

ON NO. 3, meets on third Wednesday of 1893 Notre Dame Hill. Officers: Albery, M.P., President; Vice-President; Hon. Sec.-Secretary; Street, L. Drophy, a Hughes, Financial; Young street, M. an Standing Com- Donnell, Marshal.

A. & B. SOCIETY, 63.—Rev. Director, van, President, D. Sec., J. F. Quinn, que street; M. J. r. 18 St. Augustin in the second Sun- outh in St. Ann's outh and Ottawa p.m.

AUXILIARY, Di- organized Oct. 10th, are held on 1st. month, at 4 p.m.; ay, at 8 p.m. Miss a, president; Mrs. vice-president; Miss a, recording-secre- tor, Street; Miss financial-secretary; Sparks, treasurer, Grath, chaplain,

SOCIETY.—Estab- 1866, incorpor- ed 1866. Meets in all, 92 St. Alexan- Monday of the es meets last Wed- s: R. P. Director, an, P. P. President, ce C. J. Doherty; Devlin, M.D.; 2nd- ran, B.O.L.; Treas- Green, Correspond- John Kahala; Rec- y, T. P. Tansey.

GO MEN'S SOCIE- 1885.—Meets in ite a street, on the ch month, at ul Adviser, Rev. S.S.R.; President, easurer, Thomas tary, W. Whitty.

COURT, C. O. F., econd and fourth month in their gneaus and Notre t. O'Connell, C. ecretary.

T. A. & B. SO- on the second Sun- outh in St. Pat- St. Alexander, St. nder Vespers. Com- agement meets in t Tuesday of every Rev. Father Mc- President; W. P. ce-President; Jno. ecretary, 716 St. An- Henri.

CANADA, BRANCH 13th November, 26 meets at St. 92 St. Alexander Monday of each ular meetings for n of business are d and 4th Mondays at 8 p.m. Spiritual f, Callaghan; Chan- urran, B.O.L.; Pre- ears; Recording- J. Costigan; Finan- Robt. Warren; I. Feeley, Jr.; Medi- rs. H. J. Harrison, and G. H. Merrill.

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# The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle



Vol. LII, No. 22 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1902. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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### EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**OUR SIDEWALKS.**—One of our readers has sent us a letter in which he requests us to draw the attention of the different church authorities to the dangerous condition of some of the approaches to our Catholic churches. He refers to the slippery sidewalks, pavements, and even steps at the doors. Nearly all our churches are approached by pavements and stone steps. When the snow is shovelled off these, if it rains or thaws the footing is exceedingly dangerous—especially so in the case of Catholic churches to which such numbers of the faithful go in the darkness of the early hours to attend the different Masses. We consider that the simple fact of drawing attention to this matter is sufficient to obtain the desired result.

**VICE-REGAL VISITS.**—During the past ten days His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto have been visiting the various Catholic institutions of this city. In each one they have met with a welcome befitting the occasion and were, in turn, highly pleased and edified with all they have seen. Amongst other establishments that entertained Their Excellencies we may mention the Hotel Dieu and Notre Dame Hospitals, the Nazareth Home, the Convent of Villa Maria, the Convent of Hochelaga, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Laval University, and the Montreal College. The Catholic High School and St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum were both visited this week, and at each of these institutions Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, Pastor of St. Patrick's, delivered an address of welcome. None more competent than Father Martin to tell the story of the foundation and the progress of each of these establishments, and needless to say that he did so in a manner calculated to evoke the deepest sentiments of admiration from the distinguished visitors. Always eloquent, on these occasions the good pastor of St. Patrick's had themes that inspired him, and it is readily conceded that he displayed not only his usual tact, but even an exceptional degree of eloquence in telling the representatives of our constitutional authority the story of all the benefits that the High School and orphanage have bestowed upon the Catholic population of Montreal. The two events will be long remembered, both by Their Excellencies and by all who participated in the receptions tendered to them. Rev. Father Leclair, the Director of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and several leading members of the parish were present at the receptions.

**TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.**—On last Sunday evening a grand meeting of the different Catholic Temperance societies took place at St. Patrick's Church. All the temperance associations, connected with the different Irish Catholic parishes of the city, were fully represented. It is customary, towards the end of November each year to have a general rally of this character, in order to bring the zealous workers in the grand cause of temperance more closely in touch with each other.

The sermon of the occasion was preached by Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's parish. It was Father McPhail's first appearance in the pulpit of St. Patrick's, and the impression of his earnest sermon left upon the vast congregation present is one that will outlive many an incident of importance in life of each individual.

The Rev. Father dwelt fully upon the great work that has been done, in the past, by the different temperance societies, and upon the equally important work that awaited them in the future. He drew attention to the fact that some of the younger people seemed to be under the impression that the temperance societies were merely for the older men, and that the youth of the day had either no concern in them, or no need of them. This, however, is a false idea. While it is well to encourage the men of the older generation to continue their good work, it must be remembered that the young men have even a greater need of the influence exercised by the societies in the cause of temperance. There are no societies, to-day, that perform a nobler work, or displayed a grander appreciation of our faith, than do the temperance associations. The preacher dwelt in detail upon the terrible results of intemperance. He drew some striking pictures of the misery and the unhappiness that this curse produces. He then exhorted, in a fervent appeal, the young men to join the temperance organizations, and to prove by their examples the attachment they have to all that is sacred and holy upon earth. In concluding Father McPhail asked all present to renew their temperance pledges.

It was certainly an impressive scene that followed the closing of that eloquent exhortation. Young and old, rich and poor, men of all social grades, men from all ends of the city, came forward, with readiness and joy, to repeat anew the pledges that they had taken when they first became members of the temperance society. The lesson that was taught, in such a practical manner cannot but have produced a salutary effect upon hundreds that night. There is no doubt that the question of temperance is one of the most vital issues of the day, and it is just as certain that the cause of temperance is gaining ground in every strata of society. It is with a full heart that we wish unqualified assent to all our Catholic Temperance Societies of Montreal.

At the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which followed the sermon, Mr. Bernard Sullivan, a prominent worker in the ranks of the Knights of Columbus in the United States and a vocalist of rare talent rendered in an artistic manner an "Ave Maria." Mr. Sullivan has been the guest of the local council for the past week.

**HOME RULE.**—Our extended account of the grand and enthusiastic reception given to the Irish Delegates and members of Parliament, at the Windsor Hall, on Tuesday night last, may be considered sufficient to do justice to the occasion. But, while we present our readers with full reports of the various eloquent addresses delivered and of the different features of the event. Still we cannot allow such an occasion to pass by without adding our own word to the general chorus of satisfaction and congratulation.

The whole affair—the reception, the addresses, the attendance, the practical results, the moral effect—was a marked and deserved triumph for Mr. Michael Fitzgibbon, the energetic President of the Montreal Branch of the United Irish League, and for the members of that organization's executive. There was enthusiasm of the old-time character; and it was an enthusiasm that seemed to possess every person; and what is more, it was a practical enthusiasm. Financially the Irish Fund, for the pro-

secution of the Home Rule cause in Parliament, became richer by nearly two thousand dollars—the result of both subscriptions and hall receipts for admission. As will be seen in our report, all classes of our community were represented, both on the stage and in the audience. There was no distinction of creed or of race, save the predominating Irish character of the entire proceedings. From His Honor the Mayor, who graced the occasion by presiding and delivering the introductory address to the representatives of the various nationalities and religious bodies that constitute our cosmopolitan population, there was an evident sympathy with the cause and enthusiasm for the man who so eloquently championed it. Mr. Devlin, M.P., for Kilkenny, made a deep impression by his manly and eloquent speech. From the very outset he had won the hearts, as well as the attention of his audience; and throughout his entire address, from the first sentence till the last one, he showed himself fully conversant with the situation, entirely possessed of every detail of the question, and above all an advocate of calm and judicious expression as well as of uncompromising patriotism. His was an address that would inspire all who heard it with hope in the future of Ireland and reliance upon the young men who espouse her sacred cause. In telling of the great reception accorded Redmond, in Dublin, on his return from America, Mr. Devlin left it clearly to be understood that hope never rose so high in the breast of Ireland as it does at this very moment.

been expected that this year the message of the President would solve some of the very difficult social and commercial, as well as political problems that have baffled the wise ones of the hour. As a piece of literary work, the message is excellent; as to length it is not lacking; as to the variety of subjects treated there is no reproach to be made. It deals with Trusts, Tariff Revision, Labor and Capital, New Cabinet Offices, Foreign Relations, the Isthmian Canal, the Pacific Cable, the Philippines, the Navy, Alaska, Agricultural Interests, the Farmer, and divers other subjects, equally remote from each other and equally important to different sections of the country.

But the two main features of the message are the passages dealing with Trusts, and those dealing with Tariff Revision. As to the former the President is most delightful, vague; he tells us a great deal that we knew already and nothing about what we would like to learn. He tells us what Trusts are; of what conditions they are the outcome; and that national (meaning federal) action, and not State action can effectively deal with these vast combinations. He declares that the aim of the Government is not to do away with these trusts, but of regulating them; and they cannot be regulated until it is made known that corporations are not attacked, but the evil in them; and no supervision is possible until it is determined what that evil—if any—within them really is. In other words the President simply states that the abuse of the power they possess through wealth is to be curbed, but they are not to be checked in their operations, lest they should abandon the position won by America amongst the nations of the world. That is to say that Government will protect trusts until they display some evil tendency, and then that evil will have to be checked, but the combine left intact.

From a practical point of view we do not see any meaning at all in this long passage of eloquent English and meaningless policy. As to the tariff question, the President advocates stability. Even though certain industries may suffer, it is better they should suffer than that any element of uncertainty as to tariff revisions, changes, or readjustments should be allowed. This is all most delightful reading, but it does not afford a single hint as to what Congress is expected to do this session in regard to the tariff. We may be presumptive in criticising the many-sided and multi-talented President of the United States, but the truth is that we can say of his message, what the Duke of Wellington said of a young lord's flowery speech in the House of Lords. The young lord hinted the Duke had never read his speech or else he would not so disagree with it. The Duke replied: "I heard the noble lord's speech; I read it, and re-read it; and not understanding it, I read it a third time; and I have finally come to the conclusion that I must be a very stupid fellow, for I don't understand it yet."

**RECENT DEATHS**  
MR. P. J. MURRAY. — General regret was felt throughout the parish of St. Mary's a few days ago, when the unexpected death, from pneumonia, of Mr. Peter J. Murray, son of the late Mr. John Murray, a well known contractor, at his residence on Lagachetiere street. Mr. Murray was prominent in parish circles, and was associated with many of the organizations, especially young men's societies. Since his father's death he had engaged in the business of undertaking public contracts, and had achieved very great success. He was a great favorite in the parish, owing to his genial and manly disposition. His loss will be severely felt by his family. He was a cousin of the Rev. Fathers Thomas and Peter Heffernan. The funeral took place yesterday from St. Bridget's Church, and was attended by a large concourse of citizens of all classes.—R.V.P.

**THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.**—At last, the long expected message of President Roosevelt to Congress has been delivered, and we are confident that it has produced a considerable degree of disappointment throughout both the United States and the other nations. It had long

**The New Superior of St. Sulpice.**  
According to custom, the Council of the Sulpician Fathers assembled at the Grand Seminary on Wednesday morning, for the purpose of electing a Superior, in succession to the late Abbe Colin. The elections resulted as follows:—  
Superior, the Abbe I. M. C. Lecoq  
Vice-Superior, the Abbe Narcisse Troie.  
Second assistant, the Abbe Sentenne.  
Third assistant, the Abbe Lelandais.  
Fourth assistant, the Abbe Gaudin.  
The Abbe Lecoq is at present Superior of the Grand Seminary, and

## The New Superior of St. Sulpice.

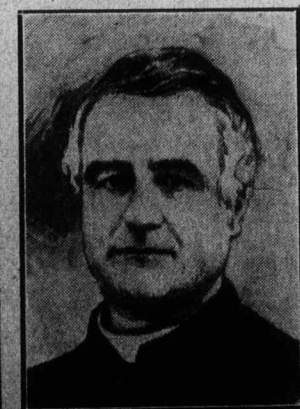
he will continue to fill that post until the close of the scholastic year. Born at Nantes, France, on the 4th of November, 1846, Isaac Marie Charles Lecoq, after a brilliant course as an ecclesiastical student, was ordained priest at Issy on the 24th of September, 1870. From that time 1876 he occupied the chair of Philosophy at the Seminary of Issy; and while he was in that position the talented young professor was in correspondence with his friend the Abbe Vallet, who was then Professor of Philosophy at the Montreal Seminary, a position to which the Abbe Lecoq was appointed in 1876, when he arrived in Canada. Some years afterwards he was appointed Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Grand Seminary, of which he became Superior in 1881. He is a ripe scholar, a profound theologian, and an eloquent speaker; and he is noted for his unassuming manner and retiring disposition. He is the fifth Superior of the Sulpician Fathers who occupied the position of the Superior of the Grand Seminary before being elected to that high office. The other four superiors were the Abbe Bibeault, elected Superior in 1846; the Abbe Granet, elected in 1856; the Abbe Bayle, elected in 1866; and the Abbe Colin, elected in 1881.



REV. C. LECOQ. Newly-appointed Superior of the Sulpicians.

**DR. McCABE'S SUDDEN DEATH**  
Dr. J. A. McCabe, principal of the Ottawa Normal School, died in the sacristy of St. Patrick's Church, in that city, just a few minutes previous to the commencement of High Mass on Sunday last.  
He had entered St. Patrick's Church with his bride and shown traces of uneasiness. A few moments later he acted as if he had a weak attack and fell into the aisle. Friends carried him to the sacristy where he was attended by Dr. Troy Dr. McCabe, however, expired in a few minutes.  
Announcement of his death was made from the pulpit by Rev. Father Whelan. The congregation was visibly affected as the general impression was the attack was but a fainting spell.  
General sorrow is expressed and sympathy will go to his young wife in her sudden bereavement. They were married two weeks ago.  
Dr. McCabe was born in the County of Cavan in Ireland, Jan. 9th, 1842. His father was for many years head of one of the national schools in that country and the son was trained for the teaching profession. He was educated chiefly in the national schools of his native country. Dr. McCabe taught for a considerable time in his native country. He came to Canada in 1869, having received the appointment of mathematical master in the Provincial Normal School at Truro, Nova Scotia. In 1875 the new Normal School at Ottawa was opened by the Ontario Government, and Dr. McCabe was appointed principal. He was prominent outside his profession having filled the offices of president of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society; a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada; president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, president of the Alumni Association of the University of Ottawa, and grand president in Canada of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Society. He was a charter member of the Knights of Columbus, and held the position of lecturer at the time of his death.

The Abbe Troie, the new Vice-Superior was born at St. Remi, in the



REV. N. TROIE, P.P. Newly-appointed Vice-Superior Sulpicians.

The Y.M.C.A. advertises its attractions by means of the public press. When will Catholic societies be equally enterprising to make their merits known?—Catholic Columbian.

course of theology afterwards in the Grand Seminary. He then went to complete his studies in the Seminary of Issy, France, where he was ordained. On his return to his native land, the young priest was appointed Professor of Philosophy in the college in which he had himself studied that science. Afterwards he occupied the position of professor at the Grand Seminary, and when he had labored in this capacity for a period of eight years, he was appointed assistant priest at St. James Church, St. Denis street. On the death of the Rev. Father Rousselet, the cure, he was appointed as his successor. On the death of the Rev. Father Deguire, cure of Notre Dame, the Rev. Father Troie succeeded him.  
The Rev. Abbe Troie is a priest of great learning and exemplary piety, and as Cure of Notre Dame, as well as of St. James, he made countless friends by his unflinching devotion to his flock, and his amiability. He is esteemed and loved by the Catholic population of Montreal.

## Loyola Literary Club.

The Loyola Literary and Art Club, Dorchester street, held the first of a series of winter meetings on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Justice Curran delivered an interesting and delightful lecture on "Thomas Moore the Great Irish Poet." It is needless to say that His Lordship treated the subject in his characteristically patriotic manner. His Lordship is in the first rank of those who are always ready to promote the cause of religion and country.

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**QUEBEC'S OLDEST NUN DEAD.**  
The oldest nun in the city of Quebec and perhaps in the province, died at the Hotel Dieu Hospital of that city a few days ago. She is Sister St. Helene, and had attained the remarkable age of ninety-seven years.



## Our Curbstone Observer. ON THE COAL QUESTION.

LET no person get frightened; I have no intention of entering into the history of the great coal strike, nor to dwell upon all the anxieties that a lack of fuel has caused during the past few months. That coal has become a necessity in a country like ours no person is going to question. Some one remarked that in our father's time they heated themselves very well with wood; that is true, but in our father's time there were no furnaces, as we have them today, and no pipes to freeze if the coal was lacking. Conditions have changed since the "good old times," and while we are perfectly prepared to admit that our fathers lived and prospered and were contented without many of the so-called luxuries of the present hour, still they would not have been so happy, nor so contented had they known and experienced what we have. Besides in those days due preparations were made for the winter, and we cannot deny that both such preparations and the carrying out of them during the winter months, entailed a very great amount of labor, of sacrifice, and often of suffering, that we are not obliged to undergo. Since we have tenement houses and flats, with their hot water furnaces, we must have coal; there is no way out of that—no matter what our fathers did. It is as great an act of charity to provide a poor family with fuel as it is to give them food or clothing. Consequently this coal famine has afforded not a few some admirable opportunities of doing good to others. That advantage is taken of such occasions by all is something problematical. What caused me to approach this subject, in this issue, is a remark that I heard the other day, and one that shot through me like an arrow.

"BUSINESS FIRST."—One day last week I had occasion to enter the office of a coal dealer for the purpose of securing a supply of that material. While I was awaiting my turn to be served, a poor, but evidently very respectable woman came in. She was the wife of a tradesman, and their family depended upon the husband's weekly earnings to secure the necessities of life. What he brought home on Saturday had to procure for them with all they required for the next week. Consequently they could only buy fuel in limited quantities. She stated that she had three small children at home, that their coal was run out, and that they were actually cold and suffering. She purchased three bags of coal and paid for them. After getting her receipt she asked the dealer if she could have it sent at once. He gruffly said "no." Then she asked if he would send it before noon—it was then eight o'clock in the morning. He again answered "no." She explained that as she only needed three bags he might allow one of his drivers, in passing, to drop off her share, or even one bag, or half a bag. This he would not do; she would have to wait her turn; he had several more important orders ahead of hers. "But," she said, "I tell you the little ones are cold at home." The answer was: "I don't care whether they are cold or not; that's none of my business; cold don't cut any ice in business;" and he laughed, just as if he had said something witty, or imagined that he had given evidence of some kind of cleverness. As the woman went out

I could see that her heart was very big, and her eyes were very full.

SENTIMENT PREVAILED.—When she had taken her departure one of the customers, who had purchased a ton, and who had asked to have it delivered early, was told that he would have it in his cellar by ten o'clock. "Are you sure of that?" he asked. "Without fail," said the dealer. "Then," answered the other, "give that woman, who has just gone out, my turn, and I will wait until it is convenient for you to send my load afterwards." I had been a silent spectator of the entire little play, and I thought that I suddenly perceived a species of halo forming around the brow of that man. Who he is I do not know; but I thanked him from my heart. I felt a gratitude towards him, not only for the special act of kindness that he had done—act of charity I should say—but also because he had lifted my hopefulness and re-established my confidence in my fellow-man. The refusal of that half-bag of coal to the woman who had paid for six times the amount, under such circumstances, was a shock that one can scarcely describe. Possibly, in the strict business sense, the dealer was right; it may be that he was legally justified in not infringing upon the claims of those who had given earlier orders; in a word, he may have been following the heartless code of "business;" but I have yet to learn that "business" interests preclude the dictate of common charity. And even though the dealer could not have violated his rule by permitting of a slight exception, under exceptional circumstances, still there was no necessity of adding insult to the privations that the poor woman suffered. What grated most upon my sensibilities was the harsh expression that he did not care whether her children were cold or not, that it was none of his business. There was something so unfeeling, so very unchristian in that word that I could never translate into language the effect it produced upon me.

VISIONS AROSE.—"How fleet is the glance of the mind," in that brief moment, even as one in a prolonged dream of the night-time, I had visions that certainly did not arise before the mental eyes of any person then present. I saw the genius of greed crushing the poor remnant of life out of the spectre of indigence; I saw the "pound of flesh" demanded again; and I thought that Shakespeare must have been stirred by some similar scene when he conceived the "Merchant of Venice." I looked further adown the future and I saw the "Almighty Dollar" seizing upon the heart of man and chilling it into stone by the petrifying effect of its contact. I saw selfishness going abroad over the great world and with its poisonous breath, blasting and withering the most cherished flowers of sentiment, the roses of charity, that strew the "pathway to the grave." It is all business; and yet the real and only business of life is overshadowed and obliterated by that gorgon. I saw the Pharisees pass along and decline to touch the poor victim by the way-side; I saw the Samaritan bend over the fallen and suffering one and lending what assistance was in his power. And I heard a Voice asking, as it asked of old amidst Judaean scenes "which one of these two was that man's neighbor?"

## Bishop Spalding On Capital And Labor.

(From Bishop Spalding's new book, "Socialism and Labor.")

The people of America have many things to be thankful for. The material resources of our country are so great that as yet neither we nor the world at large have been able to

measure their extent. Hidden storehouses of wealth are continually being revealed to us. We are energetic, industrious, brave, and untiring. We are convinced of the supremacy of mind over matter, and we make ceaseless and increasing efforts to educate the spiritual faculties of the whole people. We are averse to war and believe that disputes between nations, as between individuals, should be settled by discussion and arbitration. We are opposed to standing armies, believing that the national wealth and intelligence should be devoted to the improvement and culture of the citizens, and not to conquest and destruction. We have no powerful neighbor to rival or overthrow. Our comparative exemption from war has made possible

the rapid development of our country. The love of peace, which is a characteristic of the American people, manifests itself also in religious good-will and toleration. As dynastic wars are for us out of the question, so are religious wars. The spirit of forbearance and helpfulness manifests itself in our customs and habits as in our legislation. In no other country is property more secure; in no other country is it so generally diffused. Nowhere else is opportunity for woman as for man so universal; nowhere is there such faith in the national destiny; nowhere has the fusion of peoples differing in many and important respects been brought about so rapidly or so satisfactorily; nowhere are the multitudes so eager to learn or

so quick to avail themselves of new discoveries and inventions. The millions from foreign lands who have founded homes here are making other millions in the Old World thankful that America exists. We are indeed a source of hope and confidence to all, in whatever part of the earth, who love justice and liberty, who believe in a higher and more blessed social and religious future for mankind. Already we are the possessors of greater wealth than any other nation possesses or has ever possessed; and though a few men, whose names stare us in the face from the pages of the newspapers, have fortunes that seem almost fabulous, there is diffused among the masses of the people a well-being and comfort such as exists in no other land. This may be perceived in the housing of the people, in their clothing, in the wholesomeness of their food, and above all in the spirit of courage and hopefulness which pervades our whole life.

There is no gulf between the rich and the poor, but a gradation of generally distributed possessions. Nevertheless it is obvious that when there is question of American life, a merely optimistic view is a shallow and a false view. There are great and widespread evils among us, as also tendencies which if allowed to take their course will lead to worse evil. There is the universal political corruption. There is the diminished sense of the sacredness of property. There is the loosening of the marriage tie and the sinking influence of the home. There is a weakening of the power to apprehend spiritual truth, and a consequent lowering of the standards of value, a falling away from the vital principles of religion, even while we profess to believe in religion. There is, indeed, enough and more than enough to keep all who cherish exalted ideas of the worth of human life and who love America lowly-minded and watchful.

One of the most certain signs of decadence is a failure of the will, and one might think that we are threatened with this. Our ability to react against abuses is growing feebler. The social organism is so vast and so complex that it seems hopeless to attempt to interfere, and as we permit things to take their course, abdicating the freedom and the power of will in the presence of an idol which we call Destiny. The more public opinion is shaped by the ideals of evolution as the supreme law of life the less capable we become of bringing reason and conscience to bear upon human affairs, or recognizing God's presence in the world, and holding to truth and love as something higher and mightier than a universe of matter.

