

# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. IX.—No. 15.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, April 14. White—"Low Sun Day." Sunday in White, and first after Easter. Double. Privileged. At Mass:—Int., Quasimodo, Infantus, Grad., Allel. allel. V. In Dio resurrectionis meae. Allel. V. Post dies octo. Allel. Off., Angelus, Domin. Allel. Com., Mite manum tuam. Allel. allel. Vespera of the Feast. Hymns—Ad regina Angelus. Commemorations:—of the following (O Doctor) and St. Justin.  
MONDAY, April 15. White—St. Isidore, B. in Confessor, Doctor (4th) Double.  
TUESDAY, April 16. White—St. Benedict Joseph Labro, Confessor. Double.  
WEDNESDAY, April 17. Red—St. Anicet, Pope. Martyr. Double.  
THURSDAY, April 18. White—St. Leo I. Pope, Confessor, Doctor. Double.  
FRIDAY, April 19. White—St. Leo IX. Pope, Confessor. Double.  
SATURDAY, April 20. White—of the Immaculate Conception. Semi-double.

## CURRENT TOPICS

### Sacred Music.

The Commission on Sacred Music has held its first sitting at the Vatican under the presidency of Cardinal Respighi.

### A Jesuit Preached.

The Very Rev. Father Sykes, S. J., Vicar Apostolic of the Zambesi, delivered a funeral oration at a common in memorial service held by seven religious dominations at Bulawayo, South Africa, on the evening of the day when the Queen was interred. The "Bulawayo Chronicle" observes: "The majestic eloquence with which the oration was delivered was in trust keeping with the solemnity of the occasion."

### In New South Wales.

The persecution of Catholics by the Protestants of New South Wales has carried so far that the "Catholic Press," Sydney, utters the following stern warning: "We say if this persecution goes on we will not be responsible for the consequences. If we are denied fair play, in addition to our exclusion from public offices, insults are heaped upon everything we hold dear, and the rights of citizenship are even denied us in the courts of justice, the very foundations of society may be shaken."

### Vain is Wealth.

The vanity of money was pitifully illustrated last week on the deathbed of a Bostonian named Hittchock who had \$100,000 to leave an educational institution, with the following clause inserted in the bequest: "Exclude Roman Catholic and colored persons, because I feel that the introduction into said seminary of pupils who differ essentially in race and religion from the others may prevent the best interests thereof." The influence of this \$100,000 upon the education of the twentieth century will verily be as narrow as the spirit which measured it.

### Glasgow Saloons.

Glasgow, which has already municipalized gas, electricity, water, trams and the telephone, now proposes to extend its hand and control the liquor trade, thus classifying saloons among the "public utilities." No one will question the public utility of well-conducted hotels; but whether they should be municipalized ahead of restaurants and barber shops is another question. One inducement which saloons offer to the municipality of Glasgow is that they are vastly profitable. The drink evil is seen perhaps at its worst in Glasgow. Not one public house in twenty is a public utility in any serious sense of the term in the commercial metropolis of Scotland.

### Catholics and the King.

A London cable describes the deputation of Catholics, who will visit the King next week, to present an address as having a rather delicate problem to face. The text of all addresses must be submitted for Royal approval before presentation, for the double purpose of preventing any false note, and, at the same time, affording to royalty an opportunity for framing an appropriate answer. The deputation is said to be perplexed how to avoid giving utterance to the sentiment uppermost in Roman Catholic minds in connection with the royal oath against their religion and at the same time frame an address not replete with meaningless platitudes. The Liverpool Catholic Times, in outspokenly declaring that the Coronation oath is one which, under all circumstances, should be subjected to protest whatever public expression of Roman Catholic opinion is made.

### The Messenger of Death.

An Oblate Missionary, Father Souillard, died suddenly in the Cathedral of Nantes lately, just after he had left the pulpit. Curiously enough, the Missionary had been preaching a remarkable sermon on death. He had told his congregation that during his twenty years of work he saw death strike at least one inhabitant of his parish every week, and from this he deduced the necessity of preparation for the last hour. After the sermon Father Souillard went to the Sacristy to die.

### Orangemen in London.

The first year of the new century has, according to the London Daily News, seen the plantation of the Orange Order in the city of London. The Orangemen, have, it appears, established two or three lodges in the northern parts of the Metropolis, and moderate the foundation of others. "We understand," the writer adds, "that the purpose of this move-

ment is to bring additional pressure to bear upon the Government against alteration in the phrasing of King's declaration."

### Served in the Crimea.

Fifty years have passed since the Very Rev. Canon Bagshaw, D.D., was ordained priest. Soon after he had been ordained he went to the Crimea as one of the first Catholic chaplains who ever accompanied a British Army on active service, and in the trenches before Sebastopol he was conspicuous for many acts of bravery and kindness. On his return to England, he was, in the year 1850, appointed to St. Elizabeth's Church, Richmond, and has been pastor there ever since. To mark his jubilee, the Canon has been presented by his congregation with a purse of sovereigns, an ivory crucifix, and an illuminated address.

### Jubilee of Grace.

The Jubilee is an opportunity which should be availed of by all, says the Baltimore Catholic Mirror. The graces and privileges which last year were granted to few, except those who journeyed to Rome, are these few months, accorded to the faithful of the entire world on condition of visits to churches in their midst, prayers for the Holy Father and of course the conditions of confession and reception of the Holy Eucharist. The reception of these sacraments, it is to be noted, must be apart and in addition to compliance with the duty of annual confession and communion, which is binding on all the faithful.

### Catholic Clubs.

Efforts have from time to time been put forward to form a Catholic Club in Toronto. The athletic element has always pressed itself upon attention. We notice in Baltimore the formation of a Catholic Athletic League among the several lycées and institutes connected with churches, which our contemporary, The Mirror, says should be a subject for congratulation for all who have at heart the welfare of our Catholic youth. Any movement which tends to bring together in social convention the Catholic young men of the different parishes is to be warmly commended, and is deserving moreover of the fullest measure of support from all who have it in their power to assist such movement.

### The War Drags on.

The latest stage of the war in Africa is thus summarized by the New York Tribune correspondent: "The war in South Africa meanwhile drags on with its usual obdurate course. Pretorius has been occupied by Col. Plummer with-out resistance, the Boers retreating northward, and abandoning a little war material. The Dutch tactics of avoiding a conflict and drawing their pursuers farther along, so often pursued, have been repeated. Boer resources of craft have not yet been exhausted, for there is official confirmation of the report that 75 British troops were surrounded and captured near Aberdeen in Cape Colony. This is the first Boer success recorded for several months, and is a proof that the guerrillas can do something more than retreat more rapidly than they can be pursued."

### The Protestant Press.

The Sacred Heart Review observes it is to be regretted that so many Protestant editorial utterances which, when they begin, have such a very high-sounding and liberal tone towards Catholics, should manifest before their conclusion the stereotyped narrow anti-Popery spirit. Here is the "New York Observer," for instance, with an editorial which takes an eminently just view of the King of England's anti-Catholic declaration, favoring its abolition or modification. But it bears a sting in its tail, as follows: "It is hardly needful for Protestant England to insult her own Roman Catholic people in order to get even with the Pope, who would if he could drive all Protestants out of Rome." The "Review" has stated time and time again that it is the unfair, kidnapping methods of the Protestant proselytizers in Rome to which the Pope objects, and justly, too. But the "Observer" persists in misunderstanding.

### Tact and Courage.

This is a timely comment in the North-western Chronicle: "Of course in meeting anti-Catholic and un-Catholic expressions we must exhibit tact and not temper; though even a tactful retort is better than cowardly silence. We must not lack self-confidence, for usually the humblest Catholic knows more about the teachings of the Catholic Church than does the most learned Protestant. One is not obliged to be a walking dictionary, rebuking error at every step, or obtruding his creed without fair provocation. The danger, however, is rather in the opposite direction—too much forbearance. Let Catholics reply to prejudices pleasantly, considering them as unintentional misapprehensions, and feeling that they are doing their non-Catholic companions a favor in setting them right. There is no reason for warmth or altercation; that is a survival in our nature of the spirit of the unhappy times when religious debates were carried on with carving knives and branding irons."

### Everlasting Dreyfus.

The Philadelphia Standard and Times says: "According to many observers, the wealthy Hebrews of Paris are in no small degree responsible for the present attack on the religious orders because of their resentment over the Dreyfus in-

cident. If this be really so, their poorer brethren have no great reason to rejoice over the result, for numbers of these are not heavily. All those who are familiar with Paris will recollect the swarm of shops in the neighborhood of St. Sulpice, wherein Catholic statues, pictures and other artistic work are sold. The whole neighborhood is full of them—fine shops with studios in the rear or overhead in many cases, where artists are at work all day painting altar pieces, stations of the cross, and other subjects, and sculptors carving crucifixes and statues of the saints. A wall of woe now comes from this region of minor art, for the proprietors are mostly Jews, and the cry is general that the attack on the religious orders means death to their business. While the French Government is cutting off the home market, the American, by its seizure of the Spanish colonies, has destroyed trade there also.

### St. Patrick in Paris.

Numerous gatherings of Irishmen and Irishwomen were held in Paris in St. Patrick's Day. The Shamrock dinner, founded a few years since in memory of Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone and those who with him first started in Paris celebrations of the festival of Ireland's National Saint, took place in the famous "Bœuf à la Mode" Restaurant, Rue de Valenciennes, Palais Royal. In the absence of M. Lofavro, formerly French Consul General in New York and Quebec, and an old friend of Ireland, the chair was taken by M. de Kirwan, whose name speaks of his Hibernian descent. M. de Kirwan was ably supported at the banquet by M. Nomours Godrot and by Dr. Bull, a leading member of the American Colony in Paris. The guests sat down to such delicacies as "O'Connell patties," "Filet à la Brigade," "Castellar game," and "Shamrock Joke." Another big dinner was organized by the Artistic and Literary Association of St. Patrick, to which the Comte d'Alton Shoo, descendant of a famous soldier of the Irish Brigade belongs.

### Hell Upon Earth.

The Toronto World, on Tuesday, published the following: "Dr. W. A. Campbell, of French River, says 'The World a letter written by his brother, Trooper R. D. Campbell of Kitchener's Horse. The latter is dated Feb. 11, from 'near Banks Station.' Of the affair at Olenoff, Trooper Campbell writes: 'There was quite a few fellows of every corps who ran away from that fight, and some of our men were awaiting trial in Pretoria.' Referring to the time when he might return to Canada, the writer says: 'I do not know when we will be out of it. Kitchener said there was to be no discharges among the Colonials for some time. We joined for three months, if required six, but not to exceed that. We have sent in three or four times for our discharges but cannot get them. Kitchener is no man at all. He thinks every man is a dog at his feet. He wants to know what we want our discharges for, when there is fighting to do. Canadians have got six months' hard labor already, so this is the way he is treating volunteers.' Continuing, the writer exclaims: 'You can't get soap to wash yourself with or money to buy it. I have had only ten shillings since I joined. I have the same shirt I was served out with, and the same socks and pants.' He concludes by declaring that his situation 'is a hell on earth.'"

### A Devoted Bishop.

Bishop McSherry, who preached at the funeral of the late Dr. Gaughran, gave a brief and simple record of the Bishop's work in South Africa, down to the outbreak of the war. He said: Dr. Gaughran administered Bachelors during eight years, and established there flourishing native missions. In Harriemth he acquired property and erected a church and presbytery. In Jagersfontein he established a convent, and another in Mafeking, where the heroic devotedness of the Sisters of Mercy he brought out from Strabane, all through the memorable siege, elicited the admiration of the world. In Fryburg he built a church. In Tanguis he founded a convent and a native mission, which already bids fair to become a great success. Here in Kimberly he never rested till he established the Christian Brothers, through whom the priceless blessing of a Christian education is imparted to the boys of the town and district. Need I be added, that the foundation of Nazareth Home for the aged poor and the helpless orphan, an institution of which generations yet unborn will feel the benefit, and bless for that the memory of the great prelate to whose exertions its erection is due. All these things involved anxiety and labor, and incessant and most fatiguing journeys. No wonder such arduous toil soon began to tell on a constitution none robust. Friends saw with regret that his health was beginning to break down, and in this state we find him at the outbreak of this cruel war and the investment of Kimberly.

### Ireland is Farthest.

Ireland is taking the most active interest in the census, so that the country may make its best impression upon the world. In a pastoral letter on the subject the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, Most Rev. Dr. Foley, says, for instance: "The heading 'Education' is one to which I request you to direct very special attention; for I am persuaded that in the past many persons allowed themselves to be returned as 'illiterate' who were well able to read, if not to write, in the sense of the inquiry. Surely the time has come for us to leave off harping upon the string of persecutions and to reach forward towards every available means

of elevating our people to the character as well as to the condition of freemen. Whether, then, the illiteracy of our people be, or be not, so extensive as to constitute a national disgrace; whether we ourselves or others be responsible for such a lamentable condition, let us, in the name of God, have nothing but the truth, but let us remember it can be nothing short of a national crime to bring such disgrace upon the country by neglecting to make the proper returns. Comparing my experience of this diocese with the official statistics of the last census, I regard it as highly improbable that these returns can be accurate. I have examined more than 10,000 children within those past few years, and I have found few parishes in which the illiterates formed more than the merest fraction, hardly a twentieth of the total; and yet, according to the figures of last census, a third of the population is returned as illiterate."

### Jubilee Committee.

A committee has been formed under the presidency of his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar, in order to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Leo XIII's accession to the Papal Throne, which will occur in 1903. Some anti-Catholic papers have had the bad taste to criticize the formation of this committee, considering it premature, but the festivities will certainly assume such unprecedented importance that two years' preparatory work cannot be regarded as excessive which we remember that the demonstration of filial devotion and love towards the venerable Pontiff will include every Catholic and nation in the world, all Catholics and even non-Catholics, being anxious to express their deep veneration for Christ's Vicar on earth. The following well-known names figure on the list of the committee: Mgr. Radici Tedeschi, Marquis Serlupi, Papal Master of the Horse, and Count Acquarini, vice-president; Prince Hospigliani, Prince Ruffo della Scallotta, Marquis Sacchetti, Count Soderini, Comm. Scrinini, Comm. Toldi, and other leading members of the Roman aristocracy. No sooner was the formation of this committee made known than a surprising number of communications were received from all parts of Italy from Bishops, etc., all anxious to know in what manner they could participate with their flocks in the solemn celebration which will probably mark one of the most memorable dates of the twentieth century.

### The League Tablet.

The following letter has been addressed to the London "Tablet":—"Sir—My attention has been called to a letter addressed to you by the Bishop of Limerick commenting on your correspondent's 'Letter from the Front.' It is impossible for me in South Africa to refer to the original, but as I understand that you have made no reply to his Lordship's letter it may not be unfair to assume the correctness of his version. The story your correspondent relates of a soldier of the Connaught Rangers stabbing a Boer who had held up his hands in token of surrender is an absolute falsehood; and I can give the best possible proof of its being so. I hope and believe, that no man in the regiment would be guilty of so foul an act, but as on no occasion has the regiment been within bayonet reach of a trench occupied by Boers the incident could not have occurred. The regiment has suffered severely in this war—at Colenso and Pieter's Hill more than a third of the men and officers were killed or wounded; some companies lost seventy per cent of their strength—but I am proud to say that we neither asked quarter for ourselves nor refused it to our brave opponents. I may add that all, or nearly all, the fantastic accusations which one reads in the newspapers of bayonets carried at the point of the bayonet are pure fictions; when the attempt has been made it has resulted in disaster. The 'Tablet' was once an Irish Catholic journal, and in the hands of Frederick Lucas it fought a gallant, if unsuccessful, fight for justice and humanity. It is now an English Catholic paper, and I do not know if its sympathies with the tales it puts into circulation to sicken the taste of the more depraved of its English readers; but, sir, I request that in future—if you are determined to persist to such a taste—you will do so at the expense of your own countrymen instead of mine, and that you will refrain from libelling a regiment which has valiantly and courageously fought in victory and defeat.—I remain, sir, yours truly,

M. G. Moore, Major, Commanding 1st Connaught Rangers, Atteral N, South Africa, Feb. 15th, 1901.

The first arrival of the season is the Lakeside, that staunch boat of the Niagara. St. Catharines and Toronto Navigation Co., which arrived Wednesday morning. There was a fair number of passengers on board, among others two Sisters of St. Joseph. The season just opened is likely to be of the busiest across the lake yet known.

