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VOL. XI. No. 47

## Chronicles of An Old- Timer

The Anniversary of the Hanging of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien—The Fenian Movement and the Part Taken in it by some Toronto men—The Fate of William Lomasney, who was known as General Mackey—How the Anniversary was Observed in Chicago—The Street Railroad Strike.

763 West Madison St.,  
Chicago, Nov. 21, 1903.

Dear Register:

The return of the anniversary of the hanging of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were executed in Salford, England, Nov. 20, 1867, for the killing of Sergeant Brett, a police officer, and the death of something that is seasonal and of the patriotic order. The death of Sergeant Brett occurred while these men along with others, were engaged in rescuing from the Manchester police two men of prime importance who were engaged in the Fenian movement of that period in England and Ireland. They were Col. Thomas J. Kelly, an Irish-American, and a Captain Deasy. They were handcuffed and being conveyed in a police van to be tried before a police magistrate when the rescue was made. To break the lock of the police van the shot was fired that killed the officer. It was not at all intended for him.

As the man that led the attack was a Torontoian with whom I was well acquainted during his residence there I desire to make reference to him here and so far as the Toronto men who were associated with him in the desperate enterprise on which they entered to redeem Ireland. His name is Edward O'Meara, of Washington, and now resides in the city of London. After a term of imprisonment he was released on the intervention of the Hon. William H. Seward, U.S. Secretary of State at that time, who had always a warm spot in his heart for everything Irish. O'Meara came to America and secured a federal position in Washington. He evidently has borne himself well. In his speech in the dock he said he was born in Ohio. How many years he lived in Toronto I cannot say, but I believe a good many. I knew his father also, very well. He was a tall, red-haired, widely patriotic, Tipperary man, and I think was with William Smith O'Brien in the fight at Ballinacorney in 1848. At any rate when that distinguished Irishman visited Toronto the elder O'Meara was very enthusiastic over him.

It is my purpose here to describe the inception of the Fenian movement in Toronto, perhaps for the first time.

When I went to Toronto in the late Forties, there were residing there then two families named Murphy, the head of each being named John. It is also a coincidence that both families lived on the same street, in the same block, and that both kept hotels and both had sons. The location was Wellington street, between Scott and Yonge, and on the north side of the street. The one John Murphy kept the Western hotel, one of the best then in the city, and owned the property. The sister of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, your now famous brewer, was the wife of this Mr. Murphy, and a capital hostess she was.

The other John Murphy, a much older man, kept the "Coopers-Arms," a frame house, that occupied the northwest corner of Wellington and Scott streets, and was himself as well as two of his sons, William and Michael, cooper by trade. The older, I think, was a native of Cork and had a good deal of native vigor about him and possessed many friends. He may have had other sons but I remember but the two mentioned and knew both of them well. William, the elder, possessed some elements of popularity and was at one time elected alderman for St. Lawrence ward, beating, I think, no less a personage than the late Alexander Manning. I think this Mr. Murphy was an alderman in Toronto. James Stock, an English Black, was afterwards elected for the same ward.

Michael Murphy was not in Toronto when I went to live there. He was in the United States and when he came back home he was full of zeal and devotion was the Irish cause and imbued many of the young men about him with his own ardor. We had the Young Men's St. Patrick's Society then, to which he belonged, but it did not satisfy his yearnings for more active propaganda. He was the man that organized the Ancient Order of Hibernians in your city. Benevolence alone was not the object of this association. It soon developed into an Irish revolutionary branch and was very troublesome to the Young Men's St. Patrick's Society that it endeavored to disintegrate. Among its members that I can now call to mind were Michael Murphy, Patrick Boyle, John Egan, James O'Connor, William Lomasney, Mortimer and Daniel Moriarty, Patrick Maloney, Daniel Mahony, Phillip Cullen, Edward Condon and Thomas Francis Burke. How many there were in the organization altogether I never learned by any means of ascertaining. At any rate all are now dead excepting Condon, who resides in Washington, and Cullen, who lives in Chicago. They purchased arms and maintained a drill room and were determined to do their part towards realizing their fond dream of Ireland's freedom in the Fenian organization of that day.

Lomasney was a member of a large family. He learned the trade of printer in the "Globe" office. He was a small man with an indomitable spirit and was ambitious to do something that would exalt his name. So soon as he was out of his apprenticeship he went to the United States and joined the northern army in order to gain military training and experience. On his departure he was entertained at a banquet by T. F. Bourke, a physically different man from Lomasney, being large and powerful, also went to the United States with the same object. He was a painter by trade. Those men were all followers of O'Mahony in the Fenian organization and aimed to join their compatriots on Irish soil and there strike a blow for Ireland's freedom, and were not in accord with the invaders of Canada. When the opportune moment seemed to have arrived, Murphy and about half a dozen others, including O'Connor, Mortimer Moriarty, Maloney and Cullen, proceeded via Grand Trunk railroad to invade Ireland, but were arrested on the way and incarcerated in Cornwall jail. There they were kept for several months until they managed to make their escape by tunnelling their way out and making their way across the St. Lawrence to the State of New York. In doing this they were aided by a young woman, the wife of one of them, and a member of a family that has lately become distinguished among you.

In Ireland and England Mortimer Moriarty, William Lomasney, Edward Condon and T. F. Bourke gave good and substantial account of themselves. In the movement they were leaders true and trusted. Moriarty operated in the Kerry hills, Lomasney, as Gen. Mackay, led the attack on Chester Castle in England. Condon, as is well known, led the attack on the police van in Manchester and Bourke was made a general and became a prominent man in the revolutionary movement. All were arrested at one time and another, tried for high treason and condemned to death. Lomasney made a speech in the dock that drew forth a compliment from the English judge that sentenced him, and declared it his duty to take up arms when there was a hope of success to redress those wrongs. After years spent in Portland and other English prisons they were at last released and came to the United States. Since then I have met Bourke and Condon. It is strange, but long imprisonment seemed to have improved them. They were different men altogether from what they were in their more youthful days, and for the better. They were tried by the fire of endeavor and the suffering of adversity and came out seasoned and strong characters. Bourke, however, is long since dead, but he held for years a good position under the city government of New York. He had a brother Edward, who was educated for the priesthood in St. Michael's College. Let the Irish of Toronto not forget that they, too, have their martyrs for Irish nationality, and no matter however ill-advised those young men may have been in their actions in their day, there is no impeaching the honesty and patriotism of their motives.

I have to remark further, that I do not remember what part Dan Mahony took in the movement outside of the Hibernian Society; but I am happy to say that a son of his is a prominent Chicago attorney, who has the esteem and confidence of many clients. His mother was a Miss Susan Higgins, who was well known to me in my bachelor days, and I

# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1903

Of all the financial institutions of Canada receiving money on deposit, only three have a paid-up Capital as great as that of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, Toronto Street, Toronto.

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doubt not there are yet some in Toronto who remember the couple.

## THE FATE OF LOMASNEY.

As I know Lomasney and his family well I have recently made it my business to enquire into his fate because a mystery hangs over his life. After he was released from prison he spent some time in Chicago, where he edited a weekly newspaper. He went from Chicago to Detroit, where his family resides, and where I believe he was married, but whether he is now in the land of the living or not nobody seems to know. There is a legend, however, that consigns him to a horrible death. It is said that he went back to England and became a dynamiter. He tried, so the story goes, to blow up London bridge, but instead of destroying that noted thoroughfare he blew himself into atoms so small that his remains were unrecognizable and unrecoverable.

Chicago is a place where it is possible to obtain information about almost anything no matter where it may have originated or how complicated, as nearly everybody has relatives or acquaintances in this great cosmopolitan city. One day last summer I had occasion to visit that portion of the city where the World's Fair was held here ten years ago. I noticed on a pop window on Sixty-third street the name of "Lomasney." I never knew but the one family of the name and it attracted me. It was a confectionery and ice-cream parlor and I entered. It was attended by two diminutive but handsome young ladies. I asked them if their name was Lomasney and if their father's name was William? They answered that their father's name was John, but that they had an uncle named William. I then asked where he was. They said they could not tell, as nobody knew. They had never seen him, they said, as he had lived in Detroit, and they knew but little about him or his family. I found on further enquiry that their father and mother were separated and that not any of them was a Catholic, neither parents nor children. In an interview with their mother I found that William Lomasney had a son in Chicago and that he was employed in the office of the "Chicago American" newspaper as a message boy. I enquired for the young man and was told to see the electrician. "Who," asked the latter, "do you want; is it little Joe?" I said "perhaps." "Well," said the electrician, "he is about here sometimes during the day time, but he does not go on duty till eleven o'clock at night." I called several times before I met him. I found him a delicate-looking young fellow of about eighteen years, with a sad cast of countenance, as if he had been suffering by sea; but he said he was very glad to see me because I knew his father. He complained that his Chicago relatives had not used him kindly. Talking of his father's fate he said he would turn up some day, fresh from some British prison or some remarkable adventure. I for one cherish the hope that this prediction may come true.

CELEBRATING THE MARTYRS DAY IN CHICAGO.

The United Irish Society of Chicago, of which Col. John F. Finerty is president, will celebrate the Martyrs Day in the music hall to-morrow evening. It will be a dual celebration and will commemorate the achievements of Wolfe Tone, the gallant organizer of the Society of United Irishmen, who was also a martyr for his country's cause, and suffered death in the memorable year of 1798, at the hands of the British government. The exercises will consist of addresses by eminent speakers and vocal selections by ladies and gentlemen of the Irish Choral Society. Col. John F. Finerty will discourse on the "Life and Career of Theobald Wolfe Tone," and Rev. Thomas E. Judge will do justice to the memory of the Manchester martyrs. This day is always observed by the Irish societies of Chicago and much enthusiasm is invoked.

THE STREET RAILROAD STRIKE

Chicago this week is in the throes of a street railway strike, which affects three of four thousand men. The public go not seem to mind the inconvenience they are put to much as their sympathy is with the men. This strike does not include the street railroads of the whole city, as many suppose, but is confined to the south division. There are three different companies operating street railroads here, and only the "city" company is enjoying the agony. The cars are operated on some of the lines, but they only carry holmen and related, the people suffering them. There were acts of considerable violence the first day or two, but about a thousand policemen have been guarding the cars and the tracks every day since. The great bulk of the street car employes of Chicago are Irish, and your readers will, therefore, have an added interest in the result. The men are well led, well behaved, and have confidence in their ultimate triumph. They are relying on the public sympathy, the support of the powerful trades union organizations, who threaten to boycott the municipal ownership and operation, the company's franchise being soon to expire. The company is as well paid and as well used as by any other line in the country; but they do not reflect that they have to endure longer hours and greater hardships here than anywhere else. To-day for the first time the company has shown a disposition to arbitrate the differences. The elevated roads and the long a thriving business. No life has so far been lost.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

Cardinal Moran and Pope Pius.

