since the day that the first heretical sect cut itself adrift from the Church it has been the cry of the separatists,—the protestants—the Protestants—that unity was necessary. And the louder this cry was raised the further did they drift in ever multiplying fragments, away from

the
 "True Witness"

With this our simple review closes.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Little Tribute to St. Joseph.

With hearts thrilling loud with emotion,
We gather, dear saint, at thy shrine
Our souls rapt in sweetest devotion.
At thoughts of the glories all thine,
St. Joseph, strong shield of our Mother,
Dear guardian of Jesus, our God,
Our Savior, Exemplar and Brother,
Lead us in the paths he has trod.

Chorus.

St. Joseph, kind father, oh hear
Thy children now calling on thee;
In life, as in death, be thou near,
And give to our arms victory.

St. Joseph example of prayer,
With Heaven's best gifts ever fraught;
Thou' hidden thy virtues so rare,
All saints in thee model have sought.

The Church's great patron we hail thee,
The twentieth century's star;
The treasures of Heaven ne'er fail thee;
Dispense them, dear saint, near and far.

Send down on our homes the rich blessings
That shone in dear Nazareth of old,
Love's seal on each portal impressing
Our schools and our labors uphold.

All glory to God who has graced thee
With merits befitting His love!
A light in His Church he has placed thee,
Safe guide to our true home above.

St. Joseph, strong hope of the dying
Thro' thy death so peaceful and blest,
With Mary to soothe thy last sighing,
The heart of thy Savior thy rest.

For us conquer death's cruel power,
Let the arms that thy Jesus once bore
Support us in that final hour
And bear us to Heaven's bright shore.

—Ursuline Convent, Tiffin, Ohio.

AN UNLUCKY PRESENT—Little eight year old Minnie Brenner was standing by the window in her home watching the neighboring house, in which Bertha Berger, her friend and playmate, lived. The two houses were situated in the country, and there were no other dwelling-places very near them.

"What are you standing by the window all day for, Minnie?" asked Will, her brother, who had just come into the room. Will was three years older than Minnie, and much taller.

"I am waiting for something," said Minnie.

"Ah, I know what you are waiting for," said Will. "You want to watch Bertha's company going away. What do you want to see these folks for? They are no better than we are."

"Oh, yes, Will, they are rich, and they are so nice looking, and wear such pretty clothes that it does me good to look at them," replied Minnie.

"I think it's a shame Bertha didn't invite you to come over to-day," remarked Will. "She is always with you at other times. She ought to ask you also to come over when she has company. If I were you I should let her feel it when she comes here again next time."

Minnie did not answer. It was true. At other times Minnie and Bertha were together mostly all day, for they had been friends ever since they were babies. But to-day Bertha's aunt from Chicago was there, paying a visit to the family, and Minnie was too shy to go over by herself.

An aunt from Chicago was a very extraordinary person in Minnie's respect. Bertha's little cousin was there also. She was a lovely little girl, with long black curls, and was beautifully dressed. A little while ago she was out in the yard with Bertha, and they were making a snow man. Minnie would have liked so much to join them. If Bertha would have only called her. But she didn't. She pretended not to see her. Minnie's little heart was sore, and her eyes stood full of tears as she thought of it, but she very resolutely brushed her tears away.

"I'll not let anybody see that I feel bad about it, not even mamma,"

no, not even grandma," she whispered.

Minnie's grandma was for the children the most beloved person in the house. She was so good, and she could tell such nice stories. Minnie and Will often sat by her for hours now, while it was winter, and Bertha too. She came every evening to sit with them and listen to grandma's stories.

"Never mind," thought Minnie. "If Bertha has a rich aunt in Chicago, and a pretty cousin, she hasn't got a grandma like I have."

Half an hour later, when it was getting dark, the two next-door visitors mounted a sleigh which was to bring them to the railroad station. Five minutes later somebody knocked at the back door of Minnie's house. "It's Bertha," said Will. "Let her knock a while."

But Minnie went and opened for her. "O Minnie, my auntie brought me a beautiful present. See here!" cried Bertha joyously, stepping in the room and holding up a very pretty small muff. It was made of black fur, and a red cord and two red tassels were attached to it.

Neither Minnie nor Bertha ever had had a muff. To keep their hands warm on their way to church and school, each of them had a pair of coarse but warm black mittens. No wonder that Bertha felt delighted, and what little girl would blame Minnie for feeling a little jealous?

Minnie was just going to say that she thought the muff pretty when Will broke in. "Ha! ha! ha!" he said. "What kind of a thing is that? Do you intend to wear that to church and school? He-heeh! The children will make fun of you."

Bertha felt confounded. She had thought that everybody would admire that lovely muff, and that all the girls would be jealous. She had pictured in her mind that they would stand around her and ask her to let them have it just for a while; and now Willie said they would make fun of her. Helplessly she looked at Will and then at Minnie. "You like it, though, Minnie, don't you?" she asked.

Minnie really was a good girl, but to-day she felt angry at Bertha and jealous, and that made her act mean. "The red tassels are so funny," she said. "I'm sure they'll all laugh at you. I wouldn't wear it for anything."

Bertha was very near crying. "You say that because you can't have it," she said. "You are jealous."

"Jealous of that thing?" answered Minnie. "You needn't think that. But you are 'stuck up,' and you wouldn't ask me to come over when your cousin was there."

