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The True Witness



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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & F. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1122.

A MODEL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

There are perhaps few sections of the United States that contain as many well-established charities as Philadelphia and vicinity, and one of these is St. Francis' Industrial School, at Eddington, Pa., with its farm of teeming acres yielding prolific crops annually. There are, however, other features of the school besides the farm that command attention. These include the academic and the manual training courses that bring out the best side of the three hundred boy pupils, inculcate practical lessons, develop their individuality, and tend to make them Christians and respectable citizens who need not fear to go into the world and confront the problems of life. St. Francis' School is an industrial school that teaches actual industry; boys are made practical and not theoretical workers.

rule that places every boy on a month's probation, and then if he does not come up to the requirements he is returned to his parents or guardian by the board of directors.

The farm, the garden, dairy, stock-raising and the trades, all combine to develop the boy and train him in different ways by which he may earn an honest living. He is under no expense whatever, whether he be in for a six or four year term. The course of instruction is for four years, while the more diligent and worthy may continue their course for two years longer and graduate with additional honors, thereby stimulating others to follow their good example. The academic course consists of the common branches, including reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, mensuration, book-keeping, linear, free-hand and architectural drawing.

Francis'. The benefits of military discipline are so evident that they need no recommendation. Besides affording wholesome excitement and a refreshing pastime to the scholars, it enables them to acquire a manly bearing and supplies to some extent the place of a regular course of athletics. It tends moreover to instill patriotism and promote obedience.

An infantry battalion has been organized. It is composed of four companies officered by boys chosen from the school, and exercised according to the United States drill regulation. The companies are drilled regularly in fair weather, every Thursday afternoon, on the spacious lawn in front of the main building. In inclement weather the drills are carried on under shelter. The battalion is under the command of Captain J. S. Whitaker, of the Third Regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania. So far this branch of the curriculum has been an entire success and has commended itself to every one interested in the school. The school does not make a specialty of tactics, but the marching evolutions of the boys when out upon parade indicate that they equal the pupils of any of the purely military schools in the vicinity of Philadelphia. There is a brass band of thirty pieces at the school, and a second one of nearly the same number from which the first one is recruited. The branch school in Philadelphia has also a band and drum corps of its own.

Pimlico district. In addition to their labors here, missions to non-Catholics have been preached at Fulham, Shepherd's Bush, Acton, Rugby, Cardiff, Shanklin, Southall, and other places, with very gratifying results.

The Catholic Times also refers to the subject. It says:

In many parts of Great Britain the street preacher is an institution. As a rule he has a considerable number of listeners. If he is eloquent and impressive he is in the centre of a large crowd. From this it may be inferred that amongst the masses of the people many are religiously inclined, but have no very definite belief. For their conversion Father Cuthbert in the "Franciscan Annals" makes a somewhat bold suggestion. To bring religion of a fixed character to this class is, he holds, one of the chief duties, if not the chief duty, which the Catholic Church owes to God in regard to the English nation. But how is it to be done? The English working-classes have a deep distrust of clerical action, and Father Cuthbert thinks there will have to be something of the nature of lay catechists to prepare the way for the priest and even to supplement his labors. The difficulty would be to get lay co-operators in large numbers in whom the Bishop and the priest could feel confidence, since they would have to be disciplined for their work. Might not the Third Order, asks Father Cuthbert, supply the co-operators, and might not the genius and educative influence of the Order be applied to preparing such co-operators, both men and women, for this work amongst the multitude? The matter will, no doubt, be fully discussed at the forthcoming Conference of Tertiaries in Leeds.

PERSONAL.
Rev. A. B. O'Neil, C.S.C., has been appointed associate editor of the "Ave Maria."

THE SUNDAY MASS.
The obligation of attending Mass on Sunday is strict, and the violation of it is a mortal sin. Every Catholic is aware of this obligation when Sunday comes all other considerations must be laid aside, and the first thing that a Catholic is bound to provide for, is the time to go to the Church and adore God. He may take physical and mental rest during the remainder of the day; he may enjoy innocent recreation that is calculated to recuperate his strength for the toil of the coming week; but he dare not violate the obligation of hearing Mass.

EARTHQUAKES.
In referring to the slight shock of earthquake which was felt in this city and elsewhere on Wednesday evening, Mr. George Johnson, Dominion statistician, says:
"According to my record of earthquakes happening in Canada, the one last night makes the one hundred and sixty-first. The most frequently shaken point in Canada, according to these records, is Pointe des Monts, in the mouth of the St. Lawrence. This point has a record of twenty-four earthquakes, the first occurring December 30th, 1880, and the last January 11th, 1894. Ottawa and the Ottawa Valley have had six previous seismic disturbances. The first noted occurred on May 1st, 1856. The second, which is marked violent, on July 12th, 1861. The third and fourth, which were slight, happened on February 8th and April 14th, 1880. The 5th—several smart shocks—occurred on January 11th, 1888. The sixth was on February 5th, 1888, slight. The seventh was slight and occurred on the 14th of September (last night) at a few minutes before nine p.m. It lasted a few seconds; was accompanied (in Chelsea) by a rumbling noise, suggesting the passing of a heavy train of cars."

A DISASTROUS FIRE.
Property to the value of more than \$300,000 was destroyed by a fire which occurred in Halifax, N.S., this week.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.—The scenes reported to have occurred at a public execution which took place in Halifax this week, should put an end to the admission of the public whose only aim in attending on such occasions is to satisfy a feeling of morbid curiosity.

THE WAR.—Some idea may be had of the fierceness of the last encounter between the Russians and Japanese, at Liao Yang, when it is considered that the Russian losses are estimated at 20,000, and those of the Japanese at about the same number, making a total of 40,000 lives sacrificed during the brief period of three days.

CHICAGO STRIKE.—The meat strike in Chicago is at an end. Reports say that 12,000 men applied for work at the stock yards on Monday. Of this number about one-half were engaged by the packers.

THE JEWS.—The Jewish year book just issued states that there are 10,932,777 Jews in the world. Russia has 5,189,401 of this number, Austria-Hungary 2,076,378, the United States 1,253,218; Germany has 586,948, and Turkey 466,361.

MR. REDMOND COMING.—Our Irish national societies, and our fellow-countrymen generally, will have an opportunity of showing their patriotism in a practical manner on Thursday evening, September 29th, when Ireland's accredited leader and great parliamentarian will occupy the platform in the Windsor Hall. We sincerely hope that the greeting which Mr. Redmond will receive on that occasion will be of a character worthy of the descendants of the Irish pioneers.

PARISH RE-DISTRIBUTION.—The old French-Canadian parishes of Notre Dame and St. James, under the jurisdiction of the Sulpicians, by a decree of the Archbishop made public this week, have had their boundaries altered so as to permit of the erection, in the near future, of a new parish, and of adding considerable territory to the parish of St. Peter's, under the direction of the Oblate Fathers.

It does not require very great perception, in view of the rapid progress made during the past decade, in the erection of large manufacturing establishments in the vicinity of the parent parish churches, French and Irish, to realize what their position will be in a decade or two hence. What was once the sites of the homes of the working classes is now the scene of hundreds of chimneys belching forth their smoke. The residential district is yearly being encroached upon, and those whom the old parishes counted as parishioners are moving to the extreme western and northern districts.

OUR INSTITUTIONS.—Another phase of the movement referred to in the preceding item is the marked inclination on the part of our religious communities to leave the congested districts of the city to seek new sites for their establishments in the purer atmosphere of municipalities or on the outskirts of Montreal. Already there are groups of Catholic institutions, of education and of charity, to be seen along the base of the mountains.

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—Not since Father Mathew's day of blessed effort has Ireland been able to congratulate herself on such an advance towards sobriety, says an exchange. The Sacred Heart Tem-

perance League, and St. Patrick's Anti-Treating League are the mighty levers employed to raise the people from the slough of drink. In some places quite a revolution to the credit of morality has been effected. There are towns in Ireland where two years ago the ubiquitous policeman was kept busy in the local courts with drink charges, and to-day a case of the kind is the exception. The policeman's opportunities for winning stripes have vanished; total abstinence from intoxicating liquors by erstwhile drunkards and tipplers has neutralized them. Drunkenness as an alleged national vice cannot even now easily be sustained by Ireland's enemies. With Heaven's help the growing generation of Irishmen will not merely be temperate in the use of intoxicants; they will be rigorously teetotal.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MICHAEL EAGAN.—In this city, on the 11th instant, an old parishioner of St. Patrick's parish—Mrs. Michael Eagan, mother of Mr. Martin Eagan, chief acting churchwarden of that Church, passed to her reward after a brief illness. Deceased had attained her 81st year when the summons came. She was one of the pioneer Irish emigrants to Canada, and possessed in an eminent degree the characteristics of that courageous, zealous and generous-spirited band.

The funeral, which was held from her son's residence on Tuesday, was attended by citizens of all ranks of the community. At St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn requiem Mass was chanted, at which the pastor, Rev. Martin Callaghan, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, officiated, were present many members of the clergy of other parishes, the pupils of St. Patrick's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, and those of St. Patrick's School, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The interment took place at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. To Mr. Martin Eagan and family we offer our sincere sympathy in their bereavement. R.I.P.

CONDOLENCE.

At a recent meeting of Division No. 5, A.O.E.L., a resolution of condolence was passed with Mr. James L. Devine in his recent bereavement on the death of his beloved sister.

A FIERCE STORM.

Reports from New York say that a fierce storm swept up the Atlantic coast on Wednesday night and Thursday during the progress of which many lives were lost, much damage done to property, and several ships wrecked.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Newfoundland Legislature has been dissolved, and a general election for a new Parliament will be held at the end of October.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

"The Railway Spring and Supply Company, Limited," is the name of a new business enterprise of which well known Irish Catholics of this city are the promoters. The first directors are:—Messrs. James Rogers, O. Coughlan, F. D. Shallow, P. M. Wickham and J. A. Rowan.

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RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

ABOUT LANGUAGES.—In the beginning of the 19th century—one hundred years ago—the following was the order of rank of various languages spoken:

- French by 31,500,000.
- Russian by 31,000,000.
- German by 30,500,000.
- Spanish by 26,000,000, half of them outside of Europe.
- English by only 19,750,000, of whom 5,000,000 were in the United States, and 750,000 elsewhere.

At present the order is changed, English, which then occupied fifth place, has during the course of the century increased the number of its users and is now spoken by 130,000,000, seventy millions being in the United States, 40 millions in Great Britain, and 20 millions in the latter's colonies. Such is the presentation of the case made by a recent writer. It would be interesting to study, in all its details, the part played by our neighbors across the border-line in bringing about such a great change within a period of a century. What the relative figures will be when the sun goes down upon the evening of the last day of the 20th century cannot now be even approximated.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.—The enemies of a complete system of Catholic education in Ireland write often of what they know nothing, says the Belfast Irish News. They write as if they think that Christian education implies some special limitation upon the universality of human knowledge or the free exercise of human faculties. When Catholics speak of Christian education they mean education in its most universal sense, education in all its possibilities, in all its profoundest and broadest reaches of knowledge and truth; in all that develops, strengthens and cultivates the faculties of man. They say that it is only Christian education for which they alone stand, and have always stood, that sounds this note of universality, and that the moment you exclude Christianity from the scope of education, that moment you cabin and confine it, secularize and sectarianize it.

To argue that the Catholic Church is opposed to education is to argue against the clear facts of history. The Church never was, and never will be opposed to education. In truth, it may be said that the Catholic Church has expended more treasures, time, energy, labor, and human lives in the education of mankind than all the nations of the earth put together. To read history in any proper sense at all is simply to follow her triumph in civilizing and educating the peoples of the earth. Catholics believe in education as the most essential factor in the progress of an individual as well as of a nation. They demand education in all that it implies, in all its details; let it be for all, everywhere. The tragedy in Ireland is that a Government not responsible to the people deliberately deprives the people of reasonable facilities for higher education.

IRISH ENVOYS.—Mr John E. Redmond and his colleagues, Mrs. Redmond, and a number of the clergy were the guests of Mgr. Lavelle, Vicar-General of the archdiocese and rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, to a luncheon at the presbytery, during their stay in that city.

A.O.H. CHAPLAIN.—Archbishop Farley, New York, has succeeded Archbishop Glennon as National Chaplain of the A.O.H.

AN OLD DOCUMENT.—A will on which the dust of two hundred Venice. At the request of Baron Equice. At the request of Baron Alphonse Giovannelli the seal has been broken on the last testament of his ancestor, Prince Carlo Vincenzo Giovannelli. The Prince, who deposited his will in August, 1703, wrote an imperative order on its folds that it should not be opened until the eldest branch of the Giovannelli family had become extinct.

A LINGUIST.—A new genius has arisen in Italy in the person of Alfredo Trombetti, who, competent judges have declared, knows more languages than any other man in the world.

SWITZERLAND CATHOLICS.—Rev. Dr. Lang, vicar of All Saints' Southend, England, gives his parish

magazine some impressions of Switzerland, where he recently spent a holiday. Describing how Sunday is passed at Bristen, he says:

"As I went to the church at 8.30 a.m. I found the rustic path that does duty for a village street thronged with groups of men and boys, some in conversation, others sitting side by side on the roadside railings. This is probably their weekly club, where they get the chance once in seven days of exchanging family news—and smoking a pipe together. I wondered at first whether all these members of the 'nobler' sex were coming to church, as when I entered the sacred building there were only women and girls present, filling up the entire left side of the church, kneeling down or sitting quietly, looking neither to the right nor to the left—most of them with books of devotion. Presently, however, the male part of the population began to file in in military order—each one making his genuflection and signing himself with the holy water—filling the right hand seats from the top to the bottom of the church, and then overflowing into the space in the centre. There is no need to ask where are the men? In some parts of Christendom. As I sat there I could not help contrasting this Catholic village with Protestant Lausanne, in which it was my misfortune to have to be last year, and where most of the shops are open on Sunday, and no one seems to go to any place of worship, but to be bent on loafing about in Sunday attire."

After giving an outline of the service, Dr. Lang concludes: "The thought of 'Roman' had vanished from my mind—these people were Catholic Christians keeping their Lord's commandment on His day. Many of them had made their Communion at one of the Masses earlier in the day, and all had a long and toilsome journey to make before they could get home. No wonder, then, if after services some stayed behind in the village for refreshment, and conviviality, yet all was quiet and without anything of disorder, and soon the village returned to its normal state. One cannot help being impressed by such scenes as this, and it is impossible not to see that instead of wanting to convert these peasants and giving them Bibles and tracts, we might well take many a lesson from them and try to imitate them in their Christian devotion and simple piety."

A WELL-FILLED PURSE.—The parishioners of Father Barry, rector of St. Ann's, Youngstown, O., who was assaulted and stabbed by John Berry, the sexton of the church two months ago, presented him with a purse of \$2500 last Sunday. The presentation speech was made by Father Kincaid. It will be several months before Father Barry will recover his health and he will leave within a short time for a vacation.

WALDECK-ROUSSEAU'S END.—Some question seems to have arisen as to whether M. Waldeck-Rousseau received the last rites of the church. A priest was sent for when the man was dying, but when the priest arrived the sufferer was unconscious. Conditional absolution was given, and all concerned are left to derive whatever consolation the circumstances afford.

