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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1904.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A CRIMINAL ACT.—It is strange how members of the press, and men who claim to be honest correspondents, can possibly lend themselves to the circulation of trumped-up stories about escaped nuns, and such like. They surely are aware that there is no longer any credit given to them; they are not so stupid as to believe them themselves; they must, then, be very evil-intentioned, or very unfit for their business. We had a recent example of this in an Associated Press despatch from Dubuque, Ia., stating that Sister Annette, of Burlington, Ia., had applied to Archbishop Keane to be relieved from her vows that she might wed one of her music pupils, Harold Stevenson. The story has been proven to be an absolute falsehood. The only point approaching truth in it, is that Sister Annette is a teacher of music in Dubuque; but she never had a pupil of that name. Legal action has been taken to make one of the papers that published the story retract the same. But, what is most important to consider is the fact that such lies could thus be concocted and published at this late period in the world's history. Every one knows, who knows anything, that these stories are not now believed by even the greatest enemies of Catholicity. The publication of them is a reflection on the honesty, or the sanity, of the writers and publishers.

CHURCH PREFERENCE.—By this peculiar term the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, of Boston, has designated the different religious creeds of the people in that city. They say that "preferences are expressed for 85 churches or beliefs in recognized standing," by which we suppose they mean that the persons—numbering 241,651—who were questioned expressed their adherence to this number of churches, or religions. Here, however, is a passage that we quite understand, and which speaks well for the Catholic Church, her teachings and discipline: "The section of the card relating to the attendance of individuals was very imperfectly filled, as is evidenced by the report of 78,749, or nearly one-third of the persons as not answering this inquiry. More than one-half of the number canvassed are regular attendants at the church of their preference, and the denomination leading in this respect is 'the Roman Catholic.'"

Whatever the value of these statistics may be, they certainly point to a fact that needs no great amount of evidence, namely, that as far as church attendance goes the Catholics lead in every part of the world, Boston included.

A COMPLIMENT.—Commenting upon the question of divorce in regard to Canada, an American contemporary says:

"Divorce is very hard to procure in Canada and one of the reasons given why so few divorces are applied for in the Dominion is the Parliamentary provision that publicity must attend all the proceedings for six months. It is devoutly to be hoped that no such provision may be introduced into these States, since that would cause a rush to the divorce mill that must break down the whole machinery." While this is quite a compliment to Canada, inasmuch as it indicates that divorce is hard to procure here and that our people, even when seeking divorce, shrink from publicity, still to be exact we do not see where the "publicity for six months" comes in.

The notice of application for divorce must appear nine times in the Official Gazette. Then when the matter comes before the Senate, in the form of a Bill, it is referred to a Select Committee that sits behind closed doors, and all the evidence is taken in private; nor is it ever given to the public. So that we do not see that there is anything like the publicity that attends divorce proceedings in open court, as is the practice in the United States. We admit, however, that it is no very easy matter to get a divorce bill through the Canadian Parliament. In the first place the evidence must be very powerful that supports the request, and then, all the Catholic members of both Houses are, on principle, opposed to the Bill—no matter how strong the evidence.

"BAD AS PAGANISM."—In the New England Southern Methodist Conference, at New Bedford, Mass., held a couple of weeks ago, adverse action was taken on the report of the general missionary cause committee. The report was read by Rev. James Coote, of Norwich, Conn., and it referred to the Catholic religion as a "type of Christianity almost as bad as paganism," and to immigrants from Catholic countries as the "froth and scum of Europe." Present at the Conference was Rev. William F. Butler, of East Weymouth. The report was read amidst profound silence, but once it was over Mr. Butler arose to protest. He could not, he said, allow such statements to go without opposition. He claimed it would be injurious to themselves as Christian men to have such a worded report adopted, and he moved to have it referred back to the committee. His motion was carried without an opposing vote. The lesson to be drawn from this is not as much for us as it is for those who are ungovernable and inconsiderate both in their prejudices and in the expression of them. As we have remarked elsewhere in this issue the time for blatant bigotry is gone; the world is now too wise to accept it, and the Catholic Church is too well known to permit of any such nonsense being pawned off in regard to her and her standing. It is, however, just as well that these insane fits of bigotry should be made known to the public, as publicity alone can cure them.

CATHOLIC WOMEN.—At the age of ninety years, Mrs. Annie Lunnis, of New York, died a few days ago, and it is said of her that she was "the last survivor of the group of women who founded St. Vincent's Hospital and the New York Foundling Asylum, and originated many other Catholic charities. After a life of four score and ten years—a score more than the allotted time of man on earth—no more beautiful tribute could be desired than that which in memory of her deeds, her survivors paid that aged lady. And it is a sad tribute, for it mentions that she was the last survivor of that noble band of women. We are inclined to ask ourselves if it is possible that the great spirit of charity which characterized the Catholic women of former generations has actually died out, and that there are no successors to take up the work, when, at the feet of Death's Angel, they are called upon to lay it down. We are inclined to believe that there are still others alive to-day. Their good deeds are certainly not as conspicuous as those of the women in the days of Mrs. Lunnis; the reason is obvious, for the world has changed,

and populations have increased, and the founding of an institution sixty years ago stood out conspicuous, while so many institutions exist to-day that the establishment of one or more may not be noticed. In any case we would be sorry to feel that the spirit of Catholic fervor which animated those good people should not survive. It seems to us that the duty of the hour, for our Catholic women who are in positions to do so, should be to prove by their practical interest in all great Catholic charities, that they are worthy successors of those who have gone before them. There are splendid fields, and to find them we need not go outside our own city, for the exercise of that noble spirit. The building, or the maintaining, of homes for the indigent, the aged, the infirm, or the founding is a work that constitutes, in reality, the erecting of one's own perpetual monument.

HARD ON BACHELORS.—At the Church of Our Lady, Fordham, New York, a couple of weeks ago, Rev. Father Moran, of the Paulist Fathers, preached a severe sermon, in which he denounced the selfishness of the bachelor, who is able to support a wife and will not do so, but remains single. He declared that such a man if he refrains from marrying, is selfish, and not faithful to his duty.

"Punish them by a tax," said Father Moran. "Lay it according to age; a light tax on a young man and a heavier one year by year. Men whose duty to parents or other dependent relatives prevents their marriage should be exempt." If this proposition of Father Moran were carried into practice it would certainly be very distressing for a number of young men, and proportionately pleasing to a host of young ladies. It is decidedly a great virtue, on the part of a young man, to refrain from marrying and building up a home for himself, when he does so through duty, and for the sake of parents who are dear to him. When such a man does marry it is lucky for the woman who gets him, for she has a good man in every sense. It is, however, just as well for the girls that a number of bachelors do not marry; at least such is our humble idea.

PANIC IN CHURCH.—In one of our American exchanges we read of a serious panic in a Church during Mass. The report says:

"A panic occurred at the morning service in St. Michael's Italian Church, New Haven, Conn., on Sunday in which almost a score of people were injured. Four of the most seriously injured, two women and two children, were taken to the New Haven hospital. Someone in the congregation shouted 'Fire!' during a prayer, and immediately the worshippers arose and rushed for the door at the rear of the Church, the only exit. Women and children were trampled upon and dragged along the floor by the others in their endeavor to get out of the building, and in the confusion someone sent in a fire alarm."

It seems to us a very extraordinary thing to hear of such a panic taking place under such circumstances. A few summers ago we were at Vespers at Boucherville, when the Church was struck by lightning, and the fiery balls played around the walls, the altar and the pulpit. The presence of mind of the late lamented Cure Primeau prevented a panic; he continued his instruction as if nothing had occurred, simply interrupting the thread of his remarks to tell the people to remain still, that all the danger was over. Wonderful to say, not one stirred from the pew. However, such is quite possible under certain circumstances, when sudden fear conquers all other sentiments. In 1820, a Hessian regiment was stationed in Clonmel, Ireland. The soldiers were all Catholics, and they attended Mass on the Sunday after their arrival. When the moment came for the Elevation, they all drew swords and presented arms in honor of the Host. The people, who had been so terrorized for generations by the soldiery, thought it was a general massacre that had been prepared, and they rushed madly from the Church. A large number were killed in the crush; and the soldiers remained alone—more than astonished at the effect of their good intentioned act—to hear the rest of

the service. But, as a rule, panics are very scarce in Catholic Churches.

SENSATIONALISM.—For some time past the press, or rather a section of it, has been exercised over a despatch from Rome that the London Chronicle published, to the effect that the Vatican palace and gardens were closely guarded on account of a plot to kill the Pope. This we read in a number of papers, and we paid no attention to it, as we were fully aware that it was simply a stretch of imagination of some poor correspondent, who had run out of good material and yet was obliged to find "copy." The latest connected with the story is a despatch of the first of April, which says:

"The report published by the Daily Chronicle of London and cabled to the United States that the Vatican has for days passed being guarded by a large force of Italian soldiers and police, owing to the discovery of a plot against the life of the Pope, is ridiculed by the Vatican authorities, who say that the number of carabinieri and police on duty at the Papal palace is no larger than usual. Further investigation developed the fact that the rumor of an alleged plot against the life of the Pope originated in a statement that two Italian anarchists would arrive at Genoa from South America next week with the intention of making an attempt to assassinate the Pontiff. But the report, the basis of which cannot be traced, was ridiculed by the authorities."

We have taken the trouble to publish this, not that we attach any importance to it, but simply to show our readers how unreliable is the secular press in all that concerns Catholic affairs, and especially whatever regards Rome, the Vatican and the Pope.

NO SHAMROCKS.—In a New York public school, No. 12 in the Bronx—on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, the principal warned all the pupils "not to display shamrocks and emerald ribbons on the following day." And he threatened to expel anyone who would disobey. On the following morning all the Irish pupils came in with fine shamrocks on their coats. William F. Hodgins, son of Police Captain Hodgins, of the Oak street station, was the first to appear, and he was at once demanded to explain why he dared to disobey the orders of the previous day. He made a characteristic reply:

"Because my father is an Irishman and because I am proud of it; and, also, because you have no right to dictate to me in the matter."

He and the other Irish boys were sent home. What eventually became of them we do not know; whether they were taken back to the school or not we have not heard; but they had a holiday for St. Patrick's day, and the honor of having done a patriotic act, and their conduct may result in bringing to the attention of the authorities the narrowness and mean prejudice of the poor fellow who is principal of that school.

A TIMELY HIT.—There is a small note, in the form of a reply to an anti-Catholic sheet, that offers to "pay \$100 to the first person who can find a text in the Roman Catholic Bible forbidding children and adults to eat meat on Friday," taken from the Freeman's Journal; and it is so striking that we reproduce it exactly as it is given. It runs thus:

"As an offset to this, and to show that it is a game that two can play, we hereby offer to pay \$100 to the first person who can find a text in the Protestant Bible forbidding children and adults to work on Sunday, or any text abrogating the divine command to keep Saturday holy and do no work on it. The Catholic finds sufficient authority in the Bible to make it obligatory on him to abstain from meat on Friday. In Matthew 18:7, our Lord said: 'If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' The Church forbids the use of meat on Friday, and the Catholic, not wishing to be classed as a heathen, hears the Church, and abstains from meat on Friday. He has the same reason for keeping the Sunday, namely, the authority of the Church—the only authority any Christian has."

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Dr. Frank E. Devlin, son of the late Mr. Bernard Devlin, advocate, and for a long period a conspicuous figure in Irish Catholic ranks of Montreal, was elected to the office of President of St. Patrick's Society at its annual meeting held on Tuesday evening last. His selection for the honored office was unanimous. Other gentlemen elected on the executive of the old organization were:

First Vice-President—F. J. Curran, B.C.L.
2nd Vice-President—W. P. Kearney.
Treasurer—F. J. Greene.
Corresponding Secretary—W. J. Crowe.
Recording Secretary—T. P. Tansey.
Assistant Recording Secretary—T. L. Rogers.
Marshal—P. Lloyd.

Assistant Marshal—P. Conolly.
Committee of Management—Joseph O'Brien, H. J. Trihey, B.C.L., M. Delahanty, J. P. O'Leary, F. Casey, J. Rogers, T. P. Crowe, Peter Kearney, Wm. Tracey, F. Langan, Jno. M. Guerin, Jno. Fallon, F. L. Lavery, B.C.L., B. Campbell, M. H. O'Connor, E. J. Quinn, D. Furlong, Wm. Davis.

Physicians—Hon. Dr. Guerin, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, Dr. F. E. Devlin, Dr. W. Prendergast, Dr. F. J. Hackett, Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Scanlan and Dr. Mullally.

Chaplains—Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, P.P., and the reverend clergy of St. Patrick's.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.—Rev. Father Shea, of St. Anthony's, is to congratulate himself on the magnificent success of the progressive circle which was held in St. Anthony's Church hall, Easter Monday night. The affair was under the patronage of a committee of young ladies, of which Miss O'Connor was president, and being a leap year party, and privilege, they took tickets, distributed the tally cards and read the rules; punched, and served out a recherche collation. Fully 500 persons from the different quarters of the city participated in the games. The hall, in its new decorations, the artistic arrangement of the stage, the elegant and expensive costumes of the ladies, the quality of the music, the shaded lights—all made a perfect and most harmonious blending.

It was indeed a brilliant affair, and one that should be memorable both to the guests and the young ladies who left nothing undone to score the success attained. The successful prize winners were: Mrs. W. P. McVey, a mantle clock; presented by Rev. Father Donnelly; Mr. S. J. O'Neil, a set of carvers, presented by Mrs. M. Hicks; Miss Eva McGuire, a silver fern dish, presented by the Misses Mulcair; Mr. Geo. A. Prevost, a gentleman's silk umbrella, presented by Mr. P. Wright; Miss N. McEvoy, a silver spoon and knife, presented by Mrs. W. L. McKenna; Mr. J. A. Dawson, a gentleman's mirror.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.—Among the many young women who on the 18th of March received the religious habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and made their final vows at St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minn., may be mentioned the name of Miss Annie McCarthy, of 90 Chateaugay street, Montreal.

Miss Annie McCarthy (now Sister Leonarda) is the second youngest daughter of Mr. John McCarthy, a well known and much esteemed resident of Point St. Charles.

Sister Leonarda is a graduate of Holy Cross Convent on Centre street where the sentiments of her religious vocation were so well fostered by the devoted Sisters of that institution. While a pupil Sister Leonarda, by her exemplary conduct and persistent application won the esteem and appreciation of her superiors. Among the pupils Sister Leonarda was also a favorite and had the good will of all with whom she came into contact.

That Sister Leonarda may be spared for many years of usefulness in

her holy calling is the earnest wish of her many friends in Montreal. We also avail ourselves of the present opportunity to congratulate her parents who have the honor of having two of their daughters members of the same religious community.

ST. GABRIEL'S BAND.—At a regular meeting of St. Gabriel's band on Sunday afternoon last the following officers were elected: President, Mr. B. A. Conroy; Vice-President and Sergeant, Mr. J. J. Kelly; Drum-Major, Mr. J. M. Lamont; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Chas. McManis; Leader, Mr. James Burns; Assistant Secretary, Mr. M. Johnson; Librarian, Mr. Jos. Gaudry.

The retiring officers were congratulated for the manner in which they carried on the affairs of the band during the past year. Three new members were enrolled. The band's affairs are in excellent condition; they have a large stock of popular music, a new uniform, a first class band-room, and one of the best leaders in the city. The band would be pleased to have some of their Catholic confreres join them at a Sunday afternoon practice in their hall on La Prairie street.

NEW PRESIDENT S.A.A.A.—Mr. William P. Kearney, a well known Irish Catholic in commercial and social circles of this city, has been elected to the office of President of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. Mr. Kearney has long been associated with Catholic benefit and national organizations of Montreal, and enjoys the esteem of a large circle of citizens. He is a young man of ability and enterprise, and the great Irish athletic organization of Canada should make much progress during the coming year under his leadership.

IN MEMORIAM Last week the anniversary of the death of the patriotic and noble Irishwoman, Mrs. Jas. Sadlier, whose name is a household word in Catholic homes in Canada, was fittingly commemorated by the celebration of Masses for the repose of her soul at St. Patrick's, Gesu and Loyola College chapel, this city.

Late Sister M. Monica.

Who was known in the world as Miss Bertha Borden, surrendered her pure soul into the hands of its Maker at the hour of His death on Good Friday. She was a member of the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of the Diocese of Detroit, and head of the commercial department at Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo Co., Mich. While complaining more or less from the beginning of Lent, she was able to be about her work, and spent a good share of Holy Thursday in the Chapel rendering her loving services at the Repository. Death came very suddenly, as a result of heart disease. She was greatly beloved, especially by those who intimately knew her. An ideal religious, a faithful servant of the Master, kind, ever ready to lend a helping hand, with the happy possessions of such faculties as always renders the one so endowed, a seeming necessity. God knew best, and called her to Himself in her thirty-fourth year. Her funeral was largely attended on the 4th inst. The burial took place at Nazareth Cemetery. A number of clergymen were in attendance, the sermon on the occasion being preached by Rev. T. J. Ryan, of Pontiac. Please pray for the repose of her soul. R.I.P.

DANGER OF DELAY.

When there is anything to be done, the demand of common sense is to go at once and do it. Delay is dangerous on any grounds. A postponed duty becomes hard and irksome. To put off a task from day to day is to invest it with fictitious and imaginary difficulties. Men frequently waste more time in dreading their duties than it would take to perform them. This fact is worth noting.

RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

A PECULIAR UNIVERSITY—In Sweden there is a university that is essentially Scandinavian in its characteristics. It is the university of Upsala. It is unlike any of the great universities of Europe—such as Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna and Oxford—yet it is a great institution. Its fifteen hundred students are nearly all the sons and daughters of Swedish parents. It takes twenty-four hours from Berlin to reach Upsala, and its remoteness from the great centres of life and the singleness of the language of its inmates make it a specially Swedish establishment.

This great body of Swedish students is divided up into what they call "nations." This congregation of "nations" constitutes the most peculiar characteristic of the institution. A nation is a body composed of the students who come from a certain province in Sweden. The term is a geographical distinction. The thirteen nations into which the students are divided correspond with the thirteen provinces. Each of these bodies owns or leases a house, which is a club and its intimates a fraternity. It usually contains a library, reading-room, offices and rooms for the use of committees.

The members are of two sorts, active and honorary. The active include usually the students; honorary the teachers of the university, former active members and certain persons elected. The government of each nation is entrusted to a few officers known as "inspectors," and curators and other functionaries. The general purposes of the organization is intellectual, ethical, social. The expenses of membership is small; the life is simple; the general atmosphere is one of good fellowship depending more upon personality than upon purse. The loyalty of the members of a nation to itself is constant and strong. The flag which each nation flaunts forth upon public occasions means for the eye what a college yell of American colleges means for the ear.

THE TRANSGRESSOR.—A local manager of an American Surety Company and treasurer of a charitable home was convicted of stealing thousands of dollars from both institutions recently. He was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment.

CARNEGIE AGAIN—Andrew Carnegie's proposed gift of \$1,500,000 for a building in New York city, as the common home and source of income for the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, has led to the introduction of a bill in the State Legislature to enable the original incorporators of the United Engineer Society to accept money and to hold real estate.

FEDERATION OF SOCIETIES.—The Boston Pilot says: Steps are being taken to form a federation of Catholic societies in Canada by prominent members of the clergy and laity. Judge O'Donoghue, of Ontario, writes that he hopes that in course of time the entire North American continent will present a united front in matters pertaining to the work of the Federation.

THIRTY-FIVE CONVERTS.—Thirty-five converts were the immediate fruits of a week's mission to non-Catholics which closed last Sunday in the Church of the Holy Rosary, New York, of which Rev. Francis H. Wall is rector. The non-Catholic mission was conducted by Rev. Xavier Sutton, of the Passionists. It was preceded by a two weeks' mission for Catholics, in which Fathers Albert and Alexis labored along with Father Xavier.

A LARGE AUDIENCE.—Fully three thousand people were present at a lecture on Ireland delivered by Father Donnelly, S.J., the other day in the public hall, Preston, England. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested during its delivery.

IRISH LANGUAGE.—The Dublin

Corporation has decided to make the Irish language an obligatory subject at all future competitive examinations for clerkship in the service of the Council.

DRINK HABIT AMONG WOMEN.—The Pittsburg Catholic says: "A St. Louis priest inveighs strongly against the drink evil among women. It is the weak, foolish woman who indulges in strong liquors. Fathers, heads of families, should recognize this fact, and as far as in them lies keep stimulants out of their houses. Doctors should know that, too often, they prescribe malt and spirituous liquors for women patients, when other remedies could be used, and the end is the inordinate love of the one time medicine. The after-theatre dinner parties are responsible for the spread of the drink habit among women. It is no unusual thing to see women, young and old, around festive tables with liquor, disguised in decoctions, before them, and insensibly the base habit is aroused. Catholic women should shun liquor in all its forms; it is the beginning of their ruin, socially and morally. The should, at all times, and in every place, put their veto on it."

AN OLD FRIEND.—On Easter Monday a dramatic event which attracted much attention was held in Long Branch, N.J., in aid of the parish of the Church of Our Lady. Among the professionals who took part in the cast was Mr. Richard Milloy, of this city. The play staged was "Held by the Enemy."

A SUBSCRIBER.—Enclosed please find one dollar, being renewal of my subscription to the True Witness for the ensuing year.

Allow me to compliment you upon the literary excellence of the old journal; in my opinion it now stands without a peer among the many newspapers of this continent. Wishing you continued success, I remain, gentlemen, Yours truly, J. T.

MAKING OF MONEY.—An American newspaper refers to an investigation now going on in connection with certain public utilities, in one of the cities of the United States, in which it was stated by one of the witnesses that he had been associated with "deals" involving at least \$100,000,000. Those enterprises seem to have been on a large scale, as a general thing, but there is one to which the witness in question particularly refers as making for those engaged in it the sum of \$46,000,000 in round figures.

To make money, remarks the Journal, implies the production of something of value which people want and for which they are willing to pay. Did the parties, in their association, ever produce \$46,000,000 worth of anything? Did they ever, either in company or in antagonism, bring forth anything for which other people should pay them a price netting them \$46,000,000 profit? Certainly not.

REQUESTS TO CHURCHES.—The Western Watchman remarks: Fighting in the Courts over bequests made to the Church is always very distasteful to Bishops. Archbishops Riordan and Quigley have lately renounced large bequests which the heirs contested. When the Archbishop of San Francisco filed his renunciation a high-spirited gentleman sent him his check for the amount renounced. As a rule, relatives respect the wishes of their dead kinsmen; but where greed smothered the instinct of family affection it is sometimes well not to deny them the reward of their degeneracy.

THE REDEMPTORIST Order is contemplating the erection of a monastery building 200 by 400 feet at Elcheater, Md., on the Howard county side of the Patapsco.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.—Recently Bishop McFaul, in referring to "the relations of capital and labor," said: "In view of the numerous violations of law and order that have dis-

turbed society in various parts of the United States, we deem it necessary to emphasize the necessity of Christian principles and their practical application to political and social life.

"We express our firm intention to uphold Christian principles, not only by our opposition to mob rule and lawlessness, but also by declaring ourselves opposed to all principles subversive of human society, whether they be known as liberalism, socialism, anarchism or by any other term. For the preservation of Christian order in society we condemn liberalism because it proclaims the absolute autonomy of the individual or society without regard to the laws of God and the Church. We condemn socialism as opposed to natural justice, since its primary object is to deprive man of the lawful possession of staple and permanent private property, which is necessary for the welfare of the individual, as well as of the family. Catholics especially should take a firm stand against social democracy, which preaches the gospel of materialism and atheism, repudiates the divinely constituted authority of the Church and State, and threatens to undermine family life by advocating free love and secularization of all education. We heartily endorse the endeavor of workingmen to better their material condition and to promote their temporal prosperity by the formation of trades unions, but at the same time we exhort our Catholic workmen to form special associations the object of which is to provide also for their religious and moral wants, and to instruct them properly on the social questions and the practical solution thereof, as it has been proposed by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his immortal Encyclical on the 'Condition of Labor.'"

THE LYNCHING MANIA is travelling north, says the Chicago New World, at a rapid pace. During the week a white man was lynched in Vermont and an attempt made to lynch another at La Crosse, Wis. Rumor asserts that another massacre of Jews may be expected in Russia about Easter, but here in America lynching bees appear to be the growing order of the day. Is it not apparent that, both here and abroad, a great deal of the untamed beast yet abides in certain classes of men? However, if juries will not promptly hang infamous criminals, lawless citizens are moved to take strange liberties.

THE POPE'S HEALTH.—Recently all the Italian and most of the foreign newspapers reported that the Pope was more or less seriously ill. In contradiction of all this, however, the Pope's brother, Angelo, has received a letter in which His Holiness says: "Although the newspapers state that I am suffering from neurasthenia, homesickness, sleeplessness, aversion to food, and particularly sore eyes, I thank God that up to the present I do not feel the least symptom of any of these ailments. For many years I have never been as well as I am now. I must smile at these makers of falsehoods, who can never guess aright. You have no cause for anxiety."

A QUEER REPLY.—"No, I do not contemplate joining the Catholic Church," said Russell Sage a couple of days ago, to a reporter who asked him if there was any truth in the report that he was being instructed in the Catholic religion by the Very Rev. Dr. Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. "It is quite true that I have paid several visits to the Cathedral, which, as you see, is directly opposite my residence, and it is also true that I have met and been treated most courteously by priests connected with the Cathedral, but I am too old now to change my religious belief."

STILL VIGOROUS.—Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent, founder of the League of the Cross, Liverpool, was present recently at the thirty-second anniversary of the starting of that organization, and delivered an address. The Monsignor entered on his eighty-third year, and, through total abstinence, is hale and strong, and thinks nothing of undertaking long

journeys by sea and land. There was a private view of the statue about to be erected to the Monsignor in St. John's Gardens, Liverpool. A touching effect is produced by the introduction of a poor little boy with whom Monsignor Nugent is sympathizing.

A NUN DEAD.—Mother Mary Bonaventure, prioress of the Dominican Convent at New Orleans, where she labored for over 33 years, died last week, aged 54 years. She was a native of Cork, Ireland, and came to America in 1871 and was chosen mother superior of the Dominicans in 1877. She leaves two sisters, one an Ursuline nun, the other a Sister of Charity.

CATHOLIC REQUESTS.—The following bequests for charitable and religious purposes are contained in the will of John Moan, admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court, Baltimore a few days ago:

Two thousand dollars to the Little Cent's Male Orphan Asylum.

