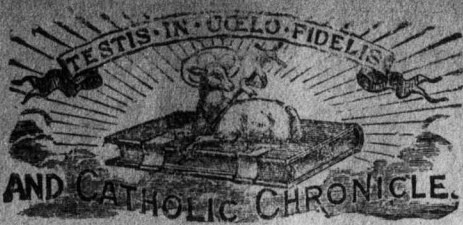


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The True



Witness

Vol. LII., No. 28

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

STORIES AND JOKES.—In our
 age of activity and electric business
 methods people do not find time to
 indulge in much reading—even in
 reading romance. The circum-
 stances of the times have given birth
 to another way of entertaining the
 public; short, humorous, witty, cle-
 ver stories, and amusing jokes have
 been introduced. The fact is that
 almost every newspaper of the day
 has its column of "Wit and Humor,"
 or some equivalent. One runs the
 eye down the tiny ladder of para-
 graphs, each rung being slightly
 larger than the preceding one, and
 the mind takes in a multitude of
 funny sayings, quaint remarks, hap-
 py replies, humorous situations and
 drole stories. Unless you mark off
 some of these tit-bits, it is probable
 that before you have laid the paper
 a minute you have absolutely for-
 gotten every one of the jokes or
 stories that you have read. They
 leave scarcely any impression; they
 are not calculated to leave any; they
 are intended for a pastime, and a
 pastime they afford. There is one
 danger that we have long since de-
 tected in these clever stories and
 queer jokes; it lurks beneath the fo-
 liage, like the asp under the rose-
 leaf. It is not probable that any
 one of the hurried readers of funny
 paragraphs would detect it; yet it
 has its influence, and its effects are
 to be noticed in many spheres of
 life. When questions of religion,
 things sacred, clergymen, and aught
 that is associated in the mind with
 Christianity becomes the subject of
 a witty item or of a short story, li-
 berties are taken therewith, that
 under no other circumstances would
 be tolerated. The writer of these
 paragraphs and stories appears to
 have a licence to ridicule the church,
 crack jokes upon sermons, point out
 the weaknesses of clergymen, raise a
 laugh at the expense of some truth
 of religion, and, in a word, treat
 the most sublime topics in the man-
 ner that he would treat any ordi-
 nary theme. He tells "a good story"
 about this priest, or that minister,
 and the effect is of such a passing
 character that no persons finds any
 fault. It is the constant drop of
 water that wears away the rock; it
 is this perpetual dripping of mild
 ridicule and apparently harmless fun
 that wears away the reverence and
 the respect that society should have
 for the Church and for all that be-
 longs thereto. If you look abroad
 over the world to-day you cannot
 fail to perceive the gradually in-
 creasing lack of courtesy, not to
 speak of reverence, with which men
 refer to things sacred—even to God,
 Himself. Much of this is due to the
 godless education that prevails in
 so many centres, much to the want
 of practical Christian piety in the
 homes, much to the free and easy
 ways that society is adopting; but,
 much is also due to the literature of
 the hour, and especially to the short
 story and the clever joke. We would
 advise the editors of such columns,
 in the secular as well as religious
 press, to avoid subjects of religious
 character when perpetrating their
 wit and humor.

ance of four score and three sum-
 mers in her glance and smile, is the
 centre of a devoted and loving cir-
 cle of relatives and friends, the ad-
 mired, respected, and honored
 daughter of genius. It was only af-
 ter the year was a few days old
 that we learned the facts just stat-
 ed, but we do not consider it yet
 too late to extend to Mrs. Sadlier
 the sincere expression of our con-
 gratulations and our fervent hope
 and prayer that God may spare her,
 in health, comfort, and happiness to
 enjoy many future happy new years
 —and consequently natal anniversar-
 ies. Few Irish people, either at home
 or abroad, have done more for the
 good of our race and the glory of our
 literature than has Mrs. Sadlier,
 and as gratitude is a characteristic
 of the Irish people, we feel confident
 that there is not a discordant voice
 in the grand universal chorus of lov-
 ing praise that swells in her honor.

MGR. BRUCHESTI'S RETURN.—
 "La Semaine Religieuse" of last
 Saturday says: His Grace the Arch-
 bishop of Montreal will embark on
 the 10th instant, on the Savoie, en
 route for Montreal. The members of
 the clergy are requested to recite
 each day, from the date mentioned
 until His Grace's return, the pray-
 ers of the Itinerary, and these
 prayers should be sung at the close
 of High Mass, on Sunday, the 11th,
 in all the churches and public chap-
 els of the diocese. Mgr. Racicot, Ad-
 ministrator, signs the foregoing. In
 accordance therewith, and in a spir-
 it of faith, we ask our readers, one
 and all, to join the clergy in the
 recitation of these prayers, until
 such time as Mgr. Bruchesi reaches
 Montreal.

ANOTHER NOVELIST ASTRAY.
 —A short time ago we had occasion
 to point out the flagrant inaccu-
 racies that appeared, regarding the
 Catholic Church, in a certain novel
 published in a city daily. In last
 Saturday's "Star" appeared a
 story, taken from Cassell's Maga-
 zine, and written by Douglas Sladen.
 The title is "Si j'etais roi." It
 deals with an American heiress,
 whose father wants to have her
 marry a prince, and the discovery
 that her lover, a Mr. Andrew Clare-
 mont, is really a prince of Sicily,
 whose name is Chiaramonte. The
 last scene is in Palermo; the Ameri-
 can father agrees to the marriage
 now that the clever and desirable
 Clairmont turns out to be a real
 prince. Speaking of the wedding the
 author says:—

"Andrew, being a Roman Catholic
 of sorts, it was arranged that, when
 they had been married in the little
 brick Anglican church to suit the
 newly Episcopalian Helena, they
 should go through a civil marriage
 before the Sindaco for his benefit."
 We do not know what "of sorts"
 means, but we suppose that it does
 not take from the Catholicity of the
 said Andrew. In the foregoing short
 paragraph we have two misleading
 and false statements, that indicate
 the author to be unfamiliar with
 even the most elementary of Catho-
 lic practices and principles. The
 marriage "in the little red brick
 Anglican church," means simply a
 marriage performed by an Anglican
 minister; and four times over, dur-
 ing the Amber Days, the Church informs
 the faithful that she forbids any
 civil marriages, and considers them
 null and void. In the next place the
 author does not recognize, in any
 of the above degrees, the merely civil
 marriages before a magistrate, or

syndic. If it were to suit Andrew's
 Roman Catholic scruples a priest
 would have been called upon to per-
 form the ceremony. The fact
 of the matter is that the au-
 thor knows absolutely nothing about
 the attitude of the Church in regard
 to mixed marriages, or even to
 marriage as a sacrament, rather
 than a civil contract. Why, then, do
 authors of fiction hazard opinions
 upon subjects that are entirely for-
 eign to their knowledge or acquire-
 ments.

A SURGEON AND RELIGION.—
 Sir Henry Thompson, a well known
 English surgeon, who has reached
 his eighty-second year of life, has
 contributed an essay on "The Un-
 known God" to the "Fortnightly
 Review." We are told that the aged
 surgeon agrees, in theories, with H.
 G. Wells, who considers that form
 of religions will ultimately disap-
 pear. He believes that the religious
 part of the community will be di-
 vided into two distinct camps, or
 classes, "those who enjoy complete
 liberty of thought and action, and
 practise the manly virtues which are
 associated therewith, and, secondly,
 those who become devotees of the
 old Papal Church." Now this is a
 very nice dividing line. Sir Henry's
 years demand respect, otherwise we
 would be inclined to show that the
 once capable surgeon has entered
 that stage of life commonly called
 second childhood. Decidedly medi-
 cine and surgery constituted his call-
 ing; he never had either the train-
 ing, or the talent needed in theolog-
 ical investigation. Now that age
 forces him to lay aside the physi-
 cian's scalpel, he undertakes to pick
 up the schoolman's pen. "Every man
 to his trade" is a good old saying.
 As a surgeon Sir Henry was a suc-
 cess in the days when the science of
 surgery knew not the developments
 of the past quarter of a century. If
 he be too old to continue the prac-
 tice of his life-long profession, he is
 surely too advanced in years to
 commence a course of theology.

His conclusion that the world, in
 matters of religion, will ultimately
 be divided into Catholics and anti-
 Catholics—for such is the meaning of
 what he says—cannot be denied. Un-
 less it be that eventually the Catho-
 lic Church will, at the end of time,
 absorb all other forms of Christian-
 ity. But we leave that promised re-
 sult for the moment, and keep to
 his distinction between those who
 belong to the old Papal Church, and
 those who do not. It is not diffi-
 cult to foretell that these two
 camps will exist; for the ex-
 ist to-day. At the present
 moment the entire world, of reli-
 gion, is divided between Protest-
 antism and Catholicity. We are
 speaking only of the Christian reli-
 gion. "Those who are not with Me
 are against Me," said Our Lord.
 Those who are not with the Church
 are against her. It matters little
 whether they be divided amongst
 themselves or not; they are united
 in their opposition to Catholicity,
 and thus virtually form one single
 camp. It does not need a self-de-
 clared prophet, like Mr. Wells, nor a
 superannuated surgeon, like Sir
 Henry Thompson, to tell us that this
 same condition will continue as long
 as time lasts, and as long as Evil
 and Good, Error and Truth will
 clash.

Thus far the once famous surgeon
 has added nothing new to our stock
 of information. But the moment he
 attempts to be original and philoso-
 phic, he runs riot. He tells us that
 he is of opinion "that the Infinite
 and Eternal energy from which all
 things proceed will not ever remain
 wholly unknown or unknowable, but
 may be still further elucidated as
 human faculties become more highly
 developed in the progress of time,
 and rendered capable of receiving ad-
 ditional enlightenment respecting its
 attributes." This is quite possible;
 but as we do not understand it we
 can neither vouch for its accuracy,
 nor yet find fault with it. However,
 it is Sir Henry's opinion; and his
 opinion used to be worth something,
 when it affected matters of surgery.
 In his time it is not likely that the
 world will experience that necessary
 development of human faculties. He
 does not tell us whose or what's at-
 tributes he refers to; but that does
 not matter. The point is that some-
 times or other, away down the fu-
 ture, the Infinite and Eternal energy
 (God) will be still further elucidat-
 ed, and that man will know more

than he does now about the Divine
 attributes. We take it, that this is
 what he means.
 Now, we do not care to argue with
 an octogenarian surgeon, especially
 on theological matters; so we will
 again agree with him. The time will
 surely come, for each of us, when
 we will know more about God and
 His attributes than we do to-day;
 but that will be when our earthly
 career is over and our spirits as-
 cend to a closer contact and a face
 to face connection with the Deity.

**A CELEBRATION AT WATER-
 BURY.**—In the daily press of the
 neighboring Republic we read an ac-
 count of a very pleasing event,
 which, for more than one reason, has
 a special interest for us. A week
 ago last Sunday a further addition
 to the new Waterbury St. Patrick's
 Catholic Church, was dedicated. The
 corner-stone of the principal edifice
 was laid some twenty-two years ago.
 The present pastor, Rev. Joseph M.
 Gleason, will next year celebrate his
 silver jubilee. We of Montreal
 should have a special interest in the
 success of that church. The Rev. Mr.
 Gleason was ordained in the Grand
 Seminary, in Montreal, in 1876, by
 the late Mgr. Fabre. It was in this
 city, in our great ecclesiastical in-
 stitution, that Father Gleason made
 his theological course of studies, and
 he has ever conserved a kindly re-
 membrance of the years spent under
 the direction of the Sulpicians of
 Canada. But not alone in the case
 of the present pastor, nor in that
 of the final dedication of the Water-
 bury Church, do we find cause for
 associating ourselves in spirit with
 that grand enterprise.

St. Patrick's parish, Waterbury,
 was organized in February, 1880.
 The Rev. John H. Duggan was ap-
 pointed the first pastor by Bishop
 McMahon, who was Bishop Tierney's
 predecessor. The corner-stone of the
 new Church was laid October 16,
 1881. The sermon on that occasion
 was preached by Bishop O'Farrell of
 Trenton, and at the Offertory \$5,000
 was collected. We can readily im-
 agine the power and eloquence of
 that sermon, and we are not at all
 surprised that it was followed by
 such a splendid contribution. The
 name of Trenton's late Bishop has
 ever been dear to the Irish Catholics
 of Montreal. When he was simply
 Father O'Farrell of St. Ann's par-
 ish, his name and fame were abroad
 over the land. There are still living
 many who can recall that day when
 Father O'Farrell pronounced, in his
 own St. Patrick's Church, the fun-
 eral oration over McGee. No such
 scene before, or since, has been wit-
 nessed in that Church; and wherever
 Father O'Farrell went his renown
 had preceded him. Thus it is that
 the account of the dedication of an
 addition to St. Patrick's Church,
 Waterbury, coupled with its history
 from the laying of the corner-stone,
 awakened in our mind facts, events,
 memories that should associate these
 who jubilate over there with this
 city and with its institutions and
 former clergy. We make this refer-
 ence because we know it will please
 the good pastor of the newly-dedi-
 cated Church to know that he and
 his splendid Church are considered
 by us as old friends. We trust that
 Father Gleason's silver jubilee will
 be a most successful event, and that
 he may be spared to celebrate his
 golden jubilee in the same impor-
 tant charge.

A WORD TO OUR YOUNG MEN.—
 In an address, delivered last Sun-
 day, in presence of the Scotch cur-
 riers, now visiting Montreal, Rev. Dr.
 Barclay, a Presbyterian minister,
 made use of the following expres-
 sions. "We cordially welcome our
 Scottish brethren. They will find
 everywhere in the Dominion marks,
 honorable marks, of their nation's
 influence. They will find strong in
 the new land the national character-
 istics of the old." Apart from the
 special circumstances that called
 forth these patriotic words of the
 speaker, there is a lesson conveyed
 by them that no person can afford
 to ignore. Dr. Barclay tells his fel-
 low-countrymen from Scotland that
 in Canada they will find the nation-
 al characteristics of the old home.
 This is absolutely true; and they
 will find here that progress and that
 success which are the natural out-
 come of those same characteristics.
 Of them the most striking is a pe-
 culiar love for Scotland, her insti-

tutions, traditions, and associations;
 another is mutual goodwill and sup-
 port. Yet that love of the old land
 in no way detracted from their de-
 votion to the new. "Rob Wanlock"
 can sing, in loving verse, about the
 moorlands of his native country, and
 bring tears to the eyes with the ten-
 der sentiments which his recollec-
 tions awaken; yet, he can, all that
 time, be aiding, in the great com-
 mercial world in the building up of
 one of the most flourishing general
 stores of our city. Is there any an-
 omaly in this? None whatsoever. It
 merely illustrates that such men
 have brought with them the best
 and truest characteristics of their
 race and that the fonder they cling
 to the motherland the more deserv-
 ing are they of recognition in the
 new land.

Here we have a Scotch minister,
 living in Canada, enjoying all the
 advantages that its constitution and
 its freedom afford, and yet proud of
 his race, of his people's past, and of
 the land of his fathers.

Why should not the same
 spirit animate every young
 Irishman in Canada? Some-
 times we find, unhappily,
 that our younger generation
 either purposely, or through
 lack of training, ignores the
 past, is even ashamed of being
 recognized as Irish, and
 panders to a social influ-
 ence that is absolutely alien
 as far as we are concerned.
 We must never allow that
 honest, sterling pride in our
 nationality, in its charac-
 teristics, as well as tradi-
 tions to become feeble or
 dead within us. We should
 be able to address the Irish
 people coming here from the
 Old Land in language like
 unto that of the clergyman
 above quoted.

And it is thus that we shall draw
 to ourselves the respect and the es-
 teem of all other peoples. We have
 a history, a country, and a race to
 be proud of, and it will be well for
 the Irish people the world over when
 the badge of their knighthood will
 be the characteristics of their race
 perpetuated in the new land.

SENSATIONAL METHODS.—The
 world is growing very selfish, and
 the olden custom of gift between
 friends is rapidly dying out. So we
 are told by some people who pretend
 to know. Well, we never saw so
 many gifts, so many presents, all ab-
 solutely free,—"cost you nothing"
 —as are being cast at the public now-
 a-days. We have only to open the
 advertising pages of any popular
 magazine, and we learn, to our de-
 light, what a mass of things, use-
 ful, ornamental and otherwise, are
 being offered to any one who will do
 the giver the honor of accepting
 them. It would be a very amusing
 recreation to make a list of these
 free gifts, to dot down the approxi-
 mate value of each, and to discover
 how rich one might become without
 any great loss of time or any cost
 in money.

Not only may you secure all the
 presents you need, but you will find
 that wonderful remedies are sent to
 you free of charge. All you have to
 do is to write for them. They will
 cure almost any disease, or com-
 plaint known to humanity. It is a
 sin that so much good medicine
 should be offered free, and that so
 many people will persist in being ill,
 in growing old, in losing vitality.
 Why do they not write for the adver-
 tised cure of all diseases? It merely
 costs the time to write a short let-
 ter. You have only to put in a few
 postage stamps—things of no value
 whatsoever—and behold a philan-
 thropic being will send you "postage
 free"—it being paid with your own
 stamps, into the envelope. What an
 awfully generous age we live in! Im-
 agine that you can get almost any-
 thing you desire without it costing
 you a cent—a letter enclosing a few
 stamps does the work. Who would
 be poor or sick when so much good
 is being done.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

BRANCH NO. 232, of the Grand
 Council of Canada, held a very im-
 portant meeting last Friday eve-
 ning, a large number of the members
 were present. The occasion being
 the installation of officers for the
 year 1903. Grand Deputy Bro. J.
 J. Costigan, chairman of the Board
 of Grand Deputies, had charge of the
 installation ceremonies, and was as-
 sisted by Grand Deputy Bro. G. A.
 Carpenter, Chancellors T. M. Ire-
 land, T. A. Lynch and T. R. Cowan.
 The following were the officers in-
 stalled:—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Can-
 on Dauth; Chancellor, Bro. T. R.
 Cowan; President, Bro. R. J. Chery-
 1st Vice-President, Bro. F. J.
 McKenna; 2nd Vice-President, Bro.
 Alex. McGarr; Recording-Secretary,
 Bro. W. J. Elliott; Assistant Rec-
 ording Secretary, Bro. J. A. Gillis;
 Financial Secretary, Bro. T. E.
 Quinn; Treasurer, Bro. W. E. Dur-
 ack; Marshal, Bro. J. Farrell;
 Guard, Bro. P. J. Donahue.

Trustees, Chan. T. A. Lynch,
 chairman; Chan. G. A. Carpenter,
 Chan. T. M. Ireland, Bro. J. Mc-
 Donald, Bro. J. D. Cherry, Medical
 Adviser, Bro. Dr. J. A. MacDonald.
 The following committees were ap-
 pointed: Business, Chan. G. A. Car-
 penter, Chan. T. A. Lynch, and Bro.
 A. McGarr. Finance: Chan. T. A.
 Lynch, Chan. F. R. Cowan and
 Chan. T. M. Ireland.

Grand Deputy Costigan at the clos-
 ing of the installation proceedings,
 made a few remarks, complimenting
 the Branch on its success of the
 past year, and called upon the offi-
 cers installed to work earnestly in
 the interests of the Association and
 increase its membership. Speeches
 were also made by Chancellors
 Lynch, Ireland, Cowan and Carpen-
 ter, Brothers McGarr, Gillis, Elliott,
 Quinn and others.

After the regular routine business
 of the Branch had been transacted,
 a special meeting of the Social Com-
 mittee was held, and the various
 committees presented their reports,
 which were of the most encouraging
 nature.

The big progressive euchre party
 and social to be held by this
 Branch in the Windsor Hall, on Fri-
 day evening, February 20th, 1903,
 promises to be the event of the sea-
 son. All arrangements are being
 perfected. Twelve handsome prizes
 will be given for the euchre. An or-
 chestra of seven pieces has been en-
 gaged to dispense sweet music on
 this occasion. The refreshments will
 be under the personal supervision of
 Bro. W. J. Shea. The tickets are
 limited to 200 only, and no tickets
 will be sold at the door.

BRANCH NO. 9.—At the meeting
 of Branch No. 9, C.M.B.A., Grand
 Council of Quebec, held last Wednes-
 day evening in Unity Hall, 1149
 Notre Dame street, the following of-
 ficers were installed for the ensuing
 year by Supreme Deputy Bro. P.
 Flannery, assisted by Grand Deputy
 F. Lawlor, Spiritual Director, Rev.
 P. J. Brady, chancellor, Bro. James
 Morley; president, Bro. J. H. O'Hara;
 first vice-president, Bro. M. J.
 Shaw; second vice-president, Bro. M.
 Kellaher; recording-secretary, Bro. J.
 R. Walsh; assistant recording secre-
 tary, Bro. T. J. Tobin; financial sec-
 retary, Bro. Geo. A. Provost; treasur-
 er, Bro. M. J. O'Flaherty; marshal,
 Bro. M. C. Cuddy; guard, Bro.
 John Sheehan; trustees, Bros. Flannery,
 O'Hara, Purcell, DeRoach and
 Sheehan. Representative to Grand
 Council, Bro. M. J. O'Flaherty; al-
 ternative representative, Bro. James
 Morley.

Grand Deputy Bro. Lawlor ad-
 dressed the Branch on the good work
 that could be done by the Associa-
 tion, and before adjourning a resolu-
 tion of condolence to Bro. W. J.
 Brennan on the death of his wife
 was unanimously adopted.

A GOOD CAUSE.

In another column will be found
 an advertisement of a dramatic per-
 formance in aid of the rebuilding of
 St. Mary's Church. The drama to
 be presented is one of thrilling in-
 terest, and will be staged by the
 St. Ann's Young Men's Society. The
 object for which the proceeds are in-
 tended is one worthy of the support
 of Irish Catholics of every section of
 the city.

The Catholic Young Men Of the Twentieth Century.

The Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., recently addressing the Young Men's Archdiocesan Union, in the Philadelphia Cathedral, spoke first of the noble young manhood of David and the victories which he won by his faith, purity and devotion.

Then, he went on to say: The world around about you is successful and well-to-do materially, but it is without religion and obedience to God. It has vast possessions, but it uses them to indulge passions and to flatter the senses. It has unlimited bestowal of power—but with it crushes out right and justice. Against this irreligion, its corruptions, its injustice you need faith, purity and courage.

Young men, the hope of the nation, the hope of the people, the hope of the Church lies in you. If you are faithful—great is the triumph—the Philistine will be struck down. David struck him down.

If you fail or falter, your mighty strength will be taken from you like another Samson and your hair shorn by the temptress, you will regain it only to pull down about you the ruins of the world's temple to your own destruction.

Young men—we read of your great work and triumphs in the Sacred Scriptures, your victories are inscribed on the scroll of the saints, your memory is enshrined in the history of the world, your deeds are numbered in the events of the Church at the beginning of the twentieth century the people of God cry to you as Napoleon at the pyramid to his soldiers. Young men—twenty centuries look down upon you—the years of the future place their hope in you.

What hope there is in the young man! Alexander was a young man at twenty years he reigned—and died at thirty-two having conquered the known world.

Aloysius was a young man, and greater than Alexander. He conquered himself and died at twenty-two, to live forever.

Xavier was a young man in the Paris University when he gave himself to God, and he conquered kingdoms by his love for Christ.

To battle against that foe you will need strong faith, a sinless heart, and unflinching courage. It must be the faith of Solomon, the chastity of Joseph, and the courage of Samson.

One alone is not enough; you must have all three, for Samson was drawn into snares, where his courage availed him not; Solomon allowed himself to be carried away by the desires of his heart, but Joseph, by guarding the purity of his heart, keeping faith in his soul, and courageously accepting the trials placed upon him, became the ruler of Egypt and of his people.

The great material prosperity of the world, its inventions, and its wealth, its progress and its comforts, the wonderful successes of individuals who in a few short years rise from need to the possession of millions, is liable to blind the heart and make the young man believe that when all is so bright and fascinating in the material world, it cannot be far wrong in the moral and spiritual order. That way, danger lies. What the world proposes as a career for a young man—though noble at times—is not all that God demands or according to his high destiny as a supernatural being.

Such a thought is placed before young men, at first it seems admirable—then he finds it does not go far enough, is incomplete, or unsound. The president of a Western university speaking of young men and the problem of life, says: Every young man of normal temperament and natural ambition finds his thoughts and desires running out along these lines. First, naturally he desires to live. You wish to be well and comfortably settled, in what deserves the name of your home—with leisure for reading, friendship and the enjoyment of travel.

Second, you are hoping to become a man among men, to prove yourself a worthy citizen, to be not inferior to your fellows, to have your advice and counsel sought for, and ready to be used by you. You do not wish to be unknown, a nonentity, a cipher in existence, a minus quantity; you are not willing to repudiate a human first name by any chance strikes fire.

Where will you find the man who is faithful, sincere, honest? He will be found in the man faithful to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Not to one but all its doctrines, its teaching of faith and of morals, of

Lastly, you wish to accomplish something which will endure; vague it may now be, but it will grow with the advancing years. The saddest thought imaginable is that with death comes oblivion—that all you have done and your very self will come to an end when you close your eyes in your last sleep; that when your eyes lose their lustre no other eyes are shining brighter because you have looked into them with human sympathy and affectionate interest; when your hand is marble cold that there is no hand which still feels the warmth of your grasp in that hour when you brought new hope to one in despair; that when your day. Rather than such a fate, is no heart throbbing with high courage, because your heart beat with it as a friend to a friend; that no being has found the world brighter, better, or the stars of God shining with a clearer light because you have lived and loved and served in your day. Father than such a fate, every man desires the grateful and living remembrance of his fellows, and strives so to live that many will keep his memory green." This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. All this is beautiful and true. But is this all to live for? If this is the object of life—if a man has not done more than this; if his life has not been lived in the life of God; if he has not labored, not merely to be forgotten by men, but to be remembered by his God—the problem of his life is not solved.

His living in life, his position of importance his casual doing good to his fellowmen in natural well-doing, will never fill the measure of the supernatural life of the soul, for which God holds each human being responsible, and if this is all the aim and ambition of his life, such a life is a disastrous failure. It must rise to something better—something higher and something nobler.

With these natural virtues let the supernatural grace of God be a light to guide your steps, a fire to warm your soul, a strength to bear you onward and upward. Be true to Him, and to yourself, and you cannot then be false to any man, but will bring to all the best and greatest good.

But with these resolves in your heart the great battle is still before you: Look at the world around you, go beneath the surface, and find what are the needs of the day. In the home life there is needy fidelity, in social life, integrity and honesty of purpose in public life. The home life is broken up by the violation of the sanctity of marriage. Divorce is increasing with powerful rapidity, that means moral disorder, in social life what laws are respected under the polished surface of politeness and urbanity when there is the contest between passion and right. Are all those engaged in public life animated purely by love of patriotism and the good of the nation, without a view to personal advantage or gain? Young men boast of their emancipation from religion; they look lightly on the obligations of the sacraments. It recalls the young atheist on his return from an infidel education abroad. He paraded his independence of the trammels of religion when he saw that by his hosts and her friends his advanced views were not favorably received. He cried out: "Do you still keep yourselves under the influence of religion and its priesthood?" The lady replied:—"There are but two beings in this house who share such sentiments, my horse and my dog, but they have the modesty not to boast of such feelings."

And when the corruption of Greece had brought the nation to impending ruin, a philosopher before the assembled elders took in his hand a rotten apple. "Here," he said is the condition of our nation." He cut the apple and seeing the seed there intact, he cried out, "It is not all rotten, the seeds are sound." Our young men are still contaminated, they are the hope of our nation.

