

DIVISION NO. 6 meets on and fourth Thursdays of at 816 St. Lawrence. Officers: W. H. Turner, P. McGill, Vice-President; Quinn, Recording-Secretary; St. Denis street; James, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Secretary, 1000 St. Denis

DIVISION NO. 3, meets on and third Wednesday of at 1863 Notre Dame St. Officers: Al. McGill, M.P., President; McCarthy, Vice-President; Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; John Hughes, Financial; 65 Young street; M. Chairman Standing Committee; O'Donnell, Marshal.

T. A. & B. SOCIETY, 1868.—Rev. Director, Mr. McPhail; President, D. P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 18 St. Augustin; on the second Sunday month, in St. Anne's 8.30 p.m.

DIES' AUXILIARY, Dis- 5. Organized Oct. 10th. Meetings are held in St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on Sunday of each month, on the third Thursday. President, Miss An-; vice-president, Mrs. en; recording-secretary, Ward; financial secretary, A. Doyle, 68 Anderson; Treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte; chaplain, Rev. Fa-ath.

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Estab- 6th, 1856, incorporated 1864. Meets in St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander, first Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, M. J. Callaghan, P.P. President; Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Estab- 1855, incorporated 1864. Meets in St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander, first Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Officers: Rev. Director, M. J. Callaghan, P.P. President; Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

YOUTH COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Sunday of each month in their Selkirk and Notre St. H. C. McCallum, G. Secretary.

K'S T. A. & B. SO- 2nd Sunday of each month in St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., at 8 p.m. Officers: Rev. Director, M. J. Callaghan, P.P. President; Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

OF CANADA, BRANCH 26 meets at St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander, first Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Officers: Rev. Director, M. J. Callaghan, P.P. President; Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE MONTH OF MARY.—During this month in every Catholic parish church there are held special exercises in honor of the Blessed Virgin; her altar is decorated; liturgies and rosaries are recited; and no Catholic family should allow any of the exercises to pass without sending one of its members to assist at them.

DANGERS OF CREMATION.—From every imaginable standpoint we have argued against the pagan custom of cremation. Above all since our own city has been afflicted, at a great cost to some people, with a crematory, we have sought to show that from the religious point of view the Catholic Church, like in scores of other important matters affecting society, is the only one right. From the social side there are equally important considerations. Also the matter must be studied in its aspect as regards sanitary regulations of the city.

The Government in England is making an effort to cope with the dangers that are obviously to become the results of this system of burning the dead. The regulations, very minute and specific, which are sought to be introduced, tell on the face of them the need there is for a check to this undesirable and unnatural mode of disposing of the departed. According to "The Review" these regulations:—

"Provide that every crematorium must have the authority of the Home Secretary, and that no body shall be burned against the express wish of its original possessor. Moreover, no body may be burned before registration of death, except on a coroner's certificate, or without official application for a permit on the part of executors or relatives after filing the requisite statutory declarations. Further, no cremation is to be permitted unless (a) certificates be given by a registered medical practitioner who can certify definitely as to the cause of death, and by a medical referee; (b) unless a post-mortem examination has been made by a medical practitioner, expert in pathology, appointed by the cremation authority, or, in a case of emergency, by the medical referee appointed by such authority; or (c) unless an inquest has been held. The written authority of the medical referee, who must be a medical practitioner of not less than five years' standing, must also be produced."

Recently there was the case of a publican who poisoned at least three women. No conviction could ever have been obtained against him had the bodies of his victims been cremated. The grand purpose of the regulations in question is to meet the object of persons who fear that cremation will be a help in the concealment of crime—especially in the case of poisoning. The result in England of this legislative movement is yet a matter of speculation. But referring to the United States, the organ above quoted uses this emphatic language:—

"In our own land of laxity and official corruption, it is to be feared, the most stringent regulations with regard to cremation would not have the desired effect; but they might deter many from disposing of their dead by cremation, since the average person dreads post-mortems and inquests."

It is quite evident that when the Church set her face directly and uncompromisingly against cremation, she had in view the social and general interests of the human race, just as well as the religious teachings for which she is ever responsible. It is

the same in regard to matters of divorce; and in every other subject that is calculated to interest the great mass of the human family. And it is just as clear, for we have no examples of the contrary, that in every case the state and society must eventually come around to an admission of the Church's wisdom and rectitude. There is no praise more eloquent than imitation. When you imitate another person in anything, you actually acknowledge that person's superiority in that special direction. So it is with the State, or society, and the Church; the very adoption of her teachings in practice proves the excellence of all that she enunciates. We sincerely hope that the aim of the British Government be attained, for its realization would mean peace, contentment and happiness.

ELABORATE IMITATION.—We have been greatly amused with a very long account, appearing in one of our New York exchanges of the ceremonies of a high ritualistic character that take place in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and that of St. Ignatius. We are told that while the same tenets of faith are held in Trinity Church still the vestments are not so elaborate nor are the ceremonials so very Catholic in form. For example in Trinity the celebrant of holy communion wears a chasuble, of linen, and not of silk or satin in colors to correspond with the season. But in the other two churches, we find almost a perfect imitation of the Catholic ceremonials. Here are a few of the observances in these churches:—

"There are the altar eucharistic lights, colored stoles, processional cross for the boy choirs, fasting communion, auricular confession, acolytes and all the ritualistic features of the full services with the exception of those that are most striking."

This is very interesting as far as it goes; but just following a few of the details that come next. In the two churches above mentioned the Sursum use, and not the Roman use, is employed in details of the service. The Sursum use was compiled by Osmund, Bishop of Sarum, when, in 1078, he rebelled against the Gregorian chant. His compilation was called the "Custom Book."

The distinction made regarding the chasuble, by the Sursum use, is not exactly as represented in the article to which we refer, and which says:—

"In the Roman Catholic Church today this vestment is merely two flaps of silk connected by two bands, through which the priest puts his head. Then the bands lie on his shoulders. In the Sursum use the chasuble still retains its ancient form of a cloak that falls over the shoulders. The priest assumes it as does the Roman cleric by putting his head through the hole in the top of the garment. The garment looks in the hand like a truncated cone. In such particulars the ancient Sursum use which the ritualists have restored differs from the practices that have survived in the Roman Church. In parishes dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, for instance, pale blue takes the place of green throughout the Trinity season. But in the main, the Sursum use and the Roman are the same in important points."

It will be remembered, however, that the chasuble, as described in Sursum use is merely the old time outer vestment as used in the days of Christ; our form is one that was

devised centuries ago, as more convenient, especially as it afforded less obstacles in the priest's way, particularly in regard to the freedom of the hands and arms. But the form of the vestment is of small moment in presence of the other attempt at imitating the Catholic Church.

In the churches above-named the principal Sunday service is what they call the eleven o'clock Mass. But just follow this:—

"There are always two or three early Low Masses for those who have been to confession and desire to take communion fasting. The rule that parishioners must make communion fasting compels them to go to the early Masses, and the high, or solemn Mass, as it may happen to be intended only for the communion of the priest. Low, High and solemn Mass are almost technical terms and have a specific meaning in the understanding of the clergy and the ritualists. A Low Mass is said without music and with the assistance of only an acolyte. Usually it is said in the early morning for the persons who want to make communion. But more rarely it is said later on a week day to celebrate a saint's day. Only two candles are lit. At High Mass, there are a choir, two acolytes, six candles at least, and sometimes incense, although according to strict rule, incense is used only at a solemn Mass. The distinguishing feature of the solemn Mass is the participation of the deacon and sub-deacon who serve the celebrant of the Mass as acolytes."

So far you would almost imagine that you were reading about the services in a real Catholic Church; and the idea is heightened when you are told that:—

"At the solemn Mass the thurifer heads the choir procession into the church. The crucifer follows him, and then come the choir. Usually there are visiting clergy who bring up the end of the procession."

The first serious doubt dawns upon you when you come to the passage in the description that says:—

"The Mass begins without the reading of the morning prayer, which is done in the ritualistic churches at an earlier service; so the communion service begins as it does in the prayer book with the Decalogue. If the Decalogue has been read after morning prayer it is sometimes omitted at the High or solemn Mass."

There is something not genuine here; at least so it flashes upon the Catholic mind. But that doubt is almost banished by this description of the Mass itself.

"The celebrant wears a chasuble and the deacon and sub-deacon are clad in dalmatics, or long silk cloaks that come to the knee. All wear red or white cassocks and white albs, sometimes of lace, but in the ritualistic churches more frequently of fine linen. The sub-deacon reads the Epistle and the deacon marching to the Gospel side of the altar with the thurifer and the crucifer and the master of ceremonies, if this functionary is serving, reads the Gospel from a book which the sub-deacon rests on his head. Sometimes the altar procession, as it is called, may include more than the deacon, sub-deacon, thurifer, crucifer and celebrant. There may be acolytes and candle-bearers in any number that may tend to increase the effectiveness or beauty of the procession."

One more quotation:—

"The deacon, of course, incenses the book of the Gospel before he reads and kisses it. If there is to be a sermon from the celebrant of the Mass, the two assist him to remove his chasuble and hang the vestment on the Gospel side of the altar. The chasuble is reserved only for the celebration of the Mass and is not worn for a sermon. The deacon and acolytes do in the other Mass. The celebrant of the solemn Mass, just as the sub-deacon serve the celebrant. They bring the water and the napkin for the ablutions and they perform all the other duties of the acolytes. It is they who help to put the chasuble again over the head of the celebrant after he has finished the sermon."

We need go no farther with this elaborate account. We have quoted enough to show that they come as near to the Catholic ceremonials as it is within their power to do.

But after all how hollow and how meaningless the entire imitation is to us. What is the use of it? Their Mass is, after all, only a going through forms in costume, after a certain theatrical fashion. The one and only grand requisite is, absent; and in its absence the whole performance, serious and earnest as these good people are, becomes a mere mockery. It is the great sacrifice, not figurative, but actual, that constitutes the secret of the Catholic Mass. It is the Real Presence that lends importance and meaning to the ritual; the absence of that Eucharistic presence is one lack which nullifies the entire service. With all their chasubles, albs, crosses, censers, acolytes, deacons, sub-deacons, and priests, they are as far from the reality as is the performance of the Passion by the European peasants distinct and far from the real tragedy that took place twenty centuries ago at Jerusalem.

It is this great and radical distinction that these good ritualists do not seem to perceive; and it is this that constitutes the abyss that remains unbridged between their performance and the real sacrifice of the Mass. In a word, they have not the Transubstantiation!

THE VEGETARIAN FAD.—Fads of all kinds are destined to eventually be exposed and extinguished. In fact, we have always noticed that these queer and sudden eccentricities in people end in proving simply that only shallow minds are capable of becoming infatuated by them. Of all the strange people the vegetarians should have the palm, for they run counter to the experience of all past ages. It is very late now, after six thousand years, to commence a wholesale remodelling of the human race. Dr. Brockler, of Vienna, the other day made a great onslaught on vegetarians. He attacked them by stating that he had compared the relative merits of flesh-eating and their forms of nutriment, and pronounced in favor of meat diet, especially for the European races. Here are the five points of the Doctor's indictment:

1. Vegetarians tend to lower the birth rate of countries.
2. They do not survive the fourth generation.
3. They become bald early in life.
4. They suffer from defective eyesight.
5. They are deficient in physical courage.

Miss Florence Nicholson, secretary of the Vegetarian Society, said that the doctor must have been experimenting with curious representatives of vegetarianism.

However, we must admit that the doctor will need to substantiate these statements by statistics, otherwise he may have a hard time at the hands of the confirmed vegetarians. But if he be right, as we believe he is, it is high time for these enemies of flesh-meat to open their eyes to the reality.

REAL SUPERSTITION.—A Vienna despatch tells the following queer story:—

"At Mardzina, in Hungary, recently a workman was sent down a well seventy-eight feet deep to do some necessary repairs. Part of the stone walls of the well gave way, and he was covered by the loosened earth that fell down. Many peasants witnessed the occurrence, but declined to give him any assistance, saying he must have been a blasphemer whom the devil had claimed and taken to perdition. No one, therefore, went to his aid, and the local inspector had to send for a force of laborers from Radantz, who, after several days' hard work, found the corpse of the unfortunate man at the bottom of the well covered with soft mud."

This is decidedly a hard case. But we doubt if it is any worse, save in the unfortunate end of the poor well-digger, than that of the last attempt on the part of the Doukober fanatics of the Northwest. Imagine people going about in a state of absolute nudity and declining either to work or to keep animals, or to do anything that common sense, as well as the law of God, have ordained. There is decidedly a species of religious monomania in these people and in all people who perform such notoriously outlandish acts. The Christian scientists are not one whit

better; if anything they are worse, for they claim, at least, to possess a certain degree of education, in a word, to be enlightened people.

When we read of the opponents of Catholicity treating the Church as the mother of superstition and the Catholics as the victims of the same unhappy state of mind, we are forced to smile. Contrasted with rank superstition that prevails on all sides outside the Church and the still ranker fanaticism that reigns in almost every sphere, it should be apparent to sensible people that the Catholic Church alone possesses the supernatural, both as a deposit in the form of Truth and as an inspiration coming from the Holy Ghost. There is as much difference between these superstitions of the non-Catholic world and the miracles of Catholicity as there is between the incantations of the Witch of Endor and the giving to Moses of the Decalogue on the summit of Sinai.

SEEKING THE NORTH POLE.—It seems that the new idea of reaching the North Pole has developed into a scheme of sub-marine navigation. A London despatch says:—

"The attainment of the North Pole still remains the greatest potential achievement in the field of geographical research, and the solution of the great arctic problem—the passage of a half degree belt between the Duke of the Abruzzi's record (86 degrees 34 seconds) and the pole—may well be described as the blue ribbon of exploration in general. The latest and most daring plan is that of the and Dr. Anschutz-Kampfe. The great and Dr. Anschutz-Kampfe. The plan of the latter explorer is, in brief, to reach the North Pole by means of a submarine vessel. He proposes, in fact, to dive under the belt of thick ice which encircles the actual site of the North Pole."

We have no practical idea of the depth of the ice-belt at the Arctic circle, nor does any one know whether open water is to be found beyond it or not. But we are patriotic enough to have greater confidence in our own Captain Bernier's plan. At present he is in Ottawa, and is working tooth and nail to perfect his plans and to secure from the Government the needed assistance. Already he has quite an amount gathered, with promises of Provincial Government aid. There is no doubt the Federal Parliament will come to his assistance. And even all the other Provincial Legislatures should do likewise, for all the Dominion is interested. But we are more impressed with the practical, and open way in which he proposes going the great feat, than with all other projected plans put together. He is evidently in possession of all the needed details, his route seems to the ordinary observer a most practicable one; and we cannot see why he should fail—barring unforeseen accidents—should he once be able to secure the ship as he has planned it, and the money required for the supplies to sustain his crew during a couple of years.

POVERTY IN DEMAND.—As a rule it is wealth, or capital, that is needed in a country, but we have before us the account of a very strange case, in France. It is truly a curious state of things at Chalons-sur-Loire, where, with the money left by a rich landed proprietor, an asylum for indigent old people has been built. Everything is now ready and the asylum will be opened at the end of this month. The prefect and all the local authorities had arranged to be present, and a high functionary from Paris was to grace the inaugural proceedings. Only one thing was wanting—the inmates. Although every effort has been made to find old people who will accept the hospitality of the asylum, the institution is still without those for whom it was built, and it is now feared that the opening ceremony will have to be indefinitely postponed.

We could, if it were necessary, furnish the indigent old people, and we would be glad to do so rather than have such an institution go to loss for lack of poor persons to enjoy its hospitality. But that must be a curious town that cannot afford enough poor to make a beginning at least, in such an establishment. Seriously

speaking, however, it is an eloquent plea in favor of the place, and a very telling tribute to the administration municipal and otherwise. It also may be looked upon as a fair test of the industry, economy, and provident qualities of its inhabitants. It will be a distant day when in our section of the world, with all its electric advancement, we have anything of such a nature to boast.

INCIDENTS IN FRANCE.—It would form a curious volume were one to gather together all the striking incidents connected with the execution, by Premier Combes and his envoys, of the Law of Associations in France. Countless scenes of a very sad character have been the result, and equally innumerable events of a startling and often heroic kind have marked the march of that evil-gearing enactment over the land.

A few of these events are actually worth recording. The Bishop of Nantes wrote to M. Combes saying that he could not prohibit preaching and the celebration of worship in the places referred to by the Premier's circular. Mgr. Couille, Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons and Primate of the Gauls, also wrote the Premier to the effect that he regrets being unable, in conformity to the circular issued by the Government, to put an immediate stop to the celebration of religious services in unauthorized places, or to prevent priests belonging to unauthorized congregations from being allowed to preach.

In the Cathedral at Nancy, a week ago last Sunday, there was quite an excitement. Mgr. Turinaz, addressing a vast congregation, told them that he had selected the Abbe Ravenez, a secularized Jesuit, to preach on Sundays in May. By so doing he wished to protest against the monstrous abuse of power shown by the Government. The remarks of the prelate were greeted with loud cries of "Long live the Frontier Bishop," a tribute to the patriotism of Mgr. Turinaz.

At Tarascon, when an official attempted to set his seal on the doors of the Abbey of Frigolet, belonging to an unauthorized congregation, the crowds prevented him, and stoned his carriage.

A great demonstration took place on Monday week last at Le Mans, outside the Capuchin Convent. The crowd cheering "Hurrah for Liberty," and "Long live the Capuchins."

The refusal of the Franciscans of Nines to permit seals to be affixed to the doors of their monastery led to a demonstration in their power. The police made many arrests. The Franciscans receive the highest praise for their pluck. Besieged in their convent, they were three days without food; and even then they would not open the doors. They awaited till the authorities smashed them in with axes.

As a rule, the accusation brought against the clergy by the Government is that they are not loyal to the Republic. But the President seems to think otherwise. Here is an incident recorded:—

"On his passage through Marseilles, while en route for Algeria, M. Loubet received the Bishop of the diocese and a body of clergy, who presented their homage to the head of the Republic. Monsignor Andrieu, in addressing the President, pointed out that the political attitude of the Marseilles clergy was irreproachable, and that, like the Church, they always respected the established powers. The holders of authority, he said in the words of St. Paul, were ministers of God unto good, and after an allusion to the President's felicitations to the Pope on the occasion of the Holy Father's Jubilee, wished him cordially a pleasant and successful voyage. M. Loubet, in his reply, said the Church had a mission of peace, fraternity, and reconciliation, and that when, as in the diocese of Marseilles, she acquitted herself of that mission, she had a right to the respect and support of all good citizens. But he said nothing about the persecution which, over the whole of France, is driving forth peaceful monks and nuns. Nor was the subject even touched during the interview. Such an omission seems strange to us who live in a land where the Church is free, but doubtless our continental brethren know their own business best."

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

On Morbid Curiosity.

All the peculiarities of the human mass there is none that has more frequently attracted my attention...

the "gallery of horrors," she being desirous—from an artist's motive—to examine the reproductions...

A STRIKING EXAMPLE.—There exists, however, another power that caters more than even the "gallery basing instinct, and that stirs up in the minds of the people that morbid curiosity...

OTHER CASES.—It may be very natural for people to rush out at the first alarm of fire, for there is a sense of self-preservation associated with that feeling of curiosity...

STILL WORSE CASES.—There are other circumstances that are still more to be deplored, in which people exhibit a spirit of morbid curiosity that is quite repulsive...

to remedy the state of things then existing, and the result of his two years' labor and the generosity of his flock and other friends was seen on Sunday last...

The behaviour of this congregation of workmen has been admirable. In a short time the widely scattered flock has formed itself into a compact body...