The course of things is, indeed, but partially subject to human control. Human progress nevertheless depends chiefly on human intelligence and energy, which, if they cannot create, can shape and guide. The one means of promoting the welfare of man is labor and effort. It alone can develop his mind, can form his character, can protect his mind, can form his character, can protect him from the blind forces of nature, and provide him for what is necessary for his comfort and dignity. The end of labor is the strengthening and enrichment of life, and the best measure of its value is the effect it produces on man, individually and collectively. The end is not abundance of riches, but noble life, healthful, pure, intelligent, brave, and loving. No wealth can enrich the brutal and the base; no possessions can purchase joy or peace for the slaves of appetite. Where right human life is led—a life of faith, hope and love, of thought and self-control, of industry and self-denial—to live with as few material and animal wants as possible ennobles man. To learn to live with as little as possible and to waste nothing that is needful is the sum of practical wisdom. Socrates was happy in thinking how many things the world is full of which he did not need. Simple pleasures are the best. Expensive luxuries harm those who indulge in them, and bring misery to many. The highest ambition springs not from the desire to rise in the world, but from the will to lead an honest helpful life, whatever one's circumstances. One may be a wise, good, and happy man, or a foolish, wicked, and miserable man, whether rich or poor. We must have food, shelter, and clothing that we may live; but we should live not to be fed and housed, but to grow in knowledge and virtue, in helpfulness and holiness.

For the most fortunate men life is full of difficulties and troubles; for the poorest it may be filled with light, peace, and blessedness. To be a man is to think as well as to work, and the more intelligence there is in the work the better shall it be for the workers. Reason as well as religion impels those who work with the head and those who work with the hands to co-operation, not to conflict. The interests of both are best served when they are friends. If labor is not directed by ability it is sterile. The notion that those who work with the hands are the sole producers of wealth is a fallacy which should deceive no one. The vast increase of wealth in the modern world of industry and commerce is the result to a far greater degree of ability than of labor. It has been produced chiefly by the comparatively few men of exceptional gifts, who have invented machines, organized enterprises, opened markets, and thus given work and sustenance to millions who but for them would never have been born. Capital itself, which makes our great undertakings feasible, is largely stored ability—ability embodied and made permanently fruitful in the means of production and distribution. Columbus did not sail his ships, but had it not been for his genius they would not have sailed at all; and had the mutinous crew thrown him overboard, they would have drifted to death and the New World had not been discovered. The natural sources of wealth had existed in America for countless ages, but the savages who dwelt here lived in poverty and wretchedness because they lacked men of ability to lead them to the conquest of the riches of whose existence they were ignorant.

Capital is like an exquisite musical instrument—valueless if there is no one who knows the secret of its uses, and the men of ability who know how to use capital wisely are as rare as excellent musicians. Laborers may be compared to soldiers, who conquer only when they are disciplined, equipped, and commanded by men of ability. It has been calculated that two-thirds of the wealth produced in the nineteenth century were due to ability, and but one-third to the work of those who toil with their hands. This applies to spiritual not less than to material wealth. The great advances of mankind, in whatever sphere, have been made through the genius and under the leadership of a few highly endowed individuals—the prophets of better things, the subduers of the foes of man, the pioneers of progress. Land and labor are the primary sources of wealth, but its production in the modern world is due chiefly to ability, working with capital, which is more than any other agency has created. Nothing is more wonderful than the hand, but its almost miraculous power is due to the fact that it is the instrument of the brain.

In former times the men of ability were drawn to devote themselves to war or government or philosophic speculation, but now more than ever before they throw themselves into industry and commerce, making the pursuit of riches their life-aim. This is the career which seems to promise the most immediate and the most substantial results; and the really able men are so few and the work to be done is so immeasurable and so complex, that the demand for these exceptional individuals is greater than the supply. Every great enterprise, every great business concern, needs for its success what they alone can give. Hence they command salaries which seem to be exorbitant; hence they grow rich, become capitalists and form combinations of capital, which appear to many to be a menace to the freedom and welfare of the whole people. Competition, which begins as a struggle for existence, finally becomes a desire to crush and dominate, becomes a warfare, which if less bloody is not less horrible or cruel than that which is carried on with shot and shell. As in battle the generals, however humane they be, think only of victory and are heedless of the suffering and the loss of life, so in the struggle for industrial and commercial supremacy, the men of ability, the leaders and capitalists are wholly bent on the attainment of their ends, and easily lose sight of the principles of justice and humanity.

It is that makes the organization of workmen into labor and trade-unions inevitable and indispensable. The consciousness that if they do not protect and defend themselves they will be ground by the wheels of a vast machine or reduced to a condition little better than that of slaves, compels them to unite lest they be deprived of the common rights of man. In ancient times laborers were slaves; it is not long ago since multitudes of them in our own country were slaves; and however the fact be disguised, the natural tendency of greed, of the love and pursuit of material things as the chief good of life, is to deader the sense of justice and humanity, to make the strong, the men of ability, feel that they have the right to do whatever they are able to do. They are not necessarily unjust or cruel, but they become the victims of a false belief and the agents of a system which is as pitiless as a law of nature.

One of the chief forces by which this tendency is held in check is the religious principle and feeling that man are the children of God, and have inalienable rights; that work should enable the worker to lead a life not unworthy of a rational being; that riches which are procured at the cost of human misery and degradation are accursed; that what constitutes the proper value of individuals and of nations is spiritual and not material; that there is eternal wrath in store for all who trample upon moral and intellectual good that they may add to their possessions. These truths are accepted by the public opinion of the civilized world, and hence there is a general sympathy with laborers in their efforts to obtain justice and to improve their condition. All who observe and reflect recognize the fact that their lot is hard, that they bear an undue share of the burdens of life, that they are often forced to do work which is destructive of health and happiness, and that they are exposed to greater vicissitudes of fortune than others. All this, however, would accomplish little for their improvement, if they themselves remained indifferent, if they did not organize, if they did not discuss and come to a fuller consciousness of their grievances, if they did not by strikes and other lawful means make strenuous efforts to increase their wages or to prevent them from falling, if they did not agitate for fewer hours of work and whatever else may give them leisure and opportunity to cultivate their spiritual natures and thus to make themselves capable of enjoying life in a rational and Christian way. Economic laws, which are immutable, make it impossible that wages should rise beyond a given point, or that wealth should be so distributed as to make all men rich. The multitude are poor and can never be rich. It is indeed fortunate that it is impossible that the masses of mankind should ever be able to lead an idle and luxurious life. It is a law of human nature that man shall work and abstain, if it is to be well with him; that to do nothing and enjoy much is impossible. Political Economy, like government, rests on a basis of morality. Moral character alone can give a man self-respect, courage, hope, cheerfulness, and power of endurance. Hence the laborer, and all who identify themselves with their cause, should have a care first of all that they be true men—prudent, self-restrained, kindly, sober, frugal, and helpful; and that this may be possible, also religious. The foe of labor is not capital, but ignorance and vice. In the whole English-speaking world, at least, its worst enemy is drink. More than a combination of all employers, the saloon has power to impoverish and degrade workmen. In their own ranks the traitors are those who preach irreligion and anarchy. The influence of Christianity has been and is the chief power which has brought the world to recognize the rights of the enslaved, the poor, the weak, of all who are heavy-laden and over-burdened. It aroused and it alone can sustain enthusiasm for humanity. If this faith could die out, what would remain but the law of the survival of the fittest, that is, of the strongest, the most unscrupulous, the most reckless of the sufferings and sorrows of their fellow-men? These are the men who prosper among savages, in barbarous states, and in periods of anarchy.

But it is not conceivable that the civilized world should turn from the principles which Christ proclaimed, whose development and diffusion must in the end substitute for universal competition—the war of all upon all—the co-operation of all with all, not merely or chiefly for the winning of the bread that nourishes the body, but above all for the spread of the higher life of truth and love, of purity and goodness. In America, assuredly, we have good reason to take a hopeful view of the future. No foreign power can offer hindrance to our progress in the fulfillment of our God-given rights, which are not only to secure equal rights, liberties, and opportunities to all the people, but so to educate and inspire all the inhabitants of this great continent that they may all work together to shape here a nobler manhood and womanhood than the world has ever seen.

### A PRACTICAL HINT.

We notice, says the "Southern Messenger," that in the conventions of nearly all Catholic bodies adopt resolutions in support of the Catholic press. If it could live on resolutions, the lot of the Catholic journalist would indeed be a happy one. If every member of the societies adopting such resolutions were to personally subscribe for a Catholic paper, what an impetus would be given to religious journalism! Resolutions are very well as far as they go; we do not object to them by any means; we only regret that they are not more generally acted upon.

## Iris

years when in barbaric evidence of—a great Catholic men who faith. I r Ireland an the earlier This is no bring in forms a lin be used la the story a ment and Gaelic tong here dispos I will co from Moon tures, in w monks, ste rope, erect religious Before, hov footsteps of serve our general ide of architect Every scholar, w great publi military, o richly-cons and wealth under the c ture." In fices, a kno metry, and laws of gra chemistry a is absolute the maste men; and t especially t Irish archi which not even to th lions, and The startin from side v columns; th again and of the sam ing in the stone, supp nicest calc and equilib binding the shocks of a sufficient to requirement tribes as t continent of fifth, sixth, did not, it could not v mathematic ages pass ignorant r brought to reasoners, Architect amongst the of Europe cated, beca combinatio We will see how, durin swarms of of Ireland ing with and indust agreeably religion, to fellow-men. Every ar that these who built for five hu the archite penters, th the glass-m painters. A these holy the purpos bridges, fru ity to oth strong rel

## France and the

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In his Roman letter, o 6th, to the New York now universally know ent "Innominate" has t one of the most import of the day. He deals w serences between Fran



# Irish Architecture and Irish Monks

By "CRUX."

FOR a moment we will leave the question of the Irish language, as an evidence of the civilization and education of the Irish each in years when Europe was still steeped in barbarism, and turn to another evidence of Ireland's past greatness—a greatness that was due to the Catholic faith she possessed and the men who taught and practised that faith. I refer to the architecture of Ireland and of Western Europe in the earlier centuries of our era. This is not exactly the place to bring in this subject, but as it forms a link in the chain, and must be used later on in connection with the story of Irish literary achievement and the importance of the Gaelic tongue, it may be as well to here dispose of it.

I will commence with quotations from Mooney's History and Lectures, in which he traces the Irish monks, step by step, through Europe, erecting churches and forming religious congregations everywhere. Before, however, entering upon the footsteps of these monks, it may serve our purpose to have a few general ideas concerning the subject of architecture.

Every architect, every artist, every scholar, will at once admit that great public edifices, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, and the richly-constructed palaces of princes and wealthy men, can alone come under the denomination of "architecture." In the erection of such edifices, a knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, and mathematics,—of the laws of gravity and equilibrium, of chemistry and the nature of metals—is absolutely required, not only in the master workman, but in his men; and this remark applies more especially to the erection of arched Irish architecture; in the whole of which nothing but stone is used, even to the window frames, mullions, and diminutive interfections. The starting of those stone arches from side walls, and buttresses, and columns; the intersecting of them, again and again, with flying arches of the same solid material; the poisoning in the air hundreds of tons of stone, supporting each other by the nicest calculated powers of gravity and equilibrium; the poisoning and binding them together, that the shocks of a thousand years are not sufficient to disturb them—these are requirements which such semi-savage tribes as the inhabitants of the continent of Europe, in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, did not, it is admitted, possess. They could not write and knew nothing of mathematical calculations. Ages and ages pass over the heads of an ignorant race before they can be brought to the condition of learners, reasoners, thinkers or calculators.

Architecture could not have grown amongst the inhabitants of the West of Europe until they were first educated, because it is the result of a combination of learned acquirements. We will see in the pages of history how, during those early centuries, swarms of educated monks went out of Ireland in every direction, carrying with them knowledge, piety, and industry, which they devoted, agreeably to the precepts of their religion, to the exaltation of their fellow-men.

Every architect and scholar knows that these monks were the workmen who built all the churches of Europe for five hundred years; they were the architects, the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the smiths, the glass-makers, the sculptors, the painters. A great many societies of these holy men joined together for the purpose of erecting churches and bridges, from motives of pure charity to others, in obedience to a strong religious feeling; of course,

this is incredible to the great masses of vulgarly, who continue to call the monks "lazy," in defiance of the literary and scientific monuments they have left behind. But scholars know that the stone bridges and churches throughout Europe, which were erected in the tenth century, were all built by the hands, and under the direction, exclusively, of the monks; nay, more, there was not a single want of mankind, or a mode by which they could be benefited, that these calumniated men did not combine into associations to supply. Were youth to be educated, they were the teachers; were the poor to be relieved, they were the almoners; were books to be written, or translated, or multiplied, they performed the work; were the sick to be tended, they were the physicians and visitors; were widows and orphans to be provided for, the monks were their guardians; were travellers to be protected, guided, and entertained—the monks formed associations to perform this humane duty; were bridges to be erected over impassable fords and rivers, these men combined to build them,—the noblest bridge in all Europe, that of Avignon, over the Rhine, was erected by the labor and collections of these charitable monks; were churches, monasteries, and schools to be built, they formed into holy brotherhoods for the purpose. If this is not true, then the history of Europe is a huge lie!

We now come to some of the works of the Irish monks as Mooney records them—gleaning his record from most authentic sources.

The first Christian edifice erected for divine worship, in England, was built by Irish architects at Withern, in the year 603. "For the Anglo-Saxons," says Bede, "were partly converted to Christianity by Irish missionaries before the arrival of St. Austin in 597." The same architects who built Withern were then employed to build old St. Paul's, in London, in 610, on the site of the temple of Diana, Turner, and other English historians, say that St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York, who built the Church of Hexham, in 674, sent to Ireland for architects to construct it. Dr. Milner, an Englishman, remarks, "Can we suppose that the tutors of the English, French and Germans, in the learned languages, the sciences and music, as the Irish are known to have been during four centuries, were incapable to build plain round towers of stone?" In the island of Hy (Iona), St. Columbkille and his Irish monks built the famous monastery, from which the north of England was instructed in architecture, literature and Christianity. "The monastery of Lindisfarne was built," says the Royal English Encyclopaedia, "by Irishmen, under St. Finan, in the beginning of the sixth century." The monastery of Malmesbury was founded and built by the Irish monk Maildolphus in the seventh century. It is the oldest existing building in England of that style, and, according to the English Elmes, displays all the main features of arched architecture, which is now called Gothic. Gallus, an Irish monk, built the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, in connection with which several other monasteries afterwards subsisted, about the year 630. Dichuill, an Irish monk, built the monastery of Luttwia, in France, and received grants of lands from the French monarch Clotaire the Second, in 650. The monastery Centula, in Ponthed, was built by Caidoc, to whom a splendid tomb was erected, on which was engraven: "To whom Ireland gave birth, and the Gaelic law a grave." St. Fursa, from Ireland, built the monastery of Lagny, near

the river Marne, in France, in 650. In Brabant, the brothers of this saint, Ultan and Foillan, built a monastery, called "The Monastery of the Irish." St. Fridolin fixed himself and his monks on the then uninhabited island in the Rhine, called Seckingen, where he built a monastery, in 590. Prince Dagobert, of Strasburg, in the seventh century, who, like many other German and Saxon princes, was educated in Ireland, brought with him several Irish monks, who built churches throughout his dominions. The Irish Virgilius raised the splendid Basili of Salzburg, in 750.

The great Church of Europe, erected by Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, was built by Irish monks from the Abbey of St. Gall; and the architect erected an Irish round tower, in memory of his fatherland, the only one to be seen on the continent.

The most distinguished specimen of old Gothic architecture, in Portugal, is the church of the convent of Batalia, which was constructed by an Irish architect. (See Hoskings, in Adam's and Black's Arts, Edinburgh edition, page 21).

"Who, sir," says the English Dr. Milner, "were the luminaries of the western world when the sun of science had almost set upon it? Who were the instructors of nations during four whole centuries, but the Irish clergy? To them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the Fathers, and the Classics; in short, of the means by which you yourselves have acquired whatever literature you possess."

The Church of St. Peter's, at Oxford, built by Alfred the Great, was copied from Cormac's Chapel, at Cashel; Salisbury Cathedral is the first complete erection of the pointed arch style that was built in England, finished in 1258, was a copy of Holy Cross, in Ireland, built one hundred and fifty years earlier. Painted glass was not introduced into England until about the year 1250, nor generally till 1400, though it was common in Ireland four hundred years before. It has been contended that this arched and pointed architecture was introduced to Europe by the crusaders or the Knights Templars. Yet they had it in Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries, whereas the Crusaders did not return from the East till the twelfth century; nor were the Knights Templars established until 1148, and the first church they built of their own, at Paris, was in 1222.

If the structures of Ireland are not as colossal as those of her neighbors, it should be remembered that they built them from their own resources, and by their own labor. The palaces of pagan Rome were built by the captives she dragged thither from all nations; but Ireland never built her churches or edifices by the pillage of any other people. Her churches and temples were built to worship in them the true God. Their aspect, as they look down upon us in placid grandeur, is sublime. Every aisle, every column, arch and porch, every window, proclaim them houses of prayer. A Hottentot, if brought into one of these ruins, would pronounce it a house of the "Great Spirit." The Grecian was the style for state and revelry, the Irish for prayer. The elements of the Irish are spires, pinnacles, lofty arched and painted windows, and elevation, as opposed to the square, angular, flat and horizontal style of the Greeks.

In truth Ireland, before her fall in the twelfth century, brought this arched and pointed style to the highest desirable perfection, uniting in itself the three great essentials of architecture, strength, grace and richness.

possesses at the top of its hierarchy the great ordering power which marks the strict distinctions between weaknesses and crimes, and practises in a sovereign way the policy of compromise, that great art of diplomacy." There is, in this one passage, the assertion of a great truth and the advancement of a grave error. In the first part he tells of the "great ordering power" at the head of the Church's hierarchy. That is the Vicar of Christ, and his infallible authority; no doubt that is "the incomparable merit" of the Church, and the strongest evidence of her Divine mission. But, when he says that she "practises the policy of compromise" he either commits a grave error, or else he leaves it open for others to fall into that error. In matters of Faith and of morals the Church knows no compromise. Exactly the opposite has been her principle from the very beginning. It is impossible for her to accept any compromise; the powers of earth and furies of below have been unable to bend her to compromise. Not the terrors of the Flavian amphitheatre, nor the secret machinations of the sectaries could induce or compel her to compromise the most infinitesimal particle of her dogma, or of the laws given her by Christ.

But, it would seem, by the closing words of that paragraph, which style that compromise "the great art of diplomacy," that the correspondent merely uses the term in connection with the Church's policy of government, or administration—a policy which is not affected by the infallibility of the Church Head. If such be the case, we cannot offer such a pointed denial, for, in matters of purely diplomatic government, and when dealing with the various civil Powers of the world, the Church exercises no infallible prerogative. She is not likely to err, on account of the wisdom and statesmanship of her visible Head on earth, and of those who form his council; but, she is obliged to use the weapons that her opponents use, in order to compete with them in the arena of diplomacy. Still the broad assertion of "Innominate" is calculated to impress the untrained mind with the idea that the Church can compromise in everything. Those not of the Catholic faith, as a rule, confound dogmatic teaching with ecclesiastical government, and apply to the one that which can only be made applicable to the other.

Later on in the same letter we read:—"A mysterious game is being played by M. Combes and the Pope, the closest of games of chess, in which the fate of France and perhaps the near future of the Papacy are at stake. Who will win?" We do not find fault with the term "game;" but we cannot agree that the idea of the warfare between the Vatican and the enemies of the Papacy suggests a game of chess, or any other kind of game. A game presupposes two or more antagonistic players; and it supposes each one of them an adept in the same arts and methods. Looked at in this light, it is evident that the Pope is not shifting his pieces around upon the chess-board of diplomacy, merely to check-mate M. Combes. But the grave mistake we find here, is the suggested possibility of the Papal cause ultimately meeting with defeat. What is more, the writer plainly states that "the future of the Papacy" is at stake. Had he said that the future position of the Church in France were in the balance we could understand it; but the future of the Papacy cannot be affected by any such opposition. The past, the present, and the future of the Papacy rest upon the direct promise of Christ that "the Gates of Hell shall not prevail" against that institution. And were M. Combes to finally succeed in all he has planned; were the Church to be uprooted in France (and it would not be the first time); were the entire French nation, government and all, to vanish from the face of the earth, or to be transformed into a power antagonistic to the Church still the Papacy would go on, just as it has gone on for twenty centuries. Such obstacles may appear grave in the eyes of the world's statesmen, but they are mole-hills compared to the Alpine ranges that the Church has had to encounter and scale during the lapse of centuries. And the Papacy the most triumphant epochs in her history. Decidedly the future of the Papacy is not at stake, nor can it ever be brought into question. M. Combes may succeed for a time, "but in the very banquet of his triumph the Almighty's decree will be seen upon the wall, and the sceptre of power will be snapped in the hand of the tyrant and renegade."

Hence, while we are deep in our admiration of "Innominate's" gifts and principles, we cannot shut our eyes to his occasional errors.

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## France and the Vatican

(By an Occasional Correspondent.)

In his Roman letter, of November 6th, to the New York "Sun," the now universally known correspondent "Innominate" has touched upon one of the most important questions of the day. He deals with the differences between France and the

Vatican. In describing the policy of silence that the Pope has adopted, and the desire of Combes to drive the Sovereign Pontiff to some hostile movement that could be used as an excuse for the destruction of the Concordat, the correspondent seems to have gauged the situation to a nicety. He also draws attention to the differences existing between Combes and Loubet, that is to say, between the Radical anti-clerical branch of the Republican Government and the more moderate, rational and democratic one.

While we have great admiration for "Innominate's" ability, and while we recognize the fact that he writes for a purely secular press, still we cannot but be impressed with his rather looseness of expressions in regard to certain matters affecting the Catholic Church. As we have been told by the "Sun," this correspondent is a priest, we conclude that his peculiar language is not the result of any misconception, on his part, of the subjects treated, but rather of a desire to keep on a level with his readers. It may be said that our

criticism of "Innominate's" language resembles hair-splitting; but, in the couple of instances we wish to point out, we do not think that any such narrowness can be attributed to us. In fact, we deem the matters elementary, at least for a Catholic theologian, and we consider that the correspondent's modes of expression open a regular avenue of doubt and uncertainty; in other words, his expressions belie his own convictions. For example, he says, in one part of that letter—"It is the incomparable merit of Catholicism that it

France and the Vatican

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France and the Vatican

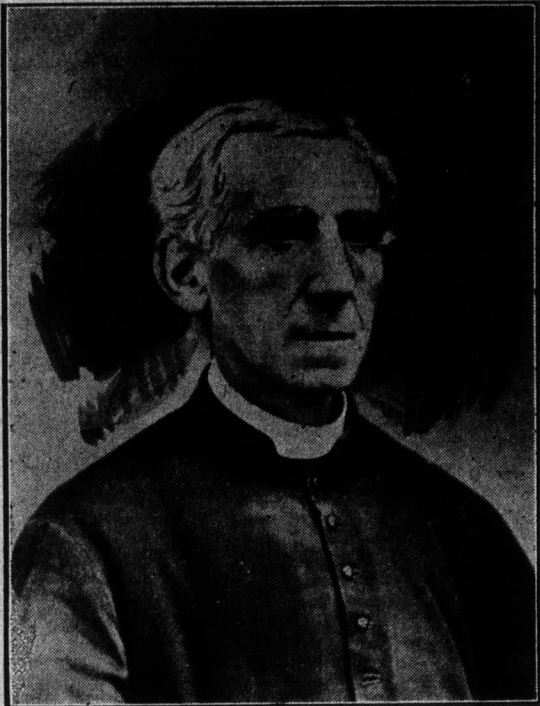
France and the Vatican



# Funeral of the Late Abbe Colin.

Never in the life or in the death of a man, with the accompanying evidences of a greatness that were universally appreciated, have the words of the Psalmist, "Et Exaltavit humiles," been more touchingly applicable, than in the career on earth of the late lamented Superior of St. Sulpice—Rev. Abbe Colin. It has been promised by the Son of God, Himself, that the humble shall be exalted; and apart from the blessed and unending exaltation in heaven, even on this earth, does the recognition of virtues and sanctity mark the departure of the elect. In

him! He died without making a will. Why should he make a will, since he was possessed of no worldly goods? His rosary and his crucifix were all the objects that he could claim as his own. The very vestments in which he was buried were not his; they belong to the community. Yet that man had built churches, schools, academies, colleges, seminaries, a university, and even in the Eternal City an institution that will stand as long as Rome stands, a monument to his zeal and his wonderful administrative talents. There is no grander, no more inspiring tem-



THE LATE REV. L. COLIN.

our last issue we had barely time and space to announce the death of the regretted and beloved priest, whom all so deeply mourn, and to add a few biographical notes to our brief statement of that sorrowful event. Since then the city has witnessed a spectacle that, in all its details, must long remain engraven upon the minds and hearts of the people.