London Truth, writing of the episode, mentions one pathetic particular. Stating that the Republican friends of the deceased statesman blamed his widow for having summoned a priest, "Truth" says: "She took counsel of her own feelings, and asked herself what the mother of the statesman would have done, and found an answer in the sight of an image of the Virgin, which the elder Madame Waldeck-Rousseau gave him on the day of his first Communion."

CHURCH MUSIC.—"I believe that one of the results of the reform movement in Catholic Church music eventually will be singing by congregations," says Archbishop Messner in an interview. "I am heartily in favor of such a practice, but of course, it will take time to bring it about. St. Paul's Church in New York has adopted Congregational singing, and, although it is the only Catholic Church in the country that has done so, it has proven a great success. I understand that people go from all the other Catholic Churches in New York to attend services at St. Paul's, and the reason of this is apparently that forms of worship. The singing is led

they enjoy singing in the church services, as well as taking part in other by a large male choir.

"I think that before congregational singing is generally adopted it will be necessary to educate the people up to the new conditions. We will have to begin with the children and teach them to sing songs. It is a difficult matter to break the people of a religion away from a custom that they have practiced for so many centuries and it cannot be done in a day, or a year. It will take many years."

BISHOP OF DIJON RESIGNS.—Press cablegrams from Rome state that last week, in private audience with the Pope, Monsignor Le Nordetz resigned the Bishopric of Dijon.

According to a Paris cablegram, the resignation of Monsignor Gay, Bishop of Laval, reached the Ministry of Public Worship on the 2nd inst.

The resignations of Bishops Le Nordetz and Gay demonstrate so far as the Vatican authorities are concerned, that all the clergy of France have been considered as wavering, side with the Pope in the present conflict.

IN OUR CHURCHES.—The question of having ushers in churches which are situated in large cities and towns, and are attended by large congregations, receives less consideration from some pastors than it deserves, says the Pittsburg Observer.

The spectacle of a stranger entering a church and being unable to find a seat owing to the absence of ushers, leaving the sacred edifice at once, and thus missing Mass, is not at all an uncommon one. If the renters of pews were not so selfish and so impolite, these strangers would be able to find seats. Instead of making room for them and inviting them to sit in their pews, they are, for the most part, uncharitable enough to resent the intrusion of strangers and to show by their frigid and un-Christianlike manner that these strangers are not welcome.

It would be a good thing if our people were to take a lesson in this important matter from their non-Catholic brethren, who generally make it a point to act courteously and kindly to any strangers who may enter their churches on Sundays. It would be still better if ushers were appointed in all our largely attended churches.

CATHOLIC BELGIUM.—It is the fashion at the present time, says the London Monitor and New Era, for enemies of the Catholic Church to endeavor to revive the exploded fiction that where the Catholic Church is, there also is poverty, indolence, ignorance, and, consequently, lack of enterprise.

They forget that almost half the population of the German Empire is Catholic; that the Austro-Hungarian Empire is a Catholic State and that if Italy and Spain are too distraught to use their natural advantages to the best purpose, it is those forces that have always been antagonistic to the Church on the continent that cause the unsettlement which renders steady industry next to impossible.

And never do these people trouble to learn the conditions of life within the borders of their Catholic neighbor, Belgium, a nation which has done no great things in the field of war, nor in ocean trading, but which withal can show a population whose intelligence, industry and comparative comfort and wealth rank them as foremost among the industrial communities of the world. And this is a Catholic State.

Little more than seventy years ago Belgium was a poor, struggling subject of Protestant Holland. Yet when she had thrown off the alien yoke and set herself to the management of her own affairs, prosperity was not long in coming, and the 7,000,000 of those days is 70,000,000 to-day. The nation whose 4,000,000 found the struggle for existence under the Protestant rule of Holland a difficult one is to-day able to boast that she has but one pauper to every eighteen hundred of her population, while England and Wales, the exemplar of Protestant progress, has a pauper for every thirty-eight of her inhabitants.

Low taxation and equitable laws are the secret of success under the Catholic government which has already solved those economic problems with which the greatest minds in England are wrestling to-day.

SACRED CONCERTS.—The Bishop of Salford has intimated to the clergy of the Salford diocese that he does not approve of so-called sacred concerts in theatres and other places of public amusement on Sundays, and that leave will not be given by him for any such project.

IRISH LANDLORDS.—The Irish Reform Association, composed of

Irish landlords, at a recent meeting, passed resolutions asking for a greater devolution of local government to Ireland, a new system of finance, private Bill facilities such as Scotland possesses, remodelling of education, and provision of better housing for the working classes.

OUR LADY IMMACULATE.—A Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gives a description of the crown which, on the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, will be laid on the statue of Our Lady by the Pope himself. It is to consist, he says, of a series of twelve large stars, and, starting from the shoulders, will encircle the head. The first star has just been completed and is of great magnificence. It is five inches in diameter, and is composed of 209 diamonds of various sizes, but all of the purest water, a very large one in the centre, which alone cost £160, while the entire star will cost about £400. The setting is pure silver and the back solid gold. The twelve stars are to be all the same in size and value, so the cost of the whole crown will be £1920; but adding the solid gold band which will hold the stars together, about £2000 will be expended. Besides this, a heavily jewelled necklace will be placed about the neck of the Blessed Virgin, this being the personal offering of Pius X.

A NEW ORATORIO.—The Rev. Father Hartmann, of the Franciscan Order, has composed a new oratorio, called "The Last Supper." The German Emperor has graciously accepted the dedication of it to him.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER DEAD.—Brother B. A. Maxwell, the Superior-General of the Irish Christian Brothers, died on Saturday at Marino, Clontarf, the head house and novitiate of the Institute in Ireland. He was born in Dublin in 1819, and was thus 86 years of age. Intended for the legal profession, he abandoned his studies for that career, entered the Novitiate in Waterford, at Mount Sion, and afterwards labored in Preston and London. In 1857 he was recalled to Ireland, and appointed Superior in Mullingar. In 1880 he was chosen Superior-General, which office he resigned in 1900, thenceforth living in quiet, devoted to another world.

PARISH WORK IN FRANCE.

In an article entitled "Mission Work in Paris," in the current number of the Catholic World Magazine, Countess De Courson says:

The view that France is a Catholic country in name only is especially true of the Paris "faubourgs," where, owing to peculiar circumstances, unusual calls are made upon the self-sacrifice of the parish priests. Within the last fifty years the population of Paris has increased in an almost alarming manner; the improvements that have been made in the fashionable quarter have driven the workmen and the poor from the centre of the city, where rents are heavy, to take refuge in the suburbs. These have, in consequence, developed in an extraordinary manner, and the churches that existed fifty or a hundred years ago are totally inadequate to provide for the spiritual necessities of the inhabitants; neither are the priests who serve these churches sufficiently numerous to cope with the overwhelming numbers of their nominal parishioners. Many of the Paris "faubourgs" have 80,000 or even 100,000 inhabitants, and these parishes are served by eight or nine priests!

Not, indeed, that all the inhabitants of the suburbs have recourse to the ministrations of their pastors; many of them live as far removed from the church as though they were heathens. "Hitherto we have looked upon the people of the faubourgs as fundamentally Christians," says the cure of Plaisance in an excellently worded booklet. "We waited in the church, expecting them to bring their children to baptism, to come themselves to receive the sacraments or to attend instructions; this is a serious mistake. We see now that the suburbs, being deprived of churches and served by an insufficient number of priests, have become almost pagan; we must, therefore, shape our line of action as we should do in a missionary country."

Adding practice to theory, the cure of Plaisance began by breaking the custom of the Paris clergy, among whom it is usual for each priest to

have his own separate establishment. He and his vicars live together, a system that has many advantages in a moral as in a material point of view.

Young priests, who are fresh from their seminary often suffer from the isolation and the responsibilities of their new existence, hence the discouragement that stifles the noblest aspirations of young and untried souls. Life, such as it is understood in the presbytery of Plaisance, places them among congenial surroundings, and the descriptions we have gathered from those who form part of this community of missionaries give a pleasant insight into its daily routine. The work is almost overwhelming; nine devoted priests have to cope with a population of over 80,000 souls; their days are spent from morning to night in the arduous duties of their ministry; they move freely in the streets of the crowded faubourgs, where twenty years ago no priest could show himself without being insulted, and eagerly seize any pretext for making acquaintance with their poor and hard-worked neighbors. But, after long hours of missionary work, when they return home, there is a cordial exchange of views and ideas; the experience of one helps the other, disappointments and failures are talked over, and thus lose much of their bitterness. "If you could see," said one of these happy members of the little group, "how we enjoy our recreations together"; and another assured us that the crushing weight of labor could hardly be endured were it not for the strength and refreshment of life in common. In the eyes of the population it has also an excellent effect, each member of the community is informed of all that is going on in the parish; the cordiality and unity of purpose that are known to reign among the priests give them an influence that each one individually could not hope to enjoy.

One of the favorite dreams of the Abbe Soulange-Bodin is to establish throughout his huge, straggling and every-increasing parish small settlements of priests, living together near a chapel, which might be a centre of social, religious and charitable works founded on the same lines as those that have grown up under the shadow of the parish church. This would continue to be the central point from whence the workers draw their inspirations, but these outposts of missionaries would, he believes, have a wide-spreading influence, and must inevitably bring the priests into closer contact with the people.

A foundation of this kind has been made at Vauves, within the precincts of a group of missionaries are successfully laboring under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary.

The works established by M. Soulange-Bodin are manifold; they appeal to persons of every age and standing, and are intended to bring every man, woman and child in the parish in touch with the church and her ministers.

A mere list of the devout, charitable and useful associations founded by the cure of Plaisance is enough to give an idea of the intensity of religious life that he has kindled in the portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care; the impression is fully completed by a visit to his church on Sunday afternoon, when parish work is in full swing, and the different "patronages" and men's clubs open wide their hospitable doors. Besides the confraternities and associations that exist in every parish, in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Blessed Virgin, of the Holy Family, for a good death, for Christian mothers, for the relief of the souls in purgatory, etc., the cure has established a confraternity of "Our Lady of Labor," under whose patronage the church is placed. The object of this confraternity, which demands no subscription of its members, but only an "Ave" to be recited daily, is to promote the union, the spiritual improvement, and even the temporal peace and happiness of workers of all classes. He has spared no pains to convince his people that he and his brother priests are the friends, the helpers, the ever-ready sympathizers and advisers of the working classes, to whom he teaches that labor must be sanctified by religion to attain its true dignity and nobleness.

Then there are Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul for visiting the poor; catechisms for children of all ages, which are doubly useful now that religious teaching in the schools has been abolished; a professional school of needlework for girls; several "patronages," one for little boys, another for young men, and others for girls.

These "patronages" are, among all religious works that flourish in Paris, peculiarly adapted to the ne-

cessities of the present day. Here the boys who go to the lay schools and the young men whose days are spent in the godless "ateliers," find not only a cordial and healthy atmosphere, but also the opportunity of intellectual development for which modern youth is so keen. In this respect the devoted priests, who direct the "patronages" keep well abreast of the aspirations of their day; every evening lectures, free of cost, on literary, artistic and scientific subjects are given to the members, as well as lessons in modern languages and in music.

The club for grown-up men is another institution that is deservedly popular at Plaisance; so is an association for railway clerks and workmen; a savings bank; two "dispensaries," whose medical advice and remedies are freely given away to all who like to ask for them; a "Secretariat du peuple"—literary the People's Office—where, once a week, a lawyer, as competent as he is charitable, receives all those who wish to consult him. In pure kindness, he gives the poor legal advice they so often need and which they would otherwise obtain only with difficulty and at a cost of heavy expense; on Sunday, when he gives his audience, his waiting-room is never empty.

Then, besides these organized works of which time and space forbids us to give more than a brief summary, there are many others, less public and no less useful. There are, for instance, the devoted women whose mission is to ascertain that the children born in the parish are duly baptized. Of late years the population of unbaptized children in the suburbs of Paris has increased in a truly alarming manner, and we ourselves have often come across families where, from their parents' negligence, ignorance, or hostility, children of ten and twelve have grown up without receiving baptism. To counteract this evil the helpers, whose services the cure of Plaisance has enlisted, go from time to time to the "Mairie" and carefully note down the names and directions of the children newly born at Plaisance; they compare these notes with the baptism registers that are kept at the church, and if they discover, as it often happens, that some of the babies have not been made Christians, they visit the mothers, and generally by persuasion and kindness, succeed in repairing the omission. These visits have the advantage of bringing the charitable ladies in touch with the hard-working mothers, whose gratitude is quickly awakened by any proofs of disinterested kindness.

A lady, to whom Plaisance, where she has made her home, owes a large debt of gratitude, has found another means of benefiting her poor neighbors; she gives out needlework to be done by women who are anxious to earn money, but are unable to leave their families; this work is done at home, and is paid for more generously than by any of the large Paris shops.

The different institutions that have sprung up around the priest's house at Plaisance, the easy and cordial dealings of the missionaries with the people among whom they live, has done wonders in dispelling the prejudices that the anti-religious papers so carefully entertain in the minds of the lower orders.

The Abbe Soulange-Bodin has bravely faced the fact that the men of the Paris "faubourgs" no longer come to church; therefore that if the priest is to meet them, it must be outside the precincts of the parish church. He loses no opportunity of coming into touch with the members of his flock, either at public meetings, in the streets, in all matters that concern their material interests as well as their spiritual welfare. He has succeeded in convincing them that God's minister is also the people's friend, interested in their joys and sorrows, solicitous for their happiness and well-being; that in helping them to bear their daily burden of care and sorrow, he is not merely fulfilling the duties of his calling, but he is also following the dictates of his heart.

More than this is necessary, no doubt, to make the men of Plaisance practical Catholics; but there is among them a steady progress, and the large church that rises in the midst of the busy suburb is now frequented, not only by women and children, but also by an ever-increasing number of men.

This church itself is an illustration of the fact that we stated at the beginning of this paper; that in these missionary settlements the helping hand of Providence is felt at every turn; though often perplexed and anxi-

EMINENT ECCLASIAST.
The time is long past in which the Church of the Ora which in those days stood in order of things Catholic, as for the most part by zealous famous converts but lately ant—was a sort of show place of London, with throngs promenading in a greater portion of whom of the grand old Faith of the cribed fathers.

The Catholics of that period timid race, depending for sustenance on what they could in the bleak little chapels, depended for the privilege of instance on the embassies of cour—French, Austrian, Spanish. It was frequently one might say with bated breath some respectable elderly maning an old-fashioned gloom that there was a Roman Catholic that Roman Catholics live and the passers by would pe the heavy iron gates with inriosity, wondering and speculating on the strange, mysterious no doubt went on between t of the gloomy-looking build

Daily Mass was of such t occurrence as to be almost known until Cardinal Wisem established it. The priest himself like a person, where day the parson has adopted garb of a priest. Only an affectionate poor—the Catho—was he known as "Father" rest of the world he was pl There was but little interco tween Catholics and Protest some respects, however, this of affairs was not without it tages; Catholics married i ten and twelve have grown up without receiving baptism. To counteract this evil the helpers, whose services the cure of Plaisance has enlisted, go from time to time to the "Mairie" and carefully note down the names and directions of the children newly born at Plaisance; they compare these notes with the baptism registers that are kept at the church, and if they discover, as it often happens, that some of the babies have not been made Christians, they visit the mothers, and generally by persuasion and kindness, succeed in repairing the omission. These visits have the advantage of bringing the charitable ladies in touch with the hard-working mothers, whose gratitude is quickly awakened by any proofs of disinterested kindness.