"She wouldn't have played with you anyhow," was Bertha's answer. Now Will commenced to interfere.

"Why wouldn't she have played with Minnie?" he said. "She's no better than we are. She is nothing but a dressed-up little doll."

This was too much for Bertha. "You are mean," she said. "Both of you are, and I'm going home, and I won't ever come here any more."

"You needn't come here any more!" Minnie answered. "We don't want you to come at all, and you will not hear grandma tell stories, either."

Bertha took her muff and ran home crying. Neither did Minnie feel very happy after she was gone, for her conscience told her that she had acted wrong.

Three days went by. As it was Christmas vacation there was no school, and time passed slowly for the two girls. Neither of them went to see the other, but each of them felt lonely and secretly longed for the other's company.

The fourth day was Sunday. In the morning Bertha went to church with her mother, proudly carrying her new muff. Her little hands felt so snug and warm in it she hardly felt the cold at all, and the black fur looked so shining and bright. Once in a while Bertha rubbed it against her cheek to feel how soft it was. The red tassels swung on both sides of the muff as Bertha walked along and when she passed Minnie and Will on their way to church she acted as though she did not see them.

In the afternoon Bertha went to Sunday school. It was the first time since she attended it that she had to go there alone. Formerly she had always been with Will and Minnie. As she walked over the prairie which she had to cross on her way, she felt very desolate, yet she tried not to lose her courage.

"I ain't going to give in to Minnie, 'cause she was mean to me, and 'cause she is jealous. I'd rather go

all alone all the time," she said to herself.

During instructions the girls all looked at Bertha's muff. Minnie did too, and then she whispered something to her neighbors, and they giggled.

"That's 'cause they don't have one," thought Bertha, and she tried not to mind them.

When Sunday school was over Bertha started on her way home all by herself. She was ahead of the others and walked very fast to avoid being overtaken by them. When she entered the prairie Minnie and Will, Tom Sable and his sister, and several boys caught up to her.

Bertha was just wondering whether she better speak to Lillie Sable when Tom called out:

"Hello, what have you got there around your neck?" At the same time he took hold of the red cord. The other children laughed. Bertha said nothing, and pulled the cord out of Tom's hand.

"She's stuck up," said Minnie, "'cause she's got a muff, and 'cause she's got a rich aunt in Chicago who gave it to her."

"Pooh!" put in Lillie, "there are others having rich aunts."

"What is it?" cried Tom, pretending not to know. "A muff? Maybe it's a muffin. Come, let's look at it. He again took hold of the cord, pulled it over Bertha's head and held it in his hand, swinging the muff in the air.

"Give me my muff! Give it to me!" cried Bertha; but Tom would not heed. He teasingly swung the muff around and around, and all at once threw it high in the air waiting for it to come down so as to catch it. Now something unexpected happened to the muff. The children had just been passing a high tree growing in the prairie, and as the muff went up in the air, the wind blew it against the tree. It was caught in its branches, and there it remained.

When Tom saw what he had done, he laughed and ran away, and he was followed by the others. They left Bertha crying bitterly and standing all alone under the tree with her pretty muff hanging high up in its branches. She looked up and down the road to see if some person would come to help her, but nobody appeared, and finally, as it began to grow dark, she went home feeling very unhappy.

When Bertha arrived at home, she did not receive much consolation. Her papa had gone out, and nobody was there who could have gone to get the muff. Her mamma tried to console her, saying that she would try to get it in the morning, but this failed to comfort Bertha. She lay upon the lounge in the sitting room and cried as though her heart would break.

Finally she felt tired and became a little quieted. She now realized that it was not so much the loss of the muff, which she hoped to get back in the morning, that made her feel bad. It was most of all the fact that the other children had been so mean to her. Above all, Minnie and Will. How could Minnie speak to her the way she did, and how could they both run away and leave her all alone on the prairie!

She wondered what they were doing now. They were certainly sitting together with grandma. She would take a dishful of nice brown baked apples out of the oven, and then they would sit together and eat them, and grandma would tell stories. She herself could be there, too, if she had not quarrelled with Minnie. The little girl's conscience told her that she had not acted right towards Minnie the day when the visitors from Chicago were there. She detested herself wishing that they would have never come, and that she would have never received the muff.

Bertha was laying with her face toward the wall while she thought all this, and she did not see that somebody entered the room very softly. All at once she felt something soft touch her cheek. She grabbed it. It was her muff.

Like lightning Bertha turned round to see who put it there, and she saw Minnie standing by the lounge.

"There is your muff, Bertha," she said. "Will went back, climbed the tree, and got it for you, and now please forgive me and let us be friends again."

Bertha felt so astonished she did not know what to say at first. "What made Will go back and get it?" she asked.

"When we came home, Will and I, we felt sorry for you, 'cause we left you all alone under the tree crying, and we told grandma all about the quarrel. We also told her what Tom did. She said that we acted very mean, and she thought we ought to make up. So we made up our minds that Will should get the muff for you and that I should bring it over. Here it is; now let's be friends again, and come along with me to our house, will you? Grandma wants you to come, and Will and I too. We don't enjoy grandma's stories half as much

when we listen to them alone."

While Bertha listened to Minnie saying this, a wonderful brightness and happiness came into her heart. She put her arms around Minnie and kissed her, and said: "It was all my fault, 'cause I really felt 'stuck-up.' I'll never be so any more, and don't want to be dressed any better than you are."