Hon. Edward Blake has ceased to be a member of the firm of Blake, Lamb & Cassels with which he has been connected for over 40 years.

By the decision of the High Court of Justice Mr. C. A. McCool holds Niagara. Mr. McCool is a Catholic, sitting on the Liberal side of the House at Ottawa.

## Vow of the Jesuits.

The Rev. Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral Satisfies Public Appetite for Information.

The following has been published by the Telegram:

Sir,—I would ask a little space in your influential and widely circulated paper for another brief letter on the "Jesuit oath," and some other oaths. Since the publication of my last letter I have been fairly deluged with questions, pamphlets, and tracts on all kinds of oaths. I am a very busy man, and cannot attempt to answer each of those honest enquirers. But, with your permission I will attempt to answer all. And first, I must thank you very sincerely for your courtesy, and I may say, your editorial courage in publishing my letter just as I sent it. I have reason to believe that your kindness to me did not injuriously affect the influence of your paper, though some of my correspondents have been wicked enough to insinuate that you yourself are a Jesuit in disguise!!!

And now to my subject, on which I shall be as brief as I possibly can. Most of my enquirers after truth have begun by saying they are satisfied with my explanation of the Jesuit oath. But many have asked about those not political Jesuits, and financial Jesuits, and crypto Jesuits, newspaper Jesuits and female Jesuits? To each and all I simply answer, No.

Then I have been asked what about the oath Catholic bishops take at their consecration. This was not and is not my affair. Catholic bishops are quite able to take care of themselves, and if any honest enquirer would write a courteous, intelligible letter to any Catholic bishop on this matter, I am sure he would get a satisfactory answer. Again, I have been asked, what do you think of the coronation oath? It matters very little to the public what I think about it. It is no business of mine. It is, or was, the business of those who framed that oath; of those who take it; of the Catholic peers of Great Britain and Ireland; of the members of Parliament in the British Empire; of high officials under English rule. Any or all of these may make this matter legitimate subject of public comment or indignation, respectful protest. But if anyone wants to know my opinion on this matter, it is simply and most emphatically this: The clause in this oath of which Catholics complain is blasphemously untrue, a flagrant outrage, and most wanton insult to the faith and feelings of twenty millions of His Majesty's most loyal Catholic subjects. I feel I have taken too much of your space. But as many have asked me what is the Jesuit vow, and as I have only the Latin version to show them, which most of them do not care to read, I give an English translation. This is all and the only Jesuit oath, and will, I hope, settle the matter for ever:

### JESUIT VOW.

Almighty and eternal God, I, John Smith, Brown or Jones, though altogether most unworthy in thy divine sight, yet relying on thy infinite goodness and mercy, and impelled by a desire of serving Thee, do hereby vow, before the most blessed Virgin Mary, and the whole heavenly court, to Thy divine majesty perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience in the society of Jesus. And I promise to enter the same society, and spend my life therein, understanding fully all the constitutions of said society. I solemnly implore of Thee, therefore, O my God, by the blood of Jesus Christ, that as in thy immense goodness and gracious mercy, Thou hast been pleased to accept this, my holocaust, in the odour of sweetness, so Thou wilt grant me abundant grace to fulfil it. Amen.

(Signed, etc.)  
This vow may be dispensed with by the proper ecclesiastical authority.  
Yours truly,  
F. RYAN, Rector.

St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, April 3th, 1901.

## LIBERAL CATHOLICITY.

Letter from the Pope—The Recent Pastors of the English Bishops.

The following important letter from his Holiness the Pope has been addressed to his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan and the other Bishops of England:—  
To our Venerable Brethren, Herbert Vaughan, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Westminster, and to the other Bishops of the Province of Westminster.

LEO XIII. POPE.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction. In the midst of grave occupations and many sorrows, the close union between the Episcopate and the Apostolic See has always brought to us the greatest consolation. We had already, Venerable Brethren, had abundant patience in you of this praiseworthy loyalty; and we have seen it again lately in your submitting to our consideration and judgment the joint letter, which, in the exercise of your pastoral office, you have addressed to your flocks. Your letter has seemed to us indeed both wise and important. Inspired by the Holy Ghost as Bishops, to rule each one his own part of the Church of God, you have an intimate knowledge of the spiritual wants of your people; and you have given to them the timely and prudent exhortation which they need. Too we know is the actual and threatening

mischievous of that body of fallacious opinions which is commonly designated as Liberal Catholicism. Without in any way exaggerating the danger which menaces the Catholics of England, you show wherein that danger lies; and your letter, based on the teaching and precepts of the Church, contains nothing but truth. For all that is contained in your teaching and admonitions has frequently been dealt with by our predecessors, has been clearly laid down by the Fathers of the Vatican Council, and has often been explained by ourselves both orally and by our Apostolic letters.

You have done most wisely in issuing a solemn warning against the subtle and insidious spread of Rationalism, than which no poison is more fatal to Divine faith. In like manner, nothing is more in accordance with right doctrine than what you have laid down as to the obedience due to Episcopal authority; for subjection and obedience due to that authority are in no sense optional, but plainly a duty and a main foundation on which the Church of God is built. We, therefore, most heartily give you our praise and approbation for these things.

The evils which you deplore, and which you warn right-minded Catholics to shun, have generally their origin in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice, and in an inclination to a soft and easy life. It is, however, impossible for any man to preserve inviolate the Catholic Faith, and to defend and advance the interests of Jesus Christ, unless by a great and unconquerable constancy. Catholics, therefore, must devote themselves more earnestly to the cultivation of the spiritual life; protect the great gift of faith by carefully guarding against the dangers that menace it; labour more zealously in training themselves to the practice of Christian virtues of charity, self-denial, humility, and contempt of the perishable things of this world.

Some time ago we exhorted Catholics to unite in fervent prayer to God to bring back the English people to the religion of their forefathers; and we insisted that they should endeavour to make their prayers prevail by leading themselves an exemplary and holy life. We again to-day admonish and beseech them to put our exhortation into practice. For this purpose we earnestly desire that the Sodality of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows (Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion), instituted by our authority, may be widely spread and warmly taken up. For it is fitting that all Catholics should so strive for the salvation of others as at the same time to spare no pains to satisfy their own souls. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." (Matt. v. 16).

Lively Catholics should always pay a holy submission and obedience to the Roman See; and if its opponents seek either to disparage its authority or to sow in men's minds suspicion and distrust of its guidance, let them be boldly refuted in these words of Venerable Bede, a Doctor of the Church:—"And, therefore, did Blessed Peter, having confessed Christ with a true faith, and followed him with a true love, receive in a special manner the keys of the kingdom of heaven and the sovereignty of judicial power, that all the faithful throughout the world might understand that whosoever separates themselves from the unity of the faith, or from his fellowship, can neither be released from the chains of their sins nor enter the gate of the heavenly kingdom." (Hom. lib. 16).

As a pledge of Divine gifts, and in testimony of paternal goodwill, we most lovingly in the Lord bestow upon you, Venerable Brethren, and upon your people the Apostolic blessing.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 11th day of February, in the year 1901, the 23rd year of our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. POPE.

## ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

Letter from the Holy Father to the Council-General of the Society.

To Our dear Sons Antoine Pages, President, and the other Members of the Council-General of the Pious Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

LEO XIII., POPE.

Beloved Sons, Health and Apostolic benediction:—  
The customary offering of the volume containing the annual report of your society and the dutiful spirit of your letter have afforded us a two-fold satisfaction. We rejoice to see the ever-increasing growth and prosperity of an institution so well adapted to the needs of the times and so salutary; for all this, not only are heartfelt thanks to be returned to God, but also the ardour of your charity is to be commended exceedingly. Would to God that you were joined by a greater number of Catholics filled with your zeal and sharing your labours. Assuredly nothing could be more salutary in the present circumstances of the Church and State; since the ill-will of the wicked, always spreading more widely and with greater violence, is to be kept in check by the charity of the good, which should be everywhere brought into action. As to yourselves, continue to persevere in the same path, thus daily gaining greater grace before God, and greater commendation from Us. As a pledge of Our favour, We grant with heartfelt affection to you, beloved sons, and to your society throughout the whole world, the Apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 12th day of February, of the year 1901, and the 23rd of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

THE CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Mr. McKinley's choice of director of the St. Louis exposition has fallen upon Hon. Martin J. Glynn, of Albany.

NEW WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

The new Cathedral at Westminster, which £140,000 has been expended, is rapidly approaching completion.

FATHER O'BRIEN'S YACHT.

A Hamilton despatch says Captain Feanede is constructing a boat which he hopes may prove the best of the challengers for the Canada's cup.

A BRAVE PRIEST DEAD.

We find recorded in the Memphis (Tenn.) Catholic Journal, the death of Rev. Antonio Luselli, pastor of St. Joseph's Church.

During all the epidemics of the 70's, he remained in the city and looked after both the temporal and spiritual welfare of his people.

CATHOLICS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

According to the report of the Taft Commission, as reviewed in the Catholic World Magazine for April there are 6,559,998 souls enrolled in the parish registers in the Philippines.

A COMMON DISCREPANCY.

New Haven, April 4.—After Margaret L. Shepherd had addressed an audience of 100 persons last night, Mrs. N. J. Clark, of this city, walked toward the door and said in a loud tone:

AS TO TWIN PRIESTS.

Some American paper having mentioned the twin brothers, Father J. P. Prendergast, of Kansas, and Father T. J. Prendergast, of Warrensburg, Mo., as "the only twin priests in the world"

ROLAND REED DIED A CATHOLIC.

Roland Reed, the actor, who died at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Rush, in New York city, had been received into the Catholic Church at his bedside.

A STARTLING CHARGE.

A New Orleans despatch says:—The systematic robbery of the Catholic churches in this city in the last few days has excited the Catholic population and their indignation found utterance to-day in the strong denunciation of the police department by the Rev. John Brislan, pastor of the Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception.

proof that the city management of the police force of this city is either criminally incompetent or is in league with the lawbreakers.

JESUITS IN AUSTRALIA.

The "Melbourne Advocate" to hand announces that the Very Rev. J. Ryan, S.J., rector of Xavier College, New, has been appointed Superior-General of the Jesuit Fathers in Australia.

MISSIONARIES ON THE CONGO.

The New York Independent of March 21 publishes an interesting letter from Rt. Rev. Prosper Augouard, Catholic Bishop of Oubanghi, Upper French Congo, Africa.

A SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Under date of April 12, 1900, in a diary written by an American soldier in the Philippines, appears the following description of a scene in the town of Angeles, Luzon.

THE LEPROSERS OF MOLOKAI.

The following extract is from a letter written March 5, 1901, to H. A. Strong, of Rochester, by G. K. Carter, of Honolulu, a member of the Hawaiian Senate.

not been outside the inclosure of the grounds. At one visit he was sick with a cold. His room was of bare wood walls about six feet square, containing a box with a lamp on it, and shelves on which were daily papers and his tobacco and pipes.

THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER.

The Rome correspondent to the New York Freeman's Journal writes:—"High up in the vast apex of the basilica of St. Peter's on the Vatican is preserved one of the most striking relics of the Prince of Apostles."

The great sculptor of the later Renaissance, Bernini, designed and executed one of his masterpieces to contain this precious memorial.

It is not often that the faithful are permitted the privilege of looking upon this holy relic. In 1667, a centenary of the martyrdom of the apostle, it was exposed to their veneration;

Tertullian who saw the chair in A. D. 204 or thereabouts, makes very marked reference to it in his book, "De Prescriptionibus"—a proof, by the way, of the importance attached at that early date to the See of Peter.

The chair was originally of oak; much, however, of the original material has disappeared, a fact due, no doubt, to the pious greed of the faithful, to whom a portion of so precious a relic would be a priceless possession.

In consequence of this, the original oak has been repaired with acacia wood. Upon the acacia wood, on the back and front of the chair between the legs where there is not as in modern chairs an open space, are fixed a number of ancient plates of ivory, belonging to pagan times, and evidently of much earlier date than even the original oak portion of the work.

In the chapel of St. Emerentiana in this catacomb, in front of the tomb of the martyr, Virgin, is a rude seat hewn out of the tufa rock, and which is commonly known as the Chair of St. Peter. It is not, however, the original, as the whole catacomb is of later date than the time of St. Peter.

In the chapel of St. Emerentiana in this catacomb, in front of the tomb of the martyr, Virgin, is a rude seat hewn out of the tufa rock, and which is commonly known as the Chair of St. Peter.

At the end of the chapel will be seen the now empty and dismantled tomb of St. Emerentiana, whose body now reposes in the basilica of her foster-son, St. Agnes, near by. Opposite the chair will be noticed a low column which was used to place the lamp of olive oil kept always burning before the tomb of the saint.

This is another incidental proof of the importance always attached to the jurisdiction symbolized by an visibly represented in the Chair of St. Peter. To this well recognized symbolism is our modern phrase "Ex Cathedra" applied to pontifical definitions of faith.

PERSONAL.

South Wellington Conservatives have nominated Mr. J. P. Downey, of The Guelph Herald, for the Legislature.

A Chatham despatch says:—Rev. Father Superior Francis Bilamus, appointed secretary to the Royal delegate at Ottawa, was presented by the congregation with a purse of \$200 in gold after his farewell sermon on Sunday.

Mr. Amfrose J. Small is placing himself in the front rank of theatrical managers. Mr. Small is the manager of the Russet Theatre, Ottawa, the new theatre at Kingston, the Grand at Toronto, the Toronto Opera House, and with Mr. C. J. Whitney in Hamilton, London, St. Thomas, Chatham, and Detroit.

Donahoe's Magazine, writing on the death of its founder, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, says:—Very few of the citizens of Boston, who walked the streets as boys with that venerable man are living to-day.

Donis O'Sullivan, the young California tenor, is, says the San Francisco nation, "the hero of the hour in London, according to latest advices. While musical circles are singing his praises from the house-tops London's fashionable audiences are welcoming him into the most exclusive circles for his versatility and talent."

The Easter adjournment of the Imperial Parliament has been made the occasion of emphatic assertion of Lord Salisbury's contemplated retirement from the position of Prime Minister.

In the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Dr. James J. Walsh writes of Louis Pasteur, the most striking figure in nineteenth century science. High spiritual motives dominated the life and actions of the greatest scientist of his age.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at a recent Irish gathering in London, considered the position of Irishmen in Westminster from a very practical point of view. "We are," he said, "members of a British or Imperial Parliament, and it is our determination to think nothing of it foreign to ourselves which is the subject of deliberation in that Parliament."

A champion of liberty in France is the description applied by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart to Count de Mun, the most conspicuous man in the parliamentary struggle going on in France to-day.

Count de Mun, the most conspicuous man in the parliamentary struggle going on in France to-day. Here is a description of the Catholic leader's figure in the memorable debate of the 21st January on the religious congregations.

Count de Mun, the most conspicuous man in the parliamentary struggle going on in France to-day. Here is a description of the Catholic leader's figure in the memorable debate of the 21st January on the religious congregations.

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THE GOODLY COMPANY.

A loyal heart for a loyal friend, And love for those that love you, A fearless soul to the journey's end, Whatever may be above you, A laugh for luck in the dawn's glad light; And a song where the night shall find you, And the road you travel is brave and bright, Though Fate ride fast behind you. For loyal friends make a bold array, And love is a charm to shield you, And a fearless soul drives thoughts away. That to defeat would yield you; And a laugh is a spell for gladness east. And a song so strong shall find you, And the coward Fate, from first to last, Rides shivering far behind you.

DANGERS THAT BESET THE YOUNG.

