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A JOINT PASTORAL.

THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH

Makes itself heard—Charity, Temperance and Purity Urged Upon the Electors.

The following pastoral letter of the Archbishops, Bishops and administrators of the ecclesiastical provinces of Quebec and Montreal...

We, by the grace of God and of the Apostolic See, Archbishops, Bishops and Administrators of the ecclesiastical provinces of Quebec and Montreal...

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS.—The Apostle St. John, the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ, delivered to the faithful of his day an instruction which we deem proper to cite to you, in order to strengthen and stir up in your hearts sentiments of mutual charity and respect for God...

He that hateth his brother, says St. John (I Ep. Ch. III.) abideth in death. Who soever hateth his brother is a murderer. And you know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself...

You see, dearly beloved brethren, that to be wanting in charity towards our neighbors, even in public matters, is to separate oneself from God...

We have already on more than one occasion, warned you, through your pastors, that during election times you are still under the eye of the Almighty...

Of late years, dearly beloved brethren, temperance has made brilliant headway in this province, and we are now firmly entrenched by it, as means of setting up our elections.

An apostle of temperance has very aptly said that, in a parish, drinking glasses were at all times, but especially during an election, the portals of hell.

Consequently you should consider as the most cruel and dangerous enemy of your country, of yourselves and families, the candidate who would directly or indirectly, entice you, with liquor, to vote for him.

Through the plague of intemperance, Satan enters a parish and there lays the seeds of most deplorable disorders. He puts in the mouth of speakers the most absurd falsehoods, the most heinous abuse, the most fearful slanders and calumnies, the most unjust and scandalous accusations.

Thus are family ties broken, fathers and children, brothers and friends, become enemies, the more inveterate according as the shattered bonds of affection were closer.

Against all rights of justice and charity those who belong to the opposite party are harshly dealt with or threatened. Sooner or later the guilty shall be punished, for the justice of God renders to each one what is his due.

It was not without grave reasons that a law was framed prohibiting the sale of liquor during elections; unfortunately, however, the enemy of God and man too easily finds methods to attain his ends. It is therefore a duty of each and every parishioner to do his utmost to have this very important law respected.

It is scarcely necessary to state that candidates are under stricter obligations than any other citizen, to see that the laws, divine and human, be enforced in all points.

The Holy Ghost, in the thirty-first chapter of Ecclesiasticus, says: "Blessed is the man that is found without blemish; and that hath not gone after gold, nor put his trust in money, nor in treasures.... He that could have transgressed, and could do evil things, and hath not done them; therefore are his goods established in the Lord."

Listen now to the terrible anathema which Our Lord pronounces against those who violate the law: "Woe to him through whom scandal comes. It were a better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the sea." (St. Luke, XVII., 1 and 2).

For these reasons, having invoked the Holy Name of God, with the authority conferred to Us by Our Lord for your eternal salvation, We forbid, under pain of grievous sin, the giving, selling or distributing of drink during the three

days that precede and during the three days that follow an election; whilst such conduct during the election we condemn as a grievous sin which we make a case especially reserved, the absolution from which cannot be had but from us alone, or from our Vicars-General.

The same rule shall apply to those who sell their votes or illuse their neighbor for election purposes, or who give money or anything else to buy a vote or to prevent anyone from voting.

Always bear in mind that terrible word of Our Lord: "Woe to him through whom scandal comes." (Luke XVII., 1.)

What will it avail you to have received a little money or to have succeeded in electing your candidate by means of money or drink, or by threats, if sooner or later the arm of the Almighty must strike you either in this world or in the next.

May God grant you, dearly beloved brethren, the grace of well understanding and faithfully fulfilling your important duties of charity and justice towards your country and your neighbors, and of obedience to God, who commands you to observe the law, that His benediction may descend upon you and your families.

The present pastoral letter shall be read and published from the pulpit at the parochial mass on the first Sunday after its reception and on the Sunday preceding the elections.

Given under our signature, the seal of the Archdiocese of Quebec and the counter-signature of the Secretary of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Quebec, the third of February, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two.

- E. A. CARD, TASCHEAU, Archbishop of Quebec. EDUARD-CHAS. ARCHB. OF MONTREAL. LOUIS NAZARE, Archb. of Cyrene, Administrator of Chicoutimi. L.-F., Bishop of Three Rivers. L.-Z., Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. ANDRÉ-ALBERT, Bishop of St. Germain de Rimouski. L.-V. THIBAUDIER, pst. V.G. Administrator of Nicolet. H.-O. CHALFOUX, pst. Administrator of Sherbrooke. By order of His Eminence, B.-PH. GARNIER, Esq., Secretary of the Archbishopric of Quebec.

FAITH.

A Tribute to Knowledge by the Celebrated Father Tom Burke.

The following beautiful and truthful tribute to knowledge from the lips of Father Tom Burke illustrates most forcibly the position of the Catholic Church in regard to the education of her children:

What is the formulation, the bond, the link, the life and the soul of the Catholic Church? I answer—Faith. Faith in God. Faith in every word that God has revealed. Faith, stronger than any human principle of belief, opinion or conviction. Faith, not only bowing down before God, but apprehending what God speaks, clasping that truth to the mind, and informing the intelligence with its light; admitting it a moral influence in every action and every motive of a man's life. It is the soul and life of the Catholic Church. Faith! What is faith? It is an act of the intelligence whereby we know and believe all that God has revealed. Faith, then, is knowledge? Most certainly. Is it an act of the will? No; not directly—not essentially—not immediately. It is directly, essentially an act of the intellect and not of the will. It is the intellect that is the subject wherein faith resides. The will may command that intellect to bow down and believe; but the essential act of faith is an act of the intelligence, receiving light and accepting it, and that light is knowledge. Therefore the Catholic Church cannot exist without knowledge.

C. A. C.

The committee meeting of the Catholic Association of Canada was held on Friday evening last, in the basement of the Gesu. There were present Rev. Father Devine, S. J., the spiritual director; Mr. G. H. Singleton, who occupied the chair; Mr. Galt, the secretary; Mr. J. J. Ryan and several members of the committee. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted. It was then announced that on next Friday week, at the general meeting, Mr. Bertram Green, who has been travelling in the East, will read a paper on "India." It was also arranged that Mr. Foran, editor THE TRUE WITNESS, would, on the last Friday in March, lecture for the society upon "Faith reduced to practice." The rest of the meeting was occupied in devising means for the promotion of the association.

We might say since last September, only, has this organization been on foot. "Rome was not built in a day," neither can a society spring into flourishing numbers before it has passed through the stages of infancy; yet the C. A. C. has made giant strides during the five short months of its existence. The acorn contains the oak, and that monarch of the forest eventually towers into the skies and spreads its branches abroad, the birds find shelter in its foliage, and the weary find shade and rest beneath its limbs. So with associations of this nature, it is to-day the acorn, and as God gives productive life to the nut so does He give vigor and energy to the "few gathered together in His name;" and the society grows, and flourishes, and the spirits that fly hither and thither, like birds, find rest between its leaves, and the souls that are oppressed with life's burdens seek repose beneath the shelter of its branches. We would think it a good and noble work if the

Catholic ladies of Montreal would lend their powerful and ubiquitous aid in carrying to perfection the grand undertaking of the Catholic Association of Canada. It has bright a future before it, but no brighter than we wish it with all our heart.

ST. PATRICK'S NEW PASTOR.

Address From the Girls of the Parochial School—Father Quinlivan's Reply—A Touching Scene.

A touching and most agreeable surprise was in store for the Rev. Father Quinlivan, S.S., the newly-appointed pastor of St. Patrick's Church, when he visited the girls' parochial school one afternoon last week, accompanied by the Rev. Father Toppin, Rev. James Callaghan, Rev. Father J. A. McCallen, Rev. Father Maher, Rev. Father Andre, and Rev. Father Fahey. All the pupils, numbering about six hundred, were assembled in their bright and cheerful hall, to welcome their new pastor, and to give a short but exquisitely arranged and performed concert in his honor.

The following lady pupils figured conspicuously in a sixteen-hand piano recital, entitled "Le Depart," and gave evidence of their excellent training: Misses Joanna Murphy, Maggie Sullivan, Maggie McAnally, Lizzie Monnette, Lottie Kearns, Susan Barry, Maggie Drumm and Maud Neville. The oratorio was followed by a chorus hymn, "Sit Nomen Domini Benedictum." The leading parts were assumed by Misses Lottie Kearns and Maggie Sullivan, while the grand chorus was sustained by 200 voices. The pianist was the Rev. Mother St. Aloysius, of the Sacred Heart, whose graceful touch and sweet notes seemed to inspire the young girls with a rare sense of harmony.

At the close of the concert Miss Maggie Drumm stepped forward and in a clear voice, and with a good deal of intelligence and feeling, read to Father Quinlivan the following address:

"You have come to dry the tears falling upon the grave of dear, departed Father Dowd. His memory will ever be green in our minds as the emerald sod of his native land. His departure from this land of exile we have been truly orphans of the heart. God has given us another father to watch over His children, and to cheer and comfort us, another friend to rejoice with us in our joys and to sorrow with us in our sorrows. May your fatherly hand be laid upon the heads of the same fruits that crowned the harvest life of your predecessor. May your years be in number equal to his. We trust that he is now robed with the bright and shining vestments of the good life. The crown of justice is the reward of the laborer in the vineyard. Your harvest will be reaped, and you will be in the land of merit and trust, in the land of glory, and we will ever appeal to you in the thorny path of life."

After the reading and presentation of the address Miss Nellie Ward, a pretty and charming little maid of five summers, presented the new pastor with a magnificent bouquet.

Father Quinlivan, in reply to the address, spoke as follows:

"Beloved children of St. Patrick's school, in addressing you I know I am addressing the bond children of a sad and weary exile, who are loved and cherished by our Father Dowd in his lifetime. Though I am afraid that he may have exaggerated somewhat the importance of the day, yet I think it was not only the first in the city, but the first in the whole world; though he could not imagine another school could be founded in a wider range of knowledge, yet I must say there is one point which neither he nor I could allow to pass unmentioned. The good feeling which reigns throughout the city of Montreal, the gentleness and amiability of the kind sisters in their relations with their pupils, were often commented upon by him with gratification, and often formed the subject of his talks amongst his clergy. The Rev. Father Dowd knew and appreciated the gratitude of the young girls of St. Patrick's school, and in his address, on the eve of his death, I told him that Mother St. Aloysius had called me and requested me to tell him that his little Irish children were praying for his recovery. In his mind was the influence of the last fever which terminated his life, yet the mere mention of his dear ones seemed to give him strength and courage. He opened his eyes, which bore an expression of delight, and said: "This is some of their little tricks, (laughter). For my part, when I have brought to my mind the good shoulders I thought that I needed something more than my natural powers to cope with the exigencies of this high position of usefulness, which I have been privileged for it. The pupils of St. Patrick's school will join in my supplication, God has left in my breast a source of new and constant consolation, the person of dear Father Dowd, a precious relic of Father Dowd. There were several decades of years in the high ministry of the priesthood, and I much doubt if from one of them, it was not Father Dowd still lived in Father Toppin. I trust that God will leave him to me as a little in place of Father Dowd, and I will be sure to do the valley of death. When I came here the afternoon it was with the understanding that it would be as small, informal, and as it were, family meeting. In addressing you, I have not pressed the beautiful address which had been read to me, the charming selections of instrumental and vocal music which have fallen upon my ears, but I have brought to my mind the words of your late pastor. This is one of your 'little tricks,' (laughter). The good sisters of St. Patrick's, I suppose, as to election in this regard as their pupils. (Laughter.) But I must say that while I was listening to the sweet strains of the music and to the eloquent expressions in the address that has been read to me, there was an undertone of sorrow that seemed to me to run through every note and every phrase; and I was continually reminded of the sad circumstances which brought this event into existence."

Water As a Medicine.

The human body (says a medical contemporary) is constantly undergoing these changes. Water is one of our best and eliminated from the system, while the new are ever being formed from the inception of life to its close. Water is one of our best and most essential food products, which multiply these waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides the waste products formed faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease, which if once firmly seated, requires both time and money to cure. People accustomed to rise in the morning weak and languid will find the cause in the imperfect secretion of wastes, which many times may be removed by drinking a full tumbler of water before retiring. This very materially assists in the process during the night and leaves the tissues good and strong, ready for the active work of the day. Hot water is one of our best remedial agents. A hot bath before going to bed, even in the hot months of summer, is a better remedy for insomnia than any drug. Infiltrated parts will subside under the continued poulticing of hot water. Very hot water, as we all know, is a very prompt elevator of the blood, and is very clear in its action. It should be it aids in sterilizing our wound. A riotous or rotten stomach will nearly always gratefully receive a glass or more of hot water.