During Sunday afternoon, and all day Monday, the remains of the dead priest were exposed in the little private chapel of the old Seminary building. Thousands upon thousands entered that historic edifice, paused before the familiar form of the great departed, knelt in brief and fervent prayer, and went out filled with emotions that no language can translate.

As we stood beneath the low ceiling, and between the ancient walls of those small apartments, so like the olden shrines of primitive ages, so dark, so lowly, so devoid of all ornament, all signs of comfort, of all that belongs to this world or to this world's life, we figured to ourselves the intense self-sacrifice, the unqualified self-abasement, the rigid poverty of the one whose mighty works were planned therein and executed therefrom. That little chapel with its bare oaken floor, its unadorned altar, its pictureless walls, its cushionless seats; and that adjoining room, wherein the Superior of that great and wonderful community, spent his days and his nights, in mortification, prayer, and labor, brought forcibly to our mind the immortal lines of poor Gerald Griffin's to "Sister of Charity."

Her down-bed a pallet, her trinket a bead;  
Her lustre, one taper that serves her to read;  
The delicate lady lives mortified there;  
And feasts are forgotten for fasting and prayer.

So much greatness to be hidden away in such silent and unknown privation! Yet what glorious thoughts were entertained, what lofty ideas were conceived, what gigantic plans were formed, what deeds of charity and of mercy were inspired, within these old walls, and along those sombre and antique corridors! What precious hours of meditations, of communion with God and His Mother, and the whole celestial array, were spent, far from the gaze of the world, in that cell-like chamber!

He was poor, that great Abbe Co-

ple on this continent than the Church of Notre Dame. From its pulpit, times out of mind did Abbe Colin pour forth the tide of his eloquence and erudition; into its shadows, when twilight was passing into night, used he to silently glide, to enjoy a solitary hour in a heart to heart communion with the Divine Tenant of its tabernacle. But from that pulpit, and from that splendid shrine he went back to the humble, the colorless, the uninviting, the miserable, tiny, square room that he dignified with the title of the "Superior's apartments," to there continue his labors, his vigils, his studies, his worries, his cares, his solicitations for the good of souls, for the propagation of the faith, for the glory of God.

Al! they build magnificent churches these great communities! But they build them for the people, not for themselves. They erect grand educational institutions; but they are for the rising generation, not for either their own profit or glory. Profit they have none—not any more than had the Superior whose poverty was deeper than indigence; glory they know not, for like him they live in the atmosphere of self-denial. Even the rule of the community forbids the pronouncing of any eulogy over a departed member—no matter how conspicuous his talents or how manifold his triumphs in the cause of religion. He who was so prodigal of his praises and his tributes to the memories of others, shrank from the idea of any similar honor or justice being done himself. It would seem as if he feared that the faintest breath of human praise would be allowed to dim the polished mirror of a soul that reflected, in its humility, the glory of God. But gratitude, in the hearts of the living, rose above all the dictates of self-denial that governed the dead and that away the community of which he was a member, and, as we shall see, the vibrating voice of episcopal veneration, remembrance, and love, awakened anew the echoes of Notre Dame, with a tribute such as Abbe Colin would have loved to pronounce for another or would have been delighted to have heard were he not, himself, the object of its laudation.

On Monday evening the remains were transferred to the Church, and there placed, according to canonical rule, upon a raised catafalque, in the centre aisle, below the High Altar, the face of the dead being turn-

ed towards the people and his back towards the sanctuary. As it was, Abbe Colin was almost directly under the pulpit, one would think that his gaze was turned towards that sacred spot, from which he so often preached the Truth of Christ, defended the Church, glorified the saints, inculcated Christian morals, and performed his gigantic work of evangelization. After the recitation of the prayers for the dead, hundreds passed around the catafalque and touched the hands or vestments of the dead with objects of piety—evermore to be sacred to their possessors.

On Tuesday morning, from an early hour, the same scene was repeated. It would be difficult to estimate the number of those who went to take a last loving look at the features of the departed benefactor. No extra ornamentation or decoration of the great Church was visible. Apart from the altar, draped in black and purple, as it would be for an ordinary Requiem Mass, there was nothing to suggest either pomp or exceptional ceremonial. Not even in death could the Superior of St. Sulpice have the use of the Church's resources in funeral wealth and display. He was poor! He died penniless—as far as this world's riches are concerned. And he was to be buried in poverty. But happily, not all his humility, nor all the self-sacrificing rules of his community, nor all the poverty of his surroundings, could prevent the spontaneous outburst of genuine sympathy, of unbounded sorrow, of universal appreciation. There was no rule that could check the influx of fully twelve thousand mourners; there was no canon of self-denial that could keep away the mitred hierarchy, the representatives of every order in religion, of every profession in the world, of every office in the State, of every grade in the social structure, of every institution in the city, of every home that had known or felt the influence of the departed. Oh! Great, indeed, was Abbe Colin! And the evidence of that greatness was tangible on all sides! and the more towering was that greatness, because it was based on the solid foundations of a profound humility! And, we repeated again, in presence of the dead, the promise of the Psalmist: "Et Exaltavit Humiles."

Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, acted as celebrant, assisted by Abbe Davreau, with Abbe Leprohon, as deacon, and Abbe Labrosse, sub-deacon. Mr. Hebert and Mr. Desrosiers acted as deacon and sub-deacon of office.

No less than sixteen Archbishops and Bishops were in the sanctuary, some of them coming from the neighboring Republic.

Every parish priest of the archdiocese was present, while the assistant priests and curates were there by hundreds. Priests from distant places, former pupils of the Montreal Seminary, and who had known Abbe Colin during lifetime, were here, too, so that every local presbytery was taxed to accommodate the many visitors.

The church was not alone represented by its dignitaries, those of the laity were there also and included men of every profession and walk of life. The history of the Sulpicians in Canada is best told in the history of the country itself, and for this reason the presence of representatives of the Governments, both Federal and Provincial, was accounted for. The Governor-General was represented by Major Maude, who occupied a priedieu at the head of the middle aisle of the church. Behind him sat Lieutenant-Governor Jette, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Major Shepherd.

The faculty of Laval University, for which the deceased had done so much during his life time, was present and occupied a line of seats in the body of the church immediately outside the communion rails. Those who were present in this party were: Canon Archambault, vice-rector; Abbe Bourassa, secretary; Hon. J. G. Lavolette, president of the Board of Governors; Dr. J. P. Rottot, dean of the faculty of medicine; Mr. Justice Mathieu, dean of the faculty of law; Sir William Hingston, Sir Alexander Lacoste, Dr. Desjardins, Dr. A. Lamarche, Dr. Severin Lachapelle, Dr. E. F. Lachapelle, Dr. Mignault, A. Gagnon, Senator de Bourville, L. O. Tailleux, Hon. A. Desjardins, Mr. Justice Pagnuelo, N. E. Archambault, Mr. Justice Taschereau, J. Grenier, Rev. I. Lecocq.

### THOSE PRESENT.

The archbishops and bishops present were—

His Grace Mgr. Duhamel, Ottawa; His Grace Mgr. Gauthier, Kingston; His Lordship Mgr. O'Dea, of Newquell, Wash., U.S.A.; His Lordship

Mgr. Michaud, Burlington, Vt.; His Lordship Mgr. Emard, of Valleyfield; His Lordship Bishop Deavan, Springfield, Mass.; His Lordship Mgr. Lorrain, Pembroke, Ont.; His Lordship Mgr. Blais, Rimouski; His Lordship Mgr. Gravel, Nicolet; His Lordship Bishop McDonald, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; His Lordship Mgr. Decelles, St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Racicot, V.G.; representing the Archbishop of Montreal; His Lordship Mgr. Laroque, of Sherbrooke, was represented by his Vicar-General, Mgr. Chalfoux; Right Rev. Dr. O'Connell, Archbishop of Portland, was represented by Vicar-General Mgr. Hurley; Rev. F. F. Lohleber, Chancellor of St. Michael's Cathedral, represented His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and Father Alyward, represented the Bishop of London.

The various governments, the different professions, the religious communities, and all the institutions of the city were fully represented; in a word, no section of the people of Canada was absent from the church.

### THE SERMON.

Immediately after the last Gospel, and before the "Liberia" was chanted, Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield—one of the late Abbe Colin's pupils, and a life-long friend and admirer of the deceased—appeared in the pulpit. On account of the general rule that no funeral oration shall be pronounced over a Sulpician, the presence of the Bishop in the pulpit was somewhat of a surprise to the vast throng that crowded the sacred edifice. To say that Mgr. Emard was surpassingly eloquent during the half hour of his address, would be to mildly appreciate the fervor of his tribute to the dead priest. Both as to form and as to matter the oration was simply a masterpiece; and what gave it an additional power and beauty was the emotion with which it was delivered, and what lent it an additional value was the sincerity of the preacher, and the unqualified merit of the departed.

After referring to the fact that on account of the wish of Abbe Colin, and constant tradition of the Sulpician community, no funeral oration would be given, the Bishop said:—"Still it would be neither proper, nor even just to keep silence in presence of the mortal remains of the one who had given us forty years of his life, the half of which number was spent as head of the community that has flooded with benefactions this land. It would be difficult to convey in a few phrases the universal sorrow so spontaneously manifested by the presence here of the prelates of the Church, the priests of whom he was a glorious example, the people and the youth of the country that were ever the objects of his most tender solicitude." Not only to an invitation, but also to the voice of his own heart did Mgr. Emard respond, in thus coming to recapitulate all that Abbe Colin had done in his lifetime. He spoke of the ardent soul and natural talents of the boy; the home education that laid the basis of his future success and greatness; the years of study at Saint Sulpice, in Paris; his ordination to the priesthood; the consecration of his entire future to the cause of God, of the Church, and of souls. One of the most touching passages in that moving tribute was the reference to Abbe Colin's humility. It was deep, it was broad; he labored not for himself, nor for his community alone, but for the glory of God. He vainly sought "to hide his light," but it shone forth in spite of himself, and it flashes out to-day with a splendor that words cannot depict.

He then pictured the lowly Abbe going on his missions of charity, carrying the bread of life to the poor and to those too far away from Church and priest. He told of his work as teacher in the Seminary, and of his pupils and disciples scattered over the continent to-day. But it was in his preaching that Abbe Colin involuntarily exhibited the secrets of his soul. From that very pulpit his eloquence was a miracle of power for conviction and conversion. He recalled the two memorable master-pieces—the eulogy of Pius IX. in the Pontiff's jubilee year and the funeral oration of the late Mgr. Bourget.

His eloquence, his zeal, his knowledge will never be forgotten. Even in the councils of the Episcopacy, Abbe Colin was selected as adviser on all great questions of dogma, morals, and discipline. He was great in his works. These works embrace everything; works of charity, hospitals, asylums, institutions of education, schools, seminaries, a university—in fact, the enumeration would alone be a catalogue.

A child of old France he loved his fatherland with filial devotion; and Canada, the land of his adoption and the scene of his labors he loved as warmly as he did his native land; the constituted authority under

which we live he loved and respected with an unswerving loyalty; but high over all these he loved the Church of Christ. When the supreme hour of death approached, the scene was one that no words can explain. Mgr. Emard was then present, and he gave, in his sermon, the exact expressions—the last words—that fell from the lips of Abbe Colin. "Dear friends," he said, "you have come to see a priest die. I am going to die, I wish it, I await it, and I am happy. I worked as long as I could for God, in the peace, in the tranquillity of my conscience, and I am happy to die to-night." Then, he added: "I'll die with all my affections in my heart—love for God, the Church, the Pope and Canada." He then passed into a state of apparent unconsciousness having, like Our Lord on the cross, deliberately rendered his life, his soul, into the hands of God. He was great in death, as he had been great in life.

"I have spoken," concluded Bishop Emard, "to bear testimony of my gratitude towards Abbe Colin and Saint Sulpice; but all that does not mean that he is not in need of our prayers. Let us all pray for him, as a mark of our gratitude; let us all pray for him, because he has prayed for us all."

At the conclusion of the Mass the body was taken from the church, and followed by prelates, priests, students and citizens and conveyed to the Grand Seminary, where the interment took place.

## Catholic Public Spirit In England.

Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebury Avenue, London, says the London "Universe," was on Wednesday night, Nov. 19, the scene of one of the largest, most representative, and enthusiastic Catholic gatherings held in the metropolis for many years. The occasion was the holding of the first meeting of the newly-formed Catholic Democratic League, which, if numbers and enthusiasm count for anything, should have a long and useful existence. Priests and laity came from all parts of London and its suburbs, and testified by their presence in such large numbers that no longer will Catholics, as far as London is concerned, be reproached with apathy on matters of general public interest.

On the motion of Mr. George Cooke, seconded by Mr. M. Kelleher, the Very Rev. Prior Higgins, C.R.L., was unanimously chosen to preside, and amongst those present were the Very Rev. Dean Clements, the Rev. T. J. Ring, Andrew Dooley, Melly, G. Graham, M. Fitzpatrick, G. Curtis (in whose parish the meeting was held), Messrs. T. Clarke (member of the Pease School Board), J. A. Cunningham, E. J. Coleman, E. Austin Hurson, P. B. Malone, J. P. (vice-chairman Tottenham School Board), F. Randall, McHale, Stoddart, and W. Smith.

The Very Rev. Chairman, after thanking the audience for their cordial reception, read the following telegram, which it was agreed to send to the Holy Father:

Secretary of State.

Vatican, Rome.

"That the Catholic Democratic League at its inaugurated meeting in London to-night humbly offers homage to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and craves the Apostolic benediction.

"REV. DOM. G. HIGGINS,

Chairman.

"Finsbury Town Hall, London, E. C."

Letters from the Cardinal and Bishops of Southwark, Middlesborough, Newport, Birmingham, Emmaus, Liverpool, Galloway, and Longford were then read, also letters of regret for absence from the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, the Very Rev. Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C., the Rev. Dr. Coote, the Rev. Fathers Carey, J. Nicholson, Eskrigg, B. Laws, O.P., Ostendi, Bane, B. St. Lawrence, Moynihan, O'Hagan, Beckley, White, Thompson, and Amigo.

The Very Rev. Father Higgins, C.R.L. (who was received with loud cheers) then delivered the inaugural address. He said he had been asked to say a few words to them on the subject of the Catholic Democratic League. Catholics they were, and if

Catholics, Christians. If they were Christians, then they must bring every problem within the range of Christian influence (cheers). The religion of Jesus Christ, which Catholicism alone adequately presents to the world, was intended to take possession of every heart, to influence all the actions of men, and to be the grand ruler and arbiter of all the world's concerns, whether public or private; whether social, commercial, or political (cheers). These were not his (the speaker's) words, but those of two men who had a perfect acquaintance with the burning questions of the hour, the Bishop of Newport and Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C. It was clear that without interfering in the government of the Church or in the doctrinal matters which were the special province of the priesthood instituted by Jesus Christ there was an abundance of work for the laity in the field of the Church. If this were true at all times how much more was it, said the Bishop of Colombo (Ceylon), in those days of mental and physical activity? Democratic influence must be brought to bear upon the mass of the world's population. They need not be afraid of the term democratic, whom the Church on Good Friday styled so expressively "the holy people of God." St. Peter had called the Catholics of his day "a purchased people," and the power of the blood with which they were bought it was the duty of Catholics, both individually and as a people, to manifest unto the world. Placed among the various peoples of the world, a people apart while not apart, they were chosen to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world.

This divine mission they could not perfectly fulfil until they recognized the growing power of popular control. They must put themselves in touch with the Democratic elements permeating society. They must accept that which was good in the principles and methods of the Democratic movement and then use the moral forces of Christianity to keep the impetuous torrent of democracy within the banks of liberty and justice (loud cheers). Christian democracy had the blessing of His Holiness Leo XIII., and, as the "Tablet" of November 8, 1902, put it, "the Holy See continues to advocate warmly the principles of Christian democracy." Not desiring to be more Roman than the Pope, they accepted the word democratic in connection with an association intended to receive members from every class of citizens in that great empire, and to secure the sympathy and support of every rank in English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish society (loud cheers).

There was work for all, work which was at once a privilege, a right, and a duty. Catholics could not afford to remain any longer as the saying is "in the sacristy." There was, the Bishop of Emmaus had recently told them, something worse than the mass of misrepresentation and downright lies which they had to contend with and that was "Oblivion." Catholics were not being noted and spoken of. They were not in the run. Nothing was more fatal to Catholic interests in this country than oblivion. It was, Dr. Patterson declared, the duty of Catholics of all grades of society to take part in public life, so far as was compatible with their condition. Catholics who neglected any opportunity of influencing public life were, according to Father Alphonsus, O.S.F.C., really injuring the Church, and ultimately their own position in the State. They were refusing to use their rights—nay, to perform their duties as Christian citizens, and each in his own sphere would be held individually responsible some day. They must be insistent in declaring their rights as citizens. They must be prepared to fight for their rights, or they would deserve to have them trampled upon and disregarded (cheers). And the words of that distinguished son of St. Francis were only an echo of a warning note from the Vatican. The Pope said that the condition of things at present proclaimed, and proclaimed vehemently, that there was need of a union of brave-minds with all the resources they could command, League, unite, combine, organize, were their watchwords and instruc-

(Continued on Page Eight.)

## Ireland

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"We have beaten Toronto," Mr. M



HON. EDWARD

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Mayor Cochrane accompanying him or addition to the oring were Messrs. 'bon, president o branch of the Unit Robert Bickerdike, Madore, K.C., M.P. in, Ald. Gallery, M durand, K.C., Sena M.P., P. J. Coyle, Hutchinson, K.C., E. J. C. Kennedy, 'lande, Rev. Father McShane, ex-Ald. C Walsh, Patrick W. W. E. Doran, F. J Costigan, C. Cough in, J. I. Tarte, M Nameo, M. J. F. Qu anagh, Michael Bu ers, H. J. Cloran, John Birmingham, Cyril Walsh, W. P. Hart, M. Donovan Kennedy, John O' and Rev. J. E. T Scott (Ottawa), (Quebec), Ald. Mad Clarke.

Mayor Cochrane proceedings, said t great pleasure to p ing held to advan Ireland. As patrie icts, Canadians w the welfare of ever Empire, because w it was unhappy t acted as an impedi members of that v tions. Ireland, as has for generations and distressed; and dians took an inte tion and in her cl He thought that t Ireland was becomi much as it seemed t was personally int he royal, and tha truly loyal purpos ample measure c ed that this w poor, old, down which had given soldiers and so mar men to the empire joy peace and coi plause).

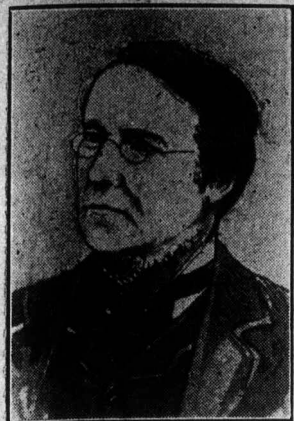
MR. DEVLIN, w with prolonged ap his first duty was -erest apology to meeting of sympat



# Ireland's Delegates At the Windsor Hall.

Montreal Irishmen covered themselves with renown at the great meeting which they organized at the Windsor Hall on Tuesday night to listen to the appeals of the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., on behalf of the claims of the United Irish League to the support of the Irishmen of Canada and the United States, and, in fact, of every land in which they or their descendants have taken up their abode since they left the Emerald Isle.

"We have beaten our brothers in Toronto," Mr. Michael Fitzgibbon,



HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P.

president of the Montreal branch of the United Irish League, announced after subscriptions had been taken up and counted. "Toronto Irishmen gave \$800. The subscriptions which we have just received amount to \$1,700; and when other sums which have been promised are in, there will be a total of \$2,000." The announcement was received with great cheering, as was also the list which was read, showing that amongst those who subscribed were several prominent French-Canadians.

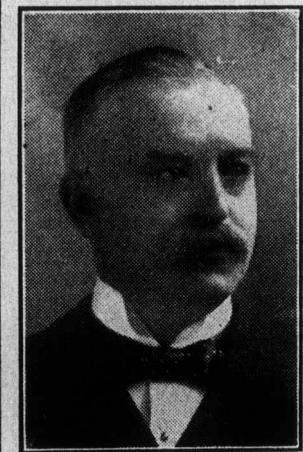
Mayor Cochrane presided, and accompanying him on the platform, in addition to the orators of the evening were: Messrs. Michael Fitzgibbon, president of the Montreal branch of the United Irish League; Robert Bickerdike, M.P., J. A. C. Madore, K.C., M.P., Hon. Dr. Guerin, Ald. Gallery, M.P., Senator Dandurand, K.C., Senator Beique, K.C., M.P., P. J. Coyle, K.C., Matthew Hutchinson, K.C., Dr. Devlin, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, Rev. Father Lalande, Rev. Father O'Meara, James McShane, ex-Ald. Connaughton, Ald. Walsh, Patrick Wright, B. Tansey, W. E. Doran, F. J. Curran, J. J. Costigan, C. Coughlin, J. M. Guerin, J. I. Tarte, M.P., F. B. McNamee, M. J. F. Quinn, Walter Kavanagh, Michael Burke, James Rogers, H. J. Cloran, B. J. Coghlin, John Birmingham, M. Eagan, J. Cyril Walsh, W. P. Kearney, C. M. Hart, M. Donovan, Dr. Walter G. Kennedy, John O'Leary, M. Guerin and Rev. J. E. Donnelly, D'Arcy Scott (Ottawa), Felix Carbray (Quebec), Ald. Madden (Quebec), J. Clarke.

Mayor Cochrane, in opening the proceedings, said that it gave him great pleasure to preside at a meeting held to advance the cause of Ireland. As patriotic British subjects, Canadians were interested in the welfare of every portion of the Empire, because when one section of it was unhappy or distressed, it acted as an impediment to the other members of that vast family of nations. Ireland, as we know, is, and has for generations been, unhappy and distressed, and therefore Canadians took an interest in her condition and in her claims for redress. He thought that the prospect for Ireland was becoming brighter, inasmuch as it seemed that King Edward was personally interesting himself in her behalf, and that had in mind the truly royal purpose of granting her an ample measure of justice. He hoped that this was true, and that poor, old, downtrodden Ireland, which had given so many gallant soldiers and so many brilliant statesmen to the empire, would soon enjoy peace and contentment. (Applause.)

MR. DEVLIN, who was received with prolonged applause, said that his first duty was to tender his sincerest apology to that splendid meeting of sympathy with the cause

of the old land, for the absence of Mr. Dillon. (Cheers). He deplored in a special degree the absence of the great leader, for he (Mr. Devlin) was incapable of taking Mr. Dillon's place as a representative of the organization on behalf of which they had come to appeal for the sympathy and support of the liberty-loving citizens of Montreal. The presence, however, of that great Canadian, Mr. Blake (applause) would make the audience forget his (the speaker's) limitations. He thanked the distinguished Mayor of Montreal for associating his high civic position and his personal prestige to the movement in support of which that meeting had assembled, Ireland was the only portion of the empire that was disappointed to-day. Why was she disappointed? Why was the great movement of which the United Irish League was the embodiment necessary?