"Then we both did wrong," said Minnie. "I felt very jealous. Let's forget it and never quarrel any more."

Now they went together to Minnie's home and there spent a happy evening.

The next day Bertha put the muff in the box in which she received it, and placed it on the shelf in the wardrobe. She took out her coarse woolen mittens and wore them again to church and to school. Nobody could induce her to wear the muff again. It remained hidden on the shelf, and I guess if we would look we could still find it there.—M. R. Thiele in the Young Catholic Messenger.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Oh, where is the man so devoid of all feeling

Of love for the land where his ancestors lay,

That no warm impulse comes o'er his heart stealing

On the bright rosy morn of her Patron Saint's day?

What though among nations her place may be lowly—

What though with dark pages her annals abound—

Shall the ties of affection grow weaker—less holy—

When darkness o'er shadows—when dangers surround?

Unpriced were that patriot's soulless emotion,

Whose heart throbb'd more faintly because it felt pain—

More undying his name who, with constant devotion,

Of baffled in right, doth as oft try again.

A dark, dreary night oft precedes a bright morn,

And winter but brings a more glorious spring;

So the star of a nation, still through mists of sorrow,

May on her dimm'd horizon its brightest rays fling.

That thus it will be with long, long suffering Ireland,

Her sons will strive ever, where'er they may be,

'Till the clouds that yet hang like a pall o'er their Ireland

Shall melt in the sun of Home Rule liberty.

Then shall paeans of joy echo through the green island,

And bright smiles efface every vestige of tears,

And from shore unto shore, throughout valley and highland,

Dormant powers awake that lay letter'd for years.

'Twas not optimist's dream—'twas no bardic illusion,

That pictur'd an Ireland, "great, glorious and free."

'Twas a statesman who styled her, in happy allusion,

"First flower of the earth; brightest gem of the sea."

Then uplift her green banner—ye breezes salute it—

Let its folds fly unfurl'd, blending arays with the sun,

On each St. Patrick's Day—few but slaves now dispute it—

'Tis Erin's bright pledge that Home Rule shall be won.

—M. C. O'DONNELL,

Toronto, March 12th, 1904.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

In his Lenten Pastoral, the Bishop of Menavia, Wales, says:

Amid the storm of controversy on educational matters, it seems at times as though the principal object of true education is often forgotten or overlooked. Party feeling and religious bias seems often to be the guiding star of those who dispute as to how the education problem should be solved. The real end and object of educating children should surely be to teach and train them in such a way that they may become good and useful citizens in this world, and that they may so live here on earth as to deserve to be one day citizens of the eternal Kingdom of Heaven. The end of education, therefore, must be the good, temporal and eternal of the child; and as this life is but a preparation for the life to come, it follows that the child's eternal wel-

fare should be the first consideration in the matter of education. It is for this reason that we Catholics can never consent to any so-called education from which religion is divorced, or which teaches anything contrary to our holy Faith.

It is for this reason that we claim the right of having Catholic schools where, in addition to the secular instruction as given in all other schools, our children can be taught their religion and how to live so as to save their immortal souls. It is not our intention to speak to you on the general subject of education on this occasion. The Government of this country has lately passed an Education Act, which is certainly a great step in the direction of being fair to all parties, without interfering with the religious feelings of any; and we trust that before long we may see this act administered in the spirit in which it was intended, and that all may receive justice at the hands of those who are empowered to deal with this act.

We wish, however, on this occasion to dwell upon the most important branch of education, one which must be attended to, not merely during school hours, but at other times, namely, instruction in Christian Doctrine. There are three principal places where the knowledge of Christian Doctrine should be imparted to the young; the home, the day-school and the Sunday-school. Of all places and times for instructing youth in Christian Doctrine, the most important, and most lasting in its effect, is the home. Dr. Mostyn proceeds to detail what a true Christian home ought to be, and concludes by urging on parents the necessity of sending their children regularly to Sunday-school in those places where there is no Catholic day school.

Bequests to Catholic Charities.

A Grand Rapids correspondent of the Michigan Catholic says:

"The last will and testament of the late Mrs. Mary McNamara, whose funeral was held from the Cathedral on Feb. 22, was filed in the probate court March 2, and bequeaths a very large proportion of her estate to various Catholic institutions. Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter, by the terms of the will is made executor, the witnesses to the will being Dr. G. K. Johnson and Edwin F. Uhl. It bears the date of 1892.

Five thousand dollars is bequeathed to Bishop Richter to defray funeral and burial expenses; \$5000 to Mary McNamara, her companion and assistant for the past twenty years; \$10,000 in trust to the Bishop, to be devoted to the erection of a Catholic College in or near Grand Rapids; \$10,000 for a House of the Good Shepherd, also to be established in or near the city of Grand Rapids; \$5000 in trust to Bishop Richter for the establishment of a hospital to be under the management of the Bishop and his successors; \$5000 in trust to St. Andrew's Cathedral; \$5000 to St. John's Orphan Asylum; \$1000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor; \$3000 to Rev. Jos. Benning, O.M., Cap., formerly one of the pastors of St. Andrew's; \$500 to Michael McNamara and wife Mary. The residue of the estate, after the above bequests are paid is devised to Bishop Richter in trust for the college and hospital mentioned above.