Everything would seem then to conspire against many, if not all, of our young people, a foolish indulgence and sometimes scandal in the home, evil companions, outdoors, unprincipled proselytism, a system of public education which ignores, and even in many places positively injures faith, trashy and filthy books, shameless theatres, vile newspapers and scenes of depravity in broad daylight. The growing boy and girl like novelty, gaudy, excitement and all that appears to expand their liberties; they dislike what they consider stale, monotonous, sober and spiritless and all that restrains their freedom; they naturally seize any pretext which may seem to justify their likes and dislikes, and resent the caution of grave and experienced elders whom no pretext can blind to the dangers surrounding youth. Too often, as they grow in years they grow in self-conceit but not in wisdom, and for lack of this they forfeit the grace which alone can preserve them from sinful curiosity, from the surprise of awakening passions, the allurements of vice confronting them on all sides in an attractive but deceitful guise. — American Messenger.

CONTENTS FROM BROOK FARM MOVEMENT.

It is a curious bit of religious history that out of the young men who gathered around George Ripley at Brook Farm a very large percentage became Catholics. Father Hecker led the way. He was followed by Orestes Brownson, Mrs. Ripley, Buckley Hastings, who was the purchasing agent for the Farm, George Newcombe, the High-Churchman of the colony, and others. Hawthorne's daughter became a Catholic, as did Mrs. Ripley's niece. George Ripley himself one day said to Father Hecker: "Can you do all that any Catholic priest can do?" On receiving an affirmative answer, he said: "Then I will send for you when I am drawing toward my end." He kept his promise and did send for him during his last illness, but the message was not delivered till it was too late. When Father Hecker got to his bedside he was dead. — Catholic World.

ADVANTAGES OF READING ALOUD.

To read to one's self is often to be satisfied with a knowledge of words as they appear to the eye. To read aloud is to acquire also a knowledge of words as they sound. There is nothing which will so surely correct mispronunciation. Nearly every reader will recall words which he has long known by sight, but with which he has never taken the trouble to acquire a speaking acquaintance. While he reads only to himself he can shut them over or give them some makeshift pronunciation, which serve to identify them and saves the trouble of consulting the dictionary. But let him adopt the practice of reading aloud, and sooner or later some of these old verbal acquaintances will meet him face to face, to reproach him with his neglect and shame him with his ignorance of their names. In the cultivation of the voice lies a further recommendation. The practice of reading aloud brings increased vocal power and tends to establish the habit of an agreeable inflection and a distinct enunciation. Lastly, it makes the other members of the family partners in the pleasure and mental stimulus. It is not alone the reader who is enriched. The tired mother, busy with her mending, is borne into far, strange lands. The stirring scenes of history or fiction march before her, and while she works she is also uplifted and refreshed.

MAKE THE HEART BEAUTIFUL.

The girl who is educated above her parents' social position has a lot of unpleasantness before her unless she makes her character strong enough to rise above her circumstances. There is a lot that is petty and snobbish in society, and she must learn to ignore the little stings and heartaches her sensitive nature will feel when she meets with high-born aristocratic folk. Of course she loves her good, old-fashioned mother and father in their plain, comfortable home; but their manners are so different and their appearance so ordinary in comparison to the easy elegance of the parents of her college companions. Accustomed to the refined surroundings of college life she finds it difficult not to notice how different the table at home looks, and the little ungrammatical phrases she is forced to hear grate on her feelings and wound her pride. It is the right kind of a girl she will not let herself feel humiliated. Neither will she make her loving parents feel uncomfortable by inflating on them the air of her superiority;

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Quoting Pope Leo's wise words, "A good Catholic journal is a perpetual mission in every parish," Charles J. O'Malley, writing in Donahoe's, considers who are responsible for the "inadequacy of the Catholic press." One thing to which he brings the responsibility home is the attitude perpetually assumed by that large body of worldly Catholics who seem prone to believe that whatever is Catholic is "isn't much." These are the people—usually of the nouveau riche order, desirous of shining in fashionable society—who pretend to believe that "we have no Catholic literature worth mentioning," who live in palatial homes and take no Catholic publications of any sort, yet wonder why the few that now and then come in their way always seem "narrow, cross and bigoted." These are the people who blight endeavor; yet how they may be reached is a problem still unsolved.

AN IRISH HEDGEROW.

The white thorn is very late this year, and we found ourselves in the full glory of it. It is beautiful in all its stages, from the time when it first opens its buds, to the season when "every spray is white with May, and blooms the eglantine." Do not imagine, however, that we are all in white, like a bride; there is the pink Hawthorn, and there are pink and white horsechestnuts laden with flowers, yellow laburnums hanging over whitewashed farm buildings, lilacs, and most wonderful of all, the blaze of the yellow gorse. There will be a thorn hedge struggling with and conquering a gray stone wall; then a golden gorse bush struggling with and conquering the thorn, seeking the sun, it knows no restraints, and creeping through the barriers of green and white and gray, it fairly hurls its yellow splendors in great blazing patches along the wayside. In dazzling glory, in richness of color, there is nothing in nature that we can compare with this loveliest and commonest of all wayside weeds. The gleaming wealth of the Klondike would make but a poor showing beside a single Irish hedgerow; one would think that Mother Earth had stored in her bosom of all the sunniest gleams of bygone summers, and was now giving them back to the sun king from whom she borrowed them.

MODESTY AND BEAUTY.

A famous writer said, "Modesty is the sweetest song-bird which no open cage-door can tempt to flight." It is in the heart enriched with noble virtues, that modesty dwells, for it cannot reside where there is not true worth. The characters of the greatest masters of the world were modest and unpretentious, for nothing so rare as genius could tolerate anything so inferior as arrogance. There is something about a modest girl which commands respect and affords dignity. The sweetness of womanliness is its modesty which, like the violet that grows in an obscure place, is all the fairer and more beautiful when found. The modest girl does not expose herself to temptations, for the lily-whiteness of her soul is too sacred a thing to risk. She does not seek to attract notice, but, nevertheless, she possesses the attraction of goodness which wins others more forcibly than all the artful ways and means which the society belles employ in order to invite attention. The beautiful is always hidden and modesty gives it expression; that will broaden her sphere; she will be grateful to the humble parents who generously afforded her the means that not only brightened her intellect but sweetened her heart as well. You know, when education does not go down into the heart as well as the mind its highest work has not been completed. When the heart is beautified with gentle virtues the intellect is of a rarer and a happier order.

FIVE SWEET WORDS

Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with the letter H, which is only a breath. The words are—Heart, hope, home, happiness and heaven. Heart is a home-place, and home is a heart-place. Hope is that virtue which makes us look forward to our only real home—which is beyond the grave. Happiness is found in doing one's duty each day, and by safely guarding our senses against evil and having the best thing on earth, a clear conscience. Heaven is the goal to which we are tending and only by a good heart, the blessing of a good home, lit up by the hope of the future reward, and doing all in our power to live up to the teachings of our Holy Faith, shall we reach that only real and true happiness in heaven. Young readers, link these five words together, always strive to practise what they teach, and life will be full of flowers and blossoms, instead of weeds and thorns.

CATHOLIC SERVICES FOR THE PROTESTANT DEAD.

Under the title, "La Colesse le Esquie degli Acatollici," the Rev. S. M. Bramill, S.J., publishes in the "Civiltà," Catholic for March 2, a well-reasoned argument showing that the Church has at no time authoritatively sanctioned the celebration of divine service for anyone who professedly lived and died outside the pale of her spiritual communion. The article is apparently provoked by the erroneous statements in the secular press, notably of England, that obsequies in honor of the late Queen Victoria had been held in the cathedral churches of Santiago, Cuba, Montreal, Ottawa, Capetown, Boston, etc., by special dispensation of the Pope. Father Bramill cites the various legislative enact-

ments of the Church as expressed in general and local decrees, to prove that there never has been any deviation of the application of the fundamental principle forbidding all communication in sacræ. It is a simple matter of consistency, according to which the Catholic public service is the exclusive privilege of the faithful or those whom the Church recognizes as belonging to her fold—at least externally. To extend this benefit to Protestants would be just as criminal as its denial to Catholics who refuse civil allegiance or profess that they cannot accept the principles of the Constitution. — American Ecclesiastical Review.

EDUCATION IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., addressing the Emmanuel Club, Boston, recently pointed out some of the educational needs of the 20th century. It was asserted years ago, Dr. Conaty said, that general education would remedy all existing evils and lessen if not abolish crime. The promise remains unfulfilled. Men ask what the outcome be? Rather let us seriously consider, what is the condition of society, and what are its causes? Intellectual crime is appalling. Bank defalcations, Senate briberies, postal, frauds, stock gambling, stage indecencies, literary degeneracy, divorce, immorality—these are not the results of illiteracy—they are the crimes of educated people. Religion seems to have lost its hold upon large masses of the people, and if we examine the cause we will surely find that it is due to the fact that religion has not been made the warp and woof of the instruction necessary to develop mind and heart. Immorality, judgment, soul, the future life, God even have lost their meaning. We have allowed the non-Christian and the anti-Christian and even the atheist to emasculate our education. We have yielded our conscience in our liberality towards the conscience of those who do not share Christian faith with us. This explains to you why the Catholic is not satisfied with an education which has not his religion in it. He makes sacrifices that his school, college and university are built in order that Christ may be in the education of His children. Men call this class separation, bigotry, lack of patriotism. Rather call it conscience which is the source of the character that makes the good man and the idea citizen. Monsignor Conaty urged that men look at these conditions in all seriousness and strive to reconstitute the Christian ideal as the means of preserving Christianity and saving society. The new century needs Christ and His Church to shape and mould the character of our citizenry by which may be guarded sacredly the deposit of political liberty which has been placed in our keeping.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Oh, the days, the arbutus days! They come from heaven on high; They wrap the world in brooding haze, They marry earth and sky.

What lure me onward o'er the hills, Or down the beaten trail; Vague murmuring all the valley fills, And yonder shouts the quail.

Like mother bird upon her nest The day broods o'er the earth; Fresh hope and life fill every breast; I share the spring's new birth.

Awake, arise! and April wise Seek out a forest side Where under wreaths of withered leaves, The shy, sweet flowers hide.

I hear the hum of red-ruff's drum, And hark! the thrasher sings, On elm tree high against the sky, Last to his mimicking.

Upon my soul, he calls the roll Of all the birds of the year; "Veery!" "Chewank!" "Oriole!" "Bobolink!" "Haste!" "Make haste!" "Spring is here!"

Now pause and mark the meadow lark Send forth his call to spring; "Why don't you heart 'tis spring o' the year!"

A piercing note from golden throat Like dart from sounding string.

Ah! the golden shaft, 'twas he that laughed, And lifted up his bill; "Wick, wick!" "Wick, Wick!" "Wake up! be quick!" The ant is on her hill.

The bloodroot's face, with saintly grace, Stars all the unkept way, Upon the rocks, in dancing flocks, Corydalis is gay.

Thy hemlock trees hum in the breeze, The swallow's on the wing, In forest aisles are genial smiles That greet thy blossoming.

Again the sun is over all, Again the robins' evening call Or early morning lay; I hear the star about the farms, I see the earth with open arms, I feel the breath of May. —John Burroughs in "Atlantic."

KING LYNCH'S EARS

Is there a secret that you think can be kept? Then you never heard the story of King Lynch's ears. No one had ever seen King Lynch with his head bared, not even the queen. Nor was any one ever permitted to come before him without first giving three raps on the shield which hung outside his door. But once it happened that when the king and all his men were going out to fight an ancient enemy, Mullane, one of the King's best-loved men, had a message for him. It was early in the morning, and the camp was full of noises of waking. Mullane leapt heavily on the shield, but there was no answer. He did so again, and then, in his eagerness, he forgot, and lifting the tent-flap, looked within, and was more filled with fear than he had ever been when face to face with the wild foe.

The king grasped his sword and rushed at him in a fury, and Mullane did not try to defend himself, but only fell on his knees and begged, for the sake of his young bride, that his life be spared. Thereupon the king who himself loved Mullane, made him swear that he would never tell what he had seen to any human being, on pain of death. After this Mullane became thin and wasted away, and at last his wife besought him to seek a wise man who understood the ills both of the body and of the mind. Him Mullane told that he suffered no ill but that there was a secret of which he must not speak to any one, on pain of death. The wise man shook his head. "It is a hard illness, for the heart was not made to bear the burden of a secret alone. Go, then, into the forest and find a tree to which thou canst tell it when it grows too heavy and thy life shall be spared."

Mullane did so. But one day he found that his tree had been cut down, and the woodman told him the king's harper wanted a new harp. He held the last evening the minstrel struck the strings the king and his men and ladies were assembled at a banquet. Through the notes of the minstrel's song there quivered and trembled a strange sound like the rustling of the leaves in a mighty tree, and at last it showed itself into words, over and over again: "King Lynch has donkey's ears—King Lynch has donkey's ears." All the warriors and ladies rose in horror, and the minstrel let the harp fall with a crash, and it moaned once more—"donkey's ears."

The king made a sign to take away the unhappy minstrel to his death; but now Mullane fell on his knees, and said:—

"Mine should be the death." And he told how the wise man had sent him to the forest to save his life from the burden of the secret.

Then the king sent for the wise man, who said: "It is true, O King, that through Mullane thy secret has become known to the world; but let at not be said of thee that in anger for that which thou canst not help thou hast put to death Mullane for that which he canst not help, for even the trees of the forest must tell their tale."

THE CHILDHOOD OF OUR LORD

After the return of the Holy Family from Egypt, they went to live in Nazareth, and there it was that Our Lord stayed until He grew to be a man. In that little city of Syria, where the boys played in the streets, as the boys of the present day do, Jesus joined in the games and frolics. A favorite spot of the children was a well, there they played in the summer under the shade of the palm-trees, there on the winter days they chased one another from tree to tree. Once, near this well, the children started in to mold birds and animals of clay. Then a dispute arose as to which were the best; but Jesus, who had made some sparrows, bade them fly away. At once they rose into the air, and, after circling over the children's heads for some time, flew off into the distance so far that they could be seen no more. Then the little red-haired Judas cried, "Sorcerer! Wizard!" And the children fell on Jesus, and beat Him, knocked Him down in the mud, kicked Him, and forced clay into His mouth. And when His Mother, alarmed at the noise, hastened toward the well, she saw her Son covered with bruises, and mud, cursed and reviled by the little children. He had come down from heaven to save.

IRISH LULLABY.

I'd rock my own sweet child to rest in a cradle of gold on a bough of the willow, To the shoo-hoo ho of the wind of the west, and lullalo of the soft sea billow. Sleep, baby dear, Sleep without fear, Mother is here at your pillow. I'd put my own sweet child to sleep in a silver boat on the beautiful river, Where a shoeman whistles the white cascades, and a lullalo the green flags shaver. Sleep, baby dear, Sleep without fear, Mother is here with you for ever. Shoo-hoo ho! to the rise and fall of mother's bosom 'tis sleep has bound you, And, O my child, what cozier nest for rozier nest could love have found you? Sleep, baby dear, Sleep without fear, Mother's two arms are clasped around you. Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and lungs. This is precisely what Beekle's Anti-consumptive Syrup is, a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

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Not long after Fola and his family were baptized, and thus received the gift of faith in the Lord, whom he had loved when He was yet unknown to him.—Benziger's Magazine.

MR COCKRAN AND THE SABLE TAILS.

Mr W Bourke Cockran is so successful to-day that he can afford to talk delightfully of the days when he had not a penny. Mr. Cockran, who was born in Ireland in 1851, is widely famous as an orator, has been prominent in two National Conventions, was for two terms a member of Congress, and is now a lawyer in New York city.

He told a good story of himself recently to a society young woman who was starting out on a business career as buyer for a department store. "Do you know what sable tails are?" he asked. "Be sure that you do," he added, "or you may lose your position. My ignorance on that subject lost me my first position."

"Sable tails," echoed the young woman. "What have they got to do with business?" "Well, if I had known what they were I might to-day be a prosperous merchant. I landed in America resolved to be a great man. I went from shop to shop, like many other Irish lads, seeking for an errand or a salary that would buy food so that I might have strength to start in on my great career. Finally, I stood before Mr. A. T. Stewart, his office being the Mecca to which all lads journeyed in those days.

"He was kind enough to say I looked intelligent, and that he hoped I should not prove a fool. 'In what line of dry goods are you proficient?' he said. I had sense enough to know that if I told him the truth I should not get a position. My mind flashed over the things women wear. Then an inspiration came. I said 'Furs,' for I remembered that the old man who lived next door to my mother in Ireland had made a business of drying pelts; I had spent my boyhood playing with those pelts.