Mr. Devlin replied to these questions by giving a graphic sketch of the condition of Ireland, not only at present, when trial by jury is suspended, free speech is suppressed, and the tried and trust representatives of the people, members of Parliament, are sent to prison to herd with criminals of the lowest class, and to perform humiliating work in jail, and when cattle and sheep are taking the place of men and women and children; but also during the past hundred years. During that period eighty-seven coercion acts had been passed. With what result? The people were never more united or determined in their constitutional struggle for justice than they were to-day (applause). The United Irish League was not only struggling to secure the land for the people, as Davitt and Parnell had struggled in the days of the Land League and the National League (applause), and to secure an Irish national parliament for the management of their own affairs, like that which Canadians possessed; but they were struggling for the preservation of the last remnant of the Irish race on Irish soil. That was not the first time that the hand of self-governing Canada had been held out to the Irish people at home in their land three thousand miles away. Enjoying as they did



MR. M. FITZGIBBON,  
President of U.I.L. Montreal

themselves the blessings of self-government, Canadians generously sympathized with the movement for the establishment of an Irish National Parliament. Canadians had stood by the empire in its hour of danger; and meetings such as that, where Canadian sympathy and support were given to the United Irish League, were sure to have a far-reaching effect in the final settlement of the Irish question. (Cheers).

A prominent Englishman had said that Providence had intended Ireland to be the fruitful mother of flocks and herds. Another had said that Ireland's destiny seemed to be to raise emigrants for America and cattle for the English markets. But when England wanted the best of generals to lead her armies to victory, they went to Ireland to get them (applause); when they wanted good soldiers to save their flag from defeat, they went to Ireland for them; and when they wanted brilliant statesmen, they found them in Ireland. It was admitted on all hands that the Irish party in the British House of Commons excelled in ability, eloquence, and statesman-like qualities, any other party. (Cheers). Ireland had given England the most brilliant Lord Chief Justice she had had for many years. (Cheers). The record of England's Government of Ireland was one of failure and (Cheers). Ireland

was disloyal to-day because she had nothing to be loyal for. (Cheers). A great colonial statesman, addressing a meeting of prominent Englishmen, the other day, said: "We are loyal to the Empire because we have self-governing institutions. If he had not, we would be disloyal." (Cheers). That statement put Ireland's case in a nutshell. Was it good policy, was it wise, was it statesmanlike, to persist in a policy that had produced so much evil to Ireland and danger to the Empire? (Cheers). The Ulster Protestants, under the leadership of Mr. Russell (cheers) are now organizing for a final settlement of the land question; and at the next general election every Ulster member with the exception of three would be united with the members of the other provinces of Ireland in demanding the passage of a satisfactory bill for the compulsory purchase of the land for the tenants. (Applause). With the assistance of the members of their race in Canada and America, the Irish people at



MR. JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.P.

home would soon make this national movement so powerful that, by the strength of its character and the justice of its aims, English statesmen would be brought to see that, in their own interest, as well as in that of Ireland, it would be advisable to accede to its demands. (Applause). He therefore appealed with confidence to those who filled that hall to lend their assistance to that great and holy cause, and thus earn the blessing of future generations of the grand old Celtic race. (Loud applause.)

MR. W. E. DORAN here announced, amidst cheers, that at a little meeting of the Montreal branch of United Irish League which had been held before that great gathering assembled, the sum of \$485 had been subscribed. After having listened to the eloquent address of Mr. Devlin, he felt sure that those who were present would contribute liberally to the fund. Although they all regretted deeply the absence of Mr. Dillon (applause), they felt that the cause of Ireland could not have been better pleaded than it had been by Mr. Devlin. He hoped that this would be the last time that Ireland would have to appeal to the United States and Canada for moral and material assistance. He assured Mr. Blake that the Irishmen of Canada were prepared to follow his noble example, and to aid Ireland to the best of their ability year after year until she obtained a full measure of national self-government. (Applause)

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M. P., was greeted with loud and prolonged applause when he rose to speak. He paid a high compliment to Mr. Dillon for his self-sacrificing and untiring efforts in behalf of his native land, and for his self-abnegation in resigning the chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party in order to bring about the much-needed unity which now prevailed in its ranks. It was fitting that Canadians, who realized the benefits of self-government, should sympathize with Ireland in her struggle to obtain the same right. (Cheers). The legislative union between Upper and Lower Canada had to be dissolved because local opinion and local wants were neglected, and because each of the provinces was not governed according to its own individual interests and wishes. The dissolution of that union had tended to real union—the union which existed to-day. (Cheers). The spirit of union now pervaded all Canada. They had a central government, in which they all had a deep and a national interest; and they had their provincial governments, which gave effect to their local ideas and desires. The utmost harmony and contentment now prevailed. These remarks applied to the condition of Ireland. Everyone knew the means by which the ignominious act of union was passed. That act produced a union in outward form only; in substance, it had produced slavery, as

far as Ireland was concerned. As Mr. Devlin had said, 87 coercion acts had been passed since the act of union. In 1887 a permanent coercion act was passed, which was like an evil spirit, that the British Government let loose upon the people or chained up at will. In 1882 the Canadian House of Commons had unanimously adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with Ireland in her struggle for self-government. He was leader of the Opposition at that time; and he had considered it a duty to support that resolution in an appeal in which he had endeavored to demonstrate the justice and the urgency of the claims of Ireland. (Applause). In 1886 another resolution of a similar character — this time affirming the right of Ireland to self-government and also protesting against the proposed new coercion law — was adopted by the Canadian House of Commons by an overwhelming majority, on the motion of one of the members for Montreal, who now occupied a seat on the judicial bench, and with whose son he had just had the pleasure of shaking hands — Mr. Curran. (Applause). And since then Canada had further affirmed its sympathy with Ireland in her just aspirations. England's effort to rule Ireland was a failure, a dismal and a calamitous failure; it was a blot, a stain, a blemish, upon her history. (Applause). England had been called "the weary Titan tottering under the weight of the too great orb of her fate." But it was her own fault if the weight was too heavy. She undertook too much legislative and governmental work. With Local Parliaments in Ireland and Scotland and Wales, to manage the local affairs of those countries, she would not be overburdened with this work, as she now is. She would be free to look after affairs of Imperial concern. Who would pretend that during the last hundred years, with its 87 coercion acts, or during the six centuries of struggle which had preceded it, Irishmen had lost their individuality as a nation or a race? No man-made laws could change what had been ordained by God. (Applause). The British Empire would immensely gain if there was a contented, a self-governing, and a prosperous Ireland. (Loud applause.)

HON. DR. GUERIN, in moving a vote of thanks to the delegates, said that the United Irish League had bound Irishmen all over the world in a chain of stout hearts, united for the emancipation and glorification of their fatherland. (Cheers). The Irish Canadian occupied a unique position. Canada stood forth an example of the comfort and the contentment produced by home government. (Cheers). The Irish Canadian was loyal to the flag that floats over him, loyal to Canada, and loyal, caressingly loyal, to the great old land of his forefathers. (Applause). Canada had been proud to give one of her brightest sons to the advocacy of Home Rule. (Cheers). They could ill afford to lose his brilliant intellect. He gave up everything that is dear to a public man — home, country, political position, bright prospects of political promotion — to place his talents at the service of Ireland. (Applause). Mr. Redmond deserved their thanks for having sent so brilliant a Celtic orator as Mr. Devlin to plead the cause of Ireland. (Cheers). He was glad to know that reassuring news had been received regarding the health of Mr. Dillon. (Applause.)

DR. DEVLIN seconded the motion. They felt thankful, he said, for the rare treat of Irish eloquence which had touched them to the innermost recesses of their Irish hearts. Ireland had paid Canada a great compliment in sending Messrs. Devlin and Blake to them as envoys to plead her cause. He was glad to see present so many sons whose fathers had advocated Ireland's rights in their day; and he was proud that his honored father was one of them. (Cheers). The bond of union between the Irishmen in Canada and the Irishmen in the old land could not be broken even by the hand of death. (Applause.)

MR. MADORE, M.P., speaking in French, said: I would not be faithful to the blood that flows in my veins if I did not heartily sympathize with the national cause of Ireland. If any people showed marked sympathy with Ireland in her centuries of struggle for her rights, it was the people of old France. (Cheers). That sympathy will always continue. In the name of my compatriots, therefore, I support this vote of thanks with great pleasure. With all my heart I say: Erin-go-bragh! (Applause). The motion was adopted.

On the motion of Mr. Blake, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mayor Cochrane for presiding.

## A SENSIBLE WINTER OUTFIT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A PAIR OF NICE LEGGINGS in Black Cloth, Gray or Brown Corduroy..... 75c  
A PAIR OF TAN LEATHER LEGGINGS—warmly Lined and Durable..... \$1.75  
The above are by the best makers, and are warranted to give satisfaction.

Ronayne Bros., 2027 Notre Dame Street, Chaboillez Square.

## Colonial House, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

### Men's Ready-Made Clothing

DEPARTMENT:

50 Men's Dark Grey Cheviot and Fancy Tweed OVERCOATS.

Tweed and Italian cloth lining; silk velvet collar; valued for \$14 and \$15. For..... \$11.00

A FULL LINE

### CORONATION TWEED OVERCOATS.

(Black and White dots), silk check and Italian cloth lining; sizes 34 to 39 same in stock at \$18. Job at \$11.00

Balance of Odd Lines in all sizes, 33 to 44, DARK GREY and FANCY TWEED OVERCOATS, lined and unlined, worth \$16.50 to \$18.00. For..... \$11.00

300 Pairs good quality Tweed and Serge Tailor-made Pants at..... \$2.50

5 Per Cent Discount for Cash.

Henry Morgan & Co., Montreal

## Baskets of Fine Champagne Wine

FOR HOLIDAY DEMANDS.

Piper-Heidsieck "Sec." in baskets of one dozen quarts ..... \$28 00  
Piper-Heidsieck "Sec." in baskets of two dozen pints ..... 30 00  
Piper-Heidsieck "Brut Extra," Vintage of 1892, in cases of one doz. quarts, 31 00  
and Piper-Heidsieck "Sec." in baskets of six pints ..... 8 00

All less 3 per cent. discount for cash and all delivered free by express in lots of one or more baskets or cases anywhere in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

Our Holiday Cases for 1902 are now ready. Prices have been reduced all round, and customers all over Canada placed on the same footing. Prices are F.O.B. cars at Montreal.

### HOLIDAY CASES OF WINES AND LIQUORS.

HOLIDAY CASE No. 1 at \$5.00.

- 2 Bottles Pale Sherry Wine.
- 2 Bottles Port Wine.
- 2 Bottles Claret Wine.
- 2 Bottles Walker's Rye Whisky.
- 1 Bottle Brandy.
- 1 Bottle Scotch or Irish Whisky.
- 1 Bottle Ginger Wine.
- 1 Bottle Holland Gin.

HOLIDAY CASE No. 2 at \$5 00.

- 1 Quart Bottle Champagne.
- 2 Bottles Table Sherry.
- 2 Bottles Tawny Port Wine.
- 2 Bottles Superior Claret Wine.
- 2 Bottles Walker's V. O. Rye Whisky.
- 1 Bottle 1878 Brandy.
- 1 Bottle Balmuir Scotch or Jameson's Irish Whisky.
- 1 Bottle Holland Gin.

HOLIDAY CASE No. 3 at \$11.75.

- 2 Quart Bottles Champagne.
- 2 Bottles Superior Dinner Sherry, (dry or fruity).
- 2 Bottles Very Superior Port Wine.
- 2 Bottles Superior Claret Wine.
- 1 Bottle Walker's Extra Old Rye.
- 1 Bottle 1865 Brandy.
- 1 Bottle V. O. Scotch or Jameson's 3 Harp Irish Whisky.
- 1 Bottle Bols' Liqueur Holland Gin.

### SPECIAL HOLIDAY CASES OF STILL & SPARKLING RED AND WHITE BURGUNDY WINES at \$11.25

- 2 Quart Bottles Macon.
- 2 Quart Bottles Beaune.
- 2 Quart Bottles Chablis (White).
- 2 Quart Bottles Beaujolais.
- 2 Quart Bottles Pomard.
- 2 Quart Bottles Ultra Sec Champagne.

Prices Net Cash and free on board cars at Montreal.

Prices reduced on all. WE DO NOT PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES on the above Holiday Cases.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.,

ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 & 211 St. James Street, Montreal



# OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The next letter that comes to my hand is signed "Edward Murphy;" it is written on paper bearing the letter heading of "Frothingham and Workman, St. Paul street, Montreal," and is dated the 22nd April, 1881. Over "twenty golden years ago" the lines before me were traced by a hand that has times numberless shaken mine in honest friendship, and were dictated by a heart that throbbed with pulsations religiously most fervent, nationally most patriotic, socially most sincere, educationally most exalted and in the ordinary affairs of business life most honest. As my eye takes in each off-read sentence, my mind goes back in one mighty bound, to that early spring morning when first these pages were taken from their envelope—for me it was equally the spring-time of my humble life. What a vast field strewn with the debris of the aerial castles then fondly and hopefully constructed, extends between the now and the then! Ah! but that field is marked with a vast number of memorial stones; and they bear inscriptions that revive tender memories of beloved faces that I shall see no more and of familiar voices that are hushed in the universal silence that hangs over the domain of the departed. As I begin to transcribe this letter I can again see those refined and gentle features, beaming with enthusiasm and love of country, as the words fell on the paper under his glance. I recall the most memorable occasions on which I had the pleasure of conversation with the lamented author of this model letter. I see him again, as on that day after he was appointed a Senator, coming down Beaver Hall Hill, as usual, and proceeding up St. James street, stopping to glance at the newspaper bulletin and smiling his inimitable smile as he read, for a first time, his own name with the prefix "Honorable," upon the public boards I then thought to myself how very appropriate that title was. I see him, once more, on the evening of the day that brought the news of Sir John Thompson's sudden death in England. He was coming up St. Francis Xavier street; and if ever the Angel of Sorrow could paint an anguish of heart upon the mask of the human countenance, his pencil had distinctly traced such lines on the pallid face of that sympathetic man. I can imagine him also upon that fatal morning, when he left his own house for a last time, and turned from his accustomed path to visit St. Patrick's presbytery—the home of his most devoted and most beloved friends—and when he encountered the Angel of Death, suddenly appearing with the supreme summons. These and countless other scenes passed and re-passed through my mind, from the moment I took this letter from the bundle.

However, if there is any special value in these lines, to my mind, it consists in the evidence they present of the noble purposes and of the intense love of Ireland and her sons that the late Hon. Senator Murphy entertained. It is quite possible that much of what this letter contains will be as ancient history to many of the readers of to-day; but it will go a long way to show the stamp and character of the patriotism that animated that superior Irishman. Nothing is old that constitutes a link in the great historic chain which binds together the remotest period of antiquity with the most recent moment in a country's record. And, as far as we Irish Catholics in Canada are concerned, I may safely say that the life of Senator Murphy forms an important link, if not section, of that chain. I now copy the letter, with but the elimination of my personal address.

"Montreal, April 22, 1881.

"Dear Sir:—  
"Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 15th inst., and the enclosed subscription for "O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees." You very justly remark that Mr. O'Hart is doing a gigantic work; I can assure you, that to my knowledge, the self-imposed labor of that gentleman is beyond conception, and I am sorry to say is likely to be out of all proportion to the remuneration he will get. Yet it is a grand and delightful toil, to delve in the mines of Irish lore and to ransack the mountains of Irish archives; I have done my best, in my limited sphere, to make his work known in Canada, and I hope that financial success will be added to his literary triumph.

"I might remark to you, however, that there is a great lack of enthusiasm amongst the average people

for the study of history and all the instructive relics of the past. This is exceedingly regrettable, in view of the fact that we must shape our future on the models of the bye-gone. I have been reading a series of very instructive articles in the "Harp," on coins and monuments. I wish you would secure the last half dozen numbers of that publication and glance over these articles. I am having some of them reproduced in the "Antiquarian," the organ of our Neumismatic and Antiquarian Society. There is no pastime more healthy (I mean mentally) than one afforded by some hobby, such as coins, antiquities, relics, and even old postage stamps. A man cannot possibly gather such objects together without imperceptibly learning something useful. The world may call him a "crank;" but some of the most useful machinery in the world to-day is turned by a crank.

"I will send you, in a few weeks, a published account of my lecture on "The Microscope and the Telescope." I know you will find it much to interest you. It has cost me a good deal of work, but, as I said, the pastime was very healthy. I would like to see our young Irish Catholics given to such studies. The truth is that we cannot expect a young man to spend his whole time in Church. He must and will have relaxation, or recreation. And the time occupied in the public library, in the lecture hall, at the national concert, or in his own room with his special study, or hobby, is so much snatched from the grasp of more dangerous, and often very ruinous amusements. Unfortunately, my duties in the commercial world prevent me from doing all I would like to do for the benefit and elevation of our young people. All that is left to me is to give them the example, and to encourage them whenever an occasion is afforded me. I have tried and will try to do this much for the sake of our dear old faith and our dear old fatherland.

"Please accept my thanks again, and believe me ever your sincere well-wisher and friend,

EDWARD MURPHY."

In reproducing this letter I wish to draw attention to the second last paragraph, in which the writer thereof refers to the example he wished to set for the young men of Irish Catholic origin. Any person acquainted with the life of the late Senator Murphy cannot but recall the faithful manner in which he performed that duty. In the first place, his whole career was an example of the success that an Irish Catholic boy can attain in this country. With but comparatively few advantages in his early youth, he ascended by slow and then by rapid degrees, the ladder of commercial success, until he reached the proud position of head of one of the most important mercantile firms on this continent. He gave the example of temperance, not only by the strict practice of teetotalism, but by word and precept on all appropriate occasions, and by his unremitting cooperation with the St. Patrick's Temperance Society—a member of which he had been for nearly forty years. There was not a national entertainment given, nor a patriotic or literary lecture delivered, that he was absent from the platform. In the cause of Home Rule he was foremost amongst the first; and after he had attained the high position of Senator he seemed to have only redoubled his efforts in the advancement of Irish interests in Canada and in the Old Land. He gave the example of sterling fidelity to the teachings of the Church and of humble but unflinching practice of the duties that our holy religion imposes. He had a hand in every good work that can be recorded in this city during his life-time. The Church, the school, the convent, the hospital, the orphanage, the asylums of charity, whatever their nature, all owe him a debt of gratitude, and those who enjoy yet the benefits of these institutions owe to his memory the mead of prayer that all departed souls most crave and most appreciate.

Little did he dream, on that April morning, twenty-one years ago when, in his office, he penned the foregoing letter, that, long after his days would be counted and his soul would have gone to its reward, his words would be reproduced, to his own honor and credit, in the columns of the "True Witness"—the organ of his predilection and of his greatest solicitude and practical protection.

# Our Reviewer

POETRY.—"Irish Mist and Sunshine," is the title of a volume of ballads and lyrics from the pen of a genuine poet, the Rev. James Dolan, already known to fame as "Slav-na-mon." The various pieces which make up the book breathe the refined air of true poetry, and exhibit consummate literary skill. They are not disfigured by imperfect rhythm or forced and unsuitable rhyme. A spirit of patriotism pervades them. The prelude indicates the themes that the gifted author has chosen:

"Soft Mist on Irish mountain  
Bright sun on field and dell  
Swift tides of joy and sorrow  
In Celtic hearts that swell.  
Green glen and haunted woodland,  
Loved homes by laughing streams,  
Firm faith and matchless manhood  
Lo! these my varied themes."

"Gray mist and flashing sunshine,  
That fleck the gorse-land brown;  
High deed and cloudy legend  
Of Erin's old renown;  
The saints' and martyrs' yearnings,  
The patriot's rhapsodies  
With timorous touch uncertain  
I strike the Harp to these."

For such a collection of beautiful lyrics it is difficult to quote samples uniform in their standard of excellence. "Knock-an-Faerin" opens with this stanza:—

"Oh, tis back to Knock-an-Faerin  
that my longing heart would go,  
To hear the wild wind singing and  
the breezes sobbing low,  
I'm weary of the valleys; and the  
sunny hills aglow,  
Call me back to Knock-an-Faerin,  
where the heather-blossoms  
grow."

"The Cruise of the Blue Maureer," "Cnoc-Maol-Dhoun," "Ballad of the Banshee," "Lament of Cill Ceannaigh," the "Rhyme of the Still-Hunters" and the "Ballad of the Bitter Death," are admirable lyrics. A stirring martial song is the translation from the Irish of Hy-Kinsellagh, entitled "The March of the North Cork;" which ends thus:

"The patriot flames they kindle  
then, have never since grown  
cold;  
To-day in Bargo and Idrome  
are hearts that beat as bold;  
And though the "Boys of Wexford"  
failed on fatal Vinegar Hill,  
Their hearts beat true to Freedom  
yet, they love their country  
still."

From the preface of this little volume, which is written by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., we take the following extract:—

"The Irish priest who is also a poet commands a range of emotions which are inaccessible and almost inconceivable to the decadent versifiers who have made the phrase "The Minor Poets" a term of contempt. There is, as in the great days of poetry, something of the divine in his calling. He is privileged, as is no other man, to enter the Holy of Holies of the Irish Soul, which contains a virgin mine of passion, pathos, mirth and tragedy still awaiting the poet's alchemic touch. The surprising thing is that so few Irish priests have yet turned to account for the enrichment of literature the wealth of human interest and feeling which lies around the poet-priest in the wildest mountain parish. The brook that bubbles around his daily path make music, and there is no cabin whose blue peat-smoke perfumes the moors around his chapel that could not yield up its little lyric or its tale of deep and haunting pathos."

The book may be had for \$1.50 postpaid from Blake's Book store, 602 Queen street, W. Toronto. It should find a place in every Irish Catholic home.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. — The December number of the "Catholic World" is an excellent number. "Leo XIII. and His enemies and His Critics," by the Rev. D. J. MacMackin; "Unitarianism and Religion in Education," by "J. S.;" "The Saint of Lindisfarne," by Marie F. Roulet; "One Christmas Mass," by James M. Keating; "The Basis of a Catholic Novel," by Rose F. Egan; "English Life in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," by William Seton; and "A Practical Talk on Church Building," by Charles D. Maginnis, are all well worthy of perusal. In "The Basis of a Catholic Novel," the author remarks at the outset:— "The Catholic novel is of an origin slightly more recent than that of the class, and it has since pretty closely

maintained its strict independence of spirit and individuality of thought. Brought into existence in the first half of the nineteenth century, in the days when religious reaction having set in, many noble souls were finding true peace in the Catholic faith, it caught the polemical spirit of the age, and so transmitted it with increasing vigor as the promulgation of doctrines and the spread of religion added heat to the discussions. In England, the theme was most often the trials of the high-born convert; in Ireland, the misfortunes of the evicted Catholic tenant, and in America, either the same as the first or the struggles of the emigrant to keep his faith in the New World. But always present, in whatever form the story might take, was the evident aim of the writer to glorify his church as the Protector of Truth. Discussion after discussion filled the pages most monotonously, and the adventures of impossible heroes and heroines, who possessed but two qualities, those of noble purity and intense love of faith, drew copious tears. But who, whose youth has been nourished by such literary pabulum, has not felt in later years how vital and how abiding must be the power of that faith that led many of its sons and daughters to give up all prospects of national fame and pecuniary reward, that they might teach the truth and beauty of their holy church? That this sort of novel, at present, utterly fails to satisfy our Catholic people is not surprising for many obvious reasons; but the fact that several of our most prominent literateurs are questioning whether it be worth the while to spend our energies on creating a Catholic school of fiction is, to say the least, worthy of our consideration. The production of an artistic novel, as of any other work of fiction, however, can never depend solely on the will of man, whether critic or writer; it must be the outcome of a long train of circumstances, which have inspired a genius, moulded his thought, and made ready an expectant and sympathetic world."