The Rome correspondent of the Standard has got hold of the wrong end of the stick with respect to the question of Cardinal Moran settling in Italy. He says that the Cardinal expressed a wish to stay in Italy, but that the Pope decided to have his services to the Church in Australia more valuable to allow of his doing so. It goes without question that the Cardinal's services to his flock in Australia are of the most important and indeed invaluable character. Cardinal Moran fills a position in Australia unequalled by any Catholic prelate who ever went there. He is one of the greatest and most highly respected figures in the Commonwealth among all classes. When he was in Rome, I was informed by very good authority, some weeks ago, he made a deep impression on the Pope, who showed him the utmost attention. His Eminence discussed with the Pope the general position of the Catholic world outside the Continent, and his Holiness was so much impressed with Cardinal Moran's knowledge and grasp of questions of Church policy that he suggested it would be a valuable assistance to him if the Cardinal would settle in Rome. The Cardinal, on full consideration, came to the conclusion that he would be of more service in Australia, and his Holiness acquiesced to this view.—Dublin Freeman.

DEATH

FLANAGAN—Mary Flanagan, at St. Michael's Hospital, Saturday, November 21st. Funeral was held from St. Paul's Church, Monday, 10 a.m. R.I.P.

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## Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick Honored

(From the Quebec Telegraph.)

Charlesbourg did honor to the Minister of Justice last night by a demonstration that will long be remembered by those who were present. In June last Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick placed special trains at the disposition of his Charlesbourg constituents, which permitted them visiting the Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and yesterday's demonstration took the form of a public acknowledgment.

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick having refused to accept any gift from his constituents, the latter presented a handsome gold and silver chalice to the Charlesbourg Church, bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented to the parish of Charlesbourg by the Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, M.P., in memory of his mother, June 20, 1903."

(Yesterday Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick was presented with two handsome statues from Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Delaney, which was attended by Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Cyr. F. Delage, M.P.P. An address was read by Mr. L. O. Bourget in the presence of a very large crowd of the electors of the district and others, and Messrs. Elz. Bedard and F. Byrne presented the statues. An address by Mr. Cyr. F. Delage followed, the local member stating he was happy to be present to assist in the demonstration. At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Delage announced that the two medals offered by the County of Quebec Agricultural Society for competition among the farmers would be presented by Mrs. Fitzpatrick. The fortunate winners, Messrs. Edouard Parent and Ferdinand Bourret were loudly cheered as they received the medals from Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Delage afterwards paid their respects to the Rev. Mr. Gosselin, of the parish church, and thanked Mr. P. Legare for his hospitality. During the demonstration a hand discoursed a programme of appropriate airs.

MARRIAGE

DELANEY—GROGAN

At eight o'clock, at St. Michael's Cathedral, Monday, Nov. 23rd, Miss Mary Grogan, 2nd daughter of the late Thos. Grogan, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Joseph Delaney, both of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D., of the Cathedral.

The bride was prettily attired in a suit of blue granet pebble cloth, trimmed with white, and wore a large blue and white picture hat. Miss Margaret, the bride's youngest sister, who acted as bridesmaid, was becomingly dressed in a brown suit of ladies cloth. The groom was supported by Mr. Nile Hodgson, of Toronto. A very intimate friends sat down to a very dainty wedding breakfast at the bride's home. Among them were the bride's two sisters from Boston, Mr. Will. Dunfee, from Peterboro, and Mr. and Mrs. Flintoft, from Newmarket.

Meaning of Office Given to Mgr. Merry Del Val.

Rome, Oct. 28.—Who was the first Secretary of State of the Vatican, and what needs did that office satisfy when it was first created? The question perhaps is worth considering now, that Mgr. Merry del Val, already appointed to that important office officially by Pius X., has officially taken up the title.

The first Secretary of State mentioned in Church history was Cardinal Carlo Borromeo, nephew of Pope Pius IV., who received the title in 1560. It seems that the office was created then to reform in a more normal sense the custom, which existed before and throughout the Middle Ages, authorizing the Popes to delegate some of their temporal powers on members of their families called to the purple by them. The fact that the Cardinal-Secretaries were called for a long time also Cardinal-Nephews or Cardinal-Nephews would seem to confirm this theory.

As for the qualities they should have, we find these enumerated in Sixtus V.'s "Instructions" to his nephew Montalto. The document was published in 1602 and is interesting. "The dignity of Cardinal," it says, "appears more eminent in the persons who are connected with the Pope by the ties of relationship; for by reason of the desire he has of raising them up to himself and by reason of the confidence which he places in them above all others, the most important affairs of the Holy See are always communicated to them."

These quotations show that at the beginning the Secretary of State, always a relative to the Pope, was above all his coadjutor and his confidant. His post was transformed rapidly. Political reasons and the desire to secure a high official, an administrative officer who, little by little, came to command a whole army of bureaucrats. The Cardinal-Patron draws more and more into the background, while the Cardinal-Secretary of State asserts himself more and more, until in 1692 we see Innocent XII. put an end to the custom of associating the Pope's nephew to his power.

At that time begins the real series of Secretaries of State, properly so called, in the precise sense of the formula defining their powers, which I quote: "Secretary of State for Public Affairs, First Minister and Sovereign Organ of the Pope, Prince of the Temporal Property of the Holy See."

The first effect of the establishment of the office of Secretary of State was to shake greatly the political importance of the Camerlengo, who till that time had played a prime part in the temporal government of the Church and who saw his office diminished by all the activities passed over to the Secretary of State. So, it may be said that there has always been rivalry between the Camerlengo and the Secretary of State; the most famous was that in the pontificate of Pope Pius VII. between the Camerlengo, Cardinal Pacca, and the Secretary of State, Cardinal Consalvi. To put an end to such standing disputes Gregory XVI. decided to deprive the Sacred College and consequently its head, the Camerlengo, of all political prerogatives, and created a second Secretary of State for Internal Affairs. The office was suppressed in 1870 when internal affairs were reduced to the administration of the Vatican, and again there was but one Secretary of State. Nowadays the chief functions of the Cardinal Secretary of State is to deal with the relations between the Holy See and other Governments, but as a matter of fact all the important affairs of the Curia pass through his hands. His office imposes on him defined and precise labors, but his position allows him to interfere in everything without restraint. His office is merely that of director of the Papal diplomacy, his position makes him the alter ego of the Pope, the constant associate in his cares, even when they have nothing to do with diplomacy.

Twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday, the Secretary of State receives the ambassadors, one after another. These representing the great Powers never miss this double audience, for

## Papal Secretary of State

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There is always business to be settled. The reception of Ambassadors is the chief official duty of the Secretary of State, next comes that of corresponding with the Nuncios, whose reports he receives and to whom he sends instructions.

Every morning the Cardinal Secretary is received by the Pope. In these tete-a-tete interviews the policy of the Government of the Church is discussed. The Secretary must then, during the day, carry out the decisions that have been made and investigate the questions that will have to be decided on the morrow. In the evening, at the hour of the angels, he receives any visitor who may wish to inform him about any matter that it may seem proper to bring to the Pope's notice, and it is very rarely in these private interviews that the Secretary of State declares himself unauthorized to act, whatever may be the character of the problem put to him.

Before 1870, the offices of Secretary of State were in the Quirinal; when the Italian Government took possession of that palace they were transferred to the Vatican and extend from the courtyard of the "parrots" to that of the "marsh." They take up twenty-one rooms.

In the first room, the orderlies' hall, there are always four employees subject to the orders of the various officials. Two of them wear a sort of blue livery; the others are dressed in the uniform of the former pontifical dragoons. The four orderlies, who must not be mistaken for domestics or porters, have the duty of conveying the notes and communications of the Secretary's office, the two in livery carry them into the city, those in uniform into the Vatican rooms.

Two stairways contiguous to the first room lead into a vestibule on the hall made historic by the interviews of William II. and Cardinal Rampolla, the office of the assistant, those where the copyists, engravers and other clerks work; on the right is the hall of the archives, with an ante-room, which is used as a library. The hall of the archives has an area of 350 square feet; the ceiling is 24 feet high. On the wall at the back an inscription states that Pius IX. had it built, and the bust of that Pope set upon a column, reminds us that he opened it formally on July 16, 1876. In immense cupboards arranged along the walls are laid away all the papers and documents, all the diplomatic archives, arranged in careful order. I need say nothing of the other rooms.

This is as faithful a summary as can be made in a few words of the origin, the successive changes, and the present meaning of the Secretaryship of State and the manner in which it is housed. At the head of it the will of Pius X. has now placed a prelate who is 38 years of age.

Election of Officers, Branch 15, C.M.B.A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch 15, C.M.B.A., held on Thursday evening, the 19th inst., in the Temple Building, the following members were all elected by acclamation to hold offices in the Branch for the coming year: Chancellor, Bro. Frank J. Walsh; President, Bro. T. P. Callaghan; 1st Vice-President—Bro. H. E. R. Stock; 2nd Vice-President—Bro. Joseph Maroney; Recording Secretary—Bro. E. V. O'Sullivan; Asst. Rec. Secretary, Bro. T. J. O'Leary; Financial Secretary, Bro. W. Moran; Treasurer, Bro. Frank J. Walsh; Marshall, Bro. Joseph Lauder; Guard, Bro. W. Higgins; two new Trustees in place of those retiring, Bro. Joseph Moroney and Bro. E. V. O'Sullivan; Delegate to the next Convention, Bro. Frank J. Walsh; Alternate Delegate, Bro. E. V. O'Sullivan.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME

Of the departure from Rome of Cardinal Moran on Nov. 1, Mr. P. L. Connelan writes in The Dublin Freeman:

A number of Roman friends, mostly by his own countrymen, assembled at the station to bid him farewell and to wish him a prosperous voyage. Amongst these were the Vice-Rector of the Irish College, the Rev. Dr. Byrne, the Very Rev. Dean Slattery of Sydney, the Rev. Father Luke Carey, O.F.M.S., Isidore, Mrs. Maher, of Moyvoughley, Co. Westmeath, and his niece, Miss Meehan, Rev. Dr. O'Kelly, S. J., of the Irish College, the Christian Brothers, Revs. Costen and Murphy, and several others. The Cardinal is evidently quite recovered from the cold he was suffering from a few weeks ago.

On Wednesday last Brothers Costen and Murphy who direct the school of the Christian Brothers founded in Rome a few years ago, were admitted to audience of his Holiness Pope Pius X. An address was presented to him, which he read with special care. After presenting his homage to the Sovereign Pontiff, Brother Michael Costen, Procurator-General of the Institute of "Christian Brothers," relates, in very brief terms, the work and progress of this Institute, which is solemnly dedicated to the education of boys. He refers to its foundation by Edmund Ignatius Rice in 1802. Within the century recently ended it spread over nearly all parts of the British Empire, obtaining results far surpassing all expectation. It now counts ninety-seven houses in Ireland and England, more than thirty in Australia, ten in British India, four in Newfoundland, four in Gibraltar, and others, again, in South Africa and in New Zealand.

It was related to the Pontiff that the action of this Institute is so well known for the excellence of the instruction and education it bestows upon the young that the general had more than once a request for new houses. But he has had, greatly to his sorrow, to renounce the extension waited for during 10 years, for want of persons to carry it out.