Two thousand dollars to St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, otherwise known as the Protectors of St. Mary's Orphan Female School.

Two thousand dollars to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Forty-five hundred dollars to St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, of which \$2000 is to be used for the benefit of St. James' Home, a branch of the corporation, and \$2500 for the general purposes of the corporation.

One thousand dollars to St. Elizabeth's Home for Colored Children.

Fifteen hundred dollars to the House of the Good Shepherd for Colored Girls.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—At the recent banquet of the Los Angeles chamber of Commerce, the guests included about 350 of the most influential citizens of Los Angeles, and the principal speakers were Bishop Conaty and Governor Pardee of California. The Bishop was accorded an ovation. His theme was "Our Country," and was the feature of the evening.

We take the following extract from the report of the eloquent deliverance of His Lordship: "We need faith in our country and our country's God. We need faith in one another, self-reliance and self-control in ourselves, the wisdom to make laws just and the willingness to obey them. Heart service and not lip service leads nations to renown. Open the doors to all men fleeing from persecution for conscience sake, but close them to all men fleeing from prosecution for crime. The individual citizen should aim at the ideal, an American in spirit as well as in name—liberal and just, fair-minded and trustful, full of hope in the future of his country and full of courage to defend it, loving liberty as a gift of God, guarding it sacredly by the integrity of a personal life, conceding to all others the rights he claims for himself, full of high-mindedness, trustfulness, confidence, sobriety and justice. If things are bad, set to work to remedy them. If there are dangers, meet them like men. It is an age of greed, but it is also an age of charity and religion. There is a worship of power and success, but there is also a worship of God. My trust is in God and the people."

"Goodness is the source of greatness, and the good man is the best citizen. The man who believes in God and loves Him will give the best service to the State. Educate men, but have God in their education. Honor the man who demands that religion be the wool and warp of all education. Liberty demands that we should look to the source of our citizenship and allow no poison to enter into the well springs of public life. We need manhood more than money, and character more than armies. We need respect for moral law more than statute enactment. Magnificent in its possibilities, O my country, raise up true men to love thee, to guide thee, to protect thee, to fight for thee, and if necessary to die for thee."

A REMINDER.—At the annual dinner of the Bristol Hibernal Society, held in Bristol, Eng., on St. Patrick's Day, much enthusiasm was displayed.

The Bishop of Chifton, in the course of an eloquent speech, said he was not an Irishman, but a Sassenach who had spent a great deal of time in Ireland. He mentioned many illustrious Irishmen, including St. Cuthbert, whose cross he was proud to bear, for he had been the patron of the diocese. Ireland was an island of saints long before England was, and did not Ireland contribute to the expansion and extension of the commerce of this country? Whence did they obtain their greatest generals and some of the mightiest and noblest statesmen? Were it not for the lively Irish sallies in the House of Commons it would be a dull assembly indeed.

DAWN OF BRIGHTER DAYS.—Signs are not wanting to show that a new era is opening up for the sturdy race. The London Universe furnishes the following evidence in that regard. It says in its column of notes on the "Irish in London":

"The interesting Gaelic celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Dockhead Catholic Church must have brought joy to the hearts of many old, and indeed young, Irish people. The recital of the Rosary and the preaching of a sermon in Ireland's native language must have recalled days long past—days when our people worshipped God in their own tongue in their own land. At the present moment it is, I think, opportune that steps should be taken by those interested in the language revival to have prayers said and sermons in Irish preached as often as possible. I see no reason why Irish Catholics in London should not have a Church built where all services would be performed in Gaelic. Surely if the French, Germans and Italians resident in London can do so, we, who are numerically stronger, should be able to do likewise. I hope that the Irish societies interested in the language movement will take this matter up."

VICTIMS OF DRINK HABIT.—A more Christian method of dealing with the unfortunate victims of the drink habit has been adopted in two cities of this Province, Montreal and Quebec. The treatment is an experiment, and Dr. Mackay, of Quebec, is the promoter. Two cures of well known habitual drunkards are reported as a result of submitting to the remedies provided by the city under the direction of Dr. Mackay, and one of the officers of the police force. Treatment is given in the homes of those afflicted or in temporary apartments in the City Hall.

A SAD SEQUEL.—Under this heading a correspondent of the Catholic Columbian writes:

Twenty years ago, while I was in active journalism in Washington, D. C., I became acquainted with a young man, in the same profession, who had all the gifts of person and mind to reap a brilliant reward. He was very handsome, sweet-tempered and genial, popular with everybody, and full of versatile talents. He was a scholarly and picturesque writer, a dazzling orator, a vivid lecturer and a skillful politician. Unfortunately he fell into convivial company and laid the foundation of habits that impaired an originally sound and vigorous constitution. He did not abandon his brilliant work and was much sought after, but a day came when paralysis claimed him as a victim, and, in the meridian of life, he passed away, after many months of sickness, in which, I trust, he made reparation. There was no young man in the South who had fairer prospects, perhaps, but they were largely wasted. But all who knew him speak lovingly of his career, in its bright estate, and all must pray that he may find peace in the other world.

IN GAELIC.—Among the addresses of welcome presented to Archbishop Messmer by the students of Marquette College, Milwaukee, was a specially eloquent one in Gaelic, delivered by Victor Noonan.

LOWERING IDEALS.—Here is a brief comment, taken from a secular review, in which we find graphically pictured the unfortunate tendency of the literature, especially the novel and drama, of the day to lower the standards of womanhood and to destroy the glorious ideals that great minds and true hearts have woven about woman in general. We will add no comment to it, for it would need a great many columns to express all that it suggests; but we will simply remark how the Catholic Church alone, in her teachings, and even in her children's literature, has ever upheld the dignity of womanhood and raised rather than lowered our ideals in regard to woman. Here is the item:

"The decline and fall of the heroine of fiction from a position as secure morally as Caesar's wife to the house-breaking type, may or may not be due to a corrupted public conscience. There can be, however, no denying the fact that the decline has begun. Some of the most human and beautiful of the female figures placed by writers at the front of the stage in recent novel and short stories have been thieves."

All this is certainly meeting the demand of a public which is clamoring for the unconventional in its fiction. But do these venturesome authors realize that the pedestal from which they are ruthlessly pulling the heroine is firmly fixed in our front yards, and that when we wake up at last to the knowledge that the figure of meanness and all virtue is gone we shall cry for vengeance?"

furnished 93 per cent., the western hemisphere 4.5 per cent., and China and all other countries 2.5 per cent.

Of the total immigration into the United States from 1821 to 1903, Germany and the United Kingdom furnished 56 per cent., as follows: Germany, 24 per cent.; Ireland, 19 per cent., and England, Scotland and Wales, 13 per cent. During the same period Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland furnished 21 per cent., as follows: Italy, eight per cent.; Austria-Hungary, seven per cent., and Russian and Poland six per cent. Of the total immigration in 1903, Germany and the United Kingdom furnished only 12 per cent., while Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia and Poland furnished 68 per cent.

NON-CATHOLIC FIGURES.—According to recent statistics compiled by the authorities in England, the Established or Anglican Church provides 7,127,834 sittings; the Nonconformists, 8,171,666. The Anglican communicants are 2,050,718; the Nonconformists, 2,010,530. The number of children in the respective Sunday-schools is almost the same—about 3,389,849.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.—Referring to Catholic influence in the ranks of young men in Italy, an Italian journal remarks:

"To-day we are witnesses of a fact which twenty-five or thirty years ago would have appeared to certain intellectuals and abstractionists as a simple impossibility—that is, an awakening of Catholic energies, not only in the social field (Christian democracy), but also in the sphere of mentality and culture, shown in new methods in apologetics and biblical exegesis. . . . The initiative in this revival is entrusted to an elite of the young clergy and Catholic laity—an initiative replete with difficulties it is true, but which can be of benefit to all."

CATHOLIC ENTERPRISE.—The Chicago correspondent of the Catholic Union and Times says:

Two great Catholic diocesan enterprises under the direct supervision of Archbishop Quigley, will be launched in Chicago within a week. A diocesan publishing and church supply house will be located on Wabash avenue near Twelfth street and a diocesan office building will be erected on the North Side, where all the diocesan and clerical business will be transacted.

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Last week we had the period in which it was promised to some of the finest of the most sublime works of the most would be traced to Ossian's poem "Fing begin with a few lines

"As torrents roll incalculous rills With rage impetuous ing hills; Rush to the vales, and the plain, Roar through a thousand the main."

Thus it is that Ossian's picture: "As rush foam from the dark sea Cromla; when the thunder above the dark-brown half the hill."

In Pope again we find description of a battle

"Now shield with shield helmet clos'd, To armour armour, opposed. Host against host, squadrons drew, The sounding darts in flew;

With streaming blood fields are dy'd, And slaughter'd her dreadful tide."

Milton has a passage in other words, the same "Arms and armour

Horrible discord, and wheels

Of brazen chariots rag

Eighteen centuries Pope or Milton, Ossian

"As autumn's dark from two echoing hills, other approached the dark streams from high and mix and war on rough, and dark in chat

lin and Innisfail. His stroke with chief, and steel, clinging, sounded mists are cleft on high and smokes around, on the polished yews; along the sky; spears circles of light that gl face of night."

Another passage of many of the readers will thus:—

"—As when two With heaven's artillery rattling on Over the Caspian."

Here is Ossian's mode the same thought:—"Who are those, like and their swords like lightning them?"

We will now quote on beautiful comparisons works:

"But when he speaks, w flows! Like the soft fleeces snows."

To my mind Ossian's the same thought is sublime; it is as follows: "Pleasant is thy voice said the blue-eyed chief ly are the words of other are like the calm show when the sun looks on the light cloud flies over

Milton again has this sage:

"As when he Hath scath'd the forest mountain pines with sing'd tops, their stho' bare Stand on the blasted h

Here is Ossian's version "They (the heroes) s heath, like oaks with branches round them, w to the stream of frost, withered leaves rustle on

Virgil and Milton have comparison that, while taken from Ossian, is ce er in each of their great in that of the Celtic b likely that Virgil ever i sian, although his date is recent; and it is more p Milton's thought was original, that it was i

OLD PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Last week we had a rapid glance at the period in which Ossian flourished. It was promised that, this week, some of the finest passages, containing the sublimest ideas, in the works of the most classic writers, would be traced to inspiration from Ossian's poem "Fingal." We will begin with a few lines from Pope.

"As torrents roll increas'd by numerous rills
With rage impetuous down the echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main."

Thus it is that Ossian draws a like picture: "As rushes a stream of foam from the dark shady steep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling above the dark-brown night rests on half the hill."

In Pope again we find this graphic description of a battle:

"Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance opposed.
Host against host, with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
With streaming blood the slippery fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide."

Milton has a passage that conveys, in other words, the same conception: "Arms and armour crashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madd'ning wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd, etc."

Eighteen centuries before either Pope or Milton, Ossian wrote:

"As autumn's darts storms pour from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes—As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix and war on the plain; loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Locklin and Inisfall. Chief mixes his stroke with chief, and man with man; steel, clinging, sounded on steel, helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smokes around. Strings twang on the polished yews; darts rush along the sky; spears fall like the circles of light that gild the stormy face of night."

Another passage of Milton that many of the readers will recall, runs thus:—

"As when two black clouds
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian."

Here is Ossian's mode of expressing the same thought:—

"Who are those, like two clouds,
and their swords like lightning above them?"

We will now quote one of the most beautiful comparisons in Pope's works:

"But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Like the soft fleeces of descending snows."

To my mind Ossian's rendering of the same thought is certainly more sublime; it is as follows:—

"Pleasant is thy voice, O Carril, said the blue-eyed chief of Erin. Lovely are the words of other times. They are like the calm shower of spring, when the sun looks on the field, and the light cloud flies over the hills."

Milton again has this grand passage:

"As when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oak, or mountain pines
With sing'd tops, their stately growth tho' bare
Stand on the blasted heath."

Here is Ossian's version:—

"They (the heroes) stood on the heath, like oaks with all their branches round them; when they echo to the stream of frost, and their withered leaves rustle on the wind."

Virgil and Milton have both used a comparison that, while probably not taken from Ossian, is certainly weaker in each of their great poems than in that of the Celtic bard. Not likely that Virgil ever heard of Ossian, although his date is much more recent; and it is more probable, if Milton's thought was not perfectly original, that it was inspired by

Virgil. I quote the three just to show the grandeur of the Celtic bard. Virgil wrote:—

"Like Eryx, or like Athos great, he shows.
Or father Appennine when white with snows;
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides."

In almost a like strain, but dealing with a very different subject, Milton wrote:

"On the other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd;
His stature reach'd the sky."

The following is Ossian's majestic passage:

"Still Swaran advanced, as a stream that burst from a desert. The little hills are rolled in its course; and the rocks half sunk by its side. But Cuchullin stood before him like a hill that catches the clouds of heaven. The winds contend on its head of pines, and the hail rattles on its rocks. But, firm in its strength, it stands and shades the silent vale of Cona."

Here is another striking example; again we quote from Pope:

"So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assailed, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempests blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below."

Mark the weird, wild imagery of Ossian:

"Dark Cuchullin stands alone like a rock in a sandy vale. The sea comes with its waves and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam, and the hills are echoing around. Now from the gray mist of ocean, the white-sailed ships of Fingal appear. High is the grove of their masts as they nod, by turns on the rolling waves."

In Pope's translation of Homer's Iliad, in the twenty-third, we find this graphic passage:—

"Close lock'd above their heads and arms are mixt:
Below their planted feet at distance fixt;
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends:

Their bowes resound with blows; sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise."

Here is the description of such a hand to hand fight, in Ossian's fifth canto of Fingal:—

"Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain; and their steel flies, broken, from their helmets. They fling their weapons down. (Here begins the similar account). Each rushes to the grasp of his foe. Their sinewy arms bend round each other; they turn from side to side, and strain and stretch their spreading limbs below. But when the pride of their strength arore, they shook the hills with their heels; rocks tumble from their places high; the green-headed bushes are overturned. They turn from side to side, and like tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they fall together with all the rocks and trees. The streams are turned by their sides and the red ruin is seen afar."

One more example of the cases in which inspiration has been drawn from Ossian. Many will recall that old and ever beautiful poem of Beattie, "The Hermit," in which he addresses the moon:

"Roll on, thou fair orb and with gladness pursue
The path which conducts thee to splendor again."

Equally familiar are those lines, in Byron's "Childe Harold," addressed to the ocean:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll."

Also some readers may recall the lines of McCarthy to the sun:

"Roll high and bright thou god of day."

In the range of literature a score of such examples of apostrophe to sublime objects in nature could be quoted. Let us go back two thousand years, and harken to Ossian, then blind, old, and feeble, as he address-

ed the sun. Nothing grander in all the annals of literature—only—no translation can adequately render the power and beauty of the original Celtic.

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shields of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun? thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain. For he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows in the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is, like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

THE CATHOLIC WOMAN IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

At the present time, when labor questions and the adjustment of difficulties arising therefrom are absorbing the attention of many thoughtful minds, it may not be inopportune to give some little consideration to the influence of the Catholic woman in the business world around us. When one thinks of the number of Catholic women and girls engaged in mercantile and professional pursuits in this city alone, the thought presents itself of the boundless possibilities within their reach, and the opportunity open to them of reflecting credit on the Church, to which it ought to be their proudest boast to belong.

This day and age is undeniably materialistic. The pernicious influence of materialism is everywhere felt. Success is the present day God and there are few, indeed, who refuse homage to this all-prevailing deity. To most people, abstract reading and the Truth for Truth's sake do not appeal. To the dweller below the vision of the heights is not given. And in this busy, work-a-day world the theorist, the dreamer, finds himself alone.

Under these conditions, the only way of reaching or influencing the multitude is by force of example; and here is the opportunity of the Catholic girl at work.

The effect of association and influence of personality are among the most interesting studies in practical psychology. They are forces which the social economist, the practical philanthropist, and all who strive to better the condition of their fellow-men take into account and wisely endeavor to apply. The influence of personality cannot be over-estimated. More and more it is coming to be realized that, as has been ably said, the greatest benefit one can do the world is to cultivate his own personality, and that "our influence is infinitely greater than we." It is undoubtedly true that there are those to whom theorizing and reasoning are as an unknown tongue—that there are those to whom everything connected with religious belief is obnoxious, "old-fashioned and tiresome," that there are those to whom everything Catholic is an object of suspicion and aversion; but the man or woman does not live who, consciously or unconsciously, is not impressed by principles of right-living exemplified and lived up to.

There are occasions when to stand by one's principles requires fully as much courage as the martyr's of old displayed in facing their torturers; the moral fight is a hardly contested one. But, if such occasions are numerous, the fault lies mostly with ourselves and but illustrates the force of Montaigne's saying: "Error is bold and aggressive because Truth is timid and shrinking." Catholics know that they are in possession of the truth and there is no reason or excuse for their assuming an apologetic attitude towards the world about them. Such an attitude

is not convincing and will never be productive of good.

Bishop Spalding speaks of woman as "God's providence" and "the world's benefactress." Surely, there is inspiration in the noble words, and the desire to be worthy of them must quicken the pulse and arouse the best impulses of every right-minded woman. If every woman had this high idea of her dignity, and earnestly endeavored to correspond with its responsibilities, this world would be a more ideal place to live in. And if women in general recognized the fact that to Christ and the Church He founded they owe all that they have attained in the way of advancement from the ignoble position women occupied in pagan countries, they would assuredly acknowledge the debt and humbly submit to the authority which has wrought so effectually in their behalf.

For good or for ill, woman must forever be a strong controlling force in the moral and social world. In the past, it has been so; history is full of illustrations of her power; and, if it has not always been creditably exercised, it will at least be freely admitted that on the whole her influence has been for good. And, since women are now more generally thrown into public life than ever before, being engaged in many avocations formerly considered as belonging exclusively to men, their influence should be more widely felt than at any previous period in the world's history. This has been called "Woman's age." If the title be correct, the duty rests upon women to make it the Golden Age by maintaining high standards of life and conduct; and in this the Catholic woman in the business world should be foremost. Her duty is clear, and if she prove unfaithful the shame will rest heavily upon her; but she will not and in this the Catholic woman in religion is to her what it should be, the mainspring of her actions and the dominating influence in her life.—Annie Elizabeth Bradley in the New World, Chicago.

ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS

In the course of a brilliant lecture at the Catholic University, Washington, the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., said:

St. Thomas follows the Aristotelian method in all his works. This is a method of observation, of induction and of deduction, not limited or exclusive, but comprehensive and depending on complete premises; just the method necessary for scientific discoveries as well as for metaphysical investigation. There are no illogical inferences in this method. He uses it in proving the existence of a personal God. His argument is the same as that implied in the text of St. Paul: "The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made"; and when the Angelic Doctor has established the great fundamental truth of the existence of God, he logically deduces from it all the propositions of theology. When it is proven that there is One, Supreme, Omnipotent, Omnipresent Being, the Creator of the universe, the mysteries of the Incarnation and of the Real Presence become easy of acceptance. One who realizes thoroughly what the existence of a personal God, the Supreme Owner and the Supreme Ruler, implies, will find no difficulty in admitting mysteries and miracles, rights and obligations, personal and social, for all are centered in Him, the Mystery of mysteries, the Invisible and Ineffable One in Three.

In the psychological order, also, the Aristotelian method is followed by Aquinas, who derives knowledge primarily from the senses acting on the intellect. From the study of material things he rises to a knowledge of their invisible causes. This method stimulates research in the natural sciences, and has led to all the great modern scientific discoveries, some of which were already suspected or indicated in the days when the much-decried scholastic philosophy held universal sway. The names of Gerbert, Albert the Great, Roger Bacon, Nicholas von Cues, Trithemius and Copernicus, considering their times and opportunities, compare favorably with those of the greatest scientists of modern times.

In the works of Thomas Aquinas will also be found the arguments which overthrow every scientific theory that draws a conclusion from imperfect premises, as, for instance, does the hypothesis of radical evolution.

A study of the Angelic Doctor would correct the mental defects of those scientists who, plunging intelli-

Questions from Subscribers

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The number of questions, of historical, educational and religious nature, that we receive almost weekly, render it impossible for us to reply to them all. The following note from a friend of the paper, may seem to contain very elementary questions, as far as Irish history is concerned; but, after all, they are very pertinent, and not every one could properly answer them. We will give the letter exactly as it is and answer it as briefly and correctly as our knowledge will allow.

"Would you please inform me, through the columns of the True Witness, where is the birthplace of St. Patrick, also the year he was born in, and the year he landed in Ireland? And also the nationality of his parents? Thanking you in anticipation of your favor, etc., etc.,

G. McD.

We will not reply to the questions in the exact order in which they are set down; but will give the information at our disposal in as concise a manner as possible.

According to all reliable authorities the date of the birth of St. Patrick was in the year 392. He landed in Ireland, as a missionary, in the year 430, and he was then thirty-eight years of age. Of course he had been in Ireland as a slave and the servant of Melchior, when he was sixteen years of age. But we naturally expect that the occasion of his coming as the Apostle of Christianity is the one referred to by our correspondent. O'Halloran, the historian, claims that St. Patrick was Welsh on his father's side and Gaulish on his mother's side. Moore holds firmly to the opinion that he was entirely of Roman extraction. But we can truly say, with Mooney, one of the most reliable of our historians, that it matters little to what nation the immediate parents of such a man belonged; he belongs to the entire human race, and to the Irish race in particular.

As to what is positively known concerning him, prior to his mission to Ireland, it may be briefly summarized. He studied philosophy and

theology at Tours, in France, under the famous St. Martin of Tours. Later on we find that he occupied the post of a Prebendary of the Church of St. John of Lateran, in Rome. Subsequently to this he studied with St. Germain at Auxerre.

The baptismal name of the Apostle of Ireland was Succath. When he was ordained priest, by St. Germain, the latter gave him the name of Magonias. We cannot say whether this was an additional name, such as we now receive at Confirmation, or merely a surname indicative of some special characteristic of the young priest; we cannot tell.

When he was consecrated Bishop, Pope Celestine conferred on him the order of Patricii—for the purpose of imparting more dignity to the newly appointed Apostle. This order of the Patricii was instituted by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. It was much more important than the patrician order, or rank, of the ancient Romans, for it was reserved for the higher dignitaries of Church and State, and princes and emperors even coveted it. Thus when the young missionary went forth on his Hibernian mission he carried with him credentials from the Vicar of Christ, in which it was repeatedly stated that "Patricius," meaning the member of the order of the Patricii, was specially commissioned to carry the truths of the Gospel into the distant Western Isle. Landing thus in Ireland, and being received as heartily as we know, it is not a matter of wonder that King, chiefs, Druids and people should have designated him by the name of "Patricius," and that it should have clung to him throughout his long and wonderful career of exceptional missionary work. Nor is it to be wondered at that the warm-hearted people whom he had so converted should have been proud to give the same name to their own children, in honor and in memory of their great Saint. Hence the name Patrick which served to indicate the Apostle, and which became soon the most usual baptismal name in the families of the Irish race. Let it be remembered by any who are ashamed of the name Patrick, that it belongs to the noblest order of Christendom.

of naturalism, clog its wings and render it unable to soar into the beautiful regions of the spiritual world. Like a bird, the intellect needs both its wings to mount to the sky and to look at the sun. An intellect, specialized and bedraggled by the exclusive study of interior nature, will often be unable to understand the truths of the higher order. Hence able writers, some non-Catholic, have called attention to the fact that since the study of scholastic philosophy has been neglected the edge of human intellect has been dulled, and even educated men are unable to understand many truths and arguments which the common intellects of the ages of faith easily comprehended. The fate of the narrow specialist in the material order is like that of the sinner immersed in sensual vice. His brain becomes stunted and clouded.

St. Thomas was not only a metaphysician and a theologian; his genius and his education were universal. He studied pagan learning and appropriated its treasures for the defence of Christ, as the Hebrews of old despoiled the Egyptians who had robbed and oppressed them. He fought the enemies of the true God with their own weapons, as David killed Goliath with his own sword. The intellect of St. Thomas Aquinas threw over pagan learning the light of faith, and "faith," as the Vatican Council says, "frees and protects reason from error, and provides it with varied knowledge." He assimilated the arguments and imitated the example of the great Christian apologists of early days of Quadratus, Aristides, Herman and Athenagoras, who had studied the philosophers of Greece, from Thales to Aristotle. He read Irenaeus, the classic authority on the Gnostic heresies; Clement of Alexandria, and Origen, who thoroughly understood the systems of the Alexandrine school—the Latins, Tertullian, Arnobius and Lactantius, masters of dialects and models of beautiful style—and from this study the divine theologian had found, and exposed the fact that at the basis of all error are pride, sensuality or ignorance, or all three together, and that pride clouds the intellect perhaps more effectually than sensuality, and that pride, sensuality and ignorance are the greatest enemies of the Incarnate God.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

THE SESSION.—Now that the Easter holidays are over the political pot has been set boiling in good earnest. While the snow is melting, the ice breaking up, and the spring making a tardy appearance on all sides, Ottawa seems to be in a state of transition, and it is quite evident that the gaiety of winter is past, while the glow of summer is yet in the future. It is, therefore a time when people can give their minds, having little else to do, to what is taking place on Parliament Hill. This session is to be productive of two important measures, and no more. The first concerns the amended agreement between the Grand Trunk Railway Company and the Government, regarding the Grand Trunk Pacific contract; the other is the new militia bill, which affects more citizens of Canada than may, at the first, be imagined. As there is little or no news of importance in the social, educational and religious spheres, I will touch, this week, upon each of these important measures.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.—The debate upon the resolution, moved by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, for the alteration of portions of the contract entered into last session, was commenced on Tuesday, by an hour's speech from the Premier. He was followed by Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, in a speech of nearly four hours. The debate was then continued, next day, by Hon. Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, and kept up by alternate Liberal and Conservative members without any interruption down to the moment of writing.

It would be useless to attempt a summary of any of those speeches. Last year's Hansard contains over a thousand pages of them, and all that could ever be said, for or against the scheme, has been said—in every one, and every style. The result is that this year the debate has lost its novelty, and the best speeches have fallen somewhat flat, having failed to awaken any real interest. The plainest way I can do is to take the proposed alterations to the contract (of last session) between the Government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, and to give them in the form in which they appear on the Sessional Paper No. 37a. Nothing more can now be added, for there is no telling when or how the debate may end, and there is little explanation needed to render more clear the character of the alterations. It will be seen, on perusing them, that they do not affect the fundamental principles of the bill. They are as follows:

Time for the completion of the construction of the Western Division fixed as December 1, 1908, is considered short. Failure to complete within the time should at least not create a forfeiture of the deposit.