THE MOTHER OF GOD.

WHY THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND ST. JOSEPH

Should be Honored by all Christians—Mr. D. P. O'Sullivan's Reasoning Upon the Question.

Many of our American and even some of the good people of Europe will honor the cradle that held a great general, or an orator, or somebody that became conspicuous by advocating woman's rights and assisting them among the nations of the earth in society, or the sepulchre that holds the ashes of some noted warrior, or liberator of an enslaved race is looked upon with awe and affection and love, whilst the fact cannot be truthfully denied that among many of good Protestant friends the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God, the great liberator of all slaves, the mother of God and christianity, the elevator of woman in society by her example of meekness and love and self-denial; I am sorry to say when she, the cradle, the sepulchre of Christ, the great liberator and elevator of all mankind is mentioned by many of Protestant friends, it is with a disrespect that makes a Catholic wonder and he asks, Why do they not honor the mother of God? Surely their light remarks must be an insult to her Son.

For that He loved His mother as no other ever was or can be loved, is an indisputable fact, for we must remember that God himself made the choice and conferred the honor of the mother of God upon her.

Well, as I remarked, we all honor the cradle that held the general, and the orator, and the advocate of ladies' rights, and we honor and revere the sepulchre of stone that holds the ashes of our friends; but with the greatest of rashness many of our non-Catholics jeer and laugh at the idea of giving any honor to Mary, the mother of God, who, through no particular wish or ambition of hers, was made the cradle, the sepulchre of Our Saviour simply by the divine command of God "To conceive and bring forth a Son to become the Redeemer of mankind."

Yes; to bring forth a Son and to love and cherish and fondle and to play with and rear to manhood, and then after the greatest and strongest chains of love and friendship had been woven and doubled for thirty-three years, to be called upon by God, the Father of her precious Son, to part with Him for the sake of mankind of the past and present and all to come; yes, for the sake of even those who now ridicule Mary and doubt her holiness and honor; she is called upon to give up her dear Son that he may be crucified to save mankind, and she cries out once more in simplicity and obedience as she did when addressed by the angels before conception, "Lord, thy will, not mine, be done."

Indeed, I am astonished and bewildered when I think of the good reputation of our Protestant friends for simplicity and honor, for all that they are justly entitled to, to think it is overlooked in Mary's life and works, that calls forth the sympathy of the angels, and invokes the sympathy of all good, loving hearts, of all christians.

I can only excuse my Protestant friends for want of love and sympathy for Mary and Joseph for one reason; I believe they have failed to meditate on the close relation and fond care and many special graces and blessings bestowed on Mary and Joseph by God from the hour of their birth until the hour of their death. No doubt all Christians will admit that Mary was God's chosen mother, and that Joseph was his chosen foster father, and indeed I think it would be sinful to entertain the thought, and blasphemy to give expression to any ridicule of God's choice or to make ourselves believe that God had made a mistake, or a bad choice, or an unholily choice in either his selection of Mary or Joseph.

I also understand the idea arises in the minds of Protestant friends that it would really be impossible for either Mary or Joseph to be possessed of so much virtue or grace as is attributed to them. How can they entertain such unholy ideas when we know the angels addressed both of them from time to time, proving conclusively their holiness and the high esteem in which God held them.

Indeed to even ordinary minds I should think it would be a matter of surprise and wonder to think for a moment how it would be at all possible for Mary and Joseph to be anything but holiness and piety, living as they were with God, and God with them; directed and dictated to by angels as they were, and warned of the danger to the life of the child Jesus in the futile attempts of Herod to take that life.

When I think of the good and sympathetic spirit of piety manifested in minor cases by our dissenting brethren, I am really surprised that all our good and loving and sympathetic Protestant friends are not our rivals in showing honor and respect to Mary and Joseph.

Another reason why we all, Protestant and Catholic, should honor and respect Mary and Joseph is plain to all of us when we compare their lives with the lives and habits of our young ladies and young men of the present time. No history of tradition records Mary's love for the world in any way; we never read of her frequent use of rouge to increase her beauty, nor the use of the curling iron, nor powder of any kind to beautify her complexion, and yet she is invariably spoken of as beautiful, although seemingly unconscious of the fact.

Indeed, I believe if Mary the mother of God had lived in later ages and been

despised and not loved, and insulted and not honored by all mankind, that all good noble hearted Protestant men would have pleaded and fought in defense of her honor and goodness and virtue, rather than see her jeered, insulted and scoffed at as she now is by many so-called christians.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The King of Siam has officially notified the Pope that the Catholics would enjoy protection in his realms. This act of an infidel sovereign is much appreciated at the Vatican.

The Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N.Y., is going on recreation for some time seeking to recruit his health, which is, we regret to say, much impaired.

The Redemptorists lose \$40,000 by the Nicholson bank failure at Baltimore. Several Catholic churches also lose the money which they had been collecting for years to pay off church debts.

Statistics show that suicide is a special attachment of Protestantism. In Saxony there are forty Protestants to one Catholic, and for every Portuguese who takes his own life thirty-nine Saxons commit self-murder.

The Princess Louise and Mrs. Harrison are the only women who have ever been allowed to set foot within the cloisters in the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California, and even after their visits the ground was re-consecrated.

A society for the study of the Holy Scriptures was recently organized in Oskosh, and promises to be a success. Besides the study of the bible its members labor to inform themselves on those points of Catholic doctrine so much attacked by Protestants, and which so few even so-called educated Catholics are able to defend or explain.

President Elliott, of Harvard, a Protestant of the Protestants, has lately said in public: "The Catholic Church vigorously maintains that it is impossible to give valuable instruction in morals without religion. I do not believe that religious education can be separated from all weekday education and relegated to Sunday. Religion is everywhere in human thought."

Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, N.S.W., speaking on December 13, in the city of Sydney, of the increase in the Catholic population of New South Wales colony within the last ten years, said: "Their number 10 years back was only 207,000, and now the official census disclosed the fact that the Catholics in the colony at the present time number a little over 312,000—an increase of 50 per cent. within 10 years."

In the last issue of the Monist the following paragraph appears: "The publishers and editors of the Monist are not Roman Catholics, but we suppose that the majority of our readers are not either. But all the more it appears to us necessary to state as a matter of justice that the Roman Catholic publications (i. e. those which avowedly and confessedly represent Roman Catholic thought) are far superior to their analogous Protestant contemporaries. They have thinkers among them who keep abreast of the times."

A Baltimore dispatch says: Samuel Kitson, the Boston sculptor, who made the bust of John Boyle O'Reilly, is modeling a life size bust of Cardinal Gibbons. A temporary study was gotten up for Mr. Kitson at the Cardinal's residence, on North Charles street, some days ago, and fittings have already been obtained. The clay model will be finished in a few days. It will subsequently be finished in marble and placed in the Catholic University at Washington, Bishop Keane having expressed a desire to have such a bust in the university. The bust will represent a dignified pose of the head, wearing the most scarlet cap of the cardinal.

There are, according to Hoffman's Catholic Directory, 8,647,221 Catholics resident in the United States, and the spiritual needs of this numerous body are looked after by 6712 secular and 2350 regular priests, in all a total of 9062 clergymen. The Catholic element requires for its worship 8442 churches, 1683 chapels; and services are also held, more or less regularly, at 3552 missionary stations. The Catholics of this country support, moreover, 223 orphan asylums, wherein 25,578 children are cared for, and they maintain 54 seminaries, attended by 1729 ecclesiastics who are studying for the secular priesthood, no mention being made of the number of scholastics belonging to the various religious orders; 138 colleges, 655 academies and 3406 parochial schools, wherein 700,753 pupils of both sexes receive a Catholic education. There are 13 archbishops or metropolitan sees in the United States, to wit, naming them in alphabetical order, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Oregon, Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and Santa Fe. Baltimore has 7 suffragan sees, Boston 6, Chicago 3, Cincinnati 0, Milwaukee 6, New Orleans 9, New York 8, Oregon 4, Philadelphia 4, St. Louis 10, St. Paul 5, San Francisco 3, and Santa Fe 2, vicarates apostolic being reckoned the same as dioceses in this enumeration. The total number of ecclesiastical divisions in the United States is, consequently, 86, though, in one case, that of the diocese of Vancouver's Island, which comprises the territory of Alaska, the bishop resides outside of this country.

PALESTINE.

A FEW HOURS AROUND SHECHEM.

With an Oriental Traveller—Following in the Footprints of the Saviour.

"I know," she said, "when the Messiah cometh, He shall tell us all things." A Jesus said unto her "I, that speak unto thee, am He." The whole scene was before us. Overlooking the wide valley with fields of grain, undulating with every passing breeze, was a relief to the monotony of desolation seen elsewhere. Here Jesus drew the figurative expression in allusion to the spiritual harvest. The truths which were first spoken here have gone out into the world changing its moral tone and aspect by that spirit life which renovates the soul. The famous well of Jacob's was once 200 feet deep, now it is only seventy-five feet. No living water comes into it; it was drilled through solid rock, and its purpose was to serve as a reservoir for rain water. Every traveller is attracted to this well, and in order to ascertain its depth without real measurement drop pebbles into it. Of course we had to follow custom by dropping small stones, listening to their clicking on the bottom.

MAURELL, THE TRAVELLER.

if we remember rightly, found it 165 feet deep. Some daring fellows have descended during the dry season and had much difficulty in reaching the bottom. Layers of slanting flags form a wide circuit about the well to catch the rain. Rank vegetation now grows over them; part of the curbing has fallen in, still it is in a fair state of preservation after 4,000 years. Yonder two noted mountains raise their hoary heads above the plains—Mounts Gerizim and Ebal. Upon the former, the largest assembly of people known to history had met at one time to read the blessing for keeping the law; and on the latter, the next largest gathering to read the curses for breaking the law. Gerizim was called the Mount of Blessing, and Ebal the Mount of Cursing. On the rocky brow of the former the Samaritans worshipped. There is a mosque now over the reputed tomb of Joseph, and the ruins of the Samaritan temple are scattered over the ground, showing its vastness and grandeur by its columns and ornate workmanship. At the ponderous gate of the mosque we endeavored to gain admittance to the tomb of Joseph, but the Turkish custodian gruffly refused our request. This is one of the most fertile regions of the Holy Land through which we passed, and every spot is full of sacred and thrilling incidents. The view from these mountains must have been enchanting in early days, with its populous cities, palaces, gardens and waving fields of grains.

THE PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS.

and later Jesus, have climbed the mountains and looked over the wild expanse of plain stretching to the Mediterranean and Jordan; every blade of grass and every flower has been nourished in growth and deeper shade by the blood of the slain. We can only imagine the thoughts and feelings of the young Prince of Peace as he crossed it on his way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, or wandered over it in meditative mood while preparing himself for his heavenly mission, the havoc of wars—incessant wars—waged against the powers of darkness, satiate cruelty or ambition, or defending right against wrong. Early in the afternoon we entered the city of Nablous or Shechem which is a place of much trade, owing to its situation. Scores of camels, the "ships of the desert," had arrived that morning laden with merchandise and other wares. There are a number of bazars filled with the products of the Oriental world. Here we replenished our stock of Turkish tobacco, jehil, coffee, sweet meats, fruits, nuts, etc., for our journey. The descendants of the ancient Samaritans are still found there, with a few worshippers at their synagogue. As Shechem afforded some artisans in our line we made a close examination of the wagons, harness, horses, saddles, etc., before leaving. We found many things in bad condition and insisted on immediate repair. The man in charge of our outfit seemed surprised when we enumerated the articles that needed repair, and we judged by his lugubrious face the probable expense of all was painful to him, that he would rather the

NECK OR BONES OF A CHRISTIAN

in jeopardy than to pay out money for repairing harness or saddles. When he found out that we meant business and as short delay as possible, he consented to get things in proper condition for the remainder of the journey. We camped on a beautiful garden spot outside the city and surrounded by a grove of olives. A clear stream of water flowed down the slope of Gerizim through beautiful fields, where the fig, pomegranate, apricot, vine and almond and various other nuts with tropical fruits, grew in abundance, justifying the figurative speech of Jotham when he addressed the people upon Mount Gerizim relative to a ruler to govern them, and illustrated it by these familiar objects. It was a rich country which Jacob saw in his prophetic vision when blessing his son, "Joseph is a fruitful vine, whose branches run over the wall."