You young men must keep sound in the midst of the tainting influence of irreligion about you. You will hear of men adopting all forms of religion, indifference, atheism, materialism and Buddhism. They say they believe in Theosophy or Christian Science, in ethical culture, and others again pronounce themselves openly for Hedonism or a pagan existence.

Where will you find the man who is faithful, sincere, honest? He will be found in the man faithful to the teaching of the Catholic Church. Not to one but all its doctrines, its teaching of faith and of morals, of

what he must believe and what he must do. A man like Ozanam in France. A man like Garcia Moreno in South America. A man like Windhorst in Germany. I see before me the men who will be the leaders in thought, the leaders in action, the leaders in patriotism. O'Connell had to face prejudice against his race, and bigotry against his religion—the young man smote the giant, and won the religious emancipation of his people. Ozanam, a young man, faced infidelity and founded the grandest monument to religious charity and zeal, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Garcia Moreno was opposed by the hatred of anti-religious societies. He gave his life gloriously in the service of God and religious freedom. Windhorst single-handed fought against the united power of Protestant Germany, and by his courage, and skill, and faith, and persevering toil, conquered the iron chancellor, Bismarck, who had subdued all other foes, but the young man, by the stone of truth, brought him to his knees and the great Bismarck on his knees went to Canossa. You are called upon in the spirit of these men to battle against prejudices religious and racial prejudices like O'Connell, against irreligion like Ozanam, against the hate of God like Garcia Moreno, against the opposition to Catholic truth and justice like Windhorst. You will say it is a great work. I say to you, that you are young men, that you are Catholic men, that you are Catholic young men of the twentieth century. With God in your hearts, and right in your lives, and courage in your souls, you must not fail, you cannot fail, you will not fail. In the word of the great Richelieu "in the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. In a better cause than Macbeth's screw your courage to the sticking place and you will not fail. Like the knights of Rhodes—who broke forever the power of the Saracens in Europe, in such a cause as yours, with the cry upon your lips of the knights in their last great battle "God wills it" there is no such thought as fail; for you are the David of the Christian people and the God of armies is with you. Young men of the twentieth century, in the cause of God, and of truth and of right will you fail—not the courage and the grandeur of your youth, and the faith of your God within you, sets your heart beating faster and higher and your answer is "with God with us we shall never fail." The world will be better—history will be purer, the nation will be grander and nobler, that you Catholic young men have lived in this twentieth century.

And here my dear young men is the great work of your life: To be faithful to your God, in living up with teachings of your Church, in an unbelieving world. To be pure in your lives, in spite of the corruption and immorality and evil around you. To be courageous in the fight you will have to make against the unbelief and the wickedness that would steal from you your faith and your virtue and make your life a wreck. For without God, without integrity of life, were you possessed of millions, were you the greatest inventor of the century, had you greater power than any man living, your life is a wreck and a failure, for you were made for the life to come.

There is a play introduced this week upon the stage that comes from the fifteenth century. It is written by a priest, it is called a morality play, and has met with great success. It comes in our day as a stranger in time and thought, it is so much apart from the century in which we live, and yet it strikes into the hearts of men because it has the stamp of eternal truth and touches upon man's highest interest. It is called "Everyman." Everyone is summoned by God to meet death. He is afraid to go alone, and invites fellowship to go with him. Fellowship would go to any sport—a game, but not to death. Cousin and kindred are invited. They, too, refuse to go. He turns to good deeds; good deeds will go with him, but is tied down by misdeeds. Conversion and absolution free good deeds from misdeeds, and he goes with good deeds, beauty, wisdom and five wits accompany him to the door of death, and there leave him. With good deeds, and angel and death he goes to meet the judgment of God. Keep faith in your soul, purity in your heart, courage in your life. It will win you the success of Eternal Life.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From our own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 14.

There have been few appointments made during the past week, but those that are gazetted may be worthy of notice. It is not always easy for a correspondent to form an opinion concerning motives actuating public men, or political parties, consequently one should not be too ready to jump at conclusions before learning all the circumstances before the situation. Without, therefore, wishing to express any rash judgment, one can fairly state facts and leave others to draw conclusions. Hon. Arthur L. Sifton, of the North-west Territories, and brother of the Minister of the Interior, has been appointed chief justice of the North-west, replacing Judge McGuire, who has retired. R. H. Myer, M.P.P. for Minnedosa in the Manitoba Legislature, has been made a county judge to replace Judge Prendergast, recently transferred to the North-west Territories.

Judge McGuire is an Irish-Catholic, and a former Kingstonian barrister of prominence; Judge Prendergast is a French-Canadian, of Quebec, with an Irish name, which he derives from his father's side of the family. Decidedly Hon. Mr. Sifton's brother is neither an Irishman, nor a Catholic, and Mr. Myer is not of the race or creed of his predecessor. There may be nothing wrong in these selections; but, at first sight, they certainly afford a ground-work for justifiable inquiry.

A country's statistics are always very interesting, especially to people who are anxious to follow the fluctuations of the general prosperity. If we are to take the census returns we would have to conclude that our Canadian population has not augmented in any proportional degree during the past ten years. Yet, if we examine the homestead entries, for one year, we would be forced to the conclusion that in respect to increase of population Canada must have done very well. At all events we find that the homestead entries for the calendar year ending 1902 were 22,194, as compared with 9,145 last year. These entries represent 2,551,000 acres and estimating four of a family to each homestead this would give an increase of population to Canada of 88,000. Besides these government homestead entries there were thousands of parties who purchased their land from railway corporations and land companies and private speculators.

In last week's letter reference was made to the Redistribution Bill, that in the order of things, should be introduced during the coming session. It might not be out of place to now say that the Cabinet requested the Minister of Justice, Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, to prepare a statement in regard to the changes that the last census would demand, in accord with the British North America Act. As a matter of fact, the Hon. Minister did prepare a table based upon the changes in the different provinces, and giving the proportionate representation of each province in the next Parliament. It will stand as follows: Ontario 86, Quebec 65, Nova Scotia 18, New Brunswick 13, Manitoba 10, British Columbia 7, Prince Edward Island 4. This is a reduction of 6 members for Ontario, 2 members for Nova Scotia, 1 for New Brunswick, and 1 for Prince Edward Island. There will be an increase of 3 for Manitoba and 1 for British Columbia. The representation of the Northwest and the Yukon may be adjusted as Parliament sees fit, but if the same rules are applied there as in the other provinces there will be six members for the Northwest and one for the Yukon.

Last week you published a very interesting account of the reception tendered, by the clergy and laity of biographical notes of Mgr. Sbarretti the recently appointed Apostolic Delegate, in succession of Mgr. Falconio. As I have come upon a few biographical notes of Mgr. Sbarretti as well as an account of his work of gigantic effect, in Cuba, I will take the liberty of introducing a few of them here. The Apostolic Delegate is a native of Monte Franco, in Italy. He had an uncle who was a Cardinal, and his family is one that may be classed as illustrious. When a young man he was appointed professor of ethics in the University of the Propaganda. His former students are now all over the world. While professor of ethics he was also secretary of the Congregation of the Propaganda for American Affairs, and later on discharged similar duties in regard to the Oriental affairs of the Church. On account of his

profound legal learning, as well as his fitness otherwise, he was appointed consultant to the Apostolic Delegation at Washington shortly after its institution, and in that capacity aided both Mgr. Satolli and Mgr. Martinelli. At a critical juncture in the affairs of Cuba following the Spanish war he was selected by the Holy Father as Bishop of Havana.

The story of his achievements in Cuba, on behalf of the Church, the religious communities, and the Catholics of that country would form a very interesting chapter of history. Some other time, when I have more space at my disposal, I may go over that edifying story for the benefit of your readers. For the present I will simply clip the following evidence of his real greatness from an article that deals exhaustively with the subject:—

He was Bishop of Havana for twenty months, and into that short space of time he crowded the above mentioned works and many more besides. When he arrived at Havana he received a chilling reception because of his nationality; when he departed he left few or no enemies behind him. Thousands accompanied him to the boat and expressed their sorrow at losing a benefactor and father.

It is pleasing to add that Catholics should be grateful to General Wood for his fair-mindedness. In conjunction with Canada's new Apostolic Delegate he worked for the good of Cuba.

Before leaving Washington for Canada Mgr. Sbarretti, accompanied by General Wood, was received by President Roosevelt, who expressed to him his satisfaction with the work he did in Cuba, and thanked him cordially for co-operating with Governor Wood in whatever concerned the good of that island.

Another appointment of importance, made on New Year's Eve, is that of Hon. A. MacGillivray, barrister of Antigonish, N.S., to the judgeship of the County Court for District No. 6,—which includes Antigonish, Guysborough and Inverness. Judge MacGillivray succeeds the late lamented Judge MacIsaac, who died last June. The present judge was called to the Bar in 1874, and practised, in partnership with his late predecessor, until the latter's elevation to the Bench in 1885.

Suggestions concerning a Dominion High Commissioner at Washington, such as Canada has in the person of Lord Strathcona in London, and Mr. Fabre in Paris, are being made in some quarters. There seems to be very good reasons why such a representative of our government should exist. Decidedly we are closer to the United States, and have more to do with the Republic in matters of a commercial and semi-political nature, than is the case with England or France. The utility of such an agency cannot be questioned, but it seems to me, on the ground here, that there is very little chance of any such question being considered during the coming session. There is too much work already cut out for the Government this time.

Correspondents for the secular press are always fond of sensational rumors, and when there are more going about, it is an easy matter to fabricate a few. The Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto "World," has given that organ's readers to understand that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is soon to resign and abandon public life. He goes so far as to say that such is the advice of the Premier's physicians, and that on Friday of last week, Sir Wilfrid, in Council, promised his colleagues to remain with them for one month more. On the face of it this whole story is a pure fiction. Had Sir Wilfrid's physicians given him any such advice (which they did not), or had Sir Wilfrid made any such statement to his colleagues in Council, (which he did not), the "World's" correspondent would not be the first, much less the only representative of the press to have the news. But so anxious are these gentlemen for the sensational, so out of water do they feel when the country is not in a fever of excitement of some kind, that they illustrate constantly the old saying, "the wish is father to the thought," and we might add "to the expression." It is of little use to occupy space telling you of the abundance of snow and scarcity of fuel in Ottawa at present. The situation being similar, in both cases, in Montreal, I would not be adding anything to your information. But despite both snow and coal the Capital is becoming more and more lively. The leading hotels—the Russell, Grand Union and Windsor—are undergoing considerable repairs preparatory to the season. The new political year

erous upon the streets and about the departments, and everything indicates a gay and lively time when the great gas-houses on the Hill will be in full operation.

Death of a Nun Well Known in Montreal.

The closing chapter, in the life of a member of a well known Irish Catholic family of Montreal who had consecrated her life to God, is thus told in the following correspondence to the "Catholic Transcript" of Hartford, Conn.

For the third time in less than ten months death has knocked at the door of the good Sisters of Mercy of this city, carrying off this time one of the most prominent and accomplished nuns of the community. Sister Gonzaga, known in the world as Miss Teresa Whelan, passed away at the Academy, on Christmas evening, at 9 o'clock, after an illness of two months.

The deceased religious was born in Montreal, Canada, forty-seven years ago. She completed her studies under the Sisters of Notre Dame of that city. One Sunday, from her pew in St. Patrick's Church, she listened to the earnest words of a young priest of the diocese of Hartford, sent by his Bishop to appeal for help in behalf of the newly-founded and as yet poorly appointed parochial schools of the diocese. The young priest was the present Bishop Tierney of Hartford. And among the five young ladies who volunteered to accompany him here and give their lives for the education of the youth of the diocese was Miss Teresa Whelan, then eighteen years of age. She entered the novitiate at Mount St. Joseph. The following year, in 1874, the school and Academy of Our Lady of Good Help were opened in this city, and Sister Gonzaga, then a white-veiled nun, was sent with the first contingent of religious teachers. She first taught in the parochial school, but was soon afterwards advanced to the important position of directress to the young ladies of the Academy. And here she remained ever since, one of the pioneer band that laid the foundations of an institution of which the city has every reason to be proud, an indefatigable worker for the cause of education. Two years ago she celebrated the silver jubilee of her religious profession.

A short time after this happy event, she received a stroke of apoplexy, from the effects of which she never fully rallied. A complication of heart and liver troubles set in, necessitating her partial removal from the duties of her charge. The last attack was too much for her impaired strength, and she succumbed after much suffering borne with remarkable patience and resignation. A sad feature of the death of Sister Gonzaga was that her only brother died during her last illness, but two weeks ago, and she had to be left in blissful ignorance of her loss. Mr. James Whelan, of Montreal, left eight children, the eldest of whom, Miss Lillian Whelan, graduated from the Academy in June last.

Sister Gonzaga was a lady of exceptional parts; talented, refined, of rare administrative ability and sterling piety, her qualities of heart and mind made her a power in her community, and fitted her eminently for the important position she held for so many years. Hundreds of young ladies who passed under her charge went forth into the world with soul, as well as mind, trained, and character well moulded, and owe the success to which they afterwards attained, in a large measure, to the labors, counsels and example of their brilliant directress. There was none whose entire confidence she had not won, and none on whose soul she did not leave the stamp of her personality. Her death is a sad blow to her former pupils, and a severe loss to her community at large.

The funeral took place from St. Mary's Church on Saturday, December 27. A solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Pastor, Rev. Father Van den Noort, assisted by the Rev. Father Cooney of Grosvenordale as deacon, and Rev. Father Guinet of Danielson, as sub-deacon. Father Stapleton was master of ceremonies. The following reverend gentlemen occupied seats in the sanctuary: Van Oppen of Herndon, Papillon of Dayville, O'Connor of Tarville, and Labonte of Grosvenordale. Father Cooney presided, and the eminent qualities of the deceased, Father Papillon also spoke in French, dwelling on the blessed life derived from her life labors. The young ladies of the Academy were present in large numbers. The service was a most impressive one, and the presence of the young ladies of the Academy was a most impressive one.

AN EXAMPLE.—One time two years ago, I had occasion the evening to go down to the billiard-room at the Windsor was looking for a gentleman I had been told was seen there. I found him, and, I of words told him what I—It was an urgent business and was about to go away said:—"Hold on a moment with you; I just came down to see a party for a moment I am in a hurry." A couple other gentlemen had been in conversation with him, of them said: "Don't be in a stop and have a game of billiards." He insisted that could not possibly do so, a special engagement, for o'clock; in fact, a lady stepped at that hour, and he spend the evening with her, that settled the question, as I went out. When we had the street I asked, "Which you going?" "Home of course," he replied. "But you said I suggested, 'My engagement there,' he answered. The man's pause was continued in the lady, who had been back at the Windsor, and I was so busy that I did not see her again.

OUR CATHOLIC

ON A

OME short time with a short article, in the Catholic magazine do not happen to know, nor whether it is a new publication; but I the article impressed a common sense, without fishes of rhetoric. It "Married Men." I had to dot of a few of tions on this very subject add to them a bunch Well; this little article the moralizing—more to make in forty pages—the liberty, without its mission, of reproducing what it said:—

"Does it ever occur to you, fathers of families, you have a home, and home, dwell all that you in life—your wife? It would appear from of a great many men no such place as home. They spend their evenings in the saloon, dens, in the homes of bors, in clubs, or in fact but in their own homes is all wrong. I see no ing a man a night or so to be absent from his practice of absenting his home continually is his condemnation. What is should more interest you home? There is your you took in the holy matrimony, as your own life. Has not the more your company after you than anybody's else? You ing the day to provide for She labors during the of the home. Why, then, you labor is over, abandon his companionship of others, belongs your companion there, too, in your home children—your own flesh are they not dearer to you than any else in the world? grow up, they become so estranged from you, because so little of you. During are at work, and consequently do not see you. During you absent yourselves from and when you return they bed. The result of this children see little of their father's count of this mania of our married men to forsake homes; and consequently love, filial love, of children is chilled, weakens, and is eventually destroyed. For your own sake, for your children's sake, for the sake of your home, stay at home become better acquainted children, spending all the can possibly, in their midsting them by your conversation; good example; and, as the years, love, reverence and you will grow with them.

AN EXAMPLE.—One time two years ago, I had occasion the evening to go down to the billiard-room at the Windsor was looking for a gentleman I had been told was seen there. I found him, and, I of words told him what I—It was an urgent business and was about to go away said:—"Hold on a moment with you; I just came down to see a party for a moment I am in a hurry." A couple other gentlemen had been in conversation with him, of them said: "Don't be in a stop and have a game of billiards." He insisted that could not possibly do so, a special engagement, for o'clock; in fact, a lady stepped at that hour, and he spend the evening with her, that settled the question, as I went out. When we had the street I asked, "Which you going?" "Home of course," he replied. "But you said I suggested, 'My engagement there,' he answered. The man's pause was continued in the lady, who had been back at the Windsor, and I was so busy that I did not see her again.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER ON MARRIED MEN.

SOME short time ago, I met with a short and pointed article, in the form of a detached sheet from a little Catholic magazine. Now, I do not happen to know "whose" it is, nor whether it is an old or a new publication; but I do know that the article impressed me as full of common sense, without any flourishes of rhetoric. It was entitled "Married Men." I had often intended to dot of a few of my observations on this very subject, and to add to them a bunch of reflections. Well; this little article contains all the moralizing—more than I could make in forty pages—so I will take the liberty, without its author's permission, of reproducing it. Here is what it said:—

"Does it ever occur to you, married men, fathers of families, that you have a home, and that, in that home, dwell all that are dearest to you in life—your wife and children? It would appear from the conduct of a great many men that there is no such place as home for them. They spend their evenings on the street, in the saloon, in gambling dens, in the homes of their neighbors, in clubs, or, in fact, anywhere but in their own homes. Now this is all wrong. I see no need of denying a man a night or so in a week, to be absent from his home, but the practice of absenting himself from home continually is what calls for condemnation. What is there that should more interest you than your home? There is your wife, whom you took in the holy sacrament of matrimony, as your companion for life. Has not she more right to your company after your day's toil than anybody's else? You labor during the day to provide for the home. She labors during the day to keep the home. Why, then, when all labor is over, abandon her for the companionship of others, since to her belongs your companionship? And there, too, in your home, are your children—your own flesh and blood—are they not dearer to you than anything else in the world? Yet, as they grow up, they become more and more estranged from you, because they see so little of you. During the day you are at work, and consequently they do not see you. During the evening you absent yourselves from home, and when you return they are in bed. The result of this is that children see little of their fathers on account of this mania of so many of our married men to forget their homes; and consequently that natural love, filial love, of children for father is chilled, weakened and frequently destroyed. Fathers! for your own sake, for your wife's and children's sake, for the happiness of your home, stay at home at night—become better acquainted with your children, spending all the time you can possibly, in their midst; educating them by your conversation and good example; and, as they grow in years, love, reverence and respect for you will grow with them."

AN EXAMPLE.—One time, about two years ago, I had occasion, in the evening to go down to the billiard-room at the Windsor Hotel. I was looking for a gentleman whom I had been told was going down there. I found him, and, in a couple of words told him what I had to say.—It was an urgent business matter—and was about to go away, when he said:—"Hold on a moment, I will be with you; I just came down, as you did to see a party for a minute, and I am in a hurry." A couple of other gentlemen had been evidently in conversation with him; and one of them said: "Don't be in a hurry, stop and have a game of three-ball billiards." He insisted that he could not possibly do so, as he had a special engagement for eight o'clock; in fact, a lady expected him at that hour, and he wished to spend the evening with her. Of course that settled the question, and he went out. When we had reached the street I asked, "Which way are you going?" "Home, of course," was his reply. "But your engagement?" I suggested. "My engagement is there," he answered. After a moment's pause he continued, "If the lady back at home were to know that I had been here, she would be angry."

home; but I could never enjoy a game outside while I felt that she was all alone at home, waiting for me, or possibly anxious about me." We parted at his own door; he gave me a hearty hand-shake, and hastened with all the delight of a youthful lover going to see his affianced. I turned away saying, "There goes a good husband, a true father."

NOT ALL ALIKE.—But, as I stand or walk upon the curbstone, especially at night-time, and contemplate the scenes that present themselves for my study, I am forced to admit that all married men are not like the one mentioned in the foregoing paragraph. I meet them at all hours, and rarely do I find any one of them pursuing the path duty. I do not pretend that they are all doing wrong, in the sense of contracting evil habits, or squandering means intended for their families. But, my experience, especially as a practised observer of men and things, has long since taught me that a man is rarely doing right when he is absent from his own home after certain reasonable hours of the evening. There are always cases of special business engagements, of meetings of societies, and such like, which explain the presence of a married man on the street during the late hours. But no such excuse can be advanced for his presence in a saloon, in a gambling resort, or in any place of pleasure, nor his association with companions whom he would not dare bring to his own house, or introduce to his family.

WHAT CHILDREN SEE.—It must not be forgotten that what children see their parents do they also, sooner or later, seek to imitate. Above all are young boys inclined to act as their father acts. When a boy comes to know that his father prefers outside associations and companionship to any he finds at home, that boy grows curious about the forbidden world in which his father so mysteriously circulates; and some day he will go forth to seek that society which must be so attractive since it possesses so many charms for his father. The example of neglect of home set by the parent is sure to produce an evil effect upon the son. It is rare that a boy will not long for freedom to do that which his father does with impunity. When a man is married he should know that he is no longer alone in the world, that he has assumed responsibilities and obligations that belong not to single life. He should learn that he has sacrificed to make that his state in life demands. He must be able to sacrifice certain pleasures, pastimes, associations, indulgences which, in his unmarried days he was quite at liberty to enjoy. Unless he be prepared to do so, he should never undertake the responsibilities of a home; he should never selfishly abandon the obligations that his solemn engagements entail.

OTHERS HAVE DUTIES.—While all these reflections, about married men and their homes, may be justified, still there is another phase of the question that should not be overlooked. A wife has a right to her husband's company; she is entitled to every consideration on his part; she even can claim justly certain sacrifices from him. But the wife must remember that the very best husband on earth is only human, and that she must, on her side, put forth her every effort to make the home so bright, so pleasant, so happy, and so attractive, that her husband will always feel a sense of loneliness when absent from it, and will always find his powerful distractions far more attractive than all the allurements of outside pleasures or associations. If the wife is not sympathetic, considerate, kind, loving, no matter what her intentions may be, no matter how good and exemplary a mother she may prove, no matter how devoted to household duties she is, there is a something wanting—and the absence of that something creates a blank for the husband to fill.

ST. PATRICK'S NEW CURATE. Rev. Thomas Ryan, ordained at the Cathedral, this city, by Bishop Emard at the Christmas ordinations, officiated at Vespers on Sunday last in St. Patrick's Church, where he is now stationed. Father Ryan is a native of Webster, Mass. He made his theological studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

St. Michael's Parish.

On the occasion of the retirement of Mr. Edward Barry, of Park Ave., from the position of organist of St. Michael's Chapel, in the north end of Montreal, that gentleman was made the recipient of a presentation by the parishioners. It took place in the Hibernian's Hall, Berrt street, a few evenings ago. Amongst those present were noticed, Rev. Father Kiernan, P.P., Rev. Father McGinnis, and Rev. R. E. Callahan. The presentation was made by Mr. J. Dillon, who referred in high terms of praise to the enthusiastic manner in which Mr. Barry performed the duties associated with his position. Mr. Barry who was taken by surprise, replied that although retiring from the position of organist, he would always take a deep interest in all that concerned the welfare of St. Michael's parish. Mrs. Barry received a beautiful bouquet of roses from the ladies of the parish. Mr. Barry retires from the office owing to the demands of his private affairs.

Father McMenamin's Farewell To Parishioners of Clinton.

From the Clinton "News-Record," we clip the following account of a demonstration in the parish of Clinton-Blyth, Ont., which serves to illustrate how highly a former Montrealer—Rev. Father McMenamin—is esteemed in the sister Province of Ontario. Father McMenamin, as many of our readers are aware, was born in St. Gabriel's parish, and is a son of our esteemed fellow-countryman, Mr. Jas. McMenamin, superintendent of the Canada Sugar Refinery. He was the first Irish-Canadian ordained in St. Gabriel's parish, and he preached the first sermon at the opening of the new Church. The report says:—

The members of the Clinton-Blyth parish deeply regret the coming departure of their beloved pastor, Rev. D. P. McMenamin, and are giving expression to it in word and deed. After his farewell service in the Blyth Church on New Year's Day the members of the congregation presented him with an address in which they assured him of their deep appreciation of his efforts as their pastor and of the many eloquent sermons during the four years of his life among them. The address, which concluded with regrets at the severance of the pastoral tie, was accompanied by a purse of gold as a token of esteem and love. Miss May Bell read the address while Miss Kate McCaughey made the presentation. Father McMenamin made an appropriate and feeling reply.

On Tuesday night the members of the C.M.B.A. tendered Father McMenamin a banquet which was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Flynn of town. The cosy home of the worthy couple was thronged with representatives from all parts of the parish for whose entertainment ample preparations had been made. After the banquet the president of the C.M.B.A., Mr. J. J. McCaughey, presented Rev. Father McMenamin with an address and a purse of gold. Following this Miss Harriett McCaughey read the following address from the parishioners, which was accompanied by a well filled purse presented by Miss Minnie Reynolds:

To Rev. Father McMenamin:— Rev. and Dear Father,—We, the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Clinton, have assembled here to-day for what to us is a very sad and painful task, viz., to say farewell to you, our kind and loving pastor. When we heard of your intended departure we were filled with the deepest regret and our first thought was, what shall we do without him? And, indeed, when we remember your great ability, untiring zeal and unflinching courage, we feel that it will be many, many years before even your slightest acts of kindness will be forgotten and fall from our memory, indeed if they ever do. For the past two years you have devoted all your time to the service of the Church

with the zeal and ability of a pastor were coupled the kindness and patience of a very dear father or brother, so that in parting from you we are losing a very dear friend, one who has our best interests at heart. But God orders all things for the best and when we lose others gain, for we know wherever you go your earnest life and noble example will result in great good.

Rev. Father, we know that your services are always rendered cheerfully and without hope of reward, so you will not consider the accompanying gift, which we beg you to receive, in any other light than as a token of good will, friendship and gratitude of the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church, Clinton.

Signed on behalf of the parishioners, DANIEL SHANAHAN, JAS. REYNOLDS, Sr. THOS. CARBERT.

Father McMenamin was much affected by his parishioners' expression of regard and in his reply said that what had been accomplished since his appointment to the parish was only possible because of their hearty co-operation. Their relations as priest and people had been of the most harmonious nature, they had grown to esteem and love each other and the two years of his residence in Clinton were among the happiest of his life.

Father McMenamin will preach his farewell sermon in St. Joseph's Church next Sunday forenoon, and leaves for his new parish of Bid-dolph on Wednesday.

St. Gabriel's Temperance Sentinels.

The annual election of officers of St. Gabriel T. A. and B. Society, took place in their hall, on the above date. Mr. P. O'Brien, chairman of the Executive Committee, presiding; and resulted as follows, viz:

- President and Spiritual Director, Rev. P. McDonald. 1st Vice-President, Mr. M. McCarthy. 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Chas. O'Rourke. Recording Secretary, W. H. O'Donnell. Financial Secretary, Mr. E. J. Colfer. Treasurer, Mr. P. Polan. Librarian, Mr. Ed. Miles. Marshal, Mr. J. Wheeler. Assistant Marshal, Mr. H. Dunphy. Executive Committee, Messrs. Patrick O'Brien, John Lynch, James Burns, John McCarthy, James McCarthy, James Kane, William Orton, Timothy Sullivan, James Phelan, John Harrington, Richard Coliver, Alexander Grant.