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There was Dr. John Milne champion of the Church from 1826; antiquary as well as a socialist; strong, clear, judicious, uncompromising, yet of the child-like piety; the pioneer land of that close devotion and heart to the Holy See some called Ultramontanist; also the earliest advocate of the new universal to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in at the back of a little st Old Oscott College a circular glass window, placed there on which is portrayed an in the Sacred Heart.

There was Bishop Briggs, it has been said that he was venerable and interior man of prayer; patient, meek, and like, never breathing an uncl word against anyone; caring for himself; giving away ev he got... having a mind wh ed on eternity."

Random Reminiscences From Various Sources.

EMINENT ECCLISIASTICS.

The time is long past in England when the Church of the Oratorians—when in those days stood for a new order of things Catholic, established for the most part by zealous and famous converts but lately Protestant—was a sort of show place in the city of London, with admiring throngs promenading in and out, the greater portion of whom were not of the grand old Faith of their proscribed fathers.

The Catholics of that period were a timid race, depending for religious sustenance on what they could find in the bleak little chapels, which depended for the privilege of their existence on the embassies of foreign courts—French, Austrian, Italian, Spanish. It was frequently told— one might say with bated breath—of some respectable elderly man, entering an old-fashioned gloomy house, that there was a Roman Catholic, or that Roman Catholics lived there, and the passers by would peer inside the heavy iron gates with intense curiosity, wondering and speculating as to the strange, mysterious rites which would doubt not go on between the walls of the gloomy-looking building.

Daily Mass was of such infrequent occurrence as to be almost unknown until Cardinal Wiseman re-established it. The priest habitually himself like a person, whereas in our day the parson has adopted the garb of a priest. Only among the affectionate poor—the Catholic Irish—was he known as "Father"; to the rest of the world he was plain "Mr."

There was but little intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. In some respects, however, this state of affairs was not without its advantages: Catholics married Catholics only; there was deep reverence for all things spiritual; there was hardly a Catholic family of importance that did not furnish a priest to the Church in each generation.

Low-necked dresses were things unheard of at Catholic parties; the waltz was unknown. Catholic young men danced only with Catholic girls, because to them their acquaintance was strictly confined. Among the devout, it would have been considered very unbecoming to attend church in anything but the plainest bonnet. It was a time of "plain living and high thinking," such as is never likely to return again until after the passage of that socialistic, perhaps bloodless, but more probably bloody, revolution which, whatever may be its injustices, horrors and atrocities, will winnow the wheat from the chaff, the false from the true; till, after the days of persecution are passed, a new order shall arise on the ruins of the old, and Christ shall come to His own again.

But there was culture and learning in those earlier days of the nineteenth century; erudite Catholics, hard-hitting controversialists, who perhaps have not received their meed of credit for the part their learning played in the inception of the great Oxford movement.

There was Dr. John Milner, sturdy champion of the Church from 1800 to 1826; antiquary as well as controversialist; strong, clear, judicious and uncompromising, yet of the most child-like piety; the pioneer in England of that close devotion of mind and heart to the Holy See which some called Ultramontane. He was also the earliest advocate in England of the now universal devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There is at the back of a little shrine at Old Ossett College a circular stained-glass window, placed there by him, on which is portrayed an image of the Sacred Heart.

There was Dr. Walsh, long Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District, whose memory carried him back to St. Omer, where he suffered from the excesses of the French Revolution, being thrown into prison with some of his fellow-students.

There was Bishop Briggs, of whom it has been said that he was "a truly venerable and interior man—a man of prayer; patient, meek, and child-like; never breathing an uncharitable word against anyone; caring nothing for himself; giving away everything he got... having a mind which rested on eternity."

There was Butler, Dr. Milner's bete noire, than whom there were few more interesting figures. His versatility was remarkable. Besides being deeply read in the law, he was an elegant and accomplished writer, a controversialist, a scholar, politician and speaker.

There was Dr. Chaloner, author of "Think Well On't" and "Hell Opened to Christians." And Dr. Lingard, who, as a historian, holds the scales

level, even to the prejudice of not a few noted Catholic Churchmen; exciting the wrath of some, the respect and confidence of others among his readers.

Among the laity may be noted James Burns, the founder of the present well-known publishing firm of Burns & Oates. He was also a musician of some celebrity and a fervent Catholic. When sacred music was at a low ebb in London, he gathered a choir of young men and boys in his employ, and was wont to make with them the rounds of the different churches.

How exclusive was the Catholic position may be further learned from the very trade advertisements. For instance, we find Arguard the hatter who enjoyed the patronage of the Duke of Sussex, respectfully acquainting the "Catholic nobility and gentry" that he is eager to supply their needs. So with bootmakers and furriers, grocers, coal-merchants, and wine dealers; the note of religion being a presumable title to patronage and support.

All this was in the old days, but a new order of things was at hand, due in great measure to the personality of two different men—Cardinal Wiseman and his equally great successor, Cardinal Manning. Although they were as unlike as possible, both were learned, cultivated and refined, both were in their respective ways thorough men of the world. Each was also in advance of his time; but this was a potent factor for the good of the English Church, over which they were to rule.

The life of Cardinal Wiseman has been told so often that it would be superfluous to enter here into any of its details. When he came to England, with all the love of ritual and rubric which he had imbibed during his long residence in Italy grown to be part of his ecclesiastical nature, he came to a land almost Protestant in its meagreness of all that appertained to the beautiful ceremonies and observances of the Church that had once peopled it with abbots and monasteries. But soon everything was changed. Devotions to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, retreats, missions, the Forty Hours' Adoration,—all these he revived.

Of large sympathies, possessing a highly cultivated mind, an enthusiastic appreciation of art in all its forms, he disliked conflict or struggle of any kind; and was on this account often accused of lack of energy, when it was really lack of aggressiveness. And if the great man sometimes erred, as even the greatest do, it was from excess of mercy and charity.

It is astonishing at this day to read that when he came to England as its first Cardinal since the Reformation his methods and measures were looked upon with dislike and distrust even by the clergy—or at least a section of them. They called his new devotions "innovations" and "fancy prayers." The "high clerical feeling," as the Cardinal was wont to term it, which characterized the new Oxford converts was one of the best things they brought with them into the Church; far better, indeed, than the intellectualty which was their marked distinction.

The new hierarchy, of which the originator and most energetic supporter was the zealous and indefatigable Bishop Ullathorne, met with considerable opposition from the government. Catholics were accused of disturbing the public peace by their "processions"; the priests were called "supplicious ruffians"; the congregations, "a parcel of dirty people" and "noisome emissaries of Rome!" The ringing of bells was prohibited as a "nuisance." But, through all the opposition from without and within the pale, Cardinal Wiseman succeeded in making his naturally cheerful disposition overcome, outwardly at least, all his difficulties.

Gentleness, benevolence, hospitality were among his notable characteristics. All who were guests at his table had reason to value the privilege of his conversation. So courteous and tactful was he that when the company, as often happened, were of various ranks and occupations, he would, with as much good feeling as good breeding, contrive to direct the conversation within the scope of all, so that no one should feel excluded. None could tell a story better than he. Father Faber, it is said, sometimes laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

One story in particular tickled the good Father immensely. It was that of a French priest who, on appearing at one of the Cardinal's receptions immediately after Lent—the

first he had spent in England,—was met, by His Eminence, after the first words of welcome, with his expression of the hope that he had got through his forty days of abstinence without too much difficulty in a climate so much more severe than his own.

"All to ze contraire, Eminence," replied the Southerner; "I have do most well. I finded a comestible that ze name zey call 'im; no, it vos-let men here, zey do sell a very useful food for ze Carme, I ask not letter, and I live on 'im all ze time."

"Ah! potted char, probably?" "I zink not, Eminence. Zat is not ze name zey call 'im; no, it vos-let me see—how do you say—ah, brawn!"

Simple old man, not to have known the fleshy origin of brawn!

One day, when the Cardinal had some choice plants on the table, some one ventured to ask their names. "I'm afraid I can't tell you," answered the Cardinal. "I am sometimes as much puzzled by botanical nomenclature as the old lady who said she couldn't be bothered to remember all the long Latin names; the only two she had ever been able to retain were Aurora Borealis and delirium tremens."

He used to relate with amusement and satisfaction how, on his last visit to Ireland, he had been characteristically welcomed by a ragged native. As soon as he had set foot on Irish ground this warm-hearted fellow pushed his way through the crowd, and, falling on his knees, before him, seized his hand, which he covered with kisses, exclaiming at the same time: "Now, thin, by holy St. Patrick, Heaven bless your Imensity!"

There was another story of a young Spanish nobleman he once had staying with him in York Place, whom he observed one morning, to his surprise, in an adjoining room, suddenly snatch up a pair of lighted candles and rush to the window, fall on his knees, and, after making the sign of the Cross, remain some moments in that devout attitude. A day or two after he inquired of his host whether there was not a hospital in the neighborhood.

"Why should you think so?" asked the Cardinal.

"Simply," replied the youth, "because I hear the Blessed Sacrament pass so often—ha!" he said, interrupting himself "there it is again!" And he lost no time in repairing to the window to salute the Blessed Sacrament as before.

The Cardinal found it difficult to maintain his gravity whilst explaining that it was not the Viaticum that was passing, but the muffin bell.

Cardinal Manning had hardly been ordained priest when he was freely spoken of as a future Bishop. Everyone has read of the long and painful struggle he went through before he could see his way to leaving the church of his birth, as well as of the many sacrifices he made in following the dictates of his conscience. He was one of the most attractive of men. Elegance and refinement shone in his graceful and highly-polished manners; kindness and sincerity in the clear, delicate modulations of his beautiful voice. He possessed an extraordinary spiritual instinct, quick to measure the depths and breadths of the evils around him. His previous training was of the highest value in grappling with the needs of the time and applying the proper remedies.

Grown insistent by the carelessness of the rank and file of the clergy, superior in every sense of the word to those among whom he had chosen to exchange the conditions of his late comfortable existence for the rough and tumble life of a Catholic ecclesiast—it could be called by no more euphonious name—he was looked at askance by the people, and, except in rare instances, was given the cold shoulder by the clergy. And yet within a very short time we find his policy carried out triumphantly and completely. Disinterested and loyal—we dismiss the suggestion of ambition as not worth a passing notice,—his was a soul with the highest aspirations. He was one of the most selfless and holy of men, not wishing to shine but to work; seeking and expecting no reward in this world for his labors. When the "reward" came, it was weighed with care, trials and responsibilities, that grew heavier as the years went by.

Work with him seemed to be a passion; and his own individuality became so absorbed in it that he had absolutely no time for the softer amenities and social graces which had made his predecessor so delightful and desirable in general society. He had, however, a strong sense of humor, but confined the manifestations of it to his most intimate friends. One of his stories—a specimen of ineffable Irish wit, for

which he had a great appreciation—runs as follows:

An Irish laborer employed on the framework of an edifice was thus addressed by a passing stranger:

"What's that you're building, Pat?"

"Sure an' it's a church, your honor."

"Is it a Protestant church?"

"No, yer honor."

"A Catholic church, then?"

"Indeed an' it is that same yer honor."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat."

"So's the devil, yer honor."

One day His Eminence related this incident. He had been at St. George's Hospital, visiting a dying woman, to whom he had been reading and commenting on the story of Magdalen. All the time he had been sitting by her bedside he had observed the patient in the next bed intensely watching him and listening to every word he said. As soon as he rose from his seat to take leave of his patient, her neighbor addressed to him a supplicating look, to which he responded by approaching the bed and inquiring if she was "one of the faithful."

"No, your reverence," she answered, "but I should like to be one!"

"That is a very proper and reasonable wish," said he—"provided the motive is sincere and well founded. What has brought you to this desire?"

"Why I have been listening to what your reverence has been saying to that other woman, and that beautiful story of the bag of spike nails made me wish to be a Catholic too."

He had great difficulty, it may be added, in attuning the limited understanding of this poor woman to the necessary knowledge of doctrinal points and matters of faith.

It has been brought forward—very strangely, it seems to us,—as a proof of Manning's coldness of disposition that he never made any allusion to his marriage, and specially requested that nothing be said of it in any biography that might be published after his death. When he became a convert he turned that page of his life forever. It was, besides, so sacred and personal a thing, especially in view of his subsequent career as a priest of the Church, that it would appear but another phase of the refined reticence which was one of his chief characteristics.

When friends who were nearest and dearest passed away, this same attitude of coldness was often remarked in the Cardinal by persons who had never penetrated beneath the inner surface of his nature. But to those who knew him well, it had a deeper and intensely spiritual meaning. The departed had attained to a better life; they had passed beyond sin and suffering and sorrow; they had reached the end of the road along which those left behind were still struggling. He sought not to perpetuate their memory in the familiar places formerly endeared by their presence; he lingered not around the spots where they had been wont to walk together. He sought them, thought of them, lived anew with them, in the spiritual life of the Communion of Saints.

"Shall I tell you," he once said, "where I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England? It was in that little chapel off Buckingham Palace Road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion service began I said to him: 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up and, laying my hand upon his shoulder, said: 'Come! Mr. Gladstone remained, and I went my way. He still remains where I left him.' And always remained.—Ave Maria."

PARISH WORK IN FRANCE.

(Continued from Page 2.)

ous as to ways and means, he has never been forsaken by the Master for whom he works, and, when human aid seems to fail, assistance came from unexpected quarters. This was felt more particularly when it became necessary to replace a small and absolutely insufficient chapel by a church in proportion with the needs of the rapidly increasing parish.

Once a man, well dressed and well educated, came to see the cure, and, without telling him his name, placed a parcel of bank notes in his hand. "Take them," he said; "they are all my savings. If I were to keep them I know that I should make a bad use of them; take them for your church and pray for my mother's conversion." Another time the same unknown brought a second donation of ten thousand francs.

Again an anonymous gift of several thousand francs was sent by a newly-married couple, who, in order

to draw down the blessing of God on their life, gave to the church a sum of money that had been set aside for their wedding trip. Again, an unknown lady, quietly dressed, brought forty thousand francs, and another time one hundred thousand, declining to give her name.

One of the vicaires, whose special charge is the men's club, had a similar experience. He was wondering, somewhat anxiously, how he could pay the bills that were laying before him, and which represented the sums that had been expended on the club and "patronage," when a lady entered, so simply dressed that his first thought was that she came to seek relief. "I owe much to the mercy of God," she said, "and I am anxious to pay my debt; tell me what I can do for the church's parochial works?" The priest pointed to the unpaid bills and named the sum that they represented, whereupon his visitor promptly drew out a bundle of bank notes and laid them down before the astonished and grateful M. G.

Once the cure, while building his church in honor of Our Lady of Labor, felt, almost for the first time, his courage fall him. His funds were exhausted, he knew not which way to turn to get the necessary sum to bring the work to a happy conclusion, and, under this impression, he told his priests that he wondered if, after all, it was the will of God that he should complete the church; another, he added, might succeed where he seemed to fail, and finish what he had begun. The priests suggested that a novena to St. Joseph should be made by all the friends and well-wishers of the work, and the result of this crusade of prayer was that ninety thousand francs came in from unexpected quarters before the last day of the novena.