A consistory will be held in March. Six new cardinals will be created, two French.

President Harrison has appointed another Catholic priest, Rev. W. H. Reany, chaplain in the navy.







LECTURE.

THOUGHTS ON THE LITERATURE OF IRELAND.

An interesting and instructive Address, Delivered before the C. Y. M. S. on 28th January, 1892, by Professor W. McKay.

'Land of the muse! In glory's lay, In history's leaf thy name shall soar. When like a meteor's noxious ray, The reign of tyranny is o'er.'—Byron.

After some introductory remarks, the lecturer spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—To estimate a nation's literature, we must consider the circumstances under which it was produced. When the sun is clouded it is not then the proper time to calculate the force of his rays, nor is it while a nation is struggling for existence, or bent down with a load of oppression, that we are to look for the outburst of her genius or measure her intellectual vigor. To be just to Ireland's literature, we must go back to her early rising among the nations and note the increasing splendor of her glorious career till we see her stand forth "Lamp of the North, when half the world was night"—watch her struggling with fearful odds for centuries against every form of injustice, and emerging at length from all that malice could invent for her annihilation, full of energy, full of life and vigor, as eager to drink at the fountain of truth as ever, and as ready to impart the boon of knowledge as when kings and princes, and nobles and plebeians—every lover of learning—was welcomed to the far-famed schools of Armagh and Bangor and Clonmacnoise. A nation's literature is the expression of a nation's mind: the spirit of a nation taking sensible form. Some one has said, "Let me not make a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes her laws."

A nation's voice, a nation's voice, It is a solemn thing! And if this be true of every nation, it is emphatically so of Ireland. For whether we peruse the history of Ireland or philosophize on her literature, we cannot help admiring the richness and variety of her mental endowments, her passion for learning, and that moral sublimity that awes us into respect. No better proof could be given, if proof were necessary, that chains cannot fetter the mind, and that it is the spirit that makes man free, than the Irish nation as seen in her literature. If, under the Danish invasion, with all its northern barbarities, nor English oppression, with its refined cruelties, could she suppress her spirit, damp the ardor of her genius, or silence the sweet strains of her national melody, then it is impossible for human malice, prompted by more than human malice, to devise a means of smothering the heaven-climbing aspirations of the immortal essence. For England and Ireland for centuries with a code of laws, of which Edmund Burke, in his famous speech at Bristol, said: "It had a wisdom and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." "This horrible code," exclaims Montesquieu, "was contrived by devils, written in human gore, and registered in hell." It was, ladies and gentlemen, is the written and emphatic expression of one of the most celebrated writers among the French school of infidels of his day, what must have been the consensus of opinion of civilized and Christian Europe on this "horrible code." I leave the answer in your own hands.

It was of these inhuman laws that our own sweet bard has sung so plaintively: "The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains, The sound of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep, Thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains, Shall pause, at the song of their captive land."

If this monster, so long let loose on Ireland, failed of producing any other effect than an insatiable thirst for knowledge, a more ardent love of liberty, of truth and of virtue, with a loathing of everything vile and debasing, let the despots of to-day and of all future time set hope that they can forge chains for the spirit in man, with all the laws they may enact from May to January. And that this was the effect produced on Ireland by the penal laws, "so well fitted for the degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself," we shall see as we proceed in a brief survey of her literature. They could, indeed, and they did oppress and impoverish, but, degrade the Irish people, never; and, "debase in them human nature itself," never. Their properties they could legally plunder; their bodies they could chain, torture, hang and quarter, or starve to death; but their spirit was their own, their minds they could not touch, could not force to accept error for truth, wrong for right; and, therefore, though overpowered, the Irish were never conquered. Let us go back to "the ages which," as Dr. Johnson remarks, "are those that deserve an exact enquiry—for such there were—when Ireland was the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning." And further back, let us go to those ages and to "that state of civilization in Ireland," "astounding indeed," to use the words of a learned author, "when we reflect that real objects of art embellished the dwellings of Irishmen probably before the foundation of Rome, and perhaps when Greece was still in a state of heroic barbarism." Nor shall we be ungrateful in the search, for in no nation in the world are there found so many old histories, annals and chronicles as among the Irish; and that fact alone suffices to prove that in periods most ancient they were truly a civilized nation, since they attached such importance to the record of events then taking place among them. And I invite you back to those bright ages in Ireland's history the more because in the average manual of English literature we are given a few scattered specimens from Irish authors, and told to take caricature for the true picture of her mental status. It

were no wonder, indeed, if the contrast were unfavorable to Ireland, when England's golden age of literature is put side by side with the period of penal laws in Ireland. But that she is not ashamed and need not be ashamed to enter the lists of fair competition with England, or with any other nation when taken throughout their whole term of existence, is, I think, abundantly proved by the fact that the Irish language and literature are to-day being taught to German students in the University of Berlin, side by side with the Sanscrit, and by the same professor, that a well-known French professor, and editor of a review devoted to philosophy and Celtic literature, has been for years delivering weekly lectures in the Sorbonne, Paris, on the grammar of the ancient Irish language; that scholars generally are giving it attention, not alone in England, Scotland, and America, where so many Irish are found, but throughout the continent of Europe, where it is studied on its intrinsic merits, for its philological value and because of the intellectual and aesthetic treasures embedded in its literature. Leaving it to learned philologists and impartial critics, to reveal the discoveries made in ancient Irish manuscripts, found scattered throughout Europe in the many seats of learning founded by Irish scholars, I ask you to examine with me facts accessible to every reader of history, and proclaiming more loudly than words could utter, that Ireland has ever been singularly gifted, intellectually and morally, and has always held a proud pre-eminence in the higher attributes that ennoble human nature, however far she may have lacked material prosperity under her accursed foreign misrule. The earliest literature of which any remains exist in any of the native languages of the British Islands, or in any of the present languages of Europe, is the Irish. The Irish alphabet, in the number and power of its elements, corresponds exactly with that which Cadmus is recorded to have brought to Greece from Phœnicia. Among the grandest and most ancient titles that history gave to Ireland was the singular one of the "The Island of Song." Her national emblem is the golden harp on a

Typifying the finest sentiments that can attach to the human heart; the green was emblematical of purity, the harp her ever youthful and buoyant spirit going forth in song; protected, beautified, and symbolized by faith, as symbolized in the shamrock.

What some few philosophers are praised for having done in the ancient times, viz.: impart gratuitous instruction, this Ireland did for centuries, not alone to England, but to all who chose to accept her hospitality. We are informed by the Venerable Bede that in his day it was customary for his countrymen of all ranks from the highest to the lowest to retire for study and devotion to Ireland, where they were hospitably received and supplied gratuitously with food, with books and with instruction. For some ages says Dr. Craik, professor of English literature in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland was the chief seat of learning in Christian Europe; and the most distinguished scholars who appeared in other countries were either Irish by birth, or had received their education in Irish schools. Among the latter was Alfred the Great the greatest and the best monarch that has yet worn the English crown, or wielded the English sceptre. Time would fail to tell the illustrious universities of Europe, among which may be mentioned Oxford and Paris—that during the darkest period of Europe Ireland held aloft the torch of knowledge, to serve as a beacon light to the nations. Truly hers was a grand mission, a marvelous calling, to carry the light of faith and science into the gathering darkness of the west. And now, ladies and gentlemen, we are to come to that dark and bitter day in Ireland's history, inaugurated by the tyrant Henry, perpetuated by cruel Elizabeth, intensified by graceless Cromwell, consummated by Dutch Billy, and continued with little intermission till the American and French Revolutionists drove the fear of God into John Bull's heart, shook justice on her English throne and made it possible for the giant genius of O'Connell to lift from a nation's bosom the huge incubus of centuries. And yet how many shining lights do we not see bursting through the gloom and revealing to the world of letters that Ireland's genius and Ireland's spirit, though permitted to kindle only stealthily at the hedge school, were still in the ascendant, and only waited for the removal of brute force to astonish the world again as they did in the days of her youthful vigor, and in the sunshine of her prosperity. No! A nation so attached to truth and justice and virtue—to religion cannot perish. These attributes are eternal. Ireland can justly claim to have given to the world some of the greatest poets, orators, statesmen and soldiers of modern times. In every department of science, art, and literature, she has more than held her own. Did time permit such a retrospect, I might carry you as far back as the gay and glittering time of the restoration, when we can descry the sparkle of Irish genius lighting up the surface of English life. Congreve, Southern and Farquhar; Irish dramatists of that period, brought morality and decency to the English stage, to which it had been a stranger from the days of the immortal Shakespeare. "Dodwell's learning was immense," says Gibbon; and to the present day he is ranked as one of the most distinguished men whom Oxford has sheltered within its walls. As an Irishman he adhered to the falling fortunes of the Stuarts; refused to take the oath of allegiance tendered on the accession of William and Mary; and lost his chair of Camden Professor of History, which he acquired only by his abilities and great attainments. Such consistency was rare in those days, particularly when, as in the present case, it involved a large pecuniary sacrifice. I can hardly pass to other names without mentioning Dr. Parrnell, a member of the distinguished family, which gave to Ireland the illustrious Charles Stuart Parrnell. His beautiful poem, the "Hermit," must be familiar to many of you. The compass of Parrnell's poetry, as Campbell remarks, is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful. It will not be out of place here, to introduce Thorough Carolan, or more properly O'Carolan, the last of the

Irish minstrels. Carolan was, as Goldsmith says, "at once a poet, a musician, and a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp." Goldsmith also says that of all the bards Ireland produced, "the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind." And now we must clear the board for one of the intellectual giants of the seventeenth century, one of the literary athletes whose performances are a marvel of the world. I refer to the author of the "Draper Letters," Dean Swift, who left the Irish people, the well-known recommendation in his pamphlet, "State of Irish Manufactures," to "burn everything that came from England except the coals." Swift's position in literature, unlike most of his contemporaries remains unaltered. "The Melchisedec of literature had no precursor, and has had no follower." "Gulliver's Travels and the Tale of a Tub," remain isolated productions—unrivalled, unimitated, and unimitable. The writings of Sir Richard Steele are models of purity and grace. He was founder of a great school, the English periodical essay; he left his marks broad and deep in the literature of England, and his writings will not cease to be read with profit and pleasure as long as manly dignity has charms for the mind, or elevation of sentiment and aptness of diction possess attraction. He was the only dramatist, he said, who had a play damned for its piety, and the boast can be easily verified. In his writings he stands without a fault; and of him far more than of any other writer of his age it might be said that he never penned "one line which dying he could wish to blot." In passing from the seventeenth century I leave behind me such men as Buckley, the great Irish metaphysician, as Molyneux, not less famous for his noble vindication of his country's rights than for his discoveries in mathematics and astronomy, and as Chas. Macklin, the London derry man-playwright and actor, whose performances were the wonder and delight of London playgoers, and whose impersonation of "Shylock" elicited from Pope the exclamation: "That Shakespeare drew!"

Still greater names beckon us onward. We enter on the days of that glorious triumvirate, Sheridan, Burke and Goldsmith, and as we descend the stream of time, and as we approach the period when the shackles began to fall from the limbs of the people, we shall find a rapid and brilliant increase in the number of their representatives, who largely contributed to the glory and advancement of the British nation. Hers is the gifted Sheridan, who, according to Lord Byron, wrote the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, the best address, and to crown all, delivered the very best oration ever conceived or heard in the English language. Her Edmund Burke is facile princeps among philosophical statesmen and orators and writers of his own day—perhaps of any day and any country. There is nothing more brilliant in parliamentary annals than the records of his career. Every reader of history knows the effect produced by his speech on "Administrative Reform" delivered in 1780, when his powers had reached their utmost intensity, and his position was most commanding. Most of his admirers point to it as the most finished specimen of his oratory. Its effect, when delivered, was overwhelming. Wit, poetry, imagination, lighted up and adorned the most solid reasoning and the profoundest political sagacity; while vivid appeals to the noblest passions of the soul stirred the hearts of his audience to their very depths. The tumultuous cheers that bore witness to the greatness of this oration were re-echoed throughout the empire, and all Britain resounded with his praise. Even his opponent, Lord North, said that it excelled all that he had ever heard in that house. In grandeur and power, however, even this effort was thrown into the shade by his speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Every historical student is familiar with that grand spectacle in Westminster Hall, in which Burke was the prominent figure, when the Commons of England arraigned Warren Hastings before the Lords, for high crimes and misdemeanors, and the son of the Dublin attorney arose "to plead the cause of Asia in the presence of Europe." It was the great act of Burke's life. Never before, perhaps, had it fallen to the lot of mortal man to address such an audience. "That grand historic hall, which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings,—where Charles the First had confronted the High Court of Judiciary with the placid courage that has half redeemed his name,"—was one blaze of scarlet, and was thronged by all that was most illustrious in the rank and intellect of the British Empire. England's most distinguished bed-strewn warriors, and judges formed the Court that was to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. The impeachment was direct against an Englishman of great wealth and uncommon powers, who, as Governor-General of India, was charged with acts of the most revolting cruelty and inhuman injustice towards the people of Hindustan. The conductors of the impeachment—Burke, Sheridan, Fox,—formed the most illustrious galaxy of orators that England had ever seen. In solemn procession, one hundred and seventy peers and three-fourths of the members of the House marched to the scene of trial.