Notes of a Religious Profession

Truly imposing was the ceremony which took place on Thursday, Jan. 8th inst., within the sainted walls of the old mother house of the Congregation of Notre Dame, St. Jean Baptiste street, when Miss Maud McKenna, with about forty other young ladies, bid farewell to the pleasures and frivolities of this world, to follow the Divine Master, and practice that poverty, chastity and obedience which Christ taught while here on earth.

Miss McKenna is the youngest daughter of James McKenna, the well known and much esteemed florist of Cote des Neiges, and of the late Marguerite Quinn. She is also a niece of the Rev. Sister McKenna, bursar of the Grey Nuns, Guy street.

Sister Marguerite is most accomplished and of marked abilities; her unassuming and pleasing character has already won for her the love and confidence of her pupils. She is proficient in French, as well as in her own language, and she bears religiously the name of Marguerite de la Visitation. The foregoing item of interesting news conveys a very beautiful lesson. Here we have Mr. McKenna, sr., giving to God, and to the Church, a member of his family in the person of a beloved daughter; and the second generation beholds the same faith inspired generosity in the example of Mr. McKenna—the son—who also gives a daughter to the same holy cause, but to another religious community. Is it not thus that the faith has ever been preserved by the Irish race? Silently the great work of its perpetuation went on, and still goes on, each family almost contributing its proportionate share to the ranks of the Church

A Lay Priesthood.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

The contradictions of Protestantism are, beyond a doubt, unnumbered; but a writer in "The Methodist-Review"—Rev. W. E. McLennan, of Evanston, I.—has certainly given evidence of the most illogical of all Protestant reasonings. In dealing with the layman's interest in religion, this reverend gentleman seems to set forth, in a brief space, the entire system of Methodism. We always knew that the Methodist did not believe in a priesthood, nor in regular ordination, nor in any episcopal power, or authority; but we had yet to learn that he made no distinction between minister and layman, and that he scouted the idea of authority, transmitted, or otherwise. In fact, Rev. Mr. McLennan would leave us under the impression that the people, the lay people in the Church, should have as much right to preach, direct, guide, and propound as has the accepted minister. If such be the case, how comes it that Rev. Mr. McLennan assumes a title to which he has no more right than has the last layman in his congregation? We can understand, we are not so stupid, how he may object to a sacrificing priesthood, and how he may not believe in Apostolic succession, and how his teachings clash with the idea of direct representatives of Christ on earth; but when he praises the Franciscans and Puritans as mighty forces for good, claiming that their status as laymen, called by Christ to spread the Truth, and not any ordination or exceptional powers or missions, must account for their Christian work, we are at a loss to know what he means. If he means anything, it is that a member of the priesthood—or a religious order—may be an instrument of God for the salvation of souls; but that he is such an account of his having, as a layman, accepted a call to religion, and not in virtue of any ordination, or power, or authority that he may have received. What he says of the Franciscans he means to apply to all other orders and to the priesthood in general, and to equally apply to Puritans, Methodists, Salvationists, and all other bodies of preachers. He evidently concludes that St. Francis, for example, would have been just as great a missionary, and would have done just as much good for religion, had he never been other than a layman. He does not deny the good done by the orders in the Catholic Church, nor by her priesthood; he merely contends that the laity is the real power, possesses the real authority, and constitutes the Church of Christ. "God's men, like God's truth, should be accepted on their merits without labels of any kind." A queer saying, which seems to mean that you should accept the preaching of any man, who claims to be a man of God, without seeking for his authority to preach or teach. In explanation of this peculiar statement the reverend advocate of the "priesthood of the people" tells us this:—"They" meaning the ordained priests and ministers "cannot be depreciated, for their claim to respect and acceptance proceeds from no laying on of human hands, nor is it based on any presumed right to open the doors of the kingdom of heaven to men, but from a divine call as revealed in their tone of authority joined to their humility, love, and zeal. That such men should be recognized as possessed of a gift for ministering, and set apart by the church as worthy of confidence, is admitted at once; but the call of God and the fruits of service are the real tests after all. To such a people the whole body of God's people is called. Never was such a ministry needed more than now. Never were the opportunities for Christian-like service so numerous." He then explains the need of a general ministry consisting of the laity, by telling us that:—"In Christian lands there are millions growing up right around our church doors—many of them the sons and daughters of church members—who never cross the threshold of a church from one end of the year to another. The rich, many of them, are growing up as purely pagan as were the Romans under the Caesars. The working classes, as a rule, will have nothing to do with the church. Our cities, admitted to be the plague-spots of the earth, are working out their destinies without any particular concern for the church or for Christianity. What is the remedy? There is but one. It is the

same means which organize the church and sent it forward on its glorious career; the same which made the Waldenses, the Franciscans, the Puritans, the early Methodists, such mighty forces in the world of their day. The laity must arise."

We are not now arguing a question of faith, nor setting forth any claims of Catholicity to the possession of the Truth of Christ, we are simply taking this expression of Methodism to illustrate the rank nonsense that men of supposed erudition write, and that many consider to be the essence of wisdom. Leaving aside all the others, we can speak, at least, for the Franciscans. According to Rev. Mr. McLennan, the remedy for all the evil and lack of religion in the world is to be found in the rising up of the laity, which made the Franciscans (Amongst others) such a mighty force in the world "of their day"—we suppose he means when the order was founded, for they are a greater force at this moment than ever in the past.

We feel almost ashamed to take this matter seriously; but was there ever such a jumble of false generalities and disconnected arguments, in favor of an absurdity? One must be a Catholic, and possess some idea of the Church's teachings, to fully appreciate the wavering, meaningless, illogical character of such utterances. Coming from a member of the Methodist clergy, we fail to understand how a system of religion could obtain for an hour when based upon such theories. It means simply the abolition of all ecclesiastical authority, the reducing of the entire human family to the exact same level, in as far as the propagation of Christianity is concerned. It strikes us that this clergyman should commence with himself, and, since no one man, by virtue of any transmitted authority, has more right than another to speak God's Truth and explain it, he should abandon his title of Reverend, descend to the ranks of the laity, and cease presuming to preach to others.

Ottawa D'Youville Reading Circle

By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Jan. 12, 1903. There was a fairly large attendance of the D'Youville Reading Circle in the Rideau street convent on Wednesday last, considering that that was the first gathering of the Circle since before the Christmas vacation. The few who were absent missed a very interesting meeting.

The three following subjects were briefly spoken of, viz: The Labor Question, the Associations Law in France, and the Educational Bill in England.

In speaking of the Associations Law, mention was made of its great significance not only in France, but in the whole Christian world. It was said that the Educational Bill in England pleased the Anglicans, Catholics and Methodists of that country, and had just the opposite effect on the Non-conformists. With all its amendments it was shown that the predominate character of the Bill remains.

The subject proper for the evening was:—"The Representative Poets of the 19th century." The Circle always devote a portion of each meeting to current events, while the remainder of the time is taken up with the alternate studies of the English Renaissance, and the poems of Tennyson, Browning, Coventry Patmore and Aubrey de Vere. Patmore was particularly spoken of as manifesting the greatest reactionary tendencies, and his "The Angel in the House," was specially alluded to.

At a future meeting the great allegorical poems of the world shall be spoken of in order to find the place of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

The last lecture in connection with the Reading Circle was given by Mr. Stockley, the subject being Sir Thomas More's Utopia. This lecture might be called a Socialist one, but needless to say it expressed the kind of Socialism which does good, not harm. Our series of lectures shall be continued during the year. The next one shall probably be given by Rev. Father Fulham, of the University, on the "Eternal City." We hope to hear Mr. John Francis Waters on "Arthur Hallam" in February, and Doctor Schaeffer on a scientific subject in April. The convent library was enriched by a number of volumes sent by friends of the institution at Christmas time. Among the donors of books were:—Rev. Dr. Griffin, of Washington University; Mr. R. W. Shannon, Miss O'Connell, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mrs. Perry, and many others.

New Superior Sulpicians VISITS St. Patrick's Church.

On Sunday last St. Patrick's Church was honored by a visit of the Very Rev. Abbe Lecoq, the newly-elected Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

The Very Rev. Abbe celebrated High Mass, and a special musical service had been arranged for the occasion, under the leadership of Mr. Fowler, organist. The Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., announced that the Very Rev. Abbe would be pleased to meet any members of the congregation who might wish to see him after High Mass in the large room of the sacristy.

Sir William Hingston speaking on behalf of the congregation, expressed the great pleasure that he felt on seeing a priest of such distinguished ability and great piety elected to that honorable but onerous position. He had known Abbe Lecoq very many years, they having met in the discharge of their respective duties at the Grand Seminary, and he merely voiced the sentiments of all when he stated that the good done by him was of the highest character, and eminently beneficial to the ecclesiastics who had come under his control.

The name of the Abbe Lecoq was a household word throughout the Dominion, siq pus siqurasi siq roj piety.

He hoped that for many years he would occupy the post to which he had been elevated, and which he was so competent to fill. His immediate predecessor, the late Very Rev. Abbe Colin, was a man of eminent ability, and had won the affections of all those who had come in contact with him, and he was only one of a long line of distinguished priests who had filled the position of the Superior of St. Sulpice. Their works were here as monuments of their zeal, and their names as well as the name of the distinguished priest whom they had now met to honor would be inscribed on pages of Canada's history.

The Very Rev. Abbe made a felicitous reply. He said he had done many things in the course of his career, but he was now endeavoring to deliver for the first time an address in English. He then proceeded to thank those who had come to pay him this impromptu visit, and he thanked especially Sir William Hingston for the manner in which he had so kindly spoke of his labors in the past. He could certainly make an exchange of compliments with him, as no one better than himself knew the services the eminent surgeon and physician had rendered to the Grand Seminary and many other institutions. It was needless for him to speak of the interest he took in St. Patrick's congregation and all that pertained to their welfare. The Church and the surrounding institutions, the Asylum, the Refuge, the Catholic High School, all had their share in his solicitude. The people of St. Patrick's were the descendants of a noble race. Ireland had received the gift of faith from St. Patrick, and not one drop of blood had been shed on the introduction of Christianity, but if that had been the case, the people had long suffered for their faith during the centuries afterwards. There was a history of Christian heroism almost unparalleled. Those sufferings, however, had made them a missionary people. The children of Ireland had gone forth carrying with them the faith of St. Patrick into foreign lands, and the seed they had sown and the harvest they had reaped would redound to their credit here, and to their everlasting happiness hereafter. He said that as far as lay in his power nothing would be left undone to promote their welfare in the future and to perpetuate the good feeling that always existed between the Sulpicians and the people of St. Patrick's.

laghan, P.P., the Very Rev. Abbe then gave those assembled his blessing, after which he shook hands with the clergy and those who were gathered around him. Amongst those present we noticed: The Trustees of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, the Governors of the Catholic High School, and the directors of the St. Bridget's House of Refuge; Messrs. Justices Curran and Doherty, Michael Burke, T. C. Collins, P. McCrory, J. G. Kennedy, B. Tansley, P. Reynolds, F. J. Curran, Prof. J. A. Fowler, A. J. Hales-Sanders, Martin Egan, M. Fitzgibbon, Felix Casey, John Fallon, Hon. Jas. McShane, J. J. Bolster, A. D. McGillis, J. H. Feeley, John Hoolahan, Jas. Rogers, T. C. O'Brien, John Dwan, J. Meagher, J. H. Semple, W. E. Doran, Robt. Warren, G. A. Carpenter, T. Finn, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, Dr. T. J. J. Curran, J. J. Hammill, M. Delahanty, and James Scullion, and about 150 others.

Catholic Charitable Work in Quebec.

The 45th annual report of the St. Bridget Asylum Association, which bears the signatures of Rev. Joseph Henning, C.S.S.R., president, and Edward Foley, secretary-treasurer, has just been published. It runs as follows:—

"Gentlemen.—The trustees herewith submit a report of the administration of the affairs of the Association for the year terminating on the thirty-first instant. They renew their grateful thanks to Almighty God for his love and care of the asylum during the year.

In the beginning of 1902, there were in the asylum, 185 inmates made up of 21 men, 50 women, 32 boys, 14 girls, 2 servant men, 7 lay sisters and 9 sisters.

There were admitted 13 men, 17 women, 23 boys and 18 girls. Discharged, 8 men, 5 women, 15 boys and 5 girls. Died, 3 men and 7 women. Now remaining at the close of the year, 163 persons, composed of 23 men, 55 women, 40 boys, 27 girls, 8 sisters, 8 lay sisters and 2 servant men, an increase over last year of 28 persons.

The health of the inmates has been all that could be desired and fewer deaths than usual, arising principally from old age.

The asylum under the management of the Reverend Sisters of Charity continues to be a model of cleanliness and good order and the nuns are untiring in their attention and devotedness to the inmates, and the trustees, desire in a special manner to thank them. To the Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's Church and president of the association, and to the other fathers of St. Patrick's, the trustees feel deeply grateful for their spiritual guidance of the inmates and their constant endeavors to support the institution. The asylum has undergone in the past twelve months a thorough overhauling, particularly the centre building, which stood alone when first occupied by the association as a home for the orphans and old people. The walls and gables have had all to be repaired and the masonry pointed. A number of window frames and cellar doors renewed. The clappingboard on the east side had to be renewed and one-half of the roof formerly covered in wood, renewed in sheet iron and a portion of it extended over the gallery. The covering of the heltry which is in the centre of the building was also renewed in metal. The building occupied as a wash house owing to its great exposure to the weather had also to be repaired, the stone work repointed, the east gable clappingboarded and the roof extended. All the wood work on the outside of those two buildings, together with the clappingboard and windows on the east side of the new building were painted.

In the sisters dormitory of the new building facing Grande Allee, a new cross beam was put in to strengthen the flooring and in the old women's dormitory, on the story above, the cross beam was also strengthened and a new lintel put in, and in all those buildings a number of cupboards and wardrobes were erected.

In the centre building, one of the infirmaries occupied by the old women, has been enlarged. The flooring of the toilet rooms adjoining the dining room of the old women has been laid in concrete. The painting in the infirmaries has been done by private donations.

In these infirmaries, the majority of the beds, some twelve or fourteen in the girls' class room in the and in the girls' class room in the new building a beautiful hard wood

floor has been laid, this is the gift of Mr. Olivier Gagnon, lumber merchant. The same gentleman has also supplied gratuitously the wood for the flooring of the sewing and bath rooms. In the wash house a concrete floor has been put down and the brick and iron work surrounding the boilers and stoves having given away had to be renewed. The plaster of the ceiling in the cellar of the wash house having fallen owing to great weight upon it, the ceiling was covered in wood.

All these extensive repairs and improvements caused an unusual expenditure for which the trustees had to draw upon the endowment fund. The bazaar and concert, due to the zeal and activity of the ladies taking part, were a great success, and the handsome sum of \$3,330.94 was realized. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on all those who organized and assisted.

The amount received in cash for bread was \$164.41, and the number of loaves received was 1,742. Those desirous of contributing to this bread fund can do so by leaving their names and addresses either at the presbytery or asylum.

No new life memberships have been added to the list this year.

The total receipts, including the sum taken from the reserve fund, amounted to \$8,586.55, and the total expenditure to \$8,148.38, leaving a balance of \$438.17.

By the hand of death, the asylum has had to deplore the loss of four valuable members, Mrs. James Cannon and Messrs. Michael Hayden, John Murtagh and Charles J. Dunn.

Four legacies were received, one of \$500 from the deeply regretted, Hon. Richard Reid Dobell, in his lifetime a well known and generous citizen of Quebec, another of \$1,041.86 from a worthy benefactress, who greatly loved the institution, Miss Mary Horgan, the third of \$25 from Mrs. Malone, and the fourth from Miss Mary O'Brien. The first two bequests \$1,541.86 having been transferred to the Reserve Fund, as provided by law, are not included in receipts and expenditure.

In donations, the asylum acknowledges with pleasure the sum of \$200 from Mrs. Guillemartin, a friend of \$40, and two others \$5 and \$1 respectively. The trustees deemed it advisable to make a permanent and safe investment of the Reserve Fund on deposit in St. Patrick's Church and for that purpose purchased city of Quebec debentures to the amount of \$18,000, bearing 3 1/2 per cent. annual interest.

The trustees return thanks to the Government of the Province of Quebec for the usual grant of \$525, to the directors of the Caisse d'Economie for the gift of \$200, to Alderman Leonard for a valuable donation, to Drs. M. S. Ahern, P. Coote, W. Beaupre, W. S. Delaney, A. A. Lanthier and J. A. Couture for professional services always cheerfully and gratuitously rendered, to the proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph," "Morning Chronicle" and "Mercury" for valuable notices and finally to all who assist in any way in the welfare of the asylum.

The Association then proceeded with the election of trustees for the next five years, when the following members were elected:—Messrs. Felix Carbray, Jeremiah Gallagher, Patrick Doyle and Edward Foley.

Princely Donations.

The two Iselin memorial churches, St. Gabriel's in New Rochelle and St. Catharine's in Pelham, N. Y., have each received a handsome gift commemorative of the holiday season. Col. Delancey Astor Kane gives to St. Gabriel's Church a window representing St. John the Baptist. It has been placed in the baptistry of the Church. It is in memory of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Adrian Iselin. The gift completes a series of handsome memorial windows in memory of the banker's wife, which aggregate in value nearly \$100,000.

The gift to St. Catharine's Church was made anonymously, but it is believed to come from John Beresford, who married Miss Emily Iselin. It is a piece of property adjoining the Church in Pelham and an \$8,000 parish house, which will be erected on the land.

The Iselins have given so far to the Catholic Church of New Rochelle and its vicinity St. Gabriel's Church and rectory, valued at \$800,000; a gymnasium for parochial school purposes, valued at \$150,000; a sisters' house and library, valued at \$12,000; to the Ursuline nuns, a castle for school purposes, valued at \$100,000; St. Eleonora's Home for Convalescents, valued at \$75,000, and St. Catharine's Church at Pelham, costing about \$20,000, making in all \$657,000.

A Queer Book By an Irishman.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In a recent issue of the "Daily Witness" appeared a lengthy review, taken from the "Contemporary Review," of "Priests and People in Ireland," by Mr. Michael J. F. McCarthy of Dublin. This book follows "Five Years in Ireland," published in 1901, by the same author. It has been remarked that Mr. McCarthy's works have had an enormous sale. So they have, and it is very natural. Anything abusive of Ireland, and especially of the Irish clergy may count upon many editions. Mr. McCarthy's books have the two-fold advantage of being abusive slanders of the Irish priesthood and of being written by a self-styled "Roman Catholic Irish gentleman."

That Mr. McCarthy is an Irishman, by birth and parentage, his name and home would suggest; that he is a Catholic, no person would believe, unless he had plainly made the assertion himself; that he is a gentleman we will not question, for we have never had the advantage of meeting him. Back in the ages of Ireland's greatness there was one Diarmid, whose back-slidings and ignoble course, brought shame to the proud and patriotic house of MacCaurea. It was the presence of that blot on "the princely escutcheon," that the Bard lamented as being

"In thy garden of beauty the one spot of blackness, Through ages of valor the one hour of weakness."

In our own country we have found the bearer of the same glorious name striking at the possessions most sacred to the Irishman; but our McCarthy had the merit of professing that which he practised.

We have no intention of quoting from the diatribes against Ireland's priesthood that flow from the pen of this peculiar scion of the old clan of MacCaurea. It is sufficient that the "Contemporary Review" should give lengthy space to their reproduction, and that the "Daily Witness" should dedicate a column and a half to the same, to have us understand that Mr. McCarthy's work is a shameful libel upon those whom he has signalled for his attacks. However, we will take the opening remarks of the "Contemporary Review," and reproduce them, for the purpose of substantiating our own remarks. It thus begins:—

"The book is the more noteworthy because of the sturdy independence of its author's position. Mr. McCarthy is an Irish barrister, and a Unionist, but he is in no sense a party man, and he has no private axe to grind, either as landlord or tenant. Moreover, his religious faith binds him to the Church whose sacerdotal organization in Ireland he so strongly censures. Diatribes against the Church of Rome are sufficiently numerous, and not always as informed as they are zealous; but Mr. McCarthy's attack is far removed from the ordinary plane of religious controversy. There is no drop of venom in it, and though the white heat of the author's indignation occasionally betrays him into generalization, which may be indeed must be too sweeping, no impartial reader can close the book without feeling that it is the testimony of a man who writes solely from a stern sense of patriotism, and at the cost of his deepest religious convictions. From this point of view, there is pathos on every page. The author, a devout Roman Catholic, looking on the misery of his country, and seeking a cause, finds it in the abuses of his own Church."

This is sufficient, or should be so, to warn any impartial man against the productions of such a writer. We have before us some of the most important arguments and statements contained in Mr. McCarthy's book, and we do not hesitate to say that they are slanderous, illogical and deceptive.

As far as the foregoing remarks of the reviewer are concerned, we can flatly contradict them all, even as does Mr. McCarthy's book. We deny, and we appeal to the pages of this much-vaunted work for justification of our denial, that "the book is noteworthy, because of the sturdy independence of its author's position." There is no sturdiness about it; it is mere impertinence, irreverence, and presumptuous detraction. Its independence is circumscribed by the anti-Catholic, anti-Irish, anti-clerical approbation of the Ulster Orange faction. They tell us that "Mr. McCarthy is a Unionist, but he is in no sense a party man." This one assertion should suffice to establish both Mr. McCarthy's servility to party,

and the critic's lack of ordinary common sense. If we were to say that Mr. so and so is a Liberal, or a Conservative, but he is in no sense a party man," we would be considered mentally deranged. In Irish politics there is no Liberal, no Conservative; the parties are Home Rule, or Nationalist, and Unionist. If Mr. McCarthy is a Unionist, he is in every sense a party man; unless it be that he has the heart to incline towards Unionist ideas, but not the courage, or honesty to belong to that party.

"Moreover, his religious faith binds him to the Church whose sacerdotal organization in Ireland he so strongly censures." Let us be frank! We have read enough of Mr. McCarthy's work to entertain a sincere doubt regarding his Catholicity. Any man is at liberty to dub himself a Catholic; it is in his language, thoughts, teachings, and practices that the test of his faith is to be found—not in his lip-professions. We are told that there is not a drop of venom in his book, but that the white heat of his indignation betrays him into generalization that must be too sweeping. Why? we have one passage of four lines before us that contains more venom than the throat of an asp; and his generalizations are so skillful that it would be no easy matter to bring him to task. He avoids details; he dare not illustrate his condemnations by examples. Then we are informed that "it is the testimony of a man who writes solely from a stern sense of patriotism, and at the cost of his deepest religious convictions." So Mr. McCarthy is a Catholic who sacrifices his religious convictions to a sense of patriotism which is at variance with that of the four-fifths of his fellow-countrymen and the entire body of his co-religionists. They have good reason to style him "a devout Roman Catholic," after all that. Decidedly the Catholicity that he professes and evidently practises, is in great need of a recommendation from the "Contemporary Review." Certainly no Catholic, priest or layman, Irish, English, French, or other, would for a moment dream of ranking Mr. McCarthy in the category of devout Catholics. He may be very attentive to Church and may possibly be very careful not to break any of the precepts of the Church; but he is an entire stranger to the very elementary principles of the Church's teachings.

In a word, Mr. McCarthy's last work cannot be better characterized than in the language of Junius, a mass of "assertion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censure without dignity or moderation." Would that the pen of a Justin McCarthy could be turned on this eccentric off-shoot of that grand and patriotic clan.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

READER.—Your card reached us too late for this week's issue. Our C. O. will deal with its contents next week.

WEDDING BELLS.

A very pretty wedding, in which the contracting parties were Mr. M. Ennis and Miss Katie Huber, took place at St. Ann's Church this week. Rev. Father Cullinan officiated. The bride wore a beautiful tailor-made gown of royal blue. After breakfast at the residence of Mr. Edmund Huber, father of the bride, the happy couple left for Duluth, where they will reside in future.

CATHOLIC DOCTORS TO DISCUSS HEALTH.

A series of health talks will commence on Monday, the 19th inst, at 8 o'clock p.m., in the Catholic High School, Lagauchetiere street. The first one will be by Dr. Kennedy, Dr. Guerin and Dr. Harrison will continue the lectures on the following Mondays.

The talks will also be given in the hall of St. Anthony's Church, St. Antoine street, by Dr. Semple, Dr. Hackett and Dr. Lennon.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, wish to return their most sincere thanks to the many friends and benefactors of that institution, who so kindly remembered them on Christmas Day. Unprecedented in the annals of the Asylum was the number and variety of the gifts received this year. All have our gratitude, and best wishes for a bright and happy New Year.

The Irish Land Question.

A large and detailed report of the recent Irish land conference has been issued. The landlords and tenants were both fully represented at this meeting. The harmonious results of this attempt to come to a reasonable understanding in regard to this vexed question may be taken as a sign of improvement in Irish affairs. At all events a very great step has been taken in the forward direction. As John Redmond recently remarked: "The settlement of the land question must inevitably pave the way for Home Rule." There never was a better opportunity of dealing satisfactorily with this issue. Amongst the many comments made upon the situation, we find the following to cover the ground pretty exactly:—

As the process of direct state interference in purchase and resale would be generally tedious and unsatisfactory, therefore, except where owners or half occupiers so desire, and except in those districts under the congested districts board, the report recommends that the settlement should be made between the owner and the occupier subject to the necessary investigation by the state as to title, rental and security.

The report emphasizes the desirability of inducing landlords to continue to reside in Ireland, and with this purpose in view it says an equitable price should be paid to owners, based upon income, and that provision ought to be made for the resale to owners of mansion houses and demesnes. The purchase price should either be assurance by the state of such income, or the payment of a capital sum producing it, at 3 per cent or 3 1/2 per cent. If guaranteed by the state tenants' repayments should be expended for a term of years, securing a reduction of from 15 to 25 per cent. on rents. To do this may involve some assistance from the state beyond the use of its credit, and the report considers that such assistance would be justified fully in the future welfare of Ireland and the settlement of this vexed problem.

The report offers no definite financial proposals, but it considers that an unexampled opportunity exists at the present moment to deal with this question successfully. It declares also that the solution of the land question should be accompanied by a settlement of the evicted tenants' question upon an equitable basis.

Child Emigration To Canada.

The Rev. Father Bans, Administrator of the Crusade of Rescue and Homes for Destitute Catholic Children, London, and Mr. Arthur Child Thomas, B.L., honorary manager of Father Berry's Homes, Liverpool, who recently visited Canada for the purpose of investigating the question of child emigration, have issued a full and careful report setting forth the results of their enquiries. We gather from it that there is, in their judgment, a good field for child emigrants in Canada, and especially for Catholic child emigrants, but that care should be taken in selecting them before they are sent out, as the emigrating of unsuitable children does immense harm to the work. Father Bans and Mr. Child Thomas travelled over ten thousand miles, and in Canada personally examined the cases of four hundred Catholic children who had been emigrated by charitable societies. The conclusion to which their experience led is that the children, on the whole, are doing exceedingly well, and that their foster parents are most kind to them. Suggestions for efficiently guarding the children when in Canada constitute the bulk of the report, and must make it a most useful document to any society which is undertaking or has in hand the work of Catholic child emigration—Liverpool Catholic Times.