Last Sunday came as a reward to the people when for the first time they saw with grateful wonder the interior of the new school-chapel.

Bishop Spalding On Labor Problems

Bishop Spalding, who was a member of the Coal Strike Commission, in a lecture on labor problems at the Coliseum, Peoria, on May 2, spoke in part as follows:—

Laws are not made for the great corporations. What a gain for the entire world if all dehumanized men should get out! We have means enough. We can do without capitalists who come among us and live on the blood of human beings...

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, May 5.

Before turning to any of the political or social matters that have made a stir during the past week at Ottawa, we will commence with a few items of interesting religious news...

The grand concert and drawing in connection with the tombola will be held in the hall Thursday evening.

On Sunday St. Joseph's Church celebrated its patronal feast. Solemn High Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Fortier, assisted by Rev. Fathers Kerwin and Oufinet as deacon and sub-deacon respectively...

Rev. Father Harkin sang High Mass at St. Bridget's Church last Sunday. Rev. Father Harkin was the celebrant of High Mass in St. Bridget's Church...

The Irish societies still keep energetically at the work of organization for the great banquet to be given on the 30th May, to Hon. John Costigan...

Death has been busy at late and one of the most lamented cases is that of Mr. S. Fisher, of the Militia Department...

In military circles there is quite a flurry. From the Parliamentary standpoint, I will tell what has occurred, after making mention of return on Monday...

The boys detained speedily and were immediately greeted with joyous salutations from their many friends. The contingent marched over Duferin bridge to Wellington street, thence along O'Connor,

Sparks, Metcalfe and Maria to the drill hall. The boys marched with all the ease and regularity of regular troops. At the drill hall Lieut. Col. Sherwood addressed the officers and men, and complimented them upon the admirable way in which they had conducted themselves...

We will now turn to Parliament Hill and to some of the doings in the House of Commons. Since the Budget debate has been over, few matters of absorbing interest have arisen. But on Tuesday, Mr. Bourassa, member for Labelle, moved a motion, in which he criticized the attitude of Lord Dundonald...

This brought forth a very characteristic war-whoop speech from Col. Sam. Hughes, M.P., but it also evoked from Mr. Monk one of the most distinctly delivered and logically constructed speeches of the whole session. In fact, Mr. Monk's was probably the best he ever delivered on any subject...

The weather has become very charming, but for lack of rain all the farming country around Ottawa is suffering. The bush fires that have raged in the vicinity for two weeks back have played general havoc with the farmers, their fences, barns, and standing timber...

Charity is a fire, but three things can extinguish it: the whirlwind of pride, the inundations of gluttony and luxury, and the dense fumes of avarice.—St. Anthony.

Be patient in adversity and humble in prosperity, and thus you will triumph in all your struggles.—St. Francis.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO

St. Mary's Catholic Church, Wabash Avenue and Eldredge court, Chicago, the mother church of the Chicago archdiocese, celebrated its seventieth anniversary on last Sunday. In 1833 Chicago numbered among its population about 100 Catholics...

The young priest began immediately to look for a church. Many were offered, but the price was too high for the struggling congregation. At last he was given an option on a canal lot, with the privilege of buying at the canal commissioners' valuation...

Catholic Indians assisted at the first services, and the Indian women cleaned the church and made it ready for dedication. Rough pine tables were used for altar and pulpit, the walls were not plastered, and the church had no belfry...

Father St. Cyr was recalled to St. Louis in 1837, and was succeeded by Father O'Meara, who planned to build a new church on a lot purchased at Madison street and Wabash Avenue, which was started by his successor, Father de St. Palais, in 1843...

It was opened for services in December, 1843, and when Bishop Quarter arrived on May 5, 1844, it became the first cathedral in Chicago, holding that distinction until the Chicago fire, in 1871, when all was lost in St. Mary's except the parish records...

After the fire Bishop Foley purchased the Plymouth Church property, at Eldridge court and Wabash avenue, and fitted it up for St. Mary's congregation. The first services were held in it Oct. 6, 1873. Owing to the destruction of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, St. Mary's was again used as the cathedral or technically the pro-cathedral until 1876, when the cathedral was rebuilt.

The new St. Mary's was dedicated on Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1872, being the anniversary of the great fire, by Bishop Foley, and was intended for use by the old congregation of St. Mary's and that of St. Louis', the latter church also being destroyed by fire.

Father E. A. Murphy is the present pastor of St. Mary's congregation, which is composed almost entirely of transients at downtown hotels, the skyscrapers and great business structures having driven the descendants of the first families further south, north, or west.

Premium TO Subscribers.

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

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

City and District Savings Bank

The annual meeting of the City and District Savings Bank was held Tuesday last, and the financial report and the financial statements were submitted and the directors took place.

The president, Sir William P. Lesperance, occupied the chair, and P. Lesperance, manager of the bank, acted as secretary, and reported on the directors.

The Directors, and the Mr. A. P. Lesperance, are gratulated upon the success of the past year. The term has enabled the bank to increase the Reserve Fund by \$700,000, which now totals \$1,000,000, which now totals \$1,000,000, which now totals \$1,000,000...

The report of the Directors follows:—

Your directors have presented the fifty-sixth report of the affairs of the bank, the result of its operations for the year ending December 31, 1907.

The net profits for the year ending December 31, 1907, amounted to \$150,511.72, which, added to the reserve fund of \$751.57, brought forward year's profit and loss account to \$151,263.29.

Statement of the affairs of the City and District Savings Bank on the 31st December 1907.

Cash on hand and in the Dominion of Canada Government and accrued interest Provincial Government City of Montreal, and School Bonds and Other Bonds and Debentures Sundry Securities, etc. Call and Short Loans, etc. Charity Donation Fund, Municipal Securities and Dominion Government

Bank Premises (Head Office) Branches, etc. Other Assets, etc.

TO THE PUBLIC. Amount due Depositors Amount due Receivers Amount due Charity Donors Amount due Open Accounts

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS. Capital Stock (Amount 100,000) Reserve Fund Profit and Loss Account

Number of open accounts Average amount due each

Audited and found correct JAS. TASKER, A. CING-MARS, Auditors.

On the motion of the President, the report and financial statements were unanimously adopted, which a resolution of the board was passed to the president, manager and other officers.

Mr. Nolan Delisle submitted an amendment to the by-laws, to credit interest on accounts semi-annual June and 31st December, annually, as heretofore, and to vote the existing by-laws on the closing of the bank in each year.

This was agreed to, and Mr. Delisle made fitting reference to the death of Mr. Hennessy, manager of the bank for a century, and subsequently, and expressed the sympathy of the shareholders with the family.

Mr. James Tasker, a Cing-Mars were re-elected for the year, and Mr. W. and Mr. Louis Barbeau pointed scrutineers for the directors.

Catholic Progress In London.

Another evidence of the progress the Church is making in London, Eng., says the London "Univers," was afforded on a recent Sunday morning last, when a new school-chapel was opened at East Ham by the Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignor Stanley. Within the past few years the district has grown at an enormous rate; green fields have given place to row upon row of houses, mostly inhabited by the working classes, many of whom have been

driven further out of the east end on account of the influx of alien Jews. Naturally amongst this vast number of toilers were many Catholic families, for whose spiritual welfare the Cardinal has for long been very anxious. Some two years ago His Eminence appointed the Rev. A. Maes to the chaplaincy of the Industrial School at Boleyn Castle, and the rev. gentleman saw how necessary it was that at least a school-chapel should be erected without delay. Through the kindness of the Brothers of Mercy he was enabled to gather his flock together on Sundays in the chapel of the castle, but the children who were attending non-Catholic schools had to be considered if their faith was to be saved. Father Maes set to work in earnest

FROM CHICAGO

Catholic Church, Wabash and Elredge court, Chicago numbered among the most magnificent of the world's churches...

City and District Savings Bank

The annual meeting of the City and District Savings Bank was held on Tuesday last, when the directors' report and the financial statement were submitted...

The president, Sir William Hingston, occupied the chair, and Mr. A. P. Lesperance, manager of the Bank, who acted as secretary, read the report of the directors.

The report of the Directors is as follows:-

Your directors have pleasure in presenting the fifty-sixth annual report of the affairs of the Bank, and of the result of its operations for the year ending December 31st, 1907.

Statement of the affairs of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank on the 31st December, 1907.

Table with columns for Assets and Liabilities. Assets include Cash on hand, Dominion of Canada Government Stock, Provincial Government Bonds, etc. Liabilities include Depositors, Charity Donation Fund, etc.

TO THE PUBLIC. Amount due Depositors \$14,085,806.91. Amount due Receiver-General 93,341.86. Amount due Charity Donation Fund 180,000.00. Amount due Open Accounts 78,448.23.

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS. Capital Stock (amount subscribed \$1,000,000) paid up \$600,000.00. Reserve Fund 700,000.00. Profit and Loss Account 50,263.29.

Number of open accounts 62,843. Average amount due each depositor \$224.14.

Audited and found correct. JAS. TASKER, A. CINQ-MARS, Auditors. A. P. LESPERANCE, Manager.

Premium subscribers.

As a premium subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Book, who will send 5 subscribers to the True Witness...

have been paid two dividends and bonus; \$26,000 has been expended on the acquisition of property for the enlargement of the St. Catherine street East Branch; and \$100,000 has been transferred to the Reserve Fund...

That the Bank is essentially a Savings Bank, largely availed of by small depositors, is evidenced by the fact that the number of open accounts, on the 31st December last, was 62,843; the average amount due each depositor being \$224.14.

At the request of a large number of citizens, residing in that quarter, a new Branch was opened, during the year, at the corner of St. Denis and Rachel streets. It is making satisfactory progress.

Your directors have had to deplore the death, during the year, of their esteemed colleague, Mr. Henri Barbeau, whose services to the Bank, as manager for a quarter of a century, and subsequently as director, had been of great advantage to the institution.

As usual, frequent and thorough inspection of the books has been made during the year.

The report of the auditors and the balance sheet are now before you.

There will be submitted to you an amendment to the by-laws of the Bank, to credit interest on depositors' accounts semi-annually on 30th June and 31st December, instead of annually, as heretofore, and to revoke the existing by-law requiring the closing of the Bank on 31st December, in each year.

You are invited to elect directors and auditors for the current year.

WM. H. HINGSTON, President. Montreal, May 5, 1908.

Murphy, Richard Bolton, W. R. Miller, C. P. Hebert, G. N. Moncel, G. S. Blackman, and A. P. Lesperance, manager.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Sir William Hingston was re-elected president, and Mr. R. Bellemare vice-president.

List of stockholders on 31st December, 1907.

Table with columns for Name and No. of Shares. Lists names like Archibald, Edw., Baroness Von Friesen, Archer, Robert, etc., with their respective share counts.

If any one make a practice of praying in public with arms extended, despite ridicule or opposition, he does God as much honor by the act as is done a king by placing him on a throne.—St. Gertrude.

The greater a man appears in his own eyes, the more despicable he is before God; the more worthy of scorn he considers himself, the dearer he is to God.—St. Bernardine.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE. Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble to make. In small and large bottles from all grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

Infallibility And Its Definition.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Scores of accusations may be made on any one subject, but amongst them there are always some of more vital importance than others. So is it in regard to this matter of the Infallibility. The following extracts embody in a few words one of the most noted of the shafts fired at the Church by those who are not of her communion.

"One of the chief objects for which the Vatican Council was called in 1869 was to enroll the doctrine of Papal Infallibility among the formal Church doctrines." Cyclopaedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, vol. IV., p. 570. Taking this as the starting point we make a sweeping and unqualified denial. Not only was the definition and promulgation of that dogma not the principal object of the Vatican Council; but it was not even taken into consideration, nor thought of until the programme of the Council had been almost half gone through and disposed of. Had it been a pre-conceived aim, when the suggestion of the Council was first made, we might have to acknowledge some color to the argument that it was not a direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost. But so sudden, so unexpected so totally outside and beyond the official list of subjects to be considered, was this one of the Infallibility, that we must admit that it came upon the Council like a bolt from the blue sky, and came upon Pius IX. with a rush that he had never anticipated. While there may be hundreds, and thousands, perhaps, inclined to disbelieve our statement, we will ask them to suspend judgment until they shall have read the exact historical facts that are associated with that important event.

What we are about to lay down as facts are one and all based upon authentic and irrefutable evidence, which, for the sake of brevity, we leave aside; but which are absolutely at the disposal of whomsoever things proper to dispute them.

The first step in reference to the Council was taken on the 6th December, 1863. On that date, Pius IX., after having maturely considered the matter communicated in strict secrecy, to all the cardinals then in Rome, his intention to convoke the Council. He directed each one to weigh the matter privately and send in writing his view. Twenty-one opinions were handed in and all—except two—favored the project.

In March, 1865, he appointed a Commission of Cardinals to meet and confer together on the subject. This body advised the convocation of the Council. In April of the same year (mark well the date—1865), a circular letter was, by order of the Pope, sent to thirty-six Bishops of all nations, selected for their knowledge in theology and canon law. These Bishops were asked to state in detail the matters which in their opinion, ought to be brought before the Council.

On the 17th November—1865—the Papal nuncios at Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Brussels, and Munich were officially notified of the Pope's intention to summon the Council. They were asked for their opinions and for the names of two theologians, each, to be accredited from their respective countries to the Council. On the recommendation of the Commission of Cardinals, the Pope appointed a special commission to prepare the work of the Council. This consisted of five Cardinals, eight Bishops, and a secretary, to which were afterwards added more than a hundred consulting theologians summoned to Rome from different parts of Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, England, Spain, and the United States. This Commission of Direction, as it was called, was divided into five sections: 1, Doctrine; 2, Discipline; 3, Religious Orders; 4, Foreign missions and Eastern Churches; 5, Politico-Ecclesiastical, or Mixed Questions. The Commission on Doctrine (the only one with which we have to do in this matter), with twenty-four consultants, sat for twenty-seven months, and held fifty-six sessions, in which time it drew up three, and only three "Schemata," or draft-decrees; one on Catholic Faith against Materialism, Rationalism, and Pantheism; another on the Church of Christ; and the third on Christian Marriage. After the opening of the Council, this commission met only once. On the 26th June, 1867, the Pope, in a public audience, announced to more than five hundred Bishops, then assembled in Rome to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and Paul, that he had decided on convoking the Council.

On the 1st July, 1867, the Bishops presented their answer in the form of an address, to which were appended 503 signatures. The Pope caused to be distributed to the Bishops papers containing seventeen questions on the matters which he thought advisable to bring before the Council.

On the feast of St. Peter and Paul June 29, 1868, the Bull convoking the Council was issued, and the 8th December, 1869, was named as the date of assembling. The Council opened on the appointed day, with 719 Fathers, which number increased to 764 later on. Some thirty nations were represented. There were two kinds of sessions; one public, at which the work of the Council would be put through its final stages of confirmation and promulgation; the other private, in which the discussion of the subject matter was carried on. Of the former there were in all four; of the latter there were eighty-nine. The Pope presided at the former; at the latter he was represented by a Cardinal. He himself never appeared at the sessions. Latin was the language of the Council. On the 20th December, the Council proceeded to elect by private vote commissions, or committees: 1, On Faith; 2, on Discipline; 3, on Religious Orders. The Commission on Faith was far the most important. Seven hundred and twenty-one votes were cast, each Father voting for 24, the number of members composing the commission. One Patriarch, thirteen Archbishops, nine Bishops, and one Vicar-Apostolic were elected, with a Cardinal appointed by the Pope to preside over their deliberations. Of the elected members, four were Italian, two German, one Austrian, one Hungarian, one Polish, one Belgian, one Swiss, one Dutch, two French, two Spanish, one English (Cardinal Manning), one Irish (Archbishop Leahy, of Cashel), two South American, two Asiatic, and two North American (Archbishops Spalding, Baltimore, and Alemany, San Francisco.) "The world would have it, that the chief object of the Pope in calling the Council was to define his own Infallibility; and yet, strange to say, the subject had absolutely no place in the programme prepared for and submitted to the Council. Of the Cardinals consulted in the first instance only two mentioned the subject." "It was hardly so much as named," says Cardinal Manning, ("True Story of the Vatican Council," p. 28), "in the midst of an interminable list of subjects" suggested in the answers of the thirty-six Bishops consulted.

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There was not one word about it in the paper containing seventeen questions which the Pope had distributed to the five hundred Bishops assembled in Rome, in June, 1867. The preparatory Commission, on Doctrine discussed the subject, and reported that, though "the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff can be defined as an article of faith." Yet, "the judgment of the Commission is that this subject ought not to be proposed by the Apostolic See except at the petition of the Bishops." The subject, accordingly, did not appear in the official programme or schemata.

"The Month," of February, 1891, p. 205, says: "But the newspapers and governments of Europe were so certain that the Definition was intended, and so anxious that it should be prevented, that they forced the subject on the attention of the Bishops far more effectually than the Pope could himself have done. The elaborate arguments and vehement invectives of the press, the threats, combinations, and intrigues of statesmen (see Card. Manning's work, pages 67-71), turned what would otherwise be a luxury of faith into a stern necessity. Not to define the Infallibility nor would be to deny it."

The result was that on the 28th January, 1870, a petition, bearing the names of 410 Bishops, was presented to the Commission on Postulates, asking that the subject should be introduced to the Council for discussion and definition.

The special discussions followed; that on the Infallibility began on the 15th June, with 372 fathers present, and occupied 12 days, closing by mutual consent on the 4th July. Fifty-seven had spoken. The whole chapter, with ninety-six amendments, was referred to the Commission on Faith. This made its report on the 11th July. On the 13th July the formal vote was taken on the whole Schemata. There were present 601 Fathers, all that remained in Rome, save about a dozen too ill to attend. (Fifteen had died during the sitting of the Council.)

The vote was as follows:—Placets, or Ayes, 451; Non Placets, or Noes, 88; and Placets juxta modum, or Ayes with modification, 62. It was then sent back with amendments to

the Commission. On the 8th July the public session was held. Present 535 Fathers. The decree was read aloud from the "Ambo," and every Father was called upon to give a final vote. The result was 538 Ayes, and 2 Noes. The Pope received the numbers from the tellers, published them to the Council, and immediately confirmed the decree. No sooner had he done this than the two Bishops who voted against threw themselves on their knees, and made a profession of faith in the dogma.

Throughout the opposition was not to the doctrine, but to the expediency of defining it at that time; "A grave injustice," says Cardinal Manning, "has been done the Bishops who opposed the definition. They were treated (by the world outside) as if they denied the truth of the doctrine itself. Their opposition was not to the doctrine, but to the defining of it, and not even absolutely to the defining of it, but to the defining of it at that time." The question then discussed was not the "truth" of the doctrine, but the "opportune"ness of defining it.

So much for the facts. Pius IX. never dreamed of having the dogma defined, when he summoned the Council; it was never on the official programme; it was forced, long after the Council was in session, upon its attention by the attacks made upon all over Europe; the Pope took no part in the deliberations regarding it; and those who raised any discussion did so as to the timeliness of defining it—seeing how suddenly it came on them in the midst of the long-prepared programme.

Having thus dealt with facts, we will turn next week to a little fiction that the opponents Catholicity seek to weave around the Infallibility of the Pope.

THE CATHOLIC SICK ROOM

In a series of interesting articles by the Rev. J. F. Spain, S.J., published in "The Cross," of Halifax, N.S., the writer says of newly-born infants:—

If a child at its birth seems to be already in danger of death, send without delay for a priest. In the meantime, be on the watch, and if you think it actually dying, take some water, cold or warm, and, while pouring a few spoonful on its head, say the words: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

This is sufficient, but it is more correct to pour the water in the shape of a cross three times, at the words Father, Son, Holy Ghost.