No wonder, then, that at Plaisance the watchful care of God's Providence is a favorite theme; not that Providence spares his children all care and anxiety, but when human efforts, bravely made, seem insufficient, the assistance so earnestly prayed for comes in at last.

Another subject upon which the priests at Plaisance willingly enlarge is the fact that the attacks made upon the Paris churches last spring were productive of excellent results. Our readers may remember that during the months of May and June, 1003, bands of socialists, free-thinkers and roughs, of every description proceeded to attack certain churches in the outlying quarters of the town. These "Apaches" to give them the name by which they are commonly known, were looked upon with indulgence, and even with approval, by M. Combes and his friends. Their leader was a notorious apostate priest named Charbonnel, and they generally timed their attacks when the churches were full of women and children. The cure of Plaisance, who believes that self-defence in such cases is a social duty, took his measures. On a certain Sunday in June, when the "Apaches" were expected, he decided that Vespers should take place at the usual time, that the women and children should be placed in the upper galleries of the building, and he willingly accepted the offers of all the men who volunteered to defend the church. They came in crowds, not only the practical Catholics, who are members of the different associations that have been founded in the parish, but also men who, although they never enter a church, possess instincts of justice and liberty stronger than their anti-clerical prejudices. All of them were equipped for a fight—some with huge sticks, others with stones and bricks.

"Vespers were chanted, and while the solemn sound of the psalms echoed inside, the hissing and hooting 'Apaches' gathered outside the church. Soldiers and policemen were there also, for a sharp encounter was expected between the Catholics and their foes.

One of the priests present on the occasion described to us how, just before Benediction, the men within the sacred building opened wide its doors to let in some of their friends, who had arrived late. For an instant the scene was a striving one; within, on the altar, the Blessed Sacrament, raised on its throne, was surrounded by a blaze of light; in the front were the kneeling priests, and then a closely packed army of resolute men, all ready to fight; outside, on the other side of the street, stood the yelling crowd; between the two M. Lepine, the prefect of police, pale and nervous, doing his best to prevent an encounter which the defenders of the church desired but could not provoke. Their resolute attitude was enough the 'Apaches,' who throughout their campaign proved themselves to be ardent cowards, fled from a hand to hand fight with these determined men—but the volunteers who that day

crossed the threshold of the church often returned. The priests of Plaisance, and the cure very wisely "Apaches," and whenever an attack was expected, during the summer months, their volunteers were at their post, and the cure very wisely entrusted the defence of the church entirely to their care. What, our readers will naturally ask, are the practical results of the arduous mission work so bravely carried on in the suburbs of Paris? Taking Plaisance as an example, we may safely say that these results are real, consoling, and encouraging, but that it would be unwise to expect wholesale conversions among a population that is, to all intents and purposes, almost heathen in its utter ignorance and unreasoning hostility.

Yet even among the workingmen, who are the most difficult to influence, M. Soulange-Bodin has achieved much good; he says Mass at 11 on Sundays expressly for the men of the parish, to whom a short instruction is addressed. At first forty men only were present; their number has now increased to four hundred, and the number of Easter Communions is more than double what it was eight years ago, when the present cure took in hand the government of the parish.

If these results, comforting though they be, appear out of proportion with the sum of missionary energy spent upon the mission work by those whose life is given up to this one object, let our readers remember against what huge difficulties the priests of the Paris "faubourgs" have to battle. One of these difficulties is the odious and tyrannical pressure exercised by the government upon those who are in their pay. One of the Plaisance priests told us how several government clerks who belonged to the men's club, founded by the cure, were called upon by their chiefs to choose between their employment and their attendance at the club. The men were poor, they had their families to support, and the cure was the first to advise them to leave the club. There is no country in Europe so tyrannized over as France at the present date!

We must conclude this brief account by a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Labor, the patroness of Plaisance, the queen of the busy, struggling "faubourg." Her church is spacious, light and airy; it is built in wood and iron with stone facings. It has a homelike appearance, although it possesses nothing of the old-world, venerable aspect of the churches of ancient Paris, but to a careful observer many signs betray the fact that the builders of the church wish it to be, not only the House of God, but also the home of his hard-worked, suffering children.

From the explanatory notices that are posted up we gather that there are no hard and fast rules at Plaisance; that day and night, at all hours, priests are ready to hear confessions and to baptize; that the people may seek their ministrations when and as they can, every allowance being made for the difficulties of these toilers in the struggle of life. The paintings and ornaments of the Church carry out the same idea, that it was built for the laboring classes, to whom a thousand details bring comforting and strengthening thoughts and visions of a bright hereafter.

What we have written of Plaisance and the mission work that is being carried on among its people is true, in a certain measure, of other Paris parishes, but in point of successful organization M. Soulange-Bodin is unrivalled.

May his efforts and those of his colleagues prove successful! The battle that is being waged against the powers of evil in the suburbs is a hopeful symptom for the religious future of France; ten just men might have saved the doomed cities of Palestine; there are, thank God, more than ten just men in a Paris "faubourg"!

A. O. H. CONVENTION.

The biennial convention of the Provincial Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will open in this city on the 17th instant, and will be attended by delegates from the various counties in the Province of Quebec, and sessions will be held daily until the business pertaining to provincial affairs is concluded. On Sunday, the 18th instant, the local divisions will muster at County Board Hall, No. 5 Place d'Armes Square, at nine o'clock in the morning, and headed by the Hibernian Knights in full uniform and hand, escort the visiting delegates to St. Gabriel's Church, Centre street, where solemn High Mass will be celebrated.

IRISH NOTES.

EMIGRATION.—In the course of a reply to an address presented to him at Kenmare recently, the Bishop-elect of Kerry, the Most Rev. Archdeacon Mangan, after alluding to his recent visit to America, said the emigration question has come prominently before the public in these recent years. Not the least doubt it is drawing away the best blood of our people—almost the life-blood of our country. He met many people outside who were prospering, and he asked them this question: "Which would you prefer, your position here, or living in the old land?" Almost without exception the answer was: "Father, I would prefer much to live at home."

A BISHOP'S ESTATE.—The personal estate—as it is called, though there is generally very little in his estate that a Catholic prelate regards as really "personal"—of Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Kilauee, who died last April, is returned for probate at £2780.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.—At Marino, Clontarf, on Saturday evening, August 27th, the Rev. Brother Maxwell, who for over twenty years filled the important position of Superior General of the Christian Brothers, passed away to his eternal reward in the eighty-sixth year of his age, sixty-one of which were devoted to the advancement of Christian education. Our exchanges refer to the career of this noble religious in terms of great praise. One of them gives the following outline of his work:

His death, although at an advanced age, has caused deep regret among all classes of the community. Deceased was a member of a well-known Dublin family that for generations had been engaged in the legal profession. He himself was well and carefully educated with a view to following the same calling. Having almost completed the term of apprenticeship in his father's office, he felt called upon to a higher and holier state. In 1843 he entered the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers in Mount Sion, Co. Waterford, where Brother Rice, the founder of the Order, was then living. Here he went through the period of his noviceship in a manner that won the admiration and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

His life's labor began in Preston, where he devoted himself heart and soul to his sacred calling. After some years he was removed to London, where his powers of organization and ability in the imparting of religious and secular education combined won for him golden opinions. In 1857 he was recalled to Ireland, and appointed Superior at Mullingar, where he earned the warm esteem of the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell, and later on of his successor, the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty. In 1862 he was appointed Assistant to the Superior General and took up his residence in Dublin. Since then the Institute has extended very much both at home and abroad, owing to his zeal and energy. In 1880 he was elected Superior General of the Order, a position which he filled with great ability, wisdom, and success until 1900, when the foundation-stone of the new Novitiate and Training College at Marino was laid by His Grace the Archbishop of

Dublin. Shortly after this he resigned his office, leaving to younger colleagues the completion of the undertaking. The remaining years of his life were spent in preparing for eternity.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.—To be independent of all contingencies that may arise in future in regard to the new methods of the authorities, the people of Fermoy have decided to erect a parochial school and to pay its entire cost. The corner-stone of the school was laid recently, and Bishop Browne delivered an address on the occasion. Referring to a recently manifested disposition to secularize the National schools, His Lordship said:

Within the past few years we may have observed indications of a desire and a determination, if only they could effect it, on the part of people high in authority at the National Board to turn back the hands of the clock, to alter the system which has been worked for many years to the advantage of the country, and to make it again a source of danger to the Faith and best interests of our Catholic people. It is indications of this kind that moved the Bishops of Ireland at their general meeting last June to sound a note of warning. The people of Fermoy at all events are determined to be on the safe side. They will not leave the education of their children dependent on the changeable temper and insidious wiles of those who aim at secularizing our National schools.

LOYAL TO ROME.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin has received the reply of Cardinal Vanuetti to the address presented to His Eminence by the Corporation during his visit to the city. It states that the address greatly pleased His Eminence because of the loyalty expressed in it to the person of the Holy Father. He asks the Lord Mayor to convey to the people of Dublin that it gave great joy to His Holiness to receive this testimony of the faith of his loving children. The people of Dublin had not failed to show their loyalty to the Chair of Peter by giving their generous donations every year as help to the Father of the Faithful. On this occasion, however, on the coming of the Cardinal Legate to Ireland, the people showed in an especial manner their love of the Pope. Dublin splendidly distinguished itself on that occasion. The honor shown His Eminence in the capital of Ireland would never leave his memory, and because of this he gave his true heart's blessing to His Lordship, to the Corporation and to all the people. It was his prayer to God that every happiness would come plentifully to generous, noble Dublin, and to all other parts of Ireland.

WORK OF NUNS.—The Irish correspondent of the London Universe says:

A community of Belgian religious, the Franciscan Missionary Nuns, within the past twelve months have been achieving good in the West of Ireland. Loughlyn, in the County Roscommon, is where they are developing the work, having been brought there by His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin. An industrial school of wonderful possibilities has been opened by the Sisters where once upon a time Viscount Dillon dwelt, and the children of the parish schools, and grown-up girls also, are being educated—thoroughly and practically—in gardening, dairy work, poultry rearing, cooking, sewing, and artificial flower manufacture. Rug and carpet making is, however, the great speciality of the establishment, and splendid work is turned out. The Missionary Sisters of St. Francis are therefore great favorites in the west. The practical religion exemplified in their labors must inevitably bring many blessings and benefits to the poor, and it is sincerely hoped elsewhere in Ireland that their strivings may not be limited to Loughlyn.

The rev. gentleman said: In to-day's Gospel our Lord once more exhorts us, as He does frequently in the Sacred Scriptures, to be solicitous and to have care for the only one thing necessary in life—our eternal salvation.—The Kingdom of God is the greatest treasure of men, the sole reason why we are born into the world, and the reason why we are passing through it is that we may

save our souls. That is the only work worthy of doing, and the only reward worth striving after, and yet how often we find people who live their lives as though they did not realize the truth that the only thing necessary in their lives was to work for the eternal salvation of their souls. To many, pleasures, worldly advancement, the joys of life must come first, and then, if they had time to spare, they might perhaps give it to the consideration of their eternal salvation.

How foolish is this neglect of the one thing necessary! Yes, the business of our life is to save our souls, and everything in the world is secondary to this one great thing. This is the most important business we have to attend to, and being so important, it is the business we should strain every nerve to learn to acquire. Let us sometimes think: "Am I doing those things which God has commanded me to do to save my soul?" Such thoughts will lead to better lives, enable us to love God more and more, do God's holy will more fervently, and make it more easy to attain the reward for which we are striving. Not only is the salvation of our souls the whole business of our lives, but it must be the personal business of our lives, for no one can save our souls except ourselves. Others may help us indirectly, but directly it depends altogether upon ourselves individually. It is different in worldly affairs, when men may have work done for them by others. The King rules the country by his Government, and the Government by its agents. The merchant sitting in his office acquires his wealth not altogether by his own work, but by the labor of those under him. The farmer does not carry on his business by his own hands, but by the hands of others. Such is the rule in worldly affairs, but the salvation of our souls we must work for ourselves, for we cannot pay some one else to do it for us. God created us without our permission, created us without asking us, but He will not save us without our permission. Therefore it is necessary for us to often pause and consider whether we are laboring for a mere and working for our salvation, or whether we are laboring for a mere passing and fancy thing. Upon the manner in which we answer that question will depend our eternal happiness or misery and woe.

The old adage that "God helps those who help themselves," is perfectly true to-day, and He will help us save our souls if only we do what we can to further on that object. It is because people do not think, they go on leading lives of sin, for if they would only weigh well the great matter of eternity there would be little sin in the world. It is because we put the thoughts of eternity from us as annoying that we are indifferent to the service of God. How different we act in the matter of life! How we strive and work, and even suffer pain to acquire some pleasant object. Take the case of a man who has been in bad health for a long time. The doctor tells him he is suffering from a malignant growth, and his days are numbered. Such a man says: "I will do anything to avert that," and he went to a physician. The latter would give the sick man a ray of hope. He would say, "I may be able to cure you, but in order to do so you will have to undergo great pain, severe diet, and have an operation performed upon you which may be successful or not. Are you willing?" "Certainly," says the patient, and he will suffer the torments of pain and undergo any hardship in order to get the ray of hope realized and so obtain a few more years of life.

If men would only use the same means to acquire their eternal salvation as they did for a few extra years of life, how few would be indifferent and careless. Salvation is the only thing we have to live for, and yet perhaps it is the only thing many persons put from their thoughts. Think often, then, my dear brethren, of your eternal salvation, of its importance, think of how personal it is to yourselves, that no one can help you directly to save your souls, and ever remember the words of our Blessed Lord, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Strive after this one great object, make the central object of your life the salvation of your soul, and your reward will be great.—London Universe.

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The Right Rev. C. P. Maes, D.D., of Covington, president of the Eucharistic League, has issued a circular to the Bishops of the United States, stating that the next Eucharistic Congress will take place in New York on Tuesday, September 27th, closing on the night of the 29th.

HAS DEMOCRACY FAILED?