Upon the issue of the guaranteed stock now forming the deposit already made being approved by the shareholders of the Grand Trunk, legislation to be passed confirming its substitution and acceptance in lieu of what is called for by the agreement.

The company to be entitled to a release of the deposit at least to the extent that it forms security for the construction of the Western division upon the expenditure in such construction of five million dollars realized from the proceeds of bonds to be guaranteed by the Grand Trunk.

Upon the completion of the construction of the Eastern division, the company should have the option of operating under lease the portions constructed upon undertaking to pay working expenses and to hand to the Government a portion (to be fixed) of the net earnings.

Rental payable under the lease to be made by the company upon the completion of the Eastern Division to be made a charge only upon net earnings for the whole term or at least for a longer period than the three years provided in the agreement (section 20.)

Inasmuch as bonds issued by the company and bearing 3 per cent interest and guaranteed by the government will not realize par, it should be provided either

(1) That the government guarantee the payment of principal and interest of an issue of bonds bearing 3 per cent, to be made by the company for a principal amount sufficient to realize 75 per cent. of the cost of construction of the mountain section and prairie section respectively, or

(2) Instead of the government guaranteeing bonds of the company for the purpose of assisting in the construction of the Western division, they shall raise the aid proposed to

All the male inhabitants of Canada, of the age of twelve years and upwards, and under eighteen, not disqualified by bodily or mental infirmity, and being British subjects, shall be liable to drill and training as Cadets in the manner prescribed. Cadets or Cadet corps shall not be liable to service in the militia in any emergency, save only in the case of a Levee en Masse.

The next most important item is that section telling us who are bound to serve, when they may be called upon, how selected, and what the divisions of the Militia are. All this we get in the following clauses:

The male population liable to serve in the militia shall be divided into four classes:

The first class shall comprise all those of the age of eighteen years who are unmarried or widowers with- and upwards, but under thirty years, out children;

The second class shall comprise all those of the age of thirty years and upwards, but under forty-five years, who are unmarried or widowers with- out children.

The third class shall comprise all those of the age of eighteen years and upwards, but under forty-five years, who are married or widowers with children.

The fourth class shall comprise all those of the age of forty-five years and upwards, but under sixty years. And the above shall be the order in which the male population shall be called upon to serve.

The militia of Canada shall be divided into active and reserve militia. The active militia shall consist of:

(a) Corps raised by voluntary enlistment.

(b) Corps raised by ballot.

The reserve militia shall be raised and maintained under regulations prescribed by the Governor in Council.

The period of service in time of peace shall be as follows:

For the active militia, three years. For the reserve militia, such period as is prescribed.

Every corps duly authorized previously to, and existing on, the day on which this act comes into force, including the officers commissioned thereto, shall, for the purposes of this act, be held to be existing, and shall be continued as such, subject to the provisions of this act.

There are only a few other provisions that need be quoted. They concern the methods of enrolment and are as follows:

The Governor in Council shall, from time to time, make all regulations necessary for the enrolment of persons liable to military service, and of persons liable to drill and training as cadets, and for all procedure in connection therewith, as well as for determining, subject to the provisions of this act, the order in which the persons in the classes fixed by this act shall serve; and such regulations shall have the same force and effect as if they formed part of this act.

When men are required to organize or complete a corps at any time, either for training or for an emergency, and enough men do not volunteer to complete the quota required, the men liable to serve shall be drafted by ballot.

The Governor in Council may, from time to time, make regulations for fixing the day on which the taking of the enrolment shall be commenced in each of the several military districts respectively, for notifying the men liable to be taken, or those balloted for service in any quota, for finally deciding claims of applicants for exemption, and for the administration of oaths before a commissioned officer of a corps, to ascertain any facts in reference to such claims of exemption, for medical examinations, and for the discharge of such men as are unfit to serve, and relating to every other matter and thing not inconsistent with this act, and necessary to be done, in the enrolling, balloting, warning of and bringing into service, of such number of men as are required at any time; but any man balloted and notified for service may, at any time, be exempt, until again required in his turn to serve, by furnishing an acceptable substitute, on or before the day fixed for his appearance; but if, during any period of service, any man who is serving in the active militia as a substitute for another, becomes liable to service in his own person, he shall be taken for such service, and his place as substitute shall be supplied by the man in whose stead he was serving.

Every man of the active militia who, during any period of service, attains the age of thirty years or forty-five years, according to his class shall be required to complete the full period for which he volunteered or was balloted to serve.

The remaining one hundred clauses

Hon. Edward Blake
On Ireland.

Speaking at the banquet in the Hotel Cecil, London, Eng., the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., in responding to the toast of the Irish Parliamentary Party, said:

Our duty is to present our case in an unconfined atmosphere, and to fore men who know not much of, and care very little for, our sufferings. You know that after one hundred years of Union there remain capital grievances with reference to education, taxation, and even with reference to the question of the land, though a measure which might have been wholly beneficial has been largely marred and must be seriously amended before it can be, as I trust it will soon be, a helpful measure for Ireland, and we have before us always the dreadful culminating proof—the saddest proof of all—of this Government's failure, the sad depletion of the population of Ireland. That population now is only half what it was fifty years ago. It has been bleeding year by year, the country losing its vigor and strength, until those who are sometimes despondent and sometimes are dejected fear that before Ireland shall be made free she shall cease to be a nation.

I rejoice with our friends that we are at the dawning of a better day. The general election draws nigh. For us in Ireland it is not a very exciting operation. We Irish, with all our vivacity and heat and high spirit might be supposed to charge a bit; we have never changed for 20 years, or six general elections, while English parties have risen and fallen, and while great majorities have become trivial minorities, Ireland has retained four-fifths of the members to sustain the National cause, and we know, and our enemies know, that if there is going to be a change at the next general election it will be a change a little for the better rather than for the worse. (Applause.) It is and will be the centre of interest, because it is here the good work for Ireland can be done by you and such as you throughout this island. We are agreed in our policy. We want to return, by your assistance, as many genuine Home Rulers to the British Parliament as we can return, and that done we want so to use such force as we have as may produce a more reasonable tendency to equality in numbers in the two great parties who sometimes ignore us and to teach them that the Irish vote can count again as before, and can do good work for Ireland. (Applause.)

From the American daily press we have the following particulars which illustrate how non-Catholics respond to appeals of their ministers:

In response to an appeal of the pastor, Rev. William O. Waters, \$50,000 was pledged within a few minutes to the endowment fund of Grace Episcopal Church, Wabash Avenue and Fifteenth street, Chicago. It is hoped within the next year to increase the fund to \$100,000.

Ninety thousand dollars in money—cash and checks—was taken up in the collection plates at the Easter offering at Grace Church on the heights (Protestant Episcopal). This is the largest money offering ever collected at any one time in any Brooklyn church.

The money is to be used as an endowment fund. For some time the church has had \$88,000 towards such a fund, and Dr. Wrigley six weeks ago asked the congregation for \$80,000, to be given as an Easter offering, so that the endowment fund might reach \$100,000. It was a great surprise to the pastor to find that his fondest expectations had been exceeded by \$80,000.

Grace Church on the heights is one of the best known and richest Episcopal churches in Brooklyn.

ECHOES FROM ERIN.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Our Irish exchanges bring the cheering news that the national festival was celebrated with great enthusiasm and without any jarring incidents or unseemly display. "The spirit of tolerance and good humor prevailed," says the Irish Weekly of Belfast.

In no part was the anniversary more elaborately celebrated than in the town of Coalisland. From early morn special trains began to arrive in town from various parts of Tyrone, Armagh, and Derry, carrying with them large contingents with flags, drums and banners. At the various entrances to the town green arches, carefully erected, spanned the entrance. At two o'clock one of the largest and most magnificent demonstrations was addressed from Annagh Hill, overlooking the town.

It was computed that upwards of 10,000 were present. The districts represented were—Ballyloughan, Stewartstown, Killyman, Drummully, Upper Back, Clady, Tullylyh, Aghamullan, Killeter, Ballinacorney Bridge, Cookstown, Trillick, Old Cross, Ardvarnish, Blackwaterstown, Curran, Killycolpy, Mountjoy, Dungannon, Coalisland, Clonoe, Coolnaghery, Maghera, Newtownbutler (Co. Fermanagh), Derrylyn (do.), Kildress, Killeen, Moy, Collegeland, Loughgall, Annaghmore (County Armagh), Donaghmore, Tullyallen, Pomeroy, Rock, Slaterquarry, Robert Cranston Branch I.N.F. (150) Coalisland.

Mr. John Dillon, county delegate, Cookstown, moved the following resolutions:—

1. That this grand demonstration, assembled under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, tender our sincere thanks to His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, for the friendly way in which he received the deputation of the A.O.H. of Tyrone on the 9th September, and as our principles being faith and fatherland, we assure him we will always live faithful children of the Church and pray that God may spare him long days to rule over his flock.
2. That we send from this meeting our hearty congratulations to Most Rev. James McFaul, Bishop of Trillick, and to Bro. James E. Dolan, N.P. of the A.O.H. of America, and to all the brethren of America, and to the Very Rev. Bishop Farley, who blessed the bonds of unity of our Order, and we assure them that the parent body at home will always support the glorious cause of faith and fatherland.
3. That we renew our confidence in the U.I.L. and the united Irish party under the able leadership of Mr. John Redmond, and that we pledge ourselves to support their principles and policy in the future, as we have done in the past, and pledge ourselves to never give up the glorious struggle until we get back our native Parliament, and until Ireland's green flag floats once more on College Green in Dublin.
4. That we, the A.O.H., County Tyrone, in connection with all other Nationalist bodies in Ireland, call upon the Government to grant a University for the education of our Catholic youth, as we believe it would be nothing but our legal right and that we will never rest contented while our country is in chains.
5. That the meeting hereby publicly express our unabated confidence in our worthy representative (Mr. P. C. Doogan) and promise him our whole-hearted support at any time he may require our services.
- Mr. John Trainor, county delegate, Armagh, seconded the resolutions.
- Mr. P. C. Doogan, who was warmly received, said he congratulated them on the glorious meeting which is a red letter day in the County of Tyrone, and the organization in Ireland. He had heard with pleasure that the dark cloud "do long hanging over the heads of the Hibernians had floated by, and that in future they will be recognized by all Nationalists and all the clergy alike as being a sound, solid body of Nationalists worthy of the confidence of the people of Ireland. He knew that the A.O.H. have the support and approval of the united Irish Party, and he had pleasure in informing them that before he left the House of Commons he had to report the circumstances of his being invited to address this meeting, and Mr. Redmond readily acceded to the proposition and expressed his appreciation of the A.O.H. and the great and noble services they had rendered to the Nationalist cause, not only at home here, but the great organizations in America. They have at all times, at home and abroad, stood behind

and supported the Nationalist movements. This great meeting, which had been called under the auspices of the A.O.H., has pledged its support to the Nationalist cause. The united Irish Party are all to co-operate, as far as possible, with the A.O.H. The last time he had the pleasure of addressing their order in Pomeroy he pointed out how much it would tend to the advancement of the National cause if all the National bodies were united. The United Irish League is the official organization. It is the duty of the A.O.H. as Nationalists, whose glorious traditions go far back into the past, to assist in the struggle until Home Rule is won.

The chairman put the resolutions to the meeting, and they were unanimously adopted.

At the conclusion of the meeting the interesting ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a hall was performed by Mr. P. C. Doogan, M. P., amidst applause. The site selected is Plater's Hill, Gortgonal, overlooking the town.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The National convention to which reference was made in our last issue, will be held in the Round Room of the Mansion House, Dublin, on April 21. The scale of representation has been announced as follows:

1. Prelates and clergymen of all denominations.
2. All members of the Irish Parliamentary Party.
3. All members of the National Directory of the United Irish League, and the Chairman, treasurer and secretary of each divisional executive of the League.
4. Three delegates from each branch of the United Irish League duly affiliated with the National Directory.
5. Two delegates from each branch of the United Irish League of Great Britain.
6. Three delegates from each branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.
7. Three delegates from each branch of the Irish National Foresters.
8. Three delegates from each affiliated branch of the Land and Labor Association.
9. Six delegates from each County Council.
10. Eight delegates from each county borough.
11. Other towns electing Mayors, six delegates each.
12. Two delegates from each rural district council.
13. Two delegates from each urban district council.
14. Town commissioners (other than urban councils), two delegates each.
15. Boards of guardians, not identical with rural district councils, two delegates each.
16. Three delegates from each trade and labor council.

IN DUBLIN.—St. Patrick's Day was strictly observed as a national holiday in Dublin. All the large business establishments were closed, as were also the smaller ones, with rare exceptions. The vast majority of the licensed premises also kept closed doors, the same rule being observed in the Four Courts, the various Government offices, the National and municipal libraries, the City Hall, and other public offices, and efforts were also made to afford as far as possible a holiday to the staffs of such institutions as the Port and Dock Board, the Richmond Asylum, and the North and South Dublin Unions.

The Masses in the Catholic Churches were attended by large congregations, and at the early Masses crowds devoutly received Holy Communion. The national festival was observed with special solemnity in the Pro-Cathedral.

REMEMBRANCE.

(By Cealla Murphy.)

Each morn when the sun will peep Beyond the pale blue vault above, May thou then remembrance keep

Yes, remembrance of me that love As ever my most treasured friend, And shall till my journey's end.

When the fragrant flowers will bloom And will smile on the path thou'lt tread, Again shed their sweet perfume

Oh! then think of me on that sod. When the sun will sink to rest, And leave thee in sorrow's thrill,

May the thought beat in thy breast Ah! now she e'en loves me still.

NOTES

ON STRIKE.—A late meeting of the painters strike was ordered, the strike having refused to increase demanded by the 150 men are for the employment. They are about to be opened by

EUCHRE AND SOCIETY before did Tara a larger or more select a similar occasion that gathered there on Monday attend the euchre and by the Ladies' Auxiliary Division, A.O.H. The tastefully decorated with bunting and presented a sight. Among the several of the Rev. Father Patrick's Church, who hours mingling with the ers, and their presence much appreciated by all ed. Upwards of 50 tal- vided, and there was no many. Several non-pla- seats in the gallery wh- was in progress. Play- about 9 o'clock and was

til 11, the contest being each one at the comm- the game declared his tion if possible to carry the handsome prizes of the checkers were count- secured by each player, freshments were served, during the remainder of The lucky ones were:

prize, Miss M. Hurley; Gurry; 3rd, Miss Doh- gentlemen's first prize w- by Mr. Jos. Burns.

When the result was a winners were applauded ward to receive their pri- then commenced and wa- with vigor till the we- morning, the music bel- Quebec's best orche- gather the event was a n- ful and enjoyable one, the greatest credit on t- the Auxiliary and th- who had charge of the e- ev'm worked like Troja- ev'm thing possible to pl- fertain their guests. P- evidence was the popular Miss Katie Murphy, wh- be in half a dozen places time. It was conceded that the event was the n- ful of the kind ever held which is saying a great

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ERIN.

NOTES FROM QUEBEC.

(By our Own Correspondent.)

and the Nationalist move.

meeting, which had been the auspices of the A. O. H. Its support to the cause. The United Irish League, as far as the A. O. H. The last of the pleasure of address. or in Pomeroy he pointed much it would tend to ment of the National the National bodies were United Irish League is organization. It is the A. O. H. as Nationalists, as traditions go far back to assist in the struggle Rule is won.

clusion of the meeting ceremony of laying in stone of a hall was Mr. P. C. Doogan, M. P. The site is at the Hill, Gortgonis, the town.

CONVENTION. —The convention to which reference in our last issue, will be held in the Round Room of the Hotel, Dublin, on April 21, representation has been as follows:

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ment of the National D. the United Irish League, man, treasurer and sec- and a divisional executive of

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legates from each affil- of the Land and Labor

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owns electing Mayors, each.

legates from each rural

legates from each urban

commissioners (other councils), two delegates

of guardians, not iden- district councils, two

legates from each trade

ncil.

—St. Patrick's Day

observed as a national

ublin. All the large

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the smaller ones, with

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Four Courts, the vari-

offices, the National

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ns as the Port and

SOME NOTES ON ALASKA.

Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., well known to local readers of the "True Witness," in his "Alaskan Letters" published in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, says:

"There are miners living happily in this country with their families who left palatial homes behind them. Only the necessities of life are indulged in now while the gold dust is accumulating. But the cheerful face that is ever present and the cheerful smile that brightens it still further, clearly shows that happiness is not the exclusive appanage of ease and fortune. A career of this character led for several years in Alaska must surely have an influence on the lives and habits of rich miners when they return to the outside world, a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Would not this be a different world

hoped the affair will be amicably settled.

EASTER AT ST. PATRICK'S. —Easter was observed at St. Patrick's with more than ordinary solemnity. The early Masses were attended by large congregations, at which a great number approached the Holy Table. The eight o'clock Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gannon, chaplain of the societies connected with the Church, at which the members of the societies assisted and received Holy Communion, the pews in the centre aisle being reserved for them. Father Gannon preached a short sermon on the Resurrection, and made reference to the beautiful custom established by the societies in receiving Holy Communion in a body on Easter Sunday, concluding by invoking God's blessing on the men, their families and their organizations. Rev. Father Henning officiated at the solemn Grand Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Delargy and Gannon as deacon and subdeacon. The altar was beautifully decorated with lights and Easter lilies. An eloquent sermon appropriate to the feast was preached by Rev. Father Cullen. Haydn's Second Mass was rendered by an efficient choir. At Vespers in the evening Weigand's harmonized psalms were sung, followed by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

STAG EUCHRE. —On Wednesday evening the Young Men's Sodality gave a stag euchre, which was well attended by members and their friends, the cosy little hall in rear of St. Patrick's Church being well filled. When play was concluded refreshments were served and several songs sung, "God Save Ireland" being the concluding item.

DEATH OF MR. PATON. —Mr. T. Paton, an employee of the Dominion Arsenal, died last week. Mr. Paton was prominent in labor circles and was one of the principal officers of the Federated Trades and Labor Council. The funeral was very largely attended, attesting the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

TROUBLE IN SIGHT. —There is said to be trouble brewing in the Carrier, Laine & Co. shops at Levis, over the formation of a machinists' union. The men, it is reported, were preparing to make a demand for an increase in their wages. Some of the men, supposed to be the leaders in the affair, were dismissed and it is quite possible that the rest will go on strike.

VISITED THE GAOL. —On Good Friday Mgr. Marois, V.G., visited the gaol, accompanied by a number of priests, Mgr. Paquet and Rev. Father Hickey, C.S.S.R., being among the number.

COMMISSION APPOINTED. —Mgr. Lafamme, who was entrusted with the formation of a commission on Church music, has named Mgr. Tetu and Abbe Lafamme of the Archbishop's Palace, and Abbe Paradis, of the Quebec Seminary, as the clerical members of the commission.

If people would only dispense with their superfluities and spend the equivalent in works of charity? Think of the struggling institutions in our large cities that are surrounded by princely homes; and then reckon, if you can, the useless expenditure of money. A few years' residence in a miner's cabin would convince many a man that his needs are few, and that there are nobler uses for wealth than that of decorating drawing-rooms with barbaric splendor.

"I have met miners who are educated, even classically. The professions are all represented here; graduates of various American colleges and universities, ardent lovers of fresh air and the world out of doors, who have come to Alaska to get rich rapidly. But they generally get disappointed. They find the rich claims all corroded; and it is to their credit that they do not despair hard work. The greatest drawback for such men is the isolation of the long winter and the absence of intellectual food. The small supply of books and magazines is soon exhausted; and unless the educated miner can carve out a

solitude for himself and call it peace, he must find the time long and the winter dark indeed. There is a small library in the Arctic Brotherhood hall in Council, where, among good standard authors, there is the inevitable stock-printed prose in the shape of translations from Balzac, Dumas and other authors on the index. In Nome there was a small library kept open last winter under Congregational auspices.

Nome was threatened a few months ago with a calamity in the form of an uncontrolled library. Mr. Carnegie was to be asked to contribute one of his free libraries, where, like his similar institutions outside, all kind of authors and their books, under the guise of enlightenment, were to be flung to miners for an eight months' pasturage. I do not know why the project was abandoned; it may be taken up again this winter. And the inconsistency of it all! In Nome the apparition of contagious disease is like a bolt from the blue. Health officers are always ready to swoop down on the tiniest microbe.

The rumor that smallpox was coming to us last year on the steamship Senator, put all Nome in a flurry; and the authorities, ignoring the feelings and sentiments of friends and relatives, sent vessels and passengers into quarantine for a couple of weeks behind Sledhe island. These were precautions taken to preserve our miserable bodies, which sooner or later will be food for worms anyway. And still Nome may ask the Pittsburgh millionaire to set up, in our very midst, a public library, where there would be solid food undoubtedly, but where ignorant and half-educated miners, and citizens generally, would be at liberty also to fill their minds with the deadly germs of irreligion, false philosophy and error of all kinds. If a man's body must be protected by stringent health laws, why not his soul as well? Surely, it is better for our miners to be freed from such an intellectual pest-house; and rather than risk their eternal interests, let them spend their winter months revelling in solitary contemplative thought—the play of the soul—which a recent writer tells us, is the highest occupation of man.

Remove Emblems Of Christianity.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

All over the world, wherever Christianity has penetrated, the solemn day of Our Lord's crucifixion has always been observed in a most pious manner; and wherever civilization and culture were to be found, men, even without faith, respected the feelings and sentiments of the Christians and refrained from aught that may clash with their deep religious convictions upon that solemn day. It has been reserved for Premier Combes of France to enjoy the unenviable distinction of first violating that unwritten law of all refined society. Heretofore he has proven himself to be a blatant infidel; he now stands forth as an uncouth boor.

Good Friday was the day specially selected by the Government of France for the removal from all courts and public halls, of every emblem of Christianity. The work was one of brutal conception, and it illustrated even the lack of common artistic appreciation in the men who conceived it. "On all sides is indignation manifested at such a most outrageous celebration of Good Friday. Amongst the religious emblems that on Good Friday were taken down, we find a famous painting, ordered by Louis XI., in 1476, and which has hung upon the walls of the successive Court House of Paris since 1480; also Van Dyck's superb triptych, that since 1505 has ornamented the chief chamber of the Court of Appeals; also a Christ by Bonnat, in the Court of Assizes, and a Christ from the brush of Hemer in the Cour de Cassation. Hundreds of crucifixes in ivory, in silver and other rich materials, scores of ancient and modern paintings that decorated the ceilings and walls of the various public edifices—all works of art of the greatest value—were taken down by order of Mr. Combes. All these were sent to Mr. Henri Marcl, director of fine arts, who says he will have them placed in the galleries of the Louvre. It would have been bad enough to have perpetrated this deed at any other time of the year, but the selection of Good Friday makes it clearly evident that Combes wished to outrage every religious sentiment in the hearts of the people. He has lost all sense of self-respect, all the instincts of the gentleman, and as De Quincey said of the tyrannic Caesars,

"history proves clearly that their mania was madness." He certainly is a lunatic; for no man possessing a remnant of sanity would expose himself to the comments that his conduct has created. Unless it be that he feels himself so insignificant that there is no other way for him to gain notoriety and to have his name spoken of, and that his mad vanity skirts the wilds of folly so closely that it drives him to any extreme for the sake of being publicly spoken about, we cannot conceive how he could do such an abominable deed in the glare of our twentieth century civilization.

REDEMPTORIST ORDER.

The regular triennial change in the offices of Provincials and Rectors of the grand old missionary Order of Redemptorists will take place at the end of this month or during the first week of May.

State Insurance For Working Classes

Everyone knows that the Germans have been the pioneers in legislation for workmen and that in this matter they are far in advance of all other nations. And it can be truly said that since the days of Bishop von Ketteler, long before the existence of the Socialist party, the Catholics have been the leaders in this great work whom the Government and other political parties have followed, often very reluctantly. By their untiring activity in and out of Parliament and by their votes in the Reichstag, they have brought about the great results of which Germany is so justly proud. The first President of the Imperial Insurance Office, in fact the chief organizer of the gigantic work, which was a veritable leap in the dark, was a distinguished Catholic, Dr. Bodiker, who held the office for thirteen years. We take a few facts and figures from a lecture which he delivered lately in Berlin. Imperial insurance comprises three departments: insurance against sickness, against accidents, against ill-health and old age. Insurance is compulsory and the insurance money is drawn from three sources, from the workmen, the employers and the State. The number of persons insured is: 10.3 millions against sickness; 19.1 millions against accidents; 13.4 millions against ill health and old age. More than 550 million marks are paid yearly into the insurance office. Down to the year 1903 over four milliards had been paid in pensions; a capital or fund of over 1.5 milliard has been accumulated, and 300 millions of marks have been expended over and above the pensions for the welfare of the working classes, in building and equipping sanatoria for consumptives, etc. As experience advances, throwing new light upon the subject and showing the flaws of the original legislation, these laws are gradually being improved and new classes of working men and women are admitted to the enjoyment of pensions. It is needless to say that the Centre party holds to this day the position of undisputed leadership in this great social work. —Chronicle of Monthly Messenger Magazine.

Temperance Reform.

A London correspondent of an American daily journal writes:

Some kind of temperance bill will be submitted to Parliament after Easter; meanwhile the leading men in each county, Lord Lieutenants, Bishops, members of Parliament and magistrates, are working privately under the name of the Public House Trust, and making steady progress with the conversion of mere beer-shops into decent houses for the sale of meat and drink. Only four English counties are without the trust. One hundred and thirty public houses now are working successfully on new lines, which make it profitable to the manager to discourage the use of intoxicants. England's best work of reform, always has been done under private auspices.

A DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE.

Nothing exercises more powerful influence than example; and certainly nothing is more contagious than bad example. Every observing person has remarked the number of suicides that follow the published account of

Mr. O'Kelly Speaks at Lowell.

Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P. for North Mayo, has entered upon his tour in the United States. Speaking at Lowell, Mass., under the auspices of the United Irish League, Mr. O'Kelly discussed the policy of the party of which he is a member, to use the words of the report from which we have taken the extract given below, "in a cool, logical and persuasive manner."