It is impossible for a true and persevering client of Mary to be lost; because she can want neither the power nor the will to assist him.

MARRIED.—ENNIS-HUBER.—On the 7th inst. in St. Ann's Church, by the Rev. Father Cullinan, of Lichino, Mr. M. Ennis to Katie, daughter of Mr. Edmund Huber, of this city. December, Oct. 1907. Rev. Father Cullinan.

Notes and

Directory United Irish Dublin, Jan. 17.

JOHN O'DONNELL'S.—On the 31st Dec. Mr. O'Donnell, M.P.'s, appeal against a sentence of six months imprisonment imposed on him by the Court at Birr, came before Judge Curran. It will be noted that this sentence is subject of much comment in England and Ireland.

Judge Curran, during the appeal, went out to be offensive to Mr. O'Donnell, so scandalous did his conduct that he was very properly rebuked by Mr. Cohn Muldoon, who (instructed by Mr. Kibbride), appeared for Mr. O'Donnell.

The conviction was upheld, but the sentence was reduced from three months with hard labour, to two months with labour, and two months without fault of bail.

A FREE MAN.—Mr. P. A. M.P., was released from prison on the 28th December on completion of his two months' term without hard labor, under the Crimes Act. It will be noted that Mr. M'Hugh had already three months' imprisonment in the same case. A large number of his friends went to the prison to welcome him on his release. Mr. M'Hugh did not demonstrate, he was released what earlier than was expected to his residence. During the last two years Mr. M'Hugh spent eleven months in prison on political offences, and a sentence of indefinite imprisonment is being over him by Judge Ross. A tampt of court, which may force at any time. On his release Mr. M'Hugh sent a flood of telegrams from his admirers.

MEETINGS PROCLAIMED.—Henry, 31st Dec.—The Government have proclaimed two United League meetings announced held in the parish of Monivea Galway, on New Year's Day. Deacon Coulson, of Monivea, served copy of the proclamation. Mr. Thomas Higgins, J.P., man of the North Galway United Irish League; on Mr. secretary of the Monivea and on each member of the League. Immediately after the proclamation a special meeting of the members of the Branch U.I.L. was held. Mr. Higgins, J.P., presiding. There was a large attendance of members and it was unanimously decided a midnight meeting to-night on the top of the hill of Knockree. Police are arriving in the morning and the local Unionists are making every effort to hold their meetings.

Athens, 1st Jan.—The wings announced to be held in the parish of Monivea on New Year's Day, and which were proclaimed by the Government, were held at midnight in the village of Orlin, and several meetings in other parts of the parish, notwithstanding the army of police who were sent into the little village of Monivea for the purpose of suppressing the hundred and twenty police the command of County Inishowen, arrived—a great number of them in the evening and the der of them the next morning the arrangements made by the Nationalists for holding the meetings left the County Inspector his men powerless to stop the result that, not only two meetings which they intended, half a dozen other meetings were held.

PRISON TREATMENT.—The following letter appears in the "Daily News":

Sir,—With reference to the sentences on Irish members of the "Daily News" kindly permit me to point out that Mr. O'Donnell, as therein mentioned, is not and distinct from the Mr. O'Donnell mentioned in the "Daily News" and if the appeal were allowed against him he will have some months within which to be released.

Notes and Comments Of Irish Events.

Directory United Irish League.

Dublin, Jan. 3rd, 1903.

JOHN O'DONNELL'S APPEAL.—On the 31st Dec. Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P.'s, appeal against the sentence of six months imprisonment imposed on him by the Removables at Birr, came before County Court Judge Curran. It will be remembered that this sentence formed the subject of much comment both in England and Ireland.

Judge Curran, during the hearing of the appeal, went out of his way to be offensive to Mr. O'Donnell, and so scandalous did his conduct become that he was very properly rebuked by Mr. Cohn Muldoon, B. L., who (instructed by Mr. Valentine Kilbride), appeared for Mr. O'Donnell.

The conviction was upheld; but the sentence was reduced from one of three months with hard labor with three months additional in default of bail, to two months without hard labor, and two months more in default of bail.

A FREE MAN.—Mr. P. A. M'Hugh, M.P., was released from Sligo Jail on the 28th December on the completion of his two months' sentence, without hard labor, under the Crimes Act. It will be remembered that Mr. M'Hugh had already put in three months' imprisonment for contempt of court in connection with the same case. A large number of his friends went to the prison gates to welcome him on his release, but, as Mr. M'Hugh did not desire a demonstration, he was released somewhat earlier than was expected, and drove to his residence. During the last two years Mr. M'Hugh has spent eleven months in prison for political offences, and a sentence of indefinite imprisonment is still pending over him by Judge Ross, for contempt of court, which may be put in force at any time.

On his release Mr. M'Hugh received a flood of telegrams from his ardent admirers.

MEETINGS PROCLAIMED. At-henry, 31st Dec.—The Government have proclaimed two United Irish League meetings announced to be held in the parish of Monivea, Co. Galway, on New Year's Day. Sergeant Coulson, of Monivea, has just served copy of the proclamation on Mr. Thomas Higgins, J.P., Chairman of the North Galway Executive United Irish League; on Mr. M'Caugh, secretary of the Monivea Branch, and on each member of the committee. Immediately after the issue of the proclamation a special meeting of the members of the Monivea Branch U.I.L. was held. Mr. Thomas Higgins, J.P., presiding. There was a large attendance of members, and it was unanimously decided to hold a midnight meeting to-night on the top of the hill of Knockree. Extra police are arriving in the district, and at the same time the local Nationalists are making every arrangement to hold their meetings.

Athens, 1st Jan.—The two meetings announced to be held in the parish of Monivea on New Year's Day, and which were proclaimed by the Government, were held, one at midnight in the village of Curreferrin, and several meetings in different parts of the parish, notwithstanding the army of police who were drafted into the little village of Monivea for the purpose of suppressing them. One hundred and twenty police, under the command of County Inspector, Tyacke, arrived—a great number of them in the evening and the remainder of them the next morning. But the arrangements made by the local Nationalists for holding the meetings left the County Inspector and his men powerless to stop them, with the result that, not alone the two meetings which they intended to hold, half a dozen other meetings were held.

PRISON TREATMENT.—The following letter appears in the London "Daily News":

Sir,—With reference to the list of sentences on Irish members published in the "Daily News" kindly permit me to point out that Mr. Reddy's case, as therein mentioned, is separate and distinct from his sentence resulting from the Birr prosecution. He is in goal at the present moment, and if the appeal you allude to comes against him he will have served only six months with hard labor, and he is released.

The two resident magistrates sitting at Birr originally sentenced Mr. Reddy and myself, the two members for the King's County, to two months of hard labor. And at the end of that time, moreover, we were each to enter into bail for £50, and two sureties of £25 each, to keep the peace for twelve months, or be imprisoned for another three months without hard labor. On appeal, Mr. Reddy's sentence was confirmed with the exception of the hard labor; mine was reduced to one month without hard labor or bail. Mr. Reddy is a substantial and much-respected local farmer, with influential friends and relations all over the country. He could have given the required bail several times over without the least trouble had he thought it consistent with his duty to do so. He preferred the extra three months. Giving bail to be of good behavior, under penalty of imprisonment, virtually amounts to a cruelly extorted confession that you have been of bad behaviour, and places you and your sureties at the mercy of the police if you take any active part in the work of agitation or organization within the stipulated period.

I have met so many well-informed Englishmen who labor under the impression that a man sentenced under the Coercion Act "without hard labor" is treated very much as an English first-class misdemeanant, that I may perhaps be allowed to emphatically correct it through your columns.

Imprisonment without hard labor under this Act in default of giving bail or surety is much less severe. But when, as in the case of Mr. Michael Reddy, or of Mr. Duffy, the member for South Galway, the prisoner is sentenced to jail without hard labor right away, the non-infliction of such labor is the sole alleviation of his lot. In every other respect it is exactly the same. He has the same tormenting plank-bed, with its thin and lumpy mattress of hard fibre (The hard labor man, by the way, is subjected to the cruel corporal punishment of having to sleep on the wood without even the mattress for several days, according to the length of his term; and several of my colleagues have already gone through the ordeal). He has the same circular track exercise twice a day in company with the ordinary prisoners. He may not receive visits except from magistrates. He may not take in with him, or have sent to him, a single book or newspaper, the prison library allowing him a volume weekly. He may not send or receive a letter, although the Governor has the power to allow him to do so on a strictly definite matter of private business. He may not even ask a friendly magistrate a question bearing on public affairs. He is buried alive.

He is "locked up" for the prison night at 8 p.m., from which time until 6.30 next morning he is left without light and without any available sanitary accommodation but a small tin bucket. He is "exercised" two separate hours daily as I have already described. He is strictly forbidden to speak to any other prisoner; and if he has companion Coercion Court victims, tramps and pickpockets are judiciously sandwiched between them. For the 14 hours remaining out of the 14 1/2 which constitute the prison day, he is confined to his cell. He may read his Bible or the weekly prison volume. His only way of sitting down is on the floor or on a back-breaking little four-legged stool. He is not even allowed to take down his plank-bed and stretch himself upon it.

As regards his diet, I have been told that when a certain period is reached, at any rate, the hard labor diet becomes superior both in quality and quantity—although I cannot be precise on this point. The "without hard labor" man's regimen is, of course, inferior to that of a convict undergoing penal servitude. For the first week it practically consists of bread and porridge, without a scrap of meat, and without a scrap of vegetable except on one day, when potatoes and bread are served as "dinner" by way of a treat. It is a tasty menu which I commend to the refined palate of Mr. George Wyndham.

Englishmen who so proudly hug the belief in the superiority of their different prison systems would find a wholesome corrective of their self-satisfaction in a perusal of Kropotkin's "Prison and Prisoners," which is written in the prison of Clairvaux.

Anarchist gives his experiences and impressions of the great French central prison of Clairvaux, whither he and 21 others were committed in 1883 for terms ranging from one to five years. Their trial had taken place at the height of a bomb-throwing scare. Their case was one of constructive crime, such as Irish resident magistrates revel in; and the French Government so arranged the prosecution that they were tried before a local and pliant "Tribunal Correctionnel" instead of before the "Cour d'Assises," where they would have had the protection of a jury. Our own Irish Attorney-General could not have managed things better. They were charged with being members of the "Internationale," an association declared illegal by law voted after the fall of the Commune. They denounced capitalism; therefore they incited to and connived at the social and physical injury of capitalists. Irish members denounce land-grabbing; therefore they incite to and connive at the social and physical injury of landgrabbers. Q. E. D.

Concerning the general treatment of ordinary prisoners—even the most confirmed criminals—in this great Clairvaux Prison, with its 1,610 captives, Prince Kropotkin declares that "although the inmates of a French central prison, perhaps, depend more upon the goodwill or caprice of the Governor and warders than they seem to depend in English prisons, they are yet treated much more humanely than on the other side of the Channel. In France, the spirit of vengeance—a relic of the Middle Ages—has for a long time past been abandoned, while it still rules in the prisons of England. The prisoner is not compelled to step on planks. From the day of his arrival he has a decent bed and keeps it."

Concerning prisoners like himself and his companions, Kropotkin remarks that "It is generally admitted in France that, for political prisoners, privation of liberty and enforced inactivity are in themselves sufficiently severe punishment, needing no further inflictions." Kropotkin and his friends could earn a little money, if they so pleased, at any class of work that did not involve their classification with ordinary prisoners, but there was no forced labor. They were allowed to share rooms, to meet each other when recreating at gardening work, to smoke, and to supplement their regulation diet with moderately priced food from the prison canteen, together with half a litre of good wine daily. They formed instruction classes among themselves, and within the three years of their captivity several of them learned foreign languages.

But a British Government holds different views from those entertained by the benighted French. When it considers an Irish Nationalist member to be a dangerous member of society, it is not even contented with subjecting him to such a life as that of the "without hard labor" prisoner. It prefers, if it can, to add sackmaking and laundry work to the infliction—Yours, etc.,

E. HAVILAND-BURKE,

88 Denbeigh street, Warwick Square, S. W., Saturday, Dec. 27th, 1902.

HEROES HONORED.—On Dec. 28th a monster meeting was held at Knock, some six miles from Ballyhaunis, for the purpose of unveiling a monument erected there to commemorate the memory of the brave Knock men who took an active part in that memorable fight for freedom which took place in this country over one hundred years ago. The many thousands of men and women, young and old, who braved the elements and stood uncovered beneath the shade of the beautiful and substantial monument was the best possible proof of the gratitude of the present generation to those who fought and died for the sacred heroes are Captain Patt Jordan, James O'Malley, Geoffrey Cunniffe, and Tom Flahley.

At two o'clock, the hour appointed for the meeting, the village of Knock presented a lively appearance. The day was fearfully inclement, but notwithstanding the fact that a terrific blizzard swept over the place from start to finish, the people stuck to their posts in a manner worthy of the occasion. The platform, which was a spacious one, was erected in a field just immediately behind the monument, and it was filled with representative men from South and East Mayo. The Kiltimagh brass band and banner, followed by a large contingent, arrived just before the opening of the proceedings, and were most enthusiastically welcomed by the vast concourse of people who were assembled.

There were contingents from Ballyhaunis, Clannacorney, Awoolford, Kiltimagh, Belleek, Lough, Berracross, Derry, and other places, while the parish of Knock was represented by a large and

of the occasion, turned out en masse. The chair was taken, amidst thundering cheers, by the Rev. John Fallon, who subsequently unveiled the monument.

Letters of apology for non-attendance were read from a number of gentlemen, including one from Mr. Michael Davitt.

Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P., who was warmly welcomed, said that he had to congratulate them on the size of that magnificent meeting. It was a gathering well worthy of the occasion. They had met to do honor to men whose work for Ireland shall be ever appreciated and whose memories shall be ever green in the minds of their grateful countrymen. That spot was a most appropriate one on which to erect such a monument as the beautiful one just unveiled. Mr. O'Donnell said they had now arrived at a time when the battle could be fought and won without running the risks of revolution. They were, no doubt, within measurable distance of a great change in the condition of this country, but if they were, it was because the way had been paved and cemented by the blood and bones of the men of '98, '48, and '67 (cheers).

Eloquent and appropriate speeches were delivered by the Rev. Charles White, C.C.; Messrs. James Morris, Co. C.; Frank Burke, D.C.; Wm. J. Cunnian, D.C.; Martin MacLoughlin, D.C.; Edward Clive (Claremorris).

The Pope on Christian Democracy

In replying to the Christmas address from the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, which was presented by the Dean, Cardinal Oreglia, Dec. 23rd, the Holy Father said: We shall not employ many words, Venerable Brethren, to indicate Our gratitude for the expression of affectionate feeling conveyed to Us in your name by the venerable Cardinal, the Dean of your College. We do not, however, desire to conceal the fact that to-day more than ever We rely with confidence on your unanimous devotion. Worthy co-operators, for so long a period, you will still accompany Us, with the same active love, even amidst the increasing difficulties of the way.

The Jubilee Year, the object of your kind congratulations and of uninterrupted demonstrations of affection from the Catholic world, has been embittered, as you see, by social events all too painful for the heart of a Pope. The rights of the Church and of Catholicity having been already violated in a hundred ways, they are now going farther in the same direction, even to the legal subversion of sacred Christian institutions. But are not these a part, and the most chosen portion, of the inheritance left by Christ to the redeemed people, and expressly ordained for the custody and care of sovereign moral principles, the first root of every other good, principle in human intercourse? Ah, it is not a sincere love of public welfare or civil progress that excites the authors of such mischief; what they wish for and seek is to shake the foundations of the Christian dispensation and to reconstitute States on the bases of pagan naturalism. If it is the decree of Heaven that We should end the short remnant of Our life amidst such bitterness, We shall close Our weary eyes blessing the Lord, but with the firm conviction at heart that when the hour of mercy comes He will Himself arise for the salvation of the people assigned as a heritage to the Only-begotten Son of God.

Your last words, my Lord Cardinal, allude to Christian Democracy, which is to-day, as you fully understand, a fact of no slight importance. To that movement, in accordance with the spirit of the age and the needs that called it forth, We have given a sanction and an impulse, tracing out clearly enough its object, its method, and its limits, so that if in this matter it should happen to anyone to go astray, this certainly cannot occur through want of an authoritative guide. But, speaking in general of those who have set themselves to this work, Italians and foreigners, it is beyond question that they have exerted themselves with true zeal and with notable results; nor should the useful contribution that hundreds of earnest young men are making to the work pass unnoticed. We have also encouraged the clergy to enter, with circumspection on certain points, into this same field of action, because really there is no duty of pure charity, whether it be of counsel, or of positive help, foreign to the vocation of the Catholic priesthood. It is not a true and most fitting charity to endeavor earnestly and in a disinterested spirit to improve the spiritual condition and material lot

of the multitude? The maternal love of the Church towards men is as universal in its character as the fatherhood of God; but, nevertheless, faithful to her earliest methods and mindful of Divine examples, it has always been her custom to approach with a feeling of predilection the humble, the suffering, and the outcasts of fortune. Let Christian Democracy be sincerely and constantly informed by the spirit of this universal Mother of the people, and it may be relied upon not to fail in its object; and let no one take umbrage at the word when we know that the thing is good. Understood as the Church understands it, the democratic idea is not only in wonderful accord with the teachings of Revelation and religious tenets, but was born and nurtured by Christianity, and it is the preaching of the Gospel that spread it amongst the nations. Athens and Rome knew it not, save when they had heard the Divine Voice which declared to men: "You are all brothers, and your common Father is in Heaven."

Apart from this democracy which calls itself and is Christian, advances, with far different ideals and by other paths, the seditious and godless democratic movement. It is preparing bitter days for the State, which, nevertheless, nurses it and presses it to its bosom. The popular Christian movement, unfolding its plans on the same subject, is a rival force which bars the success of the other and in many cases succeeds in occupying the ground in advance. If it should do nothing else than dispute the ground with Social Democracy and circumscribe its pernicious influence, it will by this alone render no slight service to ordered civil life and to Christian civilization.

Warmly reciprocating your good wishes, We implore Heaven's choicest blessings on the Sacred College, as a pledge of which We cordially impart the Apostolic Benediction, extending it to the Prelates and others who make a most acceptable circle around Us.

At Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A MEMORIAL CHALICE.—In order to have this monument appreciated, in years to come, we give its history. It was suggested, after the great Redeemer's Mission of 1902, that some Souvenir of the Mission be left in the church as a lasting remembrance of gratitude for favors received. It was decided that this ought to be something more, than what money would buy; and following the promptings of grateful hearts, contributions were solicited for a Memorial Chalice, wherein the Unbloody Sacrifice of Thanksgiving would be continually offered, to the great, good God, for the many mercies vouchsafed to His faithful children. The material of which this was to be made, jewels, gold and silver, were to be the gifts of the parishioners, not in money, but in kind; a place where new, as well as old jewelry, heirlooms, family keepsakes and treasures would be all blended: an emblem of the unity existing in the parish, and offered to the greater honor and glory of God.

The material contributed for this monument in this parish, has been forwarded to the great goldsmiths, Messrs. W. J. Feeley & Co., Providence, R. I. The members composing this firm are practical Catholics, and conscientious gentlemen, who will see that every thing contributed, which can be used, will be placed in the chalice. In sorting out the jewelry, before it was sent away, some interesting and valuable contributions were noted. Among the items forwarded was a gold nugget, one of the first that ever came from the Klondyke. On the occasion of Father Lebel's twenty-fifth anniversary, 1864, one of the gifts he received, which was afterwards raffled and brought in proportion the largest sum of any single article for the new church, was a gold dollar, bearing on its reverse side the Lord's Prayer; such a piece was in the collection, and we wonder if it was not the same as was given Father Lebel on the occasion of his silver jubilee, gold coming home to roost after half a century. There were wedding rings; some of them were the wedding rings of former marriages, others were mother's wedding rings, and others again, were the grandmother's wedding rings, and one was a great-great-grandmother's that had been handed down for generations as an heir-loom, and nearly two hundred years old. A gold pencil, with jeweled setting, formerly the property of Governor Cass. There was a watch seal formerly owned by the first Bishop of Detroit, a piece of a chain worn by the second Bishop of the diocese, a watch guard seal, worn by the third Bishop of Detroit. There were silver buckles, from the

In Aid of Rebuilding
St. Mary's Church.
A BROTHER'S CRIME.
Drama by St. Ann's Young Men's Society,
TUESDAY EV'G, Jan. 27, 1903
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE A. O. H., Div. No. 4,
ST. BRIDGET'S HALL,
Cor. St. Rose and Maisonneuve.
Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 35c.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m.
Curtain rises at 8 p.m.

shoes of the founder of the American College at Louvain; a handsome silver snuff box, which had been used for nearly a century; a gold dollar, the first money which Mrs. Hipp ever earned in America, nearly fifty years ago, a dainty gold watch, almost too good to be thrown into the crucible, so bright and new and beautiful, which was the parent's offering in behalf of a beloved child, who quit this valley of tears, for we trust a happier home.

A silver watch from Mr. Shields purchased with the first money he ever earned. Diamonds from a Protestant lady, and a number of articles from non-Catholics; a magnificent gold badge, awarded by a grateful city to a faithful servant; a medal awarded for heroism, a number of society badges, including a handsome C.M.B.A. badge, the property of a deceased member. A tiny silver medal which had been carried throughout the late civil war by a prominent officer in the army, and which had been the means of saving his life at one time, precious souvenir as it was to the family, they made the sacrifice, and sent forward the dented metal, to be melted with the mass. Engagement rings, handsomely jeweled rings, for many years in families, a handsome ring which Mr. John Hastings, Jr., wore on his hand when killed at the fire by the explosion; also jewelry worn by Mr. Patrick McHugh, the brave fireman who perished on the same sad occasion. Some of the gold rings furnished weighed as much as sixteen pennyweight, and others were but mere threads. A magnificent seal ring furnished by Mr. Blank, containing ten diamonds, thirty-two plain rings, twenty jewel rings, eleven watches, eleven bracelets, seven thimbles, five chains, five watch-guards, sixty-five brooches, one silver comb like our grandmothers used to wear; a gold spoon, nearly a hundred years old furnished by Father DeBever; a beautiful wrought gold cross about as large as a pectoral cross, manufactured in Ireland; shirt studs and buttons, scarf pins, and a lot of trinkets to numerous to inventory. All this gold will be thrown into the crucible, and come out refined and purified for its future consecrated use. Undoubtedly, our chalice will be one of the grandest in the state; and none will be more emblematic of the unity, love and gratitude of devoted children.

Talks with Centenarians
Mrs. Alice O'Connor, of Jersey City, was 103 last week. Her children are infants of 77, 75 and 63. Peevish boys who think that an affection of pessimism is a mark of intellect need to hear the verdict of the woman who has lived a long life and finds it good:
"I can truly say that I am extremely happy and have no fault to find with anything."
That is the wisest and sanest philosophy we have ever read; and no bilious and bookish theorist has any right to dispute it. Our novices will ask, "How do you live to be 103?" Have no fault to find is the important part of the recipe. Mrs. O'Connor adds these details:
"I ate everything put before me. I didn't have any choice and if other persons did the same, they would live to be as old as I am."
There is your diet and health food for you, you unfortunate who exist according to weight and measure, take your temperature every hour, and worry yourselves into your graves by trying to live on schedule time, an eye on your watch and a finger on your pulse. Hear the quiet boast of Mrs. Alice O'Connor, fortunate among women:
"I never had a pain or an ache that I can remember."—New York Sun.

BLIND AND DEAF NUN.

Oh, gracious, loving Jesus, To blessed Margaret Mary, Who didst one hour appear With words so sweet and dear,

To tell her of Thy promise, In blessings most divine, To those who love and honor That sacred heart of Thine.

What bliss to find this treasure, To clasp it to my breast, When troubled, sore and lonely, In Thy sacred heart I rest.

Oh, loving heart of Jesus, Thy blessings I implore, And grace to serve Thee better, To love Thee more and more.

Thou knowest I would labor With simple heart and hand, To spread thus Thy devotion Among Thy slightest band.

It is my prayerful longing That they may always find A source of love and mercy In Thy sacred heart so kind.

I thank Thee, dearest Jesus, For sending unto me These poor, afflicted persons, Who are so dear to Thee.

I'll do what I am able To teach them of Thy heart, That they may know Thee, Jesus, And from Thee never part.

Oh, bless, dear Lord, my striving, And Thine own love instill; Oh, give me strength and courage To do thy holy will.

Leaving the world behind her, taking the veil to become a sister in a convent, Madeline Wallace sang her swan song to the world and the iron grates of the cloister closed upon her forever. The swan song of a blind and deaf girl! A girl who has never heard a word spoken! And yet the song is in verse and the metrical accent does not reveal the fact that the one who first put it upon paper was destined never to hear it sounded.

How she ever grasped the idea that words have an accent which at once makes verse writing impossible and possible, how she was able to write in metre, many who have studied the curious situation are unable to explain.

But the words and the sentiment are from the heart of one who has determined to devote her life to the Church, and there is a mournfully true ring about them which makes her swan song at once a prayer and a promise. In its sweet simplicity lies its great strength, and the sad story of the afflicted girl lends a forceful meaning to her lines which excuses and explains many things to the eye of the literary critic.

Madeline Wallace was not born deaf and dumb and blind; she became afflicted after she was six years old. From her birth, it may be said, she has lived in a world without color or sound, and that is why her verse writing is considered almost as remarkable as if she were to paint a canvas in oils.

It is true that the deaf and blind can learn much from the sense of touch. All schools for the blind have a method of teaching by means of raised letters or letters formed by holes in paper. But, even though the meaning of the words formed by these raised letters may be clear to the sightless, the sound of the words, and therefore their proper accents must remain a closed book forever to the deaf and dumb.

The afflicted girl was the daughter of John F. Wallace. She was born twenty-one years ago, while her father was the proprietor of the Wallace Hotel, on Fifth avenue, near Nineteenth street. She was not a strong child, and was always carefully guarded against draughts and sickness. In spite of the care of her parents, she was taken ill with a fever when she was six years old.

For months she hovered upon the brink. Even her physicians shook their heads and feared for the outcome. But it seemed that there was work for her to do in this world, and she recovered and was able to sit up in a little chair. Then like a bolt from a clear sky it came.

"Why do you always keep the shutters closed, mamma? The room is so dark," she said.

"The windows are wide open, dearie," replied her mother, "and the room is full of light."

Then the startled woman, fearing the worst, passed her hand before her daughter's face, but no retreating movement followed. Sightless eyes looked straight in front, and truth burst with crushing force upon the mother.

"Madeline, you are blind!" cried the horrified mother.

"Yes, mamma," said the little one. In the course of the next month the child's hearing also left her, and, having lost the sense of sound, after the manner of most deaf persons, she left off speaking, although there appears to be nothing the matter with her vocal chords. Even if she could speak now, it is probable that she knew when all knowledge of sound left her.

As a child she had shown remarkable ability as a scholar. She was most precocious, and it was said that she never forgot anything she had been told. Desiring that her girl should not remain in ignorance all her life, on account of her affliction, Mrs. Wallace sent her to the New York Asylum for the Blind, where she was given private lessons by the superintendent, Mr. Wait.

She learned rapidly and soon became an adept reader of his-story by means of her slender finger tips. While Madeline was attending this school her mother did not despair of securing some relief for her daughter. She applied to various eye and ear specialists, and they treated her carefully, but attained no satisfying results. She continued her education at the asylum, and soon became a teacher in the institution.