If modern democracy has in a great measure failed, it has failed because it has forgotten its true origin and true foundation, both of which are Christian. Let us ever remember that the so-called democracies of antiquity were the rule of a comparatively small body of citizens over a vast body of non-citizens, outlanders, serfs, or slaves. It was Christianity that first created "the people" in our sense of the term; it was Christianity that ever upheld the cause of the vast masses of the inhabitants who from the nature of the case must ever be comparatively the weak and the poor. For the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, the dignity of human nature, the common fatherhood of God, the common brotherhood with Christ, the common origin and the common end of all men, the equality before God, the one rule of faith and of life for all ranks, the needs of the same sacraments and the same obedience—such documents were opposed to slavery in the economic sphere and to arbitrary power in the political. Thus, as soon as ever Christianity became a political force, viz., in the fourth century, we find extensive powers in the hands of the Bishops as a check on the officials of the Roman Empire. Not only do the Bishops appear as the champions of widows and orphans, but as the general protectors of the oppressed: to reduce excessive penalties, to prevent unjust legal proceedings, to moderate excessive taxation, to restrain oppressive creditors (Allard, "Julien l'Apostat" i. 113-119). And their position was recognized by law. Nor were these prelates, with these high functions, of necessity gentlemen-born. Simple workmen might be raised, and, in fact, were raised, to the dignity, like Spiridon, a shepherd, made a Bishop of Cyprus, or Severus, a weaver, Bishop of Ravenna (ib. 130-131). And no wonder, considering the honor attached to manual labor from the earliest days of Christianity, unlike the scorn attached to it among the pagans. So again, many centuries later in our own country in Catholic times, the great Abbots were peers of the realm; but the son of a peasant or craftsman could become a monk, and a monk become an abbot; and the highest posts were thus open to those of humble birth. Indeed, we are only just beginning to realize, with the advance of historical studies, how great was the amount of popular power where the Church was powerful, and how great the loss of popular liberties when, in the sixteenth century, the Catholic cause was humbled. In Abbot Gasquet's work on "English Monasteries," you can read how truly these great and numerous houses were the patrimony of the poor. You can read also what important work was done by the numerous guilds, acting as insurance against sickness, misfortune and old age; and how shamefully the working classes were robbed of their savings and endowments in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Similar local liberties and self-government prevailed in many other countries, as France, Germany and Italy.

Indeed, we are coming to see more and more how the Renaissance and the mis-called Reformation introduced an epoch disastrous to the poorer classes; and that much of what was striven for at the time of the American and French Revolutions, and in England at the time of the first Reform Bill, was only an unconscious return to older conditions or an unconscious application of Christian principles. If the opportunities of culture are open to the humbler classes, why should advancement be barred to the capable? If a poor man is to be the head of the Christian world, as we see to-day, can a poor man's son, as we also see to-day, rising to be the head of a great Christian State. At any rate, the prime democratic principle of equality before the Divine law; and the very duties and responsibilities which are imposed on a Christian parent make it suitable that he should have a share in the management of his surroundings, and thus a voice, if not in imperial, at least in local government. Indeed, so close is the kinship of Christianity with the cause of the common people, that Socialist writers actually claim for themselves the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, of the Primitive Church, of the Christian Fathers, of the great mediæval doctor, St. Thomas, of the great mediæval saint, St. Francis. The claim, indeed, cannot be al-

lowed for a moment, it rests on a great misunderstanding; yet would not be plausible had not Christianity spoken so emphatically on the rights of the poorer classes and the duties of the rich; only not as though the poor had on their side no duties, and the rich no rights. But now, supposing Christianity is put aside as false, or at least a matter of indifference, as, in fact, it has been more or less put aside by the democracy of England, America, Australia and France, the very grounds of liberty, equality, and fraternity are cut away. Man is no longer God's servant, but his own master. Why not, then, also lord and master of as many as he can make around him subservient to his desires and obedient to his will?

Indeed, irreligious democracy, without any admixture of socialism, is open to just the same fatal objections as irreligious socialism, and I need not repeat what I have already fully explained. Hence there is nothing to be surprised at in the disappointing experiences of recent years; for the unhappy divorce of democracy from religion fully accounts for the facts—is an ample reason why democracy has failed in part, and is threatened with falling altogether. Now, to know the disease is half way to a cure, and the obvious and only remedy is a return to Christianity. Let us, then, listen a moment, not to any teaching we fancy, but to the clear message of the living Church. Often she has spoken, in the olden times, and again very plainly in recent years, when the great social and industrial changes required a fresh explanation and fresh application of the unchanging truths of Christianity. So Leo XIII. has given us in his admirable Encyclical a treasure house for the teaching both of politics and economics; and those who wish for the preservation or restoration of popular welfare in Europe, America, or Australia, could not do better than study and spread his teaching. The present Holy Father follows in the same course, and in the Motu Proprio of December, 1903, sums up from the writings of his predecessors the principles for popular action, how we much recognize the character of human society as an organic whole built up of different and unequal parts, unequal in wealth, in authority, in learning, but united in charity and sharing the equality of Christianity; how permanent property is needful; indeed, like speech or reason, a mark distinguishing man from the brute creation. Great stress is laid by Pius X. on rightly distinguishing justice and charity. Roughly, it can be said, as you know, that for a duty of charity a man is answerable to God alone; for a duty of justice to his fellowmen also. The poor must not disdain charitable help, or be ashamed of the state of poverty which Christ Himself took for His own and made noble. The rich must not neglect their grave duties of charity, or woe to them on the day of judgment. But they are not accountable to any mere human tribunal, and those whom they neglect have no claim for redress. For all is within the sphere of Charity.—Charles E. Devas, M.A., in London Tablet.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.

THE WAGGAMAN FAILURE.—Representations from Washington are to the effect that the Waggamman failure was not exaggerated by early newspaper reports. Many private fortunes and trusts are involved besides the funds of the Catholic University amounting approximately to \$900,000. St. Patrick's Church in Washington had \$50,000, the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, \$150,000, and other institutions smaller sums deposited with the Waggamman agency. The statement that the University would not open its doors this fall, owing to the loss sustained through the failure of Mr. Waggamman is warmly contradicted by Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University. Mgr. O'Connell said: "There is no truth whatever in the statement that we will not be open and ready to receive students this year. How the report gained circulation I do not know, but I, as president of that institution, emphatically deny that there is any truth whatever in the report. "The bankruptcy of Waggamman, you say, gave rise to this report? Well, there may have been some rumor to that effect, but all the funds of the Catholic University were not in the hands of Mr. Waggamman. "The last collection made by the institution is still in the possession of several of the Fathers, while quite a large sum of money belonging to the Knights of Columbus of the

University is still intact. The sum is quite large and in most secure hands at the present time. Some of it is invested in gilt-edged bonds. Several thousand dollars, generally thought to have been lost in the Waggamman failure, are also secure."

Cardinal Gibbons was also interviewed. It was reported that His Eminence had expressed a willingness to sacrifice his own private fortune to save the University, and when questioned regarding the alleged statement said: "I can neither affirm nor deny the statements. My only statement to the public is that I will, so far as I will be able, render all the assistance in my power to retrieve the loss sustained by the Catholic University. Beyond that I have nothing to say."

The status of the funds of the University placed with Mr. Waggamman for investment cannot be definitely determined until the court takes action upon the petitions presented declaring that a deed of trust was executed by Mr. Waggamman making the University a favored creditor. The officials of the University very wisely made other investments which they regard as amply secure. They did not place all of their eggs in one basket. If the University loses all or a part of the money invested with Mr. Waggamman, the institution will continue to go on along the lines laid down by those who have agreed upon its mission in the world. That plan is to make it a "school of universal learning" to which all in search of any kind of knowledge may come from all parts of the world. The University plan is arranged, but it will take time to round out the curriculum to a full circle of activity in every branch of knowledge.

The loss of any part of the funds placed with Mr. Waggamman will not result in any narrowing of the courses already provided, but will interfere with the establishment of new chairs to a certain extent and correspondingly delay the evolution of the university plan. The stories which appeared in several of the New York papers from Washington declaring Cardinal Gibbons, the University, and a number of Catholic institutions in Washington face to face with financial ruin as a result of Mr. Waggamman's embarrassment are, as stated in the New York Sun, discredited in all ecclesiastical circles in Washington. The assertion that it would be necessary for Cardinal Gibbons to call the clergy of the archdiocese of Baltimore together to discuss the situation is, on its face, absurd. Dr. D. J. Stafford, speaking of the condition of the Catholic University, said to a Baltimore Sun reporter that there might be for a time a shrinkage in the funds in consequence of the Waggamman trouble, and perhaps a temporary suspension of payment of interest; but admitting all that, at the next meeting of the University Board, it can safely and truly be said, there will not only be money enough to meet the current expenses of the University, but something will be left over for a sinking fund, and that every dollar of trust money will be invested in first class securities. Dr. Stafford further said that in this matter he was speaking with authority.

The board of trustees of the University will hold its next meeting at the University on November 16, and at that meeting the affairs of the institution will be generally considered.—Catholic Columbian.

CLOSE OF SUMMER SCHOOL.

At the closing session of the Catholic Summer School, two prelates delivered lectures. Mgr. Nugent on "The Charities of England," and Archbishop Gasquet on "The Schools of England." Dom Gasquet during his stay also gave a lecture on "Christian Democracy" and "Parish Life in Medieval Times," which was prefaced by a remarkable exposition of the duties and aims of a scholarly historian. He also recounted the difficulties he had experienced in connection with investigating the validity of Anglican Orders—a task set him by the late Holy Father, Leo XIII. "The true historian," he concluded, "must get his facts from original documents, he must view them as the standpoint of the seeker of truth they are, not as he wishes them to be, and he must write them up from instead of from that of the zealous partizan. The Church has gained glory untold during these past years since the archives of the Vatican have been opened and the private records of past ages have been spread abroad before the searchers of truth."

Perception.—The happy faculty which enables one intuitively to say and do the right thing at the right time.

The Moon (By Rev.)

War began in heaven. Lucifer fell following his refusal to adore the Divine Generosity. It should assume the hue of humanity. If tales of battles fire the imagination stir the blood, what would feelings if we could appreciate the conflict of giants? The sun-ship of the contestants' loyalty to our weak vision, but we der with averted eyes on the selling fact that by the pot of our Elder Brother, Jesus, victory won by Michael.

The history of our race is that the sword drawn thenation to the Sacred Humanity never been sheathed, and warriors of the Incarnation, included in the warfare. At dawn of reason, our guard sounds reveille, and the of truce in sight is the som of the death angel. And o the superior intelligence of archangel has found the point in our armor, and b endurance has spent our we faintly, and perhaps as we repeat the name of the Grander, Jesus, Swiftly as her answers a cry of distress child, does the name rout the enemy's forces, as his confidence to confusion of that piteous appeal.

All the long condescension merciful forgiveness of towards His wayward creature summed up in that sweetest history. As a natural consequence unfamiliar with humanity would conclude that most revered. But instead of a belief in the divine Christ, use His Holy Name, phrase the most trivial re-

The same apostles who their Master in His hour of distress, would have been ally themselves with Him, world been a spectator at glorious scene. And if we cease the chatter of the dicit in our hearts, we might reproachful tones from the "Et tu Brute." The political leader, who frequently only a grater a loyal devotee, who will physical force, if necessary, ish an insult to his name. Man who gave His friend often finds that fr when His honor and dignity stake.

Across the centuries come protest against such cowardly mute protest of number red crosses—gleaming from der of chivalrous men. the hallowed spots, made the Saviour's presence, friction at the hands of Mal lowers, they forsook knowledge, facing dangers known, and tortures w death, with unflinching co. In these later days, when lution of capital punishment the greatest crimes is belied, notwithstanding the electricity has robbed such almost all pain; when the universal demand of ams deaden even transitory, p other indication of the w rion on the question of p ferling,—such being the teden thought,—the heroic of the crusaders is more appreciated. Only by a ization of what should be meed of praise. With v primitive weapons, comp our modern messengers fr gazettes of Mars, the Chr traversed many miles o country, whose climat deadly a war upon them poisoned arrows of the l. Litanies, famine thinned a deadly plague broke them, and the bloated bodies of its victims beo of vultures. Foulard loe slightest wish found g ance among their serfs, w by the infidels were either y or condemned to a slave and torturous, that deo comed as a blessed relie these perils could exting gious zeal of Christian f fresh recruits, fully awa eagerly rushed forward t vacant ranks.

"Truce is he armed w quarrel just." So it see contest, and the infidel overwhelmingly numerical frequently found their t by a few emaciated wa-

The Modern Crusaders.

(By Rev. Thomas Tarantasia, O.P.)

War began in heaven. Lucifer's rebellion following his refusal to adore the Divine Generosity, when it should assume the humiliating garb of humanity. If tales of earthly battles fire the imagination and stir the blood, what would be our feelings if we could appreciate that conflict of giants? The sun-like brilliancy of the contestants is blinding to our weak vision, but we can ponder with averted eyes on the consoling fact that by the potent name of our Elder Brother, Jesus, was the victory won by Michael.

The history of our race tells us that the sword drawn then in opposition to the Sacred Humanity has never been sheathed, and we as beneficiaries of the Incarnation, are included in the warfare. At the first dawn of reason, our guardian angel sounds reveille, and the only flag of truce in sight is the somber wings of the death angel. And often when the superior intelligence of the fallen archangel has found the weakest point in our armor, and his greater endurance has spent our strength, we faintly, and perhaps as a farewell, repeat the name of the Great Commander, Jesus. Swiftly as a mother answers a cry of distress from her child, does the name of Jesus rout the enemy's forces, and change his confidence to confusion, because of that piteous appeal to Mary's Son.

All the long condescension and merciful forgiveness of the Creator towards His wayward creatures are summed up in that sweetest Name in history. As a natural consequence, one unfamiliar with human inconsistency would conclude that it was the most revered. But instead, men professing belief in the divinity of Christ, use His Holy Name to emphasize the most trivial remark.

The same apostles who deserted their Master in His hour of sore distress, would have been proud to ally themselves with Him had the world been a spectator at Thabor's glorious scene. And if we could silence the chatter of the demon conceit in our hearts, we might hear in reproachful tones from the tabernacle "Et tu Brute."

The political leader, who is frequently only a grafter at heart, has loyal devotees, who will resort to physical force, if necessary, to punish an insult to his name; but the Man who gave His life for His friend often finds that friend silent when His honor and dignity are at stake.

Across the centuries comes a fiery protest against such cowardice—the mute protest of numberless little red crosses—gleaming from the shoulders of chivalrous men. To rescue the hallowed spots, made sacred by the Saviour's presence, from desecration at the hands of Mahomet's followers, they forsook home and country, facing dangers known and unknown, and tortures worse than death, with unflinching courage.

In these later days, when the abolition of capital punishment even for the greatest crimes is being advocated, notwithstanding the fact that electricity has robbed such a death of almost all pain; when the well-nigh universal demand of anesthetics to deaden even transitory pain is another indication of the world's opinion on the question of physical suffering,—such being the tenor of modern thought,—the heroic self-sacrifice of the crusaders is more and more appreciated. Only by actual experience, however, could we gain a realization of what should be their full meed of praise. With what were primitive weapons, compared with our modern messengers from the magazines of Mars, the Christian army traversed many miles of a strange country, whose climate waged as deadly a war upon them as did the poisoned arrows of the hostile inhospitable. Famine thinned their ranks; a deadly plague broke out among them, and the bloated, disfigured bodies of its victims became the food of vultures. Feudal lords, whose slightest wish found quick compliance among their serfs, when captured by the infidels were either put to death or condemned to a slavery so abject and torturous, that death was welcomed as a blessed relief. None of these perils could extinguish the religious zeal of Christian Europe, and fresh recruits, fully aware of the fate of their predecessors in the fray, eagerly rushed forward to fill up the vacant ranks.

"This is he armed who hath his quarrel just." So it seemed in this contest, and the infidels, with an overwhelmingly numerical advantage, frequently found their forces routed by a few emaciated warriors. The

battle cry, "God wills it," possessed wonderful tonic qualities for the failing strength but loyal hearts of the Crusaders. With electrical effect it dispelled their depression. Such intrepidity in the face of conditions, which in the natural order, presaged destruction, won for the rank and file, as well as for the distinguished Richard, the title—"lion-hearted."