(To be continued.)

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. A WISE AND TIMELY SUGGESTION

From Daniel Dougherty—Interesting to Catholics in Canada as well as in the United States.

We take pleasure in placing before our readers this week a copy of a letter addressed to the secretary of the United States Catholic Historical Society by Mr. Daniel Dougherty, in which the writer very properly suggests that a Catholic celebration be held this year in honor of the landing of Columbus on our shores on October 12, 1492. It is to be hoped that the idea will result in the proposed celebration.

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of your esteemed favor informing me you have been instructed by the executive council of the United States Catholic Historical Society to invite me to read a paper before your organization on Christopher Columbus, in March or April next.

I am deeply sensible of this expression of esteem. The preparation of such a paper, for such a society, requires rare ability, habits of study, sources of knowledge and patient research; all of which are beyond my reach, even if I could spare the time for so important an undertaking.

These qualities are eminently combined certainly in one, namely, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, and likely in others of the printed names on your letter-head.

While therefore I without affection, deprecate your choice of a writer, I heartily applaud your selection of a theme. The time is ripe for it. I will not say I am amazed but certainly regret the indifference with which American Catholics treat the near approach of the fourth centennial anniversary of the sublime voyage in which they of all their countrymen have the deepest interest and most reason to be proud.

Descendants of the Puritans celebrate every December the landing of their fathers. Their eighty-sixth anniversary in this city took place within a week. They aggressively—I was going to say audaciously—celebrate it inasmuch as they trace the origin of their Pilgrim fathers were the pioneers of civil and religious liberty.

Can not we Roman Catholics once in a century celebrate the landing of Columbus? This anniversary belongs as much to Catholics as Plymouth Rock to the Puritans. The discovery of America is the brightest jewel in the diadem of our country's history, and the glory of our country's crown.

I propose that unless Catholics, if need be, aggressively, display their historic right to pre-empt the celebration of our countrymen will, in all of their approaching demonstrations slight the people's Queen of Castile; if not display her, will surely ignore the man who, with the Catholic Church and assert that the discovery of America was the heaven-directed forerunner of the Reformation and Protestantism.

To propose a celebration to 1892 will be in itself a surrender of the sentiment of the historic past to glorify the materialistic present. It will be to irreverently pass the shrine of Columbus to the thronged worshippers in the temple of Mammon.

The Chicago Exposition is destined to be a world-renowned event. Americans of every creed and color, of every clime, will unite not to commemorate the discovery of a continent, but to enroll before assembled millions from every clime the transcendent grandeur of the republic.

The contemplated celebration on October 12, 1892, should be distinctly Catholic. It should be a significant and inspiring one, confined to the Catholic faith. Submitting the suggestion to ecclesiastical authority, Catholics all over the United States might gather around their altars, and adore the God of all events.

At all events, mingling patriotic with Catholic joy exit to the unparalleled achievement of our Church and the inestimable blessings bestowed on us by the discovery of the continent, let us, on that exact day, grand, imposing and widespread, should be but an expression of the indelible truth to be stamped on the mind of America.

Catholic and non-Catholic alike, without Christendom, especially in Spain, Italy, North and South America, should devote their resources, studies, learning and talents to the study of the truth of history that glorify the discovery of America is to sound the praises of the Catholic Church.

Let us not neglect the intellectual and learning to sow seed that will yield the richest harvest.

Protestant pens have opened the American mind to the martyrdom of Christopher Columbus. Yet neither Washington Irving nor Prescott can do justice to such a theme, because it is simply impossible for the most liberal Protestant writers to treat with entire fairness any Catholic subject.

Therefore I rejoice that the United States Catholic Historical Society has so appropriately named the day.

One suggestive word from His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop, your honorary president, or from his Excellency the Canadian viceroy, or from the pens of scholars of Europe and America. Thus the literature of the fourth centennial would be enriched with knowledge of events that led up to and culminated in the great discovery, and tell all after times that civilization owes to Catholic Christianity the gift of the New World and the blessings to humanity that have followed in its wake.

The only apology I can offer for troubling you with these pages is the honor your society has done me. With high regard, very truly yours, DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

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LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE. Dividend No. 111.

The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a Semi-Annual Dividend of three per cent, for the last six months has been declared on the capital stock and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after Monday, the 7th March next.

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1892

**OUR STAND.**

"Tros Tyrinusque nullo discrimine ahibi agetur." This old saying of a classic author seems to us an appropriate text at this juncture. "Trojan and Tyrean shall be treated by me without discrimination." Our journal is essentially a Catholic one. High above all the minor considerations of party strife, we wish to rise into the atmosphere of Faith. At times we may deem it necessary, for the good of religion and for the sake of the Catholic interests of our readers, to descend into the arena of politics and to wield our pen either in defence of our principles when attacked, or against any party, faction or individual that may be inimical to the progress or ultimate triumph of Catholicity. It is our express intention, henceforward, to adhere to the title of our journal—THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. It is an absolute impossibility for any organ to be completely independent; but we desire to treat Conservative and Liberal without discrimination, provided they do justice to the Irish people and to the Catholic element in Canada. We find ourselves obliged, during the present crisis, to take part with one side more than the other, because we feel in conscience bound to see better, nobler and purer ideas and principles permeate the legislative and governing body in our province. We deem it in the interest of the Catholic Church that all hypocrisy should be unmasked, and in the interests of our Irish citizens that their claims to due representation and just recognition should be considered. But we are prepared to make war upon any party, or any political organization, call itself by whatever name it desires, that will not recognize these claims, nor respect these principles. Thus rising above the petty squabbles in the field of political strife we can hold ourselves aloof from any influences other than those of Faith and nationality. There was a time amongst the ancient Romans when

"None were for a party,  
But all were for the state;  
When the great man helped the poor man,  
And the poor man loved the great;  
When the souls were fairly portioned,  
And the soils were fairly sold;  
When the Romans were like brothers,  
In the brave days of old."  
As far as a Catholic journal is concerned, and THE TRUE WITNESS in particular, we see no reason why that Roman spirit should not today exist in all its Roman honesty. Not only do we refuse to bind ourselves to any party; not only do we wish that our every expression be for the greater good of the state; but we desire that our every influence may be utilized for the benefit of our fellow-countrymen in Canada, and for the greater glory of the imperishable Church of Christ upon earth.

**A NEW RELIGION.**

The Catholic Times informs us that one Mr. Page-Hopps, a well-known Unitarian of London, has established a new religion, called "Our Father's Church." It is apparently a sort of humanitarian church, but somewhat vague in its formula of faith. Mr. Page-Hopps introduces his religion to the world by means of an advertisement in the London Times. This of course is a novel way of commencing a propaganda of belief. Side by side with "Pear's Soap" and "St. Jacob's Oil," we find "Our Father's Church." Of course the newspapers can have no objection to such a means of evangelizing the community, provided always that the advertisement was paid for in advance. However, "this may have the effect of letting loose a number of religious crackpots, who have heretofore aired their theories only among a select circle or in the columns of obscure journals." We had supposed that after the establishment of the "Peculiar People," the "Salvation Army," and "Esoteric Buddhism," there was no more room for the introduction of a new religion. But still they come! Creeds fantastic, eccentric, capricious; creeds outlandish, singular, unique; creeds for the foolish and credulous for the wise; creeds of the mushroom kind, that spring up in one night, engendered by the vapors in the night-sky of fanaticism; creeds of every possible description seem to be cropping up daily and hourly. But strange to say the further we recede from

the days of Christ and the establishment of His Own Church, and the more numerous become the sects that constitute that Babel of disunion and confusion of beliefs opposed to Catholicity, the more foolish, the more ridiculous, seem to be the theories and practices of these innovations in the forms of "Creeds." If things continue in the same ratio for a few years longer, by the end of this century we will have three-score-and-ten more churches established; and if they continue to descend the intellectual grade, as heretofore, we may expect to find the last church flanked by a dime-museum on one side and an asylum on the other.

**CANADA'S FLAG.**

It is not always that we can agree with our friend the Daily Witness, but if we fail to see things from the same standpoint, at least "we can agree to disagree." However, there are exceptions to every rule, and in the case of "A Canadian Flag" we find ourselves in perfect harmony with our contemporary across the way. We are a part of Great Britain, but we are merely a child of the parent state, like our sister colony, Australia, and our elder brother, India. While the Union Jack is regarded the world over as the ensign of England, still it is often useful to know to what portion of the British Empire a ship may belong. Canadian sails dot every sea to-day, and it is time, if we boast our Canadian nationality, that we should have some sign whereby we may be known to the nations. When the Witness says, "If we are to have any mark on the flag distinctive of Canada, let it be a simple one and not a whole museum of bad heraldry crowded into a circle a foot in diameter," we endorse the sentiment *in toto*. Then the same leader goes on to say:

"The universally recognized emblem of Canada is the maple leaf. A single maple leaf in yellow in place of all the heraldic rubbish which now complicates the flag would be the least change possible, and would be readily understood by every one to mean Canada. The dying of such a leaf would proclaim not only that we are British, but that we are Canadian and that Canada is British."

As we are coming within the atmosphere of St. Patrick's Day, we fear that our friend of the Witness might think we were influenced by the approaching occasion were we to suggest that the maple leaf should be in *verru*, and not in *yellow*. However, we are not thinking as Irish men, but simply as Canadians, when we make this suggestion. The yellow maple leaf is indicative of autumn, and of the approaching winter; it is the precursor of nature's death. But the green maple leaf is emblematic of the spring time, of the summer; it is the token of youthful vigor, of manhood and power. And Canada is yet in the ascendant: her sun has not run the half its course from its dawn to its meridian; she is yet in the full flush of virgin spring, and we hope and pray that many a century will roll past before the frosty touch of her national autumn shall turn her verdant maple into "the sear and yellow leaf."

**THE SHAMROCKS.**

Last week we referred editorially to the Shamrocks Bazaar and Tombola; we then threw out a hint to our fellow-countrymen in Montreal, to aid, in as far as they could the object that our young men have in view. To-day with reiterated our remarks of last week, we desire to mention that Sir Donald A. Smith has donated one thousand dollars to the coming festival and fair.

The cause is not only a good one, but is one that should meet with the approval and encouragement of all generous and patriotic citizens. Sir Donald gave a similar amount to the M.A.A.A. on the occasion of their bazaar. It is a grand thing for Montreal that, if the city has but a few men of exceptional wealth, these few, and the good old member for the West, foremost amongst them, are generousity itself. We hope sincerely that our Irish Catholics will all aid, according to their means, in procuring a complete success for the Shamrocks on this occasion.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY.**

It was a time-honored custom to have a procession on St. Patrick's Day; but of late years that feature has dwindled down in a remarkable degree. Instead of the leading Irishmen, as of old, taking part therein, and filling up the ranks of the societies, we find that the procession is generally made up of school children and unrepresentative bodies. We would suggest that, unless it is brought back to the old standard, and made general for all associations representative of the Irish element, the custom be completely done away with, and the day's celebration be confined to Divine Service in the morning and a banquet or concert in the evening. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, and if we cannot have, for one reason or another, the old-time enthusiastic procession, then let us not have a phantom pageant that seems more a mockery than anything else. We may err in our idea, still, if we do, we err honestly, and we simply give expression to it for what it is worth. In order that there may be no misunderstanding, we

repeat the gist of our suggestion: let all the societies and Irish citizens join in and have a rattling good procession, or else let us have none at all.