As this is a very important matter, every Catholic, especially every Catholic woman, ought to learn from some qualified persons how to do it properly.

In cases of miscarriage, even in the early stages of conception, baptism ought to be conferred by the nurse, if neither a priest nor a Catholic doctor is at hand. When it is doubtful whether the subject is alive or not, make a reservation in your own mind to the effect that you have no intention of baptizing anything but a living human being.

Here we make a serious protest against delaying baptism, no matter how healthy the child may be. Some people think nothing of putting it off for a week or a fortnight. It ought not to be put off a single day. Babies are flimsy things, and the first care of a mother or father should be to secure for it eternal life in Heaven. If the god-parents live at a distance, or cannot come at once, never mind—get a proxy.

Signor Marconi's Invention.

Signor Marconi, who, as our readers are aware, is a Catholic and the son of an Irish mother, has informed the world recently that as many as twenty-nine Transatlantic liners are now equipped with wireless telegraph instruments. Some of the ships earn as much as £60 per voyage from sending the passengers' messages. The great inventor states that Italy has so far shown herself most generous in helping him. England, he says, is rather slow, but still all right. America, we are surprised to learn, is behind all the other nations as regards the new invention. This is probably owing to the fact that it did not originate in the brain of an American. Of the nations whose ships have taken up the wireless telegraphic system Germany is said to have come first of all, then England, France, Italy, and Belgium. The present limit for a message is 3,000 miles, but Signor Marconi hopes that in a short time this long distance will be extended considerably.—London Universe.

"What an Article In Donahoe's Did"

(By Rev. J. T. Roche.)

In the Christmas number of Donahoe's for 1898, there appeared an article by a Nebraska priest entitled "Costly Indifference." The purport of the article was the need of better facilities for divine worship, particularly in the small towns and country places of the Great West; and the opportunities present for Catholics of means for the many thousands of their scattered brethren who are slowly but surely being lost to the Church. It described conditions, which are as real to-day as they were five years ago; and pointed out problems whose solution is destined to make heavy demands upon the wisdom, zeal, self-sacrifice and vigilance of the Church in the United States.

It was one of those little messages, hot from the heart, which sometimes effect their purpose far better than more ambitious and elaborate productions. The result was beyond the priest's most sanguine expectations. Toward the close of the following month he was surprised by the receipt of the following letter:—

January 25th, 1899.

Reverend Dear Father:—

I have just read with a great deal of interest your article in the December number of "Donahoe's Magazine," entitled "Costly Indifference," and having spent several of my earlier years in Salt Lake City before a Catholic Church was erected there; and, in fact, having assisted at the first Mass ever celebrated in that city, in 1866, I can and do very much appreciate the truth and force of all you say. It was astonishing how the Catholics then and there came together, when hardly anyone knew that there was another Catholic in the city.

I am forcibly impressed with the sentences: "Perhaps in the days to come, wealthy Catholics may come to realize that they can build themselves enduring monuments, by providing from the abundance which the Lord has given them places of worship for such as have the misfortune to be placed in the unhappy circumstances to which I refer," and "I do not know of any nobler way of giving to the Lord than that of raising an altar to His name, amongst those who stand in the direst need of the Church's ministrations." You further state that you know of twenty localities in your diocese, where the erection of little churches would be productive of so much benefit and good.

My object in writing to you is to express the wish that those twenty localities may shortly be supplied with little churches, and as a starter to offer to build one.

I desire it as a memorial to my two darling children whom I lost with diphtheria within a week of another ten years ago—to-day being the anniversary of the first one being attacked with that dread disease. I also desire that my name shall be unknown except to you.

I cannot help feeling that this pious thought emanated from the fond and loving hearts of my idolized little ones now in heaven; and that they prompted me to take up the December number of Donahoe's, which had been discarded for the wastebasket.

An application to the Tabernacle Society of this city will, I am sure, be the means of providing the little church with the necessary vestments, etc.

Very truly yours,

As a sequel to the above letter there stands in the town of Bruno, Nebraska, a beautiful little church, which is at once a source of pride to the town and a source of consolation and vast spiritual profit to the faithful, who are the beneficiaries of a good man's generosity.

The condition of that town at the time the church was built was the condition of hundreds of similar localities in the West. Catholic parents came thither and settled down, when the country was new and churches and priests were few and far between. In the course of time churches were erected here and there throughout the state, but this particular locality was neglected.

The West has grown so rapidly that it has been difficult for the Church to keep pace with its won-

drous development. A town springs up in a few years. The people flock thither. There is no place of Catholic worship. There is none found with zeal and energy enough to inaugurate the building of a church; or it may be that the poverty of pioneer days renders them incapable of such an undertaking. The faithful gradually grow lukewarm. Owing to the distance from church they rarely hear Mass. They are so intent on acquiring the things of the world that they give but little attention to the things that are of God. The children are neglected. The fervor of faith dies out of their souls for lack of nourishment; and slowly but surely every vestige of Catholic disappears from their lives. The only means of bringing them back to God is a Catholic Church and a Catholic priest to minister to their spiritual needs.

I have seen churches built in communities where it was thought there were very few Catholics; and have later been astonished to find so many ready to identify themselves with the Church of their fathers. This has been well exemplified in the case of the Bruno parish. Moved by the touching circumstances in which their church had its inception, the vast majority of those of Catholic extraction cheerfully came forward and did everything in their power to make their newly-organized congregation a success. Within less than a year from the date of the church's dedication they had begun the erection of a parochial residence, and to-day there is a resident priest, whose labors are abundantly blessed, where five years ago the abomination of desolation reigned.

The people's appreciation of their benefactor's munificence may be gathered from the newspaper accounts of the church's dedication, following is from the Lincoln "State Journal" of that date:—
"Tuesday was a gala day in Bruno. Never before in the history of the town was there such an out-pouring of the people, as assembled on this occasion to witness the solemn ceremony of the church's dedication. Early in the morning people commenced to gather from all points of the compass, until fully two thousand people had congregated.

Catholic societies from the surrounding parishes came in delegations. At 9.30 a.m. the different societies commenced forming in procession, the members of the various orders wearing their badges and regalia. The procession was composed of those societies, the children of the public school, and all the prominent citizens of the town, headed by the Bruno band. The children of the Bruno school formed a guard of honor for the visiting clergy. The little girls, all dressed in white and bearing flowers, presented a very touching scene as they surrounded the altar railing.

The church, which was dedicated under the invocation of St. Anthony of Padua, is in every respect, one of the prettiest frame churches in the diocese.

The principal benefactor of the church has been a gentleman living in the East, who, as a consequence of an article in the Christmas number of Donahoe's Magazine, conceived the idea of building it as a memorial to two of his children who fell victims to diphtheria some years ago.

The people of Bruno have evidently a tender place in their hearts, for the man whose undying affection for his departed little ones has led him to erect so useful and so touching a memorial."

Whilst this is not the first or greatest act of its kind on the part of a Catholic layman, it is at least deserving of more than passing mention. The spirit of self-sacrifice, faith and fatherly piety of such an act, will, for years to come, be an inspiration to the Catholics of this little western mission. It is an investment concerning which there will be no regrets, but, on the contrary, one productive of many consolations. It sets, at the same time, an example which many of our wealthy Catholics might copy with much profit to themselves and much advantage to thousands of their neglected brethren.

I have often thought that if I were rich in the ordinary acceptance of the term I would do two things:—First, I would build here and there in the neglected towns and villages of the Great West a little church; and secondly, I would contribute to the support of a band of priests, whose duty it would be to go from place to place and explain Catholic doctrines and practices to Catholic and Protestant alike. And in doing this it would not be so much a question of making converts as of saving those who were born, baptized and reared Catholics, but who are being lost to the Church because they are not provided with such facilities for Catholic worship as are absolutely necessary for the preservation of the faith.

The last, however, to get credit in

a matter of this kind is the magazine itself. Magazines are supposed to be incapable of acquiring merit. They go on unobtrusively fighting the battles of the Church, and often striving after high ideals and high standards in the midst of difficulties and disappointments, which sometimes try the souls of editors and managers. Here and there they are consoled by the knowledge that their work is bearing fruit; but that knowledge is tardily and sometimes grudgingly supplied. The fact nevertheless remains, that whether they receive credit or not, the mightiest agency for righteousness in the country to-day is the Catholic magazine and the Catholic periodical.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

The second of the series of weekly concerts of the Catholic Sailors' Club, was held on Wednesday in the large public hall of the Club. It was conducted under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, and was largely attended. Mr. John P. Kavanagh, Grand Knight, Canada Council, presided, and in opening the pro-



MR JOHN P. KAVANAGH.

ceedings, referred to the good work which the Club was performing. The programme was most varied and included the names of well known local talent. The songs of the visiting seamen were exceptionally well rendered, and most heartily applauded as were all the performers. The following took part: Mr. and Miss Laing, Messrs. McGarry, Mullarky, J. Hammill and Collockley; Seamen Bousins, Wm. Parton, Walter Savage, Evans, Loyd, Jack Jones, Gilbert Daley, steamship Canada; W. Williams, John Thompson, steamship Monterey; Wilberforce and Kenna, steamship Manchester Trader. Miss Orton, accompanist.

Amongst those present in the audience were noticed: Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., Mr. F. B. McNamee, president of the Club; Mr. B. McNally, vice-president of the Club; Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, Grand President C.M.B.A., Quebec Council; Mr. G. A. Carpenter, Grand Deputy, C.M.B.A., Canada Council; Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's, and many others. The concerts are growing more popular each week. The arrangements in connection with the car service are excellent.

Catholic Societies.

Y. I. L. AND B.A.—The annual meeting of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association was held this week, and the attendance of the members was large. The annual reports of the Committee of Management and secretary treasurer were read, which bore evidence that this well known and long established organization is in a flourishing condition. A large number of new members were balloted for and elected. The election of officers for the ensuing term resulted as follows: President, J. P. Cunningham; 1st vice-president, T. J. Murphy; 2nd vice-president, P. O'Flynn; hon. treasurer, J. Lyons; secretary treasurer, J. J. Rankin; librarian, J. F. Nolan; marshal, P. J. McElroy. Advisory Board, M. J. Power, W. Tracy, J. O'Grady and J. Leonard.

The association is to be congratulated upon re-electing to the first and important office of President, Mr. J. P. Cunningham, who has filled the position with so much honor to the Association, and credit to himself. Amongst the names of the other officers, appear those well known and enthusiastic members, whose record in the direction of promoting the work of the Association from every standpoint is well known. We wish the old organization a most prosperous year.

Irish Humor.

It looks as though wit and humor are indigenous in Ireland but exotic in England and Scotland when you find the English and Scots humorist usually laughing at his subject and the Irish with his. In Dickens' novels, for instance, and in those of Mr. Barrie, the peasant personages say their humorous things in wooden unconsciousness of their humor, but what character in any Irish play or novel says a humorous thing—other than a bull—unconsciously? "I joke w' great deeficulty," says the Scotsman; but the difficulty with the Irishman is to refrain from joking. Hence I think one characteristic of Irish wit and humor—its lightness of touch and tread. It needs but a light touch to strike a match on a prepared surface, and the surface of the Irish mind is always prepared for a joke.

Some time ago a friend of mine asked a Dublin corner boy why he was staring intently after an old gentleman who was tripping up Grafton street with all the jaunty elasticity of youth, "What's the matter with the old gentleman?" "What's the matter wid him? Look at the walk of him! Begor! he is so light on his feet he only touches the ground in high places!" In right of his Celtic blood the Irishman, in his wit and humor especially, never walks with the ponderous policeman's tread but "only touches the ground in an odd place."

I cannot resist quoting here a similar comment made on senile agility by an old beggar woman which the late Father Ryan overheard in Harcourt street. The Catholic dean, a septuagenarian, broke off a conversation with Father Ryan in order to hurry after and catch a passing tram, to the amazed admiration of the old beggar woman. "Yerrah, look at the ould dane," she cried more to herself than to Father Ryan, "skippin' about like a new-married flea!"

If "the ould dane" had been a Protestant dignitary her comment would probably have been as caustic as that of another old woman whom Le Fanu, the novelist's brother, overheard in Stephen's Green. Archbishop Whately, who delighted to shock conventions, was sitting and swinging on the rails which fence the green opposite his palace, playing with his dog, when two old Catholic ladies approached. "That's the archbishop!" whispered one to the other, who thinking it must be the Roman Catholic archbishop, exclaimed rapturously, "Ah, the dear, darlin' man! As innocent and as playful as a blessed lamb!" Whereupon her friend angrily explained, "It's the Protestant archbishop!" to the instant changing of the tune of her companion, who snorted, "The ould fool!"

And here I may note a significant contrast—explicable historically—between popular and literary Irish wit and humor. Literary Irish wit and humor, being those of the Pale and of the ascendancy class, are cheerful and good-natured, whereas popular Irish wit and humor, being those of a people who for centuries have been oppressed and suppressed, are sarcastic and sardonic. "Pasquinade" is a word which dates back to a day and to a city in which suppression was pushed to the last turn of the screw, and it is probably to such as to their own character that the Italians owe their just reputation of being the most sarcastic people in Europe. It is even more to the character of their history than to their own character that the causticity of popular Irish wit and humor is due.

Why otherwise should Irish literary wit and humor have the singular merit of good nature? Singular, since ninety-nine hundredths of all the recorded wit of the world is ill-natured and owes its currency to its ill nature. It is preserved by its brine. "I hear Mr. Rogers," said a lady friend to the poet, whose tongue cut like a sharp razor, "I hear, Mr. Rogers, that you are in the habit of saying very ill-natured things." "Perhaps so, madam," replied the poet. "But, as you hear, I have a very weak voice, and if I did not say ill-natured things nobody would hear me." It is the ill-natured things which, like diseases, are propagated, while the good-natured are no more infectious than health.

It is much to its credit, therefore, that Irish literary wit is sweet-natured. How tart, for instance, is the wit of the wittiest of English comedies—the comedies of the Restoration—of Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, with one exception, that of an Irishman, Farquhar. "Farquhar," says Hazlitt, "of all the dram-

atists of the Restoration alone makes us laugh from pleasure, not from malice."

The same critic again, after saying of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" that "it was the most finished and faultless comedy we have," adds, "Besides the wit and ingenuity of this play there is a genial spirit of frankness and generosity which does the heart good." How sweet-natured, too, the humor of Goldsmith and of Dick Steele. By the way, it is to a comedy of Steele's that Sydney Smith pays the compliment of selecting from it an ideal specimen of humor. Here it is:

In Dick Steele's "The Funerary"—what a title for a comedy!—the undertaker arranges the mutes in the order of the forlornness of their countenances—the most lugubrious-looking near the coffin, the least near the door. When, however, he turns to give the place of honor near the corpse to his premier knight of the rueful countenance he finds to his disgust his countenance rueful no longer. "You infernal scoundrel!" he exclaims. "Didn't I take you out of a great man's service? Didn't I give you the pleasure of receiving wages for the first time? Didn't I raise your wages from ten shillings a week to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty? Yet I declare to God I believe the more wages I give you the more cheerful you look!"

If you were to ask critics of any school what English author shows most of that divine combination of the guilelessness of childhood with the tenderness of womanhood and the strength and wisdom of manhood which we call "chivalry," would they not unanimously name Oliver Goldsmith—the name which in all the literature of the eighteenth century smells sweetest and blossoms from the dust?

Even in that poem which anger might well have inspired—for no one received more frequent, stupid or brutal provocation from his friends than Goldsmith—even in "Retaliation," where is the retaliation? His humor plays there upon the faults, follies, and frailties of these friends like moonlight upon a ruin, showing, indeed, gaps and rents and breaches of decay but softening them even while it shows them. Indeed, Irishmen, from Farquhar to Goldsmith, have done a finer thing even than write the finest comedies in the English tongue—they have made us love as heartily as they have made us laugh at human nature.

But popular Irish wit is as mordant as Irish literary wit is genial; for the rollicking Irish humor of carmen, boatmen, and guides is purely historic, a farce deliberately played to tickle and catch—as trout are caught by tickling—the English tourist.

Here is a significant encounter a friend of mine overheard between a Dublin vendor of oranges and an English lady tourist who had bargained down the fruit to the lowest farthing. As the English lady hurried away with her purchase the orange woman volleyed after her a shower of Irish. "What are you saying?" asked the English lady turning back. "Sure I was wishing the grace of God to folley yer ladyship while ye live an' the heavens to be yer bed when ye die." This, however, was a free translation of what she really had said in Irish. "Ye're the manest anatomy of famine that ever was raked out of the embers of hell."

The humor of the Irish peasant who is not playing the fool to the order or the taste of the tourist is almost always sardonic. Here, for example, is the retort of a Cork peasant to a mild joke of an English parson. The parson complained to my friend, with whom he was on a visit, that he had never heard—what he had so often heard—of the wit of the Irish peasant. "But have you ever spoken to an Irish peasant?" "No." "Then let us try the next man we meet." The next man they met was leading by a halter a horse with a white blaze on its face, which suggested to the parson the mild remark: "What a white face your horse has got!" "Faix thin, it's yer own face 'ud be as white if it had been as long in the halther!" retorted the peasant in a tone which suggested that the wish was father to the thought.

And I shall not soon forget the sardonic tone of a remark with which a Dublin beggar woman cut down at one stroke my sister and myself—myself as a miff, my sister as a virago—since she took us for husband and wife. Having begged vainly from my sister she slunk behind us and groaned as from the bottom of her heart, "Ah thin, God help the poor man that couldn't say 'No' to ye!"

Yet more scathing was the rebuke of another beggar woman which an Irish barrister assured me he had overheard in a Catholic Church in Sligo. As the bishop was expected the church was so overcrowded that a grandly dressed lady had much difficulty in elbowing her way through

the congregation towards the confessional. An old beggar woman who resented being hustled aside by her: "Ah thin now, do ye think nobody's got a reserved case but yerself!" a "reserved case" being the case of a crime so heinous that only a bishop could absolve it.—Richard A. King, in "The Gael."

GIFTS TO BISHOP CONATY.

On April 28, the lay students of the Catholic University presented the retiring rector, Bishop Conaty, with a handsome gold-mounted cane. The students of Caldwell Hall presented to him a gold clock.

A GREAT EUCHRE PARTY.

Over 5,000 persons attended the concert euchre and reception given recently in New York for the benefit of the Catholic Reading Room for Sailors, of which the Rev. W. F. Dougherty is director, and fully three thousand played euchre.

THE KNIGHTS' CAMPAIGN.

The Knights of Columbus in Trenton, New Jersey, has opened a vigorous campaign against the use in the Hewitt Training School in that city of "Painter's History of Education"—a book reeking with bigotry and indecency, and evoking frequent protests from the Catholic students.

THE IRISH PARTY.

An appeal has been issued by the United Irish League asking Irishmen throughout the world to start immediate subscriptions to the Parliamentary Fund of 1903. It is signed by John Redmond, chairman of the League, and the Right Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, and James O'Mara, treasurers of the League election fund.

A JUVENILE COURT.

Referring to the recent organization of a court for juvenile offenders in San Francisco, the "Monitor" of that city remarks:—

Juvenile courts have been found to fill a long felt want in other communities, and there is every reason to look for beneficial results from the establishment of such a tribunal in this city.

SUCCESSOR TO FATHER MCGUCKIN.