"My object in this country," said he, "is to ask you if you wish to assist in the noble work of this organization. There is only one way in which Ireland can be aided, effectively, at the present time, and that is by upholding the organization of the United Irish League. I know there are in this country men who have no faith in Parliamentary agitation; they regard it as time wasted—men who believe that it will never procure for Irishmen everything they desire. But I will ask them this question: If Parliamentary agitation were as hopeless as some people in this country would wish to describe it, would not our fellow countrymen in the old land be the first to detect it and to repudiate it? The men who are on the spot are the best judges and our people at home like most of their fellow countrymen in this country, do everything in their power to advance, to strengthen and to sustain the Parliamentary movement in Ireland.

Believe me, they wouldn't do this if the Parliamentary movement answered to the description which some of our friends in America are not unwilling to give it. The Parliamentary movement, of course, has not done everything, but it has done much and far more than any other form of agitation could possibly do and it will, if we persevere, finally bring us to the ultimate aim of all Irish effort—the national self-government of our country.

"Let us examine for a moment the charges of the people who say that Parliamentary agitation is so far without result. Take the act of 1881. Before that act was passed seven-eighths of the Irish people could be turned out of their homes to starve, to emigrate or to die at the mere whim and caprice of a landlord, without mercy. They were serfs, the sport and the victim of their masters. The act of 1881 changed that. Instead of being what they had been, they were made practically free men, no longer could the landlords turn them adrift. They got security and a status in the soil of Ireland and that was the real beginning of the progress of the past twenty-three years.

"If that act stood alone and if no other reform had been secured, I say that one act by itself would have vindicated and justified the Parliamentary agitation of the Irish people. But that act does not stand alone. Act after act followed it. The tendency of all of which was to strengthen and make more certain the grip of the Irish people on the land of their country.

"But there are some people who notwithstanding all these great achievements, may still be sceptical as to the value of Parliamentary agitation. Will they consider the local government act of 1898? Will not

that convince them? That act dealt the severest blow given to English rule in Ireland in one hundred years. It disestablished the grand juries. I need not tell this to people who knew what the Irish grand juries were. They were the authority that ruled the country, had sway over county and town and parishes and villages; exercised all functions and privileges of local government. They were Dublin Castles in miniature, they filled up every public position and enjoyed immense patronage and exercised that patronage for the benefit of their own class. All the strength, all the influence, all the power of the English garrison in Ireland was mainly derived from their supreme and absolute control over the local government of the country.

"Yet in one night—so to speak—they were swept away and in their places were put those whom they formerly regarded as outcasts and inferior in that country. The old landlord oligarchy is now abandoned and belongs to history. But there may be those who will say still in face of all this that the Parliamentary movement is an idle movement. Will even the land act of last year convince them? What is that land act doing? It provides the enormous sum of \$500,000,000 for the expropriation of every landlord in Ireland. And to this add the bonus of \$60,000,000 to make more certain that the expropriation will take place. It also provides for the expenditure every year of a sum of \$33,000,000 for the purpose of cutting up the great grazing ranches in the west of Ireland for the settlement thereon of the young people at home, thus giving them an opportunity to remain in their own land, instead of emigrating to some foreign country.

Surely this is something gained, something the cavillers and the carpers and the fault finders who refuse themselves to stir hand or foot in the work of preserving our people in their own country ought to reflect upon. Do they ever reflect that we of the old race are but 3,000,000 now, and that there are in Ireland 1,500,000 of a different class? The latter are increasing steadily, our race is decreasing, so that if something had not been done to keep our people at home there would soon be no Irish race, no country to struggle for. And the Land Act of last year is something, then, to save the remnant of the race; it provides for the transference of the soil of Ireland to the people; it provides for the settlement of the young men upon the great grazing ranches of the country, reversing in this way the British policy of half a century.

"If we had not gone on with this movement as I have said there would be no Ireland left to fight for, and still our friends refuse to help us adopt a policy something resembling that of Nero, who fiddled while Rome was burning. If we did nothing to stop emigration, instead of being in the majority, as we are now, we would be very soon in the minority, and, instead of sending eighty-six, as we do now, members to the House of Commons, to our opponents' twenty, it is they who would be sending the eighty-six and we who would be sending the twenty."

one sensational suicide: children of

14 years have died by their own hand

because of some parental correction

or of some childish disappointment.

Where did they obtain the notion of

self-destruction? From the family

daily paper. Everybody knows how

one sensational lynching has been fol-

lowed by other lynchings more sen-

sational; and what arousing the

sleeping passions of justice-loving

Christians to seize, hang and burn

a brother mortal, without a hearing,

without a trial, without a judicial

condemnation? The family daily

paper has urged them on, has fitted

their hearts for crimes unspeakable.

The highly colored sensational ac-

counts of divorce trials, of elopements

or murders, and of breach of pro-

mise suits are the mind's nutrition

daily absorbed by the American

youth, and these yellow lessons in

preserving unsullied your domestic

hearth.

What then, are we to do? Shall we

give up our daily paper and be in

ignorance of the daily history of the

world? Yes, by all means, give up

your daily record of public and pri-

ate scandals and devote your lei-

sure hours to more profitable studies

or to better advantage. Your mind

will be healthier, your conscience will

be purer, your suspicions of your

neighbors will be rarer, your jealousy

of your husbands and of your

wives will vanish, and you will be

better men, better women, and better

Christians. It is really a national

calamity to permit the unlicensed

privileges of the press to demoralize

our American youths; it is an un-

mitigated evil to publish sensation

that can produce nothing but evil. —

Rev. James Flanagan, in St. Joseph's Chronicle.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for the week ending Sunday, 3rd April, 1904: Irish, 157; French, 146; English, 17; other nationalities, 13. Total, 333.

A GLANCE AT IRELAND.

In his admirable sketches entitled "The Old World Seen Through American Eyes," Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., in the Easter number of the Rosary Magazine, thus describes scenes and conditions in Ireland.

DUBLIN.—The railroad service between Limerick and Dublin is first-class. The journey is through a stretch of lovely landscape scenery. The greater part, however, is rather flat and consequently loses much of its beauty. Modern Dublin is a splendid city of 350,000 including its suburbs. It has an air of prosperity and the streets and parks are clean and well kept. The Hotel Shelbourne, where we stayed during our brief visit, is as good as any hotel we have met during our trip. The service was excellent, and the menu as up-to-date as that we found in the Hotel Metropole, London. Dublin is an ancient city. We find mention of it as early as A.D. 140. In the year 448 St. Patrick founded the Church from which the present Cathedral takes its name. In the ninth century the Danes took it, and for many years held it in their power. In time they were converted to the Catholic faith and became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Then the English under Henry II. and Dublin became a stronghold of new interest. As the English power increased in the country Dublin became the seat of government and with few exceptions has continued as such to the present time. There are nearly one hundred places for Catholic worship, and many of these are fine stone structures. The various Protestant denominations have fine edifices, including Christ Church Cathedral, which was built in 1038. Henry VIII. changed it into a Reformed Church in 1541. It has been renovated thoroughly and to-day is one of the finest churches in the kingdom. The interior is filled with monuments of the past. The most interesting perhaps is that of Strongbow and his son. The choir is richly adorned and the organ is a very fine instrument. The bells in the towers are arranged automatically to play every three hours. As I passed near the grand old building the other day my ears were greeted with the old college air "Coming Through the Rye." It seemed strange for a church tune.

Another Church should be seen. It is St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was built in 1364. It possesses the rare merit of being in a uniform style. It is 300 feet in length and 80 in breadth. The transept measures 157 feet and the spire is 221 feet. The helmets, banners and swords of the Knights of St. Patrick still decorate the interior. The organ is considered very fine. The windows are of a magnificent stained glass. Among the many monuments to be seen in the Cathedral the most interesting are two plain marble slabs, the one marking the resting place of Dean Swift, the other that of Hester Johnson, better known as Stella. In the south transept is a marble figure representing the late (Protestant) Archbishop Wheatley. Outside the Cathedral is a bronze statue of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who spent a fortune in restoring the ancient building. The convent of the Carmelites is another landmark. Within is an oak statue of the Blessed Virgin, said to be the finest piece of medieval carving in Europe. The Castle, as it is called, the University, or Trinity College, and Art Museum, the College of Surgeons, the Royal University, the Royal Irish Academy, the many convents and colleges in charge of Jesuits, Christian Brothers etc., are well worth a visit. So are the parliament buildings, the public monuments, the parks and the many hospitals, asylums and public gardens. The streets are broad, well lighted and clean. The stores and shops are equal to what you will see in Paris, London or New York. The means of going about the city and suburbs are like our modern cities, with this exception that the side cars take the place of our cabs. The latest style is a great improvement on the old fashioned cars of twenty years ago. They are high, well cushioned and the motion very pleasant. The drivers, as a rule, are bright, intelligent Irishmen, with an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor. It is simply charming to engage one of these "Jarveys" for a sight-seeing trip through the city or suburbs. Dr. Lynch and myself enjoyed such a ride on several occasions.

During our altogether too short visit we were handsomely entertained by friends and relatives. One of the invitations that pleased us most was to a dinner at the home of a very dear friend, Sir Francis Cruise, surgeon, physician and author. Sir Francis has the distinction of being one of the most celebrated physicians in the kingdom. He is also an author of ability. His latest work is on the "Imitation of Christ," and through his researches and faithful personal investigations, he has settled forever the much-discussed question of the authorship of this wonderful book. He finds that there is no good reason to attribute the authorship to any one but Thomas à Kempis. He invited several distinguished guests to meet Dr. Lynch and myself. Among them were Rev. Father Deane, S.J., and Rev. Father Murphy, administrator, both distinguished clergymen. Sir Francis Cruise is the father of eleven children, all living and all grown up. Lady Cruise, the mother of this large family, is a charming personage. She is thoroughly devoted to her children and her home. She is accomplished in all that goes to make a perfect type of the cultured Christian mother. The children have followed the good example of their ideal parents and are an ornament to society. Within their own charmed circle they have cultivated the faculty of entertaining themselves and their friends in a delightful manner. They are almost professionals in musical, dramatic representations and the like. An evening spent in such an atmosphere is most enjoyable, and Dr. Lynch and I shall long remember our good fortune in being the guests of honor on this occasion. Sir Francis, though filled with the cares of his extensive professional duties, still has time and leisure to delightfully entertain. He is a splendid conversationalist and as a story teller he has few peers. Having an intimate acquaintance with men of letters of the past and the present, he is most pleasing and interesting. He delighted us with his reminiscences of the vicar of Bray, who was a personal friend, and of the late Mr. Gladstone, with whom he was on intimate terms. He also knew the famous Father Prout and the great Father Burke, O.P., was a visitor at his hospitable home. He was also the warm friend and admirer of my brother, Brother Azarias, and though several years have passed since his death, yet to-day his memory is as fresh as when he was a guest. The evening was gone before we realized it, and we reluctantly said good-bye, with the promise that when we came to Dublin next time we would give ourselves more leisure to see and visit our dear friends and relatives.

The following day we made a series of delightful calls on other relatives. We had but one day and from early morning till late at night we were on the go. I will mention a few of the dear ones, as they are known to many readers of the Rosary. We breakfasted with John Crean, where we met the respected father of this distinguished family, Judge and Barrister M. Crean. Here we had a lovely visit, though too short. Then we drove to the beautiful home of T. Thompson, another member of this remarkable family, and met the members of the home circle at luncheon. The grounds about the mansion are among the loveliest in Ireland. They are very extensive, and are laid out in drives, walks, beautiful lawns filled with flowers and shrubs, and clusters of rare trees. In the distance are wooded groves with charming walks and resting places where the sun rarely penetrates. Down below we could see artificial lakes, which are fed by the river Liffey. The river, too, contributes to the pleasure and recreation of Mr. Thompson and family. He has a yacht and several small boats. To the east of his house are the stables. We examined some of his blooded horses and came to the conclusion that we were in the proper place to sample good Irish horses though I was informed later that

several of these fine horses were purchased in the United States. The mansion is an old-fashioned building covered with ivy, with spacious porticos on three sides, great entry porches, picturesque chimneys, etc. The interior is like all such homes, a perfect museum of rare furniture, paintings and engravings, lovely rugs, portieres, bric-a-brac of all kinds. The ceilings are high and inlaid with rich carved mouldings; the walls upholstered in rich colored silks and the floors mosaic. We Americans scarcely realize the possibility of Irishmen having such magnificent homes, for we often associate the idea of poverty and ignorance with our race. This view is a true one, but side by side with those who have been kept down are those who have prospered and who compare favorably with the most successful and cultured in any land. The causes of Ireland's poverty and drawbacks are too well known to need mention.

There are few cities in the British Islands the environs of which display scenes so varied, so picturesque and so historically interesting as the surroundings of Dublin can present. A journey of little more than an hour, or it may be of even half that time, will lead from the dust and noise of the city to scenery the most delightful and of almost every class from the wild heights and solitude of Howth to the rich pastoral views of the Liffey and the Boyne; from the baronial demesnes of Howth and Malahide, with their woods and deer, their broad, rich meadows and lowing herds, to the time-hallowed monuments which, though now in ruins, still proudly proclaim the religious zeal and grandeur of our Irish ancestors. Take the Phoenix Park, situated on the northwestern side of Dublin. It is a splendid enclosure, diversified by hill and hollow, and tastefully planted with shrubs and all kinds of forest trees. The way to see the park is to take a side car with an intelligent driver. It is several miles in circumference, and comprises nearly 2000 acres. Herds of fallow deer are to be seen in every direction. There are many monuments of interest. The Wellington testimonial is a huge obelisk of upwards of 200 feet high, with side panels which are adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze, representing events in the career of the great general. These castings are made from the metal of captured guns. A magnificent equestrian statue of Lord Gough occupies a good position. There is also a fine statue to the Earl of Carlisle, who served twice as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Within the park are the zoological gardens. They are admirably situated upon beautifully undulating ground, and are well stocked with all that goes to make up such a collection. The residence of the Lord Lieutenant is within the limits of the park. The chief secretary and under secretary also have their lodges here. The Phoenix column is situated at the centre of the junction of the four great avenues of the park, and was erected by Lord Chesterfield in 1747. It is surmounted by a bronze phoenix, which was supposed to invest the name with some plausibility, though as a matter of fact the name is derived from the Celtic "fionn-uisg" (feenisk) meaning "clearing spring." The word Fenian is of kindred origin. The most beautiful part of the park lies between the Phoenix Pillar and Knockmaroon Gate. Nothing can exceed the richness of the scenery of this section, especially at this season of the year. In this neighborhood is located the Mountain Barracks, also the famous strawberry beds. This will give you an idea of the famous park. We made a rapid visit to Bray and Graystones, where we found another host of relatives who were spending the summer there with their families. We could do little more than greet them. We were struck with the beautiful scenery around this seaside resort. It is situated twelve miles south of Dublin and is connected by several lines of railroad. Along the seashore is a delightful promenade of concrete two miles long, protected by iron railings. It is well furnished with seats and is illuminated with electric lights. The town is well supplied with hotels capable of accommodating 20,000 guests. During the summer months it is a gay place

Military bands play thrice a week on the esplanade. The drive through the "Dargle" in English signifies the "Valley of the Oaks," a name very well applied. It is a deep, shady glen, the sides of which are clothed with oak, ash, holly, and other kinds of trees, so as to form a complete wilderness. The Dargle river brawls over the rocks below in almost one continuous rapid. This is a favorite resort for all visitors. So is the Powerscourt waterfall. This we did not visit, though when here some years ago I spent a very pleasant day in view of the great waterfall. I remember how indignant some of my Irish friends became when I made fun of the "magnificent waterfall." The season happened to be very dry and the waterfall had almost disappeared. I told the admirers that in the United States we would not dignify such a tiny stream with the name of waterfall, and that in many of our private houses we had larger ones. I called it a parlor cascade, and then described as well as I could Niagara Falls, which I said would make a lake of the valley if turned into it for a few hours. The whole of Wicklow county is most picturesque. Sometime when I have more leisure I will describe some of its romantic scenery of this vicinity. It is full of romance and sentiment. We had a bird's eye view of Graystones, or Bray Head, as it is sometimes called. We could see the greater and lesser Sugarloaf, known of old by an Irish name signifying the "Silver Spears," in allusion to their peaks form and the white and silvery appearance of their barren summits. To the left is Bray Head, where tradition says that St. Patrick landed. After a short visit with Dr. Crean and his family, who are spending the summer there, we took train back to Dublin, from which place we will leave for London on the North Wall boat.

IN TIPPERARY.—I arrived in this beautiful town nearly a week ago and ever since I have been the guest of my venerable relative, Very Rev. Canon Cahill, V.G., who happens to be celebrating his golden jubilee to the holy priesthood. In fact the announcement of this event caused me, very reluctantly, to part with my travelling companion, Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, in Paris, and come here by the most direct route, so as to rejoice with the people of this vicinity in the honors showered upon their gentle, loving shepherd. Dr. Lynch has gone to the world-famed shrine of Lourdes, where he will spend a few days in prayer and then join me in this lovely country. I trust he will not tarry too long on his pilgrimage, for we have a very short time to drink in the beauties of this charming island.

After our long journeying through many lands where we revealed in magnificent scenery of all kinds, I am prepared to say that the landscape scenery surrounding my present abode, and the portion of the country I have travelled through surpass all that I have ever seen elsewhere. It has not the softness of Italian vistas nor the boldness of Alpine peaks, nor the magic of the Rhine wonderland, but it has a freshness and a grandeur that can not be surpassed in any part of the world we have visited. This will hold good for other portions of the dear old isle, for each part has its own characteristic beauty and charm. For instance take Slievenamon, one of the most beautiful mountains in Ireland. It is reached from this spot by a railroad ride of thirty miles and then a side car ride of ten miles more. This entire journey is through the golden vale of Ireland, a most picturesque and fertile region. The day we selected for our visit was not the very best. It was what the people over here call "a little moist." In Syracuse of Utica we would say it was a rainy day, but I am thoroughly convinced that the rain over here is not as wet as the rain in Central New York, for we were nearly all day out of doors, and yet we were in no way disturbed by the downpour. At intervals we had sunshine, and then the scene became a grand panorama. Below the plain stretched as far as the eye could see. Every little farm, every plot of ground, every cottage, had its framework in the background in the gorgeous picture before us. Each

little plot had its own peculiar tint of green, or brown, or purple, or golden yellow, or pale blue, with its regular or irregular shape, all boldly outlined within its lovely hedge fences. It is this hedge growing on top of stone or earthen walls that lends particular charm to Irish scenery, that makes it so attractive to the visitors. As we mounted higher and higher the whole valley assumed the appearance of an Egyptian crazy quilt. Every block had its form and outline and its own delicate tint. Some were in squares, others in diamonds, others still in triangles or octagons, and so on for every possible form. Then the tints were very delicate, all the natural result of the changes wrought by the maturing or harvesting of crops. The rivers and the brooks and little ponds scattered over the vast plain looked like silver bars and jeweled pins holding in place the whole grand fabric. We reached the summit after midday and from this elevation the whole scene burst upon our view, forming the grandest landscape scenery I ever witnessed. We then understood the meaning of Cromwell's famous words. After much difficulty in ascending the mountain, every foot of which was hotly contested by the gallant Irishmen who fought and died for their country on that occasion, he looked over the beautiful valley below and harangued his men in these now familiar words: "Boys, this is a country worth fighting for." Nothing short of a view from the hill itself could enable one to realize how successfully the wily, heartless Cromwell played the land of promise act against the discontent of his followers.

The day we spent on the mountain plateau within the hospitable home of John P. Fox will long be remembered. There was a gathering of the Mullany clans from far and near that caused the natives to wonder what was taking place in the neighborhood. The soul of the gathering was Sir Thomas Cahill of Cloughetany, brother to the venerable canon. The speeches and songs and toasts would lead a stranger to believe that an Anglo-American alliance had taken place and that the event was being celebrated on this ancient battlefield. But no, such cannot take place until England is willing to placate Ireland, to make her more happy and contented, to give her what she has given herself and Scotland and Wales and Canada and all her colonies; then and not till then will there be an Anglo-American alliance. In my toasts to dear "Home, Sweet Home" I said that we in the United States had but one regret as to our dealings with England, and that was that when we whipped her in the long ago we should have annexed her. I trust this sentiment will not find its way into print before I sail on the 29th, as it might delay my return for a few days. Yes, our gathering looked like an alliance, for the stars and stripes were twined with the green flag of Erin, and why should they not be allied emblems of freedom and happiness? Have they not floated side by side on many a battlefield? I should never wish to witness a clash of arms between the two great English speaking powers, but I feel by the moral influence of the United States, that England will, sooner or later, be compelled to satisfy Ireland.

Our visit to Slievenamon was one that will not soon be forgotten. It revived memories of the long ago when the dear dead of the family formed part of the charmed circle. The drive to Cloughetany was delightful. Here at the hospitable home of an ideal Christian gentleman I have made my headquarters for the past weeks. I have made delightful excursions to the surrounding villages and towns of Tipperary: Killenarde, Clonmel, Cashel, Thurles, Bellingarry, Drangan, Cashel, Galtee mountains, Fethard, Limerick Junction, etc. Many distinguished ecclesiastics are visitors at present who were born in this district or whose parents came from here, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and his assistant, Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa, Bishop McGoldrick, of Duluth, Minn., Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, Father P. Ryan, of St. Louis, and many others are here in their native air for a holiday and are welcomed by clergy and laity.

There is a whole army of distinguished priests and bishops and laymen from that district laboring among the English speaking people of the world. Even in our own diocese we have a goodly number.

On Monday last I witnessed a very pretty entertainment given by the children of Tipperary in honor of the Canon's golden jubilee. It was delightful and reflected great credit upon the good Sisters of Mercy who are in charge. The addresses and poems and songs and recitations and dances and tableaux and everything were prepared with reference to the venerable jubilarian. I have witnessed many, very many, such exhibitions in our American schools, but I must confess that I never witnessed anything superior. I consider the children of my parish in Syracuse as bright and as well dressed and as well behaved as any children in the land, or the children of old St. John's, yet the children of this school would compare favorably with them. The dear pastor in his 80th year thanked the children and Sisters for their beautiful mementoes and touching entertainment and then introduced the American relative to make an address. It was a great pleasure for me to be afforded an opportunity to address such a distinguished Irish audience. After congratulating the jubilarian and wishing him many more years in the holy ministry, I then complimented the children and their teachers and their parents on the high standing of the school. I contrasted our school system with the Irish school system, and I was pained to confess that Protestant England, with her record of shame, was more just to the Irish Catholic and English Catholic and Scotch Catholic than our own dear America was to her Catholic subjects. This convent school and every convent school in the United Kingdom are supported by the public treasury, whereas the Catholics of the United States get no support whatever from the State for their Catholic schools. Take, for instance, my school in Syracuse, or, better still, Dr. Lynch's school in Utica. There is no question as to the standing of these institutions. The excellent educational work of the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity and of St. Joseph's is well known to every one. It is equal, if not superior, to the secular education given in your common schools. Yet these schools are not supported by the State. Dr. Lynch must raise at least \$5000 a year through Church collections, etc., to meet the expenses of his schools. And why? Simply because the school supplements secular education by teaching the children to be moral and obedient citizens. Now over here the State pays for this moral training. It is the same in Germany, Holland and most of Continental Europe. This is not always done through love of the Catholic Church, but because the state and her rulers know that there is but one way to teach law and order and that way is through religion.

After a delightful reception at which we met the clergy and Sisters and leading people of the town, we adjourned to the rectory, where we enjoyed royal Irish hospitality. I regret very much my traveling companion, Dr. Lynch, was not with us, as I was anxious to have him sample the menu set before us. There are some table dishes in Ireland that can not be equalled in even the United States, such as bacon, mutton, poultry, etc. But I hope to have him with me in a few days and I will try to remove his doubts as to my statements on the subject. The gathering represented the clergy of the entire district; nearly every priest present served at one time or another under the venerable canon, and it seemed to rejuvenate him to meet them on this occasion. He told his old stories over again with a sparkle of the eye that they had not witnessed in years. It was his day of rejoicing, and we all rejoiced with him. He looked like a young bride surrounded by his nearest and dearest. I speak at length of him, because he is a national character, almost as well known in America as in the land of his birth. He has held high

places in the Church, professor for many years in the then administrator of the diocese on the list with Dr. the Bishop's mitre, then of the leading Churches, he was placed over his parish. His connection with the and his great work in several conditions for the tenant is a matter of history. ago he fought against r for peasant proprietorship has the satisfaction of ideals realized. The people are doing the land. They are purchasing them in fee simple, and homes in fee simple, and no landlord will disturb new courts have ordered lords to sell, and even in have fixed the price of land is considered in Ireland a thing and with the other wrong. To my mind it should own the land and to pay for it. I have these good people that if work just one-half as hard have the loveliest homes in The canon is well known and far beyond its limits. Incorers, Dwyers, Powe, Bulgers, Russells, Ryan, Welches and hosts of others from his neighborhood.

A few days later Dr. Lynch and we had our grand dinner at the home of another relative in Drangan. He is a man of broad acres, baron and great charities. He is rich and poor alike, and for he has a tender heart. hours of the day you will people coming from every to share his bounty. His Mary, presides over the table a grace and sweetness everywhere. If you are a are immediately put at and soon you are one of the This was what Dr. Lynch did, and it was what every experience who is fortunate come within the magnetic their Drangan home. The dinner will not soon be forgotten. The elegant grace and ease host and his amiable sister; grace of their distinguished Father McGrath, and his bial assistant, Dr. Ryan; since also of the gifted D. max; the visiting clergy; the sible, big-hearted John, charming Mr. and Mrs. Naug children; the cultured Miss other kind friends all contribute to occasion a memorable feast. I say that we have ed that Ireland is an excellent to drive dull care away, the Irish well-to-do gentlemen finest man on earth. At a stage in the banquet grace and then began the flow of humor. Every guest must speech, tell a story or sing. These we had in abundance late hour, and among them made a better impression as singer and all round entertainer than Dr. Lynch.

The following day we drove Clonmel, the capital of the It has a strange history, which pay the student of Irish history look up. Its churches are full will surprise many by the splendour and artistic design is a charming place for tourists fishing and hunting of the fish can not be surpassed. river is well stocked with fish salmon and trout are in abundance. Some celebrated names are associated with the town. Here Bloncon lived. He was the organizer of a first class car service the interior. The first line established between Clonmel and Thurles, which is also the home of many of my clan. Here, too, Laurence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy" and other works. He is almost forgotten little read. His works are to be found on the shelves of old-fashioned libraries. They are not considered company for the tinsel-clad tions which appeal to the tastes of the present day. Blessington is another name older citizens remember with awe.