"Good," said Mr. Stewart. 'I have a position in the fur department that I should like a reliable young man to take.'

"I thanked him, and went upstairs to take the position with a feeling of hopelessness that I had never suspected would attend my first victory. 'I attacked the position with the conceit, however, that men or kind enough to say has never left me. A few days after my installation a sweet-voiced woman came in, and asked me to show her some muffs made of sable tails. I ransacked the place, but couldn't find one that answered the description, so I informed the lady that we did not keep such muffs in stock.

"She looked surprised, and questioned me more closely, but I stuck to my assertion.

"An hour later I was summoned by Mr. Stewart. He said, with indignation: 'Why did you tell Mrs. Vanderbilt that this shop does not keep muffs of sable tails?' " "Was that Mrs. Vanderbilt?" I asked in awe. "Well, sir, I looked hard for one, but really there was not one there. I saw plenty of flat brown ones, but not a single one with tails hanging from it."

"Your looks belie you," said Mr. Stewart; "you are a fool, and you are discharged from this hour."

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THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1901.

CATHOLIC NAVAL CHAPLAINS

Once again in the claim of the Catholic body in the United Kingdom to have Catholic chaplains in His Majesty's navy placed upon the same footing as army chaplains has been debated in the Imperial Parliament.

Within the past year the Imperial Government has learned many things. One thing it has learned may be read between the lines of this debate.

It was said that a condition of things involving for the Roman Catholic sailors a prolonged absence from their religious duties would tend to drive such men out of the naval service.

The battle for religious liberty in the British Navy, in which these concessions have already been won, is, of course, conducted by the Irish party in Parliament.

ONTARIO SCHOOL POPULATION.

Although the birth-rate of Ontario has shown an improvement during the past year, owing to the strict enforcement of the Registration law, the report of the Minister of Education continues to reflect an untoward condition of the population.

Table with 3 columns: Category, 1900, 1899. Includes rows for Number of persons in the Province, Decrease for the year, Number of registered pupils, Average attendance of pupils, and Decrease for the year.

If Ontario experiences any natural increase of population, the children must be taken care of in large blocks to foreign lands between the ages of 5 and 21, inasmuch as the foregoing statistics show a falling off of nearly 5,000 in the year 1899.

We are quoting from the report for 1900, which, of course, covers the previous year. Now it is a great pity if the rising generation of Ontario must go abroad in quest of educational advantages, as the state is indeed most liberal and energetic in its policy.

5 to 31 years, and also for the reason that the Catholic schools have to be considered in connection with the total school population.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Includes rows for Number of pupils in Roman Catholic Separate Schools (41,796), Increase for the year (129), Average attendance of pupils in Roman Catholic Separate Schools (25,787), and Increase for the year (90).

Here we have a marked contrast, which we may add, runs through the records back to 1867

MIND, MATTER AND MICROBES.

Some scientist should investigate the cause of anti-Catholic epidemics. Is the mind, like the body, the prey of the germ? If not, how comes it that the same form of mental illness breaks out in several places at once, like the gripe? Here is a case in point.

Sir—My attention has been called to an unsigned communication in the Standard of to-day, which quotes in full, as "instructive reading," the "form of oath taken by the Jesuits," which is commended to the attention of "every English man and woman."

Thus the Reichsbote of Berlin (No. 238, 1897) declared that, having been led to make investigations, found that no such oath existed. The Evangelische Bund (the Protestant Alliance of Germany) denounced the oath as a "clumsy fraud" (Eine plumpe Falschung).

JOHN GERARD, S.J. The letter of Fathers Ryan, Gerard, Delaney and others answer the same purpose as doctor's treatment for influenza. But, of a verity, not later than next year, the same microbes will make a bull's-eye again in Germany, England—and, of course, good old Toronto.

C. M. B. A. FINANCES.

The annual report of Mr. W. Fitzgerald, Dominion Superintendent of Insurance, for the year 1900, furnishes as usual, gratifying evidence for the members for the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of the financial solidity of that institution. The C. M. B. A. is the only one of the Catholic societies which are permitted to transact the business of life insurance in Canada, that comes within the purview of Mr. Fitzgerald's authority.

The Association commenced business in Canada in Feb. 1890, and it has total assets to-day of \$142,642, of which \$107,848 is represented by cash

in the banks. There is not one dollar of liability outside the claims awaiting settlement, which are very low, amounting in the aggregate to less than \$11,000. The total income last year was \$232,194, and expenditure \$208,188, showing a cash surplus of \$25,000.

In the Government Inspector's report no more satisfactory statement can be discovered.

ALL WEeping FOR CHINA.

With the probability of war looming up between Russia and Japan, the character of the people of the latter country invites sharp inquiry. Sympathy for the Japanese will certainly be asked for in English-speaking nations. If given, will this sympathy be blind, or open-eyed to the true nature of the Japanese? A distinguished Torontonian, Mr. James O'Connell, who as a newspaper correspondent went through the late Chinese Japanese war, painted the victors as ferocious barbarians, needing but slight excitement to shed a thin veneer of civilization.

What shall we say when we are informed by our correspondents, and have, some of us, seen with our own eyes, the proudly uniformed soldiers of civilized nations, who have been staying in China since last spring, looting property, violating women and girls of tender age, and slaughtering men and innocent women and children? No wonder that the terror and excitement among the surviving natives are so extreme, that they are easily shocked by the mere sight of white soldiers on the road, and run like frightened deer when they see the hunter approaching.

When crooked hearts fling so freely from the eyes of all bar civilized protectors, even Japan, what must be the Chinese impression of civilization? PAN-AMERICA EXPOSITION. The Pan-American Exposition, which opens on May 1st, will afford an unexampled opportunity to the city and people of Toronto. Buffalo is now making adequate preparations to receive her millions of guests, for whom Toronto will be the most popular side trip.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI'S LETTER.

The pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Montreal which appears in full in this issue of THE REGISTER, is being discussed with renewed vigor by the secular press and the Protestant Ministerial Associations. An edifying unanimity of judgment pervades both these forces, and makes straight to the conclusion that Judge Archibald was most infallibly right and Archbishop Bruschi necessarily wrong. And—of course without the least intention of influencing any judicial opinion—they cry out with "no uncertain sound" that Judge Archibald must be sustained in the final court.

MARK TWAIN AND MISSIONARIES.

In the April North American Review, Mark Twain gives a bad quarter of an hour to his critics of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who demanded an apology of him on account of his late public attack on Rev. Dr. Ament, accused of having collected from the Chinese in various places, damage thirteen times in excess of actual losses. Mr. Clemens puts himself on record as a man without prejudice against apologues; but in this particular case he insists upon an examination of the evidence. Catholic readers of the North American will feel an interest in the character of the evidence, inasmuch as the case practically turns upon Rev. Dr. Ament's notions of truthful statements.

now to the presentation of the Dolpiti case already made in this paper. The Archbishop, in grave language, becoming the subject, lays down the doctrine of the Church concerning Christian marriage: states the invalidating impediment of clandestinity, citing the complete text of the Decree by which the Council of Trent has established it; points to the injunction thereby laid upon Catholics in conscience and before God, and concludes thus: "In consequence of this celebrated decree, in order that a marriage between two Catholics be valid in places where the Decree of the Council of Trent has been proclaimed, it is necessary that the proper parish priest and two witnesses be present."

Up to the present we had believed, basing our belief upon the authority of eminent men who have been, and who still are, an honor to our bar and our bench, that in the Province of Quebec the impediment of clandestinity was recognized by our legislation as well as are all other impediments established by the Church. There is the whole of the Dolpiti case. Catholics will not be in the least danger of wavering in their belief that the Church and not the State should regulate sacramental marriage by the discussions which have already taken, or place which may follow, in connection with this subject.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

England, Scotland and Ireland all do their census work independently. Ireland alone, of the constituent parts of the United Kingdom, allows a religious census to be taken. England, Wales and Scotland have always resisted the religious census, though active sectarian jealousies.

Mr. Murray, who represents Pontiac in the House of Commons, will move that the time has come for considering the abolition of the Senate of Canada and Legislative Councils in the several provinces in which they now exist, so that the whole machinery of government will be less cumbersome and expensive.

Aginaldo, by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, has taken the gilt off a most attractive character. The United States authorities scarcely knew what disposition to make of him, and there was a chance that the national love of curiosity and sensation might demand his presence in Washington loaded with chains.

The Weekly Sun publishes a letter from one whom it describes as "qualified to speak on behalf of the supporters of Roman Catholic Separate Schools." The letter on its face does not bear out the guarantee of the editor of The Sun, inasmuch as it is an attack on the schools, and an assertion that, owing to the imperfection of the system, Catholics are handicapped in the struggle for life.

Striking headlines have been placed by the daily papers upon a remark of Mr. H. C. St. Pierre, K.C., a well-known Montreal lawyer, to the effect that the French Canadians are becoming more "Canadian" in the sense in which the word is used in the other provinces.

We have never heard a representative of the French Canadian people say anything else. Some excellent references to the Canadianism of the French-Canadians have been heard in the House of Commons during the present session of Parliament, notably from Mr. Monk, who said: "If I remain in public life, and give, such as they may be worth, my services to that province, it is because I entertain a firm and abiding hope in that population. It is almost

incredible the progress which the French Canadian population of Quebec have made within the last quarter of a century. Within the time I have attained the years of manhood, their progress in elementary education, in the higher education, in science, arts and literature, and in agriculture, has not been excelled, if equalled, by any other population in this Dominion.

This way out is recognized and approved by all the best authorities, including the Board. But before the Board has revised the Commandment he submits that Dr. Ament's acknowledgment of one-third more was "dynamite."

The pitiful attempts of Dr. Ament and the Board to wriggle away from their responsibility by excuses, which are the meanest kind of admissions, bring home to Mr. Clemens' mind the thought that the true missionary is a servant of God, who when he must suffer death, willingly makes that supreme sacrifice for his cause. This is what Catholic missionaries have been doing in China since the days of Marco Polo; and it was like Dr. Ament's other shambling efforts to palliate his own acts to charge, without an attempt at proof, that Catholics did worse. His accusations against Catholic Missionaries fall to the ground naturally without recourse to proof.

Lord Salisbury's reported impending resignation appears to have provoked upon hostilities in the Cabinet. The King has sent both for Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, but if the newspaper shouters for the latter reflect his mind he is still determined to be leader of the Commons. There may be a "nest of traitors" not far from the King's elbow.

In the Parliament and legislatures of Canada, members when they enter and leave the House fail not to make the obeisance. But not one of them knows to what or to whom. Some suppose the Speaker to be the object, others the mace. Properly speaking, the obeisance here is an undefined courtesy. Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., gives the history of the matter as far as Westminster is concerned. "It is generally supposed," says Sir Benjamin, "that the bow is made to the Chair, but as a matter of fact it is made to the spot where the altar of St. Stephen's church used to stand. Thus the obeisance formerly made to a Catholic shrine survived the Reformation, and is continued to-day by members of all denominations."

Rev. Sydney Arthur John Barrett, an Anglican minister, has been received into the Catholic Church. According to the London Morning Leader, the new convert is drawn immediately not from the English, but from the Scottish Episcopal Church. Since 1893 he was in charge of St. Columba's Memorial Mission, Bridgetown, Glasgow. Although manifestly a very decided High Churchman, his abrupt departure to another Church, says the London Leader, does not seem to have been looked for. But the tendencies of the Scotch "Anglican" Church have always been extreme. He was received by one of the Jesuits at Glasgow, and is to enter Oscott College.

The London Daily News, the chief organ of the Liberal party, has the following very appropriate note:—The original notes of Burke's speech upon conciliation with America (1775) contain the following sentences, which seem singularly appropriate to the Minister who has just dashed the hopes of peace in South Africa:—"Not an insidious, delusive peace that has slavery in its train. . . . not peace by war nor by negotiation. Not a peace to be bought by taxes and bid for at an auction, but by conciliation and concession—conciliation having gone forth and entered into the heart of every Briton. The Minister has assumed the form of an Angel of Light, and breathes the spirit of conciliation. Would to God it was the real spirit of it, in good truth. He hath been driven to the necessity of making concession, but hath been forced by some secret force or fatality to load and clog his measure with principles and conditions such as must render it impossible for the Americans to accept it." Burke was for showing conciliation by men as

Not one new word may be added

Not one new word may be added

well as measures. He recognized that the rejection of American position and the insulting attacks upon Franklin did much to exasperate the colonists.

The Congregationalist, a Protestant journal in the United States, speaking of the sacrifices made by Catholics there in the cause of religious education, says: "Last year it is stated that the pupils in Roman Catholic parochial schools in the United States were 658,726, and it is estimated that the cost of teaching them, raised by voluntary contributions, was over \$21,000,000. This does not include the expense of academies and other higher institutions of learning. The contrast between the work done by Roman Catholics for the children of this country and that done by the much larger body of Protestants ought to set us to thinking whether our Sunday Schools meet the need of the children for training in the knowledge of God and of their duty to Him."

Prof. E. Dawson Rice, of University College, London, in the current number of the North American Review, describes the new Persian sect of Babists, and its rise from the career of Bab, who made his first disciple in 1844. Prof. Rice has come to regard Babism as one of "the great religions of the world," and mentions in support of the claim that in Chicago, Kenosha, Hotoken, Denver and other United States centers the infant sect is kicking itself already into internal schisms. That is certainly a modern proof of greatness.

DIocese OF ST. JOHN.

Right Rev. Dr. Casey will Succeed the Late Bishop Sweeney in New Brunswick.

Fredericton, N.B., April 8.—The Right Reverend Timothy Casey, who will succeed the late Bishop Sweeney in the Diocese of St. John, is a native of Eumecridge, Charlotte County, New Brunswick, and is 88 years old. He is a son of the late Jeremiah Casey who removed to St. Stephen when his son was a mere lad. He graduated at the St. Stephen Grammar School, and with his mind turning towards the priesthood, he began his studies in St. Joseph's College, Memramcook. The young man distinguished himself there, as he did also at Laval, Quebec, where he completed his studies for the Church. He was ordained priest at St. John, N.B., on June 29, 1880, became curate to Rev. J. C. McDovitt, at Fredericton, shortly after, and then returned to St. John, where he became rector of the Cathedral parish.

For four years Father Casey ably filled the office of Chancellor, displaying energy and ability, and it was with much regret that the people saw him go to other fields. Rev. Father McDovitt had died, and the important charge of Fredericton was given to Father Casey. It was there that he showed the excellent capacity for administration he is possessed of. He directed the affairs of St. Dunstan's church with a masterly hand, wisely and well managing the church government; while with all his kindly ways and earnestness in his work won him the warmest place in all hearts, and his broad mind and interest in everything for the general good gained him friends and admirers everywhere.

Bishop Casey is a deep student. In all ways it is felt that as he has made so successful a priest he will be an ideal head of the diocese, capable of upholding the dignity of the office on all occasions, and with a firm hand, yet in wisdom and kindness ruling over the diocese where he is so well beloved. He was consecrated Bishop on February 11, 1900, by Archbishop O'Brien, and continued to reside at Fredericton, though acting as co-adjutor bishop, frequently saying that his work in that city was not yet completed. On Monday, March 26, he became Bishop of the Diocese by the death of Bishop Sweeney, and was enthroned with imposing ceremonies on March 29, on which occasion he was attended by Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, and Bishop Blais, of Rimouki.

KING'S CORONATION OATH.

A Letter Addressed to Cardinal Vaughan by the Canadian Hierarchy.