The announcement of the terms of her will creates little surprise, or comment in this city among people who knew her best, as her numerous munificent acts of charity during her lifetime prepared her friends to expect that the Church and the great Catholic institutions she loved so well would be remembered at her death. All her bequests to the charitable institutions mentioned will be available at a most opportune time, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd having been hard at work for the past six weeks endeavoring to raise sufficient funds to establish the order in this city. The generous bequest of Mrs. McNamara will make it possible for them to build a house suitable for their present needs, and enable them to come here at once and begin the grand and noble work to which these saintly women devote their energies and their lives."

DETROIT AND CARNEGIE.

The City Council of Detroit has rejected the offer of Mr. Carnegie, the American multi-millionaire, to donate \$750,000 to erect a public library.

THE NEW BISHOP OF NEW YORK

Upon the recommendation of Archbishop Farley, Pope Pius X. has appointed Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, Superior of the Apostolic Mission Band, now stationed at St. Teresa's Church on Henry street, to be Auxiliary Bishop of New York; Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, and Pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, to be member of the College of Prothonotaries Apostolic, and Rev. Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be a Domestic Prelate.

Father Cusack is forty-two years old, was born in this city, and was educated at St. Francis Xavier's College, whence he graduated in 1880. He was ordained a priest in 1885 at the Troy Seminary, and was sent as Assistant Pastor to St. Theresa's, which position he held for ten years. He was then assigned to the rectorship of a Church in Rosendale, N. Y. He gave up this parish to enter missionary work. His office will be to relieve the Archbishop of a good deal of routine labor.

Vicar General Mooney was born in Pennsylvania in 1848, and was reared in Kingston, N.Y. He was graduated from St. John's College, Fordham; was ordained in Troy Seminary, and for eight years was Professor of Moral Philosophy there, being at one time assistant to the late Dr. McGlynn. He left the Seminary to become pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in Newburg, and there he remained until 1890, when he came to the Church of the Sacred Heart, in this city.

He was appointed Chancellor in 1892, to succeed Bishop McDonnell, and four months later he was made Vicar General on the death of Mgr. Preston. In June, 1896, he celebrated the completion of his twenty-fifth year as a priest, and then was elevated to the dignity of Monsignor.

With his promotion to the post of domestic prelate, Father Lavelle will have the rank of Monsignor. He was born in New York city in 1856, and when very young was an altar boy for Cardinal McCloskey. He was graduated from Manhattan College in 1873, and from there went to the Troy Seminary. He was ordained in 1879. All his sacerdotal career has been spent at St. Patrick's Cathedral. When it was opened in 1879 he was assigned there as assistant priest and in 1887 was made Rector. He was made Vicar-General in September of last year.

Mgr. Thomas F. Kennedy, Rector of the American College in Rome, is also made a member of the College of Prothonotaries Apostolic in recognition of the work he has done at the College in the last two years and a half.

The College of Prothonotaries Apostolic, of which he has now become a member, consists of twelve members who are charged with the registry of acts, proceedings relating to canonization, etc., in the Catholic Church.

Archbishop Farley is to sail from Naples for New York on March 18th on the North German Lloyd steamship Princess Irene. He has received a long autograph letter from Pope Pius, in which the Pontiff speaks in highly complimentary terms of his work since he became Archbishop of New York. The letter will be published when Archbishop Farley returns to America.

The official announcement of the appointments has been received at the Cathedral. The new Bishop will be stationed at St. Stephen's Church, in East Twenty-eighth street, to succeed the Right Rev. Charles H. Colton, who was made Bishop of Buffalo. He will be consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral during Easter week.

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE

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CHAPTER IX.

If Agnes Hurley was child at six she was far in her thirteenth birthday dress. Her beauty was not in her complexion, for she was quite a girl for her age and slender, while her face was as snow and her blue eyes, considered handsome at a looked more on closer observation the eyes of the dead. Her flaxen hair was her only feature. But on that you was an expression of angelic quality, seldom seen in one and this could not fail to attract attention and admiration. At times as if she held a light with bright, unseen spirits, her than the sight of all the beauty, of which she was Her sweet voice, too, was a music that being once heard not soon be forgotten.

Blind Agnes they called her everybody knew her, and to was to love her. By two she especially known and loved were the fashionable friends Hurley, and the members church she attended. They looked upon her as a beauty digly whom they could not stand, but felt compelled while in the eyes of the late was one of God's chosen saints to teach them the way to her pure devotion touched the of many who beheld her in and caused them to be more in their own prayers.

As Virginia had promised bringing her adopted daughter the Catholic faith, and notwithstanding that she did not believe herself, never in word or deed the slightest objections of the devotions she chose to form. Undoubtedly her child was because she saw her religion made her and willing to remove any of the mass from her life. She had her from the Catechism that had given her; but she left neighbors to conduct her each Sunday until she was gone alone, accompanying her on a few great occasions which begged her to go and hear that. At these times Virginia could help being touched by the faith and reverence shown a little companion, but she had so accustomed to her that she buted it wholly to the child's disposition and leaving that thought little more about it.

As the time for her first Eucharist and Confirmation day she entered with deep interest preparations for the great event which Agnes had talked so much always with her face glowing a supernatural light which loved to see. Two objects cupled her mind; the first was Agnes so thoroughly in the chism that she would stand head of her class, and the so her a matter of little less ance, was to dress her in a outdo her companions. To the Sister Agnes Bernard would object as she preferred go on such occasions, but she and her cousin's kindness to think of offering a word assistance to any of her plans.