Rev. Father James Fallon, O.M.I., of Ottawa University, mentioned as successor to the late Father McGuckin, of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Vancouver, B.C., is another son of Mr. and Mrs. Dominick Fallon, Brock street, Kingston, says the "Canadian Freeman," and like his distinguished brother, Rev. Dr. Fallon, Buffalo, N.Y., is a remarkably clever priest. He is 27 years of age.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The dispute between the Rt. Rev. Michael F. Forman, Bishop of Treves, and the German Government, regarding teaching in the Catholic Girls' Schools, has ended with the Government yielding to the Bishop's contention that German and history shall be taught by a Catholic teacher. The text books formerly used are abolished and certain Catholic text books are substituted.

A PASTOR'S ANNIVERSARY.

In honor of the twentieth anniversary of the pastorate of Very Rev. J. H. Conroy, V.G., a reception was given in the Opera House recently, says the Ogdensburg "Catholic Courier," which was inclusive in character, for not only his own parishioners were out in force, but hundreds representing every denomination in the city took advantage of the occasion to congratulate the popular rector of St. Mary's cathedral. It was estimated that fully 1,000 people shook hands with the reverend gentleman during the evening.

Liberty Of Conscience

Rev. C. O'Sullivan, Magistrate

Liberty of conscience that the soul possess religious life according authority of God, an independently of every on the part of the right is exercised, in by the triple homage revealed truths, of h of the future life, an charity which domin eign good. When the exhibit themselves ex tations of the soul w from all human cont quently from all restr

Liberty of consci stood is unlimited a is otherwise when the exhibits itself by exte for its example, Chris hope assert themselv writings, by monum pomp of public worsh the love of God be in works of charity, tions consecrated to ance, or in a hierarc voted to the propaga is morally beautiful ligious authority," s tritious Catholic ora "has for its mission. But the domain of lib the soul is mistress she endures not the on her by her weakn sions, she is of such proud race, that she herself freely to him ern her."

The authority, by man soul has a right religious life, must power addressing its But the political po very nature, force, a co-active. Religious oblige us to believe truths, to love God to submit our will to the civil law constrai taxation, or even r when necessary. The not be completely in her religious life, completely independe power.

Now I will try to Catholic Church in h twenty centuries has persistent and unflin of liberty of consci in establishing herse its of the Roman Em the same time con ence of conscience in taining to religion, the temporal powe sovereign independe erment of souls. T between the two poa and tempora hitherto unheard of was the special opp with such dire opp part of the Roman

When the Gospel the world there was ity, that of the Cae ed to its title of A Sovereign Pontiff. No lesser pretension up beside the temp other completely in matters spiritual. for the first time t authorities reigning oritory and the same charged with condu their immortal desti them in the intim thoughts, their affe wills; the other ch material interests, force respect for th ity for all; the frs pendent, by the na sion, of all tempor remained within its second sovereign in interests of the pre ordinate to the spir ft came in contact taining to the sac soul.

Liberty of consci say the right of th her religious life, external political established by the C

Mr. Morley On the Land Bill.

At Newcastle, Eng., recently, Mr. John Morley was made the recipient of a great demonstration on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Northern Liberal Federation. The right hon. gentleman arrived from Scotland at the Central Station, and was met by crowds of well known Liberals.

Mr. Morley's first engagement was with the members of the Irish party in Newcastle, for these gentlemen decided, some little while ago, to utilize the occasion of his visit, and to recognize his devotedness to the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, by presenting him with an address.

Mr. W. T. Martin, addressing the right hon. gentleman, remarked that it was his privilege that afternoon to introduce a deputation of gentlemen who desired to give expression to something of the admiration and appreciation felt for him (Mr. Morley) by Irishmen resident in Newcastle. He had no authority to speak on their behalf; indeed, it would be an impertinence, if not a criminal offence for a mere Englishman to attempt to speak in the name of Irishmen. But he believed he correctly interpreted the feelings of the deputation when he said that they wished to place on record their recognition of what Irishmen owed to Mr. Morley. How great the debt was would probably never be realized until the history of the last 20 years came to be written. The deputation represented no particular section or faction of Irishmen, but was representative of the Irish residents of Newcastle. He desired to introduce Mr. Hugh Boyle to speak on behalf of the deputation.

Mr. Hugh Boyle said that they wished to take up as little of Mr. Morley's time as possible. They knew that he had had a very heavy week. They need not say that the Irishmen of the city received his reply in the affirmative to accept an address from them with the most lively satisfaction. They wished to show in some manner the high esteem that Mr. Morley's personally was held in. He proceeded to refer at length to Mr. Morley's excellent work at the Irish Office. He supported Home Rule, land reform, and a Catholic University, and his endeavors to ameliorate the lot of the Irish people and endeared him to them all. Of course, he need not say that Irishmen were pretty well known. They could always forgive, and soon forget, an injury, but work such as he (Mr. Morley) had done for the Irish people they never would forget. And their prayer was that he might live and long have health and strength to maintain his position in Parliament and support the cause of Ireland. Mr. Boyle then read the address.

Mr. Morley, on rising to reply, was received with cheers, the company rising to their feet. He said: "This is to me a very interesting occasion. The gentleman who has spoken for you in presenting this address has used some expressions—perhaps I might even say many expressions—about me which I ill deserve. (No, no.) He talked of work that I have done for Ireland. I am afraid that the actual work done, in which I have taken a part, has only been moderately effective. This, at all events, I do expect from you, that I have never served since 1885, when I saw that the moment had come, the general election of 1885—for a real dead-lift effort to settle the Irish question—from that moment to this I have never swerved. I have given a good many years of my life—six or eight years—to endeavor to persuade those who came to meetings addressed by me that our solution of the Irish question was the right solution, and I tell you, though it has not succeeded up to this point—though events have not borne out the hopes we then entertained, I for my part don't grudge one single hour that I have given to the work.

You said, sir, that this very handsome address is provided by small subscriptions. Nothing gives me greater pleasure. A fact of that kind shows that it is not an ordinary form of address, but comes, I am willing, and even bound, to believe, from the real sentiments of your hearts. How does Ireland stand to-day? How does this question in which you and I alike have been so interested for so long—how does it stand to-day? I think it stands in a position that four or five years ago I, at all events, should hardly have anticipated. The new Land Bill, which will be under the deliberation of Parliament in a few days, undoubtedly opens a new chapter in

the relations of Great Britain and Ireland. It may take time to work out. It will. But it can't be withdrawn; the policy upon which the Bill is based cannot be withdrawn. The consequences must be deep and far-reaching in the direction in which you, as Irishmen, and I, as an Englishman, both hope to go. I was glad that you made this point, that it was in the interests of my own country no less than in yours—that I have formed the views which I expressed in 1885 in Newcastle, and from which I have not drawn back. It is in the interests of my own country as much as yours.

Now, I said the other day, as I say now, that this new Land Bill marks a great revolution in policy. I observe that the late Chief Irish Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour (than whom there is no clearer head in the House of Commons, and who, let me say, has made his mark upon Ireland by his Local Government Act), said recently that he is astonished that I should say this is a new departure in the Conservative and Unionist policy. Well, he is the last man with whom I should choose to enter into a controversy with, and I am not going to do so to-day. I will only say that if Lord Salisbury and the heads of his party had in 1886 proclaimed the positions which they take to-day, I think it would have made a great difference in the result of the great controversy of that time. What is the Bill? I will tell you what it is. The Imperial Treasury is to give 12 millions to one body of Irishmen in order to secure for us the privilege of lending 100 millions to another body of Irishmen. Well, now, if Lord Salisbury had said that it was his policy to give one body of Irishmen 12 millions in order to have the advantage of lending 100 millions to another body of Irishmen, I am not at all sure that the result of the controversy of 1886 would have been what it unfortunately was. Something was said about removal of grievances. This Bill, and the policy of which it is the expression, is more than the removal of grievances. It is an enormous revolution, for, say what you will of the policy of this Bill, what Mr. Redmond described it as being the other day is true; it is the abolition of landlordism in Ireland. I think it will be found that the Land Bill does not settle that question, and that it will come up again in the fullness of time and in due season for the consideration of the Imperial Parliament. I cannot go with those who say, "Let us forget all about the principle and policy of self-government; let us forget it until we are obliged to remember it." (Laughter.) But what I said the other day to my constituents in Scotland I repeat here—it is all very well to draw up your party programme, but Ireland fixes her own place in our party programme. You, I hope, will do what you have done before, and what the Irish have shown themselves for many years before 1886 they were very good at doing—I hope you will follow your leaders, and co-operate with them in the Parliamentary and other actions they may think necessary. I believe we are now upon the eve of the most important change that has taken place in the relations of your country and mine. It will always be an honor to me that I have had any share, however humble and remote, however unsuccessful it looks, in convincing Irishmen that there are some Englishmen, many Englishmen—you are wrong in talking of some—who have abandoned the Irish cause—they may be some—I am not sure that I know them—yes, I know one or two. (Laughter and applause.) What I mean is that I do not know men of the first importance in our party who have abandoned the Irish cause. Let that be as it may the Irish fix their own place in the party programmes, and I hope it will be a peaceful place. If this Bill is a workable Bill, which it barely is at this moment, I am not at all sure that the day is far off when the two English parties will sit down together to say that the time has come when they must get this embarrassment out of the way, whether it be on the lines of the Bill of 1886, or whatever else may be fixed upon. I believe the day will come, and will come perhaps soon, when that solution will be adopted.

Notice to Subscribers.

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The Religious Outlook in France.

A special correspondent of the Liverpool "Catholic Times" says:—

In the course of a recent debate in the Senate M. Combes declared, amidst the applause of his supporters, that the Concordat had been constantly violated by the Church—never by the State. Now, the first article of that famous instrument runs as follows: "The Catholic religion shall be freely exercised in France." Religious liberty could not be guaranteed in plainer or simpler terms. When, however, we remember what has been occurring in France during the last two or three years, when we consider the exceptional measures which the party at present in power has devised and adopted for the purpose of reducing the Church to a condition of bondage, when we see thousands of Catholic institutions peremptorily closed for no other reason than that they are under the direction of religious congregations, when we find tens of thousands of the members of these same congregations denied the most elementary rights of citizens, when we hear of Bishops and priests deprived of their stipends on the most flimsy pretences; when we see a system of espionage established with a view to punish those public servants who dare to discharge, or even permit their family to discharge, their duties as children of the Church; when we find that a Catholic can, in fact, hardly call his soul his own, we must be struck by the singular audacity of the assertion that the State—in other words, the Government of the day—has been careful to observe the solemn obligation it has contracted towards the Church. Both in the letter and the spirit the Concordat is being deliberately and outrageously violated as well by the legislative enactments as by the special decrees for which the President of the Council and his colleagues are responsible.

The enemies of the Church in France have engaged in the present campaign with a clear and definite purpose, and they are determined to stop short at no injustice, no illegality that might check the realization of their project. At all hazards the Church must be crushed. To-day the religious orders are being struck down, to-morrow it will be the turn of the secular clergy, the day after the hapd of the persecutor will in all probability fall heavily on the Catholic laity. As his Eminence Cardinal Mathieu observes in one of his recently published essays on the Concordat, there is now no "ancien regime" to abolish, yet the Church is attacked with as much violence as if the Bastille were still standing. In vain, he says, the Church holds aloof from any compromising solidarity. In vain she declares her adhesion to the Republic and her sympathy with the democracy, in vain she limits her claims to a share in the common liberties; it is deemed an offence that she exist at all. It is made a matter of reproach, he adds, that she represents the absolute and the unchangeable, that she asserts her right to govern consciences, that she insists on her authority to decide in questions of faith and morals. It is needless to remark that no valid reasons can be adduced to justify the persecution to which the French Church is being subjected. The spectre of "Clericalism" has been dangled before the eyes of the nation, though what Clericalism precisely means it would be difficult to define. The Inquisition, the condemnation of Galileo, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the treatment of Dreyfus, have all served as matter of accusation, but only the simple-minded can fail to perceive that none, not even all, of these pretexts are any justification for the iniquitous suppression of the religious congregations.

The tactics of the Freemasons and their Jacobin satellites are obvious—they hope that when the outworks of the Church shall have been destroyed the citadel itself will be more easily forced to surrender. M. Combes does not mean to denounce the Concordat just now. Interpreting the treaty after his own arbitrary fashion, he turns it to useful account whilst he strangles ecclesiastical liberties. But when the psychological moment comes, when the Concordat no longer serves his purpose, the separation between Church and State will be pronounced in spite of remonstrances from any quarter. Do not imagine, however, that her connection with the State ceasing, the Church will by the fact acquire a position of independence. Far from it. In the first place, how are the clergy to live under the new order of things? For a people amongst whom faith is almost universally extinct are not likely to make the needful pecuniary sa-

crifices for the support of religion and its ministers. In the second place, there is hardly a shadow of doubt that fresh shackles will be forged with which to fetter the freedom of Bishops and priests should they dare to exhibit any spirit save that of whispering humbleness. State subsidies may be withdrawn. State surveillance will not, and it would be idle to expect that the Church may be permitted, as a compensation for the loss of her revenues, to enjoy even a minimum of independence. The Minister of Worship will see to it that a plentiful supply of muzzling orders be kept in stock at the Quai d'Orsay for immediate use on any or no provocation. Already a circular has been issued directing the closure of non-authorized chapels; we may not have long to wait to see a similar fiat go forth for the shutting up of parochial churches. The naked truth is that whilst the infidel faction now dominant has for its immediate object the destruction of the Church as a corporate body, its ulterior aim is the dechristianization of the country, the uprooting of religion from the soil of France. They trust that the existing widespread demoralization induced by a licentious literature, and a licentious theatre, all which they have fostered and encouraged, will facilitate the diabolical task they have set before them.

And in presence of such a miserable situation what is the demeanor of the French people, of that nation which formerly prided itself on being "the Eldest Daughter of the Church"? Alas that it should be so, but what boots it to conceal the fact? We see a helpless clergy and a cowardly laity allow the Government to continue its deeds of violence and sacrilege, whilst as regards the masses of the population, their attitude generally is one of complete indifference where it is not demonstratively hostile to the victims. That France, which from one end to the other was for several years in a fever of excitement because a Jewish captain was supposed to have been unjustly condemned, now stands quietly by whilst the most sacred of public liberties are wantonly and ostentatiously violated, whilst tens of thousands of her most deserving children are driven from their homes, cast on the highway, robbed of their property, and forced into exile for no other crime than that of faithfully following in the footsteps of their Divine Master! Can any stronger proof be given that religion is dying, if not already dead—that the heart of the nation has ceased to beat in unison with that of the Church? That a people once so chivalrous should suffer tamely such outrages on defenceless men and women whose lives have been consecrated to well-doing is a revelation of the melancholy depths to which unhappy France has fallen. It is symptomatic of the extreme moral decadence which prevails that so numerous an array of public benefactors, of zealous workers in every field of religious, charitable, and social activity should be cruelly struck down without the Catholic manhood of the country making one serious effort to save them.

I can understand that neither monks nor nuns are popular with those citizens who have been educated in the godless primary schools and lycées of France, but where are the men and women who have been trained in Catholic establishments during a generation past? The convents have had the upbringing of a large proportion of French women, of high and low condition; Catholic institutions have had the intellectual and religious formation of, if I mistake not, a third of the youth of the nation. What have these men and women been doing, what are they doing at the present moment, to prevent the consummation of a crime which shocks all right-thinking people? No doubt we see many conspicuous instances of fidelity to the Catholic cause, but where are the millions? On which side are their sympathies? Their culpable indifference would lead one to think that they have gone over bag and baggage to the enemy. It is a fact, as noteworthy as it is painful, that many of the most rapid of the leading persecutors are former pupils of one or other of the teaching congregations. Everybody knows the antecedents of M. Combes. At the Ecclesiastical Congress of Rheims, in 1896, more than one member complained that, except in districts profoundly religious, the great majority of the old pupils of the "congregational" schools lapsed into indifference, and the other day Drumont, in the "Libre Parole" bitterly reproached the Catholic ladies of the aristocracy, ex-pupils, as he said, of the most balls, dinners, receptions and other "chic" convents, who continued their fashionable amusements, at a season, when the French Church is face to face with one of the gravest and saddest crises in her history. Nay, it has been stated on excellent authority that one of the most active par-

MR. A. D. FRASER

Of Fraser, Viger & Co., Purchases Nordheimer Building.

Mr. Alex. D. Fraser, of the well known St. James street firm of Fraser, Viger & Co., comes into possession to-day of the Nordheimer buildings, wherein his business has been located since May, 1894, the price paid for the property being, it is said, in the neighborhood of \$190,000.

This property is one of the best known on the street, and, although the figure just mentioned, seems a large one, it is understood that Mr. Fraser has already declined more than one offer in excess of the purchase price just mentioned.

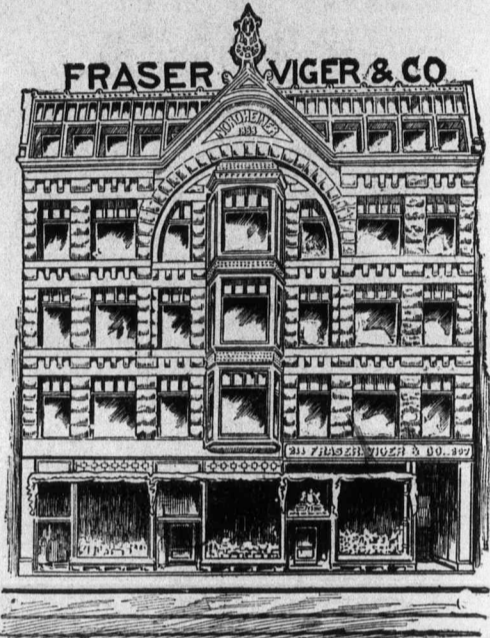
The Nordheimer building, which has been purchased from Mr. Samuel

30th of April, 1856, that this last mentioned transaction was recorded. The present vaults in the building, which are well worth a visit, were constructed upwards of three-quarters of a century ago, and are now in the same fine condition as when the property was transferred to the Messrs. Nordheimer.

Mr. Fraser will continue the business of Fraser, Viger & Co., in his present store, and as he said recently, all the leases will, of course, be respected.

He will at once undertake extensive improvements to the building he has just acquired, one of the most important being a modern up-to-date elevator, the contract for which has already been given. The structure itself will be administered apart from the business of the firm and the organization will be known as the Nordheimer Building Company.

Mr. A. D. Fraser entered the employ of Major Alex. McGibbon about 33 years ago, remaining with him until 1885, when Mr. McGibbon re-



Nordheimer, of Toronto, and formerly of this city, has a very interesting history, and the price which the present proprietor paid is certainly indicative of the wonderful increase made in St. James street values during the past few years.

The block, which has just changed hands, has a magnificent frontage on St. James street, with a depth extending through to Fortification lane, and was formerly the property of Hon. Samuel Gale, of this city, who sold the same to Messrs. Abraham and Samuel Nordheimer for six thousand pounds current money (\$24,000), of the then province of Lower Canada, for it was on the

tired. Mr. Fraser then formed a partnership with a fellow-clerk, the late Mr. Hormidas Viger, carrying on business where the Canada Life building now stands.

Mr. Viger died in September, 1893, and on the 1st of May, 1894, Mr. Fraser removed to his present stand, which now becomes his own property.

A prominent feature of the business is sportsmen's supplies, the firm controlling this branch of the trade on both sides of the line, and Messrs. Fraser, Viger & Co.'s staff are now kept busy day and night packing orders for all the famous trout and salmon lakes and streams.

The Apostolic Delegate At the Gesu.

On next Sunday, 10th inst., His Excellency, the Delegate Apostolic, Mgr. Sbarretti, will sing Pontifical High Mass in the Church of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, Bleury street.