In Rome their house was opened three years ago in accordance with the request of his Eminence, the late Cardinal Jacobini, then Vice-Governor of his Holiness. Its object is to arise as a dyke to the evils which come from the Protestant propaganda, which, under the pretext of gratuitous instruction in languages, is really a proselytising institution. Providence has blessed the work of the Christian Brothers. At the end of the last school year they had more than three hundred pupils.

Such are the chief facts expressed in the address presented by Brother Michael Costen to the Holy Father. The Pontiff was much gratified, and as a token of his pleasure he presented a portrait of himself to the Institute in Rome, and another of larger size which is to be sent to the General in Ireland. These admiring portraits are greatly enhanced in value by the benediction which the Pontiff wrote himself in his clear and elegant script, signing it with his name, on the lower margin of each photograph. The Pontiff is conscious of the good work achieved by these devoted Irish Christian Brothers, and expresses his consciousness of the value of the work in his photographs. The Latin sentence that he wrote there has in it the words "Christian Brothers," probably the first words he ever wrote in the English language.

"Fire in the Vatican" has been the strange news that reached all Rome yesterday morning. Everyone was talking of it to-day, and expressing the deepest concern regarding the risk of danger to the precious books and manuscripts and works of art contained within these walls. Happily, however, the loss that the fire has occasioned is not much, so far as is known at the present moment.

About half-past eight last night a pouter and a boy of 16 passing through the Piazza del Usorgimento, outside the old Porta Angelica, whence there is a good view of the Vatican, saw that flames were proceeding from the upper floor of the Vatican. They ran to notify the firemen of the Piazza Rusticucci—a square of St. Peter's. Notice was brought to the Vatican by one of the guards from this place, who began to knock loudly at the bronze door opening into it from the right colonnade. In a moment the Vatican was all awake. The guards, the Swiss Guards, and the Vatican firemen, some of the scene of the fire. It was first said that it had first broken out in the apartment of Father Francesco Ehrle, of the Society of Jesus, Prefect of the Vatican Library; but this was found to be a mistake.

The account of this morning relates that about the middle of the long Gallery of Lapidary Descriptions, which is on the level of the first Loggia of Raphael, there is a little door by which up a narrow stair of about 50 steps you reach the department of Father Ehrle. Above this apartment there is a habitable room, and it was hereabout that the fire first appeared; but how it began is at present a mystery. The roof of this loft fell in; but by and by the fire was conquered by the combined efforts of the Vatican employees and the city firemen. The municipal and political authorities entered the Vatican for the first time, amongst the latter being Signor Niccolini, the new Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. Nothing of value has been destroyed, a lot of papers, but of no importance, were burnt, and a few books, the property of the attendant of Father Ehrle, but they are modern, and of

no bibliographic merit. It has been a fortunate circumstance that the fire was seen in time to prevent any awful catastrophe.

The death of the great historian of ancient Rome, Theodor Mommsen, which is announced to-day from Charlottenburg, is much regretted by the students and the scholars who pursue antiquarian studies in this city. His works were numerous and the most important of them concerned Roman history and the Latin inscriptions that have been discovered so abundantly in Italy during the last half century. But what distinguishes the labours of Mommsen is that he has treated of all sides of the science of Roman antiquities—law, history, philology, epigraphy, and numismatics. He studied all and investigated all most profoundly, as a writer in Rome says of him to-day, bringing to the consideration of every question he treated some new element even when he did not renew it entirely. It has been said that the superiority which Mommsen had over his contemporaries in the different branches of Roman antiquities, he owed in great part to his profound knowledge of Roman law.

As a philologist, it is said of him, that he outdistanced all competitors, by his study of Italian dialects, and by his editions of the "Agronomi" of Pliny the younger and by the "Chronica Minora" of Jordanes. As a numismatist he gave a history of the Roman coinage, which will remain a monument to his learning. But it is above all as an epigraphist and a historian that he gained a world-wide fame. "There is probably no other instance," writes an author of to-day concerning Mommsen, "in the history of scholarship in which one man has established so complete an ascendancy in a great department of learning."

He passed much of his time in Italy, more particularly at Naples and Rome. He was a conspicuous figure wherever he was seen, a thin face with a large nose, great round eyes, spectacles, and snow-white straggling locks hanging around his face and over the collar of his coat. A broad-brimmed black felt hat and a long black frock coat—in fact he dressed nearly always in black—gave him the appearance of a studious parson. He was thin, rapid in his movements, and he seemed always to be thinking about something far away. At Naples I have seen him hastening through the great National Museum, everyone bowing to or saluting him as he passed, making his way to the choice and rich collections of ancient coins. Absorbed as ever he stood gazing, as it appeared, at one or other of the numismatic treasures before him; then he occasionally asked a question in admirable Italian, with a slight German accent, of one of the custodians of the Museum.

It was in Rome, however, he seemed most at home. Here he was seen frequently assisting at the meetings of the German Archaeological Institute, the Palazzo Caffarelli on the Capitoline Hill, rarely, however, speaking. There was another place which he frequented—a poor and dirty restaurant or "trattoria" in the vicinity of the Fountain of Trevi. This bore the name of the Gabbione, or Great Cage, and a few steps led down from the street into it. The ceiling was vaulted and was very low. The place was frequented by artists who had more talent and talk than meat, and was endeared to them for its cheapness as well as the democratic feeling which prevailed within its walls. It was interesting beyond description to see this white-haired patriarch of learning coming here to eat his lonely dinner alone, and drink his half litre of cheap though good Albano wine. After dinner he would sit here for an hour or so smoking one of these long "Cavour" cigars, strong enough to tell an ox and tasting like styx, occasionally dreaming amid the fumes of his vile weed. But he was not often alone. Young men from the Fatherland, with fresh pink and white faces and golden hair—men who had gained a travelling scholarship—arrayed in evening dress would gather in, and sit around the smoking sage. Veneration and awe were on their faces. They were in the very presence of the great man whose name had constantly come up in their studies, and they leaned forward, and looked out at him—mostly through spectacles—with a silence and attention that was simply exquisite to behold.

Then the oracle would open his mouth, and a sigh of relief would thrill through the group as they listened to the golden words the master let fall. I was with another group, who, so far as their studies went, seemed to be of Father Proust's opinion—of ignorance of German is the beginning of wisdom! So we looked, but did not understand, and did not listen. On many and many a night, in the company of young men whose names are not now altogether unknown in the world of art, have I looked on this interesting scene; the old man amidst his smoke speaking his thoughts and his words of wisdom to the young men eagerly listening to him. Think of an English man of my name doing this; why he would be lost. Think of the Professor of Greek or Roman History sitting in a hole, such as the Gabbione was, smoking a vile "Cavour," and dispensing for nothing the treasures of his knowledge to raw young men travelling for their education.

Mommsen was notably forgetful in his moments of absorption. I had often heard the great lack of recollection he showed, as it used to be told. Meeting a group of children in a park at Berlin he watched them playing for a time, and then was pleased to see them come and nestle

close to him. He patted their heads, and said they were good children, and then asked their names. The eldest cried out: "Don't you know us, papa?"

I remember a forgetfulness, not quite so gross as this, but notable enough in its way. It was the birthday of Rome, and was celebrated, as usual, in the Library of the German Institute on the Capitol. Mommsen rose up holding a card in his hand which he was looking at frequently. He went on to speak of an inscription that was lately brought to light, and that was curious in this, that it had a word in it which was not used in that same way in another inscription with which he was acquainted. After a ten minutes' talk he sat down; and there was a great silence; and the scientists around looked at each other inquiringly. Then the late Commendatore De Rossi, the Christian Archaeologist, ventured to remark, aloud, that Professor Mommsen had not read to the audience the inscription in which the interesting little word was found. A roar of laughter greeted De Rossi's remark; and Mommsen, rather irritated, rose, and read out the inscription which was written on the card he had been holding in his hand and almost constantly looking at the whole time he was speaking.

FRANCE

The Breton Catholics are raising an immense Calvary opposite the monument recently unveiled, of Ernest Renan, the apostate, at Treguier. The figure of the Saviour on the cross is sculptured by Hemot, of Lannion, out of one block of red granite of Tregastel. There are to be five monumental statues, around the pedestal, with the names of the apostles, and the beloved disciple will be, Yves, patron of Treguier. The figure of the local saint will be smaller than the rest, and will appear in low relief. On one memorial will be inscribed the words attributed to Julian the Apostate: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilee!" The Calvary is to be ornamented with the arms of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X., and with those of Mgr. Fallieres, Bishop of St. Brieuc. It will be ready for the Feast of St. Yves next May.

Regret is expressed for the recent passing of M. Paul Mame, the head of the famous Catholic publishing firm of Tours, which issues six millions of books and brochures annually and employs nearly 850 men, women and children. One of the founders of the firm said: "We shall only publish good books," and the rule is rigidly observed. The original organizer of the business was Charles Mame. He left a daughter who was engaged to but never married. General Hoche, and three sons. The eldest of these published Cheateubriand's "Bonaparte et les Bourbons," and also the works of Madame de Staël. He lost by these latter, as they were stopped by the police of the first Napoleon, who hated the clever daughter of Necker, the banker of Geneva. The second son published Abbé Barthélemy's famous "Voyage de J. A. Paris, en Grèce," and the third Mame founded the Tours printing office. Alfred Mame, father of Paul, who has just died, established an old age pension fund for the people employed by him. According to the rules, clerks and others of their grade become entitled to £44 a year, between the ages of 55 and 60. The workmen receive £24 a year when they attain an age at which they are no longer active.

The Paris cemeteries were, as usual, crowded on Toussaint and the Jour des Morts (All Saints and All Souls). M. Combes had not been able to prevent mourners from praying for their departed relatives in the cemeteries, although he has closed many of the chapels of the Orders and Congregations where people also prayed and to which they went for some consolation on the day of the dead. In connection with the cemeteries, a painful discovery has been made by the friends of the late Henri Becquerel, one of the greatest, but most unsuccessful, of French scientists. Becquerel was a careless Bohemian during life, and when he died his literary colleagues bought a grave for him at Pere La Chaise. Recently they wanted to put a memorial over the grave, but the exact place where Becquerel was buried could not be found. One of his friends, Henri Bauer, says that after all does not matter, as Becquerel will live in at least two of his plays, "Les Corbeaux" and "La Parisienne." The dead dramatist wrote brilliant dialogue, but his biting and bitter sarcasm was too much for thin-skinned players. Accordingly while others who took care to keep on the right side of the sensitive and to cater for the majority made fortunes, Becquerel, the careless and the gifted, died an absolute pauper.

The Capuchin Fathers have at last been hunted from their house beyond the Luxembourg. The tyrannical eviction was carried out on Wednesday morning. They were originally prevented from taking their bedding away when they applied for it in the evening. The Friars showed no light like the Socialist working men who were knocked about by the police in the Labour Exchange, and who returned the blows with considerable interest. M. Combes being frightened of the Socialists, denounced in the Chamber the invasion of the Labour Exchange by his police, whom he is continually sending to evict unoffending religious out of their houses.