This period in history has been a favorite theme for poet and painter;—one with his vivid word pictures, and the other with his glowing canvases reminding us of these great campaigns. But Mother Church has another treasure, so precious that it is an object of solicitude to the guardian angels of men. It is an old, old masterpiece dating back to 1274, the property of the Dominican Order, and regarded by it as a treasure above price. Other works in the art world depend for their reputation and money value upon their preserving intact, the exact phase of art interpreted by their creators. Not so with the canvas we are considering, for it represents the best expression of every succeeding age; and, under the watchful eye and loving touch of the artist sons of Dominic, it is constantly assuming new beauties.

The blending of colors to produce such beautiful effects, and the subtle, delicate shades of expression are beyond the ken of mere mortals; they are the inspiration of Blessed Dominic himself, who has drawn upon the suffering, and upon the joyful hearts of men for his material, and under his guiding hand has the picture grown celestial in its beauty.

The central figure is the Great Commander, surrounded by His heavenly cohorts, and passing before His review stand in a never ending panorama are the millions of loyal soldiers who have fought, and who still fight for the Crucified, under the luminous banner of the Holy Name Society.

In this spiritual combat the members of the Holy Name Society, like the Crusaders of old, present an adamantine wall which the charges of infidels, and so-called advanced thinkers cannot move. The pity of it is that there are not more leaders to stir up the men of our time, in the crusade against blasphemy and immorality, as Peter the Hermit and Bernard fired the hearts of the Crusaders. Since its establishment there has been no greater influence for good among laymen than the Holy Name Society. It aims directly at an evil which has always prevailed and which will continue to prevail as long as evil exists; namely, irreligion among men. The common complaint throughout the country is that the men are falling away from religion, and that the churches are kept up for the most part by women. The Catholic Church has at present no greater reason to complain of the falling off in attendance of men in her services. Catholic men recognize their duty of assisting at Mass on Sunday and days of precept. But the Church is not satisfied with this. Something more than the mere attendance of Mass on Sunday is required to constitute a good Catholic. He must also make use of the Sacraments. Temperance societies, anti-treat habit societies, and various orders of knighthood, while they are good in themselves, will never be able to bring about an effectual reform amongst men until these societies strike first at the root of the evil. The physician does not cure smallpox by applying external remedies or by cutting off the pustules, but by attacking the base of the disease. So the Catholic Church, in order to make her men morally clean and healthy, applies her sacraments to their diseased souls—not once a year—but frequently.

The first and most essential obligation of Holy Name men is the performance of the monthly confession and communion. It is well known that men, with some exceptions, who neglect this monthly duty are men of loose morals. And yet we find young men who flippantly remark that they have no time for so much religion. Oh! the awful power of sin. The flippant young man does not see his mistake until he finds his force of intellect weakened, his body wrecked, and his soul on the brink of hell. The monthly confession would have prevented this overlasting failure; and a healthy body, a clean soul a long life, and a peaceful death-bed would have been a far more blessed career.

The age in which we live and the country which we inhabit are clamoring for reform. A perfect babel of voices is heard on all sides sug-

gesting means of reform in politics, in religion, in society, on the stage, etc., but the reform as far as many of the so-called reformers are concerned is not forthcoming. The old Church alone preaches the true means of reform. And the Holy Name Society, the grandest and oldest of its kind in the grand old Church, is the strongest hope of reform to-day. It is only such a society as this which accomplishes real, lasting, good, moral results amongst men. Why? Because her means of reform are the means of the Church herself and the means of Christ—frequent use of the Sacraments. The influence of this society is already felt throughout the land wherever it has been established. It seems to carry with it a special grace and blessing upon every parish where it exists, and let us hope that through the united efforts of the zealous priests and Holy Name men, a branch of this society, an army of modern crusaders against blasphemy, may soon be found flourishing in every parish from the north to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean.—Rosary Magazine.

Saving the Children.

Any work which makes for the spiritual progress of the Church and the well-being of her children, receives the commendation of all right-thinking people; and when the work is in the nature of an innovation, destined, as it would seem, to prove of incalculable benefit in saving to the Church thousands of souls, it deserves a record in the annals of the world's best missionary efforts.

Such a one is the plan which has just been given its initial trial by the originator, a Jesuit missionary of great zeal and religious acumen, whose years of experience in the mission field have given him a rare insight into the causes which yield so many fallen-away Catholics. His plan, stated briefly, is to give a series of summer retreats to children in a locality where there is no parochial school, or where, for various reasons, the parochial school has been a failure. It is his desire to pursue the work in adjoining parishes, or counties, so as not to scatter his forces, and to thus inject a Catholic spirit into the infidel atmosphere.

The retreats do not last above three days, closing on the fourth with Holy Communion. During these days the exercises of St. Ignatius can be given to the little ones, so that at the end the Ten Commandments, the precepts of the Church, Benediction, Mass, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Guardian Angel shall have been insisted upon. The retreat being an unusual event in the lives of such children, far removed from Catholic schools and a Catholic atmosphere is sure to make a deep impression on their youthful minds, where the lessons so inculcated sink deeply.

Catholic writers have said, and they are no doubt right, that the Catholic population in this country to-day should be upward of 40,000,000. As to the leakage which has cut that figure down to 12,000,000, opinions differ, but it can safely be said that the settlement of Catholics in remote districts and the rearing of their children in distinctly anti-Catholic atmospheres is a strong contributing factor. The plan under discussion is designed to offset the Protestant and irreligious influence of such communities, by putting a little Catholicity into the children who have no Catholic schools and poor Catholic parents, so that the infidel education which they must take, or get nothing, will not sap out their religious life.

Unlike corruption which begins at the top and works downward, uprightness must begin below and work up. There are those who fancy they can invert the laws of nature and the laws of God, and after having spent seven or eight years in training the children as though they were infidels, expect that when they reach the teller's desk or the counting-room they will turn out to be honest, God-fearing American citizens. It is a fallacy the inherent weakness of which the great American public is, but now beginning to see. Catholics have, in many instances, lifted up their ignorant voices in favor of this system because they never knew their religion, and no one desires what he knows nothing of. But the exigencies of the times, and perhaps a little bitter experience in their own families, are rapidly educating even these "liberal Catholics" who are beginning to appreciate the advantages of a religious training in moulding the character of the young.

The idea which has taken such a hold of the fancy of this Jesuit missionary that he gave up his vacation this summer to the inauguration of

his pet scheme, had its inception in his mind some years ago when he spent his Christmas vacation ministering to the spiritual wants of an Irish colony in the Northwest, who had not had Mass on Christmas day for nearly twenty years, and where the hundred and fifty children had never even seen a Catholic Sister. He said then that no argument or accumulation of arguments had ever influenced his judgment in favor of a parochial school as did the feeling which took hold of him when he tried to give them a proper conception of even the rudiments of their religion. Of course, good Catholic parents can do much to supply the place of a Catholic school, but unfortunately in hopelessly numerous instances the parents themselves have been so long removed from Catholic influences that their ideas of religious instruction for their children seldom extend beyond the teaching of their prayers. To encounter such children as these is what makes the heart of the missionary yearn for years to spend in training them up in the way they should go. Bright lads and lasses they are, too, in these remote districts, destined, some of them, to take high places in the world's endeavor, and but for the grace of God to drift away, far away, from the Catholic faith of their fathers and mothers.

This is a field for splendid effort—a field of wonderful possibilities where the missionary with the proper qualifications can work untold good. Following the example of the zealous Jesuit, it would be a fine thing for all the religious orders to take up. After even a few years' trial the results would begin to justify the effort expended. For the right man, one who is fitted to handle children, it would be a labor of love, the like of which the Master Himself did not disdain when He said "Suffer little children to come unto Me."—Catholic Columbian.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

The Boys' Brigade at St. Mary and Michael's, Commercial road, London, E., of which Father Davidson is the chaplain, may be fairly termed a model branch, although there are probably many companies in other parishes which equal it in discipline and good works for which it was formed. It has set an admirable example since it came into existence, and proves the value of such brigades in rescue work. The boys are regular in their attendance at Holy Communion, and are quick to notice the absence of any member, and to visit him with a view to inducing him to observe his religious duties more strictly. The same may be said in regard to such omissions on the part of boys of the congregation who are not members of the brigade, but who are known by members. These are also visited when practicable. There is a constant influence being brought to bear on such absentees. Brigade boys are always ready to be the messengers of the clergy in any rescue work the latter may have in hand. A great cause for some youths remaining away from their religious duties is found frequently in the defaulters having shabby clothes. The uniform of the brigade removes this excuse, so often urged by the poor and sensitive boys who are ashamed to approach the altar rails amongst those better dressed than themselves. However poor, or however well-to-do the members of the brigade may be, the uniform reduces them to a dead level in the matter of dress, and the plea of very poor lads that "they have no clothes fit to come to church in" cannot justly be made when they have joined the brigade and wear its uniform in church. There is attached to the corps in this parish a flourishing juvenile branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which does a great amount of visiting amongst young people, and has been found very valuable in rescue work. Father Davidson, who may be congratulated on the spirit prevailing amongst the members of his section of the brigade, tells our representative that he has derived much consolation from the zeal of the boys in promoting the success of the organization, socially and religiously. "I cannot over-estimate the value of their endeavors to make the brigade what it was intended to be—an attractive means of keeping youths in touch with the Church and the clergy after leaving school. It has been all that and more in this parish," said Father Davidson to our representative a day or two ago.—Catholic Times.

Many people think they are living for character who are only fighting for reputation.

THE MAKING OF HOME.

Let us recognize that the making of a perfect home is a work of art and not the result of luck or circumstances. There is indeed a genius for architecture and a genius for poetry, a genius for science and a genius for music, but how slow are we to recognize that the perfect home is built by brains! For the outside of our home we choose, if we can afford it, an architect who has studied all styles and who knows every detail necessary to a perfect structure. We rejoice to see the material expression of his thought standing before us, with its many features running together into unobtrusive but attractive unity. How seldom it occurs to us that the invisible interior, the spiritual and intellectual home, the library of luminous thought, the rooms of love and sweet courtesy and gracious interchange of feelings and ideas, are more difficult to plan and far more difficult to execute than all this work in stone and wood! When the vision of the sculptor has taken shape of beauty to our delighted eyes we are not silly enough to glory in the mallet and the chisel. We praise the artist's mind. Yet if the rough hewn block should never yield its finest possibility, its veins are not of blood, nor running into nerves that suffer torture, and the sculptor's blunder sends no suffering through the marble fibre. But when we mar with thoughtless words and cutting speech the souls entrusted to our love, this hurts and keeps on hurting. Our blunder is a cruelty, our carelessness a crime.

Now the life in the family is a life of souls that shape each other daily, either into ugliness or beauty. The aged mother, fretful, impatient, imperious, irritable, discontented, is the work too frequently of selfish husband and disobedient children. They complain of her! God forgive them! They should complain of themselves for they have made her what she is. The pale-faced girl, gentle, uncomplaining, her I mean with the hectic flush upon the cheek, who coughs at intervals and laughs to hide her cough—why, she is her mother's handiwork. Poor child, her mother always nags her so! Her fingers are full of rings, but a clasp of love were worth them all. Gowns! Dear me, she has no end of gowns! And the rough brothers are good to her, they think. And her father speaks of her with pride and then lets her serve him like a slave. O these blundering sculptors of a human life, how they mar and mutilate in sheer neglect and selfishness the happiness they might create!

But yonder man, so strong, so cheerful, so serenely masterful in times of difficulty—whose handiwork, pray tell me, is that soul of his? The joint work likely of God and himself? O, no! But of the mother that loved him, of the wife that he loves, of the children that rise up to call him blessed. And he has thought about his home. He took pains and brains to make it perfect. Busy all his life—for he has performed great tasks and evaded no duties—he has for all that never robbed the wife of his love, by giving to business the hours that belonged to her; he has never cheated his children wholly of their father's presence and their father's thoughtful care. He has faced calamity. Death, too, has struck him with his cruel wings—there are moments when his features show the traces of recollected gloom—but the children as they gather round him rejoice to see the touches of their loving hands upon their father's features, even as they feel the touch of his shaping intelligence upon their strong souls. While the wife of his love rejoices in him and in them, knowing quite well that they are the reward of her patient thoughtfulness and unwearied hope. This interchange of influence inside the family is at once the mystery, the power, and the possible destruction of its peace and joy. But the law of it must be grasped early and applied with luminous patience and sagacious love. Each household will encounter its own problem and each family must face its own difficulties; resolutely, courageously, cheerfully to apply one's mind to the solution and the conquest of them is the part of wisdom. But the chief thing, I repeat, is to recognize the divine sacredness of the tasks of the family life, and, having assumed them, to achieve with calculating skill and unwavering affection.

But, thirdly, the home must be created now. For there is no knowledge and no device in the grave wither we are going. Think, says the wise man, how helpless are the dead towards the living. Just what power we may have over this world

when we become immortal spirits none of us may know. But one thing is quite clear, any power we may have hereafter will be limited by the memories of us in the minds of those with whom we lived. Even Jesus our Saviour submitted to this law. For He wrought His image into the hearts of His disciples, of Mary and Martha, and the women who ministered to Him, so that when He reappeared to them after the resurrection the sound of His voice thrilled their souls, and the sight of His hands touching the bread He blessed told who He was, even as He vanished from their bewildered eyes. To-day is richer, if yesterday was beautiful. What can to-morrow be for us if empty of precious memories? The dead rest from their labors and their works do not follow them, if there are any works to follow. Mother may die, but she may leave behind her recollections so gracious, so beautiful, so powerful, that her new life with God is a perpetual reminder and a perpetual inspiration to her children. If she leaves no memories, her grave will have no power. The flowers that blossom above her dust are fragrant with no reminiscences; and the poor dust is powerless to warn or to help, to encourage or to console. But if she leaves a precious image in her children's minds, then there is something for her angel fingers to touch, by which to thrill, to master; then she has left a ladder for her beloved, up which their faith can help them climb to be clasped once more in her glorified arms.

Browning has given expression to this idea in the wonderful lines addressed to his wonderful wife:

"O lyric love, half-angel and half-bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,
Boldest of hearts that ever braved
the sun,
Can thy soul know change? Hail
then,
And harken from the realms of help,
Never may I commence my song, my
due
To God who best taught song by
gift of thee,
Except with bared head and be-
seaching hand.
That still despite the distance and
the dark
What was, again may be, some in-
terchange
Of soul, some splendor once thy very
thought,
Some benediction anciently thy
smile."

You catch the poet's thought? The whole power of his beloved to help him in his loneliness originated in the splendor formerly her thought, in the benediction anciently her smile. God knows, I would not make you sad. But death may smite us any moment. Shall we have no anchor in the souls of those we love? Shall we drift into the distance and the dark, never again to do them any good? Never to help them in their struggles, in their temptations, in their defeats, in their agony and sorrow? Aye, we shall vanish away into utter helplessness unless we do with our might whatever now we find to do.—The Angel in the Flame.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

The parochial schools of Irish parishes of this city are taxed to their fullest capacity this year.

Mr. Redmond to Visit Quebec.