The Mass to be sung is one of Gounod's, with full choir and organ accompaniment. A Scholastic Disputation on matters Philosophical will be held in the Academic Hall of the College, under the Church, in the evening, at 8 o'clock, by the first year students of philosophy. It will be conducted in the Latin tongue, and in accordance with the procedure of the Schools, commended by the approval of well nigh a thousand years. His Excellency will preside.

DEATH OF MRS. M. KIELY.

It is with profound regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Martin Kiely, wife of an old subscriber of the "True Witness," which occurred on Monday last.

Mrs. Kiely's eldest daughter was killed at a Grand Trunk crossing some two weeks ago, and since that time she has steadily fallen in health. The funeral was held on Wednesday morning, to St. Ann's Church, and was attended by a large number of friends and acquaintances. The "True Witness" offers to Mr. Kiely and family its most sincere sympathy in their great loss.

—R.I.P.

Happy is he who is not less humble among his inferiors than in the midst of his masters and superiors.

—St. Francis.

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All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.

MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.
Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

Open week days from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m.

On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Tel. Main 2161.

ST. PETER and COMMON Sts

Blac

Miss Mary Stuyvesant
The great, old-fashioned softened the light and clutter of vehicles, the children and the evidences of the social Stuyvesant Square blinds of the window, a Dutch church, a young mulatto woman entering his brougham rapidly away up-town. Behind her could be seen the large half-light of the large of Miss Stuyvesant in bed. Even in the stead of mahogany large and masterful gray wig surmounted large features and a precession spoke in epaule of a strong-willed aristocrat.

Everything in her the furniture, the paintings the silver and table near her bed of score, at least an of the modern spirit of "You heard what Lizzie," the invalid voice without the le "Yes, Miss Mary, servant trying to m "It's just what I I ing for some time. never get on my have my memorandum?"

"Yes, Miss Mary, anything; the silver gers; the diamonds the paintings of my Historical Society; Rev. Dr. Stockton; things for the servan I think."

"Yes, Miss Mary, "You've been a fa Lizzie, and I've not my will. The estate cannot be touched; of my own savings, miniature in the ca may take as a keep you will miss me a years."

The servant men hands together as the bed.

"My nieces and ne house, I fancy—it is question for them t will then have to have some money you?"

"Almost four Mary."

"You will need t cate your child. St white girl, Lizzie, b be very pretty. Yo quite pretty yourse came, Lizzie, but d bitious for Alice; th that for breaking h white sash, the or gave me, and my c can wear them th Do you know, Lizz thinking of late th lives all happen for think that marriag the sweet memories Henry Alston all v very handsome, wa member the day he you? How fascinat day he left for the all that afternoon? And when the new wounded and later —I haven't dared t years but the dyin counts, even of the remember that it w ed me back to life fever that set in, growing so very d perhaps you had b Lieutenant's minia head he had! W does one see them his black hair dra side—his gentle mo

Miss Mary's utter a while, and the n ed square seemed mission into the mansion and the ment. In a little w but with something

"When I am gone take the Lieutenan Clarkes and the G. him and I don't w unfriendly hands. the family relies t Perhaps now you to have some of Newport as I fear ing I shall be far one cannot expect thy but it is hard summer and eve

Black and White.

Miss Mary Stuyvesant was dying. The great, old-fashioned shutters softened the light and muffled the clatter of vehicles, the screams of children and the thousand and one epidemics of the social abandonment of Stuyvesant Square. Through the blinds of the windows facing the ancient Dutch church, a withered looking mulatto woman watched the doctor descending the pompous stoop, entering his brougham and moving rapidly away up-town.

Behind her could be seen in the half-light of the large room the figure of Miss Stuyvesant propped up in bed. Even in the colossal bedstead of mahogany her frame seemed large and masterful. An antiquated gray wig surmounted a face whose large features and determined expression spoke in spite of extreme age of a strong-willed woman, an aristocrat.

Everything in her surroundings—the furniture, the pictures, the ornaments the silver and glass on the table near her bed denoted, if not a scorn, at least an obliviousness to the modern spirit of New York.

"You heard what the doctor said, Lizzie," the invalid spoke in a clear voice without the least emotion.

"Yes, Miss Mary," answered the servant trying to manage her voice. "It's just what I have been expecting for some time. I knew I should never get on my feet again. You have my memorandum in a safe place?"

"Yes, Miss Mary." "I don't suppose I have forgotten anything; the silver for the Grangers; the diamonds for the Clarks; the paintings of my father for the Historical Society; the books for Rev. Dr. Stockton; then the little things for the servants—that's all, I think."

"Yes, Miss Mary." "You've been a faithful servant, Lizzie, and I've not forgotten you in my will. The estate funds of course cannot be touched; but I have some of my own savings. There is my miniature in the cabinet which you may take as a keepsake. I suppose you will miss me after these fifty years."

The servant merely wrung her hands together as she stood beside the bed.

"My nieces and nephew will sell the house, I fancy—it is quite out of the question for them to occupy it. You will then have to leave here; you have some money saved, haven't you?"

"Almost four thousand, Miss Mary."

"You will need that much to educate your child. She is quite like a white girl, Lizzie, and promises to be very pretty. You know you were quite pretty yourself when you first came, Lizzie, but don't be too ambitious for Alice; there's nothing like that for breaking hearts. Take my white sash, the one the Lieutenant gave me, and my coral brooch; she can wear them when she grows up. Do you know, Lizzie, I have been thinking of late that perhaps our lives all happen for the best. I don't think that marriage could leave me the sweet memories I have had of Henry Alston all my life. He was very handsome, wasn't he? You remember the day he proposed, don't you? How fascinating he looked the day he left for the war? How I cried all that afternoon? How you cried? And when the news that he was wounded and later that he was dead—I haven't dared to speak of it for years but the dying must clear accounts, even of the heart, Lizzie—I remember that it was you who nursed me back to life out of the terrible fever that set in. But I feel myself growing so very drowsy, now, that perhaps you had better hand me the Lieutenant's miniature. What a forehead he had! What eyes! Where does one see them now-a-days? And his black hair drawn over on the side—his gentle mouth—"

Miss Mary's utterance failed her for a while, and the noises of the crowded square seemed clamoring for admission into the forbidding-looking mansion and the shadowy apartment. In a little while she continued but with something of an effort.

"When I am gone, Lizzie, you must take the Lieutenant's picture; the Clarks and the Gangers never liked him and I don't wish it to fall into unfriendly hands. They will have all the family relics to squabble about. Perhaps now you ought to telegraph to have some of them come from Newport as I fear that before morning I shall be far away. At my age one cannot expect very much sympathy but it is hard to die here in mid-summer and everybody away. I

should take some consolation, as the last Stuyvesant of my branch, to know that the old families all came to the church. Arrange me very simply in the coffin, Lizzie, and—and, as I fear this may be the last good-bye, you may kiss me on the cheek now before I grow more drowsy."

Fifteen years later in a cheap apartment house in the fiftieth streets a latch key softly opened a bedroom door and from the dark the voice of Lizzie asked softly:

"Is that you, Alice?"

"Yes, Mammy," she answered; "it is almost two o'clock so I thought you would be asleep."

"Won't you light the lamp, dear. I wish to see you again in Miss Mary's sash."

"I have taken it off, Mammy; one of the buyers came up and told me that it was the finest thing he had ever seen."

"And you had a nice time?"

"Yes, splendid, Mammy; and Jim came home with me."

"I don't want to trouble you, Alice, but Dr. Ellis was here again; he said he knew you were at Wanameyer's dance, but that was no reason for you to look down on him because he was a West Indian."

Alice's hands dropped weakly to her sides; she came over in the dark and buried her face in her mother's bed. "O Mammy, Mammy," she moaned, "I can't keep up this cheat any longer. Jim loves me—he loves me and I can't even look him in the face."

A thin hand was laid on Alice's head and the old woman said brokenly:

"I can go away, child,—he need never know."

"Then I'll go with you."

"No, Alice, no. You must stay. Think of the years I toiled and slaved. You don't know, dear, what these old black hands of mine have had to do ever since your father died so sudden-like in Miss Mary's pantry. When you was born so white and pretty, I prayed the good Lord to let me see your children free from the black curse and when they auctioned off the old house and furniture on Stuyvesant Square and they paid over the money Miss Mary had willed me, I had my mind set on having you white that I put most off into the cottage at Highburgh and spent the rest on your schooling. All those years you were enjoying yourself with the boys and girls at school and church societies until the day you graduated from the High School, and I saw you sitting with your diploma in your hand, wearing old Miss Mary's sash and coral brooch and nobody knowing what a great lady, Miss Stuyvesant of Stuyvesant Square, they once belonged to. And then there was that terrible time when I began to see that things were changing for you; the boys and girls wouldn't come around to see you like before you wore your long skirts and put up your sweet brown hair. Somehow folks didn't seem to look for you at the church affairs and all day long I kept saying to myself: 'Aunt Lizzie Williams here's Alice grew up a fine white lady and only for your black face she might be among the best white folks of this town.' Then the money gave out and we had to rent the house; but that made it easy for us to come back to the city where you could pass for white and get a place in the stores. My old friends of the race don't know I'm living, I suppose, and if you had not come across this Dr. Ellis—"

"What could I do, Mammy?" asked the daughter in a smothered voice.

"When I would not speak to him on the street he followed me home. With the black man's instinct he knew our secret at once. The last time after he saw me with Jim he threatened to have us put out of the apartment. What did he say to-night?"

"He was worse than ever. He said he would be willing to marry you and give me a home. Perhaps you—"

"Hush, Mammy," whispered Alice frightenedly. "Think of what our life would be. It would be better to die first."

"Do you think Jim is willing to marry you at once?"

"No, no, Mammy, I can't. He was telling me about his own mother to-night; he is her only child and support; think of her when she found out that her child had married a negro. Such frauds as we are, Mammy, everybody casts out, the law, the church, everybody! There are others like ourselves neither black

nor white—we can go to them; they will receive us."

"Yes, Alice, but how shall we live? Nobody wants to employ an educated colored girl."

"Can't I be a waitress or a lady's maid?"

"You couldn't stand the life; you don't know what it means to be an inferior in a great house."

The old woman sat up, kissed her child tenderly and insisted that she go to bed. Alice obeyed mutely; but for Aunt Lizzie herself there was to be no sleep until morning. She lay there thinking—thinking if it could be true, that all her ambitions for Alice were to come to nothing. There was prayer in her heart, agonized prayer; but the memory of her race, its wrongs, its sufferings, its weaknesses and sins came like gail upon the sweetness of her devotions. Were the whites so just to her that she should be called upon to suffer the curse of their conventions? Was Alice to begin all over again the squalid old negro existence? Shut out from the higher hopes in the world around her? To be relegated to the back alleys of city life and the miserable cabins of the suburbs? Was she to begin it all over again as her mother and grandmother's had done? Then came such thoughts as would have frightened Miss Mary Stuyvesant could she have dreamt that they could ever enter her faithful Lizzie's head.

Meanwhile the morning came over the sea of roof-tops, a great, slow inundation of light. To the legions of the suffering and the dying it came as a blessed sign. But into Aunt Lizzie's bedroom it stole with the portentousness of fate; for as it grew in brightness her worn face grew blacker and blacker against the pillows and looking down at her nervous hands she wrung them together in dull hopeless sorrow.

As for the young girl who some hours later emerged from the door of the apartment house, few if any would distinguish a feature in common between her and the old lady's maid of Stuyvesant Square. Alice had all that nameless quality which is only partly described as patrician and stylish. Her figure in the simple cloth skirt and jacket she wore showed lightness and refinement of line. In her face there was merely a suggestion of olive or creamy tint; her eyes were dark and rather lazy in effect, and even an ethnologist would have pronounced her face to be of the true Caucasian oval. There was, however, about her delicate nostrils and sensitive mouth something that suggested the sugary types of beauty in tropical lands.

At Lexington Avenue she found Jim waiting for her. He appeared to be what is commonly called a man's man and his lighter hair and complexion made his age something of a puzzle; he was evidently somewhat near to thirty. He had about him, moreover, that air of industry and healthy feeling which is so typical of the rising young business man of New York city.

They discussed as they walked down town the events of the evening before; how oddly one of the floor-walkers had danced; how well Miss Cassidy of the cloak department had looked in evening dress; of everything in fact but what was most before their minds. At last Alice made an opening, by saying:

"I am afraid the girls" will talk about your not dancing with anybody but me the whole evening."

"Suppose they do," he replied; "a blind man can see I am head and heels in love with you,—let alone a crowd of girls."

"But some of them may be jealous."

He laughed heartily in answer to her quizzical look.

"It's more likely some of the fellows in the store will be down on me for monopolizing you," he added. Then after a pause he continued in a more serious tone:

"I hope you are going to give me at least a fighting chance, Alice?"

"Isn't that what I'm doing?" she asked shyly.

"Don't girls ever come out and say what they think? I never had any sisters, so perhaps I am a little backward."

"Never, so long as they can help it."

"That isn't your style, Alice. I know you wouldn't keep a poor fellow on the hooks a minute longer than you had to."

"Oh, I'm a woman, Jim; we're all alike in these things."

"Then I am going to take the will for the deed and keep on hoping."

"You see, Jim, I like you well enough to marry you; but then I think I can be happy even without you. You wouldn't want to marry anybody who thought like that."

"You would learn to think more of me later on."

"Oh, I don't mean anything foolish or romantic. Besides, what do you know about me or my folks. You see me every day, in the store but what does that amount to?"

"I don't need to know anything about you. All I know is that I want you to take me for the better; I'll stand all the worse that is coming."

"Even if I—"

"There isn't any 'if' to it at all. Just think it all over again when you get a chance to-day; every minute you keep me waiting is a torture."

They were coming nearer the store and were joined by others of the employees making in the same direction; but before Jim turned to go to his office he arranged to wait for Alice when the store would close.

It was not long before the aisles of the great emporium began to fill up with customers. There were the early morning commuters from out-of-town; the sight-seers from the hotels, and bargain hunters from the four points of—not heaven—but the compass. The roar of traffic began,—to last without intermission till the stroke of six o'clock. In the surging throngs were anxious mothers shopping for their darlings; toiling housewives from the tenements; fashionable economists hunting inexpensive luxuries; "declassé" women relieving the tedium of their way with enforced society of the salespeople; "vieux marcheurs" (and young ones) making a feat at purchasing at the counters of the pretty girls; foolish customers asking advice as to what to purchase; troublesome ones refusing to make up their minds to buy.

Therefore it did not seem long before it was Alice's turn to go to the lunch room. She sat down near Miss Cassidy and was repeating some of the complimentary remarks the latter had earned the evening before when glancing around the room she caught a number of eyes quickly turning away. There was no doubt that the girls were discussing her; in a little while she saw one of the girls beckon to Miss Cassidy and whisper something in her ear. Then shrugging her shoulders, Miss Cassidy returned to her seat and whispered: "You will pardon me, Miss Williams, but somebody should tell you that several of the girls in the store have received anonymous postal cards this morning saying that—that you are not a white woman."

Alice's answer was merely to grow deathly pale. Then she asked:

"That is why they have been staring at me so?"

"Yes, but you mustn't mind them. There isn't the slightest sign of negro blood about you; it's somebody jealous after the dance, that's all. I deny it for you."

"No, Miss Cassidy," protested Alice weakly, "I would prefer if you would say nothing at all about it."

"But, my dear girl, when you have been in this store as long as I have you will know that the only way to take a scandal here is to throttle it."

"But if it,—suppose it isn't a slander?"

"You—you—don't mean to tell me, Miss Williams, that you—that—!"

"Yes, Miss Cassidy."

"Hush, you mustn't say that; you don't know what it means to us here."

"I think I do, Miss Cassidy."

"The girls will be rude to you. Just deny it; I'll keep your secret. If it gets known I am afraid you will have to leave the department."

"I shall be sorry to do that. Will you say then that I will not speak of it to anybody—for to-day at least? Will you—?"

"I'll defy anybody to mention it to you. It's a ridiculous piece of malice, that's all."

"Thank you. I think I'll go back to the counter now. I can't stand the girls taking these shy looks at me."

She went back and busied herself with the customers and for a while succeeded in taking her mind away from the other girls. She attempted to speak to none of them and they seemed by common consent to avoid any conversation. But at length the suspense began to tell on her; she had not eaten anything at noon, and every time a cash girl or the floor-walker approached her, she was terrified lest it might be a summons to the office; then at the thought of Jim staring in her face, her heart sank within her.

At last she could bear it no longer. She went quietly for her hat and coat and stole out of the store. The cheerful, comparatively empty, the cable-car, sunlight of the early afternoon, gave her a sense of novelty. Reaching the apartment house, she rang the bell so as not to startle her mother by returning unannounced at that hour; the front door opened and she started to climb the narrow stairs.

If Aunt Lizzie standing at the landing was surprised to see her, Alice herself was no less astonished to find her mother dressed as for a journey in the faded brown bonnet and the fringed dolman she had inherited from Miss Mary Stuyvesant. One look into the rooms explained everything; on the floor were the old satchel and hand-valise; Miss Stuy-

vesant's and the Lieutenant's portraits were gone from the wall; Alice's baby cup and saucer had disappeared from the mantel.

Tears streamed down Aunt Lizzie's face as she stood in the doorway looking weak and very aged in her ancient finery.

"Mammy," cried Alice with one great sob, throwing her arms around her, "you must let me go too."

Shortly after six o'clock Jim reared the apartment house and kept his finger on the electric button without receiving any reply. Why Alice should have left so early he could not understand and as he stood wondering whether he should ring again, the front door of the apartment house opened and a young West Indian of impressive appearance made his way to the street. Jim accosted him:

"Nobody seems to answer the Williams' bell," he said; "can you tell me if they are in?"

The West Indian smiled in an affected way and replied:

"They have been passing for white folks but the other tenants discovered that Miss Williams was a negress and she was requested to leave the apartments at once. They haven't left any clue behind them that I can discover. Perhaps you will find Miss Williams at Wanameyer's."—Roderick Gill in the Rosary Magazine.

A TALK ABOUT VOCATIONS.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

That there is such a thing in life as a real vocation, and that it can be missed to the life-long destruction of the one who has lost it, a vast number of people will not believe. But the daily experiences of the world go to show that such is the case. Apart from the actual vocation there is such a thing as a lost opportunity. These opportunities come to almost every person, at some time or other in life and they generally slip away from those who are incapable, unready, or who are not in the proper vocations. Once lost the same opportunity never comes back. It may appear in a different form, but that is only the exception.

In glancing over some London exchanges last week, we came upon the following peculiar item of news:—

"The death of so well known a literary man as Mr. E. H. Vizetely in Rowton House, Whitechapel, has drawn attention to the fact that from five to ten per cent. of the men who pay their fourteen cents a night for lodgings in Rowton House are professional men who at one time ranged in some cases high in their respective occupations. It is estimated at the present time that one hundred and twenty doctors, dentists, lawyers, authors and journalists who have made a wreck of their lives are finding a haven in these houses. A short time ago an unofficial census was taken of professional men staying at King's Cross House. It showed that the lodgers included two clergymen, three barristers, nineteen solicitors, thirty artists, twenty actors and music hall artists, fifteen medical men and eighteen journalists. Among the lodgers was a clergyman who wrote sermons for more fortunate brethren at five shillings each. More unusual is the occupation of a man who took his B. A. degree at Cambridge and now evolves plots for writers of cheap serial stories. He receives from authors the equivalent of \$2 for each on acceptance of the story."

This is merely a statement that concerns a couple of refugees for the indigent in London. But how many thousands and tens of thousands are there not, all over the civilized world. This is a sad state of affairs that is not confined to London, nor to England, nor to Europe; we have it here in Canada, in a lesser degree, but still to a sufficient extent to warn us that there must be some means adopted soon to prevent the increase of such fearful indigence.