M. Paul de Cassagnac makes a strong appeal in favor of the honest newspaper. He says, he is not elected by the Catholics, who buy the others which publish bargeable stories, offer prizes for all sorts of absurd tasks or feats, such as guessing the exact number of grains in a given bottle, and print repulsive advertisements. The famous Imperialist champion also pertinaciously points out that most of the directors of the French and provincial papers are utterly incapable of writing five lines without a grammatical blunder, that they have no political opinions, no social programme, and that they are trying to turn the press into a mere financial machine.

Audience with Pius X.

Rome looked very beautiful in the glare of the last days of August when I tried to secure an audience with Pius X. My weapons of offense on the citadel of the Vatican were a Cardinal, two Consuls, and the Principal of a mission. They thought that my object, if it were ever to be gained under a fortnight; but luck stood by me, and in a day and a half after landing in Rome came the invitation to the Vatican.

For the day of the waiting I wandered about the Via Sacra, watching the work of the Government restoration of the Temple of Faustina, looking at gay carloads of contadini going through the Arch of Constantine, and getting myself happily lost for five minutes at a time in the little streets by the Coliseum.

I had seen the master of the ceremonies in the morning, and in the afternoon I rang up the mediaeval Vatican on a twentieth-century telephone. At 2.30 there came a smiling messenger with the notification of the audience, informing me also that I must wear either a uniform or evening dress.

The Place of St. Peter was very quiet. Except for the pleasant crashing of the two big fountains between the wings of the piazza there was little sound; the wide high stone stairs that mount from the piazza to the cathedral lay white and empty under the sun; the great colonnade by the Vatican asserted half the great dignity of the Vatican loggia open, and on the loggia a few soldiers—the Pope's Carabinieri and the Pope's Swiss.

FAIR-HAIRED MOUNTAINEERS.

The faces of these fair-haired and mustached mountaineers look as strange in this Latin palace as their fine uniforms of slashed red, black, and yellow are a necessary part of the picture, for the Dress of the Papal Guard was designed for the building by Michael Angelo, who had a perfect color sense.

The Captain of the Swiss Guard delivered me to a carabinieri and the carabinieri gave me to a smiling chamberlain in crimson-stockings and knee-breeches of crimson he wore, and over all a loose crimson coat fell to his knees. I was conducted up many flights of long and wide marble stairs, surrounded by walls of precious colored marbles, of bardiglio, paozazzo, and others, and before me, through all this wonder in stone, the figure in crimson flitted upward. At every locgia a Swiss guard in slashed red, black and yellow, all helmeted and halberded, stood like a figure in stone, or rather as a figure in a painting, for not even a Venetian mosaic could have simulated such glaring yet harmonious contrasts of color.

At the eight landing we came into daylight on the colonnade of the highest locgia of the Vatican, four stories above the courtyard. There were a few other strangers awaiting an audience, besides two dignitaries of the Church. Two of the strangers had brought rosaries and Crucifixes to be blessed by his Holiness, and another had a handful of medals.

IN CREAM-COLORED HABIT.

The great bell of the Vatican tolled the hour, and from the southern colonnade there advanced a dark, thin, furtive-looking secretary in the dress of a secular priest, and with him a figure in cream-colored habit relieved by a band of lighter colored silk at the waist, and in the waist-band an ivory crucifix supporting a silver Christ. The cream-colored robes swept to the marble pavement; the wearer advanced gravely to the little group that waited. It was his Holiness Pius X.

On his head a small skull cap of the same stuff as his habit, and from its limited circle escaped a profusion of strong gray hair—the gray hair of a strong, middle-aged man.

His face is round and full—slightly lined, but very equable; his eyes kindly and with so much quiet humor in them that they are not the eyes of an Italian, but are typically Irish. But the Irish are more Latin than Northern.

On the right cheek a rather prominent mole. This is fortunate for those lithographers and postcard printers who cannot hope to produce a portrait true to expression, and must rely for recognition on some exaggeration of feature.

It is the face of a good, kindly, simple, strong, and modest man—clever also, but above all benignant. He walked to where I stood and the secretary stated what purported to be the Italian equivalent of my name. "Signore. Randle Bed-fodd, da Australia."

Pius X. extended his hand; the great papal jewel burning from the forehead; it banded and almost covered the first and third fingers with its SHAKING HIS HAND. I took the hand and shook it, at which the secretary looked surprised, but the Pope, flashing on me a quick, birdlike glance, and evidently then seeing that I was acting quite naturally, smiled kindly and returned the pressure. "From Australia?" "Yes, your Holiness." "He is very far." "Yes, your Holiness." I began to ask a blessing for my friends, and had got as far as "Benedice" when he said: "I blessed you and your family." I replied in a hurry to avoid sailing under false colors, "But, Santita, I am not a Roman Catholic." "I blessed you and your family all the same." "I thank your Holiness. Although not a Roman Catholic I have many Catholic friends, and in Australia there is no religious intolerance, although it may be pretended." He smiled slightly. Perhaps he knew of that attempted vote of cen-

sure proposed by a contemptible minority in the Commonwealth Parliament on Sir Edmund Barton, because he had visited the late Pope.

"In these days the true religion is the greater its tolerance for others," he said gravely. "Your Holiness, I pray you give me your blessing for my Roman Catholic friends in Australia."

"I bless them all." In his action of benediction he included with a gesture the medals held by the stranger on my left hand. "And I may take a message to them, your Holiness?" He made a gesture of refusal, but still smiling very kindly, and the secretary drew his attention, to the others who waited, and he passed on. Then I turned and saw the others all kneeling. The secretary's surprise was explained.

The others favored with an audience were so overwhelmed by the Pontiff's presence that they could not utter a word, but the kindness of the great man put them all at their ease, and they kissed the Papal ring with respectful fervor.

The Pope came back to me, extending his hand again, and this time having my cue aright, I kissed the great gem, but held his hand still. "Your Holiness, the message for my friends."

His eyes were filled with an appreciation of the humor of the persistence, and we smiled at each other. But he was not to be drawn. "My benediction to all men," he said, "Addio." I released his hand. "Addio, Santita."

He went away with his secretary as equally as he had entered, including the people of the audience in a kindly smile as he disappeared at the corner of the colonnade. There was little time for the wonders of the Vatican had I had the inclination. I have impressions only of worn, Summer-weary women kissing the foot of the bronze St. Peter in the cathedral, which bronze foot has been kissed into shapelessness by the lips of millions of Catholics who have long been dusty; of one of my countrymen, a great eucalyptus from Australia, growing joyously by a palace 800 years old; and of a cheery talk with Cardinal Moran and his secretary at the Irish College.

But for an hour after that audience was obsessed by the meeting with the new Pope, who showed simplicity where I had expected magnificence, modesty where I had expected pomp and human kindness where I had looked for the conventional ceremonial of royal courts—Randolph Bedford in The London Express.

Cardinal Merry Del Val's Irish Ancestry

(Dublin Freeman's Journal.) As the Irish descent of Cardinal Merry del Val has been called in question, our readers will be interested in the following letter which a Dublin gentleman sends us and which was received some time since from a well-known County Court Judge, who presides over a Southern Irish county. "You are right in saying that it was I who first, in a letter from Rome, stated that Mons. Merry del Val was of Irish descent. Six years ago I dined at the Irish College in Rome on St. Patrick's Day. Monsignor Kelly, now Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, presided at the feast. At his right hand was a Cardinal, and at his left Senior Merry del Val, the Ambassador of the King of Spain at the Holy See. After dinner Monsignor Kelly told me the story of the Merry del Val origin, which he had from the Ambassador's own lips. About a century ago a Mr. Merry, a Watergentian, went to Spain, where he owned some vineyards. He greatly prospered and founded two noble families—the houses of Merry del Val and Merry y Colon (I believe the name Colon, which is Spanish for Columbus, originated in a marriage with the family of the Dukes of Veragua, the descendants of Christopher Columbus). At the time that I was in Rome, Merry y Colon was Ambassador from Spain to the King of Italy, and Merry del Val Ambassador from Spain to the Pope—a brilliant man for two great-grandsons of the original man from Waterford. At the same time of the two sons of Merry del Val one was the Secretary and guide, philosopher and friend" of the Dowager Queen of Spain; and the other the gifted ecclesiastical who is now, at 38, the Pope's Prime Minister and a Prince of the Church. Monsignor Kelly also told me a little time before it needed the solemn command of the Pope to prevent Monsignor Merry de Val from retiring into the Jesuit Order. During the evening I spoke to Senior Merry del Val. He spoke English perfectly, talked of his Irish descent, and made many inquiries about Ireland. The name and family of Merry still exist in Waterford."

A Diploma Received by the I.C.R. For Exhibit of Pictures at the Toronto Exhibition. A diploma has been received by the directors of the Dominion Industrial Exposition, recently held in Toronto, on which appear the words "Awarded to the Intercolonial Railway by the Jury of Awards for exhibition of pictures, etc." The diploma is a very fine production of the lithographic art. It will be suitably framed and added to the railway's permanent collection. The exhibit merits this award, a consistent of one hundred enlargements arranged to illustrate in order the route traversed by Canada's famous train, the "Maritime Express," mounted Restigouche salmon, illustrating the rise, strike, struggle and victory—occupying nearly one thousand square feet. The many thousands of visitors to this largest of Canadian exhibitions were loud in their praise of the beautiful scenery and sporting trophies of Quebec and the Province of the Sea, and it will no doubt result in many of our Upper Canadian brothers visiting us next year.

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Carthusians May Locate About Los Angeles

Los Angeles and its environs, notable for so many picturesque and unusual features, may soon have an addition to their cosmopolitan citizenship that will be of more than local interest says The Los Angeles Times. It is possible that close to this city will be formed the new settlement of the exiled Carthusian monks, who have been driven out of France, and whose world-famous Chartreuse liqueur has caused wine makers to offer large sums for the secret of its composition.

Report comes from Canada, with-er many of the brethren from France have fled, that a delegation is to come to Los Angeles to investigate the practicability of locating the mother house in this part of the country. The report is that the prospecting monks, who evidently have a considerable knowledge of local situations, have in view good grape lands somewhere in the vicinity of this city, where they may carry on their wine industry to advantage.

For centuries the manufacture of the famous Chartreuse liqueur has been a source of great profit to the Carthusians, and also one of much revenue to the French government. In fact, the government reaped such a benefit from this source that when the Carthusian houses were disbanded before the revolution, the mother house at Chartreuse was spared, as it was not thought wise to destroy such a source of revenue.

The enormous income from the sale of this liqueur is distributed by the monks in charitable works. The secret of its composition has never been discovered. The Carthusian monks are probably the most striking of the many religious orders. The order was founded in France in 1086 by St. Bruno of Cologne, canon of the Church of St. Ambert. Filled with disgust for the frivolities of the world, he renounced his benedice and took a vow to spend his days in solitude. By his persuasion six of his friends joined him and they retired to the desert of Chartreuse, then a rocky wilderness near Grenoble, separated from the rest of the world by a chain of wild mountains that for two-thirds of the year are covered with ice and snow.