After a charming ride of miles on a side car, after the roadster on the estate, we in town to find that the gate we were to spend the day was at the seashore. He gave, peering us, but we were never disappointed, and we were best of the absence of our Dr. Crean and family. By Dr. Crean's first wife was a distinguished poet-patriot writer, Chas. R. Kickman, town of Tipperary, and his wife is a first cousin to Archbishop Feehan. We soon found other for the town is full of other

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He has held high

places in the Church, serving as pro-
fessor for many years in a seminary,
then administrator of the diocese, se-
cond on the list with Dr. O'Keefe for
the Bishop's mitre, then parish priest
of the leading Churches, till at last
he was placed over his present charge.
His connection with the Land League
and his great work in securing better
conditions for the tenants of Ireland
is a matter of history. Long years
ago he fought against rack-rent and
for peasant proprietorship, and now
he has the satisfaction of seeing his
ideals realized. The people of Ire-
land are doing the proper thing.
They are purchasing their own little
homes in fee simple, and henceforth
no landlord will disturb them. The
no landlord will disturb them. The
new courts have ordered the land-
lords to sell, and even in many cases
have fixed the price of land, which
is considered in Ireland a great bless-
ing and with the other side a great
wrong. To my mind it is the solu-
tion of the question. The people
should own the land and labor hard
to pay for it. I have often told
these good people that if they would
work just one-half as hard as their
Irish cousins in America they would
have the loveliest homes in the world.
The canon is well known in Utica
and far beyond its limits. The Mc-
Inerows, Dwyers, Powers, Cahills,
Bulgers, Russells, Ryans, O'Neils,
Welches and hosts of others are
from his neighborhood.

A few days later Dr. Lynch joined
me and we had our grand farewell
dinner at the home of another dear
relative in Drangan. He is a gentle-
man of broad acres, baronial home
and great charities. He is loved by
rich and poor alike, and for the poor
he has a tender heart. At certain
hours of the day you will find these
people coming from every direction
to share his bounty. His sister, Miss
Mary, presides over the home with
a grace and sweetness that charms
everybody. If you are a guest you
are immediately put at your ease
and soon you are one of the family.
This was what Dr. Lynch experienc-
ed, and it was what every one ex-
periences who is fortunate enough to
come within the magnetic circle of
their Drangan home. The farewell
dinner will not soon be forgotten.
The elegant grace and ease of the
host and his amiable sister; the pre-
sence of their distinguished pastor,
Father McGrath, and his bright, ge-
neral assistant, Dr. Ryan; the pre-
sence also of the gifted Dr. Hoffer-
man, the visiting clergy; the irrepre-
sible, big-hearted John Fox; the
charming Mr. and Mrs. Naughton and
children; the cultured Miss Dugan and
other kind friends all contributed to
make the occasion a memorable one.
I say that we have concluded
that Ireland is an excellent place
to drive dull care away, and that
the Irish well-to-do gentleman is the
finest man on earth. At a certain
stage in the banquet grace was said,
and then began the flow of wit and
humor. Every guest must make a
speech, tell a story or sing a song.
These we had in abundance till a
late hour, and among them all none
made a better impression as a speak-
er, singer and all round entertainer,
than Dr. Lynch.

The following day we drove to
Clonmel, the capital of the county.
It has a strange history, which will
pay the student of Irish history to
look up. Its churches are fine, and
will surprise many by the splendor of
decoration and artistic design. It
is a charming place for tourists, for
the fishing and hunting of the vicinity
cannot be surpassed. The Si-
er is well stocked with fish, and
salmon and trout are in abundance.
Some celebrated names are connect-
ed with the town. Here Charles
Bianconi lived. He was the first to
organize a first class car service in
the interior. The first line was es-
tablished between Clonmel and Ca-
her, which is also the home of
many of my clan. Here, too, lived
Laurence Sturdy, the author of
"Tristram Shandy" and other clas-
sics. He is almost forgotten and
little read. His works are relegated
to the shelves of old-fashioned col-
lections. They are not considered fit
company for the tinsel-clad produc-
tions which appeal to the reading
tastes of the present day. Lady
Blessington is another name the
older citizens remember with plea-
sure.

After a charming ride of fourteen
miles on a side car, after the best
roadster on the estate, we arrived
in town to find that the gentleman
we were to spend the day with was
at the seashore. He gave up ex-
pecting us, but we were never serious-
ly disappointed, and we make the
best of the absence of our relatives.
Dr. O'Keefe and family. By the way,
Dr. O'Keefe's first wife was a sister to
the distinguished post-patriot and
writer, Chas. B. Kickham, of the
town of Tipperary, and his present
wife is a first cousin to Archbishop
Fehan. We soon found other friends
for the town is full of them—and

after a pleasant luncheon we parted
from our cousin with the promise to
see him soon again. I fear the prom-
ise must be broken, for we are
booked to sail on the 29th and we
must see other portions of Ireland.
We soon found ourselves on the train
bound for Limerick, where we have
another host of relatives.

CITY OF BROKEN TREATY—
The country from Clonmel to Lime-
rick is very beautiful, though not as
interesting as the locality I described
in my last letter. From the car win-
dows we had a good view of the
Galtee Mountains and Cashel with
its magnificent ruins. A legend says
that the rock is a mouthful brought
by Satan from the Devil's Bit Moun-
tains. It rises abruptly from an
excessive plain to the height of
about 300 feet and is surmounted
by the remains of Cormac's chapel,
with its stone roof, the cathedral, a
round tower, a palace, a great stone
cross and an ancient ecclesiastical
building called the "Vicars' Choral
House." The ruins, though roofless,
and windowless, and greatly shat-
tered, still stand in almost their orig-
inal height from their splendid plat-
form. Cormac McCarthy, after
whom the chapel is named, was both
King and Archbishop of Cashel. He
lived from 831 to 908. The chapel
is of hewn stone. It is built in the
Saxon style and the roof is of stone
bound with ribs springing from
stunted Saxon pillars with carved
capitals. There are several beautiful
arches ornamented with the heads of
men and animals. The walls are re-
lieved by pilasters and paneled ar-
cades which are highly ornamented.
The origin of the Round Tower seems
to be unknown. It is 90 feet high,
and at a point about twenty feet
from the ground it communicates
with the cathedral. It is built of a
different stone, and in all probability
stood here for ages before the Rock
of Cashel was the abode of monks, or
the fortress of the kings of Munster.
The Cathedral is the finest ruin in
Ireland. It is in the pointed style,
and measures about 200 feet. In
1495 this cathedral was burned by
Gerald VIII., Earl of Kildare, who
had a quarrel with the Bishop of
Meath. The Cross of Cashel stands
in the cemetery and bears a relief of
St. Patrick. My first and last visit
to Cashel was to the dear Dean Quirk
—author, patriot and priest. He has
been called to his reward since, as
well as the American he loved so
well Brother Azarias. I have dwelt
upon this grand view, because it is
the most perfect on the island.

The train soon brought us to Lime-
rick, the city of the broken treaty,
as it is called. Here we had the priv-
ilege and pleasure of saying Mass
in the beautiful little house-chapel of
another relative. Without notice Dr.
Lynch and myself presented ourselves
at an early hour at the house. We
were welcomed with a real old-fash-
ioned welcome by my relative, Mrs.
Stephen B. Quirk, who soon had the
chapel a bower of beauty with potted
plants, cut flowers, rich candelabra
and beautiful vestments. When all
was ready we were ushered into the
dainty little vesting room, and
were soon at the foot of the altar.
We had an audience of Mrs. Quirk and
her household. Dr. Lynch served my
Mass and I served his. It was so
peaceful and charming to witness
this early morning service. For me
it was even more, for in this sweet
little chapel twelve years ago I of-
fered the holy Mass for the young
bride who is now the mother of a
large family. Then she was surround-
ed by her lovely bridesmaids; now
by her charming children. Then re-
latives met from far and near to
honor the young couple; to-day
many of them have been called to
render an account of their steward-
ship. Among them was dear Azar-
ias. He served my Mass on the oc-
casion and as a memento dedicated
some of his sweetest verses to the
happy pair. After a lovely visit and
after enjoying a splendid sample of
Irish hospitality we took our leave
of Mrs. Stephen B. Quirk and her el-
gant home. We regretted not being
able to meet Mr. Quirk, who was ab-
sent. He is the son of a grand Cath-
olic father whose charities are
known on both sides of the Atlantic.
Churches, hospitals, schools and char-
itable institutions of all kinds re-
ceived largely from his benefactions.
The present St. Alphonsus' Church
was built by him as a family memo-
rial. The son is following in the
footsteps of his father. He has serv-
ed the community as Lord Mayor
and Lord High Sheriff of the Province
and has recently been decorated by
the Queen. He will soon leave his
beautiful Shannon Lawn home to
reside in London, so as to be near
his children, who are being educated
there, though they are attending
first-class Catholic schools. Mr. and
Mrs. Quirk are ideal Catholics and

will be missed by the entire com-
munity.

During our short stay in the city
we called upon Bishop O'Dwyer, who
presides over the destinies of 200,000
Catholics. We found him a charm-
ing man, full of wit and humor. In
less than half an hour he gave us
more information on the social, reli-
gious, political and educational con-
dition of the country than we re-
ceived from any other source. He is
a charming man to meet, a splendid
story teller, and one of the best
scholars in the hierarchy of Ireland.
He spoke very kindly about the late
Protestant Bishop of Limerick. The
most popular song in Ireland, and
the truest pen picture of an Irish
priest was written of Bishop Graves'
son. Who has not heard of Father
O'Flynn? When the Irish Church
was disestablished in Ireland, Bis-
hop Graves was one of the few who
refused to compound and divide so
as to keep the institution alive. The
result will be very satisfactory to
his heirs, as his income was enor-
mous. And, by the way, the Pro-
testant Church in Ireland is not dis-
established in the sense we under-
stand it. Parliament has placed it
on a better basis and has removed it
from the power of the people to in-
terfere. It is now endowed and
therefore better off than ever. But
it is not growing; rather it is dwin-
dling. This is owing to two causes:
The first because many of the land-
lords have sold their possessions to
their tenants and many others have
gone into bankruptcy; the second
cause is owing to the large number
of conversions, especially among the
middle classes. The upper crust of
society in Ireland is not so suscep-
tible of Catholic influence, while it is
opposite in England and Scotland.

Limerick has two cathedrals and
a pro-cathedral, the former being for
Protestant service, the latter for
Catholic. The same old story is told
of these churches. They were built
by Catholics in the ages of faith and
afterwards, during the persecutions
of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, they
were confiscated, and hence the
change. The oldest Cathedral is on
the site of Donald's palace and dedi-
cated to the Blessed Virgin. It is in
gothic style, and has a tower which
in the long ago was used for battle-
ments. The bells are very sweet and
tradition says they were brought
from Italy. The length of the sa-
cred edifice is 179 and its breadth
93 feet. It has pretty arches which
are supported by square pillars. The
font of black marble is said to be
700 years old. The ancient altars
are still preserved. The edifice is
filled with monuments. I will give
you one funny inscription:

"Here lieth little Samuel Barrington
The great undertaker,
Of famous city clocks and chime
maker,
He made his own time go early and
later,
But now he returns to God, his Cre-
ator;
The 19th of November, then he de-
ceased,
And for his memory this here is
placed
By his son Ben, 1693."

On the pillar at the south door is
a tablet with the following brief in-
scription: "Dan Hayes, an honest
man and a lover of his country." It
is said to have been put on by Dan
himself, who expected that other nice
things would be added after his
death. Nearby is the old castle
erected by order of King John in
1205. It is considered a very fine
specimen of Norman architecture. It
is now used as an ordnance store. St.
John's Cathedral is a fine structure,
and is profusely decorated with re-
liefs and statuary. It was built in
1856 and reflects great credit on the
Catholics of Limerick.

Of course we went to see the
"Treaty Stone." On it was signed
the violated treaty. It is a rough
block of limestone which had been
used for many years by the country
people as a horse block. It rests on
a plain limestone pedestal about ten
feet high. On the western side is
the following inscription: "This ped-
estal was erected May, 1865, John
Richard Tinsley, Mayor." On the
opposite side is engraved: "The
Treaty of Limerick, signed A. D.
1691." The north and south sides
exhibit the city arms. The violation
of the treaty gave rise to the little
jest: "Why is the Treaty of Limer-
ick like an eaten plum? Because all
that remains is the stone." I will
give the article that William and
Mary confirmed, but the House of
Commons declined to ratify. It will
tell the story of the religious hate
which characterized that period.
"Roman Catholics shall enjoy all the
rights and privileges they possessed
during the reign of King Charles II;
and their majesties, as soon as their
affairs will permit them to summon a
Parliament in this kingdom, will en-
deavor to secure the said Roman Cath-
olics such further security in that
particular as may preserve them from

any disturbance upon account of their
said religion." The French fleet
conveyed the greater part of the
Irish army to France, where it form-
ed the nucleus of the Irish brigade
so conspicuous for valor in the sub-
sequent continental wars. The world
against the English at Blenheim,
knows how bravely these men fought
Ramillies and Fontenoy.

The industries of the city include
lace-making and bacon curing. The
glory of the place is the river on
whose banks the city stands. Rising
in the Leitrim mountains, it flows
through a number of small lakes and
finally expands into the majestic
Shannon, which flows through eight
counties and is upwards of 200 miles
in length. At one point it is four-
teen miles in width. But we must
say good-bye to Limerick.

IRELAND IN THE NEW CENTURY.

(By Our Own Reviewer.)

In our last issue we gave a short
review of Mr. Young's criticism of
Sir Horace Plunkett's new work,
Ireland in the New Century. It may
be well now to see what the Irish
people think of this scheme, which
we have sufficiently characterized,
from our own standpoint. It must
remembered, in the first place, that
the work deals with Ireland, and
while the so-called co-operative agri-
cultural movement, of which Sir Ho-
race is the parent, applies to Eng-
land also, the grand central idea
of the writer and author of the book
and the scheme is to efface all that
has in the past tended to fortify
Irish Nationalism and to create a
new spirit in that land, antagonistic
to the religious and national tradi-
tions of the race. By this means he
expects to wipe out the Home Rule
idea and reduce Irish nationalism to
a kind of materialistic propaganda.
The difference between the acceptance
of these ideas in England and in Ire-
land is the best key to the entire
work. And this we find admirably
and impartially set forth by the
"Manchester Guardian," in an elab-
orate review of Sir Horace's work.

THE ENGLISH STANDPOINT—
This is how the Manchester Guardian
tells of the reception of the book in
England:

"The work of Sir Horace Plunkett
has awakened a very wide sympathy
and interest in England. It has be-
come known to a large circle and
welcomed with a general hope that a
new step had been taken for the ame-
lioration of Ireland. The enthusiasm
and disinterestedness of the founder
of the co-operative agricultural move-
ment and the new department for
the encouragement of agriculture and
industries have won converts to his
schemes from every side, and the pro-
gress of his work has been observed
here with a very marked sympathy.
The hopefulness of Sir Horace Plun-
kett's temperament has awakened
hope in others. It was believed, too,
that here was a tranquil ground of
sober work from which all bitterness
of controversy was excluded."

Now this refers to England, and
the main object of the work is to up-
set Ireland's affairs. We now turn
to what the same organ says con-
cerning the effects of this book in
Ireland.

THE IRISH STANDPOINT—We
quote the Guardian again:
"But in Ireland such hopes are of-
ten quenched. Two-thirds of the vol-
ume are taken up with demonstrat-
ing the unfitness of the Irish people
for government and industry, and the
necessity not only for a Department
of Agriculture, but for permanent
Unionist control. The Unionists al-
ready have the constant counsel of
the aristocrats of the country."

"Alas! the second part of this mis-
leading volume is an over-charged
as the first. Earnest Irishmen heart-
broken at their country's fate, the
streams of immigrants that pour
from Irish shores in spite of, or in-
deed in consequence of, some of Sir
Horace Plunkett's work, will pre-
sently tell the story of the Depart-
ment in more grave and sober tones.
This is not the occasion to discuss
the work of the Department—the
good work it has done in stimulating
the activities of local government, its
dangerous work in hastening com-
mercial projects, up-to-date economics,
and international competitions on a
country poor and weak, overboard.

ed and underfed; the relative impor-
tance of the things it has chosen to
push on and those which it has for-
obvious reasons chosen to leave out.
But some day the Irish will discuss
these things. In Sir Horace Plun-
kett's joyful paeon we miss one boast
—that in his years of work he has for
a moment checked the flight of the
Irish beyond the hand of English and
the Unionists' schemes for their 'hu-
man reform."

"This political pamphlet may ap-
peal to a party in England. In Ire-
land it will be read with pain. Its
main effort will be to embitter the
controversy which this strange peace-
maker thinks himself adapted to heal.
The arguments and views in it are
long worn, and the only importance
of the book is that it should have
been written and all this fresh politi-
cal rancour raised by the Irish Min-
ister for Agriculture and Industries."

AN IRISH CRITICISM—We have
given so much space already to this
work that we will now close with a
quotation from the "Freeman's Jour-
nal." This simple quotation will
suffice to give the full value of the
work. The Freeman's Journal says:
"The arguments may be briefly put.
Sir Horace Plunkett could have sub-
stituted for his present preface a
more sublime profession of his egot-
ism. It might have run thus: 'After
my wanderings I returned to my
native land. I found there a nation
with a 'mind diseased,' without a
physician that could diagnose its sick-
ness. Its gentry were hopeless; its
'captains of industry' were without
public spirit. The ministers of its
popular religion preached a doctrine
that might have suited Syria in the
days of Pontius Pilate, but not a
West European country at the dawn
of the twentieth century, and en-
forced a doctrine that robbed life of
its joys and drove the people from
the land. The popular leaders were
engaged in the futile endeavor to
build an impossible future on an im-
aginary past, and were the sworn en-
emies of every practical endeavor to
make the best of the present. The
people were without moral fibre,
drunken, unthrifty, dirty, lazy. Into
this hopeless community I, Horace
Plunkett, entered; and with the help
of a Whig peer * * * in twelve
short years I changed this dead sea
of humanity into a fount of living
waters; this pool of lethargy into a
stream of surging energy; this nation
of impossible, thoughtless dreamers
into a community of practical men,
with a great future in their own land
and an immense sphere of influence in
the progress of all the English-speak-
ing races. Hence these lines explain
the miracle to our English rulers,
whom we invite, despite all our new-
born independence, to continue to
rule us lest we should cut one an-
other's throats. Behold and admire!'
This preface would have been a com-
plete summary and paraphrase of the
volume. The multitudinous errors of
the book are as baffling as the sub-
lime conceit of the central theme.
They would be provoking if the au-
thor were not so inconsequent a
thinker that for two consecutive
pages he cannot write coherently."

NOTES FROM GRANBY

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

The farmers are rejoicing over
the prospects of a bountiful sugar
season.

Our worthy member, Dr. A.
Mathieu, is home from Quebec and
we read with pleasure his first speech
before the House.

We sympathize with our respected
townsman and his wife, Mr. and
Mrs. Largie, who were suddenly called
to St. Hyacinthe last week to
attend the funeral of Mme. Morin.
Mrs. Largie's mother, and where only
a few days previous the family were
united to celebrate the golden wed-
ding of the aged couple, and the
twenty-fifth anniversary of their eld-
est son. May her soul rest in peace.

Mr. Michael Dunn is spending the
Easter holidays with friends in Ma-
gog.

Our service Easter Sunday was ex-
ceptionally fine. Rev. Father Gill
officiated. The altar was beautifully
decorated, Easter lilies predominat-
ing. The college choir rendered a
splendid musical programme, and at
the Offertory Prof. Beaudry gave a
violin solo in a most artistic man-
ner. The sermon was preached by
Rev. Father Gingras from the text
"He is risen. He is not here."
(Mark, chap. 16 vs 6.)

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MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS

From an article in "The Missionary" entitled "Ten Years of Non-Catholic Mission Work," we take the following interesting review of what has been achieved in the missionary field:

FOR GENERATIONS the Church in this country has been turning all its energies to the supplying of imperative domestic needs. It had to keep abreast with the swift march of civilization towards unsettled frontiers; it had to care for a huge European immigration; it had to give itself up to incessant and anxious labor lest its zealous activity in building and administering should overreach the resources of its precarious poverty; it had to fight against deadly prejudice for the courtesy of common toleration; it had to win its way both to material stability and to good repute by sheer laborious digging and delving. Unobtrusively the work went on. Silently as becomes our Catholic tradition, sacrifice after sacrifice was made; until, like the house of God on Mount Moriah which rose beneath the hands of the workmen and no sound of axe or hammer was heard, the Church in America stood before the eyes of men in vast and beautiful proportions, a work worthy of the Most High, well deserving of mankind, the strongest safeguard of society and the State. For public worship the great cities had their cathedrals, and every village its comfortable church; for the training of priests there were noble seminaries fitted with every facility for study and research; for the children, schools everywhere; for young men and women, colleges, and academies by the hundreds, at the head of which stands a University which shall be, we trust, the first jewel among our treasures; for the orphans, the sick, and the aged, homes raised by the charity of the people, and ministered to in tenderness by the consecrated of Christ. The sight of these things is familiar now; yet still from time to time we hear and read of the amazement of the non-Catholic press and people at the growth of Catholicity. That growth has been favored indeed with the greatest tribute that the prosperity of a just cause can possibly receive, the tribute of the narrow and the prejudiced; anger, hatred and persecution. But we will not recall that. Born centuries out of time, the agitation, after the manner of monstrosities, lived briefly, died to nothing save a hideous remembrance the relief of everybody, and left behind.

PRAISE FOR THE PIONEER.—Before we consider the Church's new departure in beginning the work of systematic conversion, a work made possible only by the prodigious achievements just summarized, we must give expression to the veneration we feel for the bishops, priests and people who were builders and pioneers. Gladly we confess that we have entered into their labors and built upon their foundation; and that if to-day it is possible, practical, and opportune to preach the faith to Protestants and unbelievers, it is because of their lives of humble worship and generous sacrifice. To those of that rugged race that are gone, peace and the sight of God! To those that still labor and are burdened, our admiration, sympathy, and fraternal love! Not as implying that they have left any duty unfulfilled, do we undertake a work that is new; but rather as believing that in striving to gain America to Christ, we are making the best possible use of their heritage of heroism, and are helping to answer their hearts' most earnest prayer.

The desire to make converts is not recent, nor confined to any man or body of men within the Church. It is as universal as zeal, of which it is a manifestation; and zeal is as universal as the Holy Spirit's activity within His Spouse on earth. Even in the earlier days of the Republic, when the Church was most poor in means and scant in numbers, the longing to see our non-Catholic brethren back in the fold of their fathers, was as strong and as tender as it is to-day. And with that almost prophetic sense of destiny which rested like an inspiration upon the great men who laid the political foundations of the United States, our early bishops and priests too, we must suppose, were stirred within by mystical assurances that their faith as well as their country would grow great in their successors; that from

the weakling infancy which their eyes beheld it would rise to lordly stature, until some day, very far away if compared with the years of human life, but near when measured by the ages in which God may achieve His purposes, it would be enthroned in spiritual sovereignty within this people's hearts. Most certain it is that in substance the spirit of the non-Catholic mission movement has existed in the American Church from the beginning.

MISSIONARIES NEEDED.—The great present need of non-Catholic work is a supply of missionaries. Hundreds are needed; strong, single-minded men, consecrated to their cause, contemptuous of its difficulties and disappointments, priests of poverty and prayer.

First come the travelling missionaries who are given up exclusively to mission preaching. We look to see their ranks, which are thin in numbers yet, steadily increase. The religious orders, we are sure, will some time set apart certain of their subjects for the work, thus not only materially helping the movement, but giving it the prestige of their name and history. The diocesan clergy have so far been the main body of missionaries, and they have done their work magnificently. It was worth undertaking these missions, if no other result came from them than the demonstration of what fine missionary talent and glorious missionary spirit our diocesan priests possess. Of the twenty priests present at the Winchester Convention, twelve were diocesan, and the record of their work was unsurpassable. More hands will be formed, the new spirit will spread and grow, until every diocese in the country, we trust, will have its own men traversing and retraversing it, and giving to their labors that systematic persistence from which converts without number may result.

Actively associated with the missionaries ex professo will be the entire body of diocesan priests. Every parish church can be a busy centre of non-Catholic work, and every parish priest can be a gainer of converts.

With the question box as a feature of public service, with apt, able, and kindly sermons, or, still better, courses of sermons on Catholic teaching, with Truth Societies for Catholics, and prudent distribution of literature among non-Catholics, a renovating and energetic spirit will be aroused in the faithful, prejudice will yield to interest and good will in the minds of the brethren separated from us, and sooner or later a steady accession of the best kind of converts is certain to come to pass.

What a field it is, this our country, our own land, dearest to our affections, first in our prayers! Surely there is not one among us, whether of the priesthood, regular or diocesan, or of the laity, who desires not to have some share in cultivating it, however humble.

If we cannot take a place among the burden-bearers who are enduring the mission drudgery for love of souls, we are able at least to ask the divine regard upon our petitions and our sacrifices, beseeching the Almighty to give them an intercessory power for the increase of the harvest of converts. And for our young men who are looking forward to becoming priests, let them know that since the world began, a divine apostolate was never offered to the ambassadors of Christ. On them this young vocation must depend. To their sturdiness of spiritual strength, to their cultivation of mind and heart, to their power of enthusiasm and ardor of zeal, we trust for the furthering of the work of conversion. That all of them will help in it is our expectation; that many of them will wholly consecrate themselves to it is our hope; that some one or more of them will do mighty things for it, and repeat in this country the great conquests of the Church's missionary history, is our devoutest prayer.

TEN YEARS' WORK.—What has been done in these first ten years of non-Catholic missions has been told elsewhere and need only be briefly summarized here. Many thousands of converts have been made as a direct result of the movement. Thousands more of negligent Catholics, who, strange to say, remained insensible to the appeal of Catholic missions, have returned to a faithful

life. Prejudice of incalculable amount has been removed. Tons of Catholic reading matter have been distributed. In the North and West eight bands of diocesan missionaries have been established. In the South nine diocesan priests are wholly occupied in working for converts. A Missionary Union has been incorporated for the supervision of the work and the care of its temporal necessities. A missionary training school has just been built in Washington which will send highly competent missionaries into all parts of the country. Finally, and perhaps greatest of all, the sense of a new and sublime vocation has deepened in priests and laity, and has given hope, fervor and aggressiveness to the apostolate of Catholic truth.