Apart from the question of spiritual vocations, there is another of grave importance. Too many young men, on account of a whim of the moment, or a parent's foolish desire, or some special attractions from outside, who enter professions for which they have no aptitude in the world. They spend the better part of their youth and budding manhood in preparing for that profession, and when they come into the world of practice they discover that they had not the qualifications needed, and they grow tired of the profession, indifferent, careless and finally fall into insignificance and poverty. And when they do wake up to the fact that they are on the wrong track, they discover that they are not fitted for any other occupation. Lack of work leads to idleness, idleness to loss of courage, loss of courage to despair—or may be dissipation—and the end is the poor-house.

Then, again, if there is not exactly a lack of proper vocation, or of aptitudes in some instances, there is a great lack of room. The professions are becoming over-crowded and the result is that only a few can succeed and the majority are driven to the wall. As far as concerns the legal profession in this province, for example, the swarm of young lawyers that comes forth yearly, and the swarm of students admitted to study, have become a veritable menace. Were there not a single lawyer admitted to the practice for the next five years we would still have too many, because there would still be some obliged to abandon the profession in order to try and make a living by some other means. To-day we have a multitude of lawyers in the ranks of journalism, in the civil service, in stores, offices, and upon the highway almost begging for alms. It cannot be perpetually the case that incompetency, or lack of aptitude, causes this misery. We fancy that the over-crowding of the profession, like the overcrowding of the street cars, exposes many to be crushed.

The practical conclusion to which we come, in all this, is that there should be more care taken by parents in regard to their children's selecting positions or vocations in the world. There should be a calm consideration as to the likes, dislikes, aptitudes, and qualifications of the child or young man. Above all there should be a more widespread consideration for the less glittering, but more useful spheres of life. Our agricultural, commercial and financial fields demand a great degree of tilling, and the young men of the hour are too crazy about politics, journalism, law and medicine, to bestir themselves in the direction of more needed spheres of action.

It is certainly very pitiful to find men of university training and professional acquirements reduced to the necessity of eking out a livelihood by furnishing materials for success to those more fortunate and living and dying, themselves, in the alms house and in the society of men with whom they can have nothing, but misery, in common. And it is also very sad to find so many medical students in the professions who are willing to advance upon the lives of their less fortunate fellow-beings; but it seems that such has always been the case in the world, for as Moore gives it:

"In the woods of the north, there are insects that prey on the brains of the elk, till his very last sigh, Oh! genius! thy patron's more cruel than they, First feed on thy brains and then leave thee to die."

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JOHN MURPHY & CO.

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Y, MAY 9, 1903.

1856, that this last section was recorded.aults in the building, worth a visit, were wards of three-quarters ago, and are now in condition as when the transferred to the mer.

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September, 1893, May, 1894, Mr. his present stand, his own pro-

ure of the musi-supplies, the firm ranch of the trade the line, and Viger & Co.'s staff day and night all the famous lakes and streams.

delegate At the Gesu.

10th inst., His delegate Apostolic, singing Pontifical Church of the Pa-ry of Jesus, Bleury

sung is one of choir and organ Scholastic Dispu-Philosophical will demic Hall of the Church, in the ck, by the first philosophy. It will the Latin tongue, with the procedure mended by the high a thousand ency will preside.

S. M. KIELY.

d regret that we of Mrs. Martin old subscriber of which occurred

t daughter was Trunk crossing o, and since that adly failed in was held on to St. Ann's attended by a ands and acquaint-Witness" offers family its most their great loss.

not less humble than in the e and superiors.

The King's Roman Visit, Liberty of Conscience.

Written some time prior to the visit of King Edward VII. to the Pope, and read in the light of the events that came to pass last week, the Roman correspondent of the English Catholic press has set forth some very interesting historical facts in a letter which we think it well and timely to reproduce.

The news I gave in my last letter to the effect that the King would visit the Holy Father now receives confirmation on every hand. This is something over which the subjects of the King will rejoice, and especially the many millions of Catholics living in the Empire, and it is something not more interesting than instructive, even if it should yet chance that the hopes be not realized in full.

No King of England has ever visited a Pope of Rome, and this is to come to pass—says a suspiciously jubilant evening newspaper—under the rule in Rome of the kingdom of United Italy. Could there be a plainer confutation, it asks, of the "stupid" complaints about the loss of the Temporal Power?

But are these "stupid"? Eleven or more English Kings visited the Popes during the first part of the Middle Ages, and their residence was at the celebrated national institution called the "Schola Saxonum," a reflex of the name of which is to be found in that of "Santo Spirito in Sassia" to-day.

The institution did not prosper under the Norman monarchs, and King John made its properties over to Pope Innocent III. (1198-1216). Nor did any sovereign of the Norman race visit Rome. With the house of Tudor came the "Reformation," and thereafter only one English monarch was a Catholic.

But Queen Victoria may be credited with having desired to visit Rome. The Liberal journalist does not refer to this, nor to her never having passed Florence. Only the conveniences of the present situation are to be mentioned. And now, when high and important considerations of political interest were to bring King Edward VII. to Rome, he has been confronted with an extremely awkward dilemma.

To forego his own desire, ignore the natural satisfaction of so many of his subjects, and put a slight upon the Holy See, was one alternative, yet, on the other hand, his visit was necessarily to be brief, and if he was to spend only about forty hours at the Quirinal, it would be difficult for him to fulfil all the formalities necessary for a visit to the Vatican.

The Holy See has made a distinction between Catholic and non-Catholic heads of States visiting Rome. The former are not received at the Vatican if they have come to visit officially the Italian royalties. Its attitude in the matter has prevented the Emperor of Austria from returning the visit which King Humbert paid to Vienna, and the ill-feeling between Italy and that Empire which existed previously was increased by the fact that King Victor Emmanuel recently omitted to visit Vienna, the capital of a country forming part of the Triple Alliance, though he went to St. Petersburg, the capital of a country belonging to the Dual Alliance.

An incident occurred between Italy and Portugal because the King of the latter country wished to visit the Pope only in Rome, and the Italian monarch in a summer resort. At the present date the negotiations between Italy and France about the visit of the King to Paris are at a deadlock, because the French President would not be received at the Vatican if he returned the visit in Rome. And Italy insists that its monarch shall receive official visits only in Rome. But in making the concession to non-Catholic heads of States, the Holy See has invariably maintained the rule that they must start for the Vatican from an extra-territorial, and consequently neutral, spot.

Thus the Emperor of Germany proceeded thither from his Legation at the Papal Court. The Shah of Persia had no Legation to the Vatican, and the difficulty presented by this prevented him from satisfying his desire of having an audience. The King of England is unfortunately in the same condition. None of his Ministers have the courage to propose diplomatic relations with the Holy See, though an are convinced not less of the utility than of the fitness of following the policy of the country prior to 1870 and the present common usage of civilized nations. So the Holy Father has proceeded to a last act of deference and concession, and permitted that the King may proceed to the Vatican from extra-territorial ground of another purpose, that of the British Embassy, and he cannot start from the English College.

(Continued from Page Five)

Other subjects or not, cannot be compelled to receive the faith, even should they have sufficient knowledge of it." (Suarez Tract de fide. Disp. 17, sect. 3, n. 4.) We see that the opinion of Suarez with regard to the matter is equally strong with that of St. Thomas.

Even the Reverend Edmundo J. O'Reilly, S.J., the theological corpseus of the modern Irish Church, says: "Catholics and the Catholic Church are not disposed to preach a crusade against Protestants settled in any country, even when they would prevail in the attempt." (Theological Essays, page 270.) It can be easily seen from this quotation that his opinion accords with those of the aforementioned theologians. It also expresses the present disposition of the Church in dealing with modern heresies, like the English and others, though they are far from admitting it.

But what need of my giving any further authorities on this head, since our canon law, as it stood in ancient times and as it still stands, renders irregular all those who have actively concurred in the death or mutilation of any human being, whether Catholic or heretic, Jew or pagan, even in a just war, or by exercising the art of surgery, or by judicial proceedings. This irregularity means that such persons cannot be promoted to Holy Orders, or exercise the orders they have already received. Nay, when an ecclesiastical judge has, after due examination, pronounced guilty any person accused of obstinate heresy, he is required by the Church to expressly declare in her name that her power extends no further than such decision. And in case the obstinate and unfortunate heretic is liable (by the laws of the land to suffer death, or any other excessively severe punishment, he is obliged to use his good offices towards obtaining his pardon. Even the Council of Constance, in condemning John Huss of heresy, declared that its power extended no further (Labbe's Councils t. XII, p. 129). That fact alone should silence forever those who are continually accusing the Church of being imbued with a spirit of persecution.

Those charges of persecution so frequently brought against the Church, and for which the Church is in nowise responsible, now claim consideration. First comes the Inquisition, the Spanish Inquisition, the bugbear of all Protestants, no matter whether they read Fox's "Book of Martyrs" or not. I wish to remark that this Spanish Inquisition, the terrors of which have been depicted in such lurid terms, was never half so bad as the English inquisition established in Ireland by apostate Elizabeth, and maintained by her profligate successors, who called themselves "defenders of the faith," though if we judge them by the standard of the ten commandments we must say that their faith was of a very scant kind. But to return to our subject. Sixtus the Fourth, yielding to the importunities of Queen Isabella, consented to the establishment of the Inquisition, as he was advised that it was necessary for the preservation of order in the kingdom. But in 1481, the year following its introduction, when the Jews complained to him of its severity, the same Pontiff issued a bull against the Inquisition, in which, Prescott informs us, "he rebuked their intemperate zeal and even threatened them with deprivation."

He even wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella that "mercy towards the guilty was more pleasing to God, than the severity which they were using." When the Pope could not eradicate the evil, he encouraged the sufferers to flee to Rome, where they found an asylum, and where he took them under his special protection. It would seem that that fact alone should set at rest forever the charge of intolerance brought against the Church on account of the Spanish Inquisition, over which the Pope exercised no control, because when once it received his approbation the Spaniards conducted it to suit themselves.

Next come Mary Tudor and the Smithfield fires. Though this calamity has been refuted thousands of times, yet, I am sure, it will be repeated again and again as long as there is a Protestant living who draws his inspiration from Fox, Hume and D'Aubigny. Let us hear the learned Milner on the subject: "If Queen Mary was a persecutor by burning people to death in the Smithfield fires, it was not in virtue of the tenets of her religion that she persecuted. The instruction which the Pope sent her for her conduct on the throne does not breathe a word recommending persecution, nor is there, as Burnet remarks, one word in favor of persecution in the synod which the Pope's legate, Cardinal Pole, held at that time. This representative of His Holiness even opposed the persecution project, as did King Phillip's chaplain also, who preached against it, and defended its advocates to produce in its favor an authority from Scripture.

Then there is the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. That was for political and not religious purposes, as is well known by every student of reliable history.

A glance at the kind of liberty of conscience accorded to Catholics by Protestants, whenever they had an opportunity to assert themselves, reveals a different condition of affairs. The learned Bergier defies Protestants to mention even one town in which their forefathers, when they became masters, tolerated a single Catholic, Rousseau, who was educated a Protestant, says that the Reformation was intolerant from its cradle and that its authors were universal persecutors. (Lettres de la Mont.) That assertion seems to be sweeping enough. Yet in their false histories those Protestants are continually representing us as enacting the role of persecutors. The Huguenot Minister, Jurien, acknowledges that the authorities of Geneva, the Republics, England, Scotland, Sweden, Denmark, etc., all employed the power of the state to abolish "Popery," and establish in its stead the Reformation. To go to the fountain head. Luther, the father of Protestantism, finding his new religion which he had submitted to the Pope condemned by him, immediately sounded the trumpet of persecution and murder against the Pontiff and all his supporters. Hear his words: "If we send thieves to the gallows, and robbers to the block, why do we not fall on those monsters of perdition, the popes, cardinals and bishops, with all our force, and not give up until we have bathed our hands in their blood." (Ad Silvest Perier.) That is one more ebullition of the kind of Christian sentiments with which Luther was imbued. St. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, says: "For the law is fulfilled in one sentence: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In that case, Luther was often delinquent in the fulfillment of the law, because in his writings he so frequently exhibits such a complete lack of charity towards the Church to which he was far from being an honor while he was a member of its fold.

It is said by the most reliable historians that the infamous Baron D'Adrets revelled in torturing and murdering the Catholics within his reach, and that on one occasion he caused his son to literally wash his hands in their blood. This is but one of the many instances that could be given of the inhuman cruelty wreaked by the Huguenots on the devoted Catholics of France. If there was such an event as the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Huguenots could only blame themselves for it. If we pass over to Scotland we find Knox rivaling Luther in barbarous ferocity of sentiment toward the Catholics. In all his public utterances he maintained, "It is not birth, but God's election, which confers a right to the throne, and to the magistracy," and that, "no promise, or oath to an enemy of the truth, that is to a Catholic, is binding," and that "every such enemy in a high station is to be deposed." The dire cruelties inflicted by the primitive Protestants on the devoted Catholics of Scotland could be dwelt upon at length, did space permit.

I feel that I cannot complete this part of my argument without making some reference, however, brief, to England. Milner says: "I have elsewhere shown from authentic sources, that above two hundred Catholics were hanged, drawn, and quartered during Elizabeth's reign, for the mere profession or exercise of the religion of their ancestors for almost one thousand years. Of this number fifteen were condemned to death for denying the queen's spiritual supremacy, one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of their priestly functions, and the rest for being reconciled to the Catholic Church, for hearing Mass, or for aiding or abetting Catholic priests." That alone is enough to brand her name with infamy forever, but it is not the hundredth part of what could be said about her barbarous cruelties.

I have shown that the Catholic Church was always an unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience, and that she never persecuted any man on account of his religious belief. I have shown also by a few examples drawn from many of the same kind how intolerant the Protestants were in that respect, and I shall now try to show that those who are commonly designated as schismatics and heretics did not ameliorate their condition very much by withdrawing their allegiance from the Pope.

After their rise in 866, the Greek schismatics transferred in reality, to the emperors of Constantinople, the allegiance they had previously given to the Roman Pontiffs. The lapse of ages has rendered their chains heavier. This is amply proved even by a few facts of not very remote occurrence. In 1833 all the bishops of the little kingdom of Greece signed the following declaration: "The national church, although it recognizes no other spiritual chief than Jesus Christ, recognizes at the same time, as far as its government is concerned, the King of Greece as its supreme head." They add, it is true, that their highest ecclesiastical authority consists of a permanent synod of bishops and archbishops, yet they do not tell us that all the members of that assembly are really nominated by the King, and that a delegate of the King, by right, forms part of it, and that every decision arrived at in his absence, and which bears not his signature, is null.

In 1848, the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem, in concert with their brother of Constantinople, issued an address to the members of their communion. In it we find the following: "In extraordinary difficulties we write to the Patriarch of Constantinople because that city is the seat of the empire, and because its Patriarch has precedence in the synods. If our fraternal concurrence settles the question the difficulty is finished, otherwise we refer the matter to the government according to the custom established by law." (Tondine, Le Pape de Rome, et les Papes de L'Eglise Orthodoxe, page 235.) According to that pronouncement the supreme power rests with the Sultan, as head of the government, for deciding religious questions about which the four great patriarchs cannot agree. We must not be surprised then, that a few years ago the Sultan, by virtue of his own authority, separated the Bulgarian church from the Patriarchate of Constantinople. The Russian church, while trying at present to absorb the Greek schismatic church, has always considered the spiritual supremacy of the Czar as one of its fundamental tenets. Catherine the Second, towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, openly declared, without any opposition from the orthodox clergy, as they call themselves, but with little reason, that sovereigns are invested by God with supreme authority in the church. I am sure it would be difficult to find a Croacian who would admit that God ever invested with any kind of authority, "Catherine the Wicked," one of those most glaring and nefarious crimes was to cause the downfall of Poland. Paul I. openly proclaims himself head of the Russian church, and asserts that his divinely constituted authority extends to all things ecclesiastical within the empire. Furthermore he states that all the clergy must yield to him explicit obedience. Those Russians do not seem to have much liberty of conscience. The Czar is their spiritual chief. He decides all ecclesiastical questions, and the members of his communion must abide by his decisions, either willingly or unwillingly. Such seems to be the legitimate consequence of schism.

What is the liberty of conscience supposed to be enjoyed by Protestants? They replaced the authority of the Pope, which they wished to annihilate, by what? By the civil authority in general. In Germany by the princes of the empire. In Switzerland to the Roman Pontiffs. The lapse of ages has rendered their chains heavier. This is amply proved even by a few facts of not very remote occurrence. In 1833 all the bishops of the little kingdom of Greece signed the following declaration: "The national church, although it recognizes no other spiritual chief than Jesus Christ, recognizes at the same time, as far as its government is concerned, the King of Greece as its supreme head." They add, it is true, that their highest ecclesiastical authority consists of a permanent synod of bishops and archbishops, yet they do not tell us that all the members of that assembly are really nominated by the King, and that a delegate of the King, by right, forms part of it, and that every decision arrived at in his absence, and which bears not his signature, is null.

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land by the councils of the cantons and the Grand Council of Berne, and in England, Denmark, and Sweden, by kings and parliaments. Heresy would have none of the beneficent guardianship of the Church. It looked upon the Sovereign Pontiff as a foreign potentate, usurping the domain of souls. But by withdrawing itself from the legitimate authority it had necessarily to seek elsewhere for support to save itself from approaching and inevitable ruin. It made itself the slave of kings; it sought to profit by political revolutions; it lavished caresses on the great; it cringed; and alas! it still cringes to all those powers that are the real masters of its existence. From the beginning it had for its high priest a debauched king, who for expedition in ridding himself of his wives far outstripped the South Dakota divorce law. For popes they had a queen "who had all the virtues without any of the virtues of her sex" and who, as far as horrifying crimes are concerned is considered fit to rank in juxtaposition to Isabel of old.

Before taking leave of my subject I feel it incumbent on me to refer, though briefly, to the Church of England, which even at present is as undefined and undefinable an association as ever it was. To quote from Dollinger while he was in the path of grace, "The laws of the kingdom which, under the three Tudors, Henry, Edward and Elizabeth, proclaimed the royal supremacy over the

Anglican Church, still exist in all their vigor. The king, or the reigning queen, is in possession of the supreme ecclesiastical power but must recognize two diametrically opposite churches, the Presbyterian in Scotland, and the Anglican in England." The old adage, "consistency thou art a jewel," does not seem to apply to them. Furthermore, we can state that outside the ministers and Parliament it is the Privy Council, since 1833, that has been exercising supremacy over religion and the church; Parliament made it the supreme court of appeal in all ecclesiastical discussions pertaining to doctrine or discipline. By a strange contradiction common enough in English history, laymen form the majority of it even when it is not entirely composed of them. Many of its members do not even belong to the Episcopal Church!

An appropriate conclusion to this article, methinks, is the following extract from Newman, while he was yet a non-Catholic. Speaking of the English church he says: "Its life is an act of Parliament. It will be able to resist its enemies while the state gives the word, it would be unable when the state forbids it. Elizabeth boasted that she tuned her pulpits. Charles forbade discussions on predestination, George on the Holy Trinity. Victoria allowed differences on holy baptism. As the nation changes its political views, the causes which carried the Reform Bill and Free Trade may make short work with orthodoxy."