Madeline Wallace also became an expert operator of the "point" type-writer, a machine by which books are printed for the blind, and during the time that she was growing up she made many books for her similarly afflicted friends, and contributed many volumes to the fifteen public libraries in the United States, where books for the blind are kept, the Albany Library, the Congressional Library, the Cincinnati Library and the Boston Library.

The Rev. Dr. Beecher took an especial interest in this girl, and translated the work of Thomas A. Kempis into "point" because she was especially fond of his writings. And, although she prized them highly and would be sorry to lose them, she has lent them, her own "point" copies, to her blind brothers and sisters all over the country.

Her unselfish spirit and her desire to help others less fortunate than herself was born in her, her mother says. Ever since her affliction she has been of a spiritual turn of mind. Robbed of the pleasure of seeing the ceremonies of the cathedral, with its beautiful altar and its shining candles, unable to hear the peal of the grand organ or the solemn chant of the vestal virgins in the hidden nave, she still clung to religion, to prayers and ceremonies.

After a time she wrote upon her "point" machine the desire that was nearest her heart—that she wanted to become a nun. Her parents had moved to Newark then, and Madeline's chief occupation was teaching the priests of St. Dominic to read in "point," so that they could reach the darkened minds of the blind worshippers.

There was no objection raised to her becoming a nun. Her lips and mind were pure as a child's. She was in every way fitted to take the veil. But no deaf and dumb and blind girl had ever been admitted before, and there was no one who could put the questions to her which constituted the irrevocable promises which every woman must make to renounce the world and live only for the Church. How was she to be admitted?

The blind girl solved the problem herself. When she learned that she could not take the veil until a new ceremonial could be found by which the rules of the sisterhood could be kept and the questions administered to her, she set to work teaching Mother Emmanuelle, mother superior of the Newark Convent, how to read in the sign language. The good mother already loved the girl and entered upon her task willingly. Before long she had mastered it sufficiently to be willing to undertake the ceremony.

The rites were performed in the chapel of the cloister. The beautiful little church was decorated with flowers and illuminated with candles, as if for a wedding. And, truly, it

was a wedding—the wedding of a blind girl who was to become the bride of the Church. The organ that she could not hear pealed the soft rhythm of a solemn march, and Madeline appeared at the door and marched down the aisle of the church, escorted by many nuns, dressed in white, as if they were her bridesmaids.

The girl was gloriously beautiful, dressed, as she was, in a long white satin gown, with a bride's veil of tulle sweeping to the hem of her train, the handwork of her mother. There were orange blossoms in her hair and a great white bouquet of flowers in her arms.

The mother superior met her at the altar and the priest began the ceremony of questions and responses. When the priest would ask his questions aloud the mother superior would interpret them and deliver the reply to the altar. It was as if the fair applicant was a foreigner and could not understand the language.

There was not a pause in the ceremony, and when the questions had been answered the organ began again to peal and the bridal party moved silently toward the iron gate through which the girl passed out of the world.—New York Herald.

Costly Works of Art.

At a recent sale of the Warren collection of pictures, which was held in New York, a high price obtained; the hall was crowded to overflowing. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tweed, Mrs. Hetty Green, Mr. Harry Walters, Mr. W. T. Evans, Mr. Emerson McMillin, M. Chartran, M. Montaignac and M. Sully, of Paris, and all the leading dealers, not only of New York, but of the country.

A total of \$235,890 was obtained for sixty-two paintings, while one canvas, Millet's "Shepherdess," was sold for \$23,000.

The artists' names, titles of the pictures, buyers and prices are as follows:—

Table listing artworks and prices: Pascutti—"The Duet," D. B. Updike ... \$175; Berchere—"The Walls of Jerusalem," R. C. Vose ... 100; Bonington—"Hillside," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 1,150; Landseer—"The Little Actress," Dowdeswell & Co. ... 950; Fromentin—"Arabs at the Fountain," Knoedler & Co. ... 1,800; Lafarge—"Old House, Newport," Mrs. W. R. Claxton Gainsborough—"Landscape," E. McMillin ... 1,100; Diaz—"Bohemians," J. B. Bloomingdale ... 2,250; Lafarge—"Afterglow," G. Williams ... 175; Daubigny—"Landscape with Storks," Knoedler & Co. ... 9,700; Rousseau—"Sunday Twilight," Mrs. E. Kaig ... 5,900; Corot—"Lombardy Poplars," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 5,100; Daubigny—"Marine with Yacht," E. McMillin ... 1,000; Corot—"Regrettant la Patrie," I. Montaignac ... 3,500; Dupre—"Twilight on the Seine," H. C. Wilson ... 3,200; Corot—"Landscape with Tree," Knoedler & Co. ... 15,000; Millet—"The Shepherdess," Knoedler & Co. ... 23,500; Daubigny—"Boats on Shore," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 3,500; Millet—"Peasant Woman and Child," I. Montaignac ... 11,100; Rousseau—"A Plain in Berri—Sunset," E. McMillin ... 8,700; Guignot—"A Condottiere," G. Williams ... 200; Karl Haag—"A Montenegrin Lady," A. Tooth & Sons ... 310; Hunt—"Heap of a Spanish Woman," William Macbeth ... 250; Goya—"Head of a Young Girl," H. Williams ... 250; Flemish, XV. Century—"Madonna in an Arch," H. C. Wilson ... 1,500; Unknown—"Still Life," David McCosker ... 80; Unknown—"Portrait of Luther," G. B. Hopkins ... 900; Dutch School, XVII. Century—"An Interior," L. A. Lanthier ... 100; Schalken—"Wise as a Serpent," D. B. Updike ... 100; Rubens—"Christ's Ascension," A. A. Healy ... 850; Breughel, the Elder—"Circe Calling Ulysses," G. B. Updike ... 1,100; Van der Neer—"Harbor Scene, Holland," H. Williams ... 1,500; Van Tol—"The Cobbler," G. B. Hopkins ... 950; Brusasorci, the Elder—"Lady in Costume," G. B. Updike ... 750; Vincenzo Catena—"Madonna," G. B. Updike ... 1,000; Van der Helst—"Burgomaster's Wife," G. B. Hopkins ... 900; Unknown—"Harbor View," G. Williams ... 150.

Table listing artworks and prices: De Hooghe—"Dutch Interior," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 8,500; Morland—"Reading the News," G. B. Updike ... 800; Metsu—"Young Violin," L. A. Lanthier ... 625; School of Perugino—"Madonna and Child," H. Williams ... 725; Unknown—"Portrait of Sir Charles Walpole," G. Williams ... 150; Greuze—"Head of a Young Girl," Joseph Burham ... 1,250; Gainsborough—"Portrait of John Phipps," A. Tooth & Sons ... 3,050; Sir Joshua Reynolds—"Portrait of Lady Hervey," E. Fischhoff ... 10,000; Sir Thomas Lawrence—"Portrait of Lord," ... 100; Sir Thomas Lawrence—"Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 100; Zamacois—"Court Jesters at Cards," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 3,000; Millet—"Gardeuse de Chevre," I. Mantagnac ... 3,600; Corot—"Paris Seen from St. Cloud," H. McCormick ... 14,700; Daumier—"A Prison Choir," H. Williams ... 1,400; William Morris Hunt—"Mother and Child," G. B. Updike ... 650; Puvie de Chavannes—"The Elder Sister," H. C. Wilson ... 3,800; N. V. Diaz—"Descent des Bohemians," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 12,700; Corot—"Orpheus and Eurydice," E. McMillin ... 21,500; Constant Troyon—"Coast near Killiers," H. Williams ... 8,100; Delacroix—"Hermine et les Bergers," I. Montaignac ... 7,200; Richard Wilson—"Tivoli Landscape," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 2,100; George Fuller—"The Quadrant," Geo. A. Heath ... 5,500; George Innes—"Evening, Medfield," Knoedler & Co. ... 1,500; Michael Wohlgemuth—"Death of the Virgin," S. P. Avery, Jr. ... 6,000; Puvie de Chavannes—"Femmes a la Fontaine," R. D. Evans ... 8,000; Total ... \$235,890.

Notes for Mechanics.

A WONDERFUL ENGINE.—Henry A. Buck, of Brooklyn, has invented a wonderful steam engine, which seems to consist mostly of a steam box. There's no piston and not much of anything you expect to see about an engine.

The engine itself is so simple that it seems to the layman impossible that it could be even what it is called, but a brief explanation of its methods suffices. It is a cylinder—a mere steel shell about twelve inches long and twelve inches high. Through it runs a central shaft. A cross section would show that in the centre of this shaft a steel disk is riveted and to this disk are attached three metal cylinders, upon which the power or steam is applied. These three cylinders made the engine triple expansion, and the surfaces of each, on which the power is applied, are so arranged with series of grooves that an enormous area on which the steam acts is secured and the greatest amount possible of the expansive force in the steam is utilized.

The engine has no dead centre, no pistons, piston rings or rods, no steam-chest valve, valve rods, eccentrics, calbs, link motions, sliding parts, reciprocating parts, or any of these things common to the accepted type of engines. It receives its steam at the highest temperature possible and exhausts it at 40 degrees lower than any other engine now in use.

A 100 horsepower engine of this style, made of cast-iron steel, weighs about 300 pounds; is controlled by an ordinary governor, can be operated or placed in any possible position, even if inverted and bolted to the ceiling or against the wall, or horizontally or perpendicularly, running absolutely without vibration, can be instantly and smoothly started, stopped or reversed.

The engine can be constructed of cast-iron, steel, gun metal, phosphor-bronze or aluminum, so that where lightness is absolutely essential, with great structural strength, it can be made in a form that will develop one horsepower for every pound of weight. To one who has always associated power in an engine with bulk, its small size, simplicity, strength and durability come as a revelation.

Tolstoy's approaching end.

Week after week we read reports of the sinking condition of Count Tolstoy, the famous Russian author. Comments on his excommunication from the Russian Orthodox Church, and then upon the works from his pen which led up to that decree being pronounced, absorbed a great deal of attention, until the still more important news of his rapidly feebling state of health and approach end came to awaken a deeper interest in that unique and picturesque character. Our purpose in alluding to this subject is to bring before our readers some remarks, concerning Tolstoy, that his latest biographer, Dmitri Merejkowski, published recently in "La Revue Bleue" of Paris. That author, who appears to be very familiar with the life, character, habits, predilections and opinions of the great Russian, says: "The fear of death haunted Tolstoy in his youth. The feeling increased when he saw his young brother Nicolas die; he believed that he also was consumptive and that his end would soon come. The thought of physical weakening and slow, oncoming death dominates some of his bitterest and most despairing pages. And yet when he wrote last year to the procurator of the Holy Synod, he spoke of his approaching death with such simple and noble spirit that we realize that death has at last lost all its terrors for him."

This appears to be set forth as an exceptional case, yet we find that it is simply in accord with the natural order. In whatever else Tolstoy may be an exception to the generality of men, he is certainly not so in as far as regards the matter of death. In fact, his change of sentiment, on the subject, is the experience of almost all men of the past.

It is very natural that in youth, when hopes are high and hearts are warm, and in manhood, when ambition is great and responsibilities are serious, we should have a dread of death. It is such a solemn thought, that if we were to perpetually entertain it, the majority of us would go mad, life would become a burden, the performance of its duties an impossibility. If we lay aside for the moment the light of faith in the immortality of the soul and in the life hereafter, it is difficult to contemplate the prospect of death without a shudder and a terrible depression. When we see the human form commencing, even before burial, to undergo the process of decomposition, and when we look at it being lowered into the earth and covered over, and when we consider the awful silence and loneliness of the grave, it is all sufficient to drive the poor brain distracted. Above all when our years are few and we hope for many years to come, the knowledge of death's certainty, as well as of the uncertainty of the hour, place, and manner thereof, like Tolstoy, we all feel a terror of that inevitable ending. We shun the thought, perhaps more than he did, and we cheat ourselves with the delusion that there is ample time before we need seriously contemplate the grim phantom that is, nevertheless, perpetually at our threshold.

As far as age is concerned, it seems to us, that Tolstoy's calm consideration of the great question of his approaching death, is equally in harmony with that which has ever prevailed, as a rule, with the children of men. When a man commences to descend the hill-slope of life, all nature, by a wise dispensation of Providence, assists him in the supreme struggle and the final passage from time to eternity. In the first place, the physical machinery becomes used up, it lacks the vitality of previous years; a species of lethargy steals imperceptibly over both bodily and mental faculties. In different individuals the results of this slow change are more or less apparent and are of varied kinds. A man of activity, of quick perception, of keen business, or political, or literary, or other mind, begins to lose interest in all that once absorbed his whole attention, and to grow indifferent to surroundings that one time occupied all his mental activity, his anxiety, his worry, his delights, his disappointments. He may be as tender-hearted as ever. Yet he feels no pang of regret when it dawns upon him that he must separate from his children and all who love him. In all probability he has, years since, seen all whom his heart loved in the years of its youth, go down to the tomb before him. He is more anxious for repose, tranquility, and often silence, than aught else, and the last turn of the wheel is given, the mechanism, wound up for years has run down, all power of further effort as well as all desire for action pass from him, and he sinks into the great repose, the unending tranquility, the never-to-be-disturbed silence, without a sigh, a

regret, or a symptom of dread—much less of terror. Is not this the natural course? We do not speak of sudden, or accidental, or tragic deaths; we are simply dealing with cases of old age, nor are we considering the subject from the religious point of view. We simply desire to indicate that when the biographer of Tolstoy advances as an exceptional transformation of disposition the aged author's changed sentiments regarding death, and his own death in particular, that he is merely showing us how very human and very much like the ordinary run of men is the so-called "Grand Old Man of Russia," as he has been called.

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Vocations for The Pri

(By An Occasional Co

Recently a prominent complaining about the Catholic young men who, for the priesthood of conversation with our people feel of our their race in the ranks While this is not exact that the present writer treat, still it is necessary the foregoing fact, explain more clearly the views in matters of voc the purposes of the pre we will deal only with ed "a religious vocation the very outset, we may fact that, in the minds of people, there is a confusion and choice or select say a word or two about ary distinction.

A vocation, as the word is a call, or a calling to state or condition of life without; it comes to the he has only to correspond. But, if he possesses the vocation, the call is irrefragable, therefore, radical choice, or selection of a fession, or occupation young man, after having his school days—whether long or short—finds it ne select some special occupa by he can earn his livelihood generally has certain likes, dislikes, and qua these serve to guide him extent. It is decided that go into the world to con his fellow-men in the great existence. If his studies he may select some one of a professions; or he may into business. In the latter makes a choice of the line-ness most in accord with his circumstances, and his ties. Or he may find it record with his position a tradesman. If so he const advisability of starting out carpenter, a blacksmith, a son, a printer, or in any of or which he may have a t elination. Sometimes, in country, a young man find would be more to his benefi one trade, in preference to although, if matters were would have liked better that that he has declined to ad is all a matter of choice; tion is the man's right; he lect liberty to follow his ovation, idea, or even whim. T is his own; it comes from himself, and he follows his tion. And should he find, that he had mistaken his o tudes or taste, he is free to around and take up another the time spent in the acqui the first one being about th loss, if it be a loss, deserving sideration.

It is totally different the matter of a religious cation. It is not a cho or a selection, made at r dom, or according to ta like, dislike, inclination the moment, or ordin whim. It is a call fr God.

It comes to the soul of the it comes in the form of the conscience echoing, down in heart, the Omnipotent voice Creator; it comes as an irrer impulse; it comes as a mighty tual magnet drawing the enting in the direction of God. not a matter of gaining a livel nor of securing a home for me of one's family, nor of aught rial or temporal in life. The of has a real vocation for the loped may consider that God marked him out in a special m for that high dignity, and has him all the graces necessary for an exalted state. No young can make his own vocation; n he insist upon God calling him accidental state. It is absolut ly upon the chosen few. Were we so anxious to have a priest in family, or a certain number priests of our race, we would the note, we cannot create v for them. The most we can pray to God, asking him

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Vocations for The Priesthood

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Recently a prominent citizen was complaining about the lack of Irish Catholic young men who have vocations for the priesthood. The subject of conversation was the great need our people feel of more members of their race in the ranks of the clergy. While this is not exactly the theme that the present writer wishes to treat, still it is necessary to mention the foregoing fact, in order to explain more clearly the Catholic views in matters of vocation. For the purposes of the present article we will deal only with what is called "a religious vocation." And, at the very outset, we may note the fact that, in the minds of very many people, there is a confusion of vocation and choice or selection. We will say a word or two about this necessary distinction.

A vocation, as the word implies, is a call, or a calling to a certain state or condition of life. It is from without; it comes to the individual; he has only to correspond with it. But, if he possesses the grace of his vocation, the call is irresistible. It differs, therefore, radically from a choice, or selection of a state, profession, or occupation in life. A young man, after having completed his school days—whether they were long or short—finds it necessary to select some special occupation whereby he can earn his livelihood. He generally has certain aptitudes, likes, dislikes, and qualifications; these serve to guide him to a great extent. It is decided that he must go into the world to compete with his fellow-men in the great struggle for existence. If his studies warrant he may select some one of the liberal professions; or he may elect to go into business. In the latter case he makes a choice of the line of business most in accord with his tastes, his circumstances, and his capabilities. Or he may find it more in accord with his position to become a tradesman. If so he considers the advisability of starting out as a carpenter, a blacksmith, a stone-mason, a printer, or in any other trade for which he may have a special inclination. Sometimes, in a new country, a young man finds that it would be more to his benefit to take one trade, in preference to another, although, if matters were equal, he would have liked better the trade that he has declined to adopt. This is all a matter of choice; the selection is the man's right; he is at perfect liberty to follow his own inclination, idea, or even whim. The choice is his own; it comes from within himself, and he follows his inclination. And should he find, later on that he had mistaken his own aptitudes or taste, he is free to change around and take up another trade—the time spent in the acquiring of the first one being about the only loss, if it be a loss, deserving of consideration.

It is totally different in the matter of a religious vocation. It is not a choice, or a selection, made at random, or according to taste, like, dislike, inclination of the moment, or ordinary whim. It is a call from God.

It comes to the soul of the elect, it comes in the form of the voice of conscience echoing down in the heart, the Omnipotent voice of the Creator; it comes as an irresistible impulse; it comes as a mighty spiritual magnet drawing the entire being in the direction of God. It is not a matter of gaining a livelihood, nor of securing a home for members of one's family, nor of aught material or temporal in life. The one who has a real vocation for the priesthood may consider that God has marked him out in a special manner for that high dignity, and has given him all the graces necessary for such an exalted state. No young man can make his own vocation; nor can he insist upon God calling him to a worldly state. It is absolutely a free gift of God; a gift bestowed only upon the chosen few. Were we ever so anxious to have a Priest in our family, or a certain number of Priests of our race, we cannot force the note, we cannot create vocations for them. The priest who is called to God, answers to the call of God, and enters the religious orders.

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Mission to Non-Catholics

We have now come to that stage in the progress of the mission work for non-Catholics that account is no longer taken of individual conversions but the report of the result of the work is by numbers that run into the hundred of thousands.

The time was when it was quite possible to keep and publish lists of converts but in the reports of the missionaries these individualistic designations have disappeared. Father Kress of the Cleveland Apostolate, reports that in the parish of St. Patrick in Cleveland, there have been thirty-eight converts during and since the mission given there. In the missions given by the Paulist Fathers there were three hundred and eighty converts. Of this number 137 were baptized and 243 were left under instruction. Archbishop Farley made a recent statement at the meeting of the Catholic Converts' League that 5,000 converts were received into the Church, in the Archdiocese of New York during the past year.

CATHOLIC ORGANIST'S DEATH

Unfailing was the remarkable premonition of death that recently came to John Demmer, organist for thirty years at the Cathedral, Trenton, N.J. Heeding the premonition, he had called for and received the sacraments of the Church. He was sitting at the organ in his room where he had practiced for years, when his white-crowned head dropped to his chest and his hand fell from the keys, leaving unfinished the strains of the requiem he was playing.

When the presentation came to Demmer he told several persons that he would die before the close of the next day. After Father Killian had administered the last rites, the old organist said to him: "Father, for thirty years I played the organ in the cathedral. You are the only priest who has graced its altar who has not heard my music. While I have not sat at the organ since I had left the hospital last spring, I am going to do so now."

Demmer crossed the room wearily to the old-fashioned organ and touched the keys with infinite tenderness. Then he paused, and Father Killian heard him murmur: "It is for you, father, I am going to play."

The old man began Mozart's "Last Requiem." His eyes were cast upward as he played. The priest approached softly and stood by his side. True was the touch of the old organist and Father Killian, with bowed head, was awed by the solemn music.

A Remarkable Family.

Mother Mistress Cornelia Lang, of Babylon, L.I., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her entrance into the Order of St. Benedict at the St. Dominica Convent, North Amityville, on Tuesday. The occasion was made memorable by the presence at the ceremony of her four brothers who are priests. They are Father M. Lang, of St. Boniface Church, Brooklyn; Rev. Albert Lang, of the Order of St. Benedict, Newark, and the Rev. John Lang and Father Fred Lang, of the Society of Jesus, in New York.

Death of Mrs. Walsh, Huntingdon

(From An Occasional Correspondent)

There died in Huntingdon on 7th December, in the eighty-first year of her age at the residence of her son, Mary McConville, relict of the late Walter Walsh. Deceased was born in the County Armagh, Ireland, from whence she immigrated with her parents at an early age. Although she had but a vague remembrance of the land of her birth, she always cherished a great love for the dear old land in which she first saw the light of day, as well as a deep-rooted religious faith which characterizes the Irish race. Coming as she did to this country when the surrounding vicinity was a dense wilderness, many were the changes she witnessed during her seventy-five years of Canadian life.

Becoming partially paralyzed two and one-half years previous to her death, she still retained full possession of all her mental faculties. In the month of April last she was stricken with a more severe stroke of paralysis which deprived her of her power of speech from which she never fully recovered. During her long illness she was consoled by the constant visits of her beloved and reverend pastor, Father Nepveu, from whose hands she frequently received that Bread of Life which strengthens the Christian soul, and carries it safely on its voyage to eternity.

Being fully conscious of her position, the last hours in which she retained her power of speech were spent in constant appeals to the seat of Divine Mercy. She died on the eve of the Immaculate Conception. We trust she celebrated that glorious feast in company with the heavenly hosts.

She was well and favorably known in the community in which she lived, and many were the proofs of friendship and esteem she received during her long illness.

His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli has been named protector in the Roman Curia of the Augustinian religious women known as the Servants of Jesus and Mary.

A charity entertainment on behalf of the poor of Rome was given at the Pension Rosada on December 19, at the initiative of Miss Emily Hills, an American poet, a volume of whose verses is to appear shortly in Italian, and of some other foreign ladies.

A Protestant's View of the Wonderful Vitality of the Pope.

A missionary relates the following story as a leaf out of his recent experiences. A gentleman came to him with a haggard, worried look. He had suffered many reverses in business and was tormented by remorse for many misdeeds he had been guilty of and so downcast was he that he determined to take his own life. "Why should he not," he argued. "He had no religion and there was rest in oblivion beyond the veil. While in this state of mind he passed the church and saw by the sign outside that a mission was going on for non-Catholics. He struggled with himself for a while as to whether he would enter. 'Why should I go into a Catholic Church. I do not believe yet they worship God there. I will enter and do as the others do. He bent his knee, adored in truth and in prayer; a spirit of peace came over him. He was emboldened to speak to the missionary. 'I want to learn your faith,' he said. He set to work in earnest. It did not take him long. He was in due season baptized and prepared for Holy Communion. It was a long way from a despairing remorseful suicide to a devoted penitent Catholic.

If the story of each converted soul could be revealed it would have its dark shadows as well as its high lights.—A. P. D.

CONDOLENCE.

At a recent meeting of Division No. 5, A.O.H., a resolution of condolence was passed to the family of a late esteemed and valued member—Mr. Edward Tobin.

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The Church In Japan.

The assimilation by Japan of the culture and civilization of Europe is the wonder and admiration of the world. Wonderful and admirable indeed it is, not so much from its material aspect as from the moral effort it represents, and from the strenuous and heroic character of the men who brought it about. It is not on the construction of railways or the installation of the electric light that Japan is to be congratulated by the nations, but on the possession of the high type of humanity embodied in the statesmen who have led her out of the Egyptian bondage of ignorance into the Canaan of progress and enlightenment. But the captains of thought who communicated to her the fiery momentum of their own minds were men of the old stamp and of the past generation, brought up in the antiquated traditions which have thus shown themselves capable of producing the loftiest ideal of pagan virtue. Patriotism, self-sacrifice, single-minded devotion to a cause, disregard of petty personal aims and aspirations, all these went to the making of the new Japan. Will they be present in equal force in those who have to guide the subsequent phases of a movement which without them might have spelled disaster instead of achievement? The old standards have vanished with the old order of things, the old props of faith and morals are undermined from their foundations, the old reverence for authority, the old sense of an external sanction for fulfillment of duty and submission to conscience have vanished into the dim and discredited past. What does the present offer to take their place, and what will the future be with all the influences that differentiate men from animals eliminated from it?

These questions are suggested, but not answered in any satisfactory sense by the series of thoughtful papers on "New Japan," contributed by Father Ligneul to recent numbers of Illustrated Catholic Missions. From a Christian point of view the history of the Island Empire is one of the saddest in the world. In the sixteenth century it seemed on the point of wholesale conversion, and hundreds of thousands of its inhabitants had accepted the teaching of the Catholic missionaries, not only with joy, but with the utmost enthusiasm. A new era seemed dawning in the East when the powers of evil were allowed to prevail; a change came over the views of the rulers, and as neither tortures nor death could shake the constancy of the neophytes, the new religion was trampled out by their wholesale extermination. Persecution was successful, and the nascent Church perished in the blood of its martyrs. The susceptibility to spiritual influences evinced by them should have been of favorable augury for the future of their country, but it seems to have no counterpart in the modern Japanese mind. Delicately responsive to the stimulus of other forms of thought, it has no vibrations that answer to this note, and the inrush of modern mundane interests dominates it to the exclusion or atrophy of the spiritual sense. New Japan, open-minded to all secular branches of Western thought, is impervious to its loftiest flights, and moulds itself rather on the current and fleeting fashions of philosophy, than on the abiding knowledge that forms the true heritage of Christendom.

The present condition of Japan is that intermediate one in which the decay of paganism without the adoption of a new creed has left it deprived of all faith. "Under such conditions," asks Father Ligneul, "does it not seem natural that Christianity should take the vacant place and become the religion of the country? Nothing more natural in fact, and Christianity alone can do this. But what obstacles to be overcome by it in order to take the place of the ancient creeds? In paganism, moreover, the sentiment and practice of religion enter into the life of a people. Long after religious faith ceases to exist, the old customs remain (and these customs are the external sign of its existence). To substitute one religion for another is nothing less than to form in a country new men, new families, and a new society. All this needs time. In Europe it took centuries."

He goes on to point out very truly that the teaching of religion, and especially of Christianity, arouses a resistance which secular science does not encounter. It is not merely the assent of the reason that is required, but the sublimation of the will,

a sacrifice of the utmost difficulty to unregenerate human nature. Nothing, indeed, exemplifies the power of truth more strongly than that it should ever be made at all. But if the acceptance of Christianity by the elder world was delayed by the resistance of human nature to the restraints imposed by it, in Japan it has another obstacle to contend with in the claim of modern science to supersede and replace it. If the Far East is to accept a creed from the West, this at least is one which involves no conformity with a higher ethical standard, and nerves only to vanish with an appearance of superficial knowledge the inherent vices of paganism. The result is apparent in the relaxation of morals accompanying the new dispensation, and the more thoughtful of the Japanese are appalled at the license that prevails under the name of liberty and progress. The old checks are removed, veneration for parental authority is relegated to the limbo of other antiquated traditions, and Young Japan is growing up in frank scepticism, and equally frank disregard for the laws for which scepticism affords no sanction.