Here they built an oratory and cells like the ancient laurus of Palestine. They bound themselves to perpetual silence and led lives of prayer and manual labor. For two centuries the Carthusians made but little progress, but later the order flourished, especially in France. This order practices the most austere and rigid religious rites. The Carthusian monk rises before midnight and repairs to the choir to sing the matins with his brethren and then returns to rest again until morning, when the priests celebrate mass. At least once a week, and often three times a week, they fast on bread and water, and under no circumstances do they ever eat meat. On certain days they are allowed to converse.

The order was suppressed in France at the time of the revolution, but later was revived and the members collected again at Chartreuse, where St. Bruno first laid the foundation of the order, and which has been the mother house of the monks until the expulsion that occurred only a few weeks ago. It is the boast of the Carthusian order that it has never required a reform, having always been free from abuses and degeneracy. The austere old monks evidently were students of human nature in their solitude, for Dom Guigo, one of their early leaders who formulated the unwritten laws of the Carthusians, said:

"Under no circumstances whatever do we allow women to set foot with in our precincts, knowing as we do that neither wise man, nor prophet, nor judge, nor the entertainer of God, nor the first created of mankind, fashioned by God's own hands, could escape the wiles and deceptions of woman."

The Carthusians wear a picturesque habit of white within doors, and on going outside they throw over it a mantle of black that does not completely hide the white. Their cross they wear over the heart. Very Rev. P. H. Harnett, vicar-general of the diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, in speaking of the coming visit of the monks, said last night:

"It is not customary for religious orders to come into the territory of a diocese without the invitation of the bishop. I have known, of course, of the expulsion of the Carthusians, and that they will seek a new location; but so far as any official information is concerned, I cannot say that they will locate here. Doubtless if the information from Montreal is correct, they are coming through the action of Bishop Conaty, who is now in the East, and who, doubtless, has met some of the members of this order, and invited them to locate here."

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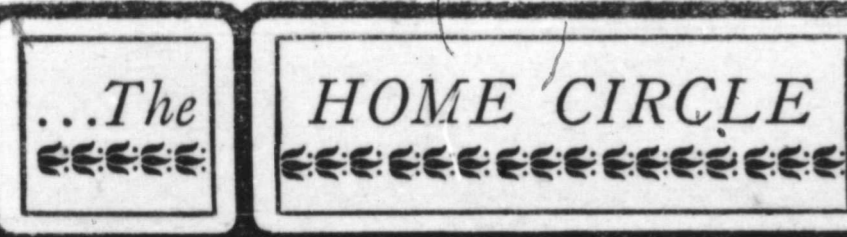
To decide between love and duty has caused hours of worry to men as well as to women. The Blessed Sacrament is not one thing, out of many; but it is all better than they are in themselves, and all ours and for us—and it is Jesus.

False happiness renders men stern and proud and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared. They say that at the sight of the Apollo the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude; in the same way the soul should feel itself raised and enabled by the recollection of a good man's life.

ELEVENTH MONTH November THE SOULS IN PURGATORY 30 DAYS

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and liturgical text for November 1903.

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THE CONSOLER. When our hearts are filled with gladness... And our eyes are dimmed and tearful...

WHAT IS A GOOD HOME? Very often you hear it remarked of a boy who goes wrong: 'Well, it is nobody's fault but his own. He had a good home.'

BEDTIME. On the Missouri and Pacific train out of Kansas City a few years ago was a mother and four children—three girls and one boy.

THE GIFT OF FAITH. 'Faith is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it.'

Children's Corner TO MY MOTHER. 'This is the sweet touch of little things That starts the tears, And longing has a tender pain...

ST. CECILIA. The beautiful story about St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, carries us back centuries into the early history of the Church...

A SPELLING RACE. Mr. Charles Battell Loomis writes in St. Nicholas about the visit that Percy paid to Herbert and Albert.

FOR A CHILD'S PLATE. My Child, when from this plate you eat Give thanks to God, who sends your meat.

MESSAGE TO ALL CANADIANS. That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure all Stages of Kidney Disease.

The Doctor's ORDERS: Fresh Air Good Food. The D.P. Emulsion. For all those threatened with Consumption.

WHY BEN WENT TO THE BABY CLASS. He did not look in the least like a baby as he started off to school in his trim blue suit and white necktie...

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John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1903.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

Despite the favorable impression recently created by a discussion in the French Chamber, there is in reality little reason to suppose that M. Combes has reached the end of his tether. In the course of a later discussion in the Senate, the Premier virtually announced the determination of the government to separate Church and State in the republic.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Nearly one hundred Catholic pilgrims under the auspices of the English Catholic Association, are in Rome. They will be presented to His Holiness by Dr. Bourne.

ENGLISH NONCONFORMISTS AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

The "passive resisters" of the Nonconformist persuasion in England, who are opposing the operation of the Public Education Act, refuse to submit to any judge but themselves. Furthermore they insist that the religious difficulty in the schools as it affects other denominations than the Nonconformists shall be regulated by the Nonconformists alone.

Anniversary of Wolfe Tone and The Manchester Martyrs

On Sunday afternoon last No. 5 Division Ancient Order of Hibernians held the joint anniversary ceremonies in commemoration of 126th anniversary of the death of Theobald Wolfe Tone and the 36th anniversary of the execution of the Manchester Martyrs.

Patriek McPhillips Dead

London, Nov. 24.—The well-known London barrister and Ex-Alderman Patriek McPhillips died to-day at his residence, 335 King street, in the 46th year of his age.

assumed towards the Catholic Church. The Church of England says to them: "Come into a conference with us and let us consider fairly together the interests of Christianity in the schools. You shall have fair play."

MR. D'ARCY SCOTT.

Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, son of the venerable Secretary of State, is in the field for mayoralty honors. Mr. Scott has already served in the council of his native city and understands its aims and needs.

Died at 103 Years of Age

A Montreal despatch of Monday says, Miss Martha Collins died on Saturday at the Hospice Gamelin at the extraordinary age of 103 years. To the very last she preserved her senses and spoke to and recognized those around her.

Pope Pius Needed a Blackthorn

Much gratification will be felt wherever her works and those of her late husband have found readers at the reception of Mrs. Mulhall by Pope Pius X., and his acceptance of an Irish walking-stick at her hands.

Irish Emigration Question

Among the visitors to Montreal this week was Mr. Charles F. Byrne, of Belfast. In conversation with a Star representative, Mr. Byrne discussed the conditions that existed in his native land, more particularly in regard to the steady depopulation of Ireland.

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Death's darts seem more keen when he doth them employ. Fond parents from loved ones to sever. So felt we when he who, in full prime of life, From all he held dear had departed, Leaving friends, orphan'd children and fondly lov'd wife, Grief-stricken, bereft, brokenhearted.

Affectionate, amiable, faithful and true, Apprais'd was his worth never lightly; For, like a pure gem, ever with closer view It shew'd some new beauty more brightly.

Brief, indeed, was the illness that snatched him away In life's fullest prime all too early, And large is the void in each sad heart to-day Of those who had loved him most dearly.

Yet though to his mem'ry some tears drop now fall, They denote no despondent dejection; Faith bids us believe that oft death's but a call To bliss beyond human conception.

M. C. O'Donnell. Nov. 20th, 1903.

Our Montreal Budget

(From our own Correspondent.) "Honour to whom honor is due, and happiness, success, and glory, seem to be the fitting words of the complimentary banquet tendered to the famous Shamrock Lacrosse team, last week by the Ladies of St. Gabriel's parish. Rev. Father O'Meara, the popular and energetic pastor, and 'Oscar' Aroon made an ideal toast master. Over five hundred persons took part. The speeches made by Messrs. H. T. Trihey, 'President of the S.A.A.A.,' Capt. Thomas O'Connell, T. Butler, W. Kearney and others, were a fitting testimonial to 'The Boys in Green,' for their prowess and skill in the lacrosse field.

It was an evening long to be remembered for its jollity, wit, and good cheer. The champions were truly honored. To Messrs. Harry T. Trihey, Capt. T. O'Connell and W. P. Kearney, fall the honors for the success of the team on the field, and the arranging and carrying out so successfully their recent trip to Vancouver, New Westminster, Nelson and San Francisco.

The organization is at present in a flourishing condition, and in a few years a club house will be hoped will be built, and fitted with a gymnasium, and all other appliances necessary to the athletic world. The history of the Shamrock Athletic Association has been a glorious one in the past, and will be a record one in the future. "Nothing succeeds like success." On the lacrosse field they have kept in tact three teams, the Juniors, Intermediates, and Seniors, each one winning championship honors for years back.

In years gone by the Shamrock organization stuck to its guns and when other teams and organizations moved backwards and disappeared from the sporting arena, the upholders of the green and grey were still to the fore, fighting their battles, true and joyful in defeat as well as in victory. Were it not for the Shamrock Lacrosse team, the game would have died out in Montreal. The smallest organization numerically, but yet the most powerful. "In union there is strength." Every senior club in the city is able to draw from the champion team, but the success don't follow the deserters to their new ranks. The green sweater is too bright for many a bigot's eyes, but even their hatred adds only vim to the team. Even the prejudice of the referees, and in many instances injustices, these cannot wrest victory from the "brave and strong lads."

St. Gabriel's parish has the proud distinction of having seven or eight St. Charles is the home of lacrosse players, the famous, tricky, and clever centre player, the one without a peer, Johnnie Currie, the great goalkeeper, Big Jim Kavanaugh, the most wonderful man for reach in the team, the great check, J. Howard; the wonderful old guard, and tireless player, Roddy Finlayson; the coming player, Mellwaine; the redoubtable "Spike" Hennessy, and the old-timer, Mike Hayes, these belong to Point St. Charles, and with one exception to St. Gabriel's parish.

The name of Currie will go down being the greatest centre player that ever handled a stick for the club. He always stood nobly to his post, and all the gold in Montreal could not make him disloyal to the green. If the Irish had the same success in every other walks of life, as in sports they would hold an enviable position in Montreal.

"Hurrah! Our Shamrock Lacrosse Team has won. Their banner floats heavenward, kissing the sun Reflecting the beauty of Union and Right, Twin Sisters of Progress and Victory's light. Hurrah! Boys! Hurrah! Mighty Champions are we! Let our laughter now ring over land over sea, On the field our grand motto always will be To carry the bright colors on to victory."

The social held at the Armory Hall in aid of St. Patrick's Presbytery was a grand success financially and otherwise. The Hall was too small for the large assemblage that came to bestow its patronage on the grand social by the ladies of St. Patrick's parish. It was Knights of Columbus evening. A large delegation of the Knights attended, headed by the Hon. Dr. Currie. Flowers were bestowed on the Knights by Mrs. Royers, Miss Allen and Miss McKinnon, while Mrs. A. Maher and her charming assistants served out refreshments. Rev. Father M. Callaghan, Rev. Dr. Luke, Rev. Father Peter Heffernan and Rev. Father J. Killoran, were here and their smiling approval on every worthy effort.