Agnes, whose innocent so unswayed by pride or a love-dresses, of which she knew looked forward to the happy with pure childish love which to diffuse its spirit over the class. She never tired of her companions of the happy receiving her Lord, and qu the Sisters in a manner that far beyond the comprehension of her age.

The happy day arrived at to her it seemed as if she passed very slowly until it v to go to Church. Virginia pained her and her heart with pride when she saw the admiring looks cast upon her girl. Many pretty white dro to be seen as the procession down the long aisle, but not be compared with Agnes' w trimmed with flounces of a delicate silk veil covering her long golden hair, and on her wreath of natural white roses was what attracted the ad of Mrs. Hurley and a few friends, but on her return after the angelic loveliness of pale face outshone the beaut

BISHOP NEW YORK

commendation of Arch. Pope Pius X. has appointed Thomas F. Cusack, Superintendent of the Mission Band, at St. Teresa's Church, to be Auxiliary Bishop; Mgr. Joseph F. General of the Archdiocese of the Church of St. Peter, to be member of the Prothonotaries Apostolic; Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be Prothonotary Apostolic; Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be Prothonotary Apostolic; Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to be Prothonotary Apostolic.

Mooney was born in 1848, and was in 1880, and was in 1885, and was in 1890, and was in 1895, and was in 1900, and was in 1904.

tion to the post of Monsignor. He was in 1856, and was in 1860, and was in 1864, and was in 1868, and was in 1872, and was in 1876, and was in 1880, and was in 1884, and was in 1888, and was in 1892, and was in 1896, and was in 1900, and was in 1904.

F. Kennedy, Rector of the College in Rome, is also of the College of Apostolic in recognition of his done at the last two years and a Prothonotaries Apostolic has now become a member of the Prothonotaries Apostolic with the registry of the Catholic Church.

urley is to sail from New York on March 18th on the German Lloyd steamship. He has received a letter from Pope Pius X. The Pontiff speaks in terms of his deep affection for the new Bishop who will be consecrated in St. Peter's Basilica, to Rev. Charles H. who was made Bishop of the diocese during Easter.

TON'S ESSENCE

THE TWO COUSINS.

By MARY ROWENA COTTER.

CHAPTER IX.

If Agnes Hurley was a beautiful child at six she was far more so at her thirteenth birthday drew near. Her beauty was not in her figure or her complexion, for she was quite tall for a girl of her age and far too slender, while her face was as white as snow and her blue eyes, though considered handsome at a distance, looked more on closer observation like the eyes of the dead. Her heavy flaxen hair was her only redeeming feature. But on that youthful face there was an expression of angelic tranquillity, seldom seen in one so young, and this could not fail to attract attention and admiration. It seemed at times as if she held communion with bright, unseen spirits, dearer to her than the sight of all the world's beauty, of which she was ignorant. Her sweet voice, too, was filled with music that being once heard could not soon be forgotten.

Blind Agnes they called her, and everybody knew her, and to know her was to love her. By two classes was she especially known and loved. They were the fashionable friends of Mrs. Hurley, and the members of the church she attended. The former looked upon her as a beautiful prodigy whom they could not understand, but felt compelled to love; while in the eyes of the latter she was one of God's chosen saints, sent to teach them the way to heaven, for her pure devotion touched the hearts of many who beheld her in church and caused them to be more fervent in their own prayers.

As Virginia had promised she was bringing her adopted daughter up in the Catholic faith, and notwithstanding that she did not believe in it herself, never in word or deed offering the slightest objections to any of the devotions she chose to perform. Undoubtedly her chief motive was because she saw how happy her religion made her and was unwilling to remove any of the brightness from her life. She had taught her from the Catechism the Sisters had given her; but she left it to her neighbors to conduct her to Mass each Sunday until she was able to go alone, accompanying herself only on a few great occasions when Agnes begged her to go and hear the music. At these times Virginia could not help being touched by the sublime faith and reverence shown by her little companion, but she had grown so accustomed to her that she attributed it wholly to the child's natural disposition and leaving the church thought little more about it.

As the time for her first Holy Communion and Confirmation drew near she entered with deep interest into preparations for the great event of which Agnes had talked so much, and always with her face glowing with a supernatural light which Virginia loved to see. Two objects alone occupied her mind; the first was to drill Agnes so thoroughly in her catechism that she would stand at the head of her class, and the second, to her a matter of little less importance, was to dress her in a style to outdo her companions. To the latter Sister Agnes Bernard would vainly have objected as she preferred simplicity on such occasions, but she appreciated her cousin's kindness too much to think of offering a word of resistance to any of her plans.

Agnes, whose innocent soul was unsullied by pride or a love of pretty dresses, of which she knew nothing, looked forward to the happy event with pure childish love which seemed to diffuse its spirit over the entire class. She never tired of talking to her companions of the happiness of receiving her Lord, and questioning the Sisters in a manner that seemed far beyond the comprehension of a girl of her age.