Ottawa, April 10.—A letter bearing the signatures of the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada has been sent to Cardinal Vaughan, congratulating him upon his course of action in regard to the coronation oath, and strongly urging such changes in the oath as will remove all causes of objection on the part of Roman Catholics. The letter sets forth, amongst other statements, the following: "England owes to us, your Eminence, this tardy act of justice. She owes it to a religion whose apostles are in every land, and whose supreme head on earth is Leo XIII., a Pontiff who is acknowledged by our separated brethren themselves to be of exalted character, of noble purpose and of a wisely progressive mind rarely equalled in the annals of humanity. She owes this justice to Catholics, who are daily growing more numerous throughout the ever-widening empire, and who have never been sparing of their loyalty to the Crown. These have, it seems to us, the right to claim in return that the Crown, in the person of the Sovereign, shall respect their most sacred and cherished belief. She owes it to the illustrious men who, by a succession of wise measures, have modified her public law, abolishing in the case of the highest functionary of the State a most unjust and vexatious declaration, but one which, deplorable and odious though it must be, the sovereign is still forced to make. Therefore, your Eminence, it is our solicitude for the best interests of England, for her fame and glory, as well as zeal for the things of God, that urges us to claim what so many earnestly solicit of her Government, viz., that the beginning of the reign of Edward VII. may be signalled by such a change in the wording of the oath of

accession as shall contribute powerfully to promote the union of her people and to increase in the hearts of Catholics gratitude that they have never failed to show for similar reforms. We beg to remain your Eminence's most devoted servants. (Signed) Cornelius O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax; J. Thomas Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Louis Nazier, Bishop of Quebec; L. P. Langevin, O. M. I., Archbishop of St. Boniface; Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; Charles H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston; Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto; Vital Grandin, O. M. I., Bishop of St. Albert; James Rogers, Bishop of Chatham, N.B.; John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish; Louis Zephyrin Morneau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Narcisse Zephyrin Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke; Ephy Cravel, Bishop of Nicolet; Thomas Joseph Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton; Richard A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterboro'; Andro A. Blais, Bishop of Rimouki; James Charles McDougal, Bishop of Charlottetown; Alex MacDonnell, Bishop of Alexandria; Michael T. Labrecque, Bishop of Chicoutimi; Jo. M. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield; Paul Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Augustin Donatouil, Bishop of New Westminster; F. Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London; Francois Cloutier, Bishop of Trois Rivières; Timothy Casey, Bishop of St. John, N. B.; Emil Girouard, Bishop of Jolville, Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca, McKeuzio; Albert Pascal, Bishop of Mosynopolis, Vicar Apostolic of Saskatchewan; Maxim D'celles, Bishop of Druzilra, Coadjutor of St. Hyacinthe; Emilo Joseph Legal, Bishop of Pogle, Coadjutor of St. Albert; Joseph E. Brunault, Bishop of Tubuna, Coadjutor of Nicolet; Thomas F. Barry, Bishop of Thugge, Coadjutor of Chatham."

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE

issues a Pastoral on Christian Marriage—Cremation Condemned.

Montreal, April 8.—The following pastoral letter from Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, was read in all Roman Catholic churches yesterday:— Paul Bruchesi, by the Grace of God, and Favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Montreal:— To the Clergy, secular and regular, to the religious communities, and to all the faithful of our diocese, health, peace and benediction in Our Lord Jesus Christ:— Dearly Beloved Brethren: We cannot conceal the fact that it is with profound emotion that we address you to-day.

In our pastoral letter of the 10th of January last, we laid down the doctrine of the Catholic Church concerning Christian marriage. The divine origin of marriage, its unity and indissolubility, its elevation, by our Lord Jesus Christ, to the dignity of a sacrament of the new law, the church's exclusive rights over it, were all dealt with in a summary manner and in the light of Catholic tradition. The opinions to which we gave expression were not personal; it was not the theories of ecclesiastical jurists that we upheld; it was the pure and simple teaching of the church that we recalled, a teaching that is infallible, consequently immutable, and which legislators, philosophers, or jurists may either attack or deny, but of which, in reality, not one iota—in conscience and before God—can they change. We recall at this moment the solemn words of the apostle Saint Paul to the Galatians (1) and we deem it well to repeat them for you:— "But, though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema. As we said before, so now I say again. If (anyone) preach to you a gospel besides that which you have received, let him be anathema. For do I seek to please man or God? Or do I seek to please men? If I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ. For I give you to understand, brethren, that the gospel which was preached by me is not according to man. For neither did I receive it of man, nor did I learn it; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Moreover, dearly beloved brethren, we are happy to testify how your faith has made you understand the authority attached to the doctrine which we have preached, and which you received with all respect and submission. We need not, therefore, go over again the entire subject, then treated; it is merely that circumstances impose upon us—who are by God constituted the guardian of revealed truth amongst you—the duty of insisting upon a few essential points and of recalling their serious practical consequences. The church received from her Divine Founder the power and the right to regulate all that concerns Christian marriage. To her does it belong to place on the contract such and such prohibitive and invalidating impediments as are deemed necessary, or useful for the spiritual welfare of her members for regulating the functions of her hierarchy and of their undertakings in the pursuit of her supernatural end. With supreme independence has the church, from the time of the apostles till our own day, exercised that power and those rights, courageously did she maintain them in spite of denials on the part of heretics and of contradictions on the part of princes. Then, let us remember, what the church has done during the past nineteen centuries, she will continue to do in this twentieth century and throughout all the centuries to come. When the assertion of the defence of prerogatives which she holds from heaven, and of which she is the guardian and depository, is in question, there is nothing that can either bend or shake her.

Well, then, dear brethren, just question her; she will tell you that Christian marriages, to which no canonical impediment exists, are good and valid, no matter what other impediments may be established by the civil power. All the parliamentary laws, and all the decisions of courts of justice establishing divorce must remain valueless in presence of the Divine words which the Church repeats to the world, Quod Deus Conjunxit, homo non separat, let no man separate what God Himself has joined together. On the contrary, all unions contracted with an invalidating impediment, for which competent authority has not

granted a dispensation, even though the civil power look upon such unions as valid and legal, must be considered as null and invalid. This is a point of doctrine that cannot be denied, without that the faith be shipwrecked.

Now, dearly beloved brethren, amongst the invalidating impediments to marriage, that of clandestinity claims in a special manner your attention, and while you already know all about it, since your pastors call your attention to it every year, we desire to lay before you the complete text of the decree, by which the Council of Trent has established it:— "Though there is no reason to doubt that clandestine marriages, contracted with the free consent of the parties, are true and valid, the church not having pronounced to the contrary and those persons, therefore, are to be justly condemned,—as, in fact, the holy council does condemn them,—who deny that clandestine marriages are true and valid, and who falsely assert, that the marriages of children, under paternal authority, which are entered into without the consent of the parents, are null, and that the parents have it in their power to ratify or annul them,—nevertheless, the holy church of God, for very excellent reasons, has always held in detestation, and forbidden such clandestine marriages. But the holy council having remarked, that the dissidence of men rendered the prohibition of the church useless, and reflecting on the enormous sins which spring from such marriages, and especially on the sins of those who live in a state of damnation, when, after having left the first wife, whom they had secretly married, they publicly contract a second marriage with another, and live with her in a continual state of adultery; and finally, seeing that the church, which does not pass sentence on secret acts, cannot remedy so great an evil without having recourse to more efficacious means; the sacred council of Trent, therefore, following the steps of the holy council of Lateran, held under Innocent III., decrees: In future, before the celebration of marriage, the pastor, of the parties, shall thrice announce, in the church, on three consecutive festivals, and during the parochial mass, the bans of such as are about to be married. If, after this triple publication, no legitimate opposition is made, the marriage shall be celebrated, in the face of the church; where the parish-priest, after having questioned the man and the woman, and being well assured of their mutual consent, shall make use of these words:—I join you in marriage, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Or let him make use of other words, according to the approved custom of each country.

"With regard to those who marry otherwise than in the presence of the parish priest, or of priest who has his permission or that of the ordinary, and in the presence of two or three witnesses; the holy council renders such persons wholly incapable of contracting marriages in that way, and declares the marriages thus contracted, null and void, as by the present decree, it dissolves and annuls them."

Nothing could be clearer. In consequence of this celebrated decree, in order that a marriage between two Catholics be valid, in places where the decrees of the Council of Trent have been proclaimed, it is necessary that the proper parish priest and two witnesses be present. Therefore, no matter what may be the dispositions of the civil law in such matters, a marriage celebrated before a priest who is not the parish priest of one, at least, of the contracting parties, or a priest commissioned by the parish priest, or the bishop, is entirely null, and with greater reason would it be so, if the marriage had taken place before a mere civil official, or else a Protestant minister. It must be borne in mind that in such matters the good or bad faith of the parties counts for nothing.

Up to the present we had believed, basing our belief upon the authority of eminent men who have been, and who still are an honor to our flag and Bench, that in the Province of Quebec the impediment of clandestinity was recognized by our legislation as well as are all the other impediments established by the Church. A judgment delivered in the Superior Court, at Montreal, has just affirmed the contrary, and, despite the judicial decisions, rendered several times already upon this important question, it recognizes as valid, in the eyes of the civil authority, the marriage of two Catholics celebrated before any person authorized by law to keep registers of civil status.

Without entering into any appreciation of that judgment from a legal standpoint, which concerns the civil tribunals of this country, and of the Empire, we feel it our duty to solemnly declare, that it can in no way lessen or modify the obligations of Catholics, whether in the external sphere, or in the internal domain of conscience. If it were true that our matrimonial legislations were incomplete or defective on that special point, as it is upon some others, the will, it appears to us, would not be without its remedy, and the fact remains none the less certain that here, for Catholics, a clandestine marriage is always null and void.

You are aware, dear brethren, that the Church pronounced the sentence of excommunication against any of its members who presume to contract marriages before a heretical minister, be it a question of two Catholics, or a Catholic and a Protestant. Wherefore is it, in order to counter-balance, within the measure of our power, the effects that might ever be produced amongst the faithful by the decisions of our civil courts, when such decisions are opposed to the dogma and discipline of the Church, that we remind you to-day of those severe penalties. And further, we declare that we reserve to ourselves and to our vicar-general alone, the right to absolve those who may become guilty of such a fault.

Dearly beloved brethren, you have learned, as we have, that the Mount Royal Cemetery Company petitioned the Quebec Legislature, some time ago, for legal authorization to have a crematorium. Despite the courageous opposition of several members and legislative councillors, the request was granted. It is a triumph for the

very few friends of civilization in Canada. For us, the vote given by the majority of our legislators was a real surprise and it caused us regret. The practice that is henceforth to have legal sanction, is not only condemned, under severe penalties, by the Church, but is, moreover, in manifest conflict with Christian feeling and popular sentiment.

Far be it from us to think that even one of our Catholic representatives, had given his approbation to cremation itself; it was because those who requested it were not members of the Catholic Church that they succeeded in their undertaking. But it is none the less true that the act which was passed might, in the future, have unhappy results. Likewise, do we consider it to be a duty of our pastoral charge to communicate to you the teaching of the Holy See upon this important subject. In this we follow the instructions given to several bishops on the 19th May, 1896, by Leo XIII., in which he requests them to inspire the faithful with the greatest horror for the "detestable abuse of burning of bodies."

It is true that in pagan antiquity cremation existed, but the custom of burial in a tomb was then still in vogue. The patriarchs of the old law, the Jews, the Egyptians themselves, would have none of that cremation called by the heathen an honorable thing. The Romans only adopted it in the last years of the Republic. As to the Christians, even the schismatics and heretics, they ever held it in honor, from apostolic ages down to our time.

The Catholic doctrine on this subject corresponds admirably with the inclinations and sentiments that we think should have their weight in every act of Christian legislation. And, dear brethren, there is something else to consider; the church has, so to speak, accentuated, in the touching burial of her children, her faith in the immortality of the soul and to the resurrection of the body, as well as her profound respect for those mortal remains that her august sacraments had sanctified.

Consequently, it is not surprising that impiety should have attacked a practice so pious and so full of mysteries, that it struggled against it, and that it sought to have it gradually disappear.

For we need have no illusion about it, if men of good faith, can see in cremation only a scientific and economic question, it is certain, as moreover it is admitted by the most ardent supporters of that practice, that the system is engendered by a feeling hostile to Christian faith, to the spirituality and immortality of the soul. Such was the remark of his Eminence Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris, in a letter to his clergy, dated the 24th February, 1890.

"The doctrines professed by the men who seek to have the custom prevail," said he, "were a sufficient reason for us to be suspicious of any such attempt. In fact, they are more often men openly affiliated with Freemasonry, or, at least, who are not sufficiently guarded against the sects condemned by the church, nor against the seduction of the errors scattered over contemporary society by naturalism, under the pretext of scientific progress. Besides, the enemies of religion have frequently and openly declared that the great advantage of cremation was the keeping away of the priest from the ceremonies, and the replacing of Christian funerals by civil obsequies." His Eminence adds: "The pagans burned the bodies of their dead, and it is that pagan custom that it is desired to have brought back to us, without reflecting how it would cause our society to go backwards for nineteen centuries."

We hesitate not to assert that the introduction into our city of Montreal, is regrettable. Does the tolerance of creeds opposed to ours, or does the respect due to the freedom of worship justify it? Assuredly not, since it is not included in the ritual of any church, and since it was not asked for by any religious denomination, but called in respect for individual liberty affect it. But what is there that does not see whether that principle must lead us? Individual liberty, thus understood, is a source of communism, socialism and anarchy; it is the negation of all truth, order and justice. Ah, Liberty is a grand and sacred thing, but as it is necessary to perfectly understand its nature and its true prerogatives, so it is necessary that discernment and prudence should govern every decision or concession concerning it.

However, brethren, you now know your duty. Cremation is formally prohibited for all the children of the church. None of them may encourage it, or take any part whatever in it. Let us cling to the ancient and pious customs bequeathed to us by our fathers in the faith. Let us be wary of all innovations that do not harmonize with our holy dogma, and let us pray that in our dear country, the laws, while favorable to progress, may over and above all respect Christian tradition.

The present pastoral letter, shall be read and published at the parochial mass in all the churches and chapels of the diocese, wherein Divine service is held, and in chapter to the religious communities, the first, or second Sunday following its reception.

Given at Montreal, under our hand and seal, and the countersign of our Chancellor, the 2nd April, 1901.

PAUL, Arch. of Montreal. By order of Monseigneur, EMILE ROY, Chancellor.

AN OTTAWA CENTENARIAN.

Ottawa, April 8.—Mr. Thomas Carroll, who was probably the oldest resident of the Ottawa district, died at the residence of his son, Thomas Carroll, Jr., Bell's Corners, at the age of 105 years. The deceased was unusually active for his advanced years, and up to a short time ago was able to perform light duties. He was a native of the County Galway, Ireland, and came to Canada 60 years ago. He lived in the British Empire under four sovereigns, namely, George III, William IV, Queen Victoria and Edward VII. He saw the close of the eighteenth and the dawn of the twentieth.

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OBITUARY.

St. John, Nfld., April 6.—Monsignor Scott, administrator of the Catholic Cathedral and of the Diocese of St. John's, died yesterday, after a three weeks' illness from grippe, which terminated in pneumonia.

Monsignor Scott was a native of Ireland. He pursued his studies in the Old Country, but finished his education here. He was ordained in August, 1863, by the late Bishop Mullock, and was created a Domestic Prelate in 1896. He was beloved by his own people and respected by all other denominations. Owing to his death occurring in the middle of Holy Week, arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made.

DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM BULLEN MORRIS.

Fracee, Ireland, March 27th. Keen regret has been occasioned by the announcement of the death of the Rev. William Bullen Morris, of the Oratory, London, which occurred on Passion Sunday. The deceased clergyman was the second son of the Hon. Patrick Morris, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Frances, daughter of Dr. William Bullen, Cork. He was born on the 23rd March, 1831, was educated at Clonowes, where he had a very distinguished career, and joined the Oratory at St. Philip's, Neri, at the age of twenty. He was one of Father Faber's first companions, and was ordained priest at the age of twenty-three. His life was one of great holiness and earnest devotion to the duties of his sacred calling, the poor and suffering being the principal object of his care. Amidst his arduous duties he found time to write some learned and attractive works, including the life of St. Patrick, which elicited warm encomiums from the literary world, and "Ireland and St. Patrick," a work showing deep historical research. He also contributed many articles to the Dublin Review and the Irish Ecclesiastical Record. Though having to live out of Ireland, he was deeply devoted to the green isle. His death was as peaceful and happy as his life had been edifying and holy.