The choir under the direction of Prof. Fowler, rendered a very attractive programme. Mr. Alfred Lamoureux, the blind tenor, sang very feelingly "The Last Rose of Summer." Solos were rendered by Messrs. George Carpenter, J. J. Cahill, Miss McDonald recited in a very capable manner. During the evening the St. Patrick's Cadet Corps went through a number of exercises in excellent style.

This large and brilliant was the climax of the evening. His Worship Mayor Cochrane and wife were guests of the evening. A large number of members of the C.M.B.A. branches and St. Patrick's Temperance Society attended. A carefully prepared and well executed programme of music was given under the direction of Prof. Fowler. Several choruses by a mixed choir were rendered. The soloists were: Miss Lynch, Messrs. W. J. Walsh and George Carpenter. Prof. Fowler played "Annie Laurie" and other Scotch airs in honor of Mayor Cochrane. Rev. Father M. Callaghan and Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan expressed their opinion last evening that the ladies of the parish had realized their endeavour to make the affair the most successful social ever given in the parish.

Too much praise cannot be given Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan for he organized the whole affair and carried it to a successful issue. Dr. Luke is a power for good and is wielding it to the best advantage.

His Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti presided at the renewal of the promises of the Fathers of the Missionary Order, which was held at the Montreal Grand Seminary on the feast of the Presentation of the Most Blessed Virgin. Several of the city clergy were also present. After the ceremony a banquet was held.

Church, which was destroyed by fire last winter is nearly ready for divine service. Sunday the basement was used, and all the Masses well attended. The Church looks chaste and is neatly fitted up. At Christmas the opening takes place.

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French Catholic Policy Christ the Model says Pope Pius

A deeply interesting account is given in the Paris "Matin" of an audience which M. Henri des Houx had of his Holiness Pius X. a fortnight ago.

The Pope said: "Let them not forget that they are enrolled in the Church militant. They are subjected to tribulations, but it is not that the lot that Christ preferred during His life on earth? If He consented to be exalted above other men, it was on the cross of infamy. He did not promise to His Church terrestrial joys and triumphs. He foretold for it struggles and trials. It was at the cost of martyrdom that He secured victory for it, and that victory was not to be human. Our Saviour travelled through towns, villages and countries preaching to the crowds good words of kindness and charity. In like manner the French Catholics must not be ashamed to go into the public places, even though they should meet with their enemies, not to claim Caesar's things which are human, but to give way to party passions, but to assert their Faith, demand their freedom, and give evidence of their fraternal union and their virtue."

Honored by Laval Students Quebec, Nov. 15.—At 11 o'clock on Saturday morning Laval University students to the number of about 150 marched in a body from the university to pay their respects to the Dominion Premier, who seemed well pleased with the compliment paid him, and received his visitors in his apartments in the Chateau Frontenac. He shook hands with them all, and after a pleasant word of greeting to them individually delivered a short address to the students as a body, expressing the great pleasure it afforded him to meet them, and dilated on the fact that they were the nucleus of Canadian manhood, who in the future would take their turn in managing the affairs of their country. After the students withdrew they proceeded to the Dufferin terrace, and, lining up under the windows of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's apartments in a hotel, gave three hearty cheers and a rouser for the Canadian Premier, followed by the singing of patriotic songs.

Big Cross on Mount Royal Montreal, Nov. 23.—St. Jean Baptiste Society, to mark the seventieth anniversary of the association next June, have decided to erect a cross 140 feet high on the top of Mount Royal, to recall the one put there by Jacques Cartier. It will cost eighteen thousand dollars.

D. P. SHEERIN WHOLESALE Ladies' and Gents' Waterproof and Cravenette Rain-proof Garments 28 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Are there not also republics where Catholics enjoy the plenitude of their liberties and rights. Cardinal Gibbons told me with what consideration he had been received by President Roosevelt, although a Protestant. May not French Catholics envy the lot granted by Protestant England to Catholics and to their works, and also the situation acquired by German Catholics under the reign of a Lutheran Emperor?

M. des Houx here suggested that the generosity of William II. to the Catholics and his attentions to the Holy See were inspired by purely political and ambitious interest. To this the Pope remarked: "He is, at all events, intelligent enough to understand the interests of his dynasty and of his people. He is not led astray by sectarian fanaticism in paths that are opposed to the national welfare. I must therefore admit with sorrow that Catholics in countries where they are in a majority where the Catholic Church is officially recognized, as in France, Spain, and Austria, do not always enjoy as complete liberty and tranquillity as in countries where they are in a minority and subjected to the common law. But, once more, they belong to the Church militant. They are therefore suffering for the triumph of Christ. Let them not lose sight of their Divine Model, and their trials shall be changed into joy."

It appears to M. des Houx that Pius X. subordinating politics and diplomacy to a popular apostleship, will devote more care to gathering the people round the pulpit than to negotiations with Governments. Every Sunday he calls together in the Gardens of the Vatican some thousands of men, women and children. He comes into their midst alone, without a cortege, and like a preacher expounds to them with tender eloquence the Gospel of the day. The crowd is freely allowed to enter the Pontifical Palace. Poor people in peasant costume, town artisans, humble priests, and old women like those who fill the churches may be met upon its marble staircases and in its magnificent courtyards. All these simple folk seem to feel quite at home. The Pope gladly welcomes the humble and blesses with the same effusion the coarsely-clad peasant whom he meets in his walks, as the bedizened personage admitted to the intimacy of an audience. He is not ashamed of his humble origin, nor does he pride himself upon it. He has brought his three sisters to Rome not to convert them into titled ladies, but to seek repose from the fatigues of his sacred office in the privacy of his family, and also to serve as a constant reminder that he has issued from the ranks of the poorest of the people. He invites his friends to his table, to the great scandal of the ceremonial officials. The ceremony of kissing the Pope's slipper and kneeling until invited to rise has been abolished.

At noon the Premier proceeded to the Garrison Club to attend the luncheon given in his honor by Mr. W. Power, M.P. for Quebec, which was attended by some forty guests. After the luncheon Sir Wilfrid and Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Prefontaine, accompanied by Hon. S. N. Parent, and a number of leading citizens, proceeded to inspect the work already completed on the new bridge across the St. Lawrence from Cap Rouge to the Chaudiere. Sir Wilfrid, with Lady Laurier, who had arrived in the afternoon to join the Premier, returned to Ottawa on Saturday evening.

Nothing could be more detrimental to the working of the Act than a feeling among vendors that the purchasers had parted with their old guiding marks. We never asked for a Land Act to enable us to buy at advanced prices; and really, if the Irish tenant had unlimited cash the Purchase Acts would have been quite unnecessary, one and all. Now is the

time to see that the fine young Irish-American, who returns ten years hence from the mines of Montana, and asks what is still due against the parents' holding, will not have an absurd sum to discharge when he is paying off the Government by one big effort. Short of a native Parliament inspiring native effort, our representatives will have done a great deal to make Ireland an attractive home for Irishmen, if next session they can add a University Act and a Laborers' Act to the Land Act they have already secured. The Parliamentary Party, in conjunction with the Irish Language revival, is the one available weapon for recovering that native control without which it is idle to dream of curing the ills of Ireland or adequately utilizing the national resources. Hence the Chairman of the Irish Party has a right to expect that every Nationalist constituency will send to his support the best and truest representative it can find at the next General Election. In the opportunities that may arise at any moment the party can afford neither division nor absence. Our poor country has a claim on the services of all her sons to the best of their ability, no matter how hard they have worked in the past. The reputation of all our public men is exceedingly valuable to us, and we must not leave it to posterity to vindicate their good name or acknowledge their good intentions. We want to see them consult and stand together, apart from any danger of it has undimly striven to rivet the minds of the tenant farmers on the vital issue of price. In their interest, and in the interest of the whole community it is essential that the subject should be thoroughly discussed and that the people should receive every encouragement to make the best bargains they can within moderation. That, surely, is the course that accords with consistent and settled Irish Nationalist policy. That is the natural and practical means of securing a proper reduction on purchase, and of utilizing the Land Act so that reasonable bargains may be made and the Act worked rapidly and fairly. The broad facts of the situation have made it a necessity. For what has happened. Negotiations, dropped for various causes a year or two ago, present the extraordinary spectacle of 50 per cent. more being asked now than before, in addition to all the bonuses. It is hard to blame any owner for making the most of his opportunity. But what chance have reasonable bargains or conciliation so long as this goes on? In view of the prices asked, the tenants can only try to make good bargains first, and be good friends after, or rather be good friends all the time, and with becoming firmness, treat a bargain as business on the old lines. In my opinion the publication of the negotiations for sale has simply been a great help to the tenants. The price had been inflated long before. It was no one's fault. But what put up the prices was the introduction of an artificial standard through the medium of zones and a secured income. It would be well henceforward to leave the zones to our very capable Estates Commissioners and the securing of income to the landlords, to whom we all wish well, subject to the essential interests of the agricultural community and the nation at large. When the land market has been steadied once more, that most desirable result will be largely due to the splendid services of the Freeman's Journal. The idea that your comments have put up prices I would call all moonshine, only that I know it is believed sincerely by those who put it forward. It would be very instructive if we had a return by years of the average number of years' purchase of second term rents, both when land stood at a premium and since it has been at a discount. What would greatly help to fix the money standard for an average; and, of course, round it there would be ample room for a great variety in prices according to the varying circumstances of different estates. Among the English present at the Papal Consistory were Archbishop St. Michael's, Shoreditch; Mr. Benson, of the late Anglican Arch-

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Wm. O'Brien's Resignation

Letter from Bishop O'Donnell.

The following appears in The Freeman's Journal: Dear Sir,—Once a new house is ready for occupation, interest in the scaffolding belongs to the past, unless, indeed, so far as it may be proposed as suitable for the erection of another structure. The Land Act in operation is new factory, and our main concern is how to work it to best advantage for the people. The tenant purchaser may spare himself all bother about zones. If the price falls outside the zones the process is longer, but not longer than it has been hitherto, the bonus is equally available, and the Act equally applies as in the case of zonal bargains.