The happy day arrived at last and to her it seemed as if the minutes passed very slowly until it was time to go to Church. Virginia accompanied her and her heart swelled with pride when she saw the many admiring looks cast upon her little girl. Many pretty white dresses were to be seen as the procession passed down the long aisle, but none could be compared with Agnes' white silk trimmed with flounces of dainty lace and a delicate silk veil covering her flowing golden hair, and on her head a wreath of natural white roses. This was what attracted the admiration of Mrs. Hurley and a few of her friends, but on her return from the altar the angelic loveliness of Agnes' pale face outshone the beauty of her robes, telling how very happy the little blind child was.

In the afternoon she was confirmed and from that day a new light seemed to reign within her breast, and never was she happier than on the day of her monthly communion when she would linger in the church long after the others had left to make her thanksgiving. "She belongs to heaven more than earth," was the oft-repeated remark of those who watched her devotions, and indeed it seemed that Heaven was soon to claim her for its own, for as the weeks passed she was slowly fading like a beautiful flower that can no longer exist in the cold atmosphere in which it has been placed.

It was with a sad heart that Virginia watched the drooping figure; now dreading the time when she felt certain that another grave would rob her of all that was dear to her; and again she would cling to the hope that her rapid growth had been the cause of her weakness and that her strength would soon return. When she consulted a physician the sad expression on his face told but too plainly of the fears he dreaded to reveal to her.

"Please tell the truth," said Mrs. Hurley almost hysterically, "Is there no help for my little daughter?"

The physician was an old man whom she had known from childhood and he would not deceive her. "There is little hope," he said sadly, "but a trip abroad may prolong her life for months and perhaps a few years." From her infancy Agnes had been devoted to Our Lady of Lourdes and many times had her heart turned longingly across the ocean to this favored shrine in hope that there she might find the light; but her secret was carefully guarded. At confirmation she had taken the name of Bernadette in honor of the little peasant girl to whom the Blessed Virgin had appeared and from that day she longed more than ever to make a pilgrimage to the grotto; but it seemed like an idle hope until the physician spoke of a trip abroad and preparations for the journey were commenced.

Now she was going, and how her heart beat with joy in the happy anticipation; but it was not until the day before leaving home that she revealed her hopes. She had been spending two days at the asylum and on the evening of the first some of the girls had gathered around one of the Sisters and asked to read for them. "What will it be?" the Sister asked and Agnes' reply was, "Please, Sister, read something from the little book on the apparition at Lourdes which I always enjoyed so much." She paused as if in meditation then added, "I am going there soon and I wish to know more about it."

The Sister obeyed and in the meantime Sister Agnes Bernard, entering the room sat down beside her favorites and watched her. Agnes, apparently forgetting that she was not alone, sat with her hands reverently clasped as if in prayer, while as she listened her face was covered with an almost supernatural light. For nearly an hour the reading continued and when the Sister closed the book Agnes gave no sign excepting to say, "Thank you, Sister, I have enjoyed it so much and I shall think of you when I am at Lourdes." No more was said that evening.

The next afternoon after bidding the others good bye, Agnes was alone with Alexia, and clasping her hands, she said: "Sister, I am so happy because I am going to Lourdes, and something tells me that I will be cured, not only will I become strong again, but"—she paused, and a light like that which covered her face the evening before was visible, and her voice was lowered almost to a whisper, "I have prayed, oh, so often that I might make a pilgrimage to Lourdes and receive my sight."

"I hope your prayer will be answered, dear," said the Sister, but as she glanced from the thin white face to the transparent hand, her heart was filled with sad misgivings as to whether she would receive her sight in this world or in the next to which she feared she would soon go.

"You will pray for me, won't you, Sister?" Agnes said softly.

"Yes, dear, I assure you, you will be remembered in my poor prayers," was the reply.

The youthful face was inexpressibly sad and Agnes clasped the Sister's hand more firmly as she said: "Dear Sister, you will pray for mamma too

won't you? I love her so much she has always been so kind to me, but it always makes me sad when I think that she knows nothing of the happiness of being a Catholic. I feel it so much after I have received the Sacraments and I wish that she could be as happy as I; but poor mamma she knows nothing about it. If I could only know that she had been converted I would be content to die, as sweet as my life is."

Alexia's eyes filled with tears as she remembered how from her early girlhood she had experienced a like feeling, and she knew how to sympathize with Agnes. Never before had this subject been mentioned between them, but she knew well that a child of Agnes' deep, thoughtful nature could not be blind to Virginia's indifference to religion, even though she had brought her up a Catholic. In this new bond of sympathy she loved the child, if possible, more than ever; but she was so touched that she could only say: "Yes, dear, I shall continue to pray for her, and I trust that the little girl whom we gave her may soon be the means of bringing her to the true faith."

"Thank you, dear Sister," said Agnes, "and now I must bid you good bye, for the carriage is waiting to take me home."

Like a mother who is about to be separated from a dear child, Sister Agnes Bernard led the girl who had been left in her care nearly twelve years ago to the carriage, and after one affectionate embrace she bade her she almost feared, a last farewell. "Farewell, sweet child," she murmured, as the carriage passed through the gate, "and God grant that we may meet in Heaven if not here."

CHAPTER X.

"The sight of a Host uplifted! The sound of a silver bell! The gleam of a golden chalice Be glad, sad heart! 'tis well; He made and He keeps love's promise, With thee all days to dwell."

—Fr. Ryan.