THE MESSENGER.—The December number of the "Messenger" sustains its high reputation as a first-class Catholic magazine. "The Religious Evolution of John Ruskin," by Rev. D. Lynch, S.J., is written in a sympathetic style, and throws a new light upon the changing moods of the great art critic of his age. "Tetzel, the Indulgence Preacher," by the Rev. John Corbett, S.J.; "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," by S.J.; "Emile Zola," by Pierre Suau, and "The Monks Again," by Rev. J. F. O'Donovan, S.J., are very well written and of more than ordinary interest. "Our Lady and England" is the title of one of the chapters of this month's instalment of the "Pilgrim Walks." Says the author:—

"Among the more precious relics preserved at St. Mary Major is one that is especially interesting to English pilgrims, viz., the dalmatic of St. Thomas of Canterbury stained with his blood. This should be a reminder to us not to leave the basilica without praying for poor England. What multitudes of English pilgrims, both in Saxon and Norman ages, have come to kneel at the foot of our Lady's altar before her picture in this church! After the visit to St. Peter's their thoughts at once turned to Mary's glorious basilica, and thither they hastened kindled with enthusiasm, for devotion to our Lady was ever a special characteristic of English Catholicism since the introduction of Christianity into the island. In no country in the world, outside Italy, were there more numerous sanctuaries, more miraculous images, more celebrated shrines of our Lady than in old Catholic England. Glastonbury, Evesham, Tewkesbury, Worcester and Coventry in Saxon times, Walsingham and Ipswich in Norman, were places of pilgrimage as well known as are now Genazzano and Loretto in Italy, Lourdes and La Salette in France. Devotion to our Lady filled the imagination of the architect, inspired the hand of the painter, guided the chisel of the sculptor, and welled up in the heart of every English Catholic, so that England became known among the nations of the earth by the beautiful title of "the Dowry of Mary." The numerous abbies that dotted the land were nearly all dedicated to her. Its saints, Thomas of Hereford, Richard of Chichester, Hugh of Lincoln, Wilfrid of Ripon, John of Beverley, Bede of Jarrow, Edmund and Thomas of Canterbury, Cuthbert of Durham, Godric of Finchale, etc., were conspicuous for their filial piety to the glorious Mother of God. Both Oxford and Cambridge Universities had their celebrated statues of our Lady. It is before that of the former that St. Edmund, still a boy, made his vow of perpetual chastity and solemnly consecrated himself to his Immaculate Mother. Alas! England has been torn away

from the Faith and is Mary's Dowry no longer; the sky is darkened with the clouds of heresy, the air is thick with the fogs of ignorance and unbelief, its shrines and sanctuaries lie desecrated, its people are distracted with conflicting doctrines, and religious-minded though they are, grasp at any shadowy or grotesque form of belief rather than the one true Faith that flourished in England for a thousand years. On the marble floor of St. Mary Major we kneel to offer a prayer for poor England."

ROSARY MAGAZINE.—"The Nativity in Art" appropriately opens the Christmas number of the "Rosary Magazine." "The Louisiana Purchase," by John A. Foote; "Revisiting Ireland," by William Ellison; "Pius VII. in Montelmart," by Antonio de Alarcon, and "The Origin of the Crib," by Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, are the principal contents. In "The Origin of the Crib" we read:—

"Is it any wonder that such a man should have been seized at once with the idea of the human beauty of the Incarnation? Is it any wonder that he should have seen in the Nativity not the coming of the King, but the unspeakable mystery of the Redemption, but the birth of a Babe in Bethlehem? Saint Francis may not have originated the devotion of the Crib,—it is one of those beautiful herb growths by which Christianity has nourished the human soul from the beginning,—but he at least popularized it in Italy. Christmas was his spiritual holiday. It was the feast of love, and Saint Francis is the world's great preacher of the love of God. His brothers asked him one day if it was right to eat meat on Christmas when the feast fell on Friday. "Assuredly," answered Francis, he of all saints the closest to the Passion, he of the Stigmata,— "assuredly. I would even wish that princes and great ones of the earth strewed the country and the highroads with meat and cheese in order that the birds and the beasts of the field should have their share in so great a feast." And he began to consider how he should bring the Christmas-tide near to the hearts and vivid to the imagination of the peasant folk of his country. It was only a genius, one whose mind was as quick as his heart in the service of his Master, who could have hit upon an idea so universal, an appeal so irresistible, as the cradle of infancy. From a purely human point of view, the Nativity is one of the great master strokes which make Christianity, as a human system, so incomparable, so magnificent a thing. To cloak the utmost power in the most abject helplessness, to weigh down a little outcast Babe with the omnipotence of the Creator of the world—what conception of human genius could be at once so bold and so beautiful, so awful and so winning? Saint Francis saw the possibilities of increased devotion to his dear Master that would follow the emphasizing, the humanizing, of this idea."

## WEDDING BELLS.

Tuesday morning, November the twenty-fifth, Saint Gabriel's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding. The contracting parties being Miss Mary Ann Buckley and Mr. John W. Dunphy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McDonald. Miss Ellen Buckley, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. James Polan, cousin of the bride, acted as groomsmen. The bride was attired in a becoming suit of blue camel's haircloth, with white satin blouse, and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white bridal roses.

After the ceremony breakfast was served at the home of the bride to sixty persons. At eleven o'clock the happy couple left for a trip to New York and other eastern cities. The many presents, which were beautiful and costly, showed in what esteem the bride was held.

## THE SISTERS OF PEACE.

Sister Teresa, for ten years superior of the Sisters of Peace on Belknap Bay, Washington, has been elected Mother-General of her order at Nottingham, Eng. She is the first American sister ever chosen as head of her order. Sister Teresa was born in Philadelphia about forty-one years ago. She became a Sister in Jersey City, N.J., sixteen years ago last May, went to Washington in August, 1890, and built a temporary hospital in Fairhaven. In 1890 she built St. Joseph's Hospital at Whitecourt. During the past years she built hospitals or schools in Rossland, Nelson and Greenwood, B.C., and acted as provincial superior on the coast.

# The

Directory United Ir

Dublin, Nov.

MR. REDMOND'S  
Wednesday evening  
John Redmond, M.P.  
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## The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.

Dublin, Nov. 22nd, 1902.

**MR. REDMOND'S RETURN.**—On Wednesday evening, Nov. 19, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., returned to Dublin from his tour to America where he had addressed meetings in Boston before private business and the arrangements made previous to his departure called him back. The Irish Leader was received at Dunleary by a great crowd of people, and addresses were presented by the representative public bodies of the old seaport and of Blackrock. To which Mr. Redmond briskly and suitably replied. Mr. Redmond arrived at the Westland Row terminus a little after eight o'clock. Before the arrival of the train a considerable number of gentlemen had already gathered on the platform. Outside the station an enormous mass of people, with bands, were assembled for some time, and they waited quietly the arrival of the train. When Mr. Redmond alighted at Westland Row station he was loudly cheered by those on the platform. When he appeared outside the station he was welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm by the people, who had then blocked the thoroughfare. It was with difficulty Mr. Redmond and his friends reached the Lord Mayor's carriage, the crush was so great. He took his place in the carriage, and seated with him were the Lord Mayor, M. P.; Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.; Mr. J. P. Nannetti, M.P.; Mr. T. J. Condon, M.P. Just as the start was made the whole street, previously in practical darkness, was lighted up by the glare of thousands of torches. The Lord Mayor's carriage moved up Westland Row to Nassau street, but the throng became so dense that thousands were obliged to turn back, and, walking along Great Brunswick street, they joined the procession when it reached College green. All along the way the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the mass of enthusiastic people, under the glare of the torches, presented a picturesque and inspiring spectacle. At College Green there was a great concourse. Again, at O'Connell Bridge, the street was blocked. Several bands were in the procession, but the crush was so overwhelming that it was found impossible in many cases to attempt to disperse any music at all. These bands included the Lord Edward band, St. Kevin's band, Protestant row, Irish Volunteers, Britain street; City of Dublin, Barrack street; Shamrock of Erin, Longford street; St. Austin, Raheny, and several others. The crowd were kept back from approaching the carriage by the Society, whose two standard-bearing uniformed members of the Foresters' carrying an Irish flag and the Stars and Stripes, acted as an escort to Mr. Redmond. There were several brakes in the procession, but the vehicles were so completely blotted out of view by the crowd that their occupants were obliged to desert them and mingle with the people in the streets. The demonstration was undoubtedly a most remarkable one, but there was no feature of it which was more impressive than the extreme attention with which the great gathering followed the speeches of Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien when they reached the League offices and proceeded to address the crowd from the balcony. The entire demonstration, needless to say, was most orderly. Large numbers of police, in uniform and multi, were in the streets; but nothing whatever occurred which necessitated their unwelcome intervention. The Lord Mayor, speaking from the balcony, introduced Mr. Nugent, who read the address from the United Irish League to Mr. Redmond. The Lord Mayor then introduced Mr. John Redmond, M.P. The announcement evoked a torrential outburst of cheering, which was continued for many minutes. When quiet had been restored, Mr. Redmond said:—Fellow-citizens, I need, I am sure, scarcely tell you how touched and how gratified I feel at the magnificent welcome home which you have given to me to-night. (Cheers, and a Voice—"You are worthy of it.") I take this great gathering of the citizens of Dublin as conclusive proof that they thoroughly understand and appreciate the importance of the work upon which I was engaged in America (cheers). No words of mine can adequately convey to you my sense of the importance of that work. Up to the present the Irish race throughout the world did

not come together as they had come in Ireland, but from this day forward I can promise you this in the name of your exiled brethren in the free Republic of America that they will stand at your back in this country just so long and no longer than you oppose a determined and a courageous front to Ireland's enemies at home (loud cheers). Fellow-countrymen, I only had the opportunity of taking part in the commencement of the work of the present Irish mission in America; but I saw enough to convince me of its success, and every day since I left my colleagues, Mr. John Dillon (cheers) and Mr. Davitt (cheers) have been engaged in pushing on the movement with their well known ability and enthusiasm, and I take leave here to say that in the whole of the long and honored career of John Dillon (cheers) and Michael Davitt (cheers) they never did a more valuable work for Ireland than they are engaged upon at this moment (cheers). Now, fellow-countrymen, I feel that my first and most momentous duty to-night is to express here my deep gratitude and my deep appreciation of the magnificent work which the Irish Party did in the English Parliament during my absence (loud cheers). I watched that work from across the Atlantic, and I tell you that the ability, the courage, and the determination, and the success of the action of the Irish Party in this session in Parliament produced a deep and lasting impression upon the minds of our brethren in America (loud cheers). The Irish Party made a protest against English misgovernment in this country on the floor of the House of Commons which rung around the world, and every morning when we read the cablegrams of how the party met the insolence of our English rulers our hearts were filled with pride, and we felt that an enormous assistance had been given to our mission (cheers). The true significance of that work was quite understood by your brethren in America. They saw the English Prime Minister, with audacity, saying to the representatives of the Irish Nation that, forsooth, they should not be heard unless they came under the wing and the patronage of an English party (cheers). But the Irish representatives in the House of Commons are an independent party (cheers). They belong neither to Whig nor to Tory, and it was with unspeakable gratitude and pride that we read how our colleagues in the House of Commons spurned this offer of Mr. Balfour, and in the end had wrung from him the very right that he had refused, and took for themselves the opportunity which he had refused (cheers), and a voice—"And will again;" and it was with equal satisfaction that we saw that when their work there was done, they had shaken the dust of the assembly off their feet, and had come back here in Ireland to devote all their energies to fighting the landlords and the Coercion of the Government (cheers). After fully justifying the action of the party with regard to the English Education Bill, he said:—Let me say to the Government that they should beware lest false guides should lead them into the belief that because the Irish tenantry are speaking the word of reason, and moderation, and generosity, and conciliation, they therefore think they can afford to tinker any longer with this question. No, let them understand once and for all we will have no more tinkering with this land question. They must introduce a bill to settle the question. I don't mean that they can scotch the Irish Land Question in a day or a month, but I do mean that they must introduce a great, far-reaching measure which will combine the elements of a rapid and final settlement of the question, and they must not shirk the awkward part of this question; they must not shirk dealing with the question of the evicted tenants; and they must not shirk dealing with the question of the congested districts, and the large cattle ranches, which must be broken up and re-settled, if Connaught is to have a chance, and, above all, they must not propose a scheme which will seek to saddle the tenantry of Ireland with a price for their land which will unfit them to compete with any chance of success in the markets of agriculture in the future (cheers). And, let me say one word of warning to the people. The present position has been brought about by the uniting of forces; by unpromising agitation, by courage,

and by absolute contempt for the Coercion of Mr. Wyndham (loud cheers). I tell them to beware how they throw away or leave aside the weapons they now have in their hands (hear, hear). Until this question is settled agitation must go on. Resistance to landlord wrong must go on uncompromising resistance to Coercion must go on. Coercion! Why, fellow-countrymen, Coercion has always been the harbinger of reform and justice in Ireland. The appearance of Coercion last year in Ireland gave me hope and courage, and I say that the fact that Coercion has to be fought is conclusive proof that we are near the end of this struggle (cheers). Therefore, be of good heart. Your brethren throughout the world are watching you. Stand firmly by your unity, stand firmly behind your united party, stand firmly by your united organization (cheers). If you do, if you follow out those lines, then I am absolutely convinced that we are on the high road to a glorious victory which will free the land of Ireland, and when the land of Ireland is free the Government of Ireland will not long remain enslaved (loud cheers).

Mr. O'Brien also addressed the meeting in an eloquent speech, and addresses were also delivered by Messrs. J. P. Nannetti, M.P.; M. Field, M.P., and the Lord Mayor.

**SALE OF AN ESTATE.**—The extensive estates of Mr. Willis Sandford, D.L., Castlereagh, are about to be sold to the Congested Districts Board, with the ultimate view of transferring of the land to the tenants. There are about one thousand tenants on the estates, which adjoin that of Lord De Freyne. The former rental of £32,000 per annum has lately been considerably reduced.

**RELEASE OF PRISONERS.**—At Roscrea, 18th November, the return home, after a sentence of two months' imprisonment under the Coercion Act, of Messrs. Rodolphus Meagher, D.C., and Joseph Gantley was, as in the case of their fellow-prisoners, fittingly celebrated. The Roscrea band travelled down by the 7.30 p.m. train to Ballybrophy, where they were joined by the local fife and drum band, and both discoursed patriotic airs on the railway platform until the arrival of the 8.40 train. On alighting Messrs. Meagher and Gantley received a great ovation, cheer after cheer rending the air, while the massed bands played fitting tunes. Before the train on the Roscrea section left, Mr. Meagher addressed a crowd of over 500 that had congregated, and said he had come back as fully determined as ever to carry on the good work of the United Irish League. At Roscrea a fitting reception was accorded. Between 2,000 and 3,000 had assembled, and the crowd carried the two prisoners shoulder high nearly half way down the street. There was a torch-light procession to Rosemary Square, where a splendid meeting was held, and the houses of nearly all the inhabitants were illuminated, as well as tar-barrels lighted in various parts. Over a hundred extra police were drafted in, but there was not the slightest occasion for their services. It is the intention to entertain all those who have undergone imprisonment to a banquet after the release of Mr. Daniel Powell, editor "Midland Tribune," who has still two months to serve.

**THE DE FREYNE ESTATE.** Boyle, November 17th.—The eviction campaign was resumed on Monday on the De Freyne estate, when Thomas King, who resided at Teigh, about two miles from the village of Loughlynny, was dispossessed of his holding. The weather was most inclement. A large force of Constabulary was drafted in from the different stations throughout the county, but everything passed off in a peaceable manner. Lord De Freyne drove over from his seat at Frenchpark to Kilonan Castle, where he was entertained as the guest of the Earl of Kingston. After luncheon their lordships enjoyed an excellent day's shooting in the Kilonan demesne, accompanied by other distinguished visitors. A transport car, carrying four police, followed Lord De Freyne.

**THE SHRINE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.** The Rev. William L. Hornsby, S. J., writes as follows from Macao, China, to the "Western Watchman":—Most Catholics are more or less acquainted with the chief events of the life of St. Francis Xavier. His name calls up at once the title which so often accompanies it, the Apostle of the Indies. It is known how in his short but remarkable apostolate of only nine years, he visited the most distant parts of India, from the Persian Gulf to the Molucca Islands, reaching even the remote, and then all but unknown empire of Japan, and how, wherever he went, by prodigies of zeal, he accomplished the conversion and eternal salvation of thousands and thousands of souls. It is said, by the way, that from the Moluccas he got up as far as Mindanao of the Philippines, being the first missionary in that remote possession of ours. It is known, too, how his heroic zeal would have carried him to the mighty stronghold of paganism in Asia, the great Chinese Empire, and how arriving at an island off the coast, worn out by his superhuman labors, and consumed by the very ardor of his zeal, he gave up his heroic spirit, in sight of the land whose benighted millions were the last object of his apostolic devotion. His death was worthy of his devoted life; he died all alone, it may be said, with his crucifix; his only human companions being an Indian and a Chinese boy. He died on the 2nd of December, 1552.

**THE LEAGUE IN LIMERICK.**—One of the greatest demonstrations ever witnessed in Limerick was that which took place on November 17th. Over 500 horses and cars assembled from far and near, and were accompanied by the prominent members of the surrounding branches of the U.I.L. The people formed a procession, which was headed by the local fife and drum band, and proceeded to Mr. Harris's farm at Ballinina (who is at present undergoing a term of six months' imprisonment under the Coercion Act), which is situated about a mile from here, for the purpose of stowing the farm crops, which were made short work of, for farmer and shop-keeper tradesman and laborer, worked with a willingness most edifying, which appears well for the National organization in East Limerick. This great demonstration has been made to show Mr. Wyndham that his victims under his Coercion regime will not be forgotten nor forsaken, and instead of terrorizing the people, his cruel Acts of Coercion will only band them closer together to keep struggling on against oppression, misrule, and tyrannical landlordism.

**MRS. YOUNG'S CASE.**  
A STRANGE CASE THAT  
BAFFLED DOCTORS.  
None of Her Friends Believed She  
Could Recover, and Her Case  
has Excited great Interest.

From the Courier, Trenton, Ont.  
The case of Mrs. Robert Young, of Stanley street, Trenton, is one that has caused a great deal of talk among those who are acquainted with her. Mrs. Young is now in her seventy-eighth year, and is quite vigorous for a woman of that age. Three years ago she took a chill, which appeared to affect her whole system. Her lower limbs and body swelled to such an extent that she could scarcely move them. Her stomach became so disordered that she could not take solid food, and her heart fluttered so violently that she could not lie in bed, and for two years had to be bolstered up day and night. The chills which were apparently the original cause of the trouble, became chronic, and affected her two or three times a week, and after a chill her skin would turn a dark brown color. Her friends did not believe she could recover, but nevertheless did all they could for her. Three doctors tried their skill, but to no purpose, and the strongest consolation they could offer was "Well, you know we are all growing old." Several advertised medicines were then given her, but with no better results. In August, 1901, Mrs. Young had become so bad that her daughter-in-law had to come from a distance to nurse her. She brought with her some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and persuaded the old lady to begin their use. In the course of a few weeks there could be no doubt that they were helping her, and the doctor advised continuing their use, and now, after using them for some months, the swelling that had affected her limbs is gone; the chills no longer loiter her; her stomach is restored to its normal condition, and the heart fluttering that had made it necessary to bolster her up in bed has also disappeared. It is no wonder that the case has excited much comment, and the editor of the "Courier," who has personally investigated it, can vouch for the facts related above. Such marvelous cures as this prove Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to be the best medicine offered the public to-day, and all those who are ailing should promptly give them a trial. All druggists sell these pills, or they can be obtained by mail at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A good thought propagated is an angel who goes, in the name and to the profit of Him Who sends it, to do good everywhere it has the mission to penetrate.

## The Shrine of St. Francis Xavier.

The Rev. William L. Hornsby, S. J., writes as follows from Macao, China, to the "Western Watchman":—Most Catholics are more or less acquainted with the chief events of the life of St. Francis Xavier. His name calls up at once the title which so often accompanies it, the Apostle of the Indies. It is known how in his short but remarkable apostolate of only nine years, he visited the most distant parts of India, from the Persian Gulf to the Molucca Islands, reaching even the remote, and then all but unknown empire of Japan, and how, wherever he went, by prodigies of zeal, he accomplished the conversion and eternal salvation of thousands and thousands of souls. It is said, by the way, that from the Moluccas he got up as far as Mindanao of the Philippines, being the first missionary in that remote possession of ours. It is known, too, how his heroic zeal would have carried him to the mighty stronghold of paganism in Asia, the great Chinese Empire, and how arriving at an island off the coast, worn out by his superhuman labors, and consumed by the very ardor of his zeal, he gave up his heroic spirit, in sight of the land whose benighted millions were the last object of his apostolic devotion. His death was worthy of his devoted life; he died all alone, it may be said, with his crucifix; his only human companions being an Indian and a Chinese boy. He died on the 2nd of December, 1552.

There is something not only touching, but inspiring and attractive, we might even say romantic, in the higher sense of the word, in such a death, as the close of such a noble life. For Catholic missionaries who have followed St. Francis in this part of the world, and particularly for his brethren of the Society of Jesus, the death-place of their great patron and model has ever been the object of special devotion. This communication is from the latest pilgrim to that shrine, now but rarely visited. It is situated about sixty miles from Macao, the nearest foreign settlement, but from the mainland of China it is separated by only a little passage of from eight to ten miles in width. It is literally true then that the Saint died in sight of China; from the shore on which he breathed his last, he could turn his dying eyes to the hills of the mainland.

The scene of his death is on a beautiful little bay. The vegetation along the shore and in the little valleys is luxuriant, and there are some fine old trees of the banyan family, which may have been there in the time of the Saint. There is a simple but picturesque little chapel, erected over the spot where the Saint's remains found their first resting place. It is at one of the extremities of the bay, and stands a few paces up the side of a high steep hill. Behind the chapel, higher up the hill, there is a fine bronze statue of the Saint, standing on a pyramidal column of granite blocks, about thirty feet high. The chapel was built and the statue erected by Mgr. Guillemin, of the Paris Foreign Mission, then Bishop of Canton. This good missionary bishop was most devoted to St. Francis, and much interested in keeping the Saint's memory alive in Sancian, which belongs to the vicariate-apostolic of Canton. Besides the two monuments just referred to, Mgr. Guillemin erected a second chapel down on the beach of the same little bay, near the village in which he hoped to found the best monument to the Saint's memory by converting the inhabitants. Finally, the good bishop had set up on the top of one of the whole island, a large stone cross about twenty feet high, which could be seen from afar off at sea. In his zeal and devotion to St. Francis, it was the bishop's desire to make Sancian a nucleus for the evangelization of that part of his vicariate.

He did, indeed, succeed in making a good many conversions at the time, but alas! soon after his death, the unfortunate war with France broke out, in 1884, and the people there as in some other parts of China, attacked the missionaries and their works, as representing the French. The large cross was thrown down and broken, and the two chapels were almost completely ruined, but the statue of the Saint, for some reason or other, was left intact. Could it be that they knew that he was not a Frenchman? The worst of the persecution was that most of the new Christians apostatized, and have never yet been reconciled with the Church. The old cross, which must have been very picturesque on its towering height, has not been set up a-

gain, but the two chapels, within the last few years, have been pretty well repaired. There is no missionary resident there, but the Christians—all that is left of them, about fifty—are administered to by a Chinese priest, who resides on a neighboring island nearer the mainland. The population of the island, though it is described as desert and uninhabited in St. Francis' time, must be between fifteen and twenty thousand at present. A nice thrifty little population it is, scattered over the island in a dozen villages or more, very picturesquely situated some of them with one busy little port, where the big junks, such as those in which the Saint often sailed these stormy seas, come in and anchor. The land is well cultivated, and the villages are clean and have an air of ease. The houses are almost all of brick, and are built with a certain uniformity of construction and ornamentation, gaily painted in many instances below the eaves, and showing up well among the trees. In fact there are all the elements of pretty scenery there; green hills and green fields, trees and rich vegetation, the homes of men and the great ocean flowing all around.