The evil is admitted, and the demand for a religion as the only possible remedy is heard on all sides. But the learned professors who control education shrink from the acceptance of any of the European creeds, lest its ministers should attain to supreme intellectual authority, so as to oust them from their sphere. Hence their attempt to compose a new religion on a basis of eclecticism, whereon to build up a moral philosophy which should take in Japanese life the part played by Confucius in Chinese. "To escape their difficulties, they fall back upon one of the German systems of philosophy, viz., 'subjectivism.' According to this system, so common and so popular among the students and readers of newspapers, if a man believes that a thing is true, it is true for him; if he does not believe it, it is not true. Applying this principle to religion, if anyone desires to have one for the peace of his mind and the rule of his conduct, let him make one and he has it, each man according to the extent of his knowledge, and the power of his intelligence. If he makes progress and his ideal becomes higher, his religion will progress with him. Behold the stratagem invented so as to obtain a religion without abandoning philosophy; a religion, indeed, but one without creed or ceremonies, which must be entirely put aside. One cannot deny that the project is very ingenious; but it is after all only a very poor substitute."

Meantime as religious teaching of any kind is strictly prohibited in the schools, the rising generation is growing up in absolute atheism, since the negative teaching of materialistic science is an all pervading atmosphere. Thus in the present ferment of modern ideas with their transforming power over a highly intelligent and impressionable people, it is to be feared that the prevailing symptoms of moral decline will increase in progressive ratio, blighting the fair promise of the future. According to the view of "A Catholic Layman" writing in the Illustrated Catholic Missions for October, 1900, the strongest influence against the acceptance of Catholicism by the Japanese "is that exerted by Protestant literature, in which it is represented as that of decadent peoples," and he recommends as an antidote to this poison the diffusion of Catholic works such as those of Cardinal Newman, Bishop Hedley and other masterpieces of spiritual learning. Many of the Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets would, he thinks, too, be used in counteracting the perversions of truth unhappily current in Japan.

Another form of teaching, that by a living object lesson, is represented by the introduction of the religious life into Japan. This has been done by the foundation of a Trappist monastery under the invocation Our Lady of the Beacon, by nine Cistercian monks who landed at Hakodate in October, 1896, at the invitation of Bishop Berlioz. Many difficulties were encountered from official opposition, malicious articles in the papers, and such visitations as a typhoon which destroyed the monastic buildings. But the monks have lived down the hostility created by their first appearance, and one of the official visitors recently reported to his chief that they were "truly men of men." Their aim is, as Father Peullier explains in a letter in the current number of "Illustrated Catholic Missions," to introduce the religious life into Japan, and they have been so far successful that in addition to fifty baptized converts they have enrolled eleven Japanese, five professed and six novices, in the ranks of their Order. The novitiate is led by the school and vocations promised to outgrow the accommodations provided for them by the meagre resources of the community.

French aims on which they were at first maintained have ceased with the suppression of the monasteries which supplied it, and only the reclamation of the land and their own labors enable these pioneers of the Gospel to lead a precarious existence.—The London Tablet.

AN IRISH PRELATE DEAD

The Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, who retired from the See of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise in 1895, died at All Hallows' College, Dublin, on December 13, says the Dublin "Freeman's Journal," from which we take the following particulars of his life:—

The news of his death will be received with feelings of profound grief, not only in his former diocese, but throughout Catholic Ireland. The Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock was an eminent member of the Irish hierarchy in the two closing decades of the last century, and throughout his whole ecclesiastical career displayed those brilliant gifts which gave him so great a power in his holy labors. He was born in the city of Dublin on March 30, 1819, and at an early age gave indications of the vocation to which he was destined to be called. Up to the age of 16 he was educated at Clongowes, and in the succeeding year left for Rome to commence his ecclesiastical studies. His career as a student in the college, which was then known as the Appollinari, was exceptionally good, and after a five years' course he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood, and at the same time received the degree of doctor of divinity. Although his studies were completed in Rome, he was to return to his native diocese, where for some time he was engaged in the mission. His residence in Rome marked the beginning of a movement which was destined to remain forever associated with his name.

In 1842 Father Hand, the saintly founder of All Hallows', sought help and encouragement in his great project in the Eternal City. He was fortunate enough to enlist the sympathy and the active co-operation of the Rev. Father Woodlock, who at that early period gave abundant proofs of those gifts with which he was so richly endowed. Dr. Woodlock, after some months on the Mission in Dublin, joined Father Hand in the opening of the college, and in 1842 they entered into possession of the mansion house, which formed the beginning of the vast pile of buildings which is now erected on the college site. The history of the early struggles, energy with which difficulties were encountered and disappointments received would in itself constitute a glorious record. With that great strength of will, and withal gentleness of character and affability and kindness to all, Dr. Woodlock threw himself into the work of building up the great college. In the midst of his giant labors he sustained a great personal loss in the death of Father Hand. From the opening of their acquaintance in Rome they had become fast friends, and their friendship grew all the more in the work which they had in hand. In his last moments the first rector of the college was assiduously attended by his sorrowing friend. While on his deathbed Father Hand, recognizing the great ability of the young Levite, requested that he should be appointed vice-president, and at the exceptionally early age of 27 Dr. Woodlock was appointed to the important position.

In 1854, Dr. Moriarty, the President of All Hallows', was appointed to the See of Kerry, and was succeeded by the vice-president. For seven years Dr. Woodlock presided over the destinies of the college, and at the end of those years his great powers were once again recognized. The brilliant presidency of Cardinal Newman at the Catholic University came to an end in 1861, and in appointing a successor the choice of the Irish Hierarchy happily fell to Dr. Woodlock. His great literary culture and versatility were amply demonstrated in the course of a brilliant occupancy of the high position to which his great attainments had called him. The records of the University point with convincing emphasis to the worth of his labors. His sweetness of disposition endeared him to professors and students alike, and his great love for learning was ever to the fore. During this stage of his life, and indeed, all through his career, he was an able and unflinching advocate of the rights of Catholics in higher education.

In 1879 he was appointed Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, and in that year was consecrated Bishop of the Ancient Diocese of His Holiness the Pope. Thus, removed to a more exalted sphere, Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock was the guide and ruler of his people. Under his thoughtful and

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anxious care religion flourished in the diocese, schools and churches multiplied, and nothing was left undone by the zealous prelate to advance the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people. The stately Cathedral pile of St. Mel's, Longford, was fittingly decorated under his direction, and on all sides are to be found proofs of his unceasing zeal. To the intense regret of the people he loved so well and by whom he was so beloved, their reverend prelate met with a serious accident by a fall received while returning from a visit to the Holy See. From this injury Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock never fully recovered, and, yielding to the necessities of illness, he resigned the bishopric in 1895. This decision came upon priests and people of his diocese as a very great shock. They realized that they were losing an illustrious prelate. In his retirement he carried with him the gratitude and affection of all. He was created Titular Bishop of Trapezopolis, and with a love for the fruits of his earlier labors, he decided to spend the declining years of his life at All Hallows' College. There, amidst surroundings he loved so well, the aged prelate resided since 1895. As in the opening days of the College, his presence brought inspiration and encouragement to the students. Although physically feeble, he retained to the full his great intellectual qualities, and the close of his life was marked by all that gentleness of disposition, which distinguished him since his student days.

At a time when Dr. Woodlock was engaged in the arduous duties of the position of vice-president of All Hallows' he introduced into Ireland a society which, during the years which have intervened, has done incalculable good throughout the country. In 1844 he started the first conference of the charitable Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and was the first president. To-day the society numbers thousands of members, and wherever suffering and distress is to be found, so, too, are those who have enrolled themselves in this grand organization. The death of their founder is a source of keen regret to the many branches, and this evening, through representatives they will pay a tribute of respect to

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THOMAS LIGETT

The N

AST week I o in the middle of ful essay, by T on "Our Nat uage." It wi ed that the author tion had just stated sixths, or more, of us" people in Ireland, "are he advances as an argu of preserving, or rather then perpetuating the I will not occupy space comments on this contra Davis until we shall ha second portion of it. I continues the subject:—

"Nor let any doubt t tions because of the nun lish 'names' in Ireland. tic cruelty, the English passed an Act, (8 Edw. 3), compelling every Iris in English jurisdiction, to one Englishman in a shaving off his beard a mouth," and shall take English surname of one Sutton, Chester, Tryn Corke, Kinsale; or color Blake, Browne; or art or Smith, or Carpenter; or Cook or Butler; and tha his issue shall use this n pain of forfeiting his goo "And just as this Parl fore the Reformation, so after the Reformation. By Henry VIII., Chap. 15, and language of the Irish lently described as barbar minions of that ruffian l were utterly forbidden and under many penalties and ties. These laws are still but whether the Archaeol cety, including Peel and will be prosecuted seems d "There was also, 'tis to an adoption of English na ing some periods, from fash or meanness. Some of our names, too, have been so m to require some scholarsh tify them. For these an more reasons, the membe Celtic race here are immen er than at first appears.

"But that is not all; for Saxon and Norman colonis withstanding these laws, down into the Irish, and ad their ways and language. turies upon centuries Irish w en by men of all bloods in and English was unknown, a few citizens and nobles Pale. 'Tis only within a v period that the majority of ple speak English. "But it will be asked, how language be restored now?" Later on I will have occa quote from another article on this subject, by Davis, in he goes into the various p gested for the revival of the tongue. But for the present not again break in upon this asteristic essay. He replies his own question: "We shall answer this par saying that, through the lab the Archaeological and many societies, it is being revived We shall consider this questi the possibility of reviving it at length some other day. "Nothing can make us believ it is natural or honorable fo Irish to speak the speech o alien, the invader, and to ab the language of our kings an roes. What! give up the ton Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Bor tongue of McCarthy, and the O the tongue of Sarsfield's Cur Mathew's, and O'Connell's boy for that of Stafford and Poy Sussex, Kirk and Cromwell N not the 'brighter days shall come,' and the green flag shall on our towers, and the sweet language be heard once more i lege, mart, and senate." Remember that it is an Irish testant who writes thus; "But, even should the effort

The Gratitude Of a Protesta

Some time ago Col. Gen. S. E. of Reading, Es., made a present of fourteen beds, tables and chairs the Reading General Hospital. I ing done so he decided to have other hospitals share his generosity and he took steps to secure they most needed. The Hospital, under the name of the case of charity.

The National Language of Ireland.

By "CRUX."

LAST week I closed abruptly in the middle of that beautiful essay, by Thomas Davis, on "Our National Language." It will be remembered that the author of that production had just stated that "five-sixths, or more, of us"—meaning the people in Ireland, "are Celts." This he advances as an argument in favor of preserving, or rather reviving and then perpetuating the Celtic tongue. I will not occupy space with any comments on this contribution of Davis until we shall have read the second portion of it. It is thus he continues the subject:—

"Nor let any doubt these propositions because of the number of English 'names' in Ireland. With a political cruelty, the English of the Pale passed an Act, (3 Edw. IV., chap. 3), compelling every Irishman within English jurisdiction, 'to go like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving off his beard above the mouth,' and shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Svrnye, Corke, Kinsale; or color, as White, Blacke, Browne; or art or science, as Smith, or Carpenter; or office, as Cook or Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name, under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly."

"And just as this Parliament before the Reformation, so did another after the Reformation. By the 28th Henry VIII., Chap. 15, the dress and language of the Irish were insolently described as barbarous by the minions of that ruffian king, and were utterly forbidden and abolished under many penalties and incapacities. These laws are still in force; but whether the Archaeological Society, including Peel and O'Connell, will be prosecuted seems doubtful.

"There was also, 'tis to be feared, an adoption of English names, during some periods, from fashion, fear, or meanness. Some of our best Irish names, too, have been so mangled as to require some scholarship to identify them. For these and many more reasons, the members of the Celtic race here are immensely greater than at first appears.

"But that is not all; for even the Saxon and Norman colonists, notwithstanding these laws, melted down into the Irish, and adopted all their ways and language. For centuries upon centuries Irish was spoken by men of all bloods in Ireland, and English was unknown, save to a few citizens and nobles of the Pale. 'Tis only within a very late period that the majority of the people speak English.

"But it will be asked, how can the language be restored now?" Later on I will have occasion to quote from another article written on this subject, by Davis, in which he goes into the various plans suggested for the revival of the Gaelic tongue. But for the present I will not again break in upon this characteristic essay. He replies thus to his own question:

"We shall answer this partly by saying that, through the labors of the Archaeological and many lesser societies, it is being revived rapidly. We shall consider this question of the possibility of reviving it more at length some other day.

"Nothing can make us believe that it is natural or honorable for the Irish to speak the speech of the alien, the invader, and to abandon the language of our kings and heroes. What! give up the tongue of Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru, the tongue of McCarthy, and the O'Nials, the tongue of Sarsfield's Curran's, Mathew's, and O'Connell's boyhood, for that of Strafford and Poyning's, Sussex, Kirk and Cromwell No, oh! no! the 'brighter days shall surely come,' and the green flag shall wave on our towers, and the sweet old language be heard once more in college, mart, and senate."

Remember that it is an Irish Protestant who writes thus:

"But, even should the effort to

save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it.

"Had Swift known Irish he would have sowed its seed by the side of that nationality which he planted, and the close of the last century, (the seventeenth) would have seen the one as flourishing as the other. Had Ireland used Irish in 1782, would it not have impeded England's reconquest of us? But 'tis not yet too late.

"For you, if the mixed speech called English was laid with sweetmeats on your child's tongue, English is the best speech of manhood. And yet, reader, in that case you are unfortunate. The hills, and lakes, and rivers, the forts and castles, the churches and parishes, the baronies and counties around you, have all Irish names—names which describe the nature of the scenery or ground, the name of founder or chief, or priest, or the leading fact in the history of the place. To you these names, hard to pronounce, are without meaning.

"And yet it were well for you to know them. That knowledge would be a topography, and a history, and romance, walking by your side, and helping your discourse. Meath tells its flatness, Clonmel the abundant riches of its valley, Fermangh is the land of the Lakes, Tyrone the country of Owen, Kilkenny the Church of St. Canice, Dunmore the great fort, Athery the Ford of the kings, Dunleary the Fort of O'Leary; and the Phoenix Park, instead of taking its name from a fable, recognizes as christener, the 'sweat-water' which yet springs near the East-Gate. All the names of our airs and songs are Irish, and we every day are as puzzled and ingeniously wrong about them as the man who, when asked for the air, 'I am asleep, and don't wake me,' called it 'Tommy McCullagh made boots for me.'

"The bulk of our history and poetry is written in Irish, and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer, in the original—shall we be content with ignorance or a translation of Irish? The want of modern scientific words in Irish is undeniable, and doubtless we should adopt the existing names into our language. The Germans have done the same thing, and no one calls German mongrel on that account. Most of these names are clumsy and extravagant; they are almost all derived from Greek or Latin, and cut as foreign a figure in French and English as they would in Irish. Once Irish was recognized as a language to be learned as such as French or Italian, our dictionaries would fill up, and our vocabularies ramify, to suit all the wants of life and conversation.

"These objections are ingenious refinements, however, rarely thought of till after the other and great objection has been answered. The usual objection to attempting the revival of Irish is, that it could not succeed.

"If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this, save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved, and gradually extended. What we seek is, that the people of the upper classes should have their children taught the language which explains our names of persons or places, our

older history, and our music, and which is spoken in the majority of our counties, rather than Italian, German, or French. It would be more useful in life, more serviceable to the taste and genius of young people, and a more flexible accomplishment for an Irish man or woman to speak, sing, and write Irish than German.

"At present the middle classes think it a sign of vulgarity to speak Irish—the children are everywhere taught English, and English alone in the schools—and, what is worse, they are urged by rewards and punishments to speak it at home, for English is the language of our masters. Now, we think the example and exertions of the upper classes would be sufficient to set the opposite and better fashion of preferring Irish; and, even as a matter of taste, we think them bound to do so. And we ask it of the pride, the patriotism, and the hearts of our farmers and shop-keepers, will they try to drive out of their children's minds the native language of almost every great man, we had, from Brian Boru to O'Connell—will they meanly sacrifice the language which names their hills, and towns, and music, to the tongue of the stranger?"

"About half the people west of a line drawn from Derry to Waterford speak Irish habitually, and in some of the mountain tracts east of that line it is still common. Simply requiring the teachers of the National Schools in these Irish-speaking districts to know Irish, and supplying them with Irish translations of the school-books, would guard the language, where it now exists, and prevent it from being swept away by the English tongue, as the red Americans have been by the English race from New York to New Orleans.

"The example of the upper classes would extend and develop a modern Irish literature, and the hearty support they have given to the Archaeological Society makes us hope that they will have sense and spirit to do so.

"But the establishment of a newspaper partly or wholly Irish would be the most rapid and sure way of serving the language. The Irish-speaking man would find, in his native tongue, the political news and general information he has now to seek in English; and the English-speaking man, having Irish frequently before him in so attractive a form, would be tempted to learn its characters, and by-and-by its meaning.

"These newspapers in many languages are now to be found everywhere but here. In South America many of these papers are Spanish and English, or French; in North America, French and English; in Northern Italy, German and Italian; in Denmark and Holland, German is used in addition to the native tongue; in Poland, German, French and Turkish; in Hungary, Magyar, Slavonic and German; and the little Canton of Grison speaks three languages in its press. With the exception of Hungary, the secondary language is, in all cases, spoken by fewer persons than the Irish-speaking people of Ireland, and while they everywhere tolerate and use one language as a medium of commerce, they cherish the other as the vehicle of history, the wings of song, the soil of their genius, and a mark and guard of nationality."

Surely this is a plea for the revival of the Celtic tongue and of Irish literature. Were Davis to come forth from his tomb in Mount Jerome and to behold what is being done to-day along the lines that he indicated, sixty years ago, his spirit would be as proud as it was on that day when he beheld the "Nation" hailed with enthusiasm by the people of Ireland.

of St. Joseph's Hospital:—On Christmas eve, 1872—just 32 years ago to-day—I was a poverty stricken victim of yellow fever in the Brazilian part of Rio Grande, more than 4,000 miles from home, among a people of whose language I was ignorant, and with whose religion I was not in sympathy. There was not a person, excepting my own shipmates (and the majority of them were also stricken with the same awful disease), in all of Brazil who knew me, and I will not attempt to describe how I felt during that sad, sad Christmas season three decades ago. I will leave that to your imagination, but I do want to tell you that at a time when I had concluded that I was absolutely friendless, and when I had about made up my mind that my days on earth were numbered, your saint-like, earth-wide Sisterhood came to my rescue, and without pay, emolument or hope of reward nursed me back to health and strength.

"Now, Sisters, since I have told you of this experience do you blame me very much for adoring your noble order and loving every one of you personally? Since this yellow fever experience in South America, the bare thought of which makes me shudder, and up to within a very recent period, the fates decreed my life to be a constant struggle for the necessities of life, and the best I have been able to do in the matter of paying a little interest on the enormous debt I owe your Sisterhood was to reach down into my pockets and give you a dollar or two once in a while when I had it to give.

"I never have hoped, and cannot hope, to ever pay the debt I owe the Sisters of Charity. Were I a Vanderbilt, a Rockefeller, a Carnegie, a Rothschild and a Morgan all in one, and had I love but one iota less than that of God Himself I could not pay it; but, on this, the eve of the anniversary day of the birth of Him who Christians say brought 'peace to earth, good will to men,' and just thirty years after your great Sisterhood took me in, I take unutterable pleasure in handing you a small interest installment on this debt in the shape of this equipment for your two new fever wards with the sincere wish and belief that it may be the means, in your tender hands, of bringing many sick ones back to health.

"Good, Dear, Noble Sisters! In your self-imposed and arduous work of love becheered by the thought and knowledge that those of us whose fevered brows have felt the sympathetic touch of Sisters' hands well know the love that prompts you all in your angelic work amid disease and pestilence. Let me assure you that those of us who having seen in Sisters' bounty know you best; do all unite in praise of that self-sacrificing, noble love that reaches out to Earth's forgotten ones, and in your chosen Master's name bids all come taste of loving ministrations when disease overtakes and death draws nigh. Believe me, Sisters, when I say the truly good and great of all the earth appreciate your tenderness, approve your acts and honor well your name. And from the Great Beyond—your final, everlasting, peaceful resting place—where 'tis said that Charity prevails and work well done is recognized, I seem to hear Celestial voice of angel, saint and Love Himself in chorus call you blessed."

"Secretary's office,
Montreal, 3rd Dec., 1847.

"Sir,—With reference to my former letter to you upon the subject, I have the honor, by command of the Governor-General, to inform you that an instrument is this day transmitted to the Clerk of the Peace, by which His Excellency is pleased to associate you on the Commission of the Peace for the district of Montreal. (There was no other district west of Montreal then.) You will be good enough to lose no time in taking the oaths required by law, and transmitting a certificate of your having done so to the office of the Clerk of the Peace for the district.

"I have the honor to be,
"Sir,
"Your most obedient Servant,
"D. DALY,
"Secretary.

"John Egan, Esq.,
Etc., etc., etc.,
Aylmer."

In the first place this letter is signed by Dominick Daly, then Secretary of State, subsequently a judge, and known in after years as Sir Dominick Daly—one of the leading public men of Canada in the mid-nineteenth century, and one of the shining lights in the annals of the Canadian Bar and Bench. It was written in the office of the secretary at the Government House, Montreal. That was the Government House, or Parliament Building, that occupied the spot, facing McGill street, where stood, for so long, the St. Anne's market. The same Parliament building that was burned down, a year later, in 1848, during the wild scenes that marked the sanctioning of the Rebellion Losses Bill. The entire letter occupies but a very small space, nor are its contents of any great interest to the people of to-day; but what a vista along the past of our Canadian history it opens up before the eye of the reader! Let me just

HELP WANTED—MALE.
FLORIDA—Wanted at the Altamonte hotel, Altamonte Springs—Young men as waiters and bell boys; send full particulars, age, size, photo and written reference as to character; must be Protestants.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.
FLORIDA—Wanted at the Altamonte hotel, Altamonte Springs—Girls for dining room work, a laundress woman or dish-washer; this is a select family hotel; we employ none but Protestant Americans; send full particulars and written references as to character.

Catholics, who are accustomed to eat their victuals without looking at the cook's baptismal certificate, will not be likely to flock to the Altamonte hotel in great numbers. It does not cost a cent to keep away

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It is not so much the contents of the two letters before me, as their dates, and the names of the writer and the person to whom they were addressed, that lend them any interest. In the first place I may treat the two letters as one, as far as concerns any person living to-day. One was written in November, and the other in December, 1847. As both refer to the same subject, and as the latter is the shorter of the two, I will select it for my present purpose.

Firstly, there is no envelope! It is a double sheet of foolscap paper, folded, and held by a huge red seal. The seal bears the arms of Great Britain, with the words "Secretary for Canada." I expect this term is equivalent to "Secretary of State," to-day. The first post-office stamp reads "Montreal, Paid, Dec. 3, 1847, Canada." No stamps such as we now have were in use; the letters were either prepaid at the office, or else the amount was collected from the persons to whom they were sent. Hence the word "paid" in the office stamp. The second stamp reads "Bytown, Dec. 5, 1847, U.C." Now this means that it took a letter, even an official government letter, two days to travel from Montreal to Bytown (now Ottawa) in 1847. The letters "U. C." on the Bytown stamp mean "Upper Canada," Ontario and Quebec were as yet unknown. The third stamp reads "Aylmer, Dec. 6, 1847, O., L. C." This shows that a letter took one full day to go from Ottawa—then Bytown—to Aylmer, a distance of nine miles. To-day these two places are connected by the Pontiac railway, and by the Hull electric cars. It takes twenty minutes to go from the one to the other. The letter "O." in the stamp, means "County of Ottawa"—the County of Wright in our day; the letters "L. C." mean "Lower Canada."

The letter is addressed to "John Egan, Esq., Aylmer, Ottawa." Mr. Egan was, half a century ago, the leading lumber merchant of the Ottawa valley, and represented, in the fifties, that constituency in the Legislative Assembly. His name was familiar, even for long years after his death, which occurred at Quebec, in July, 1857, to all the leaders of commerce throughout Canada. I will now copy this letter—leaving aside that of November, which is merely a formal acknowledgment of an application.

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Montreal, 3rd Dec., 1847.

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age from the writer thereof to the recipient.

Seated in an office, the window of which gave a glimpse of the harbor, and the site of the present Custom House, Dominick Daly, secretary of the Canadian Government, and possibly the most promising and successful politician of his day, signs his name at the bottom of that page of foolscap. Then he folds it three times, laps over the folds, places a huge seal upon the mass of red wax, puts his initials in the corner, and hands it to a messenger. The messenger carries it to the old post-office on great St. James street and pays in a sum of three pence for its safe delivery. It is taken, early next morning, by stage to Lachine. There it is placed on one of the Ottawa River Navigation Company's boats. For twelve miles it is taken overland to Granville. Later on there was a small railway running between these two places—a railway that is obsolete to-day. At three in the afternoon it is given into the care of the captain of one of the Union Forwarding Company's boats. By eight, or nine o'clock that night it is landed, at the Queen's wharf, below the docks, in Bytown (Ottawa). Possibly it is nearer to midnight when it finds repose in the old post-office on Elgin street (where stands the Langevin Block to-day). Next morning, bright and early it is assorted, with all the Montreal mail, stamped, and forwarded by stage to Aylmer. It takes from ten o'clock, the time the mail rig left Bytown, until after twelve, to reach the village by the Lake—that is, provided the mail boy did not have occasion to tarry in Hull, at the old Maguire Hotel, and at the "Elm Tree." The building, known as the post-office at Aylmer, in those days, is the only one now existing of all those through which that letter passed. The Parliament Buildings in Montreal, the post-offices of both Montreal and Bytown, and the great stone store house and offices of the Egan firm in Aylmer, are all things of the past.

Since then Upper and Lower Canada are terms almost meaningless; the County of Ottawa no longer exists; Bytown has so long been known as Ottawa that few to-day could tell why it was ever given such a name as Bytown; the Parliament Buildings of Canada are in the latter place at present, and the younger generation of Montrealers has no recollection even of the ruins of the Legislative Halls that once adorned this city; it then took two days for a letter to go from Montreal to Bytown, and three to reach Aylmer, while you can leave Montreal tomorrow at 9.45 in the forenoon, and if you catch the first electric car for Aylmer, be there at 2 in the afternoon; you may spend an afternoon between Ottawa and Aylmer, and be back at the Windsor Station here at seven in the evening. Since then envelopes have come into use and large seals into disuse; postage stamps are substitutes for cash payments at the wicket; the secretary for Canada has become the Secretary of State for the Dominion of Canada; and Sir Dominick Daly has ascended the ladder of political preferment, and professional success, until the topmost round was reached, and has long since gone down to the grave, leaving behind him a great name—but one that, like all great names, is only a sound in the ears of succeeding generations. Finally, since then John Egan bent his giant energies to develop the great valley of the Ottawa, built up a magnificent business, accumulated a princely fortune, died, leaving a numerous family, and having imparted an impetus to the lumber trade, such as it never before had received. Since then the square timber trade has become a business of the by-gone, the whole system has been revolutionized, the shantying is no longer what it then was, the day of the real "voyageur" is gone forever, the steam engine has invaded the country once traversed in canoe or on snowshoes, the huge rafts have vanished from our streams, Bytown has become the Legislative Capital, Aylmer a summer resort, and all that remains to tell of John Egan and his times, is a monument, in the garden, adjoining his princely home, and an inscription that not one in five hundred of the villagers in modern times has ever read. "Sic transit omnia super terram."