It was a sultry day in July when among the guests registered at one of the fashionable hotels in London, appeared the name of Mrs. Virginia Hurley and daughter. The latter had been very ill during the voyage, and for several days after their arrival she seldom left her room excepting for a drive in the early part of the morning, and sometimes in the evening she would sit on the veranda with a shawl around her. Naturally one with such sweet ways, and at the same time doubly afflicted, could not fail to attract both attention and sympathy; but she held herself aloof from all excepting the physician who was in daily attendance upon her.

On the first day of August Agnes surprised Virginia by saying, "Mamma, I know there is no hope for me here, and I wish you would take me to Lourdes at once, for I know it will help me."

Virginia looked at the pale face which was animated by the bright light of hope, and said, "To Lourdes child, where is that?"

The happy look changed to one of disappointment as Agnes said: "Why, mamma, haven't you heard of the famous grotto of Lourdes, where so many miraculous cures are performed? It is in the southwestern part of France, on the Ave de Pau river."

"I believe I have heard of the place," said Mrs. Hurley, becoming interested; but I know little about it. Where did you hear of it? Please tell me about it."

"Mamma," said Agnes, "I have known of Lourdes since I was a small child. The Sisters often told us about it, and I have so often wished that I might go there. Her face grew brighter as she proceeded to tell the story of the little peasant, Bernadette, and of the apparition of the Blessed Mother, the little town and the grotto; also relating some of the cures of which she had heard, with vividness which would have been almost surprising from one who had seen it all.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hurley, "and that is why you took the name of Bernadette when you were confirmed and you never told me of it before. But do you really believe that you would be cured there?"

"Certainly mamma," said Agnes,

"why not I as well as so many others?"

"Do you feel able to undertake the journey?" asked Virginia. "You know how ill you were on the steamer."

"Yes, mamma," said Agnes, "but the distance to Lourdes is much shorter and I know I can stand it. Do let us start to-morrow."

Mrs. Hurley, doubting whether the invalid's strength was equal to her ambition, would not promise until she consulted the physician, who soon came, and asked him his opinion of Lourdes.

The good man, who was a devoted Catholic, said, "I deeply regret to inform you, Mrs. Hurley, that your daughter is beyond the power of medical skill, though her life may be prolonged for several months. I am well acquainted with many cases which after having been pronounced hopeless by physicians have been cured at Lourdes, and if you have the faith your daughter may also receive help there."

"My daughter seems to have great faith in it," said Virginia; but as for myself, being ignorant of such things, you could hardly expect it of me. You may be surprised if I tell you I had never heard the wonderful story of Lourdes until Agnes told me of it to-day."

The physician, who already felt well acquainted with her, looked inquiringly first at Mrs. Hurley and then at Agnes, and said: "How strange that your daughter should know so much and have such faith, while you—"

He hesitated, and Virginia, taking up his words, said, "While I am ignorant and without faith. My daughter is a Catholic and I am not."

The doctor looked more mystified than before as he said, "How very strange, but," he added apologetically, "she was probably brought up in the religion of her father."

"Agnes is not my own child," said Virginia, "though if she were she could hardly be dearer to me than she is. I adopted her from a Catholic institution where my cousin is one of the Sisters and in accordance with her wishes I have brought her up a Catholic."

"Ah, I see," said the doctor, "what a noble deed," meaning the religious training Agnes was receiving.

Virginia, mistaking his meaning, said: "Not at all, for Agnes was given to me when my heart was well nigh broken over the death of my own child, and the sunshine she brought into my lonely life can fade only if I am called upon to part with her. Oh, doctor, the thought of separation seems dreadful, and I cannot give her up! No, never, it would certainly kill me."

The doctor reflected a while, then said: "Mrs. Hurley, as I have said, she is doubtless beyond medical skill, and if she wishes it, I would advise you to take her to Lourdes at once."

"Yes, mamma, please do," said Agnes, who came in from the veranda in time to hear the last remark.

Let us start for Lourdes to-morrow."

"Do you feel strong enough to undertake the journey?" asked the physician.

"Yes, oh, yes," said Agnes eagerly. "I feel that I am strong as I will ever be here, but at Lourdes," and her face brightened, "I feel that I would rapidly regain my strength there."

The physician's heart was deeply touched by such faith in one of her circumstances, and he would do all he could to help her. As Agnes' least wish was a command to Virginia, she found no difficulty in persuading her to leave at once. Accordingly on the morning of the second day, when the tourists boarded the steamer at Liverpool, the invalid appeared much stronger than she had for many days. Ambition and hope that at last she was on her way to what to her was the holiest spot on earth probably kept her up.

Virginia's hopes, too, were very bright, but they soon faded, for Agnes' strength failed long ere they reached Lourdes. She was almost too weak to stand when they left the boat to take the train, and Mrs. Hurley wished to stop in Paris; but Agnes insisted upon continuing the journey, and when they came to their destination she had to be carried to the hotel. On the morning of the seventh of August she asked to be taken to the Church to Mass, as she wished to commence a novena in preparation for the feast of the Assumption and each morning until the fifteenth she might be seen devoutly

attending the Holy Sacrifice in one of the front seats, while the lady at her side sat watching her and only casting a furtive glance now and then at the priest who, in her eyes, was performing an idle ceremony which she cared not to understand. After altar.