But the interest of Sancian, for us, who in a certain material sense walk in the Saint's footsteps out here, does not lie in its physical attractions, but in the inspiring memories of the heroic Apostle who breathed his last there, in the execution, or at least in the attempt of his last great enterprise. It may be recalled that the remains of the Saint were buried in quick-lime at Sancian, but when exhumed about three months later, they were found in a state of perfect preservation. They were conveyed first to Malacca, where a plague then raging was miraculously stopped by their presence, and then to Goa, where they were entombed, and where they remain in a state of preservation to this day.

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300 Black Dress Patterns, a choice selection of plain and fancy; no short lengths; all Full Dress Patterns. Prices from \$1.75 per pattern.

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A large assortment to select from; a Blouse Length in all Pure Silk from \$1.75 yard.

**Fancy Flannel Blouse Patterns**  
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Stocked with an unrivalled aggregation of Toys, etc., will be open for the Holiday Trade at the beginning of this week, and will surpass any and every display we have hitherto made of.

**The World's Novelties for Holiday Gifts**  
Our assortment of Christmas Cards, Booklets, Art Calendars, etc., embraces everything choice and up-to-date. Anything in this line for Foreign mailing should be selected at once.

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CHESTS.

Tool Chests filled Tools well finished. 27c

Wash Sets - 15c Pretty Villages 25c Ring Toss - 23c Large Drums - 27c Card Games - 4c Tool Chests - 27c

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adies' new Walking is, in black and gray with plain cloth, it fan flare. Special.....\$5.65

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re Specials.

red to-morrow in all kinds of ere's more r'iated than you'll find in Montreal. The city the finest, and I see them.

\$2.00 to \$7.85 (pieces) \$8.00 to \$18.00 \$1.70 to \$6.00 \$1.50 to \$3.50 \$1.90 to \$3.00 \$1.70 to \$4.20

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eries,

c.,

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Missions to Non-Catholics.

St. Joseph's Church, Eastern Shore, Md., as the Jesuit Fathers are wont to call it, is one of the oldest Catholic churches in the diocese of Wilmington. It was begun as a mission by the Jesuit Fathers in 1755, when Rev. Joseph Mosley was sent from St. Mary's County to locate on the Eastern Shore. Father Mosley finally settled in the upper part of Talbot County as the most suitable point, whence to attend the different missions under his charge. Here he erected a brick church and dwelling, which he completed in 1782. The trials of his missionary life have been preserved in part in a series of letters to a sister in England named Mrs. Dunn. From these we learn that even in Catholic Maryland during the Revolutionary War it was forbidden to build a Catholic Church. Father Mosley was obliged therefore to build the church as an annex to his small house. It was known legally as Mr. Mosley's private chapel, although it was a case where the part was seemingly greater than the whole. Both church and house were solidly built, and have been used for worship and residence uninterruptedly until the present. Small additions have been made to both, but the original building stands intact, a monument to the missionary who labored single-handed and single-hearted for the faith in these parts.

The church is situated in a fertile agricultural section, and most of the Catholics are well-to-do farmers. When one sees the beautiful farms that surround the church on all sides, it is impossible not to wish that a larger number of our Catholics would settle in such a region. If our Catholics laboring in the factories of the cities and the mines of the mountains knew the advantages of such a life as that offered by the country around old St. Joseph's, many of them would write for information to Father Temple, at Easton, Md., who is continuing the work begun by Father Mosley a century and a half ago.

As the church is in the country, Father Sutton lectured in a hall in the neighboring town of Cordova, situated three miles from St. Joseph's. The hall would accommodate about 300 persons. Every available object was used to give the people the comfort of a seat—chairs, some without backs, benches, boxes, nail kegs, butter tubs and plain boards, laid from box to box. The place was jammed every night.

The mothers brought all the children, even babies. The good farmers with their wives and children sat for over an hour each evening and drank in the word of God as the parched earth drinks in the welcome rain.

Two hundred copies of "Clearing the Way" were distributed to non-Catholics. Each evening before the lecture began Dr. Temple, the pastor, and Father Sutton stood at the entrance to the hall and spoke to every one as he or she came in. After a few nights the shyness of the non-Catholics seemed to wear off and they would remain after the lectures and chat pleasantly with the priests. The second day some Catholic ladies spent the afternoon in decorating the platform with rugs and flowers, giving it a pretty appearance in strong contrast to the rough rude hall.

At St. Joseph's each morning Mass was celebrated, a sermon preached to Catholics and confessions heard, Father Sutton devoting the morning to Catholics and the evening to non-Catholics. The three-mile drive before and after the lecture was not so unpleasant as it might have been had the weather been less favorable.

Some few questions were dropped in the box. The following was given to Father Sutton, to which he was requested to give a full answer:

"Is the Roman Catholic Church identical in doctrine with the old Apostolical Church? Historical identity is fully and freely admitted, because she can trace an organized existence back to Apostolical times; but in doctrine she has not widely departed from Apostolical faith from time to time since the year 600 by addition?"

"The additions are based upon the decisions of the Council of Trent, which closed its session December, 1563. They were formally published by Pope Pius the Fourth, November, 1564. The Article of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary was added by Pius the Sixth, December,

1855. The Article of Papal Infallibility was added July, 1870."

(Signature given.)

ANSWER.

"The 'Stumbling Blocks' arise from the confounding of the definition of the existing faith of the Church with the creation of new tenets not flowing from the legitimate extension and application of admitted principles. They mistake the language of definition for the words of creation. Many Protestants erroneously date the commencement of a doctrine from the time it was made binding by an explicit definition, although it had always existed in the Church. Such definitions are inseparable from the nature of man, and when there is a judicial power to settle and determine the full meaning of the law.

"Suppose a case came before the Supreme Court of the United States as regards the construction of one of the articles of the Constitution; the Court would determine its meaning and bearing. Would any one be so foolish as to charge the Court with creating a new fundamental law, when it simply declared what that law meant? Would any one say the Constitution had not always been what the Court declared it to mean? To declare what is the law and to make a law are very different. One is to create, the other is to define or explain that which is already made.

"So with faith. The Church does not create new doctrines; she defines what has been the faith committed to the Apostles by Christ.

"St. Augustine in speaking of the definitions of doctrine that had been up to his day, shows how the definition brought out more clearly and more emphatically what had always been the teaching of the Church. He says: 'The dogma of the Trinity was not perfectly brought out till the Arians declared against it, nor the efficacy of baptism till questioned by unbaptizers. Thus the errors of heresy, instead of injuring the Catholic Church, have really fortified it, and those who thought wrong were given an occasion of ascertaining the right. What had been but piously believed became afterwards fully known.'

"To say, therefore, that every definition of faith was an addition to the fundamental revelation made by Christ, would be as false as to say that every new definition by the Supreme Court of the United States of an article of the Constitution was a new law not contained in the Constitution of our country. Take, for example, the infallibility of the Pope. Before the definition of infallibility all Catholics agreed that it resided in the Church. Some held as matter of opinion that it resided with the Pope, others that it was lodged in the Pope and a general council. Yet the decrees of general council were not of any value without the Pope's assent. Infallibility was admitted by all Catholics; the question was: Where does it reside? That question was decided by the Church declaring that it resided in the Pope as chief teacher of the entire Church. Cardinal Newman in his book on 'Development of Christian Doctrine,' could be read with great profit by those who find the definitions of doctrine a stumbling block to their recognizing the Catholic Church as the teacher of the unchanged doctrines of Christ."

Dr. Temple is delighted with the good results of the mission. Several fallen away Catholics have been brought back, and many of the non-Catholics expressed the great joy it had given them to hear the doctrines of the Church explained. Some of the inhabitants of a neighboring town, in which there is not a single Catholic, have expressed their desire to have Father Xavier Sutton come there and give a few lectures in the Town Hall.

Old St. Joseph's has taken a new life. On Sunday at Mass the church was crowded with devout worshippers. In the spring it is the desire of the pastor and people to have the old historic church renovated and improved.—Catholic Standard and Times.

EMIGRATION FIGURES.

The emigration statistics for the first ten months of the present year show that 837,823 persons left ports in the United Kingdom for places outside the kingdom. Of these 150,000 were foreigners, who simply touched at a port to leave again immediately. Of the total of those of the three nationalities—English, Irish, and Scotch—namely, 181,314—118,177 were English, 23,408 Scotch, and 89,741 Irish. From these figures it will be seen that Ireland, whose population is now less than Scotland's, sent out half as much again of her blood and sinew to lands of practical exile.

Shorthand as a Stepping Stone.

In what I am going to say it may appear that I believe the only way to success for a young man who wishes to succeed in the business world is a thorough knowledge of shorthand. Please disabuse your mind of this impression at the outset; I am far from believing anything of the kind.

If one were called upon to select a name for this age of ours he might well call it the "Age of Specialties." In the old days—and not so very old, by the way—when young men cut loose from the responsibilities of home and school life, and started out into the world to make or mar his own fortune, he was considered the most fortunate who secured a position as office boy with a respectable and responsible firm—hours from eight to six—salary two dollars per week, with an increase of one dollar per week for every year of his service. And these were boys of fair education, too; in fact "good handwriting" and a common school education were absolutely necessary—"a sine qua non."

Things are changed now-a-days. Few of the old time office boys are to be found, or, indeed, are wanted. Read the advertisements in the "Herald" and note what is called for: "Office Assistants," "Bookkeepers," "Cashiers," "Stenographers," that is to say, trained help. And further than this, the magic word "experience" appears in eight out of ten of these advertisements. The logical sequence is that experience, in one form or other, must be had, before a young man can expect to get or to satisfactorily fill these positions. In other words, the boy who wishes to succeed must be a specialist—he must know some one thing—must know it well, better, if possible, than any one else may know it.

And note, also, that so great is the demand for the young man so equipped that he is able to make a choice of the particular line of business toward which his fancy directs him. He is not compelled to take hold of the first thing which comes to hand, in order that he may be decently clothed and well housed and fed. He knows, if he is a bright young man, that his knowledge has a definite value, and that the demand being greater than the supply, he is absolutely certain of selling at the highest market rate at any time when he is so disposed.

No young man in business is a specialist to any great extent than the stenographer. He can in no sense be trained in the office. He must perform his technical duties as well the first day, as at the end of the first year of his service. His is a profession, and like other professional men—the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman—his preparation is his "experience" and is paid for in the proportion that it has been thorough or the reverse. He holds a peculiar position. He is in constant touch with the head of the firm or corporation. Nine-tenths of ordinary business is done through correspondence, and this correspondence must pass through his hands. Under ordinary circumstances he is more thoroughly posted upon the affairs of the concern for which he labors at the end of his first six months of work, than the old-time clerk who has been in the same employ three years. He stands in the same relation to the members of the firm as did the "head clerk" of the old days. Their secrets are his secrets, and he finally becomes a depository to which they consign all matters of note and draw from same at will. He is their memory; their memorandum book. What is the result? His time soon becomes too valuable to be spent hammering upon a typewriter or taking dictation. This department wants a head, or that branch of the business wants a manager, and whose knowledge is more extensive or who can be relied upon more implicitly than the trusted stenographer? From that day—and in fact, from the first day of his service his course is upward, and at no small's pace.

I have spent more than twenty-five years of my life watching transitions like this. I have before me a list of more than five hundred young men, all of whom I know started out in their business career as stenographers. Some, in the natural course of events, have gone from the world. A few, I am sorry to add, have formed habits and associations which led to ruin and disgrace. But more than ninety per cent. have become men of prominence and are respected members of the business community of New York to-day. Not one in fifty did a stroke of shorthand work last year, or will ever again take up the duties of a stenographer,

but without exception they will, with gratitude, ascribe the greater measure of their success to the stepping-stone, the specialty which proved for them the entering wedge,—shorthand.

And there are other advantages connected with a specialty of this kind. One hundred years ago every New England boy was taught a "trade" as a sure protection for the coming of that rainy day which was always prophesied for him. It was a grand scheme, and the hard-headed common-sense of the parents of those days is still to be seen in the rugged self-dependence that exists nowhere else so strongly as in New England. Ours is the same idea. Give me a young man thoroughly equipped with a knowledge of shorthand in his brain and a Remington typewriter under his arm, and I will put him down in any city in these United States, a stranger, and without financial support, and in three days will see him securely seated in some prominent business office, drawing a salary that is ample for his support, and for a wife and family as well.

From the standpoint of mere money getting such a specialty is far more valuable than a college education. I have in mind a graduate of Yale who, finding that his knowledge was not of the saleable kind, took up shorthand and is now private secretary to a well known college president. Unquestionably his college training is of the utmost value to him, but without the specialty he could never have obtained and could never have held his situation. I have on my desk a letter from a young man in which he tells me that he is director in thirty financial concerns of magnitude throughout the country, and concluding with the statement: "This is what shorthand did for me." I could multiply such cases from my own experience and from public sources as well.

It is no man's province to advise a great number of young men indiscriminately to take hold of any one thing, simply because he believes in it, and I do not wish it taken for granted that I do anything of the kind. I am simply a guide-post, pointing out one way, which I know to be good, and which will lead to the pleasant pastures of Success. Other guide-posts, equally reliable, will point out other ways, with which I am not familiar, but which will undoubtedly lead to the same destination. I know, however, in regard to the specialty of which I speak, that the demand and supply are so far apart as not to be on speaking terms. I know that the circulars sent out by the U. S. Civil Service Commission state emphatically, in italics, that the supply of male stenographers is far too limited to equal the calls made upon the Commission by the departments at Washington and elsewhere. I know that the pecuniary rewards which come to him who has such a specialty as this, are fifty per cent. greater than those which come to him who has not; and for such reasons as these I would advise any young man to grip fast hold such a specialty rather than sit down supinely, Macawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. Things don't turn up—they have to be turned up. If you have nothing better to tie to, take up shorthand; but in any event take up some one thing and know it, from keel to main-royal-truck, and from flying-jib-boom to rudder-post.—J. N. Kimball in the Young Men's Home Journal.

Charitable Work In Scotland.

Last year a branch of the Catholic Needlework Guild of Scotland was formed in Glasgow by Lady Anne Kerr. The object of the Guild is to provide suitable clothing for the poor of the archdiocese where branches of the society may exist. Last week the first yearly meeting of the members and associates was held in the Diocesan Hall, Great Clyde street. Very Rev. Canon McCarthy who presided, expressed the hope that by this time next year a branch of the Guild would be established in every parish in the West of Scotland. The report submitted showed that the membership of the branch was already 116, that the number of garments on hand was 200, and the money to the society's credit £7. The 200 garments were afterwards allocated to the different Catholic charitable institutions of the city.

Subscribe to the "True Witness."

"A Requiem Mass Swindler" Arrested

Frank Richards, the alleged "Requiem Mass Swindler," whom the police characterize as "the meanest man who has visited New York in years," was captured by Policeman Rooney of the Wakefield station, with the assistance of two Catholic priests, Wednesday afternoon. Richards is believed to be the man who has for months past been swindling the Catholic clergy in New Jersey with a "Requiem Mass" system, which consists of a pitiful tale he tells concerning the death of some beloved or friend, after which, to express his gratitude to the priest for the saying of the Mass for the repose of the dead one's soul, a bogus check is tendered for a sum greatly in excess of the amount promised the priest for saying the Mass. Of course, his object is to get the change, and he succeeded, according to the best information obtainable Wednesday, in getting substantial sums on more than one occasion.

Richards, or as he called himself to the clergy, Louis Berry, appeared at the door of the rectory of St. Agnes' Church, on East 43rd street, near Lexington avenue, Monday night, and asked for Father Brann, the rector, who in answer to the summons, met him in the parlor of the rectory.

"Father," said Berry or Richards, "I am a tailor, and work on 45th street, and I want you to say a Requiem Mass for the repose of my poor dead mother's soul."

"How long has your mother been dead?" Father Brann asked the stranger.

"Nearly a year," was the reply, "and she is buried in France, the country of my birth. What will the Mass cost, Father? I am willing to give something to the Church, and, then I want music, too."

Berry said the price suited him, and then explained to Father Brann that he did not have the necessary amount in specie, but that he did have a check that was as good as the Bank of England or words to that effect in his pocket. He then tendered the check, which was for \$24, made payable to the order of Louis Berry, and signed "Max Stenberger." It was drawn on the West Side bank.

"I felt a little suspicious when he showed me the check," Father Brann said, "but he was apparently so sincere, and then he was a nice-looking young fellow, well dressed, and I could not believe that any one could be so mean as to use his mother's name in telling such a terrible falsehood, so I decided to trust him, and gave him back \$14 in change. That was on Monday. After the man had gone I sent the check to the bank, and it was sent back marked no good. I could hardly realize that any man could be so mean as was that one, and at first I was loath to believe that he really intended to swindle me. I very soon realized that I had been duped, however, and I determined to acquaint the police with the facts."

"Accordingly, I went to the East 51st Street Station, and told Capt. Lantry of the swindle. The captain was very courteous, and assigned Detective McCauley to the case, and then had a general alarm sent out for the arrest of the man. The swindler was about 30 years of age, dark complexion, of slender build, about five feet eight inches tall, and had dark hair. He appeared to be a Frenchman."

As soon as Detective McCauley was put on the case he went around to the rectory of the church and advised Father Brann is understood to have complied with. After this, nothing was heard of Berry until Wednesday afternoon, when a man who said that he had lost a very dear friend who had been more to him he said, than a brother, assisting him in many difficulties, besides doing a lot of other things for him, calculated to make a man feel grateful, rang the bell of the rectory of St. Mary's Church at Williamsbridge, and asked for Father Carr, the rector. Father Carr was at home and met the man in the parlor just as Father Brann had done. Berry told Father Carr about his great and much beloved friend who died many months previous. He then recited all the good things that the dead man had done for him.

pay you \$15, if you think that enough."

Father Carr thought \$15 an ample sum, and agreed to say the Mass as requested.

Berry, after expressing his gratitude to the priest, told him that he was very sorry that he did not have the amount promised in money, and added: "But I have a check that is just as good."

He then produced a check similar in every respect to the one given Father Brann, the amount being the same, the institution on which it was drawn being the West Side bank and the alleged signer of it being Max Stenberger.

Father Carr looked at the check a moment and then he remembered something, and told his assistant, Father Collins, who was present, to arrange the details of the Mass with Mr. Berry, while he went after the change. Leaving the rectory, Father Carr went to a nearby telephone and telephoned the bank and asked if the check was good.

"It certainly is not. You must have run across the same man that Father Brann did? Was the answer from the bank.

Father Carr then started back to the rectory, and meeting Policeman Rooney, asked him to accompany him and make the arrest. Rooney promptly placed the man under arrest and escorted him to the station. At the station house Berry said his name was Frank Richards. Asked where he had gotten the check, he replied:

"I found it." That was all he would say, and he was locked up.

It is understood that Berry or Richards has visited a number of Catholic churches in Harlem and the Bronx. He also visited St. Patrick's Cathedral last week, and asked for Father Lavelle, the rector. Father Lavelle was out, however, and Father Tole, the assistant rector, met the stranger. Father Tole got the same story that Fathers Brann and Carr did, with the exception that he was to pray for the soul of an aunt who had died about eight months ago, and who, according to Berry, came as near being a perfect woman as ever lived. Father Tole agreed to say Mass, but when the \$24 check on the West Side Bank, signed by the faithful Stenberger, was presented in payment, he had to decline it, for the reason that strange checks are not received at St. Patrick's.

Referring to the operation of Berry or Richards, a prominent priest said that it was similar in many respects to a system that was practiced in England a few years ago by a shrewd swindler. In that case the swindler would appear at the rectory, he said, accompanied by a very handsome young woman, and ask to be married. After the ceremony he would tender a check in excess of the fee, and in a great many cases received the change. The man was married no less than 200 times to the same woman, the priest said, before he was finally captured and sent to prison.

The Church in Ireland.

About the Catholic Church in Ireland these interesting statistics are given by Father Hull, S. J., of Dublin, in a letter to the Glasgow "Observer":—

The total population of Ireland is roughly about 4,500,000. From the Propaganda report of 1901 the Catholic population is about 3,500,000. The Catholic Directory of 1901 shows that there are in Ireland 28 bishops, 1,090 parishes, 1,010 parish priests, 1,869 administrators, curates and other priests, 557 priests of the regular clergy (total of priests, 3,438); parochial and district churches, 2,433; houses of religious.—From these figures, taken in round numbers, the following rough results seem to follow:—

- One church for every 1,300 of the Catholic population.
One parish for every 3,500 of the Catholic population.
One parish priest and one or two curates for every 3,500 of the Catholic population.
One parochial priest for every 1,700 of the Catholic population.
One priest, secular or religious, for every 1,000 of the Catholic population.
One male religious house for every 17,000 of the Catholic population.
One convent of nuns for every 10,000 of the Catholic population.
And all this great establishment is maintained by the voluntary contributions of a people among the poorest in the world.



THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

(By an Old Reader.)

On next Monday, the 8th December, the Church will celebrate the grand and beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception. Forty-eight years ago, on the 8th of December, 1854, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated by Pope Pius IX., of saintly memory. No more ancient and universally accepted teaching of the Church, yet those who lack both knowledge and appreciation of Catholic dogma, are under the impression that the idea of the Immaculate Conception only dates from the day of that promulgation. Not at all. Had not that article of faith existed before there could have been no promulgation of it. It was not the promulgation that gave rise to the dogma; but the pre-existing dogma that gave rise to the promulgation.

In the "Angelic Salutation" Mary is styled "full of grace." Even in the moment of her conception Mary appears before us as full of grace; for from the first instant she became the lily amid the thorns, that is, she was conceived immaculate, free from all stain of sin. This doctrine is founded on Holy Scripture, and on the primitive and continued belief of the Holy Catholic Church.

The land in which the enemy shall sow no cockle; the burning bush, mentioned in the Book of Exodus, and which burned without being consumed; the Ark of the Covenant, in presence of which the river Jordan ceased to flow,—are all plain figures and emblems of the immaculate conception of the ever-Blessed Virgin.

"Is it becoming," ask all the devout confessors and doctors of the Church, "that she who was destined to give to the world Him Who His death destroyed the kingdom of sin should be herself tainted with sin? Should she, who was to give birth to the conqueror of death and hell, begin by finding herself under the dominion of both?" Finally, how can we conceive the slightest taint being attached to the flesh which was to become the Word made flesh?

St. Peter Chrysologus writes:—"Other saints indeed have received portions of grace, but the fulness thereof was poured out into Mary's heart." And St. Thomas Aquinas says: "The Blessed Virgin has received such a plenitude of grace that she came nearest to the Author of Grace, and for that reason conceived Him Who is full of grace." And be it remembered that she shares liberally all her graces with whomsoever seeks the same and is faithful to her. It might be no harm almost on the eve of this great feast to select a few passages from the writings of the holy ones of the past, to edify and instruct all true children of the ever Immaculate Virgin.

In the Mass-book of St. James the Apostle, we read:—"It is becoming, O Blessed Virgin, that we should acknowledge thee to be the wholly immaculate Mother of our God, and more venerable than the cherubim and more glorious than the seraphim. Thou hast borne the Word without any stain, therefore we deem thee great. May all creatures praise and honor thee, who art full of grace. May the angels, too, and all men venerate thee and recognize thee as the consecrated temple, the spiritual garden of delights, and the pride of virgins, from whom God assumed flesh, and whom He honored as a child honors his mother."

St. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, about the year 200, wrote: "As the whole human family was made subject to death by a virgin, so was it delivered from the same death by a virgin, inasmuch as the obedience of the latter cancelled and made good the disobedience of the former."