There are results enough—who can doubt it?—to call forth from every Catholic heart an expression of profound thanksgiving. Considering the manifold and serious difficulties which the new movement had to encounter, we deem these first fruits an extraordinary return for every expenditure of labor, time and money. The harvest of the next decade will be immeasurably greater. May the brave pioneers who were first to strike the ploughshare into the soil live to see and enjoy it!

IN FAR OFF INDIA.

At Madras, in India, is published a paper called "The Patriotic Watchman," and it contains a full account of the grand ceremonies that recently took place in the Archdiocese of Madras. It is the diamond jubilee of the Most Rev. Dr. Joseph Colgan, the Archbishop, who celebrated on February 4th—the sixtieth anniversary of his arrival as a missionary in that land. It was remarkable that all classes and creeds, joined with the Catholics in the celebration of that occasion. According to the report, which is too lengthy for us to reproduce, the Pontifical High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Madras, was as imposing as any ever held in Rome, London or New York. Of the seventy priests in the chancel, some were natives, others of French, Holland, Irish and other races. The account of the music shows that they had anticipated the wishes of the Holy Father regarding Church music. We will try to give space to this passage concerning the music, and the congratulations of the clergy.

The "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!" which greeted His Grace and the procession of clergy on their entry into the Cathedral was specially composed for the occasion by the gifted musician, Fr. A. J. M. Heijligers, of the Mylapore diocese, but formerly of the Madras archdiocese. This was a scholarly composition for four men's voices without organ accompaniment, in contrapuntal form. Fr. Heijligers himself wielded the baton. The Mass in A minor and Te Deum in B minor are the compositions of Fr. Franz Witt, who by his labors in the cause of the restoration of ecclesiastical music merited the distinct title of "The Modern Palestrina." The Introit, Gradual, Offertory and Communion were from the Ratisbon edition of Gregorian chant, and revealed the great beauty and solemnity of Gregorian music, as also its merit from a musical point of view.

After the Mass congratulations of the bishops and priests of the archdiocese were tendered His Grace in the Hall of St. Mary's College.

In the afternoon the Bishops and clergy of the archdiocese waited upon His Grace with an address of felicitation of which we quote this much: "When Your Grace arrived first in this country, the Mission of Madras extended over a large tract of the peninsula and embraced the present Archdiocese of Madras with the Dioceses of Vizagapatam, Hyderabad and Nagpur. What was the Madras Mission sixty years ago is now the Madras Province, under the regulations of the Indian Hierarchy. Missionary enterprise has kept pace with the march of time. Churches, chapels, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, schools and Catholic population—all point to a very satisfactory increase which, with the blessing of God, will still continue.

Your Grace has performed the duties of college work, of country as well as city missions, of military chaplain, of Vicar-General, Vicar-Apostolic, and since 1886 that of Archbishop; Your Grace has professed in holy religion many religious monks, Europeans and native nuns, ordained seventeen priests; consecrated five bishops; held three councils, two diocesan and one provincial. These are a few out of the many blessings that it has pleased God

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In His great mercy to give to His Church in India through Your Grace, as priest, vicar-general, vicar-apostolic and Archbishop. How encouraging to us, bishops and priests, to work with all our strength for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, having before us such a precedent in the person of our illustrious Archbishop. In Your Grace we see the model of the truly good, able and zealous priest, the sublimity of the bishop, the solicitude, sympathy and charity of the trustee of fathers for his children. Your native land, good old Ireland, can well be proud to-day of the numerous manifestations from all sides of appreciation, respect, honor and reverence given to one of her great and worthy sons in the person of Your Grace, away here in the far East. She can also be proud, and justly rejoice in her being able to lay claim to having done great service to the Church in India through her sons and daughters, as bishops, priests, monks and nuns, and in a marked and special manner through Your Grace, our illustrious and Most Reverend Lord Archbishop.

(Signed)
Rt. Rev. A. J. Aelen, Bishop Co-Adjutor.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Clerc, Bishop of Vizagapatam.

Rev. Father E. M. Angelo, for the Nagpur Diocese, by special request of the Administrator.

Very Rev. V. Bigl, for the Hyderabad Diocese.

Scores of telegrams and letters from all parts of India came pouring in all day! That of the Viceroy of India was particularly flattering. But the one from the Brothers of St. Patrick of the Adyar Orphanage, was most loving. The Brothers recalled the fact that to His Grace of Madras and to Cardinal Moran of Sydney, they were indebted for the raising of their brotherhood to the rank of a religious order by Leo XIII.

It would take columns to publish all the addresses from the laity, the City Council, the different institutions and others, and all the replies of His Grace. But there is one we cannot leave out; it is that of a Hindu, named Mr. Parthasarathy Naidu. This is the most unique of all the congratulatory addresses and it ran thus:

"Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Honorable Mr. Sankaran Nair, and Rat Bahadur Anathas Chari, who have been put down to speak on this motion. I have been asked to take part in this evening's proceedings. With great diffidence, I avail myself of this opportunity to render my humble service in this movement. Many a time I have appeared on this platform, but never until now to take part in a sacred movement like this, and therefore I thank God for the opportunity afforded me to utilize my powers of articulation in congratulating, on behalf of my countrymen, a noble personage like His Grace Archbishop Colgan. The previous speaker, Mr. Joseph Satya Nadar, said that he is a native Christian belonging to the Church of England.

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FEDORA HATS, fine quality of Fur Felt, newest shapes, good leather, sweat bands, \$1.20.

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NEW MADRAS, a dainty, pretty material, with small woven checks and fancy stripes, all the latest colors, 30 inches wide, 23c.

NEW DUCKS, soft make, plain colors, pink, blue or white, 30 inches wide, 23c.

BOMBOUSINE, a high grade mercerized Canvas Cloth, reversible, beautiful finish, in navy, pale blue, pink, old rose and gray, 68c.

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The shrewd Housekeeper who loves Beautiful Linens, and wants to continue to use PURE FLAX LINENS, will not let this chance slip by without profiting by it.

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Full Grass Bleached Linen Damask Tablecloths, in sizes 2 x 2 yards. From \$1.70 to \$3.25.

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Napkins to match, all pure linen, size 1/2. Special price, per dozen, \$1.90 to \$3.55.

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By my dress and by the marks on my forehead you will see I am a Hindu, belonging to a religion or a church which teaches me to respect or reverence all gurus, priests or holy persons, though they be of the Christian, the Mohammedan or the Zoroastrian religions. I have therefore the greatest pleasure to express hearty congratulations to His Grace on the completion of sixty years of active service of various kinds for the good of Southern India. That His Grace has no doubt been cheerfully taking part in various public movements, which many younger than he would have hesitated to do, is well known to me and to every one here. Although I could not pretend to have intimately known His Grace's sacred services to his community, the demonstration during the past two days, coupled with the significance of His Grace's venerable name, assures me of the highest esteem and regard which every one here has for His Grace. His Grace's name—Colgan—is not a call-bell, but a Call-Gun, a gun not to be used against endangering human lives but against the vices of the world, which endanger human beings and render them unfit for society and church. Possessing, therefore, as His Grace does, a name significant of such a charm, there can be no two opinions as to His Grace's devoted services, extended even beyond his own communion.

Ladies and gentlemen, to such a reverential and gracious father, ready to guide you and to lead you nearer unto God, I have the greatest pleasure to express sincere congratulations on the occasion of the celebration of his diamond jubilee, and for whom we have equally great respect, admiration and reverence."

Thus ended an event unique in the dress in answer. An humble, gentle, loving message of thanks, and appreciation of all their good wishes, disclaiming any of the credit they would in their generosity wish to accord him, praising the generous zeal of bishops, priests and laity in co-operating with him. He reviewed briefly the progress of the Church on the Coromandel coast and the great work of the Brothers and Nuns in the cause of Catholic education.

Thus ended an event unique in the annals of missionary work in India. Sixty years of continued herculean work for God and humanity in a strange land crowned by great success and brightened by the respect and love of all his fellow-citizens. Among the many valuable presents he received the blessing of Pius X., with his autograph and photograph was not the least appreciated.

OUR SIDEWALKS.—We noticed employees of the city in one of our principal thoroughfares the other day filling in with cinders spaces from which decayed planks had been removed. There is something out of gear in the machinery at the City Hall when such a miserable police has to be adopted by the civic authorities in a city of the importance of Montreal.

THE IRISH

There was a crowded astic meeting on Sunday March 20, in the Free Manchester, to welcome the Irish Parliamentary John E. Redmond, Liverpool Catholic Time was occupied by Mr. C. Niel Boyle.

Mr. Redmond, who welcome, commenced his pointing to the fact that two years that had elapsed in that hall English again the two policies of conciliation, and she had once again failed to coerce the Irish people to the national

LAND ACT AND HOME
Some people, Mr. Redmond, imagine—indeed, perhaps I might truthfully say people foolishly imagine—last year a great measure form was carried, which to transfer the ownership of Ireland to the people, national movement would. On the contrary, when measure of land reform working order, as it should and when it has completed the abolition of landlord the roofing as owners of the sons or descendants who were the original of so far from the national ing settled, it will then b tion of power that it neve before. The mass of the this country seem to be l der a strange delusion. I to think that the next g tion is going to be decid question of what is called form, or on the question slavery in the Transvaal army reform. I take the expressing my opinion, wh the issue of this general e in all human probability by a body of men in Gr who care comparatively l these matters, and who their votes not on Fiscal l on Chinese labor, not upon organization, but upon H for Ireland. (Cheers.)

Referring as "a case in the Gateshead by-election, mood claimed that that elected by the votes of Irish Home Rule. Some str people, he continued, seem der the impression that aft general election the Liberal come back into power with ty independent of these Irish. That, I know, would suit bery. And further than t laid down some years ago. Asquith that that was the dition upon which the Lib could take office. (A voice will never take office, then statement of Mr. Asquith's some years ago, when the of the Liberal party did no rosy as at present, and I d whether he is prepared to that statement now. But I agree with my friend tha very likely to remain in op little longer.

Mr. Redmond asked v terms the Irish Nationalists support a Liberal admin Now let me, he said, lay d broad propositions. The fr before any Liberal admini hold office by virtue of Iri Home Rule must be its Iri By that I don't mean the duction exactly as they st Gladstone's Home Rule B Bills were accepted by Irela edly as a compromise, and promise they would have b ly worked. But I feel bou here that the experience of that have passed has shown men that in many particu Bills were defective, and th particular above all else; in the financial arrangements between the two countries h been proved by incontroverti dence given by Englishmen to have been unsound, and an unsound and impossible I will put the matter in way. I will say that the shelving of Home Rule, the attempt to evade this quest maying of it, as Mr. Asquith few years ago, that it was a mick and not an urgent or a question, will not be tolera In a word, no Liberal Gov founded on the predominant

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THE IRISH LEADER IN MANCHESTER.

There was a crowded and enthusiastic meeting on Sunday afternoon, March 20, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to welcome the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., says the Liverpool Catholic Times. The chair was occupied by Mr. Councillor Daniel Boyle.

Mr. Redmond, who had a hearty welcome, commenced his remarks by pointing to the fact that during the two years that had elapsed since he spoke in that hall England had tried again the two policies of coercion and of conciliation, and that in both she had once again failed to win or to coerce the Irish people from devotion to the national ideal.

LAND ACT AND HOME RULE.—Some people, Mr. Redmond continued, imagine—indeed, perhaps, I think I might truthfully say most English people foolishly imagine—that because last year a great measure of land reform was carried, which is destined to transfer the ownership of the soil of Ireland to the people, therefore the national movement would be settled. On the contrary, when this great measure of land reform is in full working order, as it shortly will be, and when it has completed its work, in the abolition of landlordism, and the rooting as owners of the soils of the sons or descendants of the men who were the original owners of it, so far from the national question being settled, it will then be in a position of power that it never possessed before. The mass of the people of this country seem to be laboring under a strange delusion. They seem to think that the next general election is going to be decided on the question of what is called Fiscal Reform, or on the question of Chinese slavery in the Transvaal, or on army reform. I take the liberty of expressing my opinion, which is that the issue of this general election will be in all human probability be decided by a body of men in Great Britain who care comparatively little about these matters, and who will cast their votes not on Fiscal Reform, not on Chinese labor, not upon army reorganization, but upon Home Rule for Ireland. (Cheers.)

Referring as "a case in point" to the Gateshead by-election, Mr. Redmond claimed that that election was decided by the votes of Irishmen on Home Rule. Some simple-minded people, he continued, seem to be under the impression that after the next general election the Liberal party will come back into power with a majority independent of these Irish references. That, I know, would suit Lord Rosebery. And further than that, it was laid down some years ago by Mr. Asquith that that was the only condition upon which the Liberal party could take office. (A voice: "They will never take office, then.") That statement of Mr. Asquith's was made some years ago, when the prospects of the Liberal party did not look so rosy as at present, and I don't know whether he is prepared to stand by that statement now. But if he is I agree with my friend that they are very likely to remain in opposition a little longer.

Mr. Redmond asked upon what terms the Irish Nationalists could support a Liberal administration. Now let me, he said, lay down two broad propositions. The first is that before any Liberal administration can hold office by virtue of Irish votes Home Rule must be its Irish policy. By that I don't mean the re-introduction exactly as they stood of Gladstone's Home Rule Bills. Those Bills were accepted by Ireland avowedly as a compromise, and as a compromise they would have been loyally worked. But I feel bound to say here that the experience of the years that have passed has shown us Irishmen that in many particulars those Bills were defective, and that in one particular above all else; in this that the financial arrangements proposed between the two countries have since been proved by incontrovertible evidence given by Englishmen themselves to have been unsound, and based on an unsound and impossible basis.

I will put the matter in another way. I will say that the indefinite shelving of Home Rule, the ridiculous attempt to evade this question by saying it, as Mr. Asquith said, a few years ago, that it was an academic and not an urgent or a practical question, will not be tolerated by us. In a word, no Liberal Government, founded on the predominant partner-

theory can be supported by us, nor can we ask Irish electors in Great Britain to support any Liberal candidate who shuffles or palters with this question.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—I wish to say also there are certain religious interests affecting the Irish Catholic people of Great Britain which we are bound to protect, and which we will not allow any Government to assail with impunity. For my part, I think that upon this matter our course is far plainer and easier and smoother than many people think. I do not share in the remotest degree the fears of those who think that a Liberal Government if returned to power would instantly attack the interests of the Catholic schools in Great Britain. Even if they did, they would not be likely to succeed. Either they will go back to office dependent upon our votes or they will not. If they go back dependent upon our votes, well, I need scarcely say the moment they assail the religious interests of our fellow-countrymen in Great Britain out they will go. (Great cheering.) I may be told they will go in with an overwhelming majority and be independent of our votes. I do not think that likely, and I think if we found that in the course of an election that now extends over a week or ten days, that had become likely, it would be a very easy thing for us to give the word of command to our people and prevent that result. But I say even if they did come in independent of the Irish party in the House of Commons, I, as a practical politician, say to you that in my judgment they would be powerless to wreck all that we value, at any rate, in the English Education Act in opposition to the united efforts of the Unionists and the Irish members, with the House of Lords behind.

Mr. Redmond went on to say that he thought that in the near future Churchmen and Nonconformists would agree upon a compromise, and that there would be no desire on either side to deny separate and special treatment to the Catholic schools.

THE NONCONFORMISTS.—The case for the Catholics, he claimed, was admitted by both the Nonconformists and Churchmen to stand on quite a different footing from theirs. Let me say that in one sense the present complaint of the Nonconformists in England—in one aspect, at any rate—arouses my sympathy. What they point out is that there are thousands of parishes—some eight thousand or nine thousand, I think,—where there is only one school, to which they are forced to send their children, and that school is entirely in the hands of Churchmen. Nonconformists, therefore, find themselves obliged to support a school and to send their children to a school where religious teaching is given which they do not believe in. I sympathize with that grievance. But our position is entirely different. Our schools are not in the rural parishes of Great Britain; they are in populous towns. There is not a Catholic school in England which has not by its side a Church school and a Nonconformist school, and, therefore, no man who differs from us in religion is forced by a scarcity of schools to send his children to our schools, so that the great complaint that the Nonconformists make against Church schools—namely, that they are used as an engine of proselytism—can never be used, as far as I know, against the Catholic schools. Therefore, so far as the leaders in this education dispute are concerned, either upon the Church side or the Nonconformist side, I don't believe that either of them would object if a compromise were come to to give separate and distinct treatment to the Catholic schools of the country. In any case, we need have no fear of the interests of the Irish Catholics of Great Britain. Any attempt to injure those religious interests of our people by any Liberal Government would mean their instant defeat by us, or, at any rate, it would mean our bitter opposition.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.—Our policy at this moment is to restore the balance of power between the two great English parties. Now what will that mean if we succeed? (Home Rule.) It will mean increasing power in the hands of the Irish

Nationalist party, and I do most respectfully and earnestly say to any ecclesiastic or layman of our Church who is uneasy at seeing Irish Nationalist votes going in individual constituencies in favor of men who don't take our views on the education question, that from the point of view of Catholic interests the most important thing of all is to increase the power and prestige of the Irish party in Parliament. All that tends to strengthen the power of that party tends to strengthen the bulwark which defends Catholic interests in this land, and everything that tends in the other direction, to divide or weaken us, to discredit the Irish Nationalist party in Parliament, tends just in the same proportion to weaken what is after all the only defence of Irish Catholic interests in this country. On the whole, he believed that the prospects of the Irish cause at the present time were bright. But they were only so because they had in this country "united, faithful, and loyal sons of the Irish race."

Concluding, Mr. Redmond asked: Is it to be for ever the destiny of Ireland that just on the eve of victory, just when the opportunity is at hand our people are to be divided or turned to one side or the other, and thus miss that opportunity for which they have labored and waited? I appeal to you, and from you to the Irishmen of this part of England, to remember that if this opportunity is neglected and lost through their flightiness or trifling with the question they may go down to their graves before another opportunity presents itself. I appeal, therefore, for confidence in your leaders. I appeal for unity and discipline. I protest against side issues being raised. I call upon the Irish electors of Great Britain to vote in this election for Ireland. (Loud cheers.)

THE HOLY FATHER ON FRANCE.

The Holy Father on Friday, his name-day, received the congratulations of the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, and in reply said:

We receive with hearty satisfaction the good wishes which the Sacred College offers us for the first time on the happy recurrence of the Feast of St. Joseph, whose venerated name it was our lot to receive in Holy Baptism. Those good wishes are a most grateful proof to us of the filial and devoted sentiments of the Sacred College towards us and redouble for us the joy of a festival already dear to the Catholic world on many accounts. Whilst we return sincere thanks to the Sacred College, we raise our mind and heart to the loving Patron of the Universal Church in order that, in fulfillment of the good wishes tendered to us, he may obtain for us from the Sovereign Giver of every good gift light and aid in the discharge of our difficult ministry, and for the Church the efficacious and bounteous protection of which it has so much need in the hard and perilous struggles of the times. These struggles are certainly not wanting in our day. But if we turn our gaze on the great Catholic family, we assuredly find solid grounds of consolation in the close and beautiful union of the Episcopate with this Apostolic See, the cordial movement of the people towards the centre of unity, and the fruitful and ever increasing development of Catholic works in all the nations. Yet on the other hand, we have ample cause for serious thought and grief in seeing with what ardour Catholic principles are opposed, with what pertinacity errors baleful, not only to the Church, but to civil society, are scattered amongst the multitudes, and with what folly are destroyed in some places excellent institutions and works founded and conducted by the Church, with so much solicitude and with so many sacrifices, for the moral and material welfare of the people.

In connection with this matter, My Lord Cardinals, you are aware of the painful events that have been taking place for about a year in France. From the time when, by the inscrutable design of Divine Providence, we were raised to the Chair of the Prince of the Apostles, we failed not as our glorious predecessor did not fail, to give proofs of sincere affection for the illustrious French nation and of special deference for its Government. Nevertheless, we must confess that whilst we greatly rejoice at the continual demonstrations of piety, and attachment to us on the part of that Catholic people, we are deeply

saddened by the measures adopted and by others about to be taken in the legislative domain against the religious Congregations who form in that country, owing to their noble works of charity and Christian education, the glory not less of the Catholic Church than of their fatherland. As if the steps already taken and determined on were not immensely grave and deplorable, they have thought fit, in spite of our repeated efforts at prevention, to go still further by presenting and advocating a Bill, the object of which is not only to forbid, by making an unjust and odious exception, all teaching by the members of religious establishments, even those that are authorized, and this solely because they are religious but also to suppress the very establishments approved of for the special purpose of teaching and to reallocate their property. Such a measure, as every one understands, will have the sad result of destroying in great part Christian teaching, the principal foundation of all civil society, prepared and fostered by Catholics under the protection of the law and at the most generous sacrifices. In this way, innumerable children will be brought up, contrary to the will of their parents, without faith and without Christian morals, to the incalculable detriment of their souls; as there will also be again the touching and distressing spectacle of thousands of religious of both sexes compelled, through no fault of their own, to go wandering, destitute of resources, over all points of French territory, or to become exiles in foreign lands. We earnestly deplore and denounce such rigours, essentially contrary to the idea of liberty, rightly understood to the fundamental laws of the country, to the coherent rights of the Catholic Church and to the principles of civilization, which forbids attacks on all peaceful citizens, who even whilst devoting themselves, under the guarantee of the laws, to works of Christian education, are none the less faithful to the duties and responsibilities imposed on the other citizens. Nor can we refrain from expressing our grief at the proposal for bringing before the Council of State as abusive disrespectful letters addressed to the supreme authority of the Republic by some well-deserved pastors, three of whom are members of the Sacred College, the august Senate of the Apostolic See, as if it could be an offense to address the head of the State for the purpose of calling his attention to arguments strictly connected with the most imperative duties of conscience and with the public weal.

But though this situation profoundly afflicts our heart, our courage does not grow less; on the contrary, we cherish the firm hope that the Lord, favorably receiving our prayers, and those of so many pious souls will hasten the hour of His mercy and will also open the hearts of those who to-day are deaf to the voice of the Church. The sentiments of confidence and trust, we are sure, inspire, above all, the religious of France, male and female, the chosen children of the Catholic Church, who we follow in their sorrow, with the deep affection of Our paternal heart, and with the most fervent prayers. Let not the bitter trial of the moment shake their firmness, and let them give themselves, with redoubled fervor, to a life of faith and of saintly works, pardoning all who in any way opposes their institutions, and ever keeping their thoughts and their looks fixed aloft. Tribulation is the heritage of the Church, but through the shadows and the vicissitudes of this world, faith points to the clear horizon of another country of ours, where, as a reward for our virtues and our sufferings, patiently borne, it will be given to us to enjoy, in the vision of God, peace and pleasure without end.

Our remarks, My Lord Cardinals, have digressed from the joy of the festival to quite a different subject; but it appeared opportune to us that as our dearest sons, you should share our joys and our troubles. And now, in begging Heaven to bestow upon you, in return for your good wishes, its choicest favors, we impart to you, with all our heart, the Apostolic Benediction.

Reverence to Parents.

Do not forget the pains, and weariness, and watching, and fatigue, which your parents have experienced for you. You think them peevish, perhaps. Did they never bear with fretfulness, never pass over your faults, and look with a tender eye on all your mistakes? You are busy it may be, and cannot spare the time to render them any attention. Were they too busy to watch over your helplessness, to guide your unskilled feet, to sit by your sick bed, weary days, and more weary nights? They are old, and you can enjoy yourself (illness).

OUR
CURBSTONE
OBSERVER.

ON MORBID CURIOSITY.

Last Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, I was coming along the west side of St. Denis street, between Roy and Pine Avenue, when I was attracted by a crowd of men, women, boys and girls, gathered around the steps of a private house, and all eagerly pushing each other in attempts to get a glimpse of some object that had created a degree of excitement and of curiosity. Pushed, perhaps, by a like sentiment, I worked my way over until I discovered what was the matter. Six strong men were holding down a wilk-looking, excited man. It took all their strength to keep him down, until the police wagon—that had been sent for—should arrive. I asked several what was wrong with the man, but no one could tell me—the general verdict was "drunk." In getting through the crowd I caught a glimpse of the man's face as the electric light fell upon it. I saw at once that he was not drunk, but in an epileptic fit. A medical man who then happened along, confirmed my opinion. Instead of the police, it was the ambulance that was wanted. Here was a great crowd of excited, and yet indifferent, people, all swarming around that poor fellow, and all—unknowingly, perhaps,—contributing to the increase of his trouble and possibly to the hastening of his death. Lack of knowledge on the part of those who held him, and lack of self-respect on the part of the morbidly curious spectators might have proven fatal to him. I saw in this two lessons: one of the lack of human sympathy for a fellow-creature's ills; the other a craze for sensationalism, a veritable fever to be witnesses of human miseries and misfortunes. These observations led me to a few reflections for this week.

LACK OF SYMPATHY.—There is nothing more craved for in the hour of trouble than an expression or evidence of human sympathy, and yet how stingy we are in according the same to others in need of it. We read of a painful accident and we say that it is "too bad," and immediately we dismiss the subject from our mind for all time to come. We hear a most pitiful story of sufferings, told amidst the tears of the afflicted one, and we feel a keen shock for the minute, but soon it is all effaced in the rush and crush of our daily affairs. We see the destruction, by fire, of all the worldly belongings of some unfortunate widow with a number of tiny children, and we say that "it is awful," and then we turn away to be lost in the countless affairs, the difficulties and often the enjoyments of life—the snows of oblivion fall upon the spectacle just witnessed and it is as if it never had been for us. Does this mean that we have no real sympathy for the sorrows of others? Not always, but it illustrates a quaint saying to the effect that "there is nothing more easy to endure than the losses of other people." We may yet feel a considerable degree of sympathy, but if we do not, in any form, make it known to the one who is the object of it, we might as well not entertain it at all. The person who is in need of human sympathy often values it far more than any temporary aid that we can bestow. There are, also,

many means of manifesting that sympathy. Sometimes it is by word of mouth; again it is by a timely and considerate act; and even it may be expressed in the very features, the tone of voice, or the manner. One thing, however, is certain, that human nature craves constantly for sympathy. And this is a quality or sentiment that seems to me to be always deadened and effaced by any indulgence in that morbid curiosity which attracts us to scenes where the misfortunes of life are on exhibition. The people who crave to witness an execution, or who are anxious to be present at a prize-fight (they both belong to the same category) are almost entirely devoid of human sympathy, and that because they allow themselves to be swayed by the evil spirit of morbid curiosity.