Another comment work is quite (shall I say derfully) free from style and sweeping a ten and so much from the forum to Irish writers. One master, nor even a Irish language, to find knowledge in this illustration, or author grammars. It is a p cursive treatise on the inflections, structure, the most perfect tongues. There is no antiquarian or ph rope, but will grasp wished-for key to fact obscurity of a langua grammarians had on their own parishes, notable grammars w pretenders."

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SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903

THE IRISH GRAMMAR

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The Jesuit In Fact and Fiction

A lecture on "The Jesuit in Fact and Fiction" was recently delivered by Father Bernard Vaughan in the Rotunda, Dublin. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron. Father Vaughan said it was once his privilege to have been asked to give an address to a number of Nonconformist ministers, and as the choice of subject was left to him he had elected for his thesis, "Why I am a Jesuit." What had led him to make that choice was the difficulty which had always presented itself to them of reconciling the Jesuit in fact with the Jesuit in fiction. Accordingly he had thought it well in the interests of truth to give to his friends the antidote to what a Jesuit was not, by putting before them what a Jesuit was. He knew to his cost what a Jesuit was, because he had been through what American called "the Jesuit Gospel Mill," and the process was supposed to crush out all notes of individuality in the wretch who was so foolishly wicked as to submit himself to its grinding wheels, he had flattered himself, that he for one, at any rate, had managed to get through with every bit as much of his own individual character left as he cared to call his own.

He had not lost, but had gained by the Jesuit training, and he was proud to be able publicly to say that if he had anything worth owning it had in great measure come to him through that splendidly hated society of which he was an unworthy member. He had met and knew many Jesuits of many nationalities but he had never yet come across the type set forth in works of fiction, nor did he think that human nature being what it was, that type could anywhere exist in fact. While there were easier and far pleasanter ways of qualifying for a place in lowest hell he did not believe any created being would or could bring himself to submit to the severe strain of a Jesuit training just to become the villain who was put forth as the diabolical hero in so many modern works of romance. Nothing but the hope of graduating for Heaven had induced him to train in this Jesuit discipline. So much did he abhor the Jesuit of romance that during the past year he had brought actions for libel against two newspapers for venturing to fasten upon him, a Jesuit in fact, some of the bad names given to the Jesuit in fiction. In one case the journal offered a full and adequate apology, in the other, a jury of his countrymen forced the libellers to pay £300 damages and £300 more costs. When he read of the gross charge brought against him, he could not help borrowing the words of a London bus driver, who, on Coronation Day, being slugged by a coster, called out to his fares: "Anó what do you think of that for an illuminated address?"

Father Vaughan then described how St. Ignatius founded the Society of Jesus. Ignatius was an up-to-date man. He saw the world as it actually was. The Church, so it seemed to him, needed the services of a new religious order set on new lines, adapted to meet the new wants which were being evolved out of the new movements, the new discoveries, and the new learning that were reorganizing, not to say revolutionizing, modern Europe. Accordingly Ignatius conceived the idea of founding what is known to us as the Society of Jesus. What was the government of that Society? The supreme authority in it was the General Congregation. It alone elected its General and made its laws. The General, who was elected for life, had five assistants, of different nationalities, his advisers but not his colleagues. He governed by his own authority, but he was bound to rule according to the Constitutions of the company, the Decrees of the General Congregation, and the traditions of the society. Next to the Father General came the Provincials of the different provinces, of which at the present time there were three and twenty. To the members of each province the Provincial was the most important superior, for all in his province, with the exception of the rectors of the colleges, were appointed to their several offices by him. As the General had his assistants, so the Provincials, the rectors and the superiors of the various houses had their consultors, with whom they discussed the different interests of their individual departments. To each province was attached some foreign

mission to which any member was liable to be sent, but it was not usual to send the members of one to that of another province. Father Vaughan said one had to become a member of what some of their admirers called that "crack regiment" to realize what a rare expression it was of the organization of the Catholic Church. No doubt Voltaire had spoken too eulogistically when he said to Frederick II.: To say, Sire, the Pope to destroy this brave army is like asking Your Majesty to disband your regiment of Guards." Voltaire had also made other observations of a less flattering character about the "Minima Societas," as its founder called it.

All Jesuits were volunteers, there was no such thing as conscription. Before enlisting each candidate was examined by four priests, whose business it was to satisfy themselves that he was fitted physically, mentally, and morally for the service to which in the course of his training he would have to be put. If passed by the examiners the candidate became a novice, which implied that for two whole years he was trained in an ascetical school in which his virtue, and most of all his spirit of obedience, were put to many a rude, rough test by his Superior, called the Novice Master, a Jesuit Father who, moreover, undertook to fashion him into a Jesuit according to the mind of Ignatius. At the end of his two years' training the novice, if all went well with him, was admitted to take the simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. After taking his vows, and till he became a priest in the Society, the Jesuit was called a scholastic. During his scholasticship he passed through two years' study of literature and mathematics, then followed three more devoted to philosophy and physical science, after which he was put to teach boys for perhaps six years in one of the Jesuit colleges; then he spent in theology three years, then was ordained priest, remaining after that one year more in the study of dogma. What became of the Jesuit after all those long years of work and worry? Why, he was put into what was called the tertianship, which meant that he went back to a third year's noviceship, where in a spiritual mill he had ground out of him whatever of pride and vanity he might have contracted by his successes in government, or in literature, sacred and profane. During that year he studied the Constitution of the Society, made a second month's retreat on the lines of the spiritual exercises, and was told, both in season and out of season, of all his past faults and failings, some of which astonished him not a little, but he was consoled by being reminded that "We do not know ourselves as well as others know us." After the tertianship the Jesuit took his last vows, or the solemn vows, so called because they were more difficult of dispensation than the simple vows of religion. He became a Spiritual Coadjutor, or else a Professed Father. The Society felt she could now put no more into him, so she resolved for the rest of his life to take all she could out of him—and depend upon it she knew how to do it.

Here it might be well, said the lecturer, to remark, for the benefit of those not in "the know," that there were no "Jesuits in plain clothes," no "crypto Jesuits," no "Jesuits in disguise." No, neither were there "female Jesuits" or "lay-Jesuits" or Congregations of men or women affiliated to them, or Third Order of Jesuits. With the exception of the Lay-Brothers, who were Jesuits living in Jesuit houses, in Jesuit garb, and doing Jesuit domestic work, there were absolutely no Jesuits who were not actually priests or in training to become Jesuit priests. There was no mistaking them; they had their own rule, their own houses, their own dress, and some people went even so far as to say their own "sly and oily ways," though he, the lecturer, had not as yet met the "sleek and silky" type except in works of travesty and fiction. Truth to tell, they were a body of plain, blunt men, who tried to do their duty; but they were neither much better nor much worse than others. There were plenty of other priests, secular and religious, from whom Jesuits might learn many a salutary lesson.

Father Vaughan went on to tell of the work done by Jesuits as foreign missionaries, as theologians, and scientists till the Society was suppressed in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV. Why was the Society, numbering 22,589 members, suppressed? Time did not permit him to enter into a detailed account of matters which led up to its suppression. The brief suppressing it gave a long enu-

meration of complaints that had at various times and places been made against it. But while these charges were rehearsed historically, they were not in the Brief pronounced as proved in fact. The Brief was a disciplinary and administrative measure; it had nothing to do with doctrine; it was not an infallible utterance, so that all that a Catholic need to say about the Brief was that where it was promulgated there the Society was truly and canonically suppressed—ceased to exist. With the Brief before him the Protestant historian Schobell wrote this:—"The Brief condemns neither the teachings, nor the morals, nor the discipline of the Jesuits. The complaints of the courts (of France, Spain, Portugal, and Naples) against the Order are the only motives alleged for its suppression, and the Pope justifies his action by precedents of Orders suppressed in deference to public opinion."—"The Bull itself is wholly useless as an historical document. It contains no word in support of the charges which for a short time previously had been made against the Jesuits, nothing of the real motives of the suppression, and only a hint at some plausible motives—but, the sum total comes to this: The Order was constituted for the good of the Church. So long as this object was served the Order was maintained. But now that it seems no longer to answer this end the Pope abolishes it, and has the right to do so—as is proved by many examples." L. H. Fischer, another Protestant historian, wrote:—"The weakest argument of all (against the Society) is that sought for its suppression by the Pope—this only exhibits once more the familiar phenomenon that the best of friends are sacrificed to secure peace."

Father Vaughan said that for all he knew the Society might be suppressed again. It had died in 1773, it had revived to live its early life once more in 1814; but how long that life was to continue depended upon the Holy See. If a Pope were to arise in the near future to give the death-blow to the Society it would submit to it without much ado. No individual religious Order was necessary to the welfare of Christ's Church, and he could quite conceive a set of circumstances springing out of the future which might induce the then reigning Pontiff to repeat the act of Clement XIV. One thing was certain, and that was the Society never had been, and never would be, reformed. It was its one proud boast that if it failed in anything it was in its individual members, not in its organization, in its constitution, or in its corporate life. The lecturer concluded by the refutation of some of the severer charges that had at different times been brought against the teaching of the Society, which he said was nothing more nor less than the teaching of the Catholic and Roman Church. He referred to three recent works of fiction which had commanded quite a large circulation by their misrepresentations, "gross as a mountain," of Jesuits. He was sometimes asked why Jesuits were so splendidly hated. That question he answered in the Socratic manner by asking the further question: Why, if the descriptions given of Jesuits in fiction were true, were they not universally hated by all good men? Perhaps, after all, the Jesuit in fact did not be kind to the Jesuit in fiction.

BABY'S BEST FRIEND.

The best friend baby can have is a simple medicine that will relieve and cure the minor ailments that make his little life often very miserable. Such a friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They cure indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. All mothers who have used these Tablets praise them. Mrs. F. L. Bourgeois, Eastern Harbor, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and look upon them as baby's best friend. I have found them an excellent remedy for colic, and they have done our baby much good in many ways." Little ones take these Tablets as readily as candy, and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Once used always used where there are little ones in the home. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There is one thing whereby we may glorify ourselves; that is, by returning God the glory which comes from Him, by serving Him faithfully, and by acknowledging all that He has done for us.

The Cause Of Temperance.

From one of our Catholic exchanges we clip the following despatch:—
Paterson, N.J., April 27.—The Very Rev. Dean McNulty made complaints to-day before Recorder Senior against Henry Barclay, Patrick J. Duffy and George Ross, saloon-keepers, for violating the Sunday liquor law. The Dean had raided the saloons kept by these men, and, as they are out of the Dean's parish, his visits were unexpected. The venerable priest's lifelong crusade against the liquor traffic has generally been confined to his own parish, where the side doors are carefully guarded against his unwelcome visits.

The Dean's raid recently was prompted by a letter he had received signed, "A Poor Wife," which said that the writer was a heart-broken wife because her husband frequented certain saloons where women were harbored.

When the priest walked through the side door of Barclay's saloon a number of men were at the bar. Some ran out when they saw him, but others tried to brazen it out. The Dean told them to get out. "Go home to your wives and families," ordered the clergyman, advancing to the bar.

The men moved aside slowly as he approached.

"You spend your money for this filthy stuff!" he cried, as he picked up the beer glasses and dashed the contents into the faces of the men, one after the other, so quickly that they were completely routed and ran out of the side door.

The Dean is held in such veneration by the whole community that no man was ever known to have temerity to resist him by force. Many a crowd of rough men he has driven before him in just this way.

"And you are worse than they are," he cried, turning to the quaking bar-tender, who a few minutes before had been strutting around in all the glory of a suit of new clothes of a sporty pattern and style. "You ought to get out and earn your living in a lawful manner."

Still another mug of ale stood unemptied on the bar and the Dean caught this up and poured the contents over the new suit, as the bar-tender tried to duck behind the bar.

A crowd had gathered outside, but when the Dean emerged they scattered. Word was passed around to the saloons that "the Dean was out," and business was temporarily suspended. The clergyman is accustomed to such tactics, so he marched rapidly to Railroad avenue, several blocks away, and outstripped the heralds. In George Ross's saloon he found a number of men, but he had no trouble in driving them out.

In Duffy's saloon in the same block he caused another stampede. He tried several other places, but found that the heralds had been ahead of him.

In talking of his raid recently the Dean was indignant at the attitude of the city government and the laxity of the police department. He said:—

"It is too bad that an old man like myself has to do the duty of the city authorities. The police are sworn to see that the laws are observed, and, moreover, they are paid for their services; yet I can go out on Sunday and find many instances of violations of the law, while the police never report saloonkeepers for Sunday selling."

Only a week ago the Dean took a look at some saloons on Sunday evening. He succeeded in getting into one on Market street, it is said, and found that the only customer was a policeman in full uniform, with a glass of ale in front of him. The officer pleaded so hard with the Dean for another chance that the clergyman yielded to his entreaties and made no complaint, especially as the officer promised to take the pledge.

MAY-SONG.

(From St. Anthony's Messenger.)

Mother fair, in thy care
All my trust is placed;
Let my days, and my ways,
By thy love be graced;
Keep me near, Guardian dear,
Hold me by thy side;
Ne'er depart, for my heart
Needs thee as its guide!

Mystic Rose, only those
In this Vale of Tears
Who have not placed their lot
In thy care have fears!
We who know what we sow
We shall also reap,
Bless the claim that thy name
Bids thy children keep!

—Amadeus, O. S. F.

they will be fraught with a great authority. But the second part of the review will be very much more authoritative. It will consist of decrees and replies. Every decree will be of a binding force dependent upon the nature of its subject matter and of the approval of His Holiness manifested about it. The replies will be the decisions of the commission upon the questions formulated to it. Any Catholic may ask questions.

The commission is analogous to a royal academy of sciences or letters, and it is remarkable that its decisions will not be rendered with a mere "negative" or "affirmative," but in full statements; not light only will be given, but a full light. And this is not the light given by any Roman congregation at present. Nor do any of the commissions with which this Scriptural one has its place issue a publication of the sort. That for the Preservation of the Faith does issue a bulletin, but the scope of the commission is chiefly of a practical order, and the theoretical part of its work is not concerned with problems either arduous or new.

So that for the first time in history Rome will possess an official body which is a quasi-congregation, concerned with doctrinal points and questions of study, that will issue an official publication, and while this is to be entirely official, its output will be a supply befitting the widest possible demand. Already the work of preparation has become so considerable that His Holiness has decided to appoint an under-secretary to the commission in the person of the Rev. Padre Molini, O.F.M., and ex-student of the International Franciscan College of St. Anthony, where he now resides, after having been professor of Sacred Scripture in the college of the Order at Jerusalem.

Our Boys And Girls.

Father Klasein in his contribution to the last issue of the "New World" says:—

"Home, Sweet Home!" This is a song with which almost every boy is well acquainted. He has sung it again and again. But, how few are there who fully realize what the meaning of this beautiful song is? It being the favorite song among our people here, one would be inclined to think that they before all other people had a due appreciation for that singular place we call "home." But, alas, it is not the case. How many are there, to whom the happiness of home life is entirely unknown, not because they have no home, but because they fail to make their home a happy home? Let us tell you, my dear boys, some of the things necessary to make a "sweet" and happy home.

First of all, it depends not upon wealth and riches to make a home happy and pleasant. It depends entirely upon the members of the family forming a home. Some of the happiest homes are to be found among the poor. There we find real happiness, contentment, peace and love. It matters not whether your parents are paying \$30.00 a month for a fine steam-heated, modern improved flat, or only \$5.00 or \$10.00 a month for a couple of old-fashioned rooms. It matters not whether you have a large choice of room, a reception room, a dining room, a library, a nursery, a laundry and a gymnasium, or only a sitting room with a kitchen and a few bad rooms. It depends not upon the size of your house and apartments, but upon you

A NOTABLE CAREER ENDED.

Father Michael Coughlan, for fifteen years rector of St. Michael's Church in New Orleans, died Saturday, aged 65. He was a native of Kings County, Ireland. At 23 years of age, when the Pope's power was threatened by Garibaldi, young Coughlan, with other Irishmen, went to Rome and enlisted in the Irish Papal Zouaves. His company was cut to pieces at the battle of Casa Fidardo, and he, with others, was taken prisoner. After confinement in the Italian prison for some time he was released at the intercession of the French Government. He went to Paris, thence to Martinique, where was professor of English in the Catholic College of St. Pierre; thence to New York, and then New Orleans, where he studied for the Church at the Archbishop's Seminary. He was detailed to New Iberia, where he became president of the Holy Cross College. In 1888 he was made a rector of St. Michael's Church in New Orleans.

Be careful of fits of anger. One of those is worse than a week's tooth-ache, and wears unaccountably the springs of life.

and the other inmates. Whether you have an expensive carriage with rubber tires or an automobile to wheel you about, or whether the street cars and your feet are your only means of transportation; it matters not. If the inmates of a home lack the necessary qualities of making a home sweet and pleasant, the finest, the richest, the most comfortable home will be miserable, a home of discontent, of hatred, of fault-finding, of strifes and quarrels. Whereas, on the contrary, the home of the poorest laborer can be made the happiest abode on earth, if the inmates understand to make it so.

What must you do, therefore, that your home may be to you a "sweet" home? You must above all love it. From love all things proceed. If you do not love your home, you will not appreciate, care for it either; you will fail to do those things which necessarily must be done to make your home happy and pleasant. No matter how poor it may be, you must love it nevertheless. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." We cannot all have the same kind of homes; there must be rich homes and poor ones, but all of us can have a "sweet" home. There is nothing to prevent it. "My home is my castle, my palace, where I love to dwell. There is no place on earth so dear to me as my home." Such must be your words, words coming from a heart fully convinced of the truth which they express. Your thoughts must always rest on your home. If circumstances make your departure from home necessary, you must then with joy in your heart look forward to the day when you shall be able to return to it again.

"Mid pleasures and palaces,
Though we may roam—
There's no place like home."

CHAPTER XVI.—C

In a few minutes she on a small keg near the Hardress hurried the preparing dinner. Larry not so proficient in the gastronomy as the cele of Crookford's, and yet questioned whether the parations of the latter spatched with more satisfaction. Eilly, indeed a heroine's proportion; doted at the voracity of men, one of whom platon on an unpeeled p followed both at a mouth without employing a st tory action.

Danny Mann, in the occupied in procuring a lodging for the night. when they had concluded remonious meal, to say been successful in pro in the house "man cat kep a priva tween that an 'Beale."

"A private bottle! Hardress: "what do m vate bottle?"

"I mean," replied th "dat she sell as good she paid license for it; never was fool enough "Where does she live "Close to de road al me—" (here he drew side) "when I axed he de Ponies, an' de deal of gentlemen, westwards yesterday, Naughten (Poll's Phil, wainten' for you dese the horse an' jauntin' "I am glad to hear there to-night, and tel the door before day-br morning. Tell him I fare if he uses diligen "Why, din, indeed," "I'll tell him nothing "T'would be de same still, for he's a boy of him England, Ireland for an estate, he'd ax for a kitchen garden." "Well, well, do about it, Danny, bu the spot. That fello ed her out of the cal low is so impudent s nothing but the recol fidelity and the honest tive, keeps my hand my foster-brother, an ceive with the except formity, a well-lookin' "I never observed the hunch," said Eilly "For which," as with a slight change ance, "he has to tha "You, Mr. Hardres "Even so, Eilly. W both children, that y my constant compan produced a feeling of which he presumed a rudeness to a litt mine, a Miss Chute, visit at my mother's ed to me, and my summary. I met him the kitchen stairs, even the ceremony tion or preparatory him by one collar, with desperate force of the fight. He w as soon as I expect amination, it was d injury had been don which, notwithstand tions that were em it, had its result in formity."

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THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

In a few minutes she was seated on a small keg near the fire, while Hardress hurried the men who were preparing dinner.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HARDRESS LEARNED A LITTLE SECRET FROM A DYING HUNTSMAN.