CAPT. MAISONVILLE, WINDSOR

Windsor, April 10.—Captain Oliver Maisonville died this morning at his home in Sandwich east from old age and pneumonia preceded by a stroke of apoplexy. He was 83 years old. He was born on the old Maisonville farm above Walkerville. At the age of fifteen he carried passengers across the Detroit River in a canoe. He was a sailor on the great lakes 37 years, for many years being captain of the Grand Trunk car ferry Great Western. He was captain of the first railway transfer that crossed the Detroit River, as also of the first that crossed St. Clair River. For a number of years he was a member of the License Commission Board. Capt. Maisonville was married the second time to Louisa Unsworth. His surviving children are: Barney, of Detroit; Charles, farmer in Sandwich East, and Mrs. E. F. Guerrier, of Medford, Mass. A sister of the deceased, Mrs. Teller, resides in Detroit. The funeral took place to-day from the church of Our Lady in Walkerville to the Windsor Catholic cemetery.

REV. P. F. DO'LE.

Boston, Mass.—Rev. Patrick F. Boyle, pastor of St. Teresa's Church, Spring street, West Roxbury, is dead. Fr. Boyle was born in South Boston, forty-five years ago. In 1872 he entered Holy Cross College, and was graduated with honors in 1875. He then entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal, where he began his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained at Christmas, 1881.

EDWARD FLYNN, HAMILTON

Hamilton, April 3.—Edward Flynn, who had resided in Hamilton for nearly sixty years, died last night at his residence, 21 Greig street. He leaves a widow and four grown-up sons to mourn his death.

DAVID B. HOLDEN.

The funeral of the late David B. Holden, took place on Wednesday, April 3rd, at Niagara Falls, N.Y. Solemn high mass of requiem was sung by Father Holden, Hamilton, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Niagara Falls. He was assisted by Rev. Father Mahoney, of the cathedral, Hamilton, and Rev. Fathers Roche, Wright, and Butler, of Niagara Falls. A funeral discourse was preached by the pastor, Rev. Father Roche. The deceased was 42 years old. R.I.R.

TO GAIN A HEARING FOR PEACE.

New York, April 4.—A London cable to the New York Journal says:—Two Irish members of the House of Commons have offered to let two Cape Colony delegates stand for election in their places, that they may speak for peace for the Boers. Parliament has refused to hear them merely as delegates, and election is the only way they can get their names before the House.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

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STREET CAR ACCIDENT.

— Mr. Thomas Sabin, says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling were removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

ELECTRICITY IN ST. PETER'S.

Rome, April 7.—The newly-installed electric lighting plant at St. Peter's was inaugurated this evening. The effect was most brilliant. There were 80,000 spectators present, including many tourists.

# How Father Pacificus Finished the Temple

John J. O'Shea, in April Sacred Heart Messenger.



From time immemorial the work of building the cathedral had been going on. The grandfathers did not recollect the beginning thereof nor had they heard of it from the generation who had gone before. At some nebulous period toward the end of the preceding century it was commonly believed, some splendid dreamer, beholding in his mind's eye a time when the church could emerge from the alley and the out-caste in the public, laid the stone and began to build. It was only a dream. Nothing but a few feet of wall rose, an old day, above the ground. Grass had grown over the topmost stones, and the street urchins had made a playground of the enclosed space, ere another step forward was taken. About ten feet of masonry, with open doors and windows, was added to the first stratum and then the work came to a sudden stop.

Then again grew the grass on the upper courses of the stone work and the "abandonment of desolation" reigned once more over the battered, untidy and pot-holed enclosure where the boys played leapfrog, but the bear and pig-in-the-ring. The fond dream of the founder, that a noble shrine for the hidden Lord would one day rise there, appeared to all who looked upon the abortive pile as the fantasy of a fool, and so they called the place the "Vocheen's Polly," "Vocheen," Irish for a devout or over-devout person.

It was when things looked darkest for the "Polly" that a redeemer arose and a band of white light suddenly broke through the horizon. Catholicism emanated from the heavens like a flash, and no longer need the church cower in the alley and behind the screen of lopsided old houses and dingy factories, as in the penal days. At the same time, by one of those phenomenal shiftings of the commercial gravity-centre which affect big cities, the fate of the town took a sudden turn toward the end where lay the outline of the cathedral and residences of wealthy merchants soon began to adorn the suburb lying immediately on the border. Old houses were swept away, streets were widened and the hum of activity was heard on every side. A new life had come into the place. A new parish priest came with it, a zealous and energetic pastor, to whom the stunted circumvallation of the cathedral was an eyesore. He at once began a movement to carry the work to completion, but the task was too much for one man's life in those days. Building was slow work then and the magnitude of the cathedral made the task tardy and the expense too great for one generation. The priest grew old and died before the fabric, now growing into a thing of beauty, could be considered nearly finished. So the legacy descended to his successor—a retiring and placid gentleman, renowned for piety and learning, but little fitted to go on with any such work, because it necessitated a quest for money. But, fortunately, there came to his service, at this crisis, a youthful, active, joyous young curate, known in his order as Father Pacificus. Whatever was wanting in the psychology of Father Noble, the parish priest, to make a successful mendicant for heaven was amply made up in the qualifications of Father Pacificus. He was a sturdy beggar by nature—an Ulster Celt, with all the push, the steadfastness, and the ray wit that belong to this portion of the human family. In private life his name was the somewhat unmanageable one of Loughlin McGillivuddy, but his religious cognomen completely atoned for this want of euphony.

The fact that Father Pacificus was an Ulsterman, might suggest the picture of a tall, raw-boned black-vised cleric, dour of look somewhat, or, at least, very hard and practical in lineament and suggestion. No impression could be more erroneous. Short, rotund, rosy-checked, with eyes constantly lit up with a mischievously humorous twinkle in their subtle blue depths, and a large, full mouth, always ready to curve in the upward direction where laughter leads, Father Pacificus seemed to be the incarnation of all drollery and mischief—a laughing philosopher in a clerical habit. No care seemed to weigh upon his boyish spirits, he was a living proof of the absurdity that the religion of the Christian is a system of sadness. He was always on the watch for the raucous side of things and never a day passed but he had some new illustration of the comical aspect of life to set the table in the presbytery in a roar and so make digestion wait on appetite. Some might mistake this tendency for a disqualification for the religious state. But no greater error could be imbibed. For all this fun arose from the guilelessness of a truly innocent spirit, and there was in very truth no sadder man in heart and not than the jolly little Ulster friar who seemed born rather for a court jester than for the Catholic priesthood.

Instinctively Father Noble recognized in this new auxiliary the man of destiny. Here he perceived the very instrument needed for the occasion—a man whom nobody could refuse anything in his power to bestow. An examination of the local position showed that all the well-to-do Catholic population had already given—some far beyond their actual ability—toward the completion of the cathedral. The work was, indeed, too ambitious for the locality, and it had drained the place dry. But Father Pacificus was a man of ideas. He found that the poor had not been called upon; the small traders and the dealers who came to market every Thursday and Saturday had never been appealed to for a contribution. Of course, there was a residuum from whom nothing whatever could be expected; but he argued, the wage-earner and the small vendor in the market might fairly be asked to do something for the church

which was always at their service, night and day, weekday and Sunday. "The pennies of the thousands," he said, to Father Noble, "are just as good in the long run as the pounds of the tens. All that you need to do is to get them regularly and systematically."

"But who will undertake to get them? I could not ask people to go out into the market-places and go round to everyone taking up pennies and marking them down in a book, day after day, and calling upon the working people at their homes every week. This would take time and labor, and I could not afford to pay for such work."

"Oh, leave that to me, Father Noble," laughingly replied the proposer. "Someone must take off his coat to the work, if the church is ever to be finished, so here goes, in the name of God."

A perfect democrat was Father Pacificus. He was a veritable Miller of the Dee in his indifference to what people might think of him, so long as he was able to effect his purpose. If one met with an accident in the street and surgery were necessary, he would tear up his shirt to make a bandage, or break his coat to furnish a tourniquet, if no other help were within immediate reach. He would tell the first passer-by to run for the doctor while he was administering the sacraments, or start himself for that purpose as soon as the function was over. He would not hesitate to give his coat or his watch to one whom he thought really needed help, if he had no money in his hand. More than once he had been found making toward the presbytery in his shirt sleeves, by reason of his readiness to outdo St. Martin in the matter of sharing sartorial belongings with the needy.

Therefore, when the swarming crowd in the market enclosures beheld the sudden apparition of Father Pacificus with a large green baize bag suspended from his shoulder, in the early morning hours, and saw him go gravely round each stall, taking a penny or two from each buyer or seller, dropping the money into the satchel, and making an entry in a notebook, there was nothing in their countenances to show that their sense of the clerical propitiosities was in any degree choked. "Truth, that's a reverence all over," was the general comment. "Sure the fox never sent out a better messenger than himself," remarked one of the women hucksters, when it was learned that the green bag was intended for contributions for the cathedral. "Well, Father Pacificus knows that he'd get a shillin' where a hired man wouldn't get a penny—good luck to him."

The markets, in those days, were more numerous in the large cities than at present. They were situated in different quarters, for the convenience of the population. Large enclosures for the most part, with an open space in the centre for the farmers' carts where the produce was bought at first hand, and a shed running all around for the convenience of buyers by retail or protection from the elements. Several of these buildings were devoted to particular purposes, others to multifarious. In one potatoes might be exclusively sold; in another, milk and butter, while again, every kind of agricultural produce and even toys and trifles would be picked up in some of the rest.

In the milk and butter market at the cathedral end of the city, Father Pacificus encountered his only knotty problem. There, in awful majesty, seated behind a huge altar, was to be found, week in, week out, Lady Kitty Hayes, the mistress of the market. Each market had its own genius loci or ruling spirit, who kept buyers and sellers in order—whose word or black-thorn was potent to quell all disorder or settle angry disputes between emporer and vendor. Mrs. Hayes, or Lady Kitty, as she was generally styled, without murmur from herself, was, by general assent, the recognized ruler of the milk and butter mart. She was never known to be missing from her post, since the market was first thrown open for public service, at five o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, and there she sat until noon, when business was practically over for the day, dispensing new milk from an immense main churn, and skimming milk from a smaller side one, by the quart or pint or bottle, according to requirement. As she kept the purest article in the market, and never was known to be challenged by the lactical inspector, she did the best business of all the dealers and was reputed to be immensely wealthy for a person in her position. Whatever doubt might be entertained on this score, there was none about her stinginess. On no occasion was she ever known to contribute anything toward a charitable or religious object or to give an alms to a beggar. But the severity of her moral code in this respect was counterbalanced by her rigid mercantile ethics. She was known as the "best pay" in the market, never deviating one iota from her business engagements, and never being an hour behind the time in the payment of her bills to dairymen and others. Hence Lady Kitty was a moral power all over the market, and her wishes were respected by inspectors and subordinates in a way that the Queen of Sheba herself might have envied.

Mrs. Hayes' claim to aristocratic distinction were by no means so empiric as some thought. From the fact that the title "Lady Kitty" seemed to be usually applied in derision. She was, in fact, one of the portionless daughters of a fast living and consequently ruined baronet, named Triston, who had been compelled to liquidate his debts by a long sojourn in the King's Hospital, and died there in the attempt. There were two other sisters, who, from their rare beauty, had made splendid matches, but Kitty Triston, having neither face nor fortune to boast of, was fain to take the

first favorable offer of matrimony she could get. She became the wife of a comfortable dairy farmer named Hayes, but soon proceeded to make him uncomfortable by reason of her showy temper and her penurious inclinations. Hayes was an easy-going man if left to his own way, but, like many other placid men, he had a strong temper if persistently thwarted. His domestic life proved too great a strain upon his patience, so one fine day he brought in the auctioneer, sold off his farm and his dairy stock, handed over half the proceeds to his unmanageable partner and, taking his baby daughter with him, bade Mrs. Hayes good-bye forever. He made his way to California and began farming life there anew. He prospered wonderfully, being a man of skill and energy in his business, and his daughter, Delia Hayes, grew up betimes into a woman of surpassing grace and beauty.

Now what this brief history could have to do with the plan of Father Pacificus for the completion of the cathedral may seem incapable of satisfactory explanation. But who can tell the destiny of the thread that Arachne spins—whether it shall be woven into the raiment of a queen or the cloth of a beggar! The parsimony which prompted Mrs. Kitty Hayes' refusal to contribute a suppliance toward the cathedral proved in its effect to be the unlooked-for agency by which the great desideratum was at length achieved.

Delia Hayes had been reared in one of the most famous convents of which the New World boasts. Her religious character had been moulded as carefully as her intellectual gifts. Not indeed that any artificial cultivation was needed in this direction; intuitively, as with most women of the Irish race, the great spiritual truths sank into the most receptive soil, and became interwoven with the hidden fibres of her sentiment and emotional being. When she emerged from conventual life to take her place in her father's now luxurious house her affluence of a beauty so exquisite as she became created quite a flutter. The developed speed rapidly; but it was soon discovered that there was an unusual quality accompanying the glorious gift. Its possessor was as shrinking and seemingly unconscious of it as though no trace of it had ever been hers. Stephen Hayes had suffered too much from the effects of an ill-considered alliance to let his daughter ever be the victim of another, if he could by prevision avert such a calamity. He had a numerous circle of friends, and among the lot there were men young enough to aspire to his daughter's hand, as well as elderly ones like himself. How they might, however, and beat about the bush however cleverly, Stephen Hayes could never be got to hold out any encouragement, giving it decidedly to be understood that he considered such questions best left to the party most immediately concerned, and that his daughter's happiness must be the sole consideration on which the decision as to her future rested.

Speculation regarding likely suitors for so rare a prize, after many abortive prophecies, at length narrowed the field down to two, Robert Clinton, a young railway engineer, whose father had been a friend to Stephen Hayes in unsettled periods for farming interests, when banking firms, like the one in which he was a partner, were shy of taking risks, was an especial favorite of Hayes, and, indeed, there was much in his favor in the quarter whose good opinion was still more desirable in such a case. A sterling Catholic and a young man of principle and high intellectual attainments, such as afforded a pledge of a successful professional career, there was no apparent reason why he should fail to make a good impression on the mind of Delia Hayes, as soon as the reserve and timidity of early acquaintance had given way to a cheerful but respectful familiarity. Stephen Hayes, as he saw them conversing frequently, with the easy vivacity of young minds, with many common intellectual interests and concurrent tastes, and aspirations, felt a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that, perhaps, there might be found the solution of a question which was beginning to cause him some anxiety, now that his life's shadow was beginning to lengthen on the path behind. At such moments there arose one anxious thought to mar the pleasing anticipation to which such incidents gave rise. Never had he told his daughter anything about her mother's existence or mode of life, nor was Delia Hayes, on her part, curious on the subject. She was little more than a babe when the separation came, and after a few days of grieving and watching for "mamma," the child had ceased to remember her under the soothing influence of a kind-hearted nurse, whom Stephen Hayes had been fortunate enough to secure for the voyage out. By the time the trio had arrived in the New World the existence of her mother had been as completely blotted out of the undeveloped consciousness of the infant as though no bond had ever been between them. As the years sped on the child took her home conditions as though they were all that should be, never even noting the absence of a mother, and even content with the affection of the good nurse, who remained on watch over her infancy, and the negro servants, to whom the little elf was a veritable object of idolatry. It became a matter of something like remorse, in time, with Stephen Hayes, to see that he had preserved with regard to his wife whom he had left behind, secret sources, informed of her doing and mode of life, he had taken care that she never could gain tidings of his whereabouts. Truth to tell, the man's conscience often reproached him because he had taken the child away from the woman who had driven him into exile. It was a cruel thing to do, he reflected, in soberer moments, and, indeed, so it proved, for it was the means of souring the heart of the deserted wife and mother all the more bitterly, and making her peevish, avenging and selfish misanthropic in her later life, unbeloved by a single soul in all the world, and hating all the world in return.