THE SENSATIONAL CRAZE.—Passing from the more delicate subject of sympathy for human sufferings, that is to be found in many breasts, it is pitiful to turn to the opposite characteristic so often exhibited by people of the day—the craving for sensational scenes, a craze for real human sufferings. Tyrants of old tortured their victims and revelled in the pains they inflicted. The aboriginal savage—like all barbarians—enjoy beyond measure to witness the death-struggles of those whom he tortured. We find the recital horrid. Yet we meet it daily in life with people, claiming refinement and natural instincts, who will travel distances and undergo great discomforts, in order to witness human sufferings. I made mention of those who go to executions; but they are not always the worst. It seems to men that the men, and women, who rush with hot haste to witness a fight, are just as bad; worse are they who pay money to behold two human beings battering each other into mummy, and who revel in the blood spilt and in the expressions of anguish on the features of the unfortunate ones who suffer defeat. Yet again, all this is the simple result of morbid and diseased minds that are overcome with curiosity and possibly with a grain of that tiggerism that seems to cling to the purely animal part of man.

CONCLUSION.—From these few observations I would advise all parents and teachers of any kind, to seek, as much as possible, to efface in young people this tendency to morbid curiosity. They must begin early and do their utmost to train children by discipline of another kind, to master their feelings of excitability, to overcome the impulses for the sensational, and to conquer that very natural curiosity that the sudden arising of anything unusual generally creates. By this means they will be surely assisting in bringing up a generation of sober-minded and more sensitive people. The wild rush after everything that tends to awaken the senses to extra excitement will become a thing unknown to them, and one great passion will have been conquered; and I may add that much will be contributed to their peace of mind and to the good of the social world generally.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the works of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past fifty years

MICHAEL DAVITT.

The great Irish Nationalist, Michael Davitt, has recovered from his recent illness.

Household Notes

GOING TO MARKET.—In "Table Talk," Frances E. Peck offers some hints which may be useful to our matrons, and we may add to that class of the sterner sex who take a delight in "making the market." She writes:

Marcelline does her own marketing. She does not trust to the telephone and the honesty of the market man, neither does she allow her maid to list to the voice of the charmer (as impersonated by the grocer's assistant, a pencil over his ear and straw cuffs), a soulful-eyed young man with and order what he cleverly makes her believe she stands in dire need of.

Marcelline, though a young bride, is not inexperienced, but au contraire thoroughly understands the art of marketing to the best advantage, thanks to the stately old French-woman at once grandmother and guardian, who considered no young woman's education complete until she had supplemented her school course by a year's experience in purchasing the household table supplies. So when Marcelline left her beloved New Orleans and came to her own little nest in the big city by the lake, she was capable of watching and regulating her household expenses in a most charming but business-like way.

When Tom, the "man of content," arises from the breakfast table, ready for a brisk walk to the office, Marcelline (who appreciates to the utmost all the advantages gained by marketing in the early morning) slips into a trim little coat and plain felt hat and accompanies him to the "parting of the ways," which in this case is the shop of the green grocer, where she proceeds to follow out the rules and regulations she has formulated regarding the proper choosing of the day's vegetables, fruits, fish and meats.

Cabbage she weighs in her hand, a small, compact heavy head being preferable to a larger, loose one. Cauliflower must also be heavy to life, the stem solid, and the flowers blanched to a creamy whiteness. If dark in color it shows that the leaves were not properly tied over the head and vegetable will, most likely, be wormy to a disgusting extent.

Onions must also be of the white, or silver-skinned variety, and not more than an inch and a half in diameter. When of that size they cook in less time, and are more sightly when served—as Marcelline prefers them—in a little sea of cream sauce, each onion a veritable islet, crowned with a green summit performing the double duty of garnish and deodorizer—a few sprigs eaten after partaking of onions entirely removing the dreaded onion "smell."

Beets are best medium sized, and must be a dark red; a white beet is an anomaly in nature distinctly displeasing to Marcelline's robust sense of the fitness of things.

Radishes, to meet her approval, must be small, round, firm and the reddest procurable, with tender fresh green leaves; for in preparing them for the table, two of the most perfect leaves are left on as a garnish. Marcelline cuts away the roots, and a little of the peel at the base; then, with a sharp knife, she begins at the root end and cuts towards the top, dividing the red peel into five or six leaves; a few minutes' crisping in ice water and they are ready to serve, reposing on a bed of crushed ice in a flat dish, the radishes radiating from the centre, the green leaves at the outer edge.

CONVERSIONS TO THE FAITH.

Such statements as the following are of frequent occurrence in the papers nowadays, and affords us encouragement for more earnest work and frequent prayers than ever that our separated brethren may return to the one true Church of Jesus Christ, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and announce, as the result of a recent series of lectures to non-Catholics, sixty-four converts to the Catholic faith, including twenty Episcopalians, six Lutherans, two Scotch Presbyterians, one Hebrew (the second in so-

Asparagus must be of the green variety for experience has proved it less liable to bitterness than the white Colossal; and green string beans are also insisted upon as being richer and softer when cooked than the wax variety. When bought they must be crisp, and firm to the "snapping" point. Peas, to fill the bill, must have firm, plump, well-filled pods of a glassy surface; if dull looking they have been picked too long.

In choosing tomatoes they must be smooth, round and heavy, thus insuring a solid meaty fruit, and the color, a rose red; tomatoes of that tint have a pleasant sub-acid flavor as compared with the sourer, brighter variety.

To the inexperienced young housewife, buying meats is a puzzling branch of marketing, and one in which she often gets the worst of the bargain. But when Marcelline enters the meat market she has no fears of tough joints and leathery chops. For her success she relies on the color of the meat and her sense of smell. Young beef is always a bright red, and the fat a creamy white, and when fresh killed there is always present a faint, almost violet fragrance, in contra-distinction to the stala, rancid odor of long kept meat. Young mutton is a paler, more rosy red than beef and should entirely lack the "woolly" smell ever present in the meat of an ancient animal.

Veal and lamb should be a dark pink in color; if killed at the "boob" stage of their existence, the flesh will be white looking and lack firmness to the touch.

Fish, to suit our little buyer, must have blood of a bright red; if of a dark, brownish muddy color it indicates a fish too long out of water to be wholesome. A fresh fish will also be firm, dry, shiny and crisp to the touch; a stale one being flabby, slippery and altogether unpleasant to handle.

In choosing fowls, Marcelline is a firm believer in the breast-bone test. The wings are a good age-indicator, and the color may also be depended on as a criterion most satisfactory. If the breast bone is pliable, the wings, where they join the body, rather soft and cartilaginous, non-resisting, as it were, when grasped at the upper part, the color a creamy white, the fowl will be tender, be it chicken or turkey. The older the fowl the darker the skin and the yellower the fat. If a bird has been on ice, or in cold storage for too long a time, it will have an unwholesome bluish appearance. If not dry picked, the skin will often be broken and shrunken away in places.

Miladi chooses oranges and lemons of a pale yellow, thin-skinned variety, and heavy when lifted. Bananas must be small and of a good yellow. Cranberries must be dark as to color, crisp, solid and spicy. In buying apples, Marcelline admits no hard and fast rules can be laid down. The young housekeeper must learn, by experience, to know the appearance of the different varieties, and by that same task-mistress be taught which are the best for eating raw and the best for cooking, as the seasons bring the different kinds into market.

ven years) Again, Archbishop Ryan confirmed lately, at St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Philadelphia, as the result of a mission given by Franciscan Fathers, fifty adults, of whom thirty-four were converts. Again the Senior Kennicott Hebrew Scholarship at Oxford has been awarded to Mr. Frederick A. Ingle, B.A., of St. John's College, who was for a short time in the Anglican ministry, but is now studying for the priesthood at the College Boda, in Rome. If these facts should meet the eye of any man who is still kept out of the Church by the belief or a hope that Anglican orders are valid—though, even if they were so, he would still be severed from communion with the Church's prescribed centre of unity.—let us quote here for him Cardinal

Newman's emphatic words, which were spoken even before the late Pope's pronouncement against these orders:—

"As to my views of Anglican orders I cannot conceive that they are valid—but I could not swear that they are not. I should be most uncommonly surprised if they were. It would require the Pope ex cathedra to convince me. I would not believe in them if you (he is writing to Father Coleridge, S.J.) or a hundred Fathers of the Society guaranteed their validity, though, of course, it would be a remarkable fact; but nothing but the Church's action on it would convince me. I do not think that the Church ever will act on it. And for this reason, that, putting them at the best advantage they are doubtful, and the Church ever goes by what is safe."

In connection with all this, we find it not out of place to add the testimony of the late Mr. Hutton, once editor of the London Spectator, in relation to the Catholic members of the Metaphysical Society.

"I was very much struck by the marked difference between the Roman Catholic members of our society and all the others. Dr. Ward, Father Dalgairns and Cardinal Manning all had upon them that curious stamp of definite spiritual authority which I have never noticed on any faces but those of Roman Catholics. There was no wistfulness; rather an expression which I might almost describe as a blending of grateful humility with involuntary satiety—genuine humility, genuine thankfulness for the authority on which they had anchored themselves."

May we not in our Easter gladness once more quote Newman as he closes in thankful gratitude that "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," which, ere it was ready for publication, had under God convinced its author of the truth of the Catholic faith? "Now, dear reader," he says to his non-Catholic audience, "now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as a mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long." And then, in a burst of great joy that he had at last "recognized in himself a conviction of the truth of the conclusion to which the discussion leads, so clear as to supersede further deliberation," he cries out with aged Simeon to whom the desire of his heart for many years had finally been granted: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace: Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Let our petitions rise earnestly today to the throne of the Risen Jesus that He will gather speedily into His one true Church the sheep outside the fold.—Sacred Heart Review

IRISH SAINTS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

A correspondent, who seems to be deeply interested in Irish history, and especially in the history of Irish saints, has asked us who St. Bridget was, and if she and St. Brigid were the same person; also how the name of St. Finian is spelled, as he has found it written Finian.

In the first place the name of St. Bridget is written in various ways; Brigit, Bridget, Brigid and Brida. This Saint, who is the Patroness of Ireland, was born at Fochard in Ulster, soon after the coming of Christianity to Ireland. She received the veil of religion from St. Mel, a disciple of St. Patrick, and built herself a cell under a large oak, thence called Kildara, or the cell of the oak, now known as Kildare. Being joined soon by many of her own sex, they formed themselves into a religious community, which branched out into several other nunneries throughout Ireland, all of which acknowledged her as their mother and foundress, as she was of all such in that country. Many Churches have been dedicated to God in her name in England, and Scotland, as well as in Germany and France; and a famous monastery was built to her honor in one of the Shetland Islands. In her native country she is held in great veneration, where she is fondly called the "Mary of Ireland." Her body was found with those of Saint Patrick and Saint Columba, in a triple vault in Down-

patrick, in 1185; they were all three translated to the Cathedral of the same city, but their monument was destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. In the Church of the Jesuits at Lisbon. In the whole range of Irish literature no Saint is referred to more frequently than St. Bridget or "St. Brigid of Kildara," and no spot is more frequently mentioned in the poetry of Ireland than "Kildara's Holy Shrine," where burned, through long ages, the lamp lit by the hand of St. Bridget.

There were two Irish Saints, entirely distinct from each other, one Saint Finian, the other St. Finian. The first of these, Saint Finian, surnamed Lobhar, or the Leper, was a King of Munster. He was a disciple of St. Brendan, descended from Ahid, of St. Brendan, and flourished about the middle of the sixth century. He imitated the patience of Job under a loathsome and tedious distemper, from which his surname was given him. The famous Abbey of Innisfallen, the ruins of which still hallow the beautiful island of the same name in Killarney, was founded by this Saint. In this monastery were kept the famous Annals of Innisfallen. We all recall those beautiful lines in poor Balfe's famous opera:

"Innisfallen's ruined shrine

May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders passing by;

Castle, lough and Gleng Bay,
Mountains Torc and Eagle's Nest—
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest."

Another house for religious, called from him Ardfinian, he built in Tipperary, and a third at Cluan-More Madoc, in Leinster, where he was buried. He died on the 2nd February, but, says Colgan, his festival is always kept on the 16th March, at all the above mentioned places.

St. Finian was a very different personage. He was a monk of Hy, and succeeded St. Aidan in Lindisfarne, where he built a Church of oak; he baptized Peada, a prince of the Middle Angels, amongst whom he sent Cedd, Add, Bitti and his countryman, Dinna to preach. He consecrated Dinna Bishop of the Middle Angels and of Mercia; he baptized Sigbert, King of the East Saxons, and with his assistance and the ministry of Cedd, restored the faith in the See of St. Melitus. He later on consecrated Cedd Bishop of the East Saxons. This new Bishop is known in Irish annals as Saxonius, because he converted that people.

There was another Saint called by Cloghan, in his Acta Sanctorum, the "second Bridget of Ireland," whose name was Ita. She lived also in the sixth century—she died in 569. This saint was a native of the barony of Desse, in the County Waterford, and was descended from a royal family. Having consecrated herself to God at an early age, she led an austere life at the foot of the mountain Luach, in the diocese of Limerick, and founded there a famous monastery of holy religious, called Cluan-crad-hail. By the mortification of her senses and passions, and by her constant attention to God and His Divine Love, she was enriched with many extraordinary graces. The lesson she principally inculcated to others was that to be perpetually recollected in God is the great means of attaining to perfection.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

They will soon have to begin a fight for Catholic emancipation in France.—New York Freeman's Journal.

CONVERTS.

Fifteen converts from Protestantism resulted from a mission recently conducted at St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, by Redemptorist Fathers.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble necessary in small and large bottles from all grocers.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MURIEL'S DREAM.—We must hasten home, dear, and finish our work as soon as possible, so that we may have time this evening, to help to decorate the Church for to-morrow, said Mrs. O'Neill to her daughter, a pretty, haughty looking girl of fourteen.

"But, mamma, I don't see why Bridget can't do the work; she is getting real lazy. I wish you would send her away, mamma, and get another girl; what is the use of having a servant if she can't do the work?"

Now, Muriel dear, do try and be more considerate. Bridget is not well; she has been a good faithful servant, and may be hard to replace."

"Yes, mother, but what is the use. She always gets sick just when she ought to be well; it is a real shame for her to be sick for Easter, and leave us all the work, when she knows right well too I want to have my party. I am going right down to Mrs. Ellise's to see if Susan can't take her place."

"You may go to Mrs. Ellise's if you like and get Susie to come till Bridget is better, but I cannot send Bridget away; she is a good girl and you know she has no home, and Susie is only a child of twelve, and not able to do all the work," said kind Mrs. O'Neill, upon which Muriel, with a toss of her pretty head and an angry flash of her dark eyes, hurried off in the direction of Mrs. Ellise's cottage to secure Susie.

Mrs. O'Neill looked, with a sigh, after the little figure hurrying along, with indignation and pride expressed in its every movement. She had long striven to correct her daughter of her pride. But for that predominant fault, Muriel would have been a charming little girl. Like a monster that devours all other beings in its way, it destroyed all her amiable qualities and nobler propensities. Mrs. O'Neill was a thorough good Christian, and knew well that by grace alone can one overcome their passions. Gently she would tell Muriel of her faults, and the awful consequences of them if not overcome. But she had recourse to prayer; she recommended her earnestly to the Divine Heart of Jesus, to the never failing protection of His Blessed Mother; and hoped that as the child grew older and her conscience developed, she would endeavor to overcome her predominant passion.

Mrs. O'Neill hurried home; there was much to be done, as it was Easter Saturday, and the servant was laid up with influenza, and the house-keeping had been somewhat neglected to attend the services of Holy Week.

In a little while Muriel returned, still flushed and indignant. "Susie cannot come, mamma," she said in an injured tone, "she says her mother is sick, but I don't believe a word of it. And what do you think, mamma, when I told her we were going to decorate the Church this evening, she had the impudence to offer me some of her flowers, the ugly looking things, and all in the awful old rusty cans. There was one Easter lily, though, that was a beauty, but it was in the awfulest old wooden box. Just think of putting such a thing on the altar! She asked me if I didn't think it was pretty. I said I didn't like it at all; I would not please her so far as to say it was pretty. I told her we had quite flowers enough, and we did not care to put such trash on the altar. I do think that poor people are just horrible."

Mrs. O'Neill's face assumed a grave, sad expression. She had no time to remonstrate with her daughter just then, as it was near dinner hour, so Muriel hastened away to take off her things and help her mother. That evening as they had just completed the decorations, Susie and her little brother entered the Church, carrying the lily between them. "Dear Mrs. O'Neill," she said, almost crying, "forgive me for bringing my lily, but I would like so much to have it near the altar to-morrow. My mother is sick, and I thought may be if I gave Jesus my lily he would make my mother get well; it is so lonesome when mother is sick, and baby does nothing but cry," and two big tears rolled down the child's cheeks, and the quivering of her lips told more eloquently than words how sore her heart was. Mrs. O'Neill took the lily gently from the children, and putting some white paper, fanlike fashion, around the objectionable box placed it in the choir. In the meantime Muriel had been standing disdainfully aloof, not deigning to look at the poorly clad, shivering child.

While Mrs. O'Neill was placing the lily in the choir, the two children knelt at the altar and were asking Jesus in their childlike way to cure their mother. Mrs. O'Neill also had asked that same merciful Jesus to cure her daughter of that scornful pride, and that evening a basket filled with delicacies was sent down to widow Ellise's cottage, also some clothing for the children.

After tea Mrs. O'Neill called Muriel and endeavored to make her understand the ungraciousness of her conduct towards Susie, also the sinfulness of pride. So Muriel went to bed trying to persuade herself that she was a much abused person; but down into her heart the voice of conscience kept stinging and tormenting till sleep overcame her. But conscience had its own way still; she saw herself in Church on Easter morning in the rich costume the dressmaker had brought home that evening; Susie was there also in her shabby clothes. Looking eagerly up into the choir to admire her beautiful flowers, she perceived them all withered, brown and ugly, as though they had been scorched, and Jesus in the tabernacle had turned his eyes away not to see them. But Susie's despoiled lily was resplendent with beauty, and exhaled a celestial fragrance, and on every petal was written in shining gold letters "From my beloved." Then glancing down at her fine garments, she perceived them all tattered and covered with grime and filth; while Susie's rags as she had called them, were spangled with gold and silver, and shone with a lustre beyond anything she had ever seen. In horror, shame and dismay, she sank on the floor and was endeavoring to hide herself from the loving, sorrowful gaze of Jesus, who seemed to be reproaching her for all the favors she had received so ungratefully from Him. At that moment the welcome sound of her mother's voice aroused her. "Why dear child, what is the matter? Are you sick?" inquired her kind mother, as Muriel burst into tears. Then through her sobs she related to her mother what she had dreamt. "Dear child, God has been pleased to show you how odious pride is to Him, and the merit of humility. You have indeed been one of God's favored ones, on earth, and His gifts you have used to offend Him. Let it not be so in future. Thank God for the lesson he has given you, and with His grace endeavor to overcome your pride."

With many tears Muriel resolved to do better, to conquer her pride in future, cost what it might, and to be more considerate of the poor and humble. That day she put her new gown aside, and wore her plainest frock to Church. "Mamma," she said "I shall always be afraid that gown will turn to rags when I have it on in Church, just as it did in my dream." And that day she humbly asked God's forgiveness and His holy grace to overcome the demon of pride. Clara Beatrice Senecal, St. John's, P. Q.

THE CALENDAR.

There are curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin with Wednesday, Friday or Monday. The same calendar can be used every 20 years, but most people now get new ones every year. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December, February, March and May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and from every month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. This rule does not apply to leap year.—Exchange.

PART FIR

CHAPTER

I saw her at eve on the reclining.
When Sol's setting
Ined the west,
Her white taper fingers
were entwining
In a wreath of green
that circled her
Her eyes were as bright
sky above her,
Her light golden ring
lessly flow;
Cold, cold was the heat
and not love
The darling and pride
the Roe.

FRANCIS

Behind the green hills
sun was slowly sinking
close of a bright August
years ago. One brilliant
golden stream penetrated
glass window of a little
upon the fair head
eighteen, or younger, who
the altar, apparently de-
ded in prayer. From the
however, her eyes turned
tabernacle towards the
of the sacristy. The fr-
of incense still lingered
telling that Vespers were
With the exception of a
old men and women, vo-
voutly reciting the beads
shippers had departed.
sacristy door opened, and
lin smiled as the cassock
a handsome youth, appar-
her own age, though in
four years older, appear-
in profound adoration be-
tar, and then, as if impu-
impulse, the two young
ently made the sign of the
nucted before the Bl-
meant, and walked togeth-
Church. Soon after two
who had watched them a-
passed outside to talk.

"How like an angel o-
looks," said one, "and w-
for lavin' her poor mot-
ly alone, methinks she'd
nuns. I once belated sh-
before Thomas was priest-
The other shook her head
thought so meself once,
good enough to be in a
but I don't like the way
actin' since that strange-
to him, came here from
The only answer was
from the first speak-
known Agnes' mother for
for she, too, had noticed
change only a few short
wrought in the girl who
to her as her own.

"I don't mane to say,"
other, "that our Agnes al-
as she always was, but th-
has turned her head, an' I
he'll be ather stalin' her
us, an' he a Protestant,
laughs at her Church a-
when he pretends to her t-
all right. I don't like h-
meself wishes the unluck-
river come that brought h-
"I wish so, too, for I
our poor little lamb has
love him too much for her
an' it may go hard with
lives her, as he soon will.
temin like him don't wan-
of her for a wife. I don't
not good enough for him,
enough, too, to be the w-
lord, but she's not his kin-
"For her own swate sal-
as her mother's, I hope he'll
lavin' the country an' ni-
back."

"It's meself hopes so to
the other.
Agnes Conlin possessed a
ty such as is often found
flower among the poorer cl-
which even poets find har-
cribe. On leaving the chu-
had removed her hat and
her arm, thus revealing her
hair, upon which the rays
setting sun now fell. Fro-
white oval face shone a
deep blue eyes, which beam-
love and kindness from the
of a pure, innocent heart. I
ly childhood she had been
an angel in the parish and
been the blessings her swe-
and acts of kindness had cal-
upon her, especially among

GIRLS.

THROUGH THORNY PATHS.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

I saw her at eve on the green knoll reclining. When Sol's setting splendor illumined the west, Her white taper fingers some flowers were entwining. In a wreath of green shamrocks that circled her breast; Her eyes were as bright as the blue sky above her. Her light golden ringlets did carelessly flow; Cold, cold was the heart that could see and not love her— The darling and pride of the vale of the Roe.

FRANCIS O'KANE.

Behind the green hills of Erin the sun was slowly sinking to rest at the close of a bright August day many years ago. One brilliant ray like a golden stream penetrated the stained glass window of a little church, falling upon the fair head of a girl of eighteen, or younger, who knelt near the altar, apparently deeply absorbed in prayer. From time to time, however, her eyes turned from the tabernacle towards the closed door of the sacristy. The fragrant odor of incense still lingered in the air, telling that Vespers was just over. With the exception of half a dozen old men and women, who were devoutly reciting the beads, the worshippers had departed. At last the sacristy door opened, and Agnes Conlin smiled at the cassocked figure of a handsome youth, apparently about her own age, though in truth he was four years older, appeared. He knelt in profound adoration before the altar, and then, as if impelled by one impulse, the two young people reverently made the sign of the cross, genuflected before the Blessed Sacrament, and walked together from the church. Soon after two old women who had watched them also left and paused outside to talk.

"How like an angel our Agnes looks," said one, "and were it not for lavin' her poor mother entirely alone, methinks she'd be joinin' the nuns. I once believed she'd be gone before Thomas was priested."

The other shook her head sadly. "I thought so myself once, for she's good enough to be in any convent, but I don't like the way she's been actin' since that stranger, bad luck to him, came here from America."

The only answer was a deep sigh from the first speaker, who had known Agnes' mother from infancy, for she, too, had noticed the sad change only a few short weeks had wrought in the girl who was as dear to her as her own.

"I don't mean to say," said the other, "that our Agnes ain't as good as she always was, but that stranger has turned her head, an' I am afraid she'll be ather stalin' her away from us, an' he a Protestant, too, who laughs at her Church an' prayers when he pretends to her to think it's all right. I don't like him, an' it's meself wishes the unlucky day had never come that brought him here."

"I wish so, too, for I am afraid our poor little lamb has learned to love him too much for her own good, an' it may go hard with her when he leaves her, as he soon will. Fine ginnleins like him don't want the likes of her for a wife. I don't say she's not good enough for him, an' pretty enough, too, to be the wife of a lord, but she's not his kind."

"For her own swate sake as well as her mother's, I hope he'll soon be lavin' the country an' niver come back."

"It's meself hopes so too," said the other.

Agnes Conlin possessed a rare beauty such as is often found like a wild flower among the poorer classes and which even poets find hard to describe. On leaving the church she had removed her hat and tied it to her arm, thus revealing her golden hair, upon which the rays of the setting sun now fell. From the white oval face shone a pair of deep blue eyes, which beamed with love and kindness from the depths of a pure, innocent heart. From early childhood she had been known as an angel in the parish and many had been the blessings her sweet smiles and acts of kindness had called down upon her, especially among the poor

and aged, to whom she had ever proved a true friend.

The Conlins, unlike many of their neighbors, had always been in comfortable circumstances, and though far from wealthy, they had been looked upon as such by their less fortunate neighbors, who had never known what it was to be refused help by them. When Agnes was fifteen, she had experienced her first sorrow in the death of her dear father, and now lived alone with her mother and two brothers. Though she loved the boys with all the ardor of a most devoted sister, her affection was no less strong for her cousin Thomas, who had chosen to give himself up to the holy office of the priesthood, and he was now within less than a year of his ordination spending his last vacation of only a few short weeks at home.

Either intentionally or by accident as the two walked towards home, Agnes laid her hand on a book her cousin held, revealing a ring—a golden serpent entwined three times around her finger, with brilliant emeralds for eyes. At sight of the jewel Thomas exclaimed:

"Agnes, where did you get that horrible thing on your finger?"

She who had never known what it was to be angry with her cousin paused and looked at what she considered a rare gem of priceless value. Had any one else dared to speak thus she would have been strongly tempted to resent the insult, but Thomas could say to her what others dared not utter.

"I meant no offense, Agnes, but when I do not like a thing I cannot help sometimes showing it."