Referring to a recent meeting of the local branch of the United Irish League to make arrangements for the visit of Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., and his companions, which has been fixed for the 30th inst., the Quebec Daily Telegraph says:

It will be the first appearance in the Ancient Capital of the celebrated orator and great debater, and it is safe to say that no hall in this city will be too large to accommodate the crowds of citizens of every plane of thought who will take advantage of the opportunity to hear him.

ANOTHER WITNESS.

"Without the Roman Catholic Church Chicago would be uninhabitable," declared J. Scott Clark, of the Northwestern University, to the congregation of the First Baptist Church recently. Professor Clark had charge of the services in the absence of the pastor. He also said:

"When I hear good men condemn the Catholic Church I think that they must have forgotten something; forgotten the numerous hospitals, the Sisters of Mercy, the orphan's homes and the many other Catholic institutions which exist in the great cities.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.—One of the most consoling teachings of the Catholic Church is the doctrine that God has created countless spirits called Angels. They were all happy and good, but did not remain so, for some of them rebelled against God and were cast into hell. These fallen Angels are called devils or evil spirits; they hate God, and seek to lead us into temptation.

The greater part, however, of the Angels remained true to God, and these good Angels love us, pray for us, and protect us from harm in body and soul. Among these good Angels every one of us has a special protector, whom we call the Guardian Angel. God Himself has woven the spiritual bond between us and the Angels, having commanded them to watch over us. This is certainly one of the greatest proofs of Divine love for us poor sinners. Holy Scripture says: "He hath given His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." (Ps. xc., II.)

Who are these Angels? They are pure spirits created according to the image of God; they are of such beauty, agility and endowments of the soul as to exceed our comprehension. It is but a faint comparison to say, that they are like royal princes, compared to the king and his court. The Angel watching at your side day and night is more than a prince. He is filled with love of God, it is his only desire to stand at the throne of God, and to intercede for you. What price makes it his business to help the poor and to intercede for such who dare not approach the King? And your Guardian Angel is more powerful than all princes and kings of this world, for he is the prince of God Almighty.

You believe all this, but how seldom do you think of it? When alone you act, think, judge and reason as though you were alone in this world, and had no witness of your life. Is this not true? And if it is, do you not think it highest time to think of your Guardian Angel and to reverently love him as your best friend? If your faith in your Guardian Angel was more lively, what great advantages must it not be to you to go to him in all your troubles and the complaints of your heart, and what a source of consolation must it not be to you to know, that at all times you would find him willing and ready to listen to you, to help you bear your cross, and to lead you on the right road to perfection!

Think of the great Saint Frances of Rome, who conversed with her guardian Angel, and who learned from him as readily as children do in school. The same is true of St. Camillus and Saint Rose of Lima. Why should it not prove true of you? Were they different people than we, or was their faith more lively than ours? That's a question you will have to answer for yourself, and I tell you, my friend, that your perfection in virtue will depend very much upon the answer you give to God and to yourself. What then must your resolution be whilst reading these lines? The answer is simple: Think of your Guardian Angel, call upon him in all your troubles, and spread devotion to him wherever you can.

What do the Angels do for us? They watch over us. This is a divine command as plainly stated in Holy Scripture. First of all they watch over our body, exposed to so many dangers. The more progress the world makes in its inventions, the more these dangers increase. Think of the thousands of innocent children in our schools, are they not wonderfully protected by their holy Angels? Many are the dangers that surround them, and still comparatively few are hurt; is this not wonderful? But the care of the Angels manifests itself more in regard to the immortal soul. It is the Angel at your side, who is constantly whispering to you to be on your guard, who points out to you the many dangers that threaten to destroy the life of your soul. The Angel encourages you, stands at your side in the heat of the temptation, and leads you to victory. It is this Angel who so gently reproaches you when you are growing careless in your religious duties, and for many it is the Guardian Angel who leads the poor sinner to the priest, to the pious book, that is the beginning of a new life. The ways of God are wonderful, and the Angels are often the messengers of God to us. In the journey of this life the Angel never forsakes us, and especially in the hour of death it is he who is not afraid of Satan, and who through the power and mercy of God will win the victory for you. The war cry of these Angels is: "Who is like God!"

Is this your cry, or do you seek to gain heaven by other means of your invention? Your Angel is not discouraged; no matter how often you forsake him, he will not forsake you. If you listen to him and follow his advice, he will be your friend at the throne of God; but if you turn your back to him he will accompany you to the judgment seat of God, but not to obtain for you mercy, so, but to deliver you up to the merciless Judge of the living and the dead. What will you do to escape this terrible accusation of your Guardian Angel?

We owe our Angel respect, reverence, gratitude and love. We owe him reverence for the high position he holds at the throne of God, he is a heavenly prince. We owe him gratitude for the many favors he shows us from the moment our immortal soul is entrusted to his care until the hour of death comes for us. We owe him confidence, for is there a friend more worthy of confidence than he? All this, my friends, we have learned as little children, and I am not teaching you anything new, but to tell the truth, did we not often forget it and treat our good Angel with contempt, by sinning shamefully and compelling him to hide his face from us? What shall we do in future? Reverse your Angel and behave at all times as becometh a Christian, whom God has placed in charge of His holy Angel. Trust in him and love him, and he will guide you safely through the many dangers of this life and lead you to the throne of God, his heavenly master, and there plead for you and obtain for you the glory, for which your heart is looking so eagerly, and which alone will satisfy the craving of this heart, made for God alone.—B.B., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The Bombay "Catholic Examiner," noting the celebration on the feast of the Assumption, August 15, of the golden jubilee of the Good Shepherd Convent at Bangalore, says that the five nuns sent from Angers, France, to found the convent set sail for distant India on the morning of the 28th of January, 1854.

The voyage was both long and wearisome. The sailing vessel took six months to reach the east coast of India, going round by Cape of Good Hope, and the poor Sisters only landed in Pondicherry on the 15th of July, following. On the 2nd of August they resumed their journey, travelling this time over the burning sands of India in oxen transits of the most primitive description. They reached Bangalore on the eve of the Assumption.

The foundation of the work had been laid before the Sisters' arrival in Bangalore, as a number of destitute native waifs had already been collected. Eurasian orphans next followed, and soon afterwards the school was also begun. Then came the true sheep of the Good Shepherd, those whom He especially sought while on earth as they had strayed far from the fold.

A creche was established for the reception of those numerous poor waifs who are either deprived by death or even cruelly abandoned by their lawful protectors. A community of native nuns and Madgalen Sisters was next formed and lastly a hospital was established in 1886.

The past half century, however, has not altogether been a period of undisturbed tranquillity. The great famine of 1876, which ravaged the whole of India, especially demanded continual acts of self-sacrifice from our Sisters. The school had to be closed during this sorrowful time, while the garden was converted into an immense lazaretto, where thousands of starving human beings were welcomed and tended. Many of those living skeletons afterwards fell victims to cholera, but the Sisters were indefatigable in their efforts to nurse them back to life. The harvest of conversions and death-bed repentances was, however, very rich, while hundreds of dying children were daily baptized.

Even to-day the plague causes much anxiety, as it seems to have made a prolonged visit to Bangalore. Now, however, the lazaretto is no longer in the Sisters' garden, as it has been removed miles outside of town. Thither the Sisters journey daily to assist the dying and bring consolation to the sick and suffering. Many other evils have also followed in the train of this dire disease. The number of the fatherless and destitute children is steadily on the increase. Food, too, has risen in price. Last year another trial came, when the exceptionally heavy rains did much damage to the Sisters' badly constructed houses and entirely carried away the boundary wall, thus exposing the poor people to many undesirable nightly

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visitors. Owing to this constant exposure to the cold and rain, different diseases broke out amongst the poor orphans and women, till the Sisters were at length obliged to build up a new wall at a great cost and patch up the various breaches in the old buildings.

SHADOWS OF NOTHING.

Jeremiah Jenkin was ambitious of fame. He fancied himself a great man and he tried hard to make the world see how great he was. But the more he tried to assume greatness, the smaller he grew in the eyes of the world. Had he gone to work with himself and formed a noble character the world would sooner or later have given him what he deserved. Jeremiah did not realize that every attempt to appear great makes us small indeed.

THE PRESS.

A writer says: "Of the 174 daily papers in Paris, France, there are 136 inimical to Christianity."

WORKINGMEN'S INSURANCE.

The popularity of insurance among the workmen of Germany may be realized in dwelling upon the following figures. The insurance in force shows that 17,500,000 laborers are insured against accidents, 10,500,000 against sickness, and 13,500,000 against old age and invalidity.

EDUCATIONAL.

COMMISSION OF MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

THE RE-OPENING OF THE Catholic Commercial Academy

And that of the other schools under the control of the Commission, will take place MONDAY, September 5th.

For fuller information, apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school.

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ONE DOCTOR'S WISDOM.

When the tired man entered the office he told the doctor he did not know what ailed him, but he needed treatment; he was pretty well worn out.

The physician put on his eyeglasses, looked at the man's tongue, felt his pulse, sounded his chest, and listened to the beating of his heart. "Same old story!" exclaimed the doctor, who was one of the new school of fresh air. "Man can't live hived up in an office or house. No use trying. Now I could make myself a corpse as you are doing by degrees, if I sat down here and did not stir."

"I—" began the patient. "You must have fresh air," broke

Business Cards, THE Smith Bros. Granite Co.

The following was clipped from the "Granite," Boston, Mass.:

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

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856 incorporated 1868, revised 1847. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Secy., J. F. Quina, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. Q. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer; J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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A BELAT

It was a sultry afternoon in summer, but through the Probation, in the new Municipal Building, the new breeze blew from the west and the clerks bent resignedly their desks, knowing that the gloom room where they worked the coolest place in Detroit.

Outside, in Cadillac Square, a stretch of green that connects the asphalt pavement of the Court House with the green of the light that recalls to any one who has braved the Roman climate at season the yellow glare of the Piazza Vaticano or del Popolo on July day.

For more than two hundred years the Campus has been the common people. Even before the coming of the white settlers, when the forest was still a forest, the red men went to gather here to hold their councils, to plan their fierce wars to smother the pipe of peace. Indian lovers wandered through the trails made by the hunters and warriors of the tribes, and as the light stole through the overhanging branches of the trees, the gentle way maidens listened to the old story that yet is ever new.

But love often strolls as he comes through the dust and heat of the city's streets as it ever did in the green houghs and rippling of the woodland; and since the day is quick to recognize a lover, the throng of passers-by in the busy main glances were cast at a gray-haired gentleman and a faded, elderly lady, who having some difficulty crossed the network tracks that are like a trolley to entrap the unwary, took the down the centre of the green-belted path of the square, as though were a royal carpet spread beneath their feet.

The man was tall, and still though his years must have been at least three score. His complexion was fresh, his features clear-cut, nose being slightly aquiline, as carried himself in a soldierly manner. His clothes were of broadcloth, a soft gray felt hat, set a trim angle, silk gloves of the color, and a spray of syringa blossoms in the lapel of his coat, plotted his festive air.

The lady who walked contentedly beside him was not more than three years younger than handsome old cavalier, she was short and a little thick-set; her hair she wore turned back over high roll, had many threads of blue, and the smile which sometimes from her escort brought lips, revealed girlish dimples in round cheeks. Her gown was color of a dove's plumage, and a little dove-colored fichu or Of the same quiet hue was the whose silken strings she had because of the heat.

"Your gown is as pretty as poem, Marie," said the old gentleman, as they walked on. "I am glad you like it, Phil. It is by a fashion paper pattern, set every stitch in it myself," answered with a naive pride in her own industry and skill, albeit practised eye of a "ladies' tail" would at a glance have characterized the latter as hopelessly amateur. "You were always clever, continued her knight gallantly, word what dainty frocks you when you were a girl. I sometimes looked like a rose, all in red—'Pink, Phil, pink!'" "Rose color, anyhow! Against were a marigold in orange." "No, no, lemon color," she objected.

"Often you were a fly-of-the-green." "Phil, I never wore green," she laughed. "I was too for it when I was a girl, and it is too bright." "Well, it was blue then; you remember, it was blue," he went serenely. "And I suppose you all those cobwebby things to too?"

"Yes, I did Phil. I was apt the needle in my best days." "Pouf, pouf," he interrupted affectionately protest. "Madam, but days are just beginning." She rewarded him with one sweetest of her dimpled smiles as he glanced down at her, the pale flush that his compliment had to her faded face reminded of how easily she used to blush pleasure at his praise in the past. Now the congenial comp

LIBERTY—Established 1866 incorporated 1847. Meets in 92 St. Alexander street last Wednesday. Rev. Director, J. P. Doherty; J. J. Doherty; J. M. D.; 2nd B.C.L.; Treasurer; correspondents: Kahala; Rev. P. Taamy.

AND B. SO—The second Sunday in St. Patrick's under street, at the office of Management on the 7th month at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil-P. Doyle; Residing, 716 St. Henri.

B. SOCIETY—Rev. Director, J. F. Quinn; street; M. J. St. Augustin; the second Sunday in St. Ann's and Ottawa

WOMEN'S SOCIETY—Meets in its street, on the 7th month, at 8 Rev. J. Hart.

BRANCH—St. November, meetings at St. St. Alexander street of each meetings for business are 4th Monday 4 p.m. Spiritual Chalmers; Chan- Secretary, P. Q. J. J. O'Connell.

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anything else, if a repair we so, if a new as they walked on. I am glad you like it, Phil. I cut it by a fashion paper pattern, and set every stitch in it myself," she answered with a naive pride in her own industry and skill, albeit the practised eye of a "ladies' tailor" would at a glance have characterized the latter as hopelessly amateurish.

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"Pink, Phil, pink!"

"Rose color, anyhow! Again you were a marigold in orange."

"No, no, lemon color," she objected.

"Often you were a lily-of-the-valley in green."

"Philip, I never wore green in my life," she laughed. "I was too pale for it when I was a girl, and now it is too bright."

"Well, it was blue then; yes, I remember, it was blue," he went on wistfully. "And I suppose you put all those cobwebby things together too?"

"Yes, I did Phil. I was apt with the needle in my best days."

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She rewarded him with one of the sweetest of her dimpled smiles, and, as he glanced down at her, the delicate flush that his compliments called to her faded face reminded him of how easily she used to blush with pleasure at his praise in the long ago.

Now the congenial companions

A BELATED WOOING.

It was a sultry afternoon of mid-summer, but through the Probate Office, in the new Municipal Building, a refreshing breeze blew from the river, and the clerks bent resignedly over their desks, knowing that the spacious room where they worked was the coolest place in Detroit.

Outside, in Cadillac Square, the stretch of green that connects the building of the courts with the City Hall was bright with flowers, but on the asphalt pavement of the Campus the sun beat down with the dazzling light that recalls to any one who has braved the Roman climate at this season the yellow glare of the Piazza Vaticano or del Popolo on a July day.

For more than two hundred years the Campus has been the common of the white settlers, when the place was still a forest, the red men were wont to gather here to hold their councils, to plan their fierce wars, or to smoke the pipe of peace. Here Indian lovers wandered through the trails made by the hunters and warriors of the tribes, and as the moonlight stole through the overarching branches of the trees, the gentle Ojibwa maidens listened to the old, old story that yet is ever new.