**MATHEW ARNOLD ON CATHOLICITY.**

The following remarks of that deep thinker and fluent writer, the late Matthew Arnold, upon the subject of Catholicity, are worthy of attention. These words come not from a devotee of our Faith, nor a believer in our creed, nor a lover of Rome, nor a friend of the Papacy; they emanate from one who too often allowed the dictates of his heart to be silenced in the flow of his anti-Catholic prejudices, one whose great mind was too often turned by the influence of the infidel spirit of our age, one whose profound erudition seemed, at times, only to dazzle and blind, instead of illuminating and perfecting his philosophical vision. He here speaks as the observer of events, and of history, the student of that immutable principle of cause and effect. Listen to him:

"This is why the man of imagination, nay, the philosopher, too, will have a weakness for the Catholic Church: because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale.  
"Who has seen the poor in other churches as they are seen in Catholic churches? Catholicism, besides, enveloped human life; and Catholics in general feel themselves to have drawn from her, too, their art and poetry and culture.  
"If there is a thing specially alien to religion it is divisions. If there is a thing specially native to religion, that thing is peace and union. Hence original attraction towards unity when once attained.  
"I persist in thinking that Catholicism has, from this superiority, a great future before it; that it will endure where all the Protestant sects dissolve and perish."

Arnold is not far astray; the Faith with which the Church attracts her children to her shrines, the arts with which she adorns them, the poetry of her ritual, and the culture of her hierarchy, constitute one of the great supports of her enduring edifice; the hope which she ever holds out to the weary, the doubting, and the erring, is another column beneath its dome; the charity which dings its mantle over the poor, the suffering or the unfortunate, is a third pillar upholding that glorious fabric; and the unity which is patent in her sacraments, her creed and her constitution is the keystone of the imperishable arch of her existence—arch that spans the ages, past, present and future, from the first hour of Redemption till the last stroke of vanishing Time.

Nor is Arnold the only one of his caliber who thus prophesied about the future of Catholicity. Who has not read Macaulay's famous essay upon "Van Rook's History of the Popes?" It was in the introduction to that masterpiece that the greatest critic of our age, and the most profound student of history that our century has produced, drew a picture of the perfection of the organization of the Church of Rome and having traced it from the twilight of the past on down till this day, concluded by saying that the papacy might exist in unimpaired vigor. "When some lone wanderer from New Zealand should take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

With testimony such as this from profane writers, from a thinker like Arnold, and a walking encyclopaedia of erudition like Macaulay, from men averse in spirit to the Faith of Rome; and with the word of Christ spoken to His Church, "I will be with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world," we have little to fear for the future of that time-defying institution. Its strength is daily becoming greater, and its influences are hourly being more and more felt in all parts of the earth. Its children have but to treasure that light of Faith, to follow it through all the perils of this world's journey, and "like the fiery pillar or captive Israel," it will cheer the desert of their pilgrimage, and conduct them infallibly to the land of their promised glory.

**THE POPE'S SUCCESSOR.**

A considerable amount of speculation has been going on, during the past few weeks, in the press of America, as to who is likely to succeed Pope Leo XIII., when it pleases heaven to summon him from his labors. We have no intention of entering into the different points raised by the many writers upon the subject; but we have a few simple ideas of our own that we are anxious to ventilate. In the first place, it seems to us verging upon what might be called the indelicate to thus canvass the probability of one or another successor to a man who, as yet, is in the full possession of life and mental vigor. Perchance it may be contended that the Pope is a public personage, like a Queen or an Emperor, and it cannot be offensive to his feelings to be thus constantly reminded that he has not long to live, and the world is already speculating upon the effects of his death. It may be so; but we imagine that human nature is the same all over the world; that the heart beneath satin and ermine beats time with the pulse in a peasant's breast; and that no one relishes the thought of

being sooner or later cut off from this busy world and replaced by some one whose presence will cause his memory to vanish. Still, be that as it may, there is another point far more important, and to this we desire to draw the attention of our Catholic and Protestant readers.

No matter who the individual may be who shall be raised, by the Sacred Conclave, to the throne of St. Peter: no matter whether the tiara shall rest upon an Italian, French, English, American, or other head; no matter what language the man speaks whose hand shall grasp the "keys of the Church of Christ," the moment that he is declared successor to the departed Pope, from that moment he becomes another link in that unbroken chain of succession. The first link of that chain was riveted to the Rock of Ages, at the beginning of Christianity, and the last link shall be attached to the footstool of God's throne on the Last Day. Before His departure from earth, Christ handed the "keys" to St. Peter. He then and there appointed the Fisherman to carry on the work which He had commenced. St. Peter transmitted those keys to his immediate successor, and down through the centuries they were passed, from hand to hand, until they were received by Pius IX.; he in his turn gave them to Leo XIII.; and when Leo XIII. departs he shall pass them on to the one who shall come after him; and so it will go on until the end of the ages: then the last Pope will return those "keys" to Christ, upon His second coming, just as He gave them to St. Peter at His first coming. It is of little consequence to the Catholic Church who may be the successor of our glorious Pontiff. In any case, no matter what his nationality may be, he will be one worthy and able to grasp the helm and guide the barque of Peter through the billows, on to the haven of its destiny. Were the Catholic Church a human institution, founded by the genius of man, and supported and carried on by merely terrestrial means, we might pause to speculate upon the advisability of having this one or the other one elected to the chair of St. Peter; but the Church of Rome, being infallible, inasmuch as Christ, who is with it, is infallible; being imperishable, for He promised that the "gates of hell should not prevail against it;" being divine in its Founder, and in its inspirations, human speculation must cease on its threshold, and Faith alone, with reliance upon the word of Christ, must guide us upon such questions. One thing we need not fear, that no matter how the political or social aspects of the world may change, the word of God is immutable, and Christ will fulfil His promise and be with His Church "unto the consummation of the world."

**JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY'S BUST.**

The other day a grand and imposing ceremony took place, in the hall of the Catholic University, at Washington, D.C. Prelates and laymen, Catholics, Protestants and Jews met and there upon the very platform where the late John Boyle O'Reilly read his noble poem "From the Heights," on the occasion of the dedication of the University, Samuel Kitson's splendid bust of the dead poet, orator and patriot was unveiled, and received that Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane had promised it "the niche of honor it deserves." Poetry came to lay her tribute at the shrine of the dead bard; oratory came to render homage, in bursts of silver eloquence, to the memory of the departed orator; and patriotism swelled high to recognize the great qualities of heart and soul of the lamented patriot. No living man ever gained the affection of his fellowbeings or commanded their admiration more positively than did John Boyle O'Reilly, and over the grave of no other man were more sighs of sincere sorrow heaved, or more tears of honest regret shed. At home he was looked upon as a budding genius and a futurist in the literary sky of Ireland; in captivity and exile he was regarded as one of the truest and bravest of men; in the home of his adoption he was the beloved of all who knew him intimately, and even men who had never seen him, watched, at a distance, his upward course. Meteor-like he shot across the firmament of America, and meteor-like he disappeared when in the full blaze of his glory. But unlike the meteor, that leaves no trace behind, he has impressed his own mind and ideas upon American literature and long after his remains shall have mouldered thousands will read his works, be charmed, be elevated by them, and will love the man who wrote them. While firm and practical in his Faith, he was tolerant of all others; while loving and fond in his home circle, he was generous and noble in the great world without; while cherishing the cause of his own people, and working for it, as few ever did before or since, he was cosmopolitan in spirit and he loved all nations. His charity knew no distinction of creed or nationality; his Catholicity was the very exemplification of Christianity itself. As an illustration of his tender heart, his fine mind and grand soul, we will take the liberty of here quoting two stanzas that he wrote upon "The Dead

Trapper." The scene is in a forest camp: there were white men, and Indians, and negroes, and men of different other nationalities there; but the old trapper was beloved by all. The Indian naturally thinks that the most perfect man is a noble redman: the negro imagines that the fairest type of humanity is a good negro; so on with the people of all nations. O'Reilly, grasping the idea, wrote:

"The trapper died; our hero, and we grieved;  
In every breast in camp the sorrow stirred;  
"His soul was red," the Indian cried bereaved,  
"A white man he," was the grim old Yankee's word.

So sure, so strong, each mourner gave his best,  
"How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track,"  
And, as we laid him by the places to rest,  
A negro spoke, with tears, "his heart was black!"

In that one short poem—and poem it is in every acceptance of the term—we have an idea of Boyle O'Reilly's gift, and of his noble sentiments and tender heart. He little thought, as did Gerald Griffin:

"That he was to die at the noon of his day,  
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,  
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away."

The stroke came like a thunderbolt from out a blue and serene sky; it shattered the heart of a loving wife, it crashed upon the heartstone of a happy home, it fell with awful crushing force upon the circle of the intimate friends, it re-echoed throughout the whole of America. It was felt, like a shock, upon the green hills of Ireland and amidst the craggs of far off Australia! But God knows best! In His wise providence He saw fit to summon thus suddenly a soul that was always prepared, and to give unexpectedly the crown of reward to the noble soldier who had "fought the good fight" in the ranks of the Church Militant. No more fittingly could we close this brief but sincere tribute to his memory than by quoting the lines written by Mortimer Edward Twomey, of Newburyport, Mass., on the occasion of the unveiling of O'Reilly's bust at Washington:

"You are not dead; your spirit lives,  
And noble inspiration gives  
To all the passing throngs of men,  
Who look beyond this moment's pen.  
And read aright  
Your eyes so bright,  
Your manly face,  
Your soul by grace  
As reason taught.  
For there is naught  
Sustains the sluggish spirit's will,  
And bids the weary rise  
To grasp the hard-earned prize,  
As lives whose bold achievements fill  
Our admiration as our love."

**TWO PAPAL ANNIVERSARIES**

On Saturday next, the 29th February, the Catholic world will be summoned to rejoice and give thanks to God for having conferred upon His Church the great boon of a man endowed with human wisdom, sanctity, diplomacy and extraordinary administrative abilities, as its head upon earth. On that day His Holiness Leo XIII. will celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of his reign. It has been a glorious period in the troubled history of the Church. Pius IX., of sacred memory, gave to the world the important dogmas of the "Infallibility" and the "Immaculate Conception," thus promulgating two of the grandest articles of our Faith, in another and none the less important sphere, his successor Leo XIII. has grasped with a master hand the social and political problems that agitate the world today, and has dealt with them in a manner that commands the respect of even the enemies of the Church, the admiration of all the statesmen of Europe, and the love, confidence and veneration of all Catholics. On Wednesday, the 2nd March, next, Leo XIII. will celebrate his eighty-third birthday. Despite all reports to the contrary, the Pope's health is as good as could be expected under the circumstances of advanced years, great troubles, severe persecutions and above all untold anxieties about the workings of the mighty institution confided to his care. It is to be hoped that upon both of these anniversaries the Catholics of Montreal, and of Canada in general, will remember the grand old man who sits upon his immutable throne by the banks of the Tiber, and that their prayers shall be offered "for the intentions of the Holy Father." As rays of light converge to a central focus, so should the beams of devotion, from every Catholic soul throughout the world, concentrate, upon those two occasions, at the central point of our Faith's devotion—the Vatican. Across the broad Campanian thousands of pilgrims shall throng to Rome; the Appian and Nummanian ways will be trodden by the monks and peasants from beyond the Sabine hills, and through the Porta Pia thousands will come to pay homage to the Vicar of Christ, in the hour of his rejoicings. But from the uttermost ends of the world, thousands of prayers will ascend and millions of the faithful, in spirit, shall kneel before the Fisherman's Throne, that stands upon the debris of the golden palaces of the Pagan Emperors. It is unnecessary to do more than recall to the minds of our readers the dates of these two anniversaries,—20th February, the 14th year of Leo XIII's Pontificate; 2nd March, Pope's 83rd birthday.

**TWO PASTORAL LETTERS.**

In the churches throughout the dioceses of Quebec and Montreal, on Sunday last, a joint pastoral letter from the Archbishops and bishops of the province, upon the question of the elections, was read. It was surmised by some politicians that this letter would give expression to certain ideas and opinions with regard to the respective merits or demerits of the two contending parties. We were not surprised in the least to find that the hierarchy, while laying down the principles of actions which should guide every Christian upon such occasions, refrained entirely from even conveying a hint that might prove detrimental to the cause of either party. We repeat that we were not surprised; for it is well-known that while the church wishes to guide her children in the paths of duty and teach them to obey the moral as well as the civil law, she towers away above the seat of political struggles. Like another Moses upon the hill-top, with hands raised to heaven and praying, while the hosts of Israel vanquished the infidel in the plain beneath; so the church, seated upon the summit of her seven hills, constantly invokes the aid of heaven and draws down its graces upon the faithful who are fighting the battle of Christ in the valley below. This pastoral letter, merely points out the sin, sorrow and degradation to which the elector, and through him, his family, the community and the country are reduced when the purchase of his franchise is made, by means either of money, or still worse, of liquor. The clergy call upon the candidates to aid them in their war of extermination upon that hydra of political corruption, the most venenous head of which is that of drunkenness. It is to be hoped that the voice of the church, upon this occasion, will be listened to and its advice acted upon. If so, it will mark the beginning of a new era in our political warfare, and that fresh departure will be fraught with endless blessings to society and to the country at large.