"Then you do not like my ring? Look at it closely, and see what a beautiful thing it is. Those are real emeralds. It cost a fortune!"

"I care not for its cost; it is a hedonistic thing and I do not like to see it on my little cousin's finger. But where did you get it?"

"It is my engagement ring," was the trembling reply, made in tones far less proud than they would have been a few minutes before.

"Agnes!"

There was sorrow and reproach in the speaker's voice. He stopped and pressed his hand to his heart, as if to still the wild beating of his words had caused. He looked into her face but for the first time in her life she shrank from the gaze she had always loved so well.

"Agnes, has it gone so far?"

She looked up, and seeing the same kind face she had always known (if anything it was far more tender) she found courage to say:

"Yes, Edward and I are engaged."

"Does your mother know, Agnes?"

"No; you are the first one I have told."

"Then I suppose Father James does not know either?"

"No," was the reply; "I felt afraid because—"

"Because you know that your old pastor, like a kind father that he has ever been to us all, would disapprove of your foolishness."

"I do not see how marrying a rich man could be called foolishness."

He saw what he had suspected, that his innocent cousin was so deeply infatuated that he must use the greatest caution in trying to reason with her, but he felt it his duty not only as a near friend and relative but as one who was soon to take up the work of the priesthood, to do all in his power to put an end to this foolish affair. Heeding not her answer, which cut him deeply, he said:

"Why have you not told your mother, Agnes?"

"Because I knew that the thought of parting with me, especially to let me go to America, would grieve her. But I will soon send for her and give her a home with me, where she can be a grand lady, wear silk and velvet every day and have servants to wait on her."

"Stop, Agnes, please stop! But tell me, was it in the agreement that your mother was to go with you?"

"No; but Edward has promised me that I shall be sole mistress of his grand home, for he has no mother, no sisters, and nobody to trouble me. So I intend to take my own dear mother to live with us."

"Vain hopes," he thought, "poor girl, how she has been deceived; but let us hope that it is not too late. It cannot be, for God will not allow it."

"Agnes," he said, in his tenderest tones, "since you have told neither your mother nor the priest of your

love affair, perhaps you can trust your cousin, who was your confidant from childhood."

She looked at him with a shadow of suspicion on her face, as if for the first time in her life she feared him, and was silent. He was already causing her to feel the evil of what she had done, but she did not wish to think of giving up her fond dream.

"Agnes, can you not trust me?" Tears came to her eyes, but they were quickly dashed away, and she told him everything that had passed between herself and her lover.

At the age of twenty Edward Daton had graduated from college, with no living relative, himself the sole owner of a vast estate in Boston, consisting of much valuable land and many thousands in personal property. During the year which remained of his minority he stayed with his guardian, who was living in the old house where his parents had died; but no sooner had he come into possession of his property than his home suddenly became too small and selecting a site of about four acres on what was then the suburbs of the city, he had the foundations at once laid for a castle which was over a year in building. The progress of this beautiful structure was closely watched by many envious eyes, and not a few were the young society ladies who courted the acquaintance of the young master, not a few of them with a secret hope of being the lucky one who was to be queen of this domain.

Greatly to the disgust of some of the curious public, three sides of the grounds, one of which opened upon a cross street, were enclosed by a high stone wall, which was to be a permanent fixture. So the eyes of the stranger could not see the pretty little park with an artificial lake in the centre, which in due time was to be inhabited by fish and graceful swans who swam among the pond lilies. There were flower beds too, and among them statues of pagan deities. But the house itself, a mansion of brown stone, with columns of Scotch granite, stone steps and tiled verandas, with a pleasant little balcony here and there projecting from some of the upper stories, was to be seen by all. Only a few pretty flowering shrubs and rare shade trees were to obstruct the front view. The grounds were raised about three feet above the terrace, so as to give the place a more stately appearance.

Like most young men in his position, Edward Daton enjoyed immensely the gaieties of the social life to which he was readily admitted and for three years he went among his friends, treating the fair sex with great respect, but falling in love with none. He had penetrated their motives, and feeling that most, if not all, cared more for his wealth and beautiful home than for himself, he had resolved to marry none of them.

His wife must be one who would never see her future home until she entered it a bride.

Life at last growing monotonous, he suddenly took his departure for a year's travel in Europe. He had resolved, if he could find on the other side of the Atlantic a woman he could truly love, that he would bring her home, no matter how poor she should be. No one here need know of her past, for his wealth would be enough to shield her from the effects of the sin of poverty which she might have suffered in the past.

In months of travel on the Continent and in England he had met but failed to be impressed by many fair ladies of the first families. To him they were all too much alike the gay butterflies of fashion he had left at home. In a secluded little country village he first found Agnes Conlin. Although a member of the Presbyterian Church, he seldom attended it and really held no firm belief in any religion, save that he had been taught to despise anything bearing the name Catholic. With a party of friends he had out of mere curiosity attended Mass in the little parish church, but after having visited many of the grand churches on the continent this seemed very plain to him, and he was wishing himself out of it when the Mass commenced. Early in the service his ear was charmed by a voice which sounded to him like that of an angel. Determined to know the singer, he made inquiries of a parishioner who proudly pointed out the pride of the parish just as she was leaving the church. If her voice had been angelic, her face was even more so, and he would not leave the place until he had made her acquaintance.

This was not difficult. He called on her two or three times in the early spring, then returned to England and tried to forget her. But he could not. Gradually the conviction stole upon him that she alone could grace his home, and he returned to win her. Wholly forgetting in her presence his resolution to keep his great wealth a secret from his future wife, he described his possessions in glowing terms, wherein she saw the realization of her youthful dream of a stately palace where she would be a grand lady. Her consent was easily won.

Agnes told her cousin all in the most glowing accents, vainly hoping that he who had ever been her truest friend and sympathizer in every joy and sorrow would rejoice with her in her good fortune. But as the light on her own face grew brighter, his became sadder.

"Thomas," she said at last, in a pitiful attempt to appear light-hearted, "you do not seem to be as pleased as you should be to learn of your little cousin's good luck."

"Good luck," he said sorrowfully. "I have never deceived you, Agnes, and I cannot now. If I were to tell you I approve of your choice, I would never cease to regret it, for I would grieve that I had taken part in encouraging you to enter into a union which can never bring you happiness."

"Cousin Thomas, this is not what I expected from you. I thought you would be glad to know that I was to be a grand lady and have plenty of money to help the poor."

"None would be more pleased than myself to see my little cousin a grand lady if she could become one with the blessing of God, but neither God nor society could approve the union you contemplate."

"Why not?" You are really cruel to speak thus."

"I only speak through a sense of duty to you and to Him to Whom my own poor life is consecrated. Would it be right for one who hopes soon to be invested with the sacred office of the Catholic priesthood to encourage you to enter upon a marriage which the Church forbids? What would your father say if he could return from his grave to see his only daughter, the pet of his household, about to marry a Protestant? I fear he could hardly rest in his grave if he knew it. Not only that, dear Agnes, but your education, your early training and everything is against your entering the position which has been offered you. You, child, know nothing whatever of the demands of society upon its votaries, and I know it to be a life wholly unfitted to one brought up as you have been. Better let him go back and choose a wife from among his own in religion and social position, for if you do not, you will both have reason to bitterly regret it."

Thoughts of religion had hardly entered the girl's mind, for she had fully intended to go her own way and let him go his for the present, until the happy time when she hoped to convert him. And this she told her cousin. As for her mother, she emphatically declared that she could should go with her.

The sun had fallen to rest behind the hills and the moon was casting her silvery light over the landscape when at last the cousins arose from a rock on which they had been sitting. They had had a long confidential conversation, Agnes trying in every way to convince him that she was right and to win him over to not only approve of her engagement, but to intercede with her mother and the old parish priest on her behalf. But it was useless. He, on the other hand, used all his persuasive powers, explaining to her the demands of the Church and society until he had won her to a half-formed resolution to make the sacrifice he said God demanded of her.

Suddenly realizing that a heavy dew was falling upon the poorly protected shoulders of the girl, who had been in delicate health from infancy, Thomas suggested going home. A light cough was Agnes' reply, and her cousin chided himself for keeping her out so long. In rising she laid her hand in his for assistance, and the emeralds flashed in the moonlight.

"Agnes," he said, "by the faith of St. Patrick, who banished the snakes from Ireland, I wish you would take that one off your finger and send it back where it came from. It looks too much like an ill omen."

"I prize it very highly," said Agnes.

"It is such an odd thing," Edward

paid a big price for it in Egypt and calls it Cleopatra's asp. But if you wish, I will give it back to him."

"It will be the wisest thing you can do, for, like her who chose a serpent as means of putting an end to her existence, you might find when too late that there is poison within its fangs for you."

Good resolutions are often easier made than kept, and love is blind, so it was not long ere Edward Daton succeeded in setting at naught the effects of all the kind advice Agnes had received from her cousin. After a long talk with the ardent lover, who was firmly determined not to give her up, she became blindly convinced that, shut up as he had been in the seminary for several years, Thomas knew nothing of human love and was incapable of advising her. She never once stopped to consider the great lessons in human nature which had taught the youth during the years of seclusion when he had been preparing for the great and holy work of saving souls.

In another week Thomas' vacation was over, and he was bidding goodbye to his friends, whom he hoped would next see him as a priest. Joyful indeed were the anticipations of that happy hour when in the little Church where he had been baptized he would offer up the living sacrifice of Calvary. But one dark cloud threw its shadow across his hitherto bright pathway when he thought of his dear little cousin, whom he felt now was lost forever. He would make one more effort to save her. Accordingly on the morning of his departure, as they were on their way home from Mass, he made a last solemn appeal. But she heeded it not.

"Only think," she said, of all the good I can do with the money I am to have. I intend to build a new church here and do a great deal more for charity."

"Do not be too sure of that, Agnes—you may be disappointed."

"No fear of it," was the reply, for Edward has promised to give me a large amount each year for myself."

The young man sighed as they neared his father's house, where Agnes was to remain until his departure but he said no more until he was about to bid her farewell.

"Poor Agnes," she said, as she laid in his hand her own, on which still glittered the serpent ring. "May God preserve you and keep you from all harm. I am leaving you now; will you not promise what I ask?"

"I am sorry, Thomas, but I cannot."

"Poor girl, I fear you may soon regret this. But remember one thing that I have always loved you as a sister, and as much as the man to whom you have given your heart has promised to do for you, I hope soon through God's grace to be able to do far more for you."

"What do you mean, Thomas?"

"Unworthy though I may be, I can remember you at the altar."

"And will you?"

"I certainly will when that happy hour of my life comes."

He bade her good-bye and a tear fell upon the serpent's head. Long after he had left her that ill-omened ring continually came before his vision, and many prayers for her rose heavenward. But the tidings that reached him a few weeks later made him feel that all was lost.

In September the old parish priest was called upon to marry Agnes to the stranger, and promptly refused but unfortunately Mrs. Conlin had been won over to her daughter's side for she was naturally a proud woman, and much as she dreaded the separation, she rejoiced in the hope of seeing her child rise in the world. She insisted upon having the priest perform the ceremony, and when they threatened to call on a Protestant minister, he at last reluctantly consented.

"Poor child," he thought, as he saw her carried away by her husband "far better would it be for her were she sleeping beside her father. It may be all right, but I fear that ere twelve months have passed her bright smile will have faded and she will awake to the terrible truth of what she has done. If I could only have given her the Church's blessing on her marriage it would not have been so hard."

Mrs. Conlin went back to her home feeling far more sad and lonely than she had anticipated, but she was kept up by the fruitless hope that Agnes might send for her. No mention was made of her coming in the bright letters from the absent one.

CHAPTER II.

Summer had come again and it was a glorious Sunday morning in July when, in the little Church where we first saw him, Thomas Conlin, robed in snowy vestments, stood at the altar to offer up the Holy Sacrifice. He wore a beautiful alb of handsome lace which had been sent to him by Agnes several weeks before his ordination, but he knew not that in having it made she had been obliged to use the greatest caution to hide the gift from her husband. The letter, or rather short note, sent with it was the only message he had received from her, and although she had claimed to be happy in her home, which had far surpassed her expectations, he was not to be deceived, and to-day while he prayed for all in his Mass, she was remembered particularly.

Never in the history of the little town had there been a greater day than this, and the Church was crowded to overflowing. But there was a gloom over the Conlin family. Agnes, who had faithfully promised when she went away, to be home for this happy day, had neither come nor sent an excuse. Her letters of late were becoming fewer and shorter, and it was now several weeks since she had been heard from. She was missed everywhere, but more especially by the choir. It was noticed by some that the young priest shed tears at the consecration, and some rightly guessed that these tears were for the absent one as well as in holy awe which filled his heart at the thought of the sublime act he was performing.

Father Conlin was given a short vacation of a few weeks at home, and everything was done to make his visit a pleasant one, but he missed the smiling face of his little cousin, as he always called her, and home to him was not what it had once been. If she had been laid away in the little family burial lot during his absence he would have had the consolation of knowing that she was safe, and could have offered up prayers at her grave; but oh, the cruel fate which had caused such a separation as this! He had promised to remember her at the altar and this he did daily. The autumn and part of the winter months he spent with his bishop, then asked and obtained permission to go as a missionary to America. It is needless to say that Agnes was not wholly absent from his thoughts when seeking this favor. The hope of soon seeing her and perhaps helping her in an hour of need made it easier for him to leave his home behind.

But how has it fared with Agnes since we last saw her? She left us a happy bride and she might have remained in happiness for many months had it not been for what her cousin feared most. Arriving at her new home she fairly went into ecstasies when her husband, after showing her through the house and grounds, told her she was mistress of it all. But her bright hopes began to fall when he told her that the select circle in which she was to move was strictly Protestant and she might as well give up her superstitions, and become a member of his church. This she refused to do, and he never succeeded in prevailing upon her to attend his church, though he kept her from her own. As he was in reality he thought it would look much better no church member himself, he was satisfied with this arrangement, although he thought it would look much better for her to go once in a while to the fashionable Presbyterian temple.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' DAY.

June 8th has been designated as Christian Brothers' Day at the St. Louis Exposition. Delegates of the alumni associations of the Christian Brothers Colleges through the United States will meet in St. Louis on that date to effect a national federation. James E. King, secretary of the St. Louis Society, says that about one thousand delegates will be present. The programme for the day has not been entirely arranged, but the speakers so far are Bishop Hennessy of Wichita, Attorney Harry of Philadelphia, and Attorney Garrett W. McEmery of San Francisco.

CALENDAR.

serious facts about our country can begin with Friday or Monday. The can be used every 20 people now get new. October always be the day of the week as July, September, February, March and August always begin from each other and the days of the year are. This rule does not year.—Exchange.

Notes on the Educational Question

(Continued From Last Week)

The position of the enemies of definite religious education is seen from the following scheme, which has been published by its General Committee and unanimously accepted as an embodiment of their principles. The Free Church Council is an organization of the more orthodox dissenting bodies, nominally formed for religious purposes but actually developing into a political power. The following is the authorized scheme. It will be seen how near this ideal approaches to the actual American Public School system: "1. That the system of national education shall recognize only one type of public elementary schools—viz., schools provided and controlled by a public education authority. 2. That denominational school buildings, if required and suitable for use as provided schools, may be rented or purchased on equitable terms for the purpose of elementary education, due regard being had to the existing rights of the public in such buildings. 3. That all schools maintained by public funds, whether by taxes or rates, shall be under the sole management and control of representatives appointed by the method of popular election. 4. That there shall be adequate provision for the training of all teachers of public elementary schools, free from theological and ecclesiastical tests, and under the sole management and control of the popularly elected education authorities. 5. That no ecclesiastical or theological tests shall be applied in the appointments of teachers of publicly supported schools or training colleges. 6. That no distinctively denominational teaching or formula shall be given or used in public schools in school hours, but simple Biblical instruction may be given according to a syllabus, as is general at present in provided schools. Attendance at such instruction shall be subject to a conscience clause. 7. That the foregoing provisions shall have reference also to secondary education as far as they may be applicable. 8. That women shall be eligible for election to any local education authority throughout England and Wales, and including London.

The proposition of the defenders of religious schools may be given in the words of the Protestant Bishop of London. He declares that the principle to be defended is a three-fold one: (1) that the teaching of definite religious truth is an integral part of true education; (2) that the religious truth taught the children should be the religion of their parents; and (3) that it should be taught them by those who believe it. Catholics, while giving to the second clause qualified adhesion, give to the first and third whole-hearted and active support.

The attitude of English Nonconformists to the school forms one of the most remarkable examples of contradiction between principle and practice. The common characteristic and essential feature of the various dissenting sects, the point upon which one and all agree, is the contention that the church should be free from state control; whatever they differ about, on this they are united. Yet it is to the placing of religion under the control of the state—that is, for they are now the source of power in the state—that all the efforts which they are so strenuously putting forth are tending. There is to be one national school system, not without religion, but with a religion from which everything that is disputed by any body of voters, however small,—a religion that is manufactured to suit voters. This religion the state supports, over it it is supreme; from every other it withholds all help. Others it tolerates, but does not refrain from exacting money for the support of its own. This is clearly a state religion, and to support it is in fact a contradiction to the principles which made the first Nonconformist.

The fact that purely secular and undenominational schools have had the financial support of the state, with all the advantages which that gives, while voluntary and religious schools have had up to the present to maintain themselves with inadequate resources, has led many to take it for granted that the education imparted in the schools wholly supported by public money must be unexceptional. This, however, is not the judgment of those who are well qualified to judge. Sir John Gorst, the member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge and for many years vice-president of the Board of Education, in his presidential address to the Association of Technical In-

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stitutions, has recently said that there were millions of children who from babyhood to the age of fourteen were drilled in reading, writing and arithmetic upon a system the results of which was that when they attained that age, and were finally dismissed from school, they could neither read, write nor cipher. There were millions of children and young persons now upon whom all the enormous sums annually spent out of the rates and taxes upon elementary education had been absolutely thrown away. The whole object of education had been mistaken; the natural propensities of the children were crushed and they were made into a quiet, orderly, stupid class without individuality, without any desire for knowledge, without any power to do any-

Nor is Sir John Gorst the only censor of the state system of education. Dr. Armstrong, professor of Chemistry at the City and Guilds of London Central Institute, declares the results obtained by the much belauded London School Board a grave peril to the city. He declares the elementary education as given in their schools to have been of no use; that all who have seriously considered the system condemn it as impractical; that a race of desk-ridden emaculates is being formed. The belief in the dignity of manual labor among those who are destined to perform it is fast disappearing. The absolute failure to understand what is desirable in elementary education he declares to be proved by the report for 1903, in the examination held for scholarships at the disposal of the School Board of London. A more ghastly farce could not well be imagined. The report on the School Training and Early Employment of Lancashire Children, issued by the Board of Education, is full of deplorable revelations. To quote a few words from this: "It seems plain that whatever else the schools may do they cannot yet be said to quicken the intelligence of the children generally. . . . Though the boys and girls have learnt reading, writing and arithmetic, and a crowd of other subjects, yet they do not read, still less do they write, and they are perplexed by any calculation which is not expressed in the forms to which they have grown familiar."

It would seem, therefore, that the schools, although organized by the best intelligence and supported by all the resources of the nation, have failed in securing efficiency even for the merely materialistic aims which as now constituted form their raison d'être, inasmuch as definite religious education has been excluded. When we bear in mind, too, the fact that the physicians of large masses of the people have so deteriorated as to constitute a national danger and to demand the appointment of a royal commission to investigate into its causes, it cannot be said that progress is so evident under what are supposed to be up-to-date methods as to justify the contempt of our forefathers which is so prevalent. In Russia eighty per cent. of the people are absolutely illiterate, yet its peasantry are strong and vigorous, and the nation itself, as many think, only too powerful.

In Ireland, too, the subject of education has been widely discussed. There, however, it is to the University question that attention has been called. Primary education, through the strong religious sense of the Irish people, may be looked upon as fairly well settled. After many long years, however, the higher education still remains unsettled. Captain Taylor, whose efforts for harmony between landlord and tenant were so successful, attempted to render a like service for bringing to an end this long contention. He tried to bring together Catholics and Churchmen, and Presbyterians to a conference similar to the land conference. Promises of attendance were made, but for

one reason or another not kept, and everything promised failure. Then Lord Dunraven made proposals, which were accepted by the Catholic Bishops. Then Trinity College became alarmed, and offered special privileges to Catholic students. This offer was rejected by Cardinal Logue with but little ceremony. High hopes were entertained of the Government being favorable. In fact, the proposals of Lord Dunraven were generally supposed to be the very same as the Chief Secretary for Ireland had suggested. But the hopes so far have come to nothing. A few days before Parliament opened Lord Londonderry declared that the Government had no intention of establishing a university for Catholics, and the speech from the throne made no mention of the subject. The unyielding hostility of the Irish Conservatives is still too strong, although Mr. Balfour several years ago declared the claim of the Catholics to be just. The fiscal controversy, too, precludes any attempt this session to enter upon so thorny a matter.

A Remarkable Cure.

The sudden and remarkable cure of Neal A. McGuire, from an apparently incurable paralysis of the right arm, while he was attending Mass devoutly in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Atlanta, Ga., is related in a secular journal, the well known Atlanta Constitution. The arm had become paralyzed suddenly about eight months ago without any discernible cause, as he was a young man heretofore in perfect health, and of irreproachable habits. The best physicians of Atlanta failing to relieve him, he sought help from the most famous nerve specialists of New York. For three months he was under constant treatment and the leading figure at every large clinic attended by the medical fraternity of the city and all the medical students of the colleges. No relief resulted, and the wearing effect of the constant pain began to tell upon his strong will and vigorous constitution. The case created widespread interest, and his life, habits, antecedents, present and former occupation and diversions were closely studied in the hope of arriving at a clue that would lead to some effective cure.

Mr. McGuire returned to Atlanta about a month ago very much discouraged by the repeated failures and has been growing steadily worse since. On the Sunday in question he spite his suffering, he attended Mass at the Church already named, where the Dominican Father, the Rev. Francis A. Gaffney, of Memphis, Tenn., preached on prayer, saying that the age of miracles was never passed, and dwelling on the intercessory power of the Blessed Mother of God. It is known that the sufferer was profoundly moved; but he knew not that he was cured until, in passing out of the Church, he involuntarily extended his hand to reciprocate the greeting of a friend, and found that the malady had disappeared. Feeling the touch of the supernatural, he returned to the Church to give thanks to God.

Mr. McGuire can use and write with his right arm as well as before his affliction, and is in every way well and strong again. Neal McGuire is just 20 years of age. He graduated from the Boys' High School of Atlanta in the class of 1901, having gone through the grammar schools of the city. He was quite a bright and popular student and was president of his class the year of his graduation. He is a son of Mrs. Margaret McGuire, and lives with his mother at 214 South Pryor street. He is a nephew of John A. Corrigan, Assistant Solicitor of the City Criminal Court, and of Thomas F. Corrigan, the well known lawyer of this city. His brother is J. Edward McGuire, who is connected with the Atlanta

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office of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. His father has been dead a number of years. Mr. McGuire is a devoted Catholic.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A new Catholic Club has recently opened in Johannesburg, Transvaal Colony. The club building was erected at a cost of £11,500 (about \$57,000) and is one of the handsome buildings in Johannesburg. The membership of the club is at present 500, of which about one-third are honorary members, that is, non-Catholics.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

No. 86,064—Wm. Albt. Baldwin, Smiths Falls, Ont., sulky plow.
86,072—Willie A. R. Langford, Montmorency Falls, Que., means for facilitating the shifting of pillow slips.
86,078—Wm. A. Borden, Campbellton, N.B., clothes dryer.
86,086—Murdoch E. Sutherland, Westville, N.S., rifle sight.
86,089—Jacob Walther, Winnipeg, Man., automatic railway gate.
86,116—Chas. L. Gurney, Lone Tree, Man., neck yoke fastener.
86,163—Arnold M. Squire, Montreal, Que., flushing tank.
86,164—John McIntosh, Joggin Mines, N.S., clothes pin.
86,165—Isaie Belair, Montreal, Que., Emergency doors.
86,204—Joseph Trepanier, Montreal, Que., boat.

Business Cards.

THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co.

The following was clipped from the "Granite," Boston, Mass.: "Illustrated in the advertisement of E. L. Smith & Co., Barre, Vt., on another page, is practically their complete plant, with the exception of their derricks. This Company was the first of the quarry owners to use compressed air for operating rock drills, and also the first to take up the plug drill. We can say, without exaggeration, that this concern has the best equipped granite quarry in the country."

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Society Directory.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kilbride; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secy., Jno. P. Gunning, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, P. Kenahan; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

POPE GREGORY THE

In this issue we give some extracts from the cyclical letter of Pius X. tenary of Gregory the Great in that document of the great Pontiff whom it was written a Pontiff who has written prizes almost the entire Gregory the First. "The Church an impression so deep, so lasting, that it carries as well as posterity stowed upon him the title of the first Pope. Glancing over the extracts published, the reader will to form some idea of the character of the first Gregory the First. The fact he stands out amongst the greatest earth has ever beheld. been a Pope he might great law-giver, or a calculated to conduct a barbarism into the full of the Church he had not been to rule the Church he left his impression upon in any other sphere of his. And the evidence, greatness could not be listed than the fact of hundred years after 1 from the scenes of life image of his sublime walks the hills of and appears to us as if men of his own generation we look back over the expanse of years, through the rope of history, behold portions—larger and more refined than they could ever to the men of his immortals.

It is to be noted that tenary occasion approached saint glorious Pontiff has thought of celebrating the Church of to-day, and paying tribute to the great. There is no better or way to honor the departed reviewing their works and out their cherished designs. Thus in revising the solemn Gregorian chant Churches in Christendom, paid the most delicate tribute imaginable to that immortal form of v. There is another lesson drawn from the life and celebrations of Gregory—it is that the Scriptura in memoria aeterna has always been fulfilled Church. In eternal, that ing memory, shall the just preserved. It matters not centuries have rolled their teen times over the tomb the ages have since produced, wonderful rulers, glen that the present is is centred in itself and v of the past; all this matter. The Church never forgets nor does she allow her to sink into oblivion; she mits the golden chain of mon of Saints which Church militant to the C fering, and both to the umphant to be broken. from the mere temporal she keeps before the pr names and deeds of the of the past, for they serve for the practice and the imitation of the future such be the case, it is no ing that she should disp energy and devotion in life and achievements of tiff as Pope Gregory th is with attention and