But love often strolls as happily through the dust and heat of the city's streets as it ever did beneath the green boughs and rippling brooks of the woodland; and, since the world is quick to recognize a lover, among the throng of passers-by in the Campus many glances were cast at a gray-haired gentleman and a placid-faced, elderly lady, who having with some difficulty crossed the network of trolley tracks that are like a snare to entrap the unwary, took their way down the centre of the green-bordered path of the square, as though it were a royal carpet spread beneath their feet.

The man was tall, and still erect, though his years must have been at least three score. His complexion was fresh, his features clear-cut, the nose being slightly aquiline, and he carried himself in a soldierly manner. His clothes were of broadcloth, and a soft gray felt hat, set a trifle at an angle, silks gloves of the same color, and a spray of syringa blossoms in the lapel of his coat, completed his festive air.

The lady who walked contentedly beside him was not more than two or three years younger than her handsome old cavalier. She was short and a little thick-set; her hair, which she wore turned back over a high roll, had many threads of silver, but her eyes were bright and vivacious, and the smile which some comment from her escort brought to her lips, revealed girlish dimples in her round cheeks. Her gown was of the color of a dove's plumage, and had a little dove-colored fichu or scarf. Of the same quiet hue was the bonnet whose silken strings she had untied because of the heat.

"Your gown is as pretty as a poem, Marie," said the old gentleman fondly, as they walked on.

"I am glad you like it, Phil. I cut it by a fashion paper pattern, and set every stitch in it myself," she answered with a naive pride in her own industry and skill, albeit the practised eye of a "ladies' tailor" would at a glance have characterized the latter as hopelessly amateurish.

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Now the congenial companions

reached the Municipal Building, and mounting the broad marble steps, traversed the corridor, and entered the Probate Office.

The clerks looked up from their tasks. On this dull afternoon, when even the buzzing of the flies was somniferous, a diversion was delightful. "There is a picture," said Tom Hackett to his neighbor, as the elderly visitors advanced up the room. "How politely the old codger steps aside to let the lady pass first; how deferential she is to him. No doubt they have travelled the path of life together, for the path of life is a long one, and they are of each other."

"Ah, good afternoon; come to deposit your will, have you, sir?" As Tom spoke he advanced from his place and bowed to the strangers.

His inquiry, natural though it was, rather disconcerted the gentleman.

"Well, no, I was not exactly thinking of wills or last testaments today," he stammered, while Tom upbraided himself as a blunderer. "The fact is, we have come to see if this is any good at the present late date?"

So saying he took from the breast-pocket of his coat a folded paper yellow with age, and handed it to the clerk.

Tom opened and glanced over it with business-like brevity.

"Why, this is not a will," he exclaimed; "it is a marriage license, and, as I live, dated forty years ago! It was issued in 1861 to Philip W. Brendin, aged twenty-three, and Marie Roy, aged twenty, by Judge Jones, the first Probate Judge of this county. You have probably brought the wrong paper, sir! How did you manage to keep the license? By Jove, it has never been used!"

Raising his eyes, he stared blankly at the couple before him.

"That is all right," said the old gentleman pleasantly. "Is the paper any good, I asked?"

"I think so, sir; but you have made a mistake in the department," explained Tom. "The desk of the license clerk is in another room; I shall be happy to pilot you there. You are, I suppose, Mr. Brendin, and this is—Miss Roy?"

"Yes, yes," replied Brendin hastily as the lady inclined her head. "And may I inquire your name, young man?"

"Hackett," answered Tom.

"What, not the son of Tom Hackett, the lumber-man of Alpena?"

"That is my father's name, too, and he was engaged in lumbering up North before we came to the Strait."

Mr. Brendin grasped his new acquaintance by the hand.

"Your father was my dearest friend, boy," he said warmly. "Is he in good health?"

"Hale and hearty as ever in his life," Tom responded.

"Glad to hear it!" reiterated the old gentleman.

"Tom Hackett always urged me to marry," he continued reminiscently. "I'd like him to know that I'm going to have the knot tied at last. He will be interested to hear my life-long romance, so I will tell you about it. You won't forget to repeat the story to him?"

"I will try to remember every word of it," promised Tom, now greatly interested, for he saw that Brendin was something of a character.

"Very good. Were you ever in love, boy?"

The young fellow's countenance crimsoned to the roots of his sandy hair.

"I see; you will be wanting a license yourself soon," went on his amiable tormentor. "Well, about this paper. Forty years ago this lady and I were engaged to be married. She was the prettiest girl in Michigan, and lived down near Monroe. She belongs to an old French-Canadian family in these parts. A few years earlier I had come over the Alleghanies from Virginia to seek my fortune, and when I met Marie I was sure I had found it. I was right; but, you see, fortune sometimes dodges one nearly all one's life.

"The day was fixed for the wedding. Marie had all the sewing done, she said; the wedding cake was made, the guests were invited, and I obtained the license. With all our preparations, however, until shortly before the appointed day we had never decided who should marry us. When the question came up, Marie being a Catholic, declared that, of course, no one but a priest should perform the ceremony. I, being a hard-shell Baptist, wanted a preacher of my own way of thinking. Marie was so conscientious and I so stubborn that neither of us would yield. Thus it happened, young man, that the wed-

ding did not take place; but I kept the license, with the hope that it might be of use some time in the future, if Marie changed her mind, or I did.

"That was the first year of the Civil War. In a desperate mood, but still, I trust, with some motive of patriotism, I enlisted and went to the front with a Michigan regiment.

"If I had left a loving bride at home, weeping away the sight of her pretty eyes because I had to go, no doubt I would have been killed in the first battle. But despite the fact that I was a poor devil who had no one to love or to pray for him—"

"Now, Phil, I have told you that I prayed for you every day," interposed the old lady sweetly.

"In spite of the fact that I had no right to expect any one to love or pray for me," continued Mr. Brendin correcting himself—"I fought through the war unscathed, except for a shot through the shoulder, where the bullet yet is.

"I came home to find my sweetheart (this lady), but friends told me that another suitor and a rich one had gained her favor.

"I had made up my mind to surrender on her terms, but this news sent me up into the northern peninsula, among the pine woods. The soldier boys who came home were all looked upon as heroes, as well as those who gave their lives for our country, and I was made something of, because my wound meant that I had saved the colors of our company in a sharp skirmish. But no word of congratulation on the gaining of my laurels came to me from Marie, and so disappointed was I that I did not wait to see her.

Here the visitors, led by Hackett, reached the license office; but the clerk being engaged, they seated themselves on a bench by the wall, and, having found in Tom a willing listener, the chatty old gentleman proceeded with his story.

"With a few hundred dollars that came to me as a legacy I bought a piece of timber land," he said, "and that was the beginning. Up there in the solitudes I prospered, boy; true, I saw few people except the rough men of the lumber camps, but the years were golden ones to me. It was there I knew your father; he was of a different stamp than many of the men. For a long time I was too engrossed with my work and business plans to think of taking a wife, but I supposed Marie had married her other suitor, who was of her religion, and possessed a fine farm on the river.

"I did not come to Detroit for years; my business took me to Chicago instead. After while I began to tell myself that I might as well marry, instead of knocking around the world alone. But I could not find any one like Marie, and no one else seemed to suit me."

At this point Mr. Brendin paused to glance at the lady, who laughed in a dignified way, shook her fan at him in mild protest, and rising, devoted her attention to the study of a portrait of one of the former judges of probate, that hung above her head.

"And how did you make it all up in the end, sir?" inquired Tom. "Young lover and old had met on the equal ground of romance, that fascinating 'field of the cloth of gold.'"

Notwithstanding his gentle companion's appealing glance, warning him to be less communicative, Mr. Brendin talked on with the logquacity of one launched on the all-absorbing theme of the love that has influenced his life.

"Well, it did come about in a strange manner," he admitted. "It is years since I left the woods, and I've lived in Chicago and on a ranch in California; but I still own timber in the northern part of this State. Last summer I went up to look after it and spent Sunday at camp. It happened that the night before a Catholic priest, travelling through the region, asked hospitality of the men. He said he was preaching around in the neighborhood, looking out to see if any of his people were up there. Now, on Sunday in a lumber camp there is nothing doing but drinking and gambling, unless the men get into a quarrel, when things are lively enough. There were no Catholics in our camp; but, for the sake of the novelty, the men asked the priest to stay and preach to them.

"This he did, and I went to hear him with the rest. We gathered in a clearing; the men sat on logs or tree-stumps or on the ground, and he stood on the platform they had built for a dance awhile before. My word, but he spoke to the point; no shilly-shallying, not too much fire, and brimstone, but it seemed as if he flashed a search light into every man's heart! Didn't reveal him to his fellows, you understand, but just showed every man his own conscience as it was.

"The next day the priest and I

travelled on together for some hours, and before we separated I promised to call on him in Chicago. I did go more than once, and soon I began to see many things in a different light, and found that upon some matters I had been wrong-headed all my life. The upshot of it was, my boy, that I became a Catholic.

Young Hackett had listened with ever-increasing interest. "I too am a convert," he here interjected.

"Then you know all about it," said Mr. Brendin beamingly. "Well, some time after I had joined the Church the thought came to me that I would like Marie to know. The husband whom she has loved and made happy all these years will surely not grudge me the opportunity to tell her of my conversion," I said to myself. "And she, in her gentle charity, will be glad for my sake."

"So I came to Detroit, made inquiries among former acquaintances, and found, to my astonishment and happiness, that Marie had not married at all. Down I went to Monroe by the next train. She was living in her old home still, and the place seemed little changed, except that the trees about the house are taller and cast a deeper shade, and the vines about the gallery are thicker than in the evenings when we used to linger there, oblivious to the hum of mosquitoes.

"Marie received me cordially, but when I turned the conversation to old times she showed a coldness that disconcerted me. Beginning at the wrong end of my story, and without telling her of my conversion, I blurted out:

"Marie, like a worthless penny I have come back to you, after all these years. I thought you had married long ago; to my joy I find you free. I love you far more dearly than I did when we were both young, although I gave you all my heart then. No other woman has ever had my love. In the years since we last met I have had much time to think. I have come back to you to say, that if you will marry me now, I shall be more than willing to be married by the old cure here, or any one whom you may select."

"Of course I was far too presumptuous," pursued Mr. Brendin with a side glance at the lady, who pretended to be deaf to what her old lover was saying, since she could not check the exuberance of his spirits.

"So confident was I that the one obstacle to our union was removed that I expected her to say 'yes' without demur," he acknowledged. "But, bless my heart, no matter how well a man thinks he knows a woman, she will surprise him after all.

"Instead of answering demurely that she was willing to become my wife, that she had waited for me all these years, as I know she did (here his eyes twinkled with sly humor)—instead of this, Marie flared up.

"During the years that have gone by I too have had time to think, Philip Brendin," she said. "And if you want to know the result of my reflections, here it is: You have taken almost a life-time to make up your mind to be married in the Catholic Church, and you have yielded at last only because you could not win me in any other way."

"Marie, you are mistaken; I thought you were married," I interrupted; but she would not hear me.

"What kind of a life would I have with a man as pigoted and prejudiced as you are," she went on earnestly. "No, no, I shall pray for you as I have always done; but (and here her voice broke a little) I have lived to thank God, Philip, that He has saved me from the trials and dangers of a marriage with one not of my faith. And so, if you please, we will remain only friends,—but, I hope, we shall be good friends always."

"What if I told you that now, even to win the one woman who is all the world to me, I would not be married by any one but a priest? I said, looking into her sweet eyes, that bright with unshed tears, told me her heart was still mine. 'What if I told you that now, thank God, we are both of the same faith?'

"For a moment Marie looked at me in dazed amazement. Presently, as those tears fell in a glistening rain, she smiled, and in that smile I read the answer she could not then speak."

"And what happened next?" queried Hackett, good-humoredly twitting the old gentleman.

"Well," answered Mr. Brendin, pulling himself together, "I did what you, my boy, or any young fellow would have done under similar circumstances. I went over and sat beside her and kissed her. Then, as I took her hand in mine, there upon her finger I saw the very ring I had given her when we were young. I had refused to take it back when we parted. How women treasure the keepsakes and the memories of their early love!"

"To make a long story short in the end, this lady, Mademoiselle Roy and I are to be married this afternoon, though I must admit we have chosen a mighty hot day for the ceremony. I know that I spoiled her life and mine by my obstinacy, but I'll try to make her happy during the days that are left to us.

"There is the clerk at leisure now," he continued, mopping his brow with his fine cambric handkerchief. "Sir, I want to know if this license is good, or has it become outlawed or debarred by the statute of limitations? If it is good, say so, and we will not delay longer. If it is useless, then give us a license that will pass muster."

The lady laughed softly at the impetuosity of her long errand lover. The clerk, having read over the time-yellowed paper with as much astonishment as Hackett had displayed on perusing it, said at last:

"A marriage license holds good until used, sir, unless it is cancelled by another; but, to prevent any question of the legality of this one, I will make out another for you, which you may also present."

Five minutes later the sweet-faced elderly bride-elect, and the chivalrous silver-haired bridegroom, departed with the license, for which the clerk declined to accept payment, saying that the office did not see such a romance every day. The same evening the newspapers of Detroit contained the following notice:

This afternoon, at the Cathedral, Mr. Philip Brendin, a wealthy lumberman of Chicago, and Mademoiselle Marie Roy, of Monroe, were married by the Rev. Father D—. The wedding is said to be the outcome of an early romance. For the bridal trip Mr. and Mrs. Brendin will make a tour of the lakes. On their return they intend to reside for a time here in the City of Straits.—Mary Catherine Crowley in the Catholic World Magazine.

PATENT REPORT.

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

Information regarding any of these will be cheerfully supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

HOME SURGERY.

A bit of home surgery, stated to have been practiced where a splinter is driven into a child's hand particularly deep, is its extraction by steam. A bottle with a sufficiently wide mouth is filled two-thirds with very hot water, and the mouth of the bottle is placed under the injured spot. The suction draws the flesh down when a little pressure is used, and the steam in a moment or two extracts inflammation and splinter together. This is very efficacious when the offending substance has been in for several hours, long enough to have started some of its evil consequences.

CATHOLIC UNION.

The Catholic Union of Ceylon is growing rapidly and has already secured the approval of all the Bishops and Archbishops of India.

THE IRISH LEADER.

John E. Redmond, M.P., and his colleagues were accorded an enthusiastic reception at Philadelphia last week. The executive of the various Irish National societies escorted the distinguished visitors from the depot to the Hotel Walton.

TO ERECT A CHAPEL.

Archbishop Healey of Tuam, Ireland, is planning to erect a chapel on top of Croaghpatrick, on Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo.

EDUCATION.

Religious education is a conceded necessity, and the Catholic school is built upon that principle.

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 inches wide, per yd. \$1.50
Black Basket Suiting, 56
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Black Estamine Serge from 60c up
Black Coating Serge, from 60c up
Black Polka Dot Albatross,
 44 inches wide..... \$5e
Black Polka Dot Armure
Cloth, per yard..... \$1.20
Black Polka Dot Basket Cloth,
 p-r yard..... \$1.00
Black Silk and Wool Bolienne
 per yard..... \$1.50
Black Silk and Wool Crepe
 de Ohene, per yard..... \$5e

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Women's Silk Moirette Underskirts, with full flare, tucked flounce and the new Parisian circular cut flounce, black and navy. Special price..... \$3.25

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