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The Gratitude
Of a Protestant.
Some time ago Col. Geo. S. Beck,
of Reading, Pa., made a present of
fourteen beds, tables and chairs to
the Reading General Hospital. Hav-
ing done so he desired to have the
other hospitals share his generosity,
and he took steps to ascertain what
they most needed. To the Reading
Hospital, under the management of
the Sisters of Charity, in charge

beds, tables and chairs. The report
says:—
"In the St. Joseph hospital two
rooms have been repainted in white
enamel and are an attractive setting
for the furniture that now occupies
the wards. They are designed as
special fever wards for typhoid pa-
tients and are for both sexes. The
men's ward is on the second floor on
the west side and the women's ward
on the third floor west side, both
rooms being splendidly ventilated
and naturally adapted for the pur-
pose. In one corner in a small re-
cessed room, with a bath with the
use of Charity, is

be taken in and given the prescribed
ice-baths without there being any
draughts or change in temperature
of the rooms."
In making the presentation, Col.
Beck delivered one of the most heart-
touching, beautiful tributes that we
ever read from any source to the
Sisters of Charity. Decidedly Pro-
testant lips never never pronounced
such an address. Without comment
we reproduce his speech in full,
knowing how thoroughly it will be
appreciated. In reply to the Rev.
Mother, who had just read the report
for his speech, he said: "I am glad
that the Sisters of Charity, in charge

FLORIDA—Wanted at the Altamonte hotel, Altamonte Springs—Girls for dining room work, a laundress woman or dish-washer; this is a select family hotel; we employ none but Protestant Americans; send full particulars and written references as to character.

Catholics, who are accustomed to eat their victuals without looking at the cook's baptismal certificate, will not be likely to flock to the Altamonte hotel in great numbers. It does not cost a cent to keep away

The Sway Of Gold in Public Affairs.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Never in the political annals of any country has such a story been told as that concerning a recent election in Delaware, United States of America. It would appear that one Addicks possesses millions and has openly undertaken to buy up the entire votes of Harrington, a country district in the State of Delaware. The most serious part of the affair is that Addicks has done exactly what he purposed doing, and that there is neither preventive, recourse, nor positive detection. A New York organ referring to the subject, says:—

"What can be done to stop the influence of this man's purse? Is what the Democrats are now asking themselves. They cannot stop it with a purse as big, if they wanted to, for they have not got it; and to-day's results clearly indicate that the voters vote as they are paid to do. Years of bribery, gradually extending, have completed their depravity, and they hold their votes for pay."

It is such an extraordinary case of unbridled political corruption that we will quote a few passages more from the report before us.

"Yesterday the Addicks leaders went to Philadelphia to consult with their chief and receive the bank bills. They returned on an afternoon train to Harrington and to Farmington, the two precincts comprising the district to be conquered, and Addicks alighted at Wilmington. It was wondered how he would carry on the battle this time—for he is a man of resource, and no two campaigns are conducted alike. Sometimes, in order to collect your money, you must present a black bean which has been given to you in the polling booth by the (Addicks) 'voters' assistant' whom you have called in to bear witness that 'the goods' were delivered. Sometimes it is a gun-wad with holes punched in it, two holes meaning \$20, three holes meaning \$30. Sometimes the token is a campaign button, of which Addicks has bought the entire supply; and again there is a check-list, and when the 'voters' assistant' emerges from the booth with his victim he gives a signal to the checker-off, lifting his hat or pulling down his cuff. In an election not long ago the agent stood upon a corner, like a county-fair fakir, with a package of banknotes folded conveniently over his forefinger. To-day, there being but two polling booths, visitors came from New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Dover, Felton, and Georgetown to look on; the method was not so open.

"Most of the work had been done in advance. It was done in the farmhouses, man to man, or in the second-floor room of the yellow saloon building, which is one turn to the right and one to the left from the Harrington Railway station. Any citizen can direct you to the place, for all saw the activity there, and many of them, imagining what they could do with a \$20 bill, sidled in there. Harrington is a farming town, rather like the old town of Fredericksburg, Va., in appearance. As early as eight o'clock this morning the buggies and carryalls and express wagons, all mud-spattered, hitched to shaggy unclipped horses and woolly mules, began to flourish up to the hitching-posts by the sidewalks. In another hour the main street was completely lined with them, and branch streets likewise, and thick groups of farmers with trousers tucked into strong leather boots gathered in groups. They are mostly tenant farmers; the land is let out to them by the landowners; and after the strawberries, the peaches, the wheat, and the grapes have been marketed, the money ceases to come in unless they turn a penny or two by climbing the slim gum trees, and cutting off that parasite mistletoe which city people will buy at Christmas."

"This is the case of a man, possessed of money and influence, setting to work openly and deliberately to secure representation by means of purchased votes. It is a striking example and it has made a great deal of noise. But, is there only one Addicks in America? Is Addicksism, as it is now called, confined to Dela-

ware, or to the American Republic, or to this continent? Decidedly not. If we were to place reliance in the charges and counter-charges that the press of the two political parties in Canada are constantly making, we would have to conclude that we have a whole colony of Addickses over here, and that they are about equally divided between the two political camps. Decidedly our history is anything but spotless in regard to political corruption. The courts, as well as Parliamentary investigations, have revealed most astounding feats of corruption throughout the years that have gone; and we are grieved to admit that a recent case, in our own city, has proven beyond peradventure that Mr. Addicks could still learn a few points in political corruption, were he to take the trouble to come over for a few months. These striking examples come to the surface at times; but there must be a deep undercurrent of corruption from which they spring. Pellee and Vesuvius shake the earth and attract the attention of the world; but they are simply evidence, that none can deny, of the terrible furnace of burning lava that the earth contains in its bosom. There is a spirit of corruption abroad to-day that even the pens of a hundred writers like Junius could not check, nor turn to shame. It is decidedly a proof that politicians, of a certain class, are drifting away from the teachings and the ethics of Christianity. A man, who knowingly corrupts a voter, reduces a fellow-man to the level of a marketable animal, secures by fraud and ill-directed money a false verdict in favor of a legislator, may attend Church, and may even preach to his friends, but he is, nevertheless, a public enemy and an agent of evil in the social domain.

We know of no check that can be effectively brought to bear upon this rising tide of corruption, unless it be the teachings and influence of the Church. In our very elementary institutions of education the youth should be taught to abhor the degrading sin of selling one's franchise. This sentiment should be so persistently inculcated that the world might, at least, have the hope of seeing a generation arise that will redeem the faults of the generation that is soon to pass away. Too much cannot be written upon the subject; the pulpit cannot thunder too loudly against the evil; the leaders of thought and action in the great social world cannot too positively ostracize the perpetrators of such a crime. The dignity, the manhood, the independence, the self-respect, the honesty, the character of a people are all at stake. Surely some mountain-top will arise out of the deluge of present-day corruption, whereon the ark of Christian patriotism may rest.

The Rush for Wealth.

Time was when the "gold fever" was the term used to designate the mad impulse that drove thousands into California in search of wealth. It would seem as if that same disease had again manifested its ubiquitous presence—but under a new name. It is now called the "Nitro fever." When Tennyson wrote his "Charge of the Light Brigade," and described the dash made at Balaklava "Into the Valley of Death," he little imagined that he was prefiguring another rush into a region long known as the "Valley of Death"—a vast domain that may be considered the most inhospitable on earth. We take the following account of the great analysis into the land of nitre and of the shadow of death, from a Californian despatch, dated the 2nd January:—

"Hundreds of miners and prospectors have begun a rush to the mysterious region of California, known as Death Valley, where great fields of nitre were recently discovered.

The great importance of the discovery was made known by Lewis E. Aubrey, state mineralogist of California, who sent out an expedition under the leadership of Professor Gilbert E. Bailey. This corps of experts found deposits of nitre sufficient to supply the world with valuable mineral at its present rate of consumption for many years to come. On the strength of the official report of their investigations, dozens of prospecting expeditions have already been fitted out by capitalists of the Far West. The deposits that have been discovered are located from 30 to 145 miles from Daggett, 112 to 130 miles from Randsburg and 45 to 70 miles from Ballarat. They extend over a territory more than 25 miles long and fifteen miles wide. No water can be found in the vicinity of the nitre, Furnace Creek, 35 miles distant, being the nearest point in the nitre beds at which water can be obtained.

Shafts have been sunk in the nitre beds from five to 45 feet without encountering any moisture. These shafts are in nitre from the surface down. According to those who understand the situation, there will be a stampede to Death Valley during the coming winter, and the excitement will be as great as that which followed oil and gold discoveries. Certainly the preparations which are being made warrant the belief that a boom is approaching for the Death Valley region, and the nitre fever may become national. As great outlays of cash are required to send out exploring parties, it is likely that the poor man's chances will dwindle as the rush grows stronger. Beside these parties many individuals have started for the Death Valley to stake out claims for themselves. Hundreds of miners are leaving their camps at Daggett, Berate, Randsburg and Mojave for the region of death and mystery, which, with information as to its perils, seems to hold no terror for them."

Purifying the Water.

One of our American contemporaries deals with the subject of purifying drinking water by means of lemon juice, or citric acid. The remarks are of interest to every large city, not excepting Montreal, and certainly not excepting Westmount. The article says:—

"While no one will think for a moment of discontinuing the favorite pastime of boiling the city water before drinking it, all must be pleased to learn that there are other things that may be done to the water for its own good. The officials of the Chicago health department have been prompt to make an investigation as to the value of the reported discovery of Dr. Asa Ferguson of London, who lately declared that lemon juice has the power of destroying the typhoid germ. The result of their investigation tends to confirm the London doctor's opinion and to emphasize its importance. They have reached the conclusion that one teaspoonful of lemon juice in a half-glass of lake water will kill every typhoid germ in the glass. The tests which the department will continue to make with a view to ascertaining how small a quantity of lemon juice will produce the same effect will be watched with interest. If the later investigations bear out the conclusions thus far reached an additional safeguard will be provided against typhoid and this safeguard will be easy to obtain. Just how certain and practicable the lemon treatment may be is yet to be determined."

Should the result of this investigation prove favorable to the lemon theory, we may expect, next summer, as great a run on lemons as we have upon coal this winter. Fruit dealers and druggists will have a harvest. Of course, we add, provided nothing is done in the meantime to insure a supply of reasonably pure water to the city, and above all to the town of Westmount. We have always noticed that no other department, in our municipal organization, is as keen as the Water Department to gather in the taxes; yet, whenever the question of a pure supply of water arises, the department has very little to say, and less activity to display. The Council should send a man to the lemon regions of the South to buy up the next crop for the benefit of the city.

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 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

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

Irish History In Schools

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Mr. J. E. Dolan, National President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, recently submitted an abridged history of Ireland for approbation to Right Rev. Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, with a view to have it taught in the parochial schools of the diocese. Mr. Dolan acted in accordance with resolutions adopted at the national convention of Hibernians, held in Denver last summer, urging the necessity of such a history. Having read the book the Bishop said:—

"Mr. Dolan asked me to look over the work, and asked for my approval in the use of such a history in the schools of the diocese. I have looked it through, and am glad to give my approval to the idea of having Irish history in the curriculum of our schools. I have already called the Christian Brothers' attention to the matter, and they will have it a feature of their work in the academy in this city. There is need for such a study in the schools, and I shall give written approbation, if necessary, to Mr. Dolan in the laudable work of having a history of Ireland among the school books of our children."

The report from which we take the foregoing adds:—

"Mr. Dolan intends to notify the Hibernians throughout the country of the Bishop's approval, and will advise them to see to it that Irish history is made a study in the schools in their localities."

It is this last paragraph that interests us in a special manner. What is of importance in the diocese of Syracuse, is equally so in every other diocese of the United States and of Canada. There is not a corner of this continent that has not its Irish population, and wherever the children of the Irish race congregate in sufficient numbers there is a branch of the A.O.H. and there is not a centre without its school; and in every school Irish history should be properly taught. The Bishop, in the above-quoted interview, makes mention of the Christian Brothers. As far as our country is concerned, we have reason to know that Irish history is well, and, we might say, thoroughly taught by the members of that Order. In fact, we know of a couple of schools, under the care of the Christian Brothers, wherein very special pains are taken to secure every possible assistance for the pupils in their study of Irish history. We know of one school, the director of which, culls from the very press of the day, lectures, articles, contributions of any kind that he considers likely to cast fresh light on the story of Ireland's past and to awaken a special interest in the pupils for the study of Irish literature, as well as history. We make these remarks in a spirit of encouragement, as well as from motives of deep appreciation of the efforts made in behalf of that study. To properly feel the spirit of honest patriotism it is necessary that a man should know the truth about his country's past. If he be only acquainted with some vague stories, meaningless traditions, or quaint folk-lore, he cannot be expected to take that deep and abiding interest in the present and future of the land, which is invariably to be found in the breast of the one who has ranged the hills of his country's bye-gone, and has ransacked the relics that time has left of her history. The proper study of Irish history, as well as the proper teaching thereof, may be considered as the best acts of sincere patriotism.

The fact that a certain contemporary persists in asserting that Boyle O'Reilly was not a poet, reminds one of a fable concerning a grave and dignified measurer who lived in a mighty city seventy leagues beyond the bath-pool of the setting sun.

This measurer was very wise and reverend, and his dignity was impressive as that of Fadladdin in the tent of Nourmahal; yet he had a yardstick wherewith he measured all things, and, like most yardsticks, it was only three feet long. A remarkable peculiarity of the measurer was that, owing to defective vision, he could see to the end of his infallible yardstick and no further.

Naturally, the fame of such wise man was great. He measured many things that were less than a yard in length.

Perhaps—well, more than perhaps—the critic who is declaring Boyle O'Reilly no poet has been measuring the poet's genius with a yardstick beyond the end of which he cannot see. If the measurer could see that a height existed beyond this yard, perhaps he would make more accurate report.—The New World, Chicago.

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his measurements were correct. One unfortunate morning, however, the king of that country sent him to measure the tower of Assurbanipal, which everybody in the land knew was three thousand feet high. The duty of the wise man was to measure the four sides of the tower and make report.

In due time he returned. "How high is it on the north side?" asked the king. "A yard," solemnly responded the grave measurer. The monarch looked astonished. "How high on the south?" "A yard," with much gravity. "And on the east and west?" "A yard—only a yard!" with profound emphasis. Thereupon the king in a rage ordered that the short-sighted measurer and his infallible yardstick should both be transported out of the kingdom. "It is not well that our people longer be misled by one of such marvelous incapacity," remarked the monarch as he affixed his seal on the pitiless order.

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LATE MRS. C. F. O'HARA.

The grim reaper, Death, has again visited our community and taken away a much esteemed lady in the person of Mrs. C. F. O'Hara, of 10th Con. Sullivan. Deceased was just ill one week with pneumonia previous to her death, which occurred on Dec. 15th, so that her sad demise was not expected. She bore her last sufferings with the same patience which characterized her whole life. "Death surely loves a shining mark." A purer life was never summoned to eternity's distant shore. Dark indeed must be the home from which so much sunshine has been taken dimmed with tears will be the eyes that look in vain for her, and broken is the heart of the husband over the loss of his beloved wife. May God in his mercy comfort and console them.

Deceased was born in St. Catherine's, 37 years ago, and came with her parents to Dornoch when a child. She leaves a husband and two children; two and four years old. Mrs. was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herrity, who are still living, as are four sisters and one brother—Mrs. Moran, of Owen Sound, Mrs. Babinger, of Gowanda, N.Y., Kate, Maggie and Michael at home. The funeral took place Wednesday, Dec. 17th, at 9 o'clock, to St. Paul's Church, Dornoch, where a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Buckley, after which he delivered a very touching discourse on the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death.

The remains were then tenderly laid to rest by the side of her two children, who had preceded her a few years. May her soul rest in peace.

Choice Grain for Seed.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture another distribution will be made this season of samples of the most productive sorts of grain to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution is of the very best and has been secured by the director of the Experimental Farms from the excellent crops recently had in the Canadian North-west. The distribution this spring will consist of samples of oats, spring wheat, barley, Indian corn and potatoes. The quantities of oats, wheat and barley to be sent this year will be sufficient to sow one twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn and potatoes will weigh 3 lbs. as heretofore. Every farmer may apply, but only one sample can be sent to each applicant, hence if an individual receives a sample of oats he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley or potatoes, and applications for more than one sample for one household cannot be entertained. These samples will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in any time before the 1st of March, after which the lists will be closed, so that all the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Parties writing should mention the sort or variety they would prefer, and should the available stock of the kind asked for be exhausted, some other good sort will be sent in its place.

W. M. SAUNDERS,
Director Experimental Farms,
Ottawa, December 25, 1907.

Hints to Subscribers.

A SENSIBLE ACT. — The Lucas County, Ohio, Federation of Catholic societies, now composed of thirty-five societies, held an interesting meeting Sunday evening. One of the subjects discussed was the Catholic press, and it was strongly advocated that the federation should give it hearty support even to the extent of acting as agents for Catholic newspapers and periodicals. It was the sentiment of the meeting that a Catholic paper should be in every home.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.—Under this heading, the "Catholic Citizen," of Milwaukee, says:—

A contemporary suggests that one way that Catholic Federation might help the Catholic press is by influencing general advertisers to advertise in Catholic papers.

This method might include a use of the formula, "I saw your advertisement in 'The Catholic,'" whenever buying or writing to an advertiser.

Also, a disposition to give advertisers who advertise in Catholic papers the preference—others things being equal.

Also the use of a formula like this: "I am a constant reader of The Catholic. I deal with you, but when you advertise you pass over my church paper, although you do use the columns of the Methodist press. Don't you want the trade of Catholics?"

All this is a business proposition. Advertisers frequently say to the advertising solicitors of Catholic papers: "Catholics are not good customers of ours." This is said merely as "a stand-off." They know, and we know, that Catholics, in buying and selling, do not put themselves in evidence under a religious label. Other advertisers disparage the value of "the Catholic trade."

The Catholic public can help the Catholic press by making itself felt as a force herein, so that advertisers will be as courteous in soliciting its trade as it is in soliciting the Methodist trade through Methodist papers.

It has been said that the cup of coffee you sip at breakfast pays for your morning paper. In other words, the coffee merchant, by liberally advertising, enables the daily paper to sell its issue at a cent a copy, where it otherwise could not be published at less than five cents a copy. Without the advertiser, we could not have a cheap daily press. Great, therefore, is the advertiser as the patron extraordinary of the press.

Catholics who believe in the necessity of a religious press want the advertiser to consider their papers in distributing his fund. It is a business proposition.

A BISHOP'S COURAGE

"The Messenger," in its news chronicle of the world, describes a splendid manifestation of faith which took place recently in Spain.

More than twenty thousand persons came on a pilgrimage into what is called the Desert of the Palm, in the diocese of Tortosa. Here a monumental cross was to be erected in honor of the Divine Redeemer. It is a part of the tactics of the revolutionary ruffians of Spain to indulge in the most impious and violent insults on occasions of this kind. As the immense throng of pilgrims was passing on its way with all the uncontrollable enthusiasm of Spanish faith, fire was set to the thickest part of the brush-wood, directly in the path of the crowd, and where the passage was most difficult. The Bishop of Tortosa at once placed himself in front and bade the people advance without fear. They did advance, the bands playing and flags flying, notwithstanding the great danger. They took off the branches of the trees and heaped up the stones in the path of the fire. No wonder that when they reached the summit of St. Michael's Mount, where the cross shone radiant and majestic in the sun, they proclaimed their victory with a wild shout of exultation. Mass was said in the open air, with a choir of twelve thousand singers. The apostle's Spanish blessing on the president's lips made the people more sure, as said succinctly.

But Mrs. Fletcher, how know that you could be happy? Now you know with God and no sorrow reach her."

But it was all in vain; the child had been laid to Fletcher's neighbors and shook their heads ominously. She shut herself from every one.

Weeks passed, bringing Christmas preparations, but of their gracious message the solitary, uncomfited her stately, desolate home.

"She must be roused and ed, or this settled melancholy diastrom," the doctor Mrs. Fletcher's friends who discussed her case. "I don't know how to rouse her," said succinctly.

Grief of a

The Sister of Charity and smoothed the tang the dying woman. "If for the child! the child voice wailed.

"Do not distress your Bentley," the Sister said tenderly. "God for little Alice. You are weak, and you must try signed."

The two-year-old girl her arms looked up in the gentle face. "Mamma she lisped, the rosy lips tremble and the tears the blue eyes. Sister Gertrude curly head on her "Poor mamma is tired, must not cry and wail mamma." The dying wailed out her hands for the Sister laid the little her mother.

"Sister Gertrude," M said, "help me to say, 'God done.' It is so hard—so leave her all alone in the The fluttering hands Alice's head and the dim with unpeepable tenderness child. The room was very light came over the face ing mother. "They will be done!" she whisp the fainting whisper the soul was freed.

After a few moments Sister Gertrude lifted her arms and went to the cuperants of the house of Mrs. Bentley. Then with she returned to her com

Sister Gertrude had so dying anguish of the po with the thought of God dence over the orphan child own mind could not see what form that Providence take. Her sisterhood, the in the town, had no orphan had quite a struggle to their establishment by the only provision that seem was to send the child to city. Commending her charge to the Mother of Sister Gertrude began to school children with their preparations.

Not having many ment little community, the car fell upon Sister Gertrude baby sat at her feet, in form, while she taught in room. Many wonderful school girls told little Al that Santa Claus would an he would be sure to b because they had all told

In a very handsome hon same city, a young wo bending over the dead for baby. But six months b husband had died; and t wished heart it seemed p durance that death should her only child.

"It is too much! Too m told herself, sitting in a st less grief beside her dead. ed a deaf ear to all word fort. "There is no sorrow Husband and child so soo cannot, I will not be cons sat for hours beside the li torturing her poor heart picture of baby loveliness, ing death. "She was so m my Alice—my one treasure, tiful to die." When a mo neighbor tried to make her the child's blessed safety, out that her whole life w been devoted to her darlin

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Subscribers.

CT. — The Lucas Generation of Catho- composed of third- field an interesting evening. One of the was the Catholic strongly advoca- tion should give it even to the extent nts for Catholic periodicals. It was the meeting that a could be in every

PROPOSITION.—Un- the "Catholic Citi- e, says:—

suggests that one Federation might press is by indu- cements to adver- apers.

ght include a use saw your adver- Catholic—," writing to an ad- on to give adver- in Catholic pa- —others things le-

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business proposition. ntly say to the rors of Catholic re- are not good cus- This is said mere- off." They knew, at Catholics, in do not put them- under a religious rtersers disparage Catholic trade."

Public can help the making itself felt so that advertisers us in soliciting the Meth- ough Methodist pa-

that the cup of breakfast pays for. In other words, t, by liberally ad- the daily paper to cent a copy, where not be published cents a copy. With- we could not press. Great, advertiser as the ary of the press: believe in the neces- press want the sider their papers fund. It is a busi-

COURAGE

in its news world, describes a tion of faith which y in Spain. There is no sorrow like mine. Husband and child so soon taken. I cannot, I will not be consoled." She sat for hours beside the little coffin, torturing her poor heart with the picture of baby loveliness, so strik- ing death. "She was so beautiful— my Alice—my one treasure, too beau- tiful to die." When a motherly old neighbor tried to make her think of the child's blessed safety, she cried out that her whole life would have been devoted to her darling's happi- ness.

But Mrs. Fletcher, how do you know that you could have made her happy? Now you know she is safe with God and no sorrow can ever reach her."

But it was all in vain; and after the child had been laid to rest, Mrs. Fletcher's neighbors and friends shook their heads ominously over her condition. She shut herself away from every one. Weeks passed, bringing the merry Christmas preparations, but no hint of their gracious message reached the solitary, uncomfoted mother in her stately, desolate home. "She must be roused and interest- ed," so the settled melancholy will prove disastrous," the doctor told Mrs. Fletcher's friends, when she discussed her case. "Only God knows how to rouse her."

Grief of a Mother's Heart Dispelled.

The Sister of Charity bent over and smoothed the tangled hair of the dying woman. "If it were not for the child! the child!" the feeble voice wailed.

"Do not distress yourself, Mrs. Bentley," the Sister said with soothing tenderness. "God will provide for little Alice. You are very, very weak, and you must try to be re- sisted."

The two-year-old girl in the Sis- ter's arms looked up in wonder at the gentle face. "Mamma! Mamma!" she lisped, the rosy lips beginning to tremble and the tears gathering in the blue eyes. Sister Gertrude laid the curly head on her shoulder. "Poor mamma is tired, Alice. You must not cry and wake up poor mamma." The dying woman stretched out her hands for the child and the Sister laid the little one beside her mother.

"Sister Gertrude," Mrs. Bentley said, "help me to say, 'God's will be done.' It is so hard—so hard — to leave her all alone in the world." The fluttering hands rested on Alice's head and the dim eyes dwelt with unspokeable tenderness on the child. The room was very still. A light came over the face of the dying mother. "They will be done! They will be done!" she whispered; and in the fainting whisper the struggling soul was freed.

After a few moments in prayer, Sister Gertrude lifted the child in her arms and went to inform the occupants of the house of the death of Mrs. Bentley. Then with little Alice, she returned to her community.

Sister Gertrude had soothed the dying anguish of the poor mother with the thought of God's providence over the orphan child; but her own mind could not see just then what form that Providence would take. Her sisterhood, the only one in the town, had no orphanage and had quite a struggle to maintain their establishment by teaching. The only provision that seemed possible was to send the child to a distant city. Commending her helpless little charge to the Mother of Sorrows, Sister Gertrude began to help the school children with their Christmas preparations.

Not having many members in the little community, the care of Alice fell upon Sister Gertrude, and the baby sat at her feet, on the plat- form, while she taught in the class- room. Many wonderful stories the school girls told little Alice of all that Santa Claus would bring her; and he would be sure to bring them, because they had all told him.

In a very handsome home in the same city, a young woman was bending over the dead form of her baby. But six months before her husband had died; and to the angu- ished heart it seemed past all en- durance that death should rob her of her only child.

"It is too much! Too much!" she told herself, sitting in a stony, tear- less grief beside her dead. She turned a deaf ear to all words of com- fort. "There is no sorrow like mine. Husband and child so soon taken. I cannot, I will not be consoled."

She sat for hours beside the little coffin, torturing her poor heart with the picture of baby loveliness, so strik- ing death. "She was so beautiful— my Alice—my one treasure, too beau- tiful to die." When a motherly old neighbor tried to make her think of the child's blessed safety, she cried out that her whole life would have been devoted to her darling's happi- ness.

But Mrs. Fletcher, how do you know that you could have made her happy? Now you know she is safe with God and no sorrow can ever reach her."

But it was all in vain; and after the child had been laid to rest, Mrs. Fletcher's neighbors and friends shook their heads ominously over her condition. She shut herself away from every one. Weeks passed, bringing the merry Christmas preparations, but no hint of their gracious message reached the solitary, uncomfoted mother in her stately, desolate home. "She must be roused and interest- ed," so the settled melancholy will prove disastrous," the doctor told Mrs. Fletcher's friends, when she discussed her case. "Only God knows how to rouse her."

herself to death. She will not read or take exercise. She just sits and broods all day long over the death of her child. I feel like scolding her only she looks too forlorn to take any notice of my scolding."

