





TOPICS OF THE DAY.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Self-effacement is as rare in the world as martyrdom. It seems almost beyond human nature for a man (or woman) to subject every selfish consideration to the attainment of some general good. This is evident in almost every walk of life. Take the national patriot — I mean the sincere and honest hearted lover of his country—and you find a time coming in his life when he discovers the hardest act of patriotism to be that of self-effacement. He would gladly offer his life on the battlefield or on the scaffold for the cause of his country; he would give up his money, his property, his home, his happiness to purchase the success of that country's cause; he would fight day and night and until his very last breath in order to have that cause triumph. Yet, if it became clear to the leaders that his disappearance from the arena of public life were necessary, in order to make way for some other one more competent than he to win the cause, he would hesitate—he could not bear to make the terrible sacrifice of self-effacement. He might see its necessity even better than any of those around him; but he could not even relinquish his plan, or his idea, in order that the principle, which underlies all his fond desires, might triumph. It is that self-effacement that he is incapable of, and yet he has the heart, the courage, and the disposition to undergo any other sacrifice.

Go into another sphere of life. A man has it in his power to do great good for the country, for his co-religionists, or for any worthy cause, but it is necessary that he should allow others to come to the front, receive the credit, while he must keep in the background. This is where the test comes. Is he able to make that sacrifice? Can he do the good work, allow the praise to go to others, and be satisfied with the self-consciousness of having done his duty, of having deserved well of the cause, but of doing so at the sacrifice of all public credit for the same? If he can do so, he is a hero, he is certain of final recognition when it is least expected.

But terrible is the struggle with self, fearful the task that he has to impose upon himself. How many are capable of such self-effacement? Such was the spirit of the monks of old, who saved the world from barbarism, who fed and cherished the flickering light of learning, and who conserved for the use of future generations the great treasures of learning and of science that, without them, would have forever perished. Yet the self-effacement in the cell of the monk became transmuted by the power of God into the light that constitutes his nimbus of glory today.

If, in every walk of life, men could learn and practise the grand and heroic principle of self-effacement they would certainly be the regenerators of the world, of society, and of the human family.

BRAVE WORDS.—Last week the Bar of Montreal greeted Mr. Justice Henri T. Taschereau with addresses in English and French on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ascending the Bench. The judges of the district were all present, and an address read by the Batonnier of this district. In that document mention was made of the great number of judges, bearing the honored name of Taschereau who sat on the Canadian Bench. One of the present judge's ancestors was a Judge Taschereau who signed a judgment, in 1725, which was produced in court on this occasion. In his reply to the addresses, Judge Taschereau made use of a few remarks that are highly deserving of comment and reproduction. He said:—

"The allusions which you have so graciously made to the members of my family who have served the Church and the State, to those of my name who have preceded me on the Bench, and to my contemporary relative, the present Chief Justice of Canada, go straight to my heart, and I cannot but be happy at the kindly appreciation which you have expressed of their respective careers. If they have honored the name that I bear it is probably due to that honor, their collective work, that I

owe what I am. But in this century, more than ever, every one is the son of his own work when it is a question of personal merit. And I have the conviction that the schedule of my merits is much below your flattering estimate. I grant you this much: At the Bar, as on the Bench, I have tried to walk, in the sight of God, in the foot-steps of so many illustrious predecessors of our order, to inspire myself with the lessons of their lives, and to instruct myself by their examples, always remembering that in this illustrious career, in the words of d'Aguesseau, if one cannot aspire to the highest ranks vouchsafed to grand qualities alone, one can grow old with honor in the second ranks, and that it is glorious to even follow those whom one does not hope to equal."

What magnificent sentiments, Christian principles and lofty ideas; what a splendid lesson for the young men of the coming generation. We cannot dwell sufficiently long on those few remarks. Let, however, each one, whether he aspires to the professions or to a business career remember these words of Judge Taschereau:—

"At the Bar, as on the Bench, I have tried to walk in the sight of God."