Danny Mann, in the meantime, was occupied in procuring a more eligible lodging for the night. He returned when they had concluded their unceremonious meal, to say that he had been successful in procuring two rooms, in the house of a 'little woman' who kept a private bottle between that and 'Beale'.

CAREER ENDED.

Michael Coughlan, for fifteen years of St. Michael's in New Orleans, died Saturday. He was a native of Ireland. At 23 years of age he was the Pope's power as Garibaldi, young other Irishmen, went enlisted in the Irish.

low) that were any compensation to him. I have been alarmed to observe that he sometimes attaches even a profane importance to his master's wishes, and seems to care but little what laws he may transgress when his object is the gratification of my inclinations.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HARDRESS LEARNED A LITTLE SECRET FROM A DYING HUNTSMAN.

Notwithstanding the message which Hardress Cregan sent by Lowry Looby, it was more than a week before he visited his parents at their Killarney residence.

After taking an affectionate leave of his beautiful wife and assuring her that his absence should not be extended beyond the following day, Hardress Cregan mounted on one of Phil Naughten's rough-coated ponies, set off for Dinis Cottage.

The sun had gone down before he left the wild and rocky glen in which was situated the cottage of his bride. It was, as we have already apprised the reader, the first time Hardress had visited the lake since his return from college, and the scenery now, to his matured and well-regulated taste, had not only the effect of novelty, but it was likewise invested with the hallowing and romantic charm of youthful association.

"It was shocking," said Eily, with much simplicity of feeling. "No wonder you should be kind to him."

"If I were a mere block," said Hardress, "I could not but be affected by the good nature and kindly feeling which the poor fellow showed on the occasion, and, indeed, down to the present moment. It seemed to be the sole aim and study of his life to satisfy me that he entertained not even a sentiment of regret for what had happened, and his attachment ever since has been the attachment of a zealot. I know he cannot but feel that his prospects in life have been made dark and lonely by that accident; and yet he is congratulating himself, whenever an opportunity occurs, on his good fortune in being provided with a constant service, as if (poor fel-

the stream, the hedge, the stile—all brought to mind some sweet remembrance of his boyhood. The childish form of Anne Chute still seemed to meet him with her bright and careless smile at every turn in the path, or to fly before him over the shorn meadow, as of old; while the wild and merry peal of infant laughter seemed still to ring upon his hearing.

The window of the dining parlor alone was lighted up, and Hardress was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that the ladies, Mrs. Cregan and Miss Chute, were gone to a grand ball in the neighborhood. Mr. Cregan, with two other gentlemen, were drinking in the dining room, and, as he might gather from the tumultuous nature of their conversation, and the occasional shouts of ecstatic enjoyment, and bursts of laughter which rang through the house, already pretty far advanced in the bacchanalian ceremonies of the night.

Feeling no inclination to join the revellers, Hardress ordered candies in the drawing-room, and prepared to spend a quiet evening by himself. He had scarcely, however, taken his seat on the straight-backed sofa, when his retirement was invaded by old Nancy, the kitchen-maid, who came to tell him that poor Dalton, the huntsman, was 'a'most off,' in the little green room, and that when he heard Mr. Hardress had arrived, he begged of all things to see him before he'd go.

Hardress started up and followed her. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed as he went along. "Poor Dalton! And is that breath, that would so many merry blasts upon the mountain, so soon to be extinguished? I remember the time when I thought a monarch on his throne a less enviable being than our stout huntsman, seated on his keen-eyed steed, in his scarlet frock and cap, with his hounds, like painted courtiers, thronging and baying round his horse's hoofs, and his horn hanging silent at his waist. Poor fellow! Every beagle in the pack was as his familiar acquaintance, and was as jealous of his chirp or his whistle as my cousin Anne's admirers might be of a smile or secret whisper. How often has he carried me before him on his saddle-bow, and taught me the true fox-hunting cry! How often at evening has he held me between his knees, and excited my young ambition with the tales of hunts hard run, and neck-or-nothing leaps; of double ditches, cleared by an almost miraculous dexterity; of drawing, yearning, challenging, hunting mute, hunting change, and hunting counter! And now the poor fellow must wind his last recheat, and carry his own old bones to earth at length! Never again to awaken the echoes of the mountain lakes—never again beneath the shadow of those immemorial woods that clothe their lofty shores—

"Aere ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu!"

The fox may come from the kennel, and the red-deer slumber on his lazer, for their mighty enemy is now himself at bay."

While these reflections passed through the mind of Hardress, old Nancy conducted him as far as the door of the huntsman's room, where he paused for a moment on hearing the voice of one singing inside. It was that of the worn-out huntsman himself, who was humming over a few verses of a favorite ballad. The lines which caught the ear of Hardress were the following:— "Ah, huntsman dear, I'll be your friend, If you let me go till morning;

Don't call your hounds for one half hour, Nor neither sound your horn; For indeed I'm tired from yesterday's hunt I can neither run nor walk well. Till I go to Rock-hill amongst my friends, Where I was bred and born, Tally ho the fox! Tally ho the fox! Tally ho the fox, a collauncen Tally ho the fox! Over hills and rocks, And chase him on till morning."

"He cannot be so very ill," said Hardress, looking at the old woman, "when his sprits will permit him to sing so merrily."

"Oyeh, Heaven help you, agra!" replied Nancy. "I believe if he was at death's doore this moment, he'd have that song on his tongue still."

Hardress here opened the door and cut short the refrain. The huntsman turned his face to the door as he heard the handle turn. It was that of a middle-aged man in the very last stage of pulmonary consumption.

"Cead Millia fealtha! My heart warms to see you, my own Master Hardress," exclaimed the huntsman, reaching him a skelton hand, beneath the brown quilt. "I can die in peace now, at I see you again in telling me you're coming an' comin', until I began to think at last that you wouldn't come until I was gone."

"Out of a could I think I got it first, sir. When the master sold the hounds—(Ah, Master Hardress! to think of his parting them dogs, an' giving up that fine manly exercise, for a paltry parcel o' cocks an' hens!) but when he sold them and took to the cock-fighting my heart felt as low and as lonesome as if I lost all belonging to me! To please the master, I turned my hands to the cocks, an' used to go every mornin' to the hounds' kennel, where the birds were kept, to give 'em food and water; but I could never warm to the birds. Ah, what is a cock-fight, Master Hardress, in comparison of a well-roded hunt among the mountains, with your horse flying like an organ out before you, an' the ground fleetly like a dream on all sides o' you, an' ah, what's the use of talking!"

After a few moments, he again turned a ghastly eye on Hardress, and said in a faint voice: "I used to go down by the lake in the evening to hear the stags belling in the woods; an' in the morning I'd be up with the first light to blow a call on the top o' the hill, as I used to do to comfort the dogs; an' then I'd miss their cry, an' I'd stop listenin' to the aychoes o' the horn among the mountains, till my heart would sink as low as my old boots. An' bad boots they wor, too; signs on, I got wet in 'em; an' themselves an' the cold morning air, an' the want o' the horse exercise, I believe, an' everything, brought on this fit. Is the mistress at home, sir?" he added after struggling through a severe fit of oppression.

"No, she is at a ball, with Miss Chute."

"Good luck to them both, wherever they are. That's the way o' the world. Some in health, an' some in sickness; some dancing, and more dying."

Here he raised himself on his elbow, and after casting a haggard glance around, as if to be assured that what he had to say could not be overheard, he leaned forward towards Hardress, and whispered: "I know one in this house, Master Hardress, that loves you well."

"Indeed I do," continued the dying huntsman, "one, too, that deserves a better fortune than to love any one without a return. One that was kind to me in my sickness, and that I'd like to see happy before I'd leave the world, if it was Heaven's will."

During this conversation, both speakers had been frequently rendered inaudible by occasional bursts of laughter and shouts of bacchanalian mirth from the dining-room. At this moment, and before the young gentleman could select any mode of enquiry into the particulars of the singular communication above mentioned, the door was opened and the face of old Nancy appeared, bearing on its smoke-dried features a mingled expression of perplexity and sorrow.

"Dalton, a'ra gall!" she exclaimed, "don't blame me for what I'm going to say to you, for it is my tongue, an' not my wish nor my heart that speaks it. The master and the gentleman sent me into you, an' bid me tell you for the sake of old times, to give them one fox-huntin' screech before you go."

"The old huntsman fixed his brilliant but sickly eyes on the messenger, while a flush that might have been the indication of anger or of grief, flickered like a decaying light upon his brow. At length he said: "An' did the master send that message by you, Nancy?"

"He did, Dalton, indeed, Ayeh, the gentleman must be excused."

"True for you, Nancy," said the huntsman after a long pause, then, raising his head, with a smile of seeming pleasure, he continued: "Why, then, I'm glad to see the master hasn't forgot the dogs entirely. Go to him, Nancy, an' tell him that I'm glad to hear that he has so much o' the sport left in him still. And that it is kind father for him to have a feeling for his huntsman, an' I thank him. Tell him, Nancy, to send me in one good glass o' parliament punch, an' I'll give him such a cry as he never heard in a cock-pit any way."

The punch was brought, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Hardress, drained to the bottom. The old huntsman then sat erect, in the bed, and letting his head back, indulged in one prolonged "hoicks!" that made the phials jingle on the table, and frightened the sparrows from their roosts beneath the thatch. It was echoed by the jolly company in the dining-parlor, chorused by a howling from all the dogs in the yard, and answered by a general clamour from the fowl-house.

"Another! Another! Hoicks!" resounded through the house. But the poor consumptive was not in a condition to gratify the revellers. When Hardress looked down upon him next, the pillow appeared dark with blood and the cheek of the sufferer had lost even the unhealthy bloom, that had so long masked the miner's death in his work of snug destruction. A singular brilliancy fixed itself upon his eye-balls, his lips were dragged backward, blue and cold, and with an expression of dull and general pain—his teeth—but wherefore linger on such a picture?—it is better let the curtain fall.

Hardress Cregan felt less indignation at this circumstance that he might have done if it had occurred at the present day; but yet he was indignant. He entered the dining-parlor to remonstrate with a frame that trembled with passion.

"And pray, Hardress," said Hepton Connolly, as he emptied the ladle into his glass, and turned on him an eye whose steadiness to say the least, was equivocal; "pray now, Hardress, is poor Dalton really dead?"

Catholic Federation In United States.

A dispatch from Washington was printed in some newspapers last week, says the New York 'Freeman's Journal,' stating that at a meeting of the Archbishops, held in that city, the American Federation of Catholic Societies was considered and that the wording of the pronouncement which 'will be forwarded to the Archbishops for their personal guidance is conservative and diplomatic, but nevertheless strongly suggests the undesirability of such an organization.'

"The phraseology of the dispatch," said Bishop McPaul of Trenton, when shown the dispatch, "casts suspicion upon it. It was evidently composed by some one who was ignorant of the facts and anxious to send out a sensational news item. It is probable that the Archbishops, at the suggestion of some member of the meeting, may have discussed Federation. Indeed, as I had been informed that such action might be taken, I corresponded with some of the most eminent members of the hierarchy who are friendly to the organization and have encouraged its formation in their archdioceses.

"In reply, I received this assurance from a venerable, conservative, and learned Archbishop: 'I will most earnestly advocate Federation. If it is not commended, it should, at least, be left alone.' 'This is the policy which I have advised from the beginning,'" continued Bishop McPaul, "as Federation is a laymen's movement, seeking to advance the religious, social, and civil interests of Catholics. It must, of course, be organized in an archdiocese and a diocese only with the consent and approval of the Archbishop or Bishop; but it is hardly desirable for the hierarchy, as a body, or the Archbishops in their annual meeting at Washington, to give it, at this period of its development, public approval. This would lend color to the old accusation that it is solely a church movement, instead of an organization of American citizens.

"Notwithstanding the amount of literature printed for and against Federation, it is strange to find that very many, otherwise well informed persons, are ignorant of its real objects. It will take time to overcome this condition. However, since so many members of the hierarchy have declared in favor of the organization, I anticipate a campaign of education, as the outcome of the next national convention to be held at Atlantic City, Aug 1 to 5. The result will no doubt be beneficial to federation.

"One great object of the Federation is the formation of Catholic public opinion on the important topics of the day; such as Socialism, Christian Education, Marriage and Divorce. Experience teaches that our fellow-citizens are inclined sometimes to look upon us with suspicion because they do not understand our position on many questions. This misunderstanding is generally due to the fact that we have either not intelligently explained it, or not sent the information through such channels as reach the non-Catholic. "It is easy to perceive the great influence for good that might be exerted, if the several Catholic nationalities in this country were united. For example, if Catholics thus united, joined with their fellow-citizens in a crusade against intemperance and divorce, such strength of public opinion would be concentrated in towns, cities, States and nation, that these evils must gradually disappear before it."

Lake St. John District

We are in receipt of the annual report sent to us by the Lake St. John Colonization Society, which is exceedingly well gotten up. The cover is in five different colors, and is most artistic, representing a girl at the spinning wheel. The interior is profusely illustrated with agricultural scenes of that great fertile region of Lake St. John, which render this report one of the most interesting of its kind. The text is full of valuable information particularly interesting those who keep in track with the movement which is making our country greater and more prosperous every day.

Altogether this report is a credit to that Society, which works so energetically for the prosperity of our country.

(To be continued.)

All that is done by one who is attached to the things of this earth is imperfect, for he who does a thing so ruinous is ruined himself. — St. Teresa.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

During the past few weeks I have been devoting my column to matters that are connected somewhat closely with Irish history.

It was a very damp, cold evening, in November, 1879; I was residing, as a boy, upon my father's farm. The weather had been miserable for some two weeks, and the roads were almost beyond description.

"Can you lend us a buggy, ours is smashed; do so and save the country as well as its unfortunate Premier."

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

How clearly I can now recall each incident, each detail of what followed. Lanterns were soon procured; the stableman and the farmhands, (two in number at that season), my father, and myself in the rear constituted ourselves into a "torch-light procession," and went forth to the rescue of the country and its Prime Minister.

He had gone in the early afternoon to the town beyond our place, to visit an old friend who was said to be dying, but who actually survived the premier by four years.

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gave a sudden bolt which almost jerked the driver from his seat, and the next thing that happened was the striking of the front wheel of the carriage against an up-turned tumbrel cart that had foolishly been left on the road-side.

It was then, when it became evident that there was actually a wreck that, with the aid of a flickering light produced by matches, the Premier wrote the above-mentioned note and sent the boy to the house with it.

[This is the whole story; not a very important, nor, may be, interesting one; but such as it is I give it.]

THE POOR DYSPLEPTIC

Is the Most Miserable of Mortals—Only Similar Sufferers Can Understand His Hours of Agony.

There is no mortal more miserable than the poor dyspeptic. He is never healthy, never happy—always ailing, always out of sorts.

If you are a dyspeptic, you know the signs; the coated tongue, the dull headaches, the heartburn, the biliousness, the persistent torment after meals, the hopeless despondency.

Bad blood is the mother of fifty diseases, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure them all, because they convert bad blood into good, rich, red blood, without which there can be neither health nor strength.

ONLY ONE WAY.

The Cure of Ars had an interview one day with a rich Protestant. The servant of God did not know that he had the misfortune to belong to a sect, and spoke to him, as he was accustomed to do, of our Lord and the saints with the warmest effusion.

"M. le Cure, you are giving a medical to a heretic—at least I am a heretic only from your point of view. Notwithstanding the difference of our belief, I hope we shall both be one day in heaven."

The good Cure took his hand, and fixing on him his eyes, which expressed his lively faith and his burning charity, he said, in a tone of deep compassion and tenderness: "Alas, my friend, we shall be united above only inasmuch as we have begun to be so upon earth; death will make no change. Where the tree falls, there it lies."

"M. le Cure, I trust in Christ, who said, 'He who believeth in Me'

shall have eternal life." "Ah! my friend, our Lord also said other things. He said that whoever would not listen to the Church should be regarded as a heathen. He said there was to be but one flock and one shepherd, and He appointed St. Peter to be the head of that flock." Then, speaking in a more gentle and insinuating voice, "My friend, there are not two ways of serving our Lord—there is only one way; and it is to serve Him, as He wishes to be served."

Thereupon the good Cure disappeared, leaving that man penetrated with a salutary uneasiness, the forerunner of divine grace, by which he was afterwards happily overcome.

Cowardly Catholics.

(From Catholic Union and Times.)

Christ will deny before His Father those who have denied Him before men. There are many ways of denying Christ, short of the formal rejection of His Name and Law.

Alas, with far less urgent temptation, how many Christians of to-day burn incense to the idols of human respect, of worldly or heretical prejudice! They implicitly repudiate the faith by their cowardly concealment of it, or their misrepresentation of its precepts.

These are the people who blush for the sign of the cross, and for whom Christ will blush in the Last Day, when that dread sign shall flash triumphant from the heavens.

But perhaps we are severe. Some of these mysterious Catholics may be the victims of an exaggerated prudency. They may not realize that "the discipline of the secret" is for ages obsolete.

Here, especially, there is naught to be gained by mystery. What Cardinal Manning says of his compatriots, in this connection, applies with still greater reason to the Americans. He says: "There is an honesty in the people of this country. They like openness and they hate concealment of conviction. They trust those who will speak in the light of the noon-day."

troon who is ashamed of that which he fears to openly abandon. We would have no one obtrude his faith on others, nor be ostentatious of his practices of devotion. But all who bear the name of Catholic should love their faith so truly and know it so well as to be always prepared to explain it, defend it, and live for it, which last is in these days a far more practical proof of loyalty than the most heroic expressions of willingness to die for it.

R. F. QUIGLEY, Ph.D., L.L.D., K.C., ADVOCATE, BARRISTER and SOLICITOR, Member of the Bars of New Brunswick and Quebec.

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SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 1193.

Dame Leontine Turgeon, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Louis Blanchet, formerly merchant tailor of the said City of Montreal and now of places unknown, Plaintiff,

Vs. The said Louis Blanchet, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the Defendant. Montreal, April 24th, 1908.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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A.O.H., DIVISION No. 3 meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 868 Notre Dame street, near McGill Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; 65 Young street M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

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

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C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 19th November, 1878.—Branch, 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

THE DAILY WITNESS. There are times when special influences, our "Daily Witness" gives liberal views; but the fairness, which it takes build up, is invariably one little pebble that in its bag of big achievement is decided credit to its columns, leave that it will recede of one in fifty of There is in man a kind dislikes to insult the a sentiment akin to c in exceptional cases, p reflecting to give ungrace to slurs upon the would not, during the their victims, have d We can readily underst is ranking in the bre in the memory, of our the severe stroke whi at the hands of the Bishop Bourget, when was forced to place that paper, in the day ness and anti-Catholi have no doubt that the "Witness" suffered extent by the fact withdrew whatever I had previously exte it forgets that the p such that no Chris could possibly remain to be passive unde sentations of the Ch false statements" daily both in regard to taught and the discipli Home.

Even were all these of to have been an excuse" in its fiery ar time, they can in no flections of an ungen truthful character wh the dead. The paragraph to v and which is a semi-Saturday's issue of t ness," reads thus:—

"Montreal has self proud" in re Carnegie library. "Journal" attempt the city's humili rudeness. It say is rich, and can library herself if to, without ai eigners, but it i confessed that t why she cannot brary is because ism rules. Instea a library she set up a monu man who curse who read in the brary of this da thus did that death. We are i favor of ornam city with educat but the worst p ginning has been making a grant denominational. A more bitterly personage could been chosen on ders to throw first wreath."

This is decided. Imagine the writer graph daring to refer of the late great a