A tenant need not at all regret the exclusion of his agreement from the quick-stamping side of the mill. The sifting machinery will not injure his property, to say the least of it, and, therefore, the noise of the zone-process, as it calls for the quick despatch of the work of the Estates Commissioners, should not on any account distract him from what ought to be his one great pre-occupation. That is, the price he is to pay. It is intelligible and fair enough that the vendor should try to divert attention from price to reduction. But not the least of the many great services rendered by the Freeman since the Bill was proposed is that it has undimly striven to rivet the minds of the tenant farmers on the vital issue of price. In their interest, and in the interest of the whole community it is essential that the subject should be thoroughly discussed and that the people should receive every encouragement to make the best bargains they can within moderation. That, surely, is the course that accords with consistent and settled Irish Nationalist policy. That is the natural and practical means of securing a proper reduction on purchase, and of utilizing the Land Act so that reasonable bargains may be made and the Act worked rapidly and fairly. The broad facts of the situation have made it a necessity. For what has happened. Negotiations, dropped for various causes a year or two ago, present the extraordinary spectacle of 50 per cent. more being asked now than before, in addition to all the bonuses. It is hard to blame any owner for making the most of his opportunity. But what chance have reasonable bargains or conciliation so long as this goes on? In view of the prices asked, the tenants can only try to make good bargains first, and be good friends after, or rather be good friends all the time, and with becoming firmness, treat a bargain as business on the old lines. In my opinion the publication of the negotiations for sale has simply been a great help to the tenants. The price had been inflated long before. It was no one's fault. But what put up the prices was the introduction of an artificial standard through the medium of zones and a secured income. It would be well henceforward to leave the zones to our very capable Estates Commissioners and the securing of income to the landlords, to whom we all wish well, subject to the essential interests of the agricultural community and the nation at large. When the land market has been steadied once more, that most desirable result will be largely due to the splendid services of the Freeman's Journal. The idea that your comments have put up prices I would call all moonshine, only that I know it is believed sincerely by those who put it forward. It would be very instructive if we had a return by years of the average number of years' purchase of second term rents, both when land stood at a premium and since it has been at a discount. What would greatly help to fix the money standard for an average; and, of course, round it there would be ample room for a great variety in prices according to the varying circumstances of different estates. Among the English present at the Papal Consistory were Archbishop St. Michael's, Shoreditch; Mr. Benson, of the late Anglican Arch-

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Letterkenney, 10th Nov., 1903.

First Public Consistory

Rome, Nov. 13.—Pope Pius X. held his first public consistory this morning. Thousands of tickets had been issued, and the Sala Regia, where the ceremony was held, and the Sala Ducale and the corridors along which the cortege passed, were crowded. About half-past ten the five Cardinals, Monsignor Merry del Val and Monsignor Ajuti, Talianiana and Katschthaler, created by Leo XIII's last Consistory, proceeded to the Sistine Chapel, the first two of which were the first time in their scarlet robes, to take their oaths before Cardinal Oreglia, the doyen of the Sacred College, and the chiefs of three orders of Cardinals. Meanwhile a hymn was sung by the Sistine Choir, under the direction of Abbe Perosi. Special galleries had been erected in the Sala Regia, one for members of the Diplomatic Body accredited to the Vatican and the aristocracy; another for the Roman aristocracy; and a third for the most distinguished of the invited guests. At the head of the hall stood the Papal Throne of red and gold, flanked by stalls of Cardinals, numbering about twenty-five; while on the left were the places reserved for the Bishops. The procession was quickly formed. First came the Swiss Guards in their famous multi-colored uniforms. They were followed by the Cardinals preceding the Pope, borne in the Sedia Gestatoria by eight men in crimson brocade. The Holy Father was in full Pontifical robes, which are customary on the occasion of a public consistory. Behind his Holiness was a long procession of guards, priests, monks, and dignitaries of the Papal Court. As soon as the Pope had descended from the Sedia Gestatoria and taken his place on the Throne, the new Cardinals were introduced into the hall, and successively knelt before the Pontiff, while a master of ceremonies held a Cardinal's hat over the head of each. The Pope repeated to each the formula "Accipe galerum rubrum," etc., and then received their embraces. The Princes of the Church afterwards went from Cardinal to Cardinal receiving a brotherly kiss from each. When the ceremony was accomplished, the Pope rose, gave the Papal blessing, and in the midst of great enthusiasm withdrew.

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It was only this morning that the Pope signed the brief appointing Cardinal Merry del Val Papal Secretary of State, and designating him a member of the Holy Office and of the Congregations of Rites and Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. The three sisters of the Pope witnessed the Consistory from a gallery set apart for members of the Pope's family.

French Anti-Catholics and the Crucifix Paris, Nov. 16.—The Chamber today voted the Estimates of the Ministry of Justice. A motion by M. De-Jeanne to reduce the Estimates by one hundred francs, in order to secure the removal of crucifixes from Courts of Justice, was adopted by 254 votes against 245.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Any one subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parnee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.

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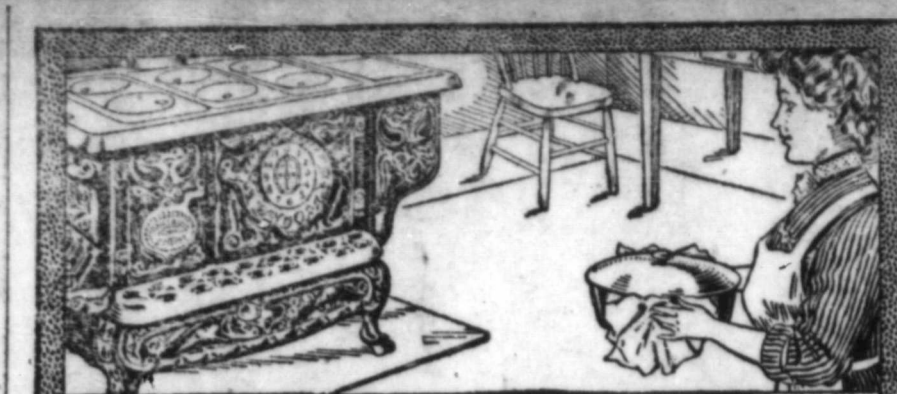
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McCulloch's Shoes

I wish to tell this story because statements have been made which no one who has any regard for his honor could venture in silence. It is far from my intention to amuse, to show the thing which is not or to show signs of temper. But if there is a man who could keep calm and collected in the face of the events of that hideous day, then I can only remark that that person has a different temperament from mine.

A huge fellow, over six feet high, with a moustache in proportion. He turned the handle. I clutched at the window. "Pardon me, sir," I began, "but there's plenty of room in the train and if you wouldn't mind I should be obliged—"

"Nothing on my feet!" I shouted. "I beg to inform you that I've a pair of socks on my feet, sir! And, guard, if this man hadn't thrown a pair of brand new patent leather shoes out of the carriage window into the middle of a corn field, I should have had something more. I want a policeman—that's what I want. I'll soon show this blustering individual that he can't with complete impunity roar indignant strains of their shoes."



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ing inarticulate. If I only had McCulloch within reach at that moment there would have been murder done. Fate was against me. I surrendered. I was against me. And whether the lout assisted me by the collar of my coat I cannot say. Presently I found myself standing in what was meant to be a road. A gate was slammed in my face.

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THE STORY OF THE HOLY VASE

It was the fourth century after Clovis, and the Archbishop Hincmar...

A tap at the door disturbed the Archbishop's meditation, and in reply to his "Entrez," the massive door leading from the sacristy into the choir opened and his secretary stood before him.

"Reverend Father," he said, "a monk has just come asking for oil from the Holy Ampoule to anoint one of the Brothers who is ill, and when I went to the minor canons, he said I found it empty!"

"Empty?" he said. "Only yesterday morning I carried it to the bedside of the Pere Gaston, and after anointing him and coming away I noticed there was enough oil left to supply the Holy Thursday, when a supply is blessed for the year."

"So I thought, Reverend Father," said the secretary. "Never since the time of Clovis, when an angel so miraculously brought it from heaven, has the flask been empty—and now!"

"And no one has had the key but yourself?" added the Archbishop Hincmar.

"No one, Reverend Father," said the secretary. "I carry the keys with me all day, and at night they are on a nail near my bed."

"Most strange, most strange," said the Archbishop again, "but there is something to be done, seeing that the oil is gone. The faithful will have to use the common oil of Catechumens until Holy Thursday, when I will bless new oil for the Sainte Ampoule. Meanwhile, Frere Felix, he said, 'you had better try and indicate the matter. If you find out anything, please report to me at once.'"

The secretary bowed and withdrew. Left alone the Archbishop sat down and tried to resume work on the sermon he was preparing for Easter; but the mysterious tampering with the Holy Ampoule disturbed him too seriously for him to return readily to his work, and presently he laid down his pen and pushing aside the papers before him he arose and went to a shelf where lay some manuscript in leather bindings. Selecting one whose cover showed signs of more wear than the others, the Archbishop returned to his seat and unlocked the cover. The manuscript he drew out yellow with age and the ink faded by time. It set forth in good churchy Latin that in the fifth century of our Lord, Clovis being about to be crowned King of the Franks, an angel had descended from heaven bearing a flask of most delicate workmanship in which was the oil of Christ for the King's coronation, by right of which, henceforth forever, the Kings of France were to take precedence over all other kings. The Archbishop's secretary, was the custodian of the keys, and well Antonio knew that he would not give him the Holy Ampoule was to be cherished most carefully at the Cathedral of Rheims and made use of when occasion required, either at the coronation of the French sovereigns, or when the Catechumens, the sick or the candidates for confirmation were to be anointed.

Long the Archbishop pondered over the sonorous Latin, then he replaced the manuscript and glanced at the clock. It was nearly time for the office at Tenebrae to be sung in the Cathedral that night.

It was the Saturday before Palm Sunday, four days before the mysterious disappearance of the oil from the Sainte Ampoule. High up on the top floor of a narrow building in one of the poorest streets of Rheims a young girl lay mortally ill. In spite of the wasting fever that held her in its grasp, her face was unmistakably beautiful; a dark, ruddy face, all sweetness and light, and we are to judge by the glance that she occasionally threw at two kneeling figures near her bed; an elderly woman, who, in youth, must have assembled her daughter; and a young man, tall and strong, whose fair hair and beard offered a striking contrast to the girl's dark beauty.

As the two figures knelt they prayed aloud; reciting alternately a petition from the Psalter of Jesus, until finally, the monotonous repetition of the words seemed to soothe the sufferer and she sank into a troubled sleep. The prayer being ended, the man and woman arose, and withdrawing to the other end of the room conversed in low tones.

"It is now the sixth day of the fever," the woman said, "and she grows no better. I know not what to do, Antonio."

"What says the leech?" answered the young man.

"He is greatly troubled replied the mother. 'He left some herbs to be made into a hot posset, and told me to give it to her every hour; but so far the fever is no less, and he says that unless it is broken by a purgative her strength will not hold out.'"

The young man crept across the room and looked long and earnestly at his betrothed, so ill now, and they were to have been married in Easter week!

"G' Jesu!" he murmured, "suffer not my beloved to be taken from me near the consummation of our life."

He made the sign of the Cross over Renee's dark head, then, with his own hand bowed, he passed from the room. Too well he knew the slender thread on which her life hung. The blessed saints would surely inspire him to find some cure.

High Mass was over in the glorious Cathedral of Rheims on Palm Sunday. Antonio, his fair head towering over his companions, came out on the square in front of the vast edifice, and turning to his left, walked down one of the narrow streets of the city. A clatter of horses' hoofs snote on his ear and presently the Archbishop's carriage passed him, attended by a single outrider. Antonio nodded as he recognized in the man on horseback, Frere Felix. Further on he met a barefooted monk and seeing him he paused.

"Know you, Brother," he said, "where the Archbishop has been in such state this morning, instead of singing the high Mass?"

"Verily I find," answered the monk, "the Pere Gaston lies dangerously ill of a fever, and the Archbishop has been at his bedside with the miraculous Ampoule to anoint him with the oil, lest perchance he die."

Like a flash the thought came to Antonio—the Sainte Ampoule! Here indeed, was cure for Renee if he could obtain it; but could he?