It is glorious to feel that this is the outcome of purely Catholic teaching. This is the living fruit of our system of education. This is what we are all taught in the schools that are directed by our religious teachers, in our colleges, convents, academies. To walk in the sight of God is the very first principle that the Catholic Church lays down as a rule of life for the members of her fold. We are taught not only that God is everywhere, but that He should be brought into our individual lives, that we should keep close to Him if we are to be safe. The very first encyclical of the present Holy Father embodies this principle, when he tells us that he purpose to so regulate his life and policy that "all may be in Christ and Christ in all." And a Catholic judge, one of a most illustrious family, after a quarter of a century on the Bench, is not afraid nor ashamed to openly declare in presence of men of all creeds, that he has tried to "walk in the sight of God." What a confidence such a declaration must inspire. How truly men can say to each other: "behold a just judge."—The "Justus Est" of the Scripture finds again its application, for in all the difficulties and perplexities of a delicate career he has walked in the sight of God.

CATHOLIC PROCESSIONS. — In France, with its infidel government, it is forbidden to hold Catholic processions, and where there is no formal prohibition it is unsafe for the people to participate in these religious demonstrations. Yet in Germany, with its ultra Protestantism we find not only grand Catholic processions at Cologne, but even the direct representative of the Emperor taking part therein. In America, with its "know-nothingism" of the past and its "A. P. Aism" of the present—which will soon be also of the past—we have the frequent spectacle of immense Catholic processions. But some are more extensive than others. Buffalo claims now the palm. Through the press of that city we learn that "the great Catholic city of Baltimore, after weeks of preparation, greeted its beloved Cardinal on his return from Rome with a welcoming procession of eight thousand persons,—and a most creditable turn-out it was. But the greater Catholic city of Buffalo met its stranger-Bishop with a line of twenty-five thousand marchers. Buffalo made the record for Catholic processions, and is likely to hold it for years to come." There can be no doubt that for a city, that is of such a mixed population as Buffalo, a distinctively Catholic procession of twenty-five thousand persons is something wonderful. Yet it is a splendid indication of the spirit of tolerance that has succeeded that of extreme bigotry, and, on the other hand, of the immense strides that Catholicity is making in the United States. The time has gone past forever when to be a Catholic was to be an ostracized person, and the day of extreme religious bigotry has set. And this is due to the stability and tenacity of the Church, the confidence she possesses in her own mission, and the power that she yields by virtue of the divine spirit within her. Any other institution on earth would have long since gone down under the fearful weight of opposition that the Catholic Church has

had to support and to overcome. No other organization that the world has ever known would ever have withstood the assaults of calumny and of persecution that she has triumphantly faced and conquered. If there is aught to show to the eyes of the outsider the real strength of the Church and the futility of all attempts to crush her, it is surely her march down the centuries, the long train of kingdoms, empires and republics that she has left buried in her wake, and the disappearance, one after another, of every enemy that has been raised up against her. And on this continent she holds a sway, that is ever increasing and that is being gradually accepted even by her most bitter opponents of yesterday. There is something more than a mere local demonstration in such a procession as that described by our Buffalo contemporary. There is an evidence of the union that exists between Catholics, of the pride they take in their religion, of the respect they have for their ecclesiastical guides, and of the sincerity they feel in all acts public and private that go to make up what we can distinctively call a real Catholic population.

Microbes and Whiskey

HOW ALCOHOL IS PRODUCED.—Some interesting and scientifically accurate information concerning the production of alcohol is given in a recent article in Pearson's Weekly. Liquor drinkers ought to read it. They will find the following extracts entertaining:—

Alcohol burns with a very hot flame. It is easily turned into vapor, and it gives off none of the smokes and other objectionable deposits left behind by oil or coal in burning. These advantages make it an ideal fuel for motor-cars, and the number of motors built to burn alcohol is constantly increasing. Were it not for its properties as a drug and its poison, alcohol would be cheap enough, for it can be made from any form of vegetable starch or sugar. Such grow on all sides. All the wheats produce them, most fruits, and many roots, as that of the maple.