St. Gregory, Bishop of Neo-Caesarea, surnamed the miracle-worker, had the happiness of being instructed in the Catholic faith by the Blessed Virgin herself in a vision. Thankful for such a favor he never forgot to praise her before the people, and to repeatedly declare to them the glories of Mary, and am-

ongst those glories that of her freedom from all taint of sin. In the fourth century, St. Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, wrote fervently and learnedly of Mary and her freedom from all sin, even that original spot that came to all other children men from our first parents. Similar testimony is found in the eloquent writings of St. Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons. But there is a passage in the works of St. Bonaventure, in which he enumerates the antithesis of the Blessed Virgin, and which stands forth—based entirely upon Holy Scripture—as a refutation of all the enemies of the most exalted of all God's creatures. He says: "Mary was prefigured in the spring that arose out of the earth (Gen. II. 6.); in the tree of life that stood in the midst of paradise (Gen. II. 9.); by the paradise that was watered by the river of pleasure, (Gen. II. 10.); by the Ark of Noah, in which the human race was saved; by the rainbow that God set in the clouds (Gen. IX. 13); by the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream (Gen. xxvii); by the bush that burned and was not consumed (Ex. III.); by the vessel in which the manna was kept, (Ex. xvi.); in the staff of Aaron that budded contrary to nature's law, (Num. xvii. 8); in the star and in the sceptre of which Ballam prophesied (Num. xxiv. 17); by the dove which brought the bough of an olive tree to Noah and his sons in the Ark (Gen. viii.); in the stake that bore the brazen serpent (Num. xxi. 8); in Gedeon's fleece (Judges, vi.); by the house of the Lord which Solomon built, and into which the glory of God entered, (III. Kings vi.); in Abigail, who made peace between Nabal and David (I Kings xxv.); in Judith, who killed Holofernes and delivered the people (Jud. xiii.); in Esther, who saved Mardocheai with his people (Esth. vii.); by the gate that was shut and through which no man should pass (Ezech. xiv. 2); in the woman whom John beheld (Apoc. xii.)."

It would be a vast volume that could contain all that had been written by apostle, saint, martyr, and theologian, about Mary, her immaculate conception, her vast prerogatives, the evidences of her bounty, the testimony of her power with God, and the glories that surround her entire life—both on earth and in heaven. In fact, no Catholic, no follower of Christ, until the days of Nestorius dared to question her special privilege of being the Mother of God; and no sooner did that heretical teacher raise his voice against the Immaculate Virgin than the Council of Ephesus (A. D. 431) silenced the calumniator and promulgated the dogma that may be considered as the precursor of that equally important dogma of the 8th December, 1854. It is the forty-eighth anniversary of that great day that the Catholic world will celebrate on Monday next—the day when, as an Irish Catholic poet once wrote:

"Plus, our Pontiff King,  
Unveiled the Jewelling  
Gloriously set in thy bright diadem;  
Mary, thy holy face  
Mirrors the Saviour's grace,  
Mary, our pure, our Immaculate Gem."

It being a feast of obligation, the Immaculate Conception is preceded by a vigil of fast—and the eve being on Sunday this year, that fast is observed on Saturday. There is every reason why we Catholics of this "City of Mary" should celebrate that day in a manner calculated to bring joy to the sacred heart of the Mother of Christ. And in no better way can that be done than by observing the day as we would a Sunday and by frequenting the sacraments, which are sources of grace that are absolutely unfailing. The worthy observance of the 8th of December is a perpetual and eloquent confession of our faith in Mary and our belief in the consoling dogma of her Immaculate existence.

thought in the immediate neighborhood; a great many gallant soldiers from the ranks both of congressors and conquered, had fallen on the field, never to rise from it again, and a great number of wounded men were carried to the castle. Groans of agony resounded within its precincts as one after another of the stricken men, who awaited their turn to have their wounds dressed, was carried in and laid on the mat where white was spread on the

floor of a large empty room. Swiftly and noiselessly the attendants moved to and fro, executing the briefly worded orders of the medical men, given in low but peremptory tones. At length the last man had received attention, and the wearied doctors and their assistants withdrew, leaving their patients under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who would remain with them all night.

In a small chamber upstairs lay an officer of high rank in the Prussian army, both of whose legs had been shattered by the bursting of a bomb. The injured limbs had been skillfully amputated, but the prostration consequent on the great loss of blood was such as to leave little hope of his recovery; in fact, the surgeon had that day told the nurse that the sufferer could hardly live through the night.

Kneeling by the open window, her pale features lighted up by the bright afterglow of the sun which had already sunk in the west, the Sister devoutly recited the Rosary, praying earnestly for the soul that was soon to pass from time into eternity.

The sick man made a slight movement, and the Sister went softly to his side and asked him if he felt any easier. She spoke in the Polish language; for the wounded officer was a Polish count and the religieuse was his fellow-country woman. She was one of a small party of Sisters who had been sent from a convent in Posen to the seat of war to tend the sick and wounded, whether friends or foes.

"I have difficulty in breathing, Sister," he replied; "otherwise I am not in pain."  
"Shall I send for a priest, Count?" she next inquired. "You may, perhaps, wish to make your confession. To have one's conscience at peace is often a step toward recovery of physical health and strength."

The officer smiled faintly and said: "Speak frankly, Sister; confess that you do not think that I shall recover and you are desirous that I should not depart out of this world unprepared, if indeed it comes to that. Am I not right?"  
The nurse answered, evasively: "Our life is in the hands of God, and we know not how soon the end may come. Therefore it is well to be prepared to appear before our Judge with a calm conscience."

"Then you think a man dies more peacefully after confession?"  
"Yes, I am quite sure of it. A clean conscience and prayer give peace to the heart and inspire one with the hope of a better life hereafter."  
"But, Sister, I have got out of the habit of praying, and I never was to confession. I have forgotten how to pray."  
"If you will allow me I will help you, Count. We will pray together."  
"Then you believe in the power of prayer? Do you really believe that our prayers are of any use?"  
"Most assuredly I do. With my whole soul I believe that God hears and answers the supplications that arise from our inmost heart. To prove to you how firmly I believe it, let me tell you that for thirty years I have daily said a decade of the Rosary for the conversion of a certain person, and I shall continue to do so until my dying day; although it is highly improbable that I shall ever know whether my petition has been granted. But, trusting in the all-sufficient merits of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, I feel confident that I have not prayed in vain."

"Who is the fortunate individual for whom you intercede so perseveringly? May I know his name?"  
"I have never seen the unhappy man who has forsaken his God. I do not even know his name—at least I know only that his Christian name is Louis, and that he belongs to a family of rank, who are known to be devout Catholics."  
"Louis! Louis!" the Count murmured. "Tell me, Sister, what has induced you to pray for this erring Louis if he is quite a stranger to you?"  
"It is too long a story to tell you, Count. I am afraid it will weary you."  
"Nothing of the sort. Tell me your story; it will serve to while away the time that must elapse before I either regain my strength or pass from hence."  
"Do you think it will interest you?"  
"It will interest me more than you imagine. Begin at once, I am anxious to hear it."

"My father," the Sister began, "lost all his property through unfortunate circumstances. Soon after he died, leaving my mother almost penniless, with four children dependent on her. One day a lady came to see us, and took us all to dine with her. I remember that she was very pretty, but had an extremely sad expression of countenance. My mother made herself useful in the house, and our hostess gave us chil-

dren a good education. I felt called to the religious life; my mother consented to my entering a convent; our benefactress gave me a small dowry and sent me, with her blessing, to Paris, where I passed my novitiate.

"On the day of my clothing my mother said: 'You know, my child, that, after God, we owe everything to our munificent benefactress. She was my dearest friend when we were both girls, and she has been a good friend to you. I know you love her. Have you never wondered why one so fair, so wealthy, so benevolent, should always appear sorrowful?'—'I have often remarked how sad she was,' I answered; 'and could not understand why she was not happy.' 'A secret grief casts its shadow over her life,' said my mother. 'She had one sister, to whom she was fondly attached; and this sister on her deathbed gave her only son into her charge, begging her to watch over him. That nephew, although most carefully brought up, had no sooner left school than he cast aside restraint and entered on the path of sin and destruction. Not only did he set at naught his soul's welfare; he ruined his health, gambled away his fortune, and by his irregular life broke his aunt's heart; for she doted on him, despite all his misdeeds. If you would prove your gratitude to our friend, say a prayer daily for her nephew Louis, that he may see the error of his ways and return to God. God alone can work that miracle of grace.'

"I solemnly promised to pray every day for his conversion; and I have kept my word, although my mother and our benefactress have been dead for twenty years. Just now, while you were asleep, the thought of that unhappy man suddenly recurred to my mind, and I felt terribly anxious about him. I knelt down directly, and earnestly entreated God to save him. I felt certain that some calamity threatened to overtake him—something worse even than death. Perhaps at this very moment he is in extreme danger."

The Sister uttered these last words almost in a whisper, as if speaking to herself rather than to the sick man. When she turned and looked at him, she was startled and alarmed. His eyes were half closed, two large tears were rolling down his pallid cheeks, and his hands trembled so violently that the silken coverlet rustled.

"My sad story has agitated you, Count!" she exclaimed. "I ought not to have told it to you. Forgive me! I will go and call the doctor."  
"No, do not go, dear Sister—pray do not go! Only tell me one thing more. You must know the name of the lady who was aunt to the Louis of whom you speak. Tell me what it was."  
"The name of that kind lady was Helene von Raborowska. Her maiden name was Von Granowska. Her family estate was near Granowa, and to that her nephew was the heir."  
Then the Count groaned aloud and hid his face.

"Sister," he said, with a trembling voice, "it was for me that you prayed so long. I am that Louis—that miserable wretch who broke his foster mother's heart by his wickedness and folly."  
The Sister clasped her hands and with tears in her eyes, exclaimed: "O my dear God's Providence which has made me cross your path, and has touched your heart by means of my simple story! Do not, I beseech you, thrust from you the hand of a merciful God stretched out to your heart, so that after death you receive you. Turn to Him with all my rejoins that noble lady whom you loved in spite of all your errors—I see it by your tears. Shall I go at once and fetch the priest?"  
The Count said nothing but nodded his head as a sign of consent.

For two long hours the priest sat by the Count's side; then he administered the sacraments to him. He received them with profound contrition and fervent devotion. When he was once more alone with Sister Angelica, he raised her hand to his lips and said with heartfelt joy: "Sister, you understand the happiness that fills my soul now that I have made my peace with God. For a long time past my life has been embittered by stings of conscience and self-reproach. Words fail me to describe, to express the happiness I feel; and for this I have to thank you. It is to your persevering prayers, after God and our Blessed Lady, that I owe my conversion, that I am enabled to hope and trust that my soul will be saved by the mercy of God."

The next morning, when the sun poured its golden beams upon the old castle, Count Louis was no longer among the living. With his latest breath he extolled the loving goodness of God, and expressed his gratitude to Sister Angelica for her prayers. They had remained with him until his death.

peace for a sinner at the close of an ill spent life, through the intercession of Our Lady, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

This incident shows the power exercised by faith and charitable intercession on behalf of another; for, as St. Chrysostom remarks, a man often owes his cure to the faith of someone else. Wherefore let us learn in seasons of sickness and affliction to claim the assistance of others. As Scripture says, "The Lord will hear the prayers of the just," and will grant to the loving intercession of another what He has denied to your own prayers. Above all, entreat the Blessed Mother of God to add her powerful word to your petitions, remembering that what she asks of her Divine Son is invariably granted.—Exchange.

Belgium's Progress

It is a curious phenomenon of the beginning of the twentieth century, that while there are some three hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world, while many of the greatest countries in Europe and America are almost wholly or overwhelmingly Catholic in their population, while Catholics everywhere are accused by their enemies of an inordinate desire for political power, there is after all but one country in the whole world which is governed by Catholics on Catholic principles. It is not a big country—a good train will spin you from one end to another of it in a few hours. But in those few hours Belgium will teach the anti-Catholic and the Imperialist more than they could learn elsewhere in as many years.

The first curious fact about this Catholic Government is that it was enjoyed the longest tenure of life of any popular government in the world to-day. Belgium possesses the nearest approach to universal suffrage that has hitherto been realized—much nearer even than the United States—yet the majority of voters has never once since 1834 failed to pronounce in favor of its Catholic Government.

The Paris "Figaro" the other day called attention to the fact that since the Catholic government has been in power in Belgium the total of Belgian commerce has increased 25 per cent. More recently still, the report of the Belgian Budget for 1901 contains the following interesting statement: "Belgium, in proportion to its population, continues to maintain the first place in foreign commerce. It surpasses France by 20 per cent., the United States by 345 per cent. and Germany by 172 per cent. In 1884 the foreign commerce (importation and exportation) of Belgium amounted to 2,763 millions of francs; every year since then it has gone on increasing until in 1899 it reached the magnificent sum of 4,209 millions. The rate of increase has therefore been 52.3 per cent. During the same time England has had an increase of 20.3 per cent., France 15.5 per cent., and Germany alone, within the last fifteen years, has surpassed Belgium's rate of increase.

ON CREMATION.

At the late Mass in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, last week, Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., discussed the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the cremation movement.

Father Gasson showed that Pope Leo XIII. by a decree of May 19, 1886, had forbidden Catholics to adopt, under ordinary circumstances, this method of disposing of the dead. "It must be borne in mind," said Father Gasson, "that this decree is not one of faith, but simply of discipline, that is, the Church for wise reasons, judges it ill-advised and contrary to Christian tradition to thrust the body of the departed into a crematory.

"If experience should show that public health demands cremation, there is no doubt that the Church will accommodate her legislation so as to sanction any reverent manner of caring for the bodies of the deceased.

"To say that cremation would interfere with the resurrection of the body is a puerile statement. Is it any more of a miracle for the Divine Power to resurrect the body from the ashes which are the result of cremation than to resurrect the body from the dust which is the result of burial? Both are equally possible to Divine Omnipotence.

"The Church's objection is based upon the fact that burial is the practice which she received from the Jewish Church, to which she is the successor. Burial, too, was the method chosen for the disposition of the Savior's dead body—a method naturally followed by all fervent Christians. Burial, likewise, appears to be the more consonant to human nature. The body is the temple in which the principle of life dwells; it itself is destined, according to a Christian teaching, for an endless life, at the close of the world's soul-stirring tragedy.

"Even when deprived of the spirit which thrilled it and made it pulse with life, the body does not become an object of terror or of horror, but rather a precious relic, to be reverently and lovingly dealt with. The old painting even when the colors have lost their glow and the face has lost its expression, and only a vague outline remains to tell us of the one it portrays, is not thrown ruthlessly into the fire, but still remains in an honored position among the household treasures.

"The photograph of bygone years, with its slowly vanishing figure, finds a welcome place among our possessions and is shown with joy to our admiring friends. And so the church would fain keep the shrine of an undying spirit as long as possible in its natural form, until the forces of nature have accomplished in slow dignity their work of separation. The violent hand shall be held from the form which is to come back to life.

"Hence, the Church prefers the quiet method of placing her dead in hallowed ground, where they may peacefully rest. Hence, too, she prefers to speak, not of the graveyard, but of the cemetery (sleeping place), because the latter accords better with her idea that death is not the close of all, but only a passing slumber between this life of test and trial and the life of eternal joy.

"Nor should it be forgotten that in Europe cremation is too often regarded as an open profession of anti-Christian sentiment. Let us deal tenderly and lovingly with our dead, reverencing their bodies and honoring with scrupulous loyalty their memories."

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The Church In Gu

"Thirty-two years of education in the name of the later history of the Church in Catholic Gu—are assured by Father noz, who has been driven native land, and is now a Catholic parish in Cabrera, the President, the chief actor on the archbishops and they have died in exile. The canons were proscribed. All religious congregations, enduring various action, have been suppressed, and their property. The homeless nun begging for food. One shot, another died of were expelled. The allowed to remain colorful dress, or distinct their profession. All Catholics were suppressed, property declared to government. The sacred robbed from the altars things of value from fices. "The proceeds of legions vandalism amount 000,000." Much of the was destined or used colleges, hospitals, etc. en from the poor.

Everything was secularity, education, marriage cemeteries. This state fasts yet. Catholic men, penalized, and nominal law. To hinder them ment insists that the an exorbitant sum, even twenty-five dollars. I to have a government tize a child! Even a may not be baptized without cense; hence many die. The penalty for violation of regulation is \$5000 is to be said of marriage ment exacts one dollar a church bell is tolled and the church bells no to summon the children public schools. It should say to say that the "Godless." The children public—are taught the has been brutalized by

All manifestation of religion is rigorously fide the churches, but Protestant—nor the party repugnant acts of ir allowed or encouraged feast of Minerva is goddess being represented clad girl, who is photo the President at the clerical. The feast is held sident's ordinance in and towns of the Republics at the festival a impious. The temple of Minerva fell during the monies and her represented outright. Not the President, had the in white marble.

Lately the helpless showing some signs of the secret society revolution young men are awakened established a Catholic —The Review.

Stage Irishmen

The agitation against 'Irishman' is spreading country. Two variety insisted upon doing stage caricature of were hissed from the by indignant members H. in the Jacques O Waterbury, Conn

The actors who inc pleasure of the Waterbury were James Sullivan Keeler. The curtain was rung down and another substituted. Thomas county president of the ed that he wished it ur the action was not an anger on the part of a able persons, but it was the A.O.H. and all re who object to see Irish targets of every variety finds it profitable to sh

FELL INTO W  
Miss Jennie Kelly, age, who formerly lived Goulding, Glencoe, but on a farm three miles with a fatal accident, went to the well to draw water, having on new shoes about to draw it slipped and fell into it was

The Power of Prayer.

A hot summer's day was drawing to a close, and the setting sun cast a crimson glow on the walls of a somewhat gloomy looking castle, which, vacated by the proprietors, had been hastily converted into a



NOTIFICATION.

The Church In Guatemala.

In the Church of Inception, Boston, Thomas I. Gasson, attitude of the toward the crema-

"Thirty-two years of bitter persecution in the name of liberty," is the later history of the Catholic Church in Guatemala.

showed that Pope... of May 19, Catholics to ad-... circumstances, posing of the dead.

ould show that hands cremation, that the Church her legislation so reverent manner bodies of the de-

jection is based at burial is the received from which she is the too, was the me-

And so the church the shrine of an un- as possible in until the forces of mpled in slow

church prefers the placing her dead in where they may hence, too, she pre-

as a premium riber a neatly of the Golden who will send and cash for 3 ers to the True

LOVE THE GIFT.

The Church in British Guiana.

In the Cathedral, Brickdam, on Sunday, October 19th, says the "Demerara Daily Chronicle" of Wednesday, October 22nd, Dr. Galton received at the hands of the Arch-

The father stood looking at the boy. Straight as an arrow, his handsome head thrown back, his dark, passionate eyes flashing; he said: "Of course I can do it; you can do anything if you try and are bound to, can't you, Faddy?"

The father leaned back in his chair to look out of the window at the fellow. "At last my great desire is granted — and such a son! What a man he will make with that will, intelligence, and fine physique!" He allowed himself to dream dreams — this industrious, quiet, unworldly Steinmetz Kleeber, after the manner of fond fathers. And then in the midst of his dreams there came something most real, insistent: — a scream of agony, and then the sound of running feet.

"He is dead," said a voice, and turning Kleeber saw his wife, as white as the boy. And then she was on her knees beside her darling, chafing him, calling to him, until the doctor came.

Engel Kleeber was spared to them, but as the years passed the accident was found to have left its cruel, life-long mark as a reminder. His growth was stunted; his back had an enlargement, never very large, but plainly visible. He was not a cripple nor a dwarf, but was different from his kind; set apart as a being unlike, because unable to enter into his companions' sport and labors. At first his energy and will overcame much, and then as he grew to manhood, his mother's watchful eye detected the vein of bitterness creeping into his voice and manner; the undercurrent of rebellion; the silent moods increasing upon him. She redoubled her tenderness, her care, her love, only to feel that now she was powerless.

"He must fight out his battle alone," she thought, and suffered as only mothers can. Then came one of those sudden epidemics to the city, and Engel's mother was one of the victims.

It was months after this fresh sorrow that Engel came to his father's study. Steinmetz remembered with a pang that other time so long ago when the boy had entered, so full of life and confidence—the unconscious arrogance of childhood.

The son did not waste time on preliminaries. He sat down opposite his father.

"I want to leave college, sir," he said. "I want to study finance; I want to be a business man; I want to be rich. Money is power; I shall fight hard to obtain it. I fear this is a disappointment to you — I've been a great disappointment to you anyhow. Are you willing?"

Steinmetz' pale, thoughtful face turned paler. It was such an unexpected thing to him. But he was as direct as Engel.

"It is a great surprise, my boy," he replied. "I never thought of you as anything but a literary man, or possibly a musician. We Kleebers never have made money, or cared for it much. But you have your mother's little fortune; take your own way. Each man must follow his bent; he must live his own life. But, Engel, don't say that you've been a disappointment. I'm proud of you; what indeed would life be to me now, if you were gone?"

And so Engel Kleeber put all the energy and will of which he was capable into this scheme of making money. He went into the world of men; he gave no sign of any possible shrinking he felt; and, tried to learn his new lessons. Then he entered a bank, and with his money became a shareholder. He gradually won a reputation for shrewdness and brains.

"The family life, the world of fair women, I cannot enter. Very well; I can do without either. But I shall

make men respect and fear me," Engel declared. He surrounded his father with comforts and luxuries Steinmetz had sighed for in the shape of books and pictures. He grew rich—not suddenly or fast—but surely. It became more and more fascinating, this pursuit of wealth, this study of investments, this lottery of fortune.

Social attention, invitations, came to him, but he declined them all. A cold wintry day he came into the warm, cheerful dining-room, dressed scrupulously as usual, for dinner. He noticed that his father looked unusually moved.

"I've had a letter," the latter began, over the soup. "I confess that I have rather upset me, Engel. Years ago I had a dear friend and there was a misunderstanding. I found out only a year ago that I greatly misjudged him. I was so fond of think that if I came to this great in full force, now that I knew him guiltless. But I could not find his whereabouts. This letter is from him. My letter had at last reached him. He is in great trouble. It seems that he has married a second time, and the new wife and his only daughter by his first wife do not get on together. He writes to ask if the young girl can come to me and make her home here for a year, and go on with her music under Auerbach. He insists on a strictly business arrangement as to board, etc. He seems to think that my sister is keeping house for us."

Steinmetz paused, looking intently at his son.

"Of course it is out of the question for her to come here," said Engel decisively. "Yes," assented his father, "but we might ask Cousin Lucy here—I've —ahem—really, Engel, I have thought for some time that we were getting into ruts that weren't good for us. Perhaps for a few months it would be well to have women in this dull, quiet place."

Again there was a pause. Then Engel spoke with evident effort.

"I don't want to be a dog in the manger, father," he said. "You lead a lonelier life than I. This is your house; your friend. Do as you please. It won't be for long. This young school girl needn't interfere with me. I need scarcely meet her except at meals."

And the result was that weeks later when Cousin Lucy was installed as house-keeper to her great delight, when Engel came home, he stumbled upon a young woman in the hall. A tall, beautiful woman she was, in her dining gown of pale blue silk and dainty lace; her hair high on her fine head; her eyes clear and straightforward. Engel stood there in his great coat, too amazed for a moment to recover himself.

"I am Felicia Oliver," said the newcomer, easily, "and I think that you must be the Engel Kleeber that Mr. Steinmetz Kleeber and Miss McIntosh have told me about." She held out her hand frankly.

Engel could not remember what he replied. His head was full of a new business deal; he had never dreamed of the girl who was, as he thought, so unceremoniously thrust upon them, and a real bugbear who must be endured as a creature like this. He hurried to his room and made his toilet for the first time in his life with his thoughts dwelling upon a woman. Felicia Oliver was certainly unlike all his preconceived ideas of the women of his set. She had evidently been her father's companion, and seemed to know and like men. She had that open, frank manner which is, to say the least, disarming. She had no coquetries. She talked naturally, sensibly, and to the point. Engel found himself lingering down stairs after dinner to talk to her. Then his father asked her to try their new piano. Again, Engel who was himself no mean musician, was surprised and pleased at her firm touch, her exquisite expression, and execution. She asked him about Auerbach.

"I've not had many advantages since I left school," she said, "and father was determined that I should take lessons of him. It was so kind of your father to let me come. My father has his own ideas about girls and—everything. He seemed to think that if I came to this great city and boarded in a strange house, that I was lost." She laughed merrily. "He never will see that I'm grown up and no longer a girl. Oh, Mr. Kleeber do you care for Chopin, or Liszt? I am fond of both; listen to this Rhapsodie."

And so the time passed; not only that evening, but many more. Engel found that when Miss Oliver had engagements—and they became more and more frequent—were seasons of keen disappointment and restless discontent, which were so new to him that he explained it to himself with careful analysis.