The second pastoral letter was from His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal upon the question of the Lenten season. By a decree of the Holy Father, issued on the 14th January last, the Archbishop was empowered to grant, for the Lent of 1892, a general dispensation, to all the faithful in his archdiocese, from the obligation of observing the fast and abstinence during the penitential time. Also are they exempt from the strict duty of abstinence on Fridays. This action has been taken on account of the fearful ravages which that new enemy of man, *la grippe*, has been making of late in all quarters of the world and in Canada in particular. The Church, like a good mother, ever solicitous for the temporal and spiritual welfare of her children, is always ready to relax her rules and regulations when their health and well-being require it. But it is only proper that we should warn our readers against the error of running away with the idea that Lent has been abolished, and that Friday's abstinence is a thing of the past. This new regulation is only on account of the plague that has fallen upon the world in the form of a dangerous malady; it was promulgated by a special decree issued on the 14th January last, with the disappearance of the sickness the provisions of that decree become null and void, and the older order of the church discipline in these matters returns with all its force. Moreover, while granting dispensation, the Church recommends to all who can do so, without injury to their health, to observe the Lenten rules as in all former years. This advice was specially dwelt upon by the priests who read, in the different churches, the above mentioned pastoral letter. In fact, if any Catholic feels able to observe the fast and the abstinence of Lent, he will be gaining a two-fold reward by doing so; firstly the usual return in graces for these acts of penance, and secondly a special recompense for having performed acts of mortification that are no longer obligatory.

**THE POLITICAL SITUATION.**

The wave of public opinion appears to be increasing in force in favor of the National Policy. Mr. Ingram's re-election a few days ago, by an overwhelming majority, in East Egin, and the other gains made by the Government candidates, wrenching seats from the Unrestricted Reciprocity party, cannot be ascribed to chance or better organization. The meaning of the movement is simply that the people approve of the manly stand taken by those who have faith in the country. In the United States bills have been introduced to modify the McKinley tariff and in a short time the barley cry will be lost to the Unrestricted Reciprocity advocates. The same fate awaits other articles placed under prohibitory duties for the mere purpose of coercing Canada. Things are progressing very favorably for the Government at Ottawa. Sir John Thompson and his colleagues are still at Washington on their informal mission concerning better trade relations. The result of the bye-elections will have the effect of strengthening the hands of our delegates in the propositions that



will be thrown out. Mr. Blaine will realize that Sir John Thompson and his associates are the representatives of the people of Canada and that those who stole over to the United States Capital, and poured their tales of Canadian discontent into the ears of American statesmen, were more party wire pullers anxious to get into power in the Dominion at any price, and who in no way voiced the sentiments of Canadians. It is safe to predict that Sir Richard Cartwright, and Messrs. Farrar, Charlton and others, who seemed to need the air of Washington very much during the past few years, will travel less southward in the future; unless, indeed, some of them intend to dwell permanently on the other side of the line—which would be one move, at least, for the good of Canada.

In the general election, now raging in Quebec, Count Mercier is likely to get his deserts. The most important seceder from his ranks within the past few days is Mr. Casgrain, ex-M.P. for L'Islet, in the Dominion Parliament and now a candidate for the local legislature. Mr. Casgrain is one of the real old stock of the Liberal party. He is above reproach and is one who has stood by his party in every storm. He now denounces Mercier and the clique and makes known the fact that it was he who told Mr. Mercier, over two years ago that he must let Pacaud and the Langeliers go or that he would go with them. Mr. Mercier answered, at the time, that he would allow no one to dictate to him, and that he would stand by his associates, Pacaud and the other hoodlums. In many parts of the country to-day Conservatives and Liberals join hands in supporting Mr. DeBoucherville and his government. A miserable attempt has been made to injure Mr. L. P. Pelletier, the new Provincial Secretary, but he has taken prompt action in the courts against his defamers. In the City of Montreal no one seems willing to say a word in favor of the Mercier faction. Mr. James McShane, our Mayor, and a candidate for legislative honors, is silent, and as "silence gives consent," his course may be considered an endorsement of the Count and his policy. Alderman P. Kennedy has taken the field against the mayor. From all indications Mr. McShane has ended his legislative labors. When Mr. Mercier turned Mr. McShane out of the government he did not dare tell the people why he had been thus summarily dealt with, but tamely followed the man who had degraded him and who further refused to take any other Irish Catholic into his cabinet. Mr. Kennedy has acquired considerable experience of affairs in the City Council where he has sat for twelve years. He is a man of strong common sense, capable of saying in a few plain words what he means. He has a good reputation for sterling honesty and his courage no one can doubt. He will go to Quebec after the election, and he will be an improvement on any one who has gone there, in that capacity, since the days of the lamented Francis Cassidy.

**MR. M. J. HANSON'S LETTER.**  
The following letter was received on Wednesday, the 10th, too late for our issue of last week. It is with great pleasure we give Mr. Hanson full space in our columns that he may vindicate his position and cast fresh light upon the question of the "Catholic Liberator." In our issue of February 3 we took occasion to refer editorially to a controversy between Mr. Hanson and Mr. Egan, of the Notre Dame University, and we then expressed our views with regard to the cooperation of the lay element with the clergy of our Church. Not being as thoroughly conversant with the details of the Egan-Hanson controversy, as naturally should be one of the parties in that duel of words, we rejoice that Mr. Hanson has so far noticed our editorial as to take the trouble of sending us the following letter. Moreover, we are pleased to find that, in as far as the principle we laid down is concerned, he agrees with our views:—  
PROVIDENCE, R.I., Feb. 8, 1892.  
To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:  
DEAR SIR:—A kind friend has sent me a copy of THE TRUE WITNESS of February 3, containing your article on "The Catholic Liberator," in which you say, "Mr. Hanson seems to wish to criticize, to find fault, and to blame, provided he is given even the semblance of an argument." Now, did you not intend this pleasant arrangement for "the other fellow"? Prof. Egan, in his interview, ridiculed the idea of having a Catholic Press exhibit at the World's Fair, and he is the author of the proposed Catholic Congress, and the best hope entertained for it was that it would be held in Chicago in 1893. Speaking of the Baltimore Catholic Congress, the best thing he could say was that it did not do the mischief it might have done, and the only one he seemed to think as worthy of mention was his friend, Hon. Wm. J. O'Rourke, of Chicago, who, in his opinion, emancipated his arrangements to that extent that "it was consequently harmless."  
It is a very common occurrence to malign the Catholic Liberator, and it is most unusual for the Liberator to offer a protest. I suppose you were perfectly justified in speaking of me as you did. I bought it was very gentle with Mr. Egan, and the language throughout my article—moderate, while the spirit of criticism was not destructive, but constructive.  
If Prof. Egan stood alone in his views I should not have noticed his expressions, but there are a great many who take the same position, and I believe it is time for the Liberator to speak up and to utter a few words in their defense. These self-elected censors impart to their characteristics which should mingle the glow of every manly Catholic with the fire of every manly Christian. Such a course would bring to the front our men of vigor, courage and intelligence, and relieve to their proper place the timid sheepish specimens who too often pass as representatives.  
I believe in giving honor to whom honor is due, and, as an active member of the committee that prepared the Baltimore Congress, I had good reason to feel that I was better informed than most others as to whom the honors of the Congress belonged, and that it was my duty to correct some false impressions.

As secretary of the lay committee appointed by the Baltimore Congress, and as secretary also at its conference, I am acquainted with the committee of archbishops and bishops at St. Louis, December 2, I ought to be able to say just what did and did not transpire at that meeting. For very good reasons, which may become public later, I did not give any account of the meeting to the press, so that the report which appeared in the secular press December 2, and afterwards in all the Catholic papers, was without proper foundation. Like the young woman who preferred being snubbed to being ignored, I make this acknowledgment of your considerable notice and trust you will give the letter to your readers. The discriminating will find in it a few nuts to crack.  
Yours, respectfully,  
M. J. HANSON.

**THE WEEK'S DOINGS.**

The Ministry of Victoria, Australia, has resigned.  
Four anarchists were executed in Spain on Thursday.  
Mr. Ingram, Conservative, was elected in East Elgin by 494 majority.  
The Canadian Pacific steamship, Empress of China left Yokohama on the 13th, for Vancouver.  
The total exports from Canada last year were \$98,000,000 and the imports amounted to \$119,967,000.  
Hon. Oliver Mowat was on Friday elected an honorary member of the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto.  
In a three-rink international curling match on Wednesday last, Canada beat the United States by 24 shots.  
The writ for the bye-election for the Commons in Montclair has been issued. Polling will take place on March 2.  
The annual meeting of the Ontario Reform Club was held on the 10th, and Sir Richard Cartwright was re-elected president.  
Mr. R. Abercrombie, of Cornwall, has been appointed junior county court judge of Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry.  
Sir John Thompson has declined to interfere in the case of W. R. Moffatt, who was sent to the penitentiary from Toronto.  
There were 68 business failures in Canada last week, against 34 the week before, and 28 in the corresponding week last year.  
A cylinder weighing 18,000 pounds was cast at the Kingston foundry last week. It is for the R. & O. Company's steamer Montreal.  
The Russian Government has granted the sum of 50,000,000 roubles to be expended for the relief of the sufferers in the famine district.  
The Pope gave a special audience on Friday to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan and his son, Col. Charles P. Bryan, the Chicago World's Fair commissioners.  
The British House of Commons has rejected a suggestion that amnesty be granted Irish prisoners convicted of connection with dynamite plots.  
Arthur Locke, telegraph operator at Iroquois station, went out on the ice to get some water, the 13th inst., slipped into the hole and was drowned.  
The Canadian reciprocity commissioners met Secretary Blaine and his colleagues in Washington on the 10th and arranged for a series of conferences.  
A motion looking to the establishment of a preferential trade relations between Great Britain and the colonies was rejected by the British House of Commons.  
The writs for London and Quebec West have been issued. In London nomination will take place on the 18th inst., and in Quebec on the 19th, polling a week later in each case.  
Great Britain and the United States have agreed to invite the Governments of France, Sweden and Italy each to designate a person to arbitrate the Bering Sea controversy.  
Hon. Mr. Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, has completed arrangements for opening an immigration office in the maritime provinces. The point selected in Moncton, N.B.  
C. Armstrong, T. Reutier and George Duriel, Grand Trunk railway employees, who live in Stratford, Ont., but work in Buffalo, have been compelled to give up their employment by Inspector DeBarry.  
Major R. R. McLennan, M.P. for Glengarry, is still very ill at the Rossmore house in Cornwall. The doctors have given orders that no one be allowed to see him. His condition, however, was somewhat improved.

**Manners.**

Manners are more important than money, a boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners, will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy teels well when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and make friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company, and ugly manners for home.  
We visited a small railroad town, not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years of age who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home:—"You are greatly blessed in your son, he is so attentive and obliging."  
"Yes," she said: "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent." She said this as if it did her heart good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.  
The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much, that every boy can have them.—*Youth's Guide.*

**OUR IRISH COLUMN.**

The Holy Father has, on the recommendation of Bishop Lyster, appointed the Very Rev. Dr. Staunton, V. G., P.P., of Swinford, Dean of the Chapter of Achnary.  
Owen Fisher, of Holycross, died on the evening of Jan. 18, aged 108 years. Until within a short time ago he had been in good health and in full possession of his faculties.  
Mr. Ernest Hart proposes to present a typical Irish village at the World's Fair, Chicago, showing not only the buildings and street sights characteristic of the villages, but also the industries carried on.  
Archbishop Logue, of Armagh, ordained the Rev. James Duffy, an alumnus of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, at St. Mary's Church, Ardee, on Sunday, Jan. 17. This is, perhaps, the first ordination solemnized in that town since the Reformation.  
A demonstration is soon to be held in Wexford on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of James Ryan, an evicted tenant who died in 1890, from the effects of his prison treatment. John Barry, M. P. for South Wexford, is to deliver the address.  
Mrs. Redmond, widow of the late Wm. Archer Redmond, formerly M.P. for Wexford, and mother of Messrs. John and William Redmond, M.P.'s, died, consoled by the last rites of the Church, at Belvidere Place, Dublin, on Jan. 18, of bronchitis. She was seventy-five years of age, and was the daughter of the late Major Hoey, of Hoeyfield, County Wicklow, and first cousin to the late George Henry Moore, formerly M.P. for Mayo.