Long and earnestly would Agnes pray, and her devotions seemed to lend a spirit of piety to those who beheld her kneeling as motionless as if transfixed to the spot. Only her lips moved in inaudible prayer, and her face bore that same heavenly expression which had caused so many to say that she belonged not to earth. Virginia, ever patient with her, would not disturb her devotions, however long they might be; she would lead her down the long winding stairs to the grotto, where, after another short prayer, she would bathe her eyes in the healing waters. At first she was so weak that she often had to lean on her faithful guide for support; but on the fifth day of the novena she was able to go alone without even taking Virginia's hand. She appeared to be daily growing stronger though still her recovery seemed hopeless.

On the morning of the fifteenth Agnes was awake at dawn, and was one of the first to be in church to attend early Mass. The previous day she had scarcely left the hallowed spot, having spent most of the forenoon in the grotto, and in the afternoon she waited patiently for three hours until it came her turn to approach the crowded confessional. At early Mass she received Holy Communion with a fervor equalled only by that she had felt the first time she approached the holy table, and had asked the same blessings she was asking to-day. They returned to the hotel only to take a light lunch and rest a few minutes before High Mass.

Now Agnes was in the church again and as the grand organ sent forth its peals of sacred melody, mingled with the voices of the choir, Virginia for the first time knelt beside her. Agnes knew she was kneeling, though she could not see her, and her heart mingled with hope and joy. The heart of the unbelieving woman was touched by something, she knew not what, and her gaze wandered now to the altar, then to the celebrant, and then to Agnes, finally resting upon the latter.

The holy words of the consecration had been pronounced, and at the first stroke of the bell Agnes' head as usual bent low, but at the second it was quickly raised, and Virginia believed that she beheld the mysterious white object that the priest held high above his head, and her eyes remained fixed upon the golden chalice which soon glittered in the sunshine. Agnes remained upon her knees until all was over, then when Virginia was about to lead her away she said in a tone loud enough to be overheard by all who were near "mamma, the light has come and I can see."

She had not intended to speak so loud in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and half regretted it a moment later; but her words were more eloquent than a sermon, for many who heard them having watched her closely for the past few days had become well acquainted with her affliction, and they understood the miracle, the news of which spread so rapidly that when after half an hour spent in thanksgiving, she left the church, many eyes were fixed upon her in wonder, and many hearts proclaimed the glories of Mary's powerful intercession.

"Is it really so, Agnes?" asked Virginia in an awe struck tone when they had left the church. "Can you see the light?"

"Yes, mamma," said Agnes, "but it is so bright that it hurts my eyes."

"How wonderful, how wonderful!" said Mrs. Hurley, "but tell me, Agnes, when did it happen, when did the light come?"

"At the Elevation of the Host," was the reply. "I bowed my head as usual but at the first sound of the bell I felt a severe pain in my eyes, but it went away directly, then I raised my head and saw the sacred Host in the priest's hands, very dim at first, but instantly it became clearer."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed Virginia, and she could say no more and turned her steps in the direction of the hotel.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked Agnes.

"To the hotel, dear," was the reply.

"Oh, mamma, not yet," said Agnes "let us go first to the grotto," and once more the eyes, no longer sightless, were in the healing waters.

That day Virginia's proud spirit was conquered; and she declared her intention of becoming a Catholic. She and Agnes were alone in their room, whither they had withdrawn to escape the curious as well as the devout ones who had heard of the miracle, and who had nearly exhausted the still weak girl by coming to see her and attest the validity of the story which had sped so rapidly. So eager was Agnes to proclaim Mary's glories that she would have overdone herself had not her mother interposed and drawn her away to her own room where she refused admittance to all.

"Mamma, what a happy day this has been," said Agnes, "and how I wish Sister Agnes Bernard were here to enjoy it with us."

"I would she were," said Virginia, and after a few minutes silence she continued in a soft voice wholly unlike her own: "Agnes, before we came here I had no faith in the cures I heard of, and could not have been persuaded to visit this place had it not been for a desire to please my daughter, whom I feared I would soon lose."

Agnes looked sad, and Virginia continued, "at first I was greatly surprised by the cures I beheld, and each day I found myself more convinced of the reality of them; but still found it hard to believe. I wanted further proof, and for it I watched my little Agnes; and I know not why I did it, but I made a promise that if you were cured I would become a member of your church."

Agnes' heart throbbled with joy, but striving to hide her emotion, she calmly asked: "Do you believe now, mamma?"

"Yes, Agnes, I do," was the reply, "and I will not delay my conversion to the Catholic Faith."

Agnes' happiness was complete and could she have written, her first act would have been to send a letter to Sister Agnes Bernard, telling her all; but it was delayed for a few days, and when Virginia wrote for her the missive only contained an account of her own miraculous cure, and ended by asking the Sisters to pray for mamma, thus purposely conveying the impression that there was still no sign of her conversion, for they thought best to keep it a secret until they returned home.

For several weeks they lingered at Lourdes, and in the meantime Agnes' sight, which had been dim at first, grew stronger as her bodily strength increased. Each morning when they attended Mass her devotion hardly exceeded that of Virginia's whose time was now divided between the study of the Catholic religion and teaching her young companion to read. In the fall they intended to go home, Agnes wishing to visit Rome, they bade farewell to Lourdes and went to Italy, intending to remain there but a few days. Having no special call home, however, and far better pleased with the sunny climate than with the prospects of spending the cold winter in the Northern states, they took up their abode until spring at a pleasant little villa a few miles from Rome.

(To be continued.)

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