Now, if Robert Clinton's father had any one falling which amounted to a passion, it was that of family pride. He did not boast of being a son of the Revolution, nor the son of one, nor being descended from one of those who came over in the Mayflower, nor one of the founders of the Maryland colony, nor one of the early Pennsylvania Dutch, nor one of the many other streams of humanity that, by a fiction, are supposed to bear in themselves, the assurance of personal superiority over less fortunate denizens of America. He prided himself on being of an English Catholic family which could trace its ancestry back to Anglo-Saxon times, and which in its ancestral Yorkshire home had preserved its Catholic faith inviolate in all the storms of persecution and vicissitude. The family was not rich nor was it noble, it had originally been of the vavasour or yeomanry class, he was one of its many younger sons who, generation after generation, had gone out into the world to open the book of fortune with sword or brains. But he inherited a full allowance of the family pride; and this was the fact which caused a sinking of the heart and a gloomy perturbation to Stephen Hayes at moments when he found Delia in converse with young Clinton, each happy in the pleasant interchange of youthful thought and idea, on the social current of the day or the tendency of the world of poetry and art. Well he knew that should it ever come to the knowledge of the elder Clintons that the mother of the girl whose beauty and brightness and virtues had enthralled their beloved son occupied the strange position she did, an instant rupture of the family relations must be the inevitable result. No matter that it might be shown that in a matter of birth and true rank the singular wife of Stephen Hayes was higher in the social scale than the proud Clintons, the level to which she had, by her eccentricity, reduced herself would count as an indelible stain on the family escutcheon.

No such cause for gloomy reverie would there have been had his daughter appeared to favor the pretensions of another suitor, Harry Ogilvie. He too, was the son of a man to whom Stephen Hayes had been much indebted in the early years of his voluntary exile—a Scotch settler, who prospered wonderfully by reason of his great business talents and enterprise. He was renowned as an agricultural machinist and his firm was the greatest of its kind in these days. Born in California, young Ogilvie early acquired all the quickness in apprehension, the decision in character, the push, the exaggerated adaptability to conditions, so as to seize every advantage point, which, under the name of "smartness," gives a peculiar claim to a peculiar American type. He was early put into business life, conformably with Scotch precept and practice as well as American ideals. His talents found a suitable field in the pushing of his own and his firm's fortune in this way. He was a fluent talker, a tolerably pleasant companion, notwithstanding an exaggerated opinion of his own genius and a corresponding tendency to undervalue the good qualities of others. Like many men of his class, he was disposed to emphasize his opinions or his predilections by means of laying wagers—not that he was a gambler, but only addicted to a rational habit, often inveterate and developing strange freaks of temper and fancy, especially at election time.

There were a dash and gaiety about young Ogilvie that offset his manifest foibles of character and imposed upon superficial observers. Stephen Hayes was one of those who found himself unable to penetrate this unseemingly generous surface. He would have been better pleased to have seen his daughter favorably disposed toward the open and admiring suit of this other friend, but for one consideration—the question of religion. Whatever young Ogilvie's religious learnings were, in reality very little, the fact that his people were all strict Presbyterians was powerful enough to sway himself to at least an outer conformity with the same severe creed. But the fact that Delia Hayes was a most devout and uncompromising Catholic only seemed to add additional spice to his romance of love.

Once only did he venture to sound Stephen Hayes as to his feelings over the matter, and the reply he got was by no means encouraging. It was a subject on which the old man would leave his daughter entirely free, he intimated, inasmuch as it was peculiarly one that concerned her own welfare. Ogilvie had not dared to hint anything of his feelings to the girl herself. He was shrewd enough to perceive that, as matters stood, young Clinton was more in favor than he was. Yet, being of a sanguine and egotistical temperament, he, by no means, despaired of reversing these conditions. Although a tacit rivalry existed between the two young men, they preserved all the outward amenities of good-humored friends and men of common sense. With Robert Clinton this was an easy task, for he was large-minded and religious and had all the bonhomie which a generous nature and cultivated manners impart. With Ogilvie it was not so. Repression of his real sentiments was a task that often taxed his powers of politeness to the straining point. But it was an effectual check on the impulse of envy or passion, to reflect that any exhibition of his real feeling would be certain to cause such unpleasantness as to make his presence undesirable at the home of Stephen Hayes and so shut him out from all chance of achieving his desires.

With the preternatural instinct which jealous rivalry often seems to acquire in some mysterious way, he had guessed at the very obstacle which he knew must give his suit the one hope of success in the end. He knew the weakness of the Clintons in regard to family standing. Never had he heard either Stephen Hayes or his daughter mention the word wife or mother. He had been suddenly struck with this circumstance, as by a flash of evil inspiration, one day while musing over the situation and the methods which he ought to pursue in order to make some headway toward the attainment of his absorbing ambition. Men of his kind never abandon a clue once they believe it is a safe or probable one.

Ogilvie's circle of acquaintance was wide. It included men who had traveled every part of the known globe. Among others he knew one or two who had visited the chief towns in Ireland in pursuit of trade. One of these, Dick Morrissey, he met one day as he was lounging in the smoke-room of the Grand Hotel. An Irishman he happened to be—one of those shrewd, inquisitive ones who overlook no circumstance of note which distinguishes one locality from another. Men of this kind, who visit every place where their business is likely to find an opening, never fail to pick up all the local gossip they can hear and all that goes to make up their great delight—a racy story. This particular specimen of the race had taken up, amongst other lines of business, an agency for American organs, and, relating to Ogilvie, with all the gusto which imparts so distinct a flavor to the successful "drummer's" conversation, his experiences in the market-places of the southern Irish city, told of his old adventure with the titled dame who sold milk therein—"Lady Kitty" Hayes, and the clever way in which he had tricked her into believing that he was bestowing a magnificent bargain in the shape of a patent churn, which in reality it was a sample of an unworkable invention rejected in the American market.

"Such a character I never met before in all my travels," exclaimed Morrissey, as he brought his story to a close with a chuckle of delight at the recollection. "And what do you think, but the old skinflint actually puts up to one of the Irish aristocracy! Thank of her there, sitting behind her churn, selling pennyworths of milk every day, from dawn to dusk, and having everybody call her 'Lady Kitty'?"

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"Hayes" muttered Ogilvie, abstractedly, not noticing that his friend had finished his story and was waiting for some comment or acknowledgment of its merit as a narrative. "Hayes—Lady Kitty Hayes! An old comrade. Excuse me, Morrissey," he said, aloud, as if awakening from a reverie. "Your story called up something else; don't think me unmannerly. Come, let us have a bottle of fizz. By the bye, do you know anyone in Ireland that I could trust to do a little bit of private detective work for me—not a very important affair—a business matter?"

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# Tools for Carpenters

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EMERY GRINDERS, AND  
BUFFING WHEELS

vulgarity on the solecisms or the hesitation about the use of proper expression.

Father Pacificus was in no way discomposed by this fresh rebuke. On the contrary, he smiled and has most winning ways and began the process known as "soothering."

"Come, come, Mrs. Hayes," he whistled. "Sure I know you're only pretending you'd begrudge anything to God. Well, I know you're only too glad to have the opportunity to show how grateful you are to Him this day for all the good health and the good means He has bestowed on you. Sure the people who tell me other ways don't know you at all. Leave it to me to understand the women. Don't I know right well that when they say 'no' they always mean 'yes'?"

"There's one thing you don't know," retorted the shrill, more irritated than mollified, Mrs. Hayes, "I've worked to work to earn a few shillings in the week. You haven't to be up at cock crow every morning in winter and summer, not to get here all day long from dawn to dark, only for the time you get to snatch a mouthful of food or drink, or to be out in the fields minding the cows and looking after them, food and shelter when you ought to be fast asleep in bed. Truth, if I made a few shillings in my long years of work, I earned it too hard to be handing it out to you for fine things that nobody needed."

"And do you call that work, Mrs. Hayes—sitting down there knitting and reading the paper half the time? I only wish I had such easy times. 'Thee'd be the happy man if I had your life. But sure, you're only joking, and all this means that you're going to make up now for former backwardness by a donation as handsome and big as yourself for the new house of God."

This rejoinder, instead of conciliating almost brought matters to a climax. Something like an apoplexy fit seemed to threaten the good dame for the moment. Her inflamed temper rose to such a height as to prevent all utterance. She gasped and seemed about to choke, got red in the face and then as suddenly blanched. When she at last found utterance she spoke in a tone of deadly set determination, with her hands clenched on the edge of the huge churn over which she leaned with her head thrown forward to give her words the greater emphasis:

"Before God, and as I am a living woman, I believe you would not have my life for one week if it was to save your soul, Father Pacificus. Come now, I'll put you to the test and will see what all your blarney amounts to. By my oath, if you come and take my place here and sit it out selling milk from the time the market opens until it closes, just for one week, I'll hand you over fifty bright sovereigns for your grand no. 'urch. Come, now; there's a fair challenge for you."

It was now the priest's turn to change color and gasp with astonishment. Here was a turn he could not possibly have anticipated. His usual gaiety for the moment deserted him. He stood looking at the earnest, hard face of the irate woman, without making any attempt at reply for several seconds. Then he spoke quite seriously:

"I cannot take you at your word, Mrs. Hayes," he said, "because the no matter is not one altogether in my own hands; but I will come back soon and give you an answer."

The lady of the churn had a triumphant look in her eyes as the priest turned away. In her own belief she had won a complete victory.

Not a little perturbed was Father Pacificus, as he turned from the market, over this startling turn of events. He went back to the presbytery in a strange tumult of thought. Inside the house, he at once went to his room and knelt down in prayer. After a little while he arose and mechanically took up a book from the table and opened it. The volume happened to be the "Little Flowers of St. Francis."

The first page on which his eyes rested chained his attention. They were those which related how two of the frat' were bidden by their superior to go to the city and humble themselves by standing, divested of portion of their clothing, at the pulpit and confessing their sin of contumacy before all the people.

"He humbled himself, even to the stripping off of his garments and the ignominy of the cross, for our sakes," he said to himself, as he laid down the book. "Why, then, should I hesitate at a little sacrifice for Him? Not a sacrifice will it be—a triumph, rather," he added, as he sat down to write to Father Noble asking him to give him back and relieve him of parish duty for a week while he underwent his strange experiment.

Blank astonishment overcame Mrs. Hayes when, a couple of days later, Father Pacificus came and told her of his desire to take her place in the market as soon as she was ready to give it up to him. For the moment she was speechless. She found herself deflected where she had achieved a victory, as she fondly thought. She had no way of retreat. She looked incredulously at the fact of the priest, but his fixed expression told her plainly it was not joking.

had spread like wildfire all over the town and people came to buy just for the novelty of the thing. The next day witnessed the same spectacle, and the next. But on the fourth day of his trial something peculiar happened. Two strangers, young, gentlemanly, American-looking and garb and bearing, appeared in the market and began to search around the numbers of the various stalls and booths which were painted in large figures above each. When they came to where the priest sat they stopped, looked curiously at the vender and then glanced up at the number.

"Very odd," said one. "This is No. 14, the one the letter spoke of. Are you selling the milk here, sir?" "Yes, sir," replied Father Pacificus to whom the query was addressed. "Do you want to buy some?" "No—no—no exactly just now. May I ask have you been selling it in the past?" "Yes," replied the priest, "certainly I've been selling it in the past." Father Pacificus was cautious, for he did not quite understand the meaning of this inquisitive question.

"And will continue to sell it?" queried the other, seemingly in a state of doubt and bewilderment—a situation in which he must say something, whether to the point or not. "And will continue to sell it, certainly," answered the priest, a merry twinkle now gleaming in his eyes, for he began to suspect there was some fact behind all this questioning. The fact that he had a couple of days yet to employ in his novel vocation afforded him ground for returning a strictly affirmative answer.

"Thank you, sir. Come along, Clinton," said his questioner, turning to his companion. "There's no use in blinking the fact that I've been deceived and you have won the wager." He added as they turned away, "That rogue of a detective has been fooling me, but he'll smart for it if I ever come up with him, you bet."

Henry Ogilvie was the speaker, and it was to his successful rival, Robert Clinton, the words were addressed. The last card in the game had been played by Ogilvie. He had not the smallest doubt that could he prove hostile to be true, that the mother of Della Hayes, the deserted wife, filled the lowly office of milk huckster in the slums of an Irish town, it must be the means of breaking off the intended alliance, because of the well-known family pride of the Clintons. So, in strict confidence, he imparted to young Clinton the dreadful secret—out of pure friendship, of course, and in order that he should not have his future happiness wrecked, as he put it. Robert Clinton, never suspecting the good faith of Henry Ogilvie, thanked him for the interest he had taken in the matter, but laughed at his story. It was entirely too like a romance. Ogilvie insisted on its accuracy, and, as usual, offered a bet on it, with odds, with a proposal that both go to Ireland to settle it by personal investigation. The scene sketched above was the outcome. On the day following, Father Noble received a letter signed "Henry Ogilvie," enclosing a check for a hundred pounds—for it was one of the conditions of the wager that the loser should pay over to the pastor of the parish in which the market was situated half the amount of the money he had won. Father Noble was curious to know why the gift was professed and called at the hotel from whence the letter came to thank the donor, and satisfy his curiosity, but in vain. Chagrined at his disappointment Ogilvie had taken a packet for London and gone off that morning to seek in the whirl of life in the great city some leaves of the lotus to soothe his disappointment.

Hope began to smile once more for Father Pacificus when he heard the good news. A hundred pounds—and fifty that he was to receive as the reward of his strange ordeal. He could now start work on the gilding and decoration and final touches all over the dream building, and perhaps have it at least nearly complete by the time fixed for the bishop's arrival. Time to pay the balance might be given—probably could—but there could be no balance until then. This was the only thought to cloud the prospect of the crowning glory—that splendid vision which had faded so often before in other eyes at one time as hopeful as his own—a noble temple to God, beautiful in its adornments and in its moral beauty untainted by the reproach of worldly indebtedness. With a little sigh he relinquished the momentary hope that such a consummation might somehow be achieved in the brief time yet remaining. It was folly to think of it; best he resign to the inevitable, thankful that so much was possible, through agencies wholly unexpected, when only a few days before everything seemed hopeless.

The end of his week came; it was Saturday evening, and there was no appearance of "Lady Kitty" to fulfil her portion of the strange compact. The market servants began setting the place in order; the vendors closed their stalls and began to go home. Father Pacificus waited until the last one had departed. He figured as he could and did not leave until the gatekeeper had politely informed him that the hour for closing had come. Then the good priest rose, rather downcast in mien, and took his way to the presbytery. It was supper time and he was hungry.

He was glad to find that Father Noble was out on a sick call; he shrank from the idea of troubling him with the fear that filled his mind that some disappointment awaited him with regard to the money which was to be the reward of his humility. The day had turned dimly wet and chilly, and he felt glad when he saw the blithe blaze of a log fire sending out its welcome as he entered the supper-room. It helped him to dispel the little shade of depression which had seized his spirits over the non-appearance of the other contracting party.

He had not quite finished his refreshing cup of tea when he heard the doorbell ring. Presently the sedate housekeeper came and told him there was "a slip of a girl outside who was in a great way to see his reverence at once."

It was a messenger who came from Mrs. Hayes. She had been taken suddenly ill and told the messenger not to leave the presbytery until Father

Pacificus was seen and informed of her condition and asked to come to her bedside without delay.

"Lady Kitty," like many persons of nice constitutions, had all at once been smitten and had already begun to sink rapidly. A doctor had been summoned, and had been able to afford her relief for the moment. But, as he told Father Pacificus in private outside the bedroom, she could not last more than a few hours. A acute pneumonia, contracted as she had been on her way down to the market that morning, had gripped her. "These people," he said, "who have never known a day's sickness in their lives go off the soonest. They have usually no staying powers while poor creatures who have struggled for years with one phase of sickness or another may keep off death indefinitely."

She pointed to a little parcel on the table near the bed, as soon as she got over a paroxysm of coughing, after he had entered and closed the door behind him. "There is the money I owe you, Father Pacificus," she said, "you have earned it fairly, though I thought you would never dream of taking my outlandish offer. I made it just out of spite, like thinking just to anger you and keep you from coming after me again. But God has punished me, I think, for putting such an indignity on one of His priests. Yet He was merciful in giving me time to repent and make some amends for my bad life. The doctor tells me I may not live more than a day or two. I have made no will, for I have no one to leave anything to—except my daughter, and I don't know whether she is alive or dead, or where she is, or anything whatever about her. Some say she is alive in some part of America, and that she is rich and doesn't want money. Ah, but it was a cruel thing to take my child from me, no matter how bad I was. God knows how I may have turned out if I had my child to care for and to care for me."