As the weather grew colder the question of clothing little Alice be- gan to be a serious problem to Sis- ter Gertrude. The school girls had contributed some articles of wearing apparel, but as they were nearly all the children of working people, they did not have very plentiful ward- robes. One day, Jennie Moore, one of the larger girls, said wistfully to Sister Gertrude: "It seems such a pity, Sister, that our little Alice cannot have some of the fine clothes that belonged to Alice Fletcher. She was just the same age and she was always dressed like a little princess. I wonder what her mother did with all her beautiful clothes?"

"Is Mrs. Fletcher a Catholic, Jen- nie?" asked the Sister.

"Yes, Sister, she is. That is, she used to go to church; but now she never goes out at all. She will not see anybody, and just sits alone, all the time in her room."

"Poor thing!" said the Sister. "How strange that she will not seek the only true consolation. It does seem a pity, as you say, Jennie, that the clothing that could be of so much service to our poor little liv- ing child is lying useless."

After Jennie had gone home, Sis- ter Gertrude kept thinking of poor, desolate Mrs. Fletcher. Then she re- called the death of Mrs. Bentley and the anguish it had been to her to think of leaving little Alice alone in the world. A thought came to the Sister. Suppose she should take Alice to Mrs. Fletcher and ask her to give the little orphan a few of the plainest of the dead child's dresses. It seemed almost a daring thing to the gentle Sister, but her courage rose the more she thought of the plan.

"It may help her to see that there are other sorrows in the world. I will tell her of poor Mrs. Bentley's death and her distress at leaving Alice alone and friendless and of her act of resignation to God's will, at the last."

So when her class duties were over, Sister Gertrude prepared Alice for a walk. The little one was de- lighted; and the Sister dressed her very carefully. She brushed out the silky blonde curls and tied them with a bit of bright ribbon that a school girl had given little Alice. The pretty, eager face was a pic- ture, winsome enough to touch any heart, as the blue eyes sparkled in delightful anticipation of the outing with Sister Gertrude. Together they walked through the business thor- oughfares and out to the broad, sweeping avenue, where stood the handsome home of Mrs. Fletcher.

Sister Gertrude began to feel some- what abashed and nervous as she rang the door bell. The tall, formal butler looked surprised as he opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Fletcher at home and can I see her?"

"She is at home, Sister," the man replied, very respectfully, "but I do not think you can see her. She has refused to see any visitors at all since her baby died."

"So I have heard," Sister Ger- trude replied, "but—her courage ris- ing again—"I will detain her but a very short while."

The butler opened the door, look- ing doubtful. His orders were very strict, but he could not find it in his heart to refuse the good Sister. As they entered the hall, he caught sight of the child, clinging to the Sister's dress.

"I am afraid, Sister," he said hesi- tatingly, "that if Mrs. Fletcher will see you, it would never do for her to see the child." He stood and looked greatly puzzled. "You know she cannot get over the death of her baby; and it was just about like this one; and—dear me!" he said with a start, "this child is for all the world like our little baby."

the child clung to the Sister and be- gan to cry.

"Well, never mind then," he said hurriedly. "Hush, little girl, don't cry. I am not going to take you. I wouldn't for the world that Mrs. Fletcher should hear a child's voice, just now anyhow," he said to him- self, "there is no chance of her seeing them." Then aloud, "Sit down, Sister," opening the door of the handsome parlor. "I will go and ask Mrs. Fletcher if she will see you."

Awaiting his return, Sister Ger- trude gazed around the beautifully appointed room. How strangely cold and silent the house seemed. So stately and so handsome and so un- like a home. Accustomed to the merry voices of children, the chiv- ering patter of little feet, the Sister wondered at the chilling silence of the house.

"Some one to see me, Roberts?" Mrs. Fletcher turned to the butler. "You know I have told you I cannot see anyone."

"But madam, this is a Sister of Charity, and she said that she wanted to see you particularly."

"Well, ask her for her message. I will do anything I can, but," wear- ily, "I cannot see anyone."

Roberts still stood at the door. "The Sister said she would only de- tain you a very short while. You know, madam," he added hesitating- ly, "Mr. Fletcher was always so glad to have the Sister come to see him when he was sick."

Mrs. Fletcher started. True, she remembered the last days of her husband's life and how the visits of the Sisters seemed to comfort him. "Well, Roberts," she said, sinking back in her chair, "just ask the Sis- ter to come up here."

Mrs. Fletcher sat quite still a mo- ment. The butler's words had brought back that terrible blow, the loss of her husband. And then when her bleeding heart had leant with idolizing love upon her only child, she too had been taken. What was life to her after all but a succession of harrowing pictures, memories that pained her cruelly with every thought and a weary vista of a hopeless future?

A timid knock came to the door. "Come in!" said Mrs. Fletcher, and Sister Gertrude entered with little Alice. The lady had risen to receive them, and as her eyes fell upon the child she stood as if rooted to the spot.

"You are very kind to receive me, Mrs. Fletcher," a soft voice was say- ing, "and I thank you very much, for I have heard how greatly you have suffered."

Mrs. Fletcher inclined her head and seating herself, motioned to Sister Gertrude to be seated. Little Alice looked wonderingly at the beautiful lady.

Receiving no answer, Sister Ger- trude went timidly on: "I have come to ask you a very great favor, Mrs. Fletcher, and you will pardon me if it is more than you can grant. This poor little child was left to my care when her widowed mother died. She has no relatives that we know of. Our school is not very prosperous, for although we have a large num- ber of scholars, they are all of the poorer class. I came to ask you if you could make up your mind to give me some of the very plainest of your little girl's clothing, it would be a great help toward providing for this little one."

Sister Gertrude paused. Mrs. Flet- cher did not speak. Her large mournful eyes were fixed on little Alice. The child began to be fright- ened at this strange, silent woman. At last Mrs. Fletcher spoke. "This child's mother is dead, you say, Sis- ter?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you would like me to give you some of my baby's clothing— some of my little Alice's dresses?" The words died in a whisper.

Mrs. Fletcher did not like to re- fuse the gentle Sister, but the thought of parting with anything associated with her child was too painful to be considered. She drew her pocketbook from her pocket. "If you will accept a gift for the child, Sister, in place of the clothing," she said courteously, "I would prefer it. I cannot explain—everything my dar- ling left is just kept sacred; and to give them to another child"—she shook her head and held out a roll of money.

As Sister Gertrude hesitated, Mrs. Fletcher called the child to her. "Take this, little one," she said, and Alice, accustomed to the demonstra- tions of the warm-hearted school girls, in place of immediately taking the money, reached up her little arms and clasped Mrs. Fletcher a- round the neck. "Oh, you pretty, pretty lady! you look so sorry! Alice just loves you!" and before she started woman could untwine the clinging arms or frightened Sister Gertrude could take away her impul- sive young charge, Alice had enthu- siastically thrown the money into her lap.

love! Oh, the balm of a child's sweet comforting!

Trembling and unnerved, Mrs. Fletcher held the little one in her arms, while the blessed, softening tears rained over the sunny hair and the bright young face.

So Sister Gertrude's faith was not in vain, and the providence of God had provided for little Alice a more generous future than she had ever dared to hope for.

Alice was adopted by Mrs. Flet- cher, and she filled, in great measure, the place of the little daughter whose name she bore.

Mrs. Fletcher gave, in Alice's name, a most beautiful Christmas tree to the school, something far be- yond what the children had ever ap- peared to. The handsome house is no longer silent and desolate. Often the patter of little feet is heard through its halls; and the music of chil- dren's voices—sweetest of earthly sounds—rings through the house as Alice's little friends gather around her in her happy home.—M. E. Hen- ry Ruffin, in the Catholic Colum- bian.

LUNG WEAKNESS

IS DUE TO POOR AND WATERY BLOOD.

That is Why Some People Cannot Get Rid of a Cough, and Why It Develops Into Consumption.

The lungs are just like any other portion of the body—they need a constant supply of pure, rich blood to keep them sound and strong. If the lungs are not strong they are unable to resist disease, and that is the reason why an apparently sim- ple cold clings until the patient grows weaker and weaker and finally fills a consumptive's grave. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to strengthen the lungs, because they make the new, rich red blood which alone can do this work. The most emphatic proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rebuild the lungs and cure consumption in its earlier stages, is given in the case of Miss Blanche Durand, of St. Edmund, Que. Miss Durand says:—"In the month of September, 1901, I was visiting at the home of an uncle at L'Assomption. One day we were out boating I got my feet wet and caught cold. The cold seemed to cling to me and when I returned home about the end of September, I was quite ill. I was quite feverish, had no appetite, and the cough seemed to exhaust me. I began doctoring, but did not get any better, and in January, 1902, the doctor told me that my lungs were affected, and that I was in consump- tion. At this time a friend who had come to see me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for six boxes. The pills soon began to help me, as little by little, the cough grew less severe, my appetite became better, my strength returned, and I began to have a healthy color. I used eight boxes of the pills, and was then fully recovered. I am sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I shall always speak gratefully of them."

Such cases as these tell better than mere words the power of Dr. Wil- liams' Pink Pills. They cure all constitutional weakness because they go right to the root of the trouble and build up the blood. That is why they never fail to cure rheuma- tism, lumbago, kidney and liver troubles, headaches, backaches, in- digestion, biliousness and all other blood diseases. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing di- rect to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Substitutes are sometimes offered, but you can always protect yourself by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box.

A PECULIAR PHILANTHROPIST

"Tip" in the New York "Press" tells of a peculiar philanthropist who has been doing his good work regu- larly for years. He goes from un- dertaker to undertaker about once a month and asks for the unpaid fun- eral bills. If he can buy for 50 cents on the dollar he does so; if for 75 he does so; if for 90 he does so. If he is asked to pay in full he does so. The undertaker is required to send a receipt in full to the deb- tors, but without mentioning the name of the one who paid the bill. The philanthropist understands well the hard strain it is for the poor to have their dead decently, and knows how to help them.

The Humility of A Great Prelate.

At the recent celebration of the jubilee of Albany Cathedral His Grace Archbishop Farley preached the sermon. In the course of it he read an unpublished letter written by the late Cardinal McCloskey, when he was first Bishop of Albany, to a Cardinal in Rome, imploring him to use his influence to prevent his appointment as Archbishop of New York in succession to Arch- bishop Hughes.

Archbishop Farley, before reading the letter, stated that on his recent visit to Rome he heard while there a rumor of the existence of this let- ter. He instituted a search for it and succeeded in finding it in the arch- ives of the Propaganda. It is one showing the profound humility and self-distrust of America's illustrious first Cardinal. It will be seen that he suggested at the time, and in his stead, Bishop Martin John Spalding, of Louisville, as Archbishop Hughes' successor in the Metropolitan See of New York. We give the letter here as it was read from the pulpit by Archbishop Farley on that occasion:

"Most Eminent and Dear Lord Cardinal: Your Eminence will pardon me, I trust, if, presuming on the kindness and condescension shown to me in the past, I now venture to have recourse to you in a moment which for me is one of deepest anx- iety. Your Eminence as a member of the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide will have learned most probably before this reaches you that among the names commended through the Sacred Congregation of the Holy See to fill the vacancy caused by the much lamented death of the illustrious Archbishop of New York, my name, unfortunately, is placed first on the list. Now, I write to implore Your Eminence, in case there should be any danger of my appointment or of my being trans- ferred from Albany to New York, to aid me in preventing it and to save me from the humiliation and misery of being placed in a position for the duties and responsibilities of which I feel myself both physically and mor- ally unfit and unequal.

"If you will bear with me, I will state a few of my many, very many, grounds of objection.

"In the first place, it was only by a majority of one vote my name came to be placed first. My own vote was and still is in favor of the Bishop of Buffalo.

"Again, when after having been appointed and consecrated coadjutor of the Bishop of New York with the right of succession, I resigned both coadjutorship and right of suc- cession to come to Albany, I then re- solved, and still hold to the resolu- tion, that as far as it depended on my free will or consent of my own I should never again return to New York. Having been relieved from the prospect of succession, I never thought afterwards of aspiring or being called to it. I have accordingly done nothing to prepare or qual- ify myself for it.

"I speak only from the deepest sin- cerity of heart and from the strong- est conviction of conscience when I say that I possess neither the learn- ing, nor prudence, nor energy, nor firmness, nor bodily health or strength which are requisite for such an arduous and highly responsible office as that of Archbishop of New York.

"I recall from the very thought of it with shuddering, and I do most humbly trust that such a crushing load will not be placed upon my weak and unworthy shoulders.

"Either the Bishop of Louisville, Dr. Spalding, or the Bishop of Buf- falo, Dr. Timon, would fill the post with dignity, efficiency and honor.

"Your Eminence may, perhaps, be disposed to ask why not make these representations to Cardinal Barba- ro rather than to you? My answer is: I do not wish to seem as taking it for granted that my name will be presented to the Holy See. The com- munications which will be received from the several Archbishops of the country and from other sources may change entirely the aspect of the case, and no serious attention may be paid to the simple fact of my name appearing first on the list for- warded from New York. In such an event objections and remonstrances on my part to the Cardinal Prefect would not only be out of place, but would seem somewhat presumptuous and premature.

"It will be for Your Eminence to make such use of my communications as to your own wisdom and prudence seems best. I only wish, if occasion requires it, my feelings and senti- ments shall be made known to the Cardinal Prefect and Sacred Congregation.

"When once the decision is made and the Holy Father speaks, there remains nothing for me to do but to obey."

His will is in all things to me a law.

"Begging a thousand pardons for this intrusion and commending my- self once more to your friendly inter- est and sympathy, I have the honor to be Your Eminence's most obed- ient servant in Christ,

"JOHN, Bishop of Albany."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A TIMELY MEMORIAL.—The former pupils of the Ursuline Convent of Quebec are raising a fund to erect a new organ in the Monastery Chap- el.

NEW CHURCHES.—In Louisville, Ky., Catholicity is experiencing a wonderful growth. Four new Catho- lic churches were erected in that city last year.

A CATHOLIC CLUB.—Rev. John J. Farel, of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, Mass., is at the head of a movement to organize a Catholic club at Yale University.

TOO MANY RELIGIONS. — The New York "Freeman's Journal" re- marks:—"According to recent statis- tics, there are 1,000 religions in the world, just 999 more than there is any need or authority for.

STATISTICS.—The Catholic Di- rectory (England) for 1903 estimat- es the Catholic population of the United Kingdom (Ireland and Great Britain) as about 5,250,000—name- ly, England, 1,500,000; Scotland, 433,000; Ireland (according to cen- sus of 1901), 3,310,000. Including British America (with a Catholic population of about 2,600,000), Aus- tralia, India and all other posses- sions, the total Catholic population of the British Empire is probably about 10,500,000. The number of Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in the Empire is 170.

GONE TO ROME.—Dr. De Costa sailed from New York on the Kaiser William der Grosse last week in com- pany of Mgr. Kennedy, the newly- appointed rector of the American College at Rome. Mrs. Crawford, of Montreal, who, like the Doctor, is a convert, was amongst the num- ber of friends who assembled on the pier and cheered and waved their adieus till the steamer was out of sight. Dr. De Costa, it is expected, will remain a year in Rome.

VARIOUS NOTES.

A NEW ORCHESTRA.—One of the recent efforts of leading musicians in New York, which has met with the approval of several people of wealth, is the organization of an orchestra with a fund of \$25,000 a year for the next four years. Already \$40,000 have been subscribed.

HYDROPHOBIA MICROBE. — A despatch from Rome says:—Prof. Sormagni, of Pavia, announces that he has discovered the microbe of hydrophobia.

A GOOD HIT.—American daily newspapers state that William Keel- er, a star of the National League of baseball, has signed an agreement by which he will receive a salary of \$10,000 for the coming season.

MANY TONGUES. — Africa has nearly 700 languages.

IN AID OF CONSUMPTIVES.—Mr. Henry Phipps, of New York, former director of the United States Steel Corporation, has notified Dr. Flick of his intention to build, equip and endow a hospital in Philadelphia for the isolation and treatment of con- sumptives in advanced stages of the disease. It is estimated that Mr. Phipps' gift will entail an expendi- ture of considerably more than \$1,000,000.

The building and equipment will cost between \$200,000 and \$300,000, and Mr. Phipps has promised to en- dow the hospital with an income of between \$35,000 and \$40,000.

PAPER COG-WHEELS have been satisfactory tested. One would im- agine that paper in any form could hardly be strong enough for such a purpose, but it has been found main- tainably suitable even in respect to ten- acity; the behavior of pinions that have been working for twenty to two years has sufficed to show that paper pinions are not only strong, but, as might be expected, exceed- ingly durable. Perhaps their most con- spicuous merit is their noiselessness in working with iron or other metallic wheels.

You Can Buy **BEST FOR WASH DAY.**

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

of any Grocer

Household Notes. Notes for Farmers

HEART BEATS.—In almost all cases of organic trouble the heart is apt to beat rapidly. Irregular habits, worry, dissipation, overworking until the nervous system is a wreck, is a sure way to create a ninety pulse rate. However, when there is no organic trouble, the remedy is to correct the errors of living, sleeping regularly, eating regularly, exercising well, thus making better blood. If there is no heart trouble, this is the best way to correct that condition.—Health.

EFFECTS OF OXYGEN.—The discovery made recently by Professor Jacques Loeb, of Chicago University, that the action of the heart is stimulated by common salt has now been supplemented and extended by Professor David J. Lingle, of the same institution, who has found that oxygen gas is even a more important factor in sustaining heart action.

ANTI-SNORING DEVICE.—A device to prevent snoring is a small cap fitted over the chin, and held in place by a band around the head fastened to the chin cap with elastic rubber bands. This allows perfect freedom of the lower jaw, while at the same time it prevents its dropping after the subject is asleep, and thus prevents snoring.

THE ROSE CURE.—It has been discovered, says the London "Express," that the rose will cure a headache. Its perfume acts as a medicine upon the nerves. Its color, particularly if deep red, soothes the senses through the eyes, and its cleanliness and medicinal properties generally act upon the system not only as a curative, but as a tonic. The sweeter the rose is the better, for the sweetness of this flower is of such peculiar delicacy that it neither cloy upon the nostrils nor pall upon the senses.

An unhappy combination of colors will frequently affect the nerves and produce a headache. When undergoing a severe nervous strain it is a good plan to take a rose and hold it to the nostrils; breathe deeply of the scent.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

Every mother knows the constant care a little child requires, and to the young and inexperienced mother who is caring for her first baby there is no other period in her life more trying. In the little ills that are certain to come to all infants and young children, the mother—especially the young and inexperienced mother—scarcely knows what to do. It is to meet emergencies of this kind that Baby's Own Tablets are offered to all mothers. These Tablets are an absolute cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, and should constantly be kept in every home where there are young children. Sickness comes quickly—with Baby's Own Tablets at hand the emergency is promptly met. Mrs. R. H. LaRue, Mountain, Ont., says: "I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them." The Tablets are guaranteed free from opiates or harmful drugs, and crushed to a powder may be administered with absolute safety to a new born babe. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ST. BILDE'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 11th January, 1908.—Males 298, females 48. Irish 172, French 122, English 28. Scotch and other nationalities 19. Total 386.

Mr. W. T. Macoun, horticulturist of the Central Experimental Farm, has completed the report of the year's work and is now compiling some important records in connection with investigations of the past season.

An important report will be that on apple yields. The yield from individual trees was estimated this year. The orchard contains between 2,000 and 3,000. This new undertaking is for an important purpose as it will furnish facts for the horticulturist of great value to apple growers.

Already engineers have been given a vast amount of information as to yields of varieties. Yields of varieties for particular seasons and for numbers of seasons together have been ascertained. It is the object now to go further and instruct growers as to the lost individual trees to keep and to use for grafting. Many trees yield better than others of the same variety. If the farmers would graft from these, Mr. Macoun points out they would get better crops. The difference between the yields of trees of the same variety is sometimes marvelous.

It is also taken into account that some trees yield heavy one year and they may give small crops for a couple of years. Other trees are moderate yielders every year. Mr. Macoun has the records of trees for several years and is in a position to recommend to farmers good all round varieties as well as instructing them on the point of grafting from good individual specimens. Farmers and fruit growers will never carry on business to the best advantage until they recognize the importance of grafting in their own orchards.

To demonstrate the profit at which apples might be shipped to the old country M. W. T. Macoun of the Central Experimental Farm kept a record of expenses and receipts of a shipment made on October 3rd last year. The shipment consisted of 100 cases, the fruit being free from defects of any kind. The varieties were Wealthy, McMahon, Patten's Greening and Fameuse. The apples sold in Glasgow for £29, 15s and 9d.

The expenses including freight on goods, duties, labor advertising, cartage delivering, commission and guarantee were £7 8s and 8d, leaving a net profit of £22, 7s and 1d or \$108.41.

The expenses of the shipment on this side of the Atlantic were \$28.26, leaving a net balance of \$80.15. This would be 80 cents a box or \$3.20 a barrel.

The average profit per barrel of fall apples sold in baskets on the Ottawa Fruit Exchange after deducting price of baskets and commission was about \$1.10 showing \$2.20 difference in favor of the shipment to Great Britain. Furthermore it has been found this season that as good prices could be obtained on the Exchange for good windfalls as for hand picked fruit. So that the difference in favor of the shipment to Great Britain is even greater than appears.

The apples were not sent by cold storage. A thin layer of excelsior was placed between each layer of apples and a sheet of strong white paper on each side.

The fruit was adjudged perfect when examined by experts on the other side.

Mr. Macoun draws the conclusion that good results would be obtained by shipping autumn apples in this way. If fruit, he says, be picked carefully and reaches the steamer in good condition it will land on the other side safely without cold storage.

Another experiment by Mr. Macoun shows the profits within the reach of farmers who are willing to give some attention to apple culture. In the spring of 1896 there were in

the farm nursery 144 five-year old Wealthy apple trees, which had been used in an experiment. As there was a piece of land available that spring they were planted out 10 by 10 feet apart the object being to carry out further experiments. Eight of these trees have died, but most of the rest are making thrifty growth, though some are affected with canker and sunscald. The soil has been kept thoroughly cultivated during the growing season every year since.

During the past four years this little orchard has given very good returns, considering the size of the trees, and it promises to be still more profitable. It is doubtful if the trees will need much thinning as a few of them die every year letting the light and air into the rest.

The soil is a cold light sandy loam and from 1896 up to the autumn of 1901 the only fertilizers supplied were 284 lbs. of superphosphate, 54 lbs. of mutiate of potash and 132 lbs. of sulphate of ammonia, the estimated value of which was \$6.64.

In 1799, 189 gallons were picked and sold at 10 cents a gallon, realizing \$18.90, which would amount to \$59.15 for an acre. Next years there were 455 gallons sold at 10 cents a gallon, realizing \$45.50 or \$142.39 an acre. The next year, 1901, 156 gallons at 15 cents a gallon, realizing \$23.40 or \$73.23 for an acre of the same fruit. This year the yield was 982 gallons, some of which was sent to Glasgow at 25 cents a gallon and the rest sold in Ottawa at 6 cents. The receipts were \$117.96 or \$356.83 for an acre. So far only the picked fruit has been estimated. There was a large amount of windfalls sold at a cheaper rate.

In 1899, 66 gallons of windfalls were sold at 5 cents a gallon, realizing \$3.20 or \$10.33 for an acre. In 1900 143 gallons were sold at 5 cents a gallon, realizing \$7.15 or \$22.38 an acre; in 1901, 224 gallons were sold at 5 cents a gallon, realizing \$11.20 or \$35.05 an acre; in 1902, 432 gallons were sold at 8 and a fraction cents a gallon, realizing \$79.60 or \$240.79, making a total for the four years of \$940.15.

The estimated expenses per acre for three years, including rent of land, fertilizers, cultivating, spraying, and marketing were \$454.62, the average profits per acre per year were \$121.38.

There were 512½ gallons of small apples which were not sold, of which 119 gallons were among the picked fruit and 393½ gallons among the windfalls.

The reason that there is such a large amount of windfalls is that the Wealthy apple drops badly and this was especially the case this year.

The windfalls however which were sold brought a better price than the second grade picked apples, and as good prices as picked from other Wealthy trees. There is a great advantage in having a good local market as the windfalls can be disposed of before they decay. The expenses are all estimated on a very liberal basis. The greatest yield of picked fruit from one tree in 1902 was 16½ gallons and the greatest yield of windfalls and picked fruit was 32 gallons from the same tree.

It has not been possible to obtain the exact cost of this orchard prior to 1899, but including rent of land, cost of trees, planting and cultivating, the expenses per acre would be about \$150.

When such good returns can be had in a short time from Wealthy apple trees planted 10 feet apart it is worthy of consideration. It is not possible that it would be a good practice to have blocks of such early bearing trees of different ages and keep rooting out the older ones when they begin to fail? The development of this little orchard of Wealthy apple trees will be watched with much interest.—Ottawa Free Press.

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BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Prune thou thy words, thy thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious now
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meaneast deed more favor bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Thou brightest transports, choicest prayers
Which bloom their hour and fade.

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Society Directory.

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ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, 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.

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

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

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

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

O.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 Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Oostigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Adviser, Dra. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



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Annual Ch...

The parent Irish parish
city—St. Patrick's—achieved
triumph on Wednesday
the Windsor Hall, when
charity entertainment was
under the direction of Prof.
ler, the able organist and
ter of that Church.

The programme was a
and arranged in a manner
introduced to the audience
of the old parish.
opening chorus, "Glory
to the spirited closing "No
Young Many Moon," the
ence showed its appreciation
outbursts of applause which
the performers. The cho
ed of 200 voices—ladies
men—performed its part
programme with great merit
sketches incidental to the
the choruses in which the
the girls of the parish
said the role of gypsies
pupils wore bewitching
costumes, impressed the
ence in a marked degree,
P. Kelly, as Emperor, in
Menzie's, as Empress, in a
sketch, acted their parts in
ed manner. While Master
Smith and Francis Curran
bright and promising l
who acted as train-bearer
Empress, won the hearts
tire audience.

In the character
"Boys will be Boys,"
which the sanctuary
all attired in Eton suits
proudly wearing their
of yellow, white and
were introduced, the
ence manifested much
light. As an encore
toasts of the evening,
Monsieur le Maire,"
le Pere Martin," "Vive
St. Patrick," "Vive le
fesseur," "Vive les Sa
ary Boys," were given
the little fellows with
and a skill worthy of
professionals.

Of the soloists, Miss Bel
by her sympathetic enterpr
the solo in the chorus of t
gel's Whisper" at once beca
orite. Mr. G. A. Carpenter,
known leader of St. Patrick
sang the charming ballad
"Constant," with much soli
thiasm, for which he was
encored.
An interesting feature wa
and chorus in Gaelic, the v
which we publish below
Cowan's pronunciation of t
surprised many, while his r
of the melody was charm
piano solo, by Miss Winnie I
was much appreciated. Her
pretation of the work of o
great masters was faultle
Patrick's choir quartette
with fine effect "Annie Lauri
P. Flood gave two rollickin
favorites, "The Wearing
Green" and "Cruikshank Law
natural manner. For the ins
tal selections there appear
favorites to the parishioner
Patrick's, Mr. Joe M. J. J
Mr. J. M. Pomeroy, who