The high duties hitherto imposed on alcohol by civilized countries are now being removed on what is called "denatured" spirit—that is, alcohol rendered unfit for drinking by mixing with it some noxious substance—and consequently its manufacture is increasing greatly. Factories for the production of alcohol are practically run by microbes. Were it not for these useful little organisms, alcohol, either for drinking or for industrial purposes would be unknown. The alcohol motor-car may thus be said to owe its existence to microbes.

It was just over fifty years ago that two scientists first discovered that the fermentation which turns glucose or sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid is the work of living organisms. These ferment microbes, or yeasts, are of many different kinds, though all are extremely minute in size. Beer, wine, cider, perry, brandy, whiskey, and all the various alcoholic liquors known to man, are manufactured by these tiny creatures, of which the growth is so rapid that one will be the parent of thirty-five thousand within forty-eight hours. Pasteur, the great French chemist, showed how greatly success in beer brewing depends on the use of pure yeasts—that is, of certain definite forms of microbes. For every separate kind of beer one special yeast must be used and no other. This has led to the establishment in Germany and elsewhere of large factories or laboratories, where microbes of special breeds are carefully grown, and then dried for export.

Unlike other living creatures, a microbe can be completely withered and dried up for an almost indefinite period, and will then revive to perfect life in moisture and warmth. It is a very peculiar fact about the microbes that run breweries that those who live and work on the top of beer are quite different from those which exist at the bottom. The heavy British beers are all the work of the "Top Fermentation Yeasts;" the lighter German and Austrian lagers are the product of the "Bottom Fermentation Yeasts."

SEND BOYS TO COLLEGE.

How many parents make the serious mistake of putting their boys to work young. One out of a thousand such rises high, the rest never rise. Their chances are blighted for life.

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THE RECENT CONCLAVE

Special services were recently held in the Cathedral at Baltimore, in honor of the election of Pius X. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons preached the sermon on the occasion. Touching upon the recent conclave His Eminence said:—

"The conclave which has just taken place marks a new and important era in the annals of the American Catholic Church. This is the first time in the history of the Christian religion that the United States or any part of this Western Hemisphere was ever associated with the other nations of Christendom in selecting a successor to the Chair of Peter.

"I would not be at all surprised if the next conclave of the Catholic Church of the United States will be represented by several members of the Sacred College, so that the number of Cardinals from our country may be commensurate with the population, the grandeur and the commanding influence of the nation, and may be in keeping also with the numerical strength of our hierarchy and laity, and the splendor and progress of our religious and charitable institutions.

"At the time of the conclave and for weeks preceding it, Rome was full of newspaper reporters gathered from various parts of the civilized world. They were there to furnish the earliest news to the journals which they represented. The great majority of these journalists were men of truth and honor. But a few of them who could not obtain trustworthy facts, or because they regarded facts as less savory than fiction, yielded to the temptation of making statements which were the offspring of their fancy. The more spicy the dish which they served to their patrons the more eagerly it was devoured.

"I was present at the conclave and took part in its proceedings, and, without revealing its secrets, I can most positively assure you and the American people that the election of the Pope was conducted with absolute freedom, with the utmost fairness and impartiality, and with a dignity and solemnity becoming the august assemblage of the Sacred College and the momentous consequences of their suffrages.

"I have witnessed debates in the British Parliament, in the French Chambers and in both houses of Congress, and I must candidly say that in sobriety of language and in courteous deportment of members toward one another, the College of Cardinals surpassed them all. And this is the more noteworthy when we consider that some twelve different nationalities, swayed by as many national characteristics, were represented in the assembly. On leaving the Sistine Chapel at the conclusion of the conclave, and contemplating the overruling action of the Holy Ghost on these heterogeneous elements, I exclaimed, 'The finger of God is here!'"