As the oil was blessed verily on Holy Thursday, the last few days of Lent the supply was naturally rather low. Hence it was more common to reserve the small quantity left in case it was needed to anoint the sovereigns of France, the clergy, or the religious; the ordinary oil of Catechumens being employed for the laity. Well Antonio knew, therefore, that his request for the Sainte Ampoule if he made it, would have to be kindly but firmly refused.

"Thinking thus, he arrived at Renee's door and hastened up the dark, narrow stairs to the floor that she and her mother occupied. A sound of weeping met his ear as he tapped lightly at the door, which was opened by the mother with finger on her lips, while her noiseless sobs shook her. Antonio entered quietly and closed the door.

"How is she?" he said, looking towards the straw pallet in one corner of the room.

"Alas! yes," said the mother, "but it is the sleep of stupor. We cannot rouse her. Look, she scarcely breathes; the leech fears she will die about sundown, or else surely at midnight."

"She shall not die," said Antonio. He stretched out his hand as he spoke, strong with a resolution suddenly taken; and in a moment he became a part of himself. "Courage, mon amie," he said, "I go hence; but I will return before another day with something that will, I think, cure la petite cherie."

His blue eyes gleamed, his voice rang with hope; the mother felt, as it were, new horns into life and joy. "Go, Antonio, go," she said, "and I will kneel here and pray. Jesus and the Sainte Vierge will hear my supplication."

The young man crossed the room and bending down reverently kissed the slender brown hand that lay on the coverlid, marking as he did so, the place where the Holy Ampoule had been. A few more hours and the fever would be banished, he thought, so strong was his faith in the idea that had come to him.

Of the right or wrong of the matter he would not let himself think. Renee must be saved, and only through the Sainte Ampoule could that be done, therefore the Sainte Ampoule she must have. But how to get it? His brother, Frere Felix, the Archbishop's secretary, was the custodian of the keys, and well Antonio knew that he would not give him the Holy Ampoule was to be cherished most carefully at the Cathedral of Rheims and made use of when occasion required, either at the coronation of the French sovereigns, or when the Catechumens, the sick or the candidates for confirmation were to be anointed.

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breathing that he was asleep. Lightly he tiptoed into the room, guided by the pascal moon which shed a soft radiance on the bare white walls of the Frere's cell.

Yes, there were the keys hanging on the heavy nail just above the small iron bed. He held his breath as he reached forward and grasped them; pausing for a second to see if his brother stirred, he turned and sped from the room. Across the orange-hued hall, so dark and ghostly, he ran; and then down the stairs, and now he was in the great, empty, silent Cathedral. Stay! was that a shadow cast by the moon, or was it a marble statue, or perchance some saint with raised arm and gleaming eyes, waiting to avenge this sacrilege!

Antonio waited not to see; before him rose Renee's dying face, as it looked when he last saw her. Might it not even now be too late!

He has reached the sacristy at last. Quickly he walked up to the massive door of the cupboard and unlocked it; within was a second door, whose iron bars were thickly studded with nails, this, also, Antonio unlocked and opened. It moved heavily and slowly, or it seemed to his fevered impatience. There they stood on the different shelves, the massive gold and silver vessels used in the Church services. Here was a gold paten, flashing with jewels, and near by stood a carved chalice of priceless worth. But Antonio saw them not, his eyes and his hands were on the Sainte Ampoule at nearly the same moment. Taking a small glass jar from his pocket he quickly filled it with the oil from the sacred vessel, and even to the last drop. Renee should not be stinted if quantity would work her cure! He closed and locked the doors again, after replacing the Holy Ampoule in the same place where he had found it. It took only a few minutes to return the keys to the nail above his sleeping brother's bed; and in five minutes more he emerged from a small side door in the Cathedral, and was speeding through the silent streets to Renee. Faster and faster he ran. A few belated pedestrians turned and looked after his tall flying figure; but no one stopped him. It was 11 o'clock when he finally climbed the stairs and knocked gently on the door of his betrothed's room. It was opened softly by the Mere Chocarne, Renee's mother.

"How is she?" gasped Antonio, for he was breathless with his run and the rapid mounting of the steep stairway.

"Since 7 she has been sinking," said the mother—her tone was low and lifeless as of one who had no hope. Antonio crossed the room and knelt down by the young girl. Yes, she was very far gone. The fever was broken, but her hands were icy cold—her lips blue, on her brow lay a clammy sweat, and her chest rose and fell with her labored breathing.

With trembling fingers Antonio unfastened the glass jar and then slowly and delfly he poured the contents over the girl's head and forehead and on the hands that lay so white and still outside the coverlid. Then he clasped his own hands in an agony of expectation and prayer.

"O! Marie, refuge des pecheurs, pray for her," he said. A few more hours and the fever would be banished, he thought, so strong was his faith in the idea that had come to him.

Of the right or wrong of the matter he would not let himself think. Renee must be saved, and only through the Sainte Ampoule could that be done, therefore the Sainte Ampoule she must have. But how to get it? His brother, Frere Felix, the Archbishop's secretary, was the custodian of the keys, and well Antonio knew that he would not give him the Holy Ampoule was to be cherished most carefully at the Cathedral of Rheims and made use of when occasion required, either at the coronation of the French sovereigns, or when the Catechumens, the sick or the candidates for confirmation were to be anointed.

Long the Archbishop pondered over the sonorous Latin, then he replaced the manuscript and glanced at the clock. It was nearly time for the office at Tenebrae to be sung in the Cathedral that night.

It was the Saturday before Palm Sunday, four days before the mysterious disappearance of the oil from the Sainte Ampoule. High up on the top floor of a narrow building in one of the poorest streets of Rheims a young girl lay mortally ill. In spite of the wasting fever that held her in its grasp, her face was unmistakably beautiful; a dark, ruddy face, all sweetness and light, and we are to judge by the glance that she occasionally threw at two kneeling figures near her bed; an elderly woman, who, in youth, must have assembled her daughter; and a young man, tall and strong, whose fair hair and beard offered a striking contrast to the girl's dark beauty.

As the two figures knelt they prayed aloud; reciting alternately a petition from the Psalter of Jesus, until finally, the monotonous repetition of the words seemed to soothe the sufferer and she sank into a troubled sleep. The prayer being ended, the man and woman arose, and withdrawing to the other end of the room conversed in low tones.

"It is now the sixth day of the fever," the woman said, "and she grows no better. I know not what to do, Antonio."

"What says the leech?" answered the young man.

"He is greatly troubled replied the mother. 'He left some herbs to be made into a hot posset, and told me to give it to her every hour; but so far the fever is no less, and he says that unless it is broken by a purgative her strength will not hold out.'"

The young man crept across the room and looked long and earnestly at his betrothed, so ill now, and they were to have been married in Easter week!

"G' Jesu!" he murmured, "suffer not my beloved to be taken from me near the consummation of our life."

Antonio listened with all his ears. The secretary, no doubt, was tired after the long services of Palm Sunday, but to-night it seemed to the impatient watcher as if he were unnecessarily slow in retiring. Once he entered the library, but it was only to replace a manuscript of the holy office used on Palm Sunday to the leather case that lay on a closed shelf near the wall.

In half an hour all was silent and after waiting ten minutes more and hearing no sound, Antonio left the cupboard and advanced on tiptoe to the door that separated the library from the sleeping room. He listened and knew by his brother's regular

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now it is bad news I must tell you. "Now, what?" said Antonio, in alarm. "Your mother, mon frere," replied the countryman, "she lies mortally ill; they had me ride with all haste to summon you. I have a mare here saddled and bridled; and if you are quick you can reach your mother's bedside by sundown."

Antonio stood for a moment like one stunned. Was trouble never to end? With a few more words between him and the man he began hurriedly to dress, and stopping only long enough to swallow a mouthful of food and ask the goldsmith to take a message to the Mere Chocarne, he mounted the waiting horse and was soon galloping through the city and out into the country beyond.

It was Monday morning in Holy Week when Antonio left Rheims, and it was Maundy Thursday before he returned. His mother's illness had taken a favorable turn and she was out of danger when he left her. It was toward evening when he rode into the city, accompanied by the countryman, who was to take back his horse.

Down the familiar, narrow streets rode Antonio, his heart full of joy. Right he would see Renee, who, no doubt, was now sitting up, looking anxiously for his return. If Renee improved rapidly perhaps they could be married two or three weeks after Easter, if not, then in the summer.

Thus thinking, Antonio mounted the dark, narrow stairs that led up to the Mere Chocarne's rooms.

The door opening on the landing stood ajar, and far down the stairs Antonio heard a low hum of voices that made him quicken his steps. Was it Renee's voice that he heard in that low plaintive sort of chant? Doubtless her thoughts were turned to the solemn and tremendous sacrifice that the Church commemorated to-morrow! He ascended the last step of the stairs and reached the door, when suddenly he paused, in his heart a terrible fear that he could not analyze.

"Requiem aeternam, dona eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis," chanted a solemn voice.

Like a man in a dream Antonio pushed open the door and paused on the threshold, unobserved by any one. "Absolve, Domine, animas omnium fidelium defunctorum ab omni vinculo delictorum."

Ah yes! Absolve all holy and faithful souls who have preceded us to the place of refreshment, light and peace. Absolve in particular her whose slender delicate form is stretched out on a bier before the eyes of her agonized lover.

Antonio stumbled into the room. "A mon Dieu!" he said, and then darkness closed over him, and in spite of his strong young manhood he fell down by the side of his lost love like one dead.

Again the Archbishop Hincmar sat in the sacristy, and once more there was a knock at the door, and there appeared not his secretary, but a young man with fair hair and beard. One who entered with bowed head and heavy eyes full of grief and pain.

Many years in dealing with souls had made the Archbishop an adept in recognizing a need, and one glance showed him that here was a man in mortal agony.

Antonio advanced and knelt down before the man who had been his friend from childhood.

"O! mon pere," he said, striking his breast, "I have sinned; for it was I who stole the oil from the Holy Ampoule," and then in a voice broken by sobs, and with many pauses, he told the story of Renee's illness, of his despair, of the sign of the Sainte Ampoule, and that he had gone away and returned to find his betrothed dead.

"She died at 8 o'clock on Maundy Thursday morning," he concluded, in a dull, hopeless voice.

"She seemed to be getting well, mon pere, but sank suddenly and died in five minutes." It seemed to Antonio that the Archbishop, the very hour when I consecrated new oil for the Holy Ampoule. And then he turned to the stricken soul near him with words of comfort and pardon.

toine walks the narrow streets of his city of Rheims. As of yore, he climbs dark staircases and enters mean and squalid abodes; but he seeks not his own happiness now, and therefore he has found blessedness. His work is fruitful; for the poor, the sick, the unfortunate come to him as to a father.

But it is remarked that for one class Pere Antonio has an especial tenderness; the young men and women about to be married, with a future before them to make or mar.

On such as these he pours forth all the riches of that tenderness and care with which he had once encircled his own Renee, and which, returning to his own bosom, found a new outlet toward his poor, to whom it seemed, indeed, like early and later rain.—Georgina Pell Curtis, in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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