Mr. C. C. Connor, ex-Mayor of Belfast, and member of the firm of Fenton, Connor & Co., of that city, has patented an invention for improving the process of spinning flax and kindred fibres whereby, instead of passing the "rove" through hot water, it passes through an alkaline solution. The effect of this is to cause the distance between the nips of the drawing roller to be considerably reduced, while leaving the yarn free from the faults known as "snarls" and "beads."  
The Rt. Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop-elect of Cork, is still receiving addresses of congratulation on his elevation. He has recently been presented with memorials from the teachers and pupils of SS. Peter and Paul's schools, the acolytes of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, the secretaries of the Bantry, Durrus and Bandon School Teachers' Association, the priests of the diocese and also the chapter. The address from the acolytes was accompanied by the gift of a beretta of Irish poplin made in Cork.  
An Irish literary society has been formed in London and Sir C. Gavan Duffy has been chosen president and Stophrod Brooke vice-president, while Dr. Ted Hunter, T. W. Rolleston, Edmund Downey, W. B. Yeats and F. A. Fahie, all well-known Irish authors, are among the more notable members. The society will be entirely non-political and non-sectarian, and is the outcome of a long-felt desire among Irishmen of literary tastes to have a place where they can meet one another. Lectures by distinguished people will be one of the attractions of the society, and an admirable Irish library has been purchased for the use of the members.

At the Quarter Sessions Court in Lifford on Jan. 22, before Judge Webb, a number of ejectment cases were tried. Some were being put through undefended, and Mr. Elliott, solicitor, applied for a dismissal in an ejectment for non-payment of rent at the suit of Arthur N. Nixon vs. McBride and another. It transpired that though there was a solicitor for the estate, the ejectment was not signed by or for him, nor by the landlord himself, but by some one for him. The landlord's solicitor was not present. Judge Webb, when unable to get any explanation of this remarkable state of affairs, said it was a practice which he denounced most strongly, and ordered the ejectment to be dismissed, with expenses, from Falcarragh. A solicitor drew the attention of the judge to the fact that large batches of those ejectments were sent out broadcast, and in every case settled by the tenant in 10s. costs was paid. He would like to know where that money went. Judge Webb said that was what he would like to have found out in the interest of the profession. There was no appearance for the landlord, and he would direct the Clerk of the Peace to impound the ejectment, and all ejectments of its kind coming up at these sessions.  
Michael Davitt, speaking at Rosendale, Eng., on January 19, in support of Mr. Madden, Gladstonian candidate for the Rosendale division of Parliament, said, in reply to the speech delivered the previous evening by Mr. Finlay, on the question "What Need is there for Home Rule in Ireland?" that the system of Government Home Rule was intended to replace that which had been disastrous to the Irish people. There had been a frightful decrease in the population of Ireland. Another result of the present system was seen in the unparalleled evictions in Ireland, and also in the frightful increase in pauperism. Mr. Finlay had asked for a definition of Home Rule. Home Rule meant the concession of the right constitutionally demanded by the Irish people to rule themselves in their own way for their own domestic benefit and advancement, subject to the safeguarding in every reasonable way of the paramount interests of the Empire. Mr. Finlay wanted to know what would be the effects of Home Rule? Under Home Rule there would be radical legislation on the land question—if the land question was not settled by the Imperial Parliament first. The land was created not for an idle and useless class, but to give labor and opportunities for producing food for the people who live by the sweat of their brow. Land in Ireland had been made subservient to the interests of the Irish landlords and the consequence was ruin and misfortune for the country. He

**LUBBY'S**  
RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR.  
STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR.  
CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP.  
KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL.  
IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.  
**FOR THE HAIR.**  
IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR.  
RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING.  
IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET.  
IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR.  
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could never rest until the land monopoly and landlordism such as it existed in Great Britain. If the task of finally settling this great agrarian problem was thrown upon a Home Rule Parliament, they might depend upon it that the sense of justice of that Parliament would protect the interests of the landlords of Ireland. Mr. Davitt ridiculed the idea that a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland would be in the hands of the priests, and also the bogey about resorting to protection, remarking that the only protection Irish people wanted was against the plundering of Irish landlordism.

**Is it Mozart's Twelfth?**

It would have been surprising, says the Manchester Guardian, if the recent Mozart centennial celebration had not revived the old controversy in regard to the authenticity of the Mass known to us as his "Twelfth." In this country there is no sacred music—not even the sublime Requiem—with which the name of the composer of "Don Giovanni" is associated so popularly as is the "Twelfth Mass." It is often performed in its entirety and several of its numbers have been adapted as anthems and hymn tunes, and as such are accepted by choirs and congregations as typical examples of the composer's work. Yet the best authorities long ago declared that not a bar of it was written by Mozart. As far back as 1826 Seyfried pronounced it apocryphal, and his conclusion was based on entirely internal evidence. The music, he maintained, was wanting in several of Mozart's most distinct characteristics. This gave the editor, Simrock, of Bonn, food for reflection, and it was then made known that the Mass was not published until thirty years after the death of Mozart. Nor was this all. It seems that the manuscript, received by the publisher from a certain Karl Zulehner, was not in Mozart's handwriting. Jahn, the biographer of Mozart, is confident that the Mass is a spurious composition, and insists that the orchestration is so entirely out of keeping with the composer's usual methods that this alone is sufficient to condemn it. More than that, Jensen, the violinist, who was a co-singer in 1812, twenty years after Mozart's death, said that he had often sung the same Mass in Bohemia, where it was always called "Muller's Mass." This ought to be conclusive evidence, yet the hold of this well known work in the favor of the English public is so great, and so many libraries and book shelves of amateurs and choirs in every part of the country contain editions of it with Mozart's name as the composer, that more than one generation will have to pass before its claims to be a genuine masterpiece are entirely disregarded.

**THE AUCTION.**

A youth came in the market-space,  
Where throngs the world to sell and buy,  
And fixed the price with his bright eye,  
And cried, while young blood flushed his face:  
"A life for sale! Come, who will buy?  
I sell this life for what it brings!  
Then offer of thy precious things,  
Or thou'lt a whole young life—bid high!"  
"I must have power, wealth and fame  
And love; but for these four I give  
Each brain and heart-pulse while I live,  
Nor other things for me I claim."  
"What, yet no bids? My life is strong,  
My heart is pure, my brain is clear—  
Ah, world! 'Tis for no gilt I fear,  
If such as these sell for a song."  
"Come, then—I offer you the same  
At smaller price; wealth need I not.  
If power, fame and love be got,  
No other things for me I claim."  
And while the youth stood there and sought  
To sell his life, the world went by;  
And deeper glowed his eager eye,  
And on his brow came flush of thought.  
"Ah, well—if, on this present earth,  
I cannot work my little will!  
Let power go, for other still,  
When I am dead, shall know my worth."  
"And fame shall lead to power. So,  
A life no longer young, but strong,  
I'm going, going for a song—  
Come, world, and make your bid! What, no?"  
He spoke, and then with softer eye,  
And calmer voice, and kinder mood,  
He grew a man, as there he stood;  
But never went the world him by.  
"Loke, then—I bade the price again:  
Let fame go with the rest—it is but  
The applause of them we value not,  
Which lets us show them our disdain."  
"A life for sale! A man's! The same  
In strength and use, if older now—  
I'm old, but great world! To thee I bow  
And ask but love—'tis all I claim."  
"Oh, dear, dread world, give me but love  
And take my life most freely sold."  
He ceased. The world's great wheels still  
Rolled.  
In silence on their iron grooves.  
When next he spoke, his hair was gray.  
"I sell this life for what it brings,  
I ask not of thy precious things,  
Give me but rest—'tis all I pray."  
But still the careless world went by—  
The while his gray beard on his breast,  
He offered now his life for rest,  
And still stood there and did not die.  
—*Scribner's Magazine.*

**Promises Should be Kept.**

Keep your promises. If you agree to meet somebody at a certain time, not only your word and honor are at stake, but your integrity also. Be careful in making promises, but when they are once made, keep them, even if you must go far out of your way and put yourself to great inconvenience to do this. Your word ought always to be as good as your bond. No man has a right to treat his own promises lightly and as though it were only a slight matter to forget them or neglect them.  
—The heavens cease not their bounty; they send us generous hearts into every generation.—*Carlyle.*

**Dyspepsia**

**Intense Suffering for 8 Years—Restored to Perfect Health.**  
Few people have suffered more severely from dyspepsia than Mr. E. A. McMahon, a well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says: "Before 1873 I was in excellent health, weighing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 122 pounds, suffering burning sensations in the stomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it cured his wife of dyspepsia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected, ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength came activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken I had regained my former weight and natural condition. I am today well and I ascribe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla."  
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all Druggists, 25c; six for \$1.50. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.  
**100 DOLLAR DOLLAR**

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Pictures Framed, Photo Frames, Photo Albums, Plush Goods of all kinds, Plate Glass Mirrors, Plated Silverware, Essais, Music Boxes, Wall Pockets, Etc., at Wholesale Prices.

**Grand Dramatic Entertainment,**  
At BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P. Q., in honor of St. Patrick's Day, on MARCH 14th, (MONDAY).  
"More Sinned Against than Sinning."  
A Modern Original Irish Drama, in a prologue and four Acts; also a Comedy in One Act, entitled "THE OLD LADY OF THE ROAD."  
Gymnastic Exercises and College Band.  
Speech on Ireland, by H. J. Cloran, B.C.L.  
Return tickets at single fare from Windsor Station, Montreal, and intermediate stations to Rigaud, good for the 14th, 15th and 16th March.

**AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.**

**Dr. Fulton.**  
The Boston Evening Herald, an ultra Protestant journal, has the following remark upon the *Anabasis* and *Zetastes* of Dr. Fulton in Montreal: "Dr. Fulton announces that he is going back to Brooklyn, his anti-Romanism mission not having proved a success in Montreal."  
Another Convert.  
The Boston Globe says:—Mrs. "Alexander Troup, the wife of the editor of the New Haven Union, was formally received into the Catholic Church on Jan. 31 by baptism and profession of faith. The ceremony was performed privately in St. John's church by Rev. Gray, who has been Mrs. Troup's instructor. Mrs. Troup was born in New York and was educated in the Brooklyn Heights Seminary and the convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville. As Miss Augusta Lewis she was well known in New York 20 years ago. She was a composer and worked in the composing rooms of several of the New York dailies. Alexander Troup was then a compositor, too, and they became acquainted while at work in the same office. Miss Lewis was at one time president of the Women's Typographical Union, an organization which has gone out of existence. She is still a member of the International Typographical Union and was its corresponding secretary for one term, having been the only woman officer which the organization ever had." And still the work of the Church goes on!