"Two ballots were cast each day in the conclave, one in the forenoon and another in the afternoon. The votes for Cardinal Sarto steadily increased from the first to the seventh ballot, on which he was elected. When the Cardinal observed that the suffrages for him were augmenting, he was visibly disturbed, and in a fervent speech he implored his colleagues not to regard him as a candidate. Contrary to his wishes, the votes for him increased. He then became alarmed, and in a second speech, in most pathetic language, he again besought the Cardinals to forget his name, as he could not accept a burthen too heavy for him to bear. All were moved by the modesty and transparent sincerity of the man. When he resumed his seat his cheeks were suffused with blushes, tears were gushing from his eyes, and his body trembled with emotion.

"It was only after some of the leading Cardinals entreated him to withdraw his opposition that he finally and reluctantly consented to abide by the will of God and accept the sacrifice. Never did a prisoner make greater efforts to escape from his confinement than did Cardinal Sarto to escape from the yoke of the Papacy. With his Divine Master he exclaimed: 'Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done!' When his election was officially announced, his florid countenance assumed a deathly pallor, and restoratives were applied to save him from fainting. So little did Cardinal Sarto expect to be the choice of his colleagues that on setting out for

Rome he purchased a return ticket to his home in Venice.

"Pius X. is in his sixty-ninth year. He is of the same age that Leo XIII. had attained when he ascended the Papal chair. He has had a large and varied experience in the sacred ministry. He consecutively filled the offices of assistant priest, of pastor, of Chancellor and Vicar-General. He was elected afterward to the See of Mantua, the home of the illustrious Virgil. He was subsequently promoted to the Patriarchal See of Venice.

"The virtues of humility, sincerity, candor and benevolence are stamped on his features. I can characterize him in one sentence by saying that 'he is a man of God and a man of the people.' His name is idolized in Venice and along the Adriatic on account of his charities toward the poor.

"We need not be surprised at the emotion of the Pope when his election was announced, for he was called to the most sublime position to which any man on earth can aspire. The Papacy is the most ancient of all existing dynasties. It had flourished for centuries when the oldest empire now existing was established. A Pontiff sat in the Chair of Peter when England was a Roman colony and her inhabitants were a rude, uncultivated people, unacquainted with the arts and refinements of civilized life. Pius X. is the two hundred and sixty-fourth Pope who, under Christ, has been called to rule the Church of God.

How the Catholic Paper Helps

Hardly anything can be more helpful than the right kind of Catholic weekly paper.

Through it the pastoral letter or timely advice of the Bishop easily reaches priests and people. A single thrilling presentation of God's word by some gifted preacher may, through the Catholic newspaper, carry light and inspiration to the homes not only of his own parish, but also to those of every parish in the diocese, or, as in our case, in a group of neighboring dioceses. Misrepresentations or misconceptions of Catholic doctrine and practice which appear only too often in the daily prints can meet with weekly correction at the hands of men who speak in the name of the Church with a fullness of knowledge and light. This is obviously an advantage of the greatest importance and one which could not be expected from a Catholic paper published in some distant city. Finally the edifying work done in one parish or diocese will serve, as read in the columns of the weekly paper, as a guide and stimulus to priests and people elsewhere.

How often has not every priest been asked what Catholics are to think of certain statements, alleged facts, or false principles read in the newspapers, heard from the lecture platform, or urged in conversation by men and women, ignorant or prejudiced it may be, but too influential to be ignored? The priest regrets that his information or exposition in the case is given only to one person. He rightly wishes he could reach all Catholics likely to be perplexed by such utterances and through them all the non-Catholics who honestly seek information from Catholic friends or neighbors. The Catholic newspaper gives him the opportunity of carrying out his wish. The contribution of an occasional article on such practical questions will bring the priest who does it to keep closer watch over such damaging statements and opinions. It would induce him to study matters more carefully and afford him a means for the fruitful use of talents, and attainments which so often lie dormant for want of opportunity. And in its measure the same consideration applies to capable laymen and women.