"It is the novelty after so many years of being with men only," he said. "And then Miss Oliver is so absolutely sincere and unaffected. I feel so at home with her." And besides this was the feeling that never by word or look had this beautiful, charming girl showed that she ever thought of his misfortune. She seemed to enjoy his wide-awake, well-informed mind. And Engel forgot his bitterness when with her. This, to him, was the most marvellous fact of all. He knew himself so little that he felt only wonder.— Knowledge had not come to him. And so the months went by, and Engel thought less of business out of hours than he would have believed possible. Life took on for him a new and pleasurable excitement. And still he was so strangely ignorant, so heedlessly content,—until that memorable night when he came home late. He heard voices in the drawing-room and went in. The two at the piano did not hear him. Engel's friend, Tegner, was leaning over the piano talking to Felicia. But the light on his face, his complete absorption, gave Engel a start. He was off guard, and even to Engel the fact was apparent that he loved this woman. Felicia's face was turned away, but Engel could imagine it a counterpart of Tegner's. He stole softly out and up to his room. Only when the door was shut did he trust himself to face the overwhelming fact that he too loved Felicia Oliver. But to him this meant despair and shame, not exaltation.

"How could I be so weak, so ridiculous, as not to keep myself well in hand?" he asked himself. "Have I resisted other temptations, fought other battles, only to fall a victim to this passion forbidden me? I must, I shall conquer it. I am strong and determined." And so the hours went on, and the battle raged fiercely. "Felicia means happiness; she is born for that. And Tegner is upright, and physically her equal — I wish he were less selfish—but the love of such a woman must redeem him from his weaknesses," Engel thought. With the morning came an outward calm. Engel met Felicia at the breakfast table as usual. He found that he must meet her often. He could not avoid her without her suspecting his unhappiness. One night when they had been discussing a book, she turned to him suddenly: "Something troubles you; are we not near enough friends to tell me? My father confided in me; I like people to be happy. Would the telling lighten your care?" A wistful look came into her dark eyes. Engel could hardly bear it, but his mouth hardened insensibly.

"I'm afraid you are imaginative, Miss Oliver," he said, "I am matter-of-fact, used to settling my business worries in short order."

"Did you never tell your mother any of your troubles?—of course I don't mean for a moment that I could be like her—but you father has told me of her, and I have seen her picture. I cannot imagine you uninfused by her; her face is lovely with a certain strength with the sweetness."

Felicia's head was on his shoulder; he felt the quick beating of her heart; her lovely face was close to his; her eyes, which could not lie, told him her incredible secret.—was, not such happiness as this full recompense for all his struggles, his agonized suffering? What indeed was the power of wealth, the deference of men, success, to this strange marvellous gift of love?

"You told me the other day, Felicia, that you wondered why I could not believe in God," Engel said in a new voice which Felicia hardly recognized. "It is not logic, dear, but if He gives such happiness as this, I must believe. Only God could give such love as yours to an undeserving, faulty man like me."—Rhodes Campbell, in the Rosary Magazine.

"She was a rare creature—I didn't half appreciate her. Do men ever do that to their mothers until too late?"

"Do you mind talking of her?" Felicia asked softly.

Engel's mental attitude changed before that earnest face and voice. It seemed to him that his mother stood beside him. Her presence thrilled him. Never before had he experienced such a sensation. He spoke almost without volition.

"She loved me more than anyone, even my father," he said. "I thought for a while that it was mere pity, but I know that it was love, — mothers are capable of that."

"And why shouldn't she?" asked Felicia.

"Can you ask?" cried the other. "Who could love such a semblance of a man as I? Think of the shock to her pride, her ambition, when in a moment her strong, handsome boy became—what you see. She suffered with and for me; but even her love could not change fate for me. I must conquer that myself. And I did—or, at least, I flattered myself that I did. I had temptations that a woman could never comprehend; I had moments of rebellion amounting to madness for the hour;—oh, why do I tell you this? Of what interest can it be to you to know my wounds? I can overcome; I can live my life. I must, I must."

Felicia's eyes burned into his. "I know, I have wondered at your strength, your determination. But oh, you exaggerate your—your misfortune, believe me. I would not tell you anything false—I could not—but why do you persist in denying yourself society; you who are fitted to shine in it, by your mind, your many qualities, your music—oh, do understand me; I want you to look at yourself without your morbid, false vision," she said.

The note of sincerity rang so true to Engel's acute senses that he looked her squarely in the face, too deeply in earnest to think of embarrassment.

"Tell me, Miss Oliver, on your honor, do you think that a woman of refinement, such a woman as I would choose, could ever look at me without repulsion, or with any attachment, whatever?" His eyes held hers, but she did not falter.

"I know they could," she said. And then the color surged into her face. And Engel read there something so unexpected, so bewildering, that it seemed as if his brain was turning.

"Oh Felicia," he cried, "don't look like that unless you care for me;— I could not bear it, for you know that I love you." His voice held that note of acute suffering which men rarely feel twice in their lives — at least men like Engel Kleeber.

"I could not feel pity for you, Engel; I have always admired you; why should I not? But lately I have learned to love you."

"But still Engel dared not believe. "And Tegner? Oh, Felicia, you must care for Tegner," he cried.

"You unbelieving Thomas; why should I care for Tegner, who loves himself best of all the world?" cried Felicia, half indignant, wholly adorable.

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"You told me the other day, Felicia, that you wondered why I could not believe in God," Engel said in a new voice which Felicia hardly recognized. "It is not logic, dear, but if He gives such happiness as this, I must believe. Only God could give such love as yours to an undeserving, faulty man like me."—Rhodes Campbell, in the Rosary Magazine.

the members of the Order of St. Dominic enjoy as pulpit orators the world over. By the ceremony the life services of Dr. Galton have been consecrated to the Catholic community in this colony, and all who are interested in the welfare of religion in our midst will be gratified to know that his elevation to the dignity of Bishop has given the most unqualified satisfaction to the members of his flock. His Lordship comes to assure a sacred trust and responsibility at a somewhat critical period. He is certain to maintain the traditions of such hard-working prelates as Bishop Etheridge and Bishop Butler, but in the present circumstances of the colony the task will be one of considerable difficulty. The Legislature having determined that all State connection with the churches shall cease, every year witnesses a reduction in the amounts disbursed for ecclesiastical purposes from the public Treasury. The Catholic Church receives for the current financial year a sum of about \$13,000 out of a total annual expenditure on the churches of approximately \$103,800, and it is arranged that this allowance shall be gradually withdrawn until State payments will have wholly ceased. In common, therefore, with the other religious bodies the Catholic Church in the course of time will be thrown on its own resources and will have to make an effort to maintain itself in the colony. This is the great problem of the future for all the denominations, and it is necessary that a material change should come over the mass of the inhabitants if the churches are to become self-supporting and if Christianity is to be maintained in the colony without any curtailment of its sphere of influence. When the scheme of disestablishment and disendowment was introduced and adopted the authorities of the Catholic body never raised a whimper of complaint or protest.

The new Bishop is the second son of Mr. Theodore Howard Galton, of Hadzor, near Droitwich, Worcester-shire, England, where he was born 47 years ago, and is the nephew of the late Sir Douglas Galton, K. C. B., a former president and secretary of the British Association, and one of the first authorities in England on sanitation. Having received his education at Beaumont College, and in Austria, the new Bishop entered the novitiate of the English Province of the Jesuit Society in 1873. Fourteen years later — in 1887—he took up a theological course at St. Beuno's College, North Wales, and in 1890 was ordained priest. The years 1893 and 1894 saw him engaged as a master at Beaumont, and in the latter year he took the last vows of the Jesuit Society. Six years ago he came out to Demerara to join the Cathedral staff. In 1900 he was appointed Vicar-General in succession to Father Rigby, and Superior of the Society of Jesus for this colony. On the death of Dr. Butler, the eyes of the Catholic community turned instinctively towards Father Galton as his successor in the episcopate, the sincere and sympathetic disposition of the Vicar-General, no less than his invariable courtesy, having insured his popularity among all classes of the Church. When the announcement came that he had been chosen to succeed Dr. Butler, general satisfaction was expressed in every quarter.

We lose the gift of prayer through our want of gratitude to God Who bestowed it.

Stage Irishmen Hissed

The agitation against the "stage Irishman" is spreading all over the country. Two variety actors who insisted upon doing the common stage caricature of the Irishman were hissed from the stage last week by indignant members of the A. O. H. in the Jacques Opera House, Waterbury, Conn.

FELL INTO WELL.

Miss Jennie Kelly, 11 years of age, who formerly lived with Mr. M. Goulding, Gloucester, but lately lived on a farm three miles south, met with a fatal accident last week. She went to the well to draw a pail of water, having on new shoes, and when about to draw the pail up she slipped and fell into the well and was drowned.

FUNERAL REFORM.

There is in England a society for the Reform of Funerals, which has been in existence for some time, and has succeeded in effecting a very considerable change in public sentiment and practice. The old mutes, rolls of broadcloth, packets of gloves and other unnecessary adjuncts have practically disappeared. But, unfortunately, they had that those abuses

are succeeded by one quite as formidable and perhaps more difficult to overcome—that is, the lavish display of flowers. The society does not wish to be understood as being opposed to the use of flowers, especially in the case of the death of children, but it does most decidedly object to the extravagant display which has become so common. It has come to be a kind of tax. "It is hard," says the report we have seen, "to guard with the impulse which leads sorrowing friends to scatter flowers on the last resting-

place of the dear dead, but too often the costly wreath stands only for the ostentation of the wealthy mourner, or is tendered as an equivalent for the inconvenience of personal attendance by the grave. And at its best, the practice has no association with Christianity."

These are pertinent and valuable suggestions for Catholic people in this country. The great display of flowers that is often made at funerals has convinced the more sober and conservative among us that it is an evil custom that ought to be

abated. It is a useless expenditure of money, and leads to rivalry and show entirely inconsistent with the true spirit of our holy religion. It seems to us both childish and vulgar to see a wagonload or a heafull of costly flowers following in a funeral train. It is not the spirit of our religion, it is not grief or affection alone, but the spirit of the world, we greatly fear, that prompts these displays, and that spirit is entirely inconsistent with the teaching and spirit of the Church.—Sacred Heart Review.

We lose the gift of prayer through our want of gratitude to God Who bestowed it.



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**Household Notes.**

To prevent a cold in the head or to cure one after it has established itself, try the following: Stop one nostril and breathe in all the air that is possible through the other nostril. Open the closed nostril, stop the other one and expell all of the breath through the open one. Try this a number of times, reversing the movement. The forced circulation of the air through these passages will afford considerable relief.

For incipient deafness, fill the lungs with air through the nostrils. Close the mouth and nose, contract the abdomen sharply and feel the impact of the held-in breath upon the tympanum. In this catarrhal climate, these practices surely will be beneficial.

A celebrated physician recommends for rheumatism of the joints and for gouty tendencies a teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in a quart of water, to be taken every morning. Drink the water in the course of the forenoon. He says that if one has the will to persevere in this, not once in a while, not for a week or a month, a cure can be effected, although it may require a year or more of constant drinking of the acidulated water.

A cold comes usually from breathing impure air and from an over-heated room. Use yourself to cooler rooms, to cooler sleeping rooms especially and toughen yourselves against cold. Because a room is cold does not make it certain that the air is pure. The air is more likely to be impure in a cold room than in an over-heated one. If you wish to heat a room quickly, open the door and an opposite window to purify the air. Close them and the heat will soon be felt. If it is necessary to change the air in a room quickly, open the door and swing it back and forth a number of times.

So much of our health depends upon our breathing good air, that we should feel it a crime to submit to enforced breathing of bad air. No dramatic entertainment, no lecture, no class is of sufficient consequence to warrant our remaining in a vitiated atmosphere. Let conductors and janitors call us cranks, but let us insist upon our rightful heritage—pure air with which to purify our arteries and veins. If we breathe in foul air, our blood is tainted by it, and a condition ensues when we are fit subjects for contagion and for germs of all sorts to make themselves at home with us.

The woman who sighs ten times should be put to bed and be taken care of. Habitual sighers are sick, or, if they are not, they ought to be. Sighing is a lowering, depressing habit. It exhausts nervous energy and makes the body subject to all sorts of attacks. The remedy? Breathe way down to the sides, way down to the diaphragm. Then find some interesting occupation. Keep too busy to sigh. Why, I know women who keep on a keen jump day after day. Time to sigh! They have hardly time to catch short breaths. And after all, perhaps they have as much to sigh about as the depressed and depressing woman whose chest sinks in, whose shoulders draw together in front and who enjoys a gloomy outlook.

So many times I have cautioned my readers against drinking water which has remained uncovered in a room, that I hesitate to mention it. Women, who know better, take a glass of water to the sleeping room and leave it uncovered within reach of the bed. If the temperature is below fifty, the window is closed and the door as well. The poor weakling might take cold. Then one, two or three pairs of lungs go to breathing the air in that room. In a very few minutes there is nothing but foolness in the atmosphere. The closeness of the room makes the sleepers restless, parches the throat and tongue, and the glass of poisoned water is brought into requisition. It looks clear and clean. Yes, but it is not. It is no more fit for drinking than is a foul puddle.

Another absorbent of foul air is a cut onion. Some women are entirely too economical. If they want a slight flavor of onion, they cut a slice and save the rest of the onion for another day or another week when it may be needed. Every foul thing in the atmosphere, every bit of contagion that can be packed into that cut onion is in it, and when the economical woman uses it, she gets more than she bargains for, she gets the flavor and the impurities as well. A good many people have only a slight acquaintance with a tooth brush. Their stomachs must be brushed, for from them comes a breath that is disgusting. We avoid them, but we eat the onion or we drink the water which has absorbed foulness from them.

When onions are sliced, put them in a covered dish, season them and they can be kept for a day or two. Uncovered, they should not be kept an hour.

A most unhealthful practise is that of sleeping in the underwear worn during the day. When preparing for bed, every garment should be removed and a night robe substituted. The underwear should be hung up to air, if possible, in a room where there is an open window. If the body is accustomed to the extra covering, provide under-garments for night wear, but do not be so unsanitary, so unclean, as to go to bed in clothing permeated with perspiration, soiled by contact with the body during a day's work. Be clean, be decent and treat your body well. After a night or two of sleep without the underwear, nothing would tempt you to a return to the unwholesome practice. It is taken for granted that the up-to-date readers of the "House and Home" never omit the morning sponge bath, so of course the removal of the underwear at night and its hours of airing are not too much to expect.—Catholic Union and Times.

**MOTHERLY ADVICE**

**To Mothers Who Have Cross or Sicky Babies.**

Cross or crying babies are either sick or in pain, and make everyone in the house miserable. Healthy babies are always happy babies, and all little ones can be kept both healthy and happy by the occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets. If your little one is cross, give him a Tablet, and see how quickly it will work a change for the better. Mrs. W. H. Austin, Farmington, N. S., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are just what every mother needs when her little ones are cutting their teeth. When my little one cries, I give him a Tablet, and it helps him at once. Mothers who use the Tablets will have no trouble with their babies." These Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee to contain neither opiate nor any poisonous drug, and they will promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones. Sold by druggists or sent by mail post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

**Death of Robert Emmet's Grand-Nephew.**

Richard Stockton Emmet, the oldest member in this country of the famous family which was identified with the rebellion in Ireland in 1793, resulting in the martyrdom of Robert Emmet, died suddenly at his home in New Rochelle in his eighty-second year on Nov. 23.

Mr. Emmet was a grandson of Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of Robert Emmet, who fled from Ireland, after the execution of his brother and went to Baltimore, and afterwards to New York. A monument commemorating his public services is still standing in New York. Mr. Emmet's father was Robert Emmet, a judge of the court in New York, who died in New Rochelle in 1827.

**Notes for Farmers**

Synopsis of an address given by T. G. Raynor, Rose Hall, Ont., before the St. John, N.B., Farmers' Institute.

Wherever a farmer is building new barns or changing his stables, the question of the use of concrete for floors and walls is a live one.

In a country where lumber is comparatively cheap, concrete is not likely to come into general use for making walls of barns, but for flooring is without question the best and cheapest substance that can be employed. Its first great quality is its durability. Properly put down it is practically indestructible. Then it is water tight, and will help in saving all the liquid voidings of the animals, and this in farm practice today is a most important matter. Fully 50 per cent. of the fertilizing value of the manure is in the liquid portion. By having concrete floors and using plenty of absorbents this can all be saved and put on the land where it will do the most good.

Concrete is a mixture of clean gravel or pure sand and cement. There are several kinds of cement. In Ontario they have natural rock cement, which is manufactured at Queenston and Thorold, and this while not as strong as the Portland cement, is cheaper and does very well. In some sections the Portland cement will be the best to use.

Laying concrete floors, does not require skill which an intelligent farmer cannot supply. First make a solid smooth floor 12 feet square, two inch lumber preferred. Then a box without a bottom should be made in which to mix the gravel and cement. This can be made of such a size as to accurately measure the gravel or sand. The gravel and cement are then put into this box in the proportion required, the box taken off, and the mixing of cement and gravel or sand thoroughly done with a shovel. It should be shovelled over twice at any rate, while it is dry, and shovelled up into a cone; then before applying the water the cone should be pulled down making the mixture in the form of a ring, leaving a hollow in the centre bare to the floor. Into this water should be poured, and dry gravel and cement turned from the outside of the ring to the centre. This will be pulled out again from the centre and more water added until the mixture becomes of the consistency of thick porridge, so it will run down but not be soft. The proportions in which gravel can be used depends somewhat on the strength of the cement. With good Portland cement one part of cement to six or seven of gravel could be used for the lower part of the floor, but this should be covered with a veneer of one part of cement to two of clean sand. If an extra fine hard finish is required use equal of cement and sand.

Before laying the stable floor a good foundation should be prepared. It should be made firm and solid by the addition of gravel or small stones thoroughly pounded down and the floor shaped as is required for the stable. It is best to have a slight slope from the manger to the gutter. The plan of cow stable which is generally preferred has a square gutter two feet wide and eight inches below the level of the stall floor.

This gutter is first made and the cement laid in it. Then a board mold is put up and the cement put in behind the boards and the boards left there until the cement gets firm.

In laying concrete only as much as can be conveniently reached, say a piece four feet square should be laid at one time. All the studding necessary in the construction of stalls should be set on flat stones and the cement put round them. Great care should be taken when laying cement to thoroughly pound it down. After the floor is finished it should be sprinkled with water especially if the weather is dry. This should be done every day for a month. It will probably take from a month to six weeks for a floor to harden properly, and sufficiently to use, and it will not become thoroughly hard for six or seven months after having been put in. Large stones can and should be used in the construction of a concrete wall, if pains are taken to see that they are covered with at least two inches of cement on either side. A concrete wall one foot thick is sufficiently strong to carry any barn. This makes a thoroughly warm and dry stable wall. First stone from a stone crusher is an excellent material from which to make concrete. A barrel of rock cement will lay 55 square feet of 4 inch floor. Good quality of Portland cement should do more than that.

By the use of corrugated sleepers made like railway rails it is quite practicable to make a good floor which would form the ceiling of the story below. The sleepers should preferably be made of iron and laid sufficiently close to make the structure solid. Such a floor prevents any leakage through the space beneath.

**WITH THE SCIENTISTS**

**DISEASE IN APPLES.**—The United States Department of Agriculture will soon publish the investigations of Herman Von Schrenk and Percy Spaulding of the Mississippi valley laboratory into the bitter-rot disease of apples, which is likely to be valuable to fruit growers. The investigation was begun in July, when R. A. Simpson, their agent at Parkersburg, Ill., reported that the bitter-rot spores which infected the apples in his orchard seemed to come from canker-like formations on the limbs of the apple trees, and the results of experiments on the subject are given in part in Science. An examination of the trees not only in Mr. Simpson's orchard, but elsewhere in Illinois and Missouri, at that time showed that a causal relation existed between the cankers and the bitter-rot disease of the apples, but it was not thought sufficiently proven to warrant publication then. Examination of the cankers showed the presence of the characteristic pale bitter-rot spores, and in all the cultures made by G. G. Hedgcock, assistant in pathology, from the numerous cankers the spores appeared in every instance. Inoculations were made into the bark of healthy apple trees about the middle of July with spores from pure cultures made from the cankers, and at the same time apples were inoculated with the spores. In the course of a week the infected apples showed every sign of the bitter-rot disease, as found out of doors. Inoculations were also made with spores taken from apples recently attacked in the orchard, both into healthy apples and into growing apple branches at the Missouri Botanical Garden. Inoculations into the branches were made by making shallow cuts through the bark, and inserting a needle point covered with spores into the cut. Control cuts were made for every inoculation, distant but two to three inches from the infected cut. At first little difference was noticeable between infected cuts and the control cuts. After a week or more the bark around the infected cuts turned brown and black; it gradually dried and became more or less depressed. The branches inoculated with spores from apples showed unmistakable signs of canker formation about four or five weeks after the inoculation. Inoculations were thereupon made with spores from these cankers into apples, and these showed the characteristic bitter-rot disease a week later. The branches inoculated with spores from pure cultures (made from cankers taken from orchards) showed the formation of exceedingly striking cankers had numerous pycnidia with mature spores, which when inoculated into apples produced the characteristic bitter-rot disease with pycnidia. One must add that, with the very large number of inoculations made, not a single control cut or puncture showed any signs of disease.

**JUDGE AND LAWYER.**

"Do you give me credit for wisdom?" asked the judge.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer who had just started on a long-winded and wearying argument.

"Well just remember," said the judge, "that a word to the wise is sufficient."

when inoculated into living apple branches gave rise to apple cankers, the spores of which inoculated into apples produced the bitter-rot disease. The observers conclude from these investigations that there is a causal relation between apple cankers found in numerous orchards and the bitter-rot disease, and that it is very probable that this fungus is capable of living both in the bark and in the fruit of the apple. This fact will be an important one in assisting apple growers to combat the disease.

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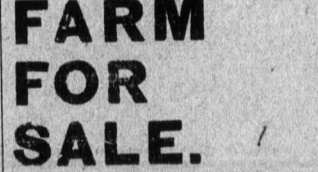
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**Society Directory.**

**A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3.** Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec-Secretary; 1528F Ontario street, L. Aurustia, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

**ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.** Established 1868.—Secy. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Secy., J. F. Quinn, 825 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

**A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY,** Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Established March 6th, 1866, incorporated 1868, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY** organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

**ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F.** Meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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

**C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.**—(Organized, 19th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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**NOTES**

**DR. JORDAN'S SU** fessor Jordan, of C sity, Kingston, has in one of our city churches and has given a sketch of the movements that have his notice. After telling experience from materialism, he expressed people were passing nicism to gnosticism. ably, in his mind the Catholicity of such eminent Protestants, few years, the learned "Some had lost faith for refuge to church;" that is, in a to a low form of faith. This is an individual which Dr. Jordan right. If he consider form of faith a low of help it, nor are we go his privilege to hold certainly does not conform, and we would to think that he was an agnosticism that the form of faith present at a low value. He himself of the following section:—

"Christianity is m belief or a movement; presence. A church thinking for its people on high and hang pic on its walls, but the church for men; but it inspires men to think that breathes of the v God, that is the church. The man who g Jesus finds himself."

If Dr. Jordan would ble to study the teach "infallible Church," cover that it constitutes, for it is not only movement, but also sense—and one that I tered during twenty would find more; that not alone a living pre it contains the Living Catholic Church does thinking for its people than Dr. Jordan does for his hearers when or for his students wh As to the placing of high, it appears to u more in the nature of than the putting of the foot. There is not race, or tribe, in wor uncivilized—that does standard "on high;" being the standard we can recognize as p no church that doe that symbol.

What Church is it men to think for themselves what church "breathes sense of God?" If Dr just brush aside his prejudices, open his e history and dogma he will be surprised to he has exactly describ lic Church as the one ple." There is a deal application in such "The man who gives sus finds himself." S actly what the Catho when he resigns the v upon his sacerdotal o what the members of gious communities—m —do when they turn fments and advantages take up the cross and in lives of sacrifice with the Sacred Heart each individual Catho he approaches the Sa