**Rev. Mr. Spalding's Conversion.**

The Boston Herald has the following description from Rev. Mr. Spalding, dated Feb. 18, 1892: "Rev. James Field Spalding, until recently the rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church in Cambridge, Mass., was confirmed today by Cardinal Gibbons. He is a member of the church on New 13 and went to New York, where he remained a short time. From there he went directly to the Cathedral in Washington, where he was instructed by the rector, Bishop Kenne, and by Vice-Rector O'Gorman. Last Sunday night he was baptized, and came to Baltimore to prepare for his introduction into the Catholic church. Last night he joined a class of 20 other converts at St. Mary's seminary, and this morning was confirmed with them. When asked what led him to take this step, Dr. Spalding said that there were times in a man's life when he realized that a crisis was upon him, and he had seen in his. He has become impressed with the teachings of the Catholic church, and all the reasoning and arguing could not shake his belief in the faith that he had espoused. Dr. Spalding is about 40 years old."  
**WORDS FROM MANY WRITERS.**  
Taken from *The Pilot*.  
—Souls must rise in their degree!  
Butterflies may dread extinction; you'll not die;  
It cannot be.—*Browning.*  
—So in His purple vesture, receive me, Lord!  
By these His thorns, give me His other crown.—*Donne.*  
—Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.—*Shakespeare.*  
—Wrens had been flitting Beauty led?  
To the doorway of the dead.  
Life is over, life was never,  
We have come the primrose way.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*  
—In every nobler mood  
We feel the Orient of their spirit glow.  
Part of our life's unalterable good,  
Of all our life's most precious things,  
They come transfused back,  
Secure from change in their high hearted ways,  
Beautifully serene, and with the rays  
Of dawn on their white Shiloh's expectation!  
—*James Russell Lowell.*  
—The faithful who are not famous,  
and who are precious only as the continuity of the sunbeams is precious,  
although some of them fall unseen, and  
on barrenness.—*George Eliot.*  
Take your part with the abstract right,  
and trust to God that it shall also prove  
the expedient.—*Wendell Phillips.*  
New SONGS, ALL 10c EACH OR 11c. MAIL.  
—He never came back. When we meet  
on that beautiful shore, Jerome. Hush  
little girl, don't cry. Both of above were  
sung lately in public with great success.  
The picture that is turned towards the  
wall (Graham). This is the greatest  
song of the day in America and England,  
by composer of "If the Waters could  
Speak," and "When the Pilot takes com-  
mand," etc. The picture with its face  
turned to the wall (Stelly). This is same  
style as above, and almost as pretty.  
There are Strangers on the Old Farm,  
companion to Old Home down on the  
Farm, and quite as good. The Diver,  
(bass song). Our cheap edition of the  
famous old song, copyright just expired.  
Peaceful Dreams (Benham), a jolly  
song. Irish through and through, (Sel-  
lan). What a difference in the morn-  
ing; all the rage. A True little heart  
and a true little home (Rosenfield). Just  
another great comic, sung at Theatre  
Royal, W. STREET, 29 BLEURY.

Bellak's Pianoforte Tutor, latest edition, revised to suit the times. See you get the edition revised by W. Dickenson on front cover. Take no other, 45c by mail. W. STREET, 29 BLEURY.  
PIANO PRECES, 10c. EACH, 11c. MAIL.—Maggie Murphy Waltz. Columbus Centennial Grand March. Darkie's Dream (Lansing). The New Detroit, dance of the season. Myrtle Waltz, easy (F. Hall). Sweet Flowers Waltz (Reed), two very easy pieces. Una Memoria Valse (Mazurette). Farewell (Aldieu) Meditation (Mazurette). W. STREET, 29 BLEURY.  
PIANO PRECES, 20c. EACH.—The Waltz Quadrille (Allen). On to the Battle March, the grand new piece by composer of Vera, Irma and Diana Waltzes. All 20c each. La Sautterelle Valse (Mazurette). L'Étoile Mazurka, (Mazurette). W. STREET, 29 BLEURY.













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LOCAL, CHURCH AND SOCIETY NEWS

Under the heading will appear the usual weekly news of the city and the Archdiocese, which is of interest to the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS.

FASTING AND ABSTINENCE

These Precepts Temporarily Suspended—Mandate of the Archbishop

On Sunday last, at all the Masses in the Cathedral Church, the Archbishop issued a mandate suspending the precepts of fasting and abstinence, and so forth. His Grace states that under authority conferred upon him by the Holy See...

St. Mary's College

The pupils of St. Mary's Jesuit College are preparing to give a grand dramatic entertainment on the 20th inst. The Barbaud enterprise will be presented under the able direction of the Rev. Fr. James Desjardins, S. J., and will be given in the gymnasium of the school.

The Vigilant Bishop of Bristol

Referring to the presentation of a petition to the Anglican Bishop of Bristol by a number of his subjects, the Bishop has issued a statement in which he expresses his surprise and indignation at the conduct of the petitioners...

The Holy Name Society, St. Mary's

The annual meeting of the members of the Holy Name Society, St. Mary's, was held on Sunday last, when the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Thomas Jones; Secretary, Mr. Thomas G. Jones; Treasurer, Mr. James M. Jones; and so forth.

Irish Catholic Pilgrimage

The annual pilgrimage of the Irish Catholics to the Holy Land, which is held every year, is expected to be a very successful one this year. The organizers are confident that the pilgrimage will be a most profitable and enjoyable one for all who take part in it.

The Providence Asylum

On Monday a lecture was given in the Providence Asylum, in which the Rev. Fr. James Desjardins, S. J., discussed the duties of the faithful in relation to the sacraments. The lecture was well attended and was most interesting.

St. Patrick's A. & B. Society

Rev. J. A. McCullon on the Doctrine of Penance and Christian Moralization. At the usual monthly meeting of St. Patrick's A. & B. Society held on Sunday afternoon, the Rev. president after a short instruction on penance and Christian moralization...

By Christ in the New Dispensation. The Rev. Father, while calling on his hearers to admire the tender consideration of Holy Mother Church in dispensing with the fast and abstinence...

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY

A Grand Musical Entertainment of the Olden Time

On the evening of Tuesday, the 9th, and again on Wednesday, the 10th, the elegant hall on the corner of Ottawa and Young streets, was crowded to the very doors. The occasion was the giving and repeating of a splendid entertainment known in stage parlance as the first appearance of the Tennessee Minstrels. The performance on Tuesday evening, although surpassing anything that amateurs have given for many years in Montreal, was yet surpassed by the successful effort of Wednesday night.

ST. JAMES BAPTIST SOCIETY

Annual Meeting—Election of Officers—Bonds to be Issued for the New Building

The annual meeting of the St. James Baptist Society was held on Sunday last, when the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Thomas Jones; Secretary, Mr. Thomas G. Jones; Treasurer, Mr. James M. Jones; and so forth.

ANNUAL PRESS DINNER

A Joyful Gathering

The annual press dinner of the True Witness was held on Sunday last, when the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Thomas Jones; Secretary, Mr. Thomas G. Jones; Treasurer, Mr. James M. Jones; and so forth.

HEALTHY ABSOLUTELY CURED.

Advertisement for a health product, likely related to the 'Little Liver Pills' mentioned in the adjacent ad.

As a reporter away back in the fifties, when the conditions were entirely different, and has ever since acted on the bosom he mastered them to a certain degree, and to be accurate by them. He is still actively connected with the press, being editor of one and a frequent contributor to other newspapers.

Joined in Matrimony

Minor Jeanette Henri Vidal, of the Company, Head of School of Infants, Toronto, was married to Miss Beatrice Taschereau last week in the chapel of the Sacred Heart at St. James' Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Father Guyot, Cardinal Taschereau, grand-uncle of the bride, was to have officiated, but owing to illness was unable to attend. The bride was led in by her father, Mr. J. H. Vidal, and the groom by the Rev. Fr. Feron, E. P. O'Leary and P. P. McElroy.

St. Patrick's Y. M. S.

One of the most high-class and engaging concerts to be given in Montreal St. Patrick's Y. M. S. will be held under the auspices of St. Patrick's Young Men's Society, in the Windsor Hall. The best talent has been secured for the occasion, and the program is one of the most excellent of the kind.

Acknowledgments

A couple of weeks ago the True Witness opened its columns to the Sisters of Mercy of Tuam, Ireland, who appealed to the Catholics of this city for assistance in the building of their chapel. We are happy to acknowledge the generous response which has been made to their appeal, and we are confident that the chapel will be completed in a very short time.

C. M. B. A. Resolutions.

At the last regular meeting of the C. M. B. A., the following resolutions were passed unanimously: Whereas, the Bar and Judiciary of this country have been dishonored by their conduct in the case of the late Rev. Fr. Feron, S. J., who was a member of the Bar and Judiciary of this country...

REVIEWS

The Rev. Father, Domin, O. S. B., has just published a new book, which is well worth reading. It is a most interesting and profitable work, and is well worth the attention of all who are interested in the life of the Church.

OBITUARY

The Late Mrs. MacLaren. Mrs. MacLaren, nee MacLaren, of Ottawa, who died last week at the age of 82 years, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1810, and was the wife of the late Mr. MacLaren, who was a prominent merchant and politician in Ottawa.

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MOUNTAIN FISH MARKET

Choice Malpeque and American Oysters, in shell and bulk. Oysters on the half-shell a specialty. All Fish, Game and Poultry dressed and delivered FREE OF CHARGE. A trial order respectfully solicited.

HENRY GATEHOUSE

CORNER BEAVER HALL HILL AND D'ARCHESTER STREET.

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS—WEE MARY'S LOVE.

Angels of the organ one morning, In the library soothe and pray, I sat, while over the keyboard, My fingers would wondrously stray. I searched for no lost chord—be certain, But that organ a few tones sounded, My mother had died, and my father, The name 'Gee' became my name.

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS—ANOTHER PRIEST IN THE PULPIT.

There is another Priest in the pulpit, Who has gone and for ever has left it, But for ever the work must go on, 'Till the mission I give you, All nations My Gospel go teach, No power need you fear, I am with you, Whilst the Gospel I give you you preach.

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS—DOCTORS COULDN'T RELIEVE IT.

I used Pastor Koepf's Nerve Tonic for my 20 years old; every two or three weeks she had a serious attack of falling sickness, accompanied with headache and was driven to madness; she was sent once to an insane asylum. The doctors could not relieve her; I began with one bottle of your medicine; she had taken three-quarters of it and she wrote to me a few days ago: "The medicine helped me much; I think another bottle will cure me."

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S. Carsley's Column.

BARGAINS EXTRAORDINAIRE

FOR GIRLS AND MISSES! MUST BE SOLD. READY-MADE DRESSES. The balance of our stock of Girls' and Misses' must be sold immediately in order to make room for increasing the space in our "Ladies' Costume" and Ready-made Dress Department.

MAKE THEM SELL.

The Reductions in Price cannot fail to effect a clearance of these Dresses in a very short time. ALL PRETTY.

Although not imported for the coming Spring Trade, these Ready-made Dresses are the same styles as will be much worn in 1892, and decidedly pretty.

ALL IN GOOD ORDER.

They are in Good Condition, and at the Reduced Prices it will pay to purchase freely. THE SIZES.

The Sizes for Girls from Three Years Old up to Misses' sizes in their Teens. HALF PRICE.

The Reductions will be none less than 25 percent off and some are marked down to Half Price.

SPECIAL FOR FEBRUARY !!

WEBSTER'S LARGE UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY Presented to purchasers of \$20 worth of goods in one day, or \$30 worth in one week of six consecutive days.

REMNANTS

in all departments to be cleared at special prices. BARGAINS in Winter Goods for February only. Buy now and save a large percentage.

NEW PRINTS AND SATENS.

MANTLE CLOTHS !!

For a few days longer the stock of Winter Furnishings, Cloakings, Mantle Cloths and a lot of Tweeds suitable for Costumes, will be sold at a special reduction of 20 percent off present prices.

SHAWLS

Large quantities to be sold this week. Travelling Wraps, Shoulder Scarves, Breakfast Shawls, and great variety in price.

NEW FANCY CHALLENGES

Unlimited Variety of all kinds of Table Napery, Latest Novelty in Hand-made Table Cloths, Embroidered Table Napkins, Embroidered Table Linens, Embroidered Table Cloths, Embroidered Table Linens, Embroidered Table Cloths, Embroidered Table Linens, Embroidered Table Cloths.

NEW DRESS GOODS

Polka Dot Fabrics, Stylish Plaid Fabrics, Plain Costume Cloths, Homespuns, Tweed Effect Fabrics, Herringbone Stripes, Costume Cloths 45 inches, Pure Wool Meleza Serges, Pure Silk Suitings, New Delaines, New Spring Tweeds, New New Angora Serges, New Dress Robes.

DRESS FABRICS !!

Polka Dot Fabrics, Stylish Plaid Fabrics, Plain Costume Cloths, Homespuns, Tweed Effect Fabrics, Herringbone Stripes, Costume Cloths 45 inches, Pure Wool Meleza Serges, Pure Silk Suitings, New Delaines, New Spring Tweeds, New New Angora Serges, New Dress Robes.

BAZAAR GOODS !!

Ladies' Work Baskets, Bronze Goods, Dressing Cases, Photo Frames, Silverware, Chinaware, Parfumeries, Collier and Cuff Boxes, Plate Glass Mirrors, All Toys.

FOR SALE

Dr. Block's... \$1.50, Dry-Kingling... 2.00, Cut Maple... 2.50. 800 Leads Sawdust. J. C. MACDIARMID & CO., 830 St. James Street. Telephone, 810.

S. CARSLY.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779. Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Hours of business—from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m.

Carsley's Column.