Tears stood upon the trembling lashes of Father Pacificus' eyes. He could not but feel for the heart anguish of the miserable, forsaken woman. Cruel, indeed, it is to tear from the mother the child she has borne and nourished—an outrage upon the undisputed law of nature. But he did not know sufficient of the tragic story to enable him to say whether the awful punishment was justifiable or not. He could only offer such consolation as humanity may find in the promises of God to the chastened and the penitent.

"I have been hard on the Church, too," she said, after a painful interval of sobs and choking spasms. "God forgive me—mean and miserly. Now, I must make up for my hardheartedness. Here is the key of that little safe over there, built into the wall. When I am dead you will find all my money in that. I never put a penny in the bank for fear it would be like Saddle's. There's nearly three thousand pounds in notes and gold. I ask you to try to find my daughter, and if she wants the money to give her two-thirds of it, do with it as God directs you—give it to the Church or for charity, as you see best."

And so "Lady Kitty" atoned for her faults of tongue and temper. Quiet came to her at last and her end was blessed with the calm of forgiveness and hope in the love that is greater even than that of mother and child, of father and son. Her wish was carried out. Father Pacificus made inquiry into the story and found that Della Hayes had been happily wedded and wanted for nothing in this world. And, meanwhile, he had had the cathedral completed in every beautiful detail—a free, unhampered and glorious gift to God.

Reviews.

The May Atlantic will open with the first instalment of "Audrey," Miss Mary Johnson's new romance. The life of Colonel's Virginia has been growing more rich and picturesque, even more numerous in martial enterprise. We are introduced to the stately mansions that still adorn the banks of the James River, and to the lively capital of Williamsburg. The orphaned girl, Audrey, whose name gives the title to the book, is, we are inclined to believe, the most vital and fascinating personage created by Miss Johnson's imagination. Indeed, this latest story reveals everywhere maturity of observation, interpretation of a profoundly poetic, interjection of nature and of human passion.

Have you read "Father Anthony," by Robert Buchanan? Then you should read a story of life in a village on the west coast of Ireland, and, though the author's name would indicate that he is a Scotchman, yet it is written in a kindly, sympathetic spirit. Those things which he does not understand, either in the religion, or national characteristics of the people he is dealing with are not, for that reason, set down as being vain delusions, which must of necessity be condemned. Nor does he make the mistake so often made of caricaturing the Irish character. The reader who is a rank "tax totaller," will find a few passages in the book which he may not even read with a smile, and at discussions, brooding of punch, and at discussions by experts, on the relative merits of "Jameson's," "Potheen," and "Mountain Dew." On the other hand, the lover of legitimate sport will have his heart stirred by a description of salmon fishing, at which "Andy," the carman, acts as master of ceremonies. Some of "Andy's" remarks on the subject of the habits and peculiarities of the fish are very sage. "You see your humer," he added with a smile, "fishes are like collectors—they like what's foine to look at, and they're mighty taken by a red jockey trimmed with gold."

Again, "Never fear, sir, it's a slier to catch a big salmon than a small trout, for the smaller they are, the cunninger they are—and by the same token it's the same wild the collectors." The story is well told, there is a thread of mystery running through it, and the interest is centred on the question, much discussed by Protestants, as to how far a priest is justified in guarding the secrets of the confessional. The book will well repay the time spent in reading it.—W. O'Connor.

Pope Leo XIII.

A Triumph of the Spirit Over the Flesh—The Plan and Policy of His Successor.

The last chapter of the life of Leo XIII. is now near its closing. The wonderful vitality that still subsists in that spectral form has no more fuel to consume. The Pope lives on (so his physicians say) because his still perfect organization has no fiber left for disease to fasten upon so attenuated has he become. But though the candle has been worn to a film, the gem within has rather gained than lost thereby in power and lustre. Like the late Cardinal Manning, the Pope presents a sublime—an awesome—spectacle of the supremacy of the spirit over the flesh. In both men, and, to the same degree, in no others that I have known, the soul seems to have subdued the body into a shadowy semblance of itself. While the world anticipates, with regret, the near ending of a life so exemplary and valuable, it seems permissible and no wise pretence, to consider what may follow that event.

As the personality of the immediate future successor of Leo XIII. is yet to be formed, it is not possible to form any conjecture. Forecasts of the outcome of Papal conclave have at all times proved fallacious. Sceldom has the Tarra lighted on the head of the member of the Sacred College deemed the fittest and worthiest to wear it. Often, on the contrary, it has brought out some obscure and lowly brow whereon to shine with peculiar lustre and effect.

We may imagine, therefore, all surmise as to the coming Pope's personality. But the question of the policy he is likely, or rather bound to pursue, whether he be Italian or not, is a fair and by no means conjectural theme for discussion. I will, for my part, that the lines of policy laid down so deeply by the hand of the present Pope must guide and control the career of his successor. The plan and purpose of Leo XIII. has proved steadily along with the social aspirations and achievement of our times, which are but a presage of the future. His great personality must soon pass away, but the channel he has cut may not be barred without overflow, or diverted without disaster.

Here let me remark that the term policy is not, I believe, acceptable to the Roman Catholic, and scarce commands itself to any mind as benefiting the peculiar influence wielded by a Pope, or the official methods he may adopt. He has no direct power over the material world, and no due resources to sustain a "policy" in the statesman's meaning of the word. He can and does command issues by precept, counsel and conciliation; but he cannot compel them. His objects are spiritual, or moral, in kind, and universal, not merely national, in extent. His is, therefore, not a "policy" but a subtle and penetrating potency.

However, we must apply the word "policy" to the action of the Papacy on Society, as no better one has yet been invented.

Alliance of the Popedom with the Caesar of to-day—the imperial people—that is the dominant note of Leo's policy, and it gives the key to the future performance of his successor in office.

Pope, not a few, before the present one, have made themselves conspicuous as champions of particular populations against universal, kingly and imperial pretensions. One need even mention such Papal names as Leo I., Gregory II., and VII., Julius I., Sixtus V., Innocent III., to recall how they did so successfully. The efforts of such revealed, indeed, the latent sympathy that ever existed between the official followers of the Fisherman and the lowly abiding classes of mankind. But the present Pope is the very first to take up everywhere the cause of the people, struggling in our day against new and complex forms of oppression. This is the fact, and we are not called upon to discuss how far this attitude was forced upon him by the social conditions of the age, or how far it was the free outcome of his own generous spirit. No one can deny that he had to break away from the usage and traditions of his office; to set himself almost alone against timid counsels of congresses within and without Rome, to abandon the old rut of ecclesiasticism and cast his own and his Church's fortunes upon the broad tide and onward rush of humanity. Whatever the spring of his action, it took a strong man and a great man to originate and pursue it from the serene seclusion of the Vatican. The words he himself once used to a band of young clerks about to proceed to their work in many foreign lands have been the practical motto of his own life, and might well serve as his epitaph.

It was easy here to quote from Leo's magnificent circulars upon the duties of States and the right of the peoples. In reality they but enforced the old and well attested truths—that all authority is from on high, and should therefore be a rule of reason; that authority is also in its forms, from and for the people, and is therefore a rule of justice, that it may reside in plenitude and perfection in any form of government chosen by and approved of the people for whose welfare alone it was granted and intended. But it is not his mere words that are to be noted, but his practical teachings, but rather his practical success in their application, that lends lustre to his life and will fashion the future of the Papacy. In many lands he has held the balance between the people and crowned and uncrowned rulers. So deftly has he poised the scales on every occasion that not one murmur has been heard from prince or plebeian against the equity and soundness of his ruling.

In France, where his hardest task doubtless lay outside of Italy, he has to a great extent won the esteem and confidence of a government which through many successive ministries manifested a deep-rooted antipathy to the clergy and to religion itself. Here he showed admirable sagacity and forbearance. He compelled a reluctant prelate and a plague of pretenders to power in the State and to the sole right of representing the Church in France into submission to the consti-

tuted form of Government. He has largely won over to a better Christian spirit the stormy social element of the country. There is to-day no stronger or more devoted body of Catholics and Christian men than is supplied by the emigrants who haul the hill of Montanaro or flock in pilgrimages to Rome, I have seen this change and can vouch for it. France—the true France—recognizes the services rendered to her by Leo XIII. Even the godless government of that name admits that the Pope at least is not Le colorable, which must bow to his order. The Pope loves France and France knows it.

In the United States Leo is vigilant, but knows that labor combinations here do not scheme against the republic or the constitution of which all classes of Americans are beyond measure proud, and no class more so than the Catholic (and other) clergy.

The movement of associations here is against "the bloated capitalist and companies," and the Pope's one notable intervention there has been in favor of the workman. Following the example of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, he refrained from commendation of the Knights of Labor, a powerful society now, I believe no longer existing as an organized body. It had been presented to him as a formidable secret society of the regular, dangerous and mysterious type. The retrogressives in Rome strongly urged its suppression. Had Leo followed their advice the combination would doubtless exist to-day embittered in spirit and a danger to the Church and State. In all America, North and South, while supporting popular rights the Pope is well regarded by the various governments, and his representatives in the United States are on cordial terms at Washington.—A Catholic D.D. in the Outlook.

CANADIAN NEWS

MONTREAL

The Catholics of Cote St. Paul will replace the old church which was burned down by a splendid structure. The plans contemplate a building to cost about \$25,000.

A mission for the English speaking Catholics of Hochelaga is being held in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame street east. Revs. Fathers Holland and McPhail will be the preachers.

Among the petitioners against the proposed electric line on Palace St., Montreal are Rev. Father Guivane, of St. Patrick's, Mr. F. B. McNamee, Mr. John McCrory, Mrs. Margaret McGarvey.

There was an unusually large congregation at the Church of the Gesù, Montreal, on Sunday. The preacher was Rev. Father Kavanagh, who in the course of an eloquent sermon referred to the question of cremation.

Archbishop Bruchesi has appointed several vicars.—Rev. Messrs. L. Gouin, P.S.S., R. Decarie, Adam, T. Panier, Savarie, Nante, Iletu, L. J. Lafortune, Villeneuve, J. O. Babin, P. Beaudry, J. Charrette, M. Tasse, Edouard, A. P. Tasse, Levesque and Silvestre.

At a meeting of the Hibernian Knights, held at Hubert Hall, Montreal, it was decided to hold a social on a large scale, on the 14th of May. The entire proceeds will be devoted to the fund for the purchase of a new hall.

Archbishop Bruchesi paid his Good Friday visit to the goal. His Grace was told that a number of men had expressed a wish to take a total abstinence pledge before him. Over one hundred men took a solemn pledge not to touch intoxicating liquor, some for one year and some for two years.

On Easter Monday night the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of St. Ann's Parish, gave an entertainment in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, for the benefit of the poor of the parish. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music, as well as elocutionary numbers was presented.

It is said a common mistake in the taking of the census was in connection with the question as to the religion of the citizen. Many of the enumerators have allowed the word Protestant or Catholic to be given as the reply. In all these cases a return visit will have to be paid. The sect of the Protestant citizen is wanted.

Patrick Ryan, 43 years of age, an employe of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery, Montreal, was engaged clearing out a large boiler suspended by an iron chain, when the chain broke, and struck him on the head. It was believed that his skull was fractured. Mr. Ryan lives with his family at 61 Caville street.

A Montreal despatch says the general passenger agents of the Canadian railway and steamboat lines held a meeting there pursuant to an adjourned meeting in Toronto last month for the purpose of considering the question of rates for pilgrimages and excursions during the coming year. It was decided that the rates should be the same as last year.

St. Patrick's Society, Montreal, has elected the following officers:—President—W. A. Doran; First Vice-President—T. P. O'Neil; Second Vice-President—F. Casey; Treasurer—John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary—F. J. Curran; Recording Secretary—J. P. Tansey; Assistant Secretary—J. K. Kahan; Committee—Messrs. M. Durand, J. Foley, J. Campbell, J. Meek, P. McCrory, E. B. McNamee, M. Deneen, E. C. Shannon, Hon. Dr. Guerin, P. J. Connolly, M. Davis, P. Reynolds, J. P. Phœnix, and B. Tauscy.

F. W. R. Russell, manager of the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlebois Railway, now known as the Quebec Railway, says: "It is astonishing to have seen interest displayed in St. Anne de Beauport pilgrimages. Our line of Beauport, extending from Montreal to Quebec, is only 30 miles in length, yet last year we carried over half a million passengers. The indications for

the approaching season are that the traffic will far exceed this amount. While the number coming from the Eastern States is steadily increasing year by year, the majority of the pilgrims are from Canadians from the Canadian side of the line."

Montreal, April 4.—St. James Cathedral was this morning the scene of impressive ceremonies connected with Holy Thursday. These included the "washing of feet." His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, presided. Upwards of twenty priests assisted the Archbishop. Twelve Seminarians, vested in cassocks, albs and girdles, took up a position in front of the main altar. Their feet apparel being removed, His Grace advanced to where they were sitting and from a silver ewer poured water on the foot of the first, dried it with a linen towel, then passed on to the next in turn, where the ceremony was repeated. In this manner the feet of the twelve were washed.

St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, has what is considered the most magnificent sanctuary lamp in Canada. It was recently imported from New York. The design is by Mr. Locke, of New York, and the work was carried out by Anthony Maset. The weight of the structure is 2,400 pounds. It measures sixteen inches in diameter. The ornamental band is surmounted by six angel figures six feet two inches long, bearing crosses. Sixteen electric lights serve for the illumination of the lamp. Of these, twelve are placed in the ornamental band and four in the Celtic cross suspended therefrom. The bowl of the lamp can be raised and lowered like the ordinary sanctuary lamp. Cast brass has been used throughout the construction with the exception of the colored glass which has been placed to resemble gems. The new lamp was specially designed for St. Patrick's.

OTTAWA

Ottawa, April 4.—In the Catholic churches on Holy Thursday the solemn services of the day were attended by large congregations of the faithful. In the Basilica, Archbishop Duhamel officiated, and was assisted by the canons of the Basilica. A large number of priests and ecclesiastics were in attendance. In the afternoon the Archbishop presided at the ceremony of the washing of the feet.

A parish has been erected in Ottawa East. Rev. Dr. Fallon, speaking in St. Joseph's Church about the parish, said he desired that all people should attend it, who belonged within its confines. Many of the people who had previously been attendants at St. Joseph's Church belong to the new parish.

The Good Shepherd's Monastery on St. Andrew street has been considerably damaged by the rising of the Rideau river. Several years ago the guard pier near the monastery was carried away.

PETERBOROUGH

The Easter music in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, was of a high order. La Hache's Mass in B flat being sung. The cathedral choir was assisted by the Philharmonic orchestra, conducted by Mr. Rupert Gliddon. Miss K. Hurley presided at the organ. The alto solos were taken by Misses L. Hurley, L. Koster and L. Hallahan, while the soprano solo was Miss F. Houlahan and Miss F. Hallahan, Tenor solos, Messrs. F. Fakenham and J. Muligan. Messrs. A. McPherson and W. Pope took bass solos.

ONARIO

Wolfe Island, April 1.—The C.M.B.A. at its last regular meeting admitted twenty-five new members, making in all over eighty.

Mattawa, April 3.—One of the most successful celebrations ever held in Mattawa was that of the Catholic Order of Foresters on Monday night in the hall in Meindl's Block. Mr. A. Filion, the Chief Ranger, occupied the chair, and the Vice Chief, Mr. E. Meindl, sat at the table. About 50 or 60 sat down. Rev. Father Connors, Superior of the Oblate Fathers here, sat on the right of the Chief Ranger, and Mr. J. McMeekin on his left.

Branch 30, C.M.B.A., Peterborough, on the 26th ult., adopted the following resolution:—"Resolved, that we, the members of this Branch, tender to Bro. Overend and family our deep sympathy at the death of a beloved wife and mother."

THE WABASH RAILROAD.

Is the great through car line between the East and West, the short and true route from Canada to Hot Springs, Ark., the Carlsbad of America, old Mexico, the Italy of the New World; Texas and California, the land of sunshine and flowers. Low rate second-class tickets to the West every Tuesday, during February, March and April. No second-class cars on the Wabash; free reclining chair-cars on all trains.

Full particulars from any R. R. agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, northeast corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Every

one wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parke's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