These are but a few hastily written hints of the many advantages of a local Catholic newspaper. But let us add the paper we hope for must not be of the diseased, flabby or moribund type to which unfortunately some Catholic newspapers belong. To meet with success our paper must be generous in tone, Catholic in heart and spirit, virile in thought, pleasing in style, rich in interesting news, wise and sober in doctrine. It must combine the knowledge, the firmness and above all the prudence and charity of Him whose cause it undertakes to further. The truth, the earnestness and the simplicity of Christ should be its motto.—Rev. M. I. Stritch, in the "New Voice," Omaha.

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL.

(By An Old subscriber.)

When we are, in a sense, acquainted with a distinguished personage, we always feel a keener interest in his rise in life, his actions and his words, than if we have only heard or read of him. We have generally an idea of the most prominent Roman prelates, but we cannot say that we have a special interest in any of them to the same extent and of the same nature as we have in our own immediate ecclesiastical superiors. And this is very natural. Of the names that have figured prominently in Vatican circles of late there are several that are almost household words with us—for example that of Cardinal Rampolla, the great Secretary of State of the late illustrious Pontiff. Still, despite the fact that Cardinal Rampolla has played such a conspicuous part in the diplomatic affairs of the Church, we are almost unable to figure the man to ourselves. We have a vision of a Cardinal, a personage of conspicuous talents and singular prominence; but we do not figure the individual as he appears to those by whom he is surrounded.

It is different in the case of such a prelate as Mgr. Merry del Val. We read of him, we see him, photographed in our mind, seated in his apartments in Rome, conversing with those around him, exactly as we saw him seated in the parlors of the Archbishop's Palace in Montreal and holding converse with those who had gone to pay their respects to the delegate of the Sovereign Pontiff. He seems, in a way, to belong to us; he has been with us; he has knelt in our churches, ascended our altars, walked our streets, chatted with our citizens. In a word, he knows us and we know him; not personally, if you will, but as a people. When, therefore, his name appears on the lists of promotion, when his name is associated with important events that attract the attention of the great world, when his person is connected in our minds with the person of the Holy Father, we have no difficulty in grasping the situation, and there is a peculiar sympathy of feeling that is awakened within us.

These few reflections were suggested to our mind by a short passage in a recent letter of "Innominate." The correspondent tells us how Cardinal Rampolla is of a retiring and exceedingly humble character, and that he has been delighted with the opportunity of withdrawing from the important public office that, through a spirit of duty and obedience, he held so long. He then refers to the fact that during the interval between the death of one Pope and the election of another one, Mgr. Merry del Val was selected to replace in a temporary manner the Secretary of State—until the selection of his successor. After this he gives us to understand that the rather youthful prelate—youthful compared to the importance of his office—was chosen on account of the marked ability that he had displayed in the diplomatic field, both at home and abroad; and also, possibly a little, on account of his cosmopolitan character and his command of various languages. Then turning to the question of Pius X.'s selection of a permanent successor to the former Secretary of State, he says:—

"He would be his own Secretary of State, as Leo XIII. was, until Cardinal Rampolla came into office. So Mgr. Merry del Val retains his place. This Spaniard, son of a Castilian lady and an Irishman, born in London, enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Rampolla and the love of Leo XIII. He keeps up the policy of both. Once when Leo XIII. had lost an assistant, he summoned Mgr. Merry del Val and said to him: 'I mourn for a friend, but you shall take his place.' Evil tongues in Rome call the new reign a government of novices, but Pius X. will imitate Sixtus V. and will acquire easily the methods of work and the habit of supreme command."

There is nothing exceptionally new in this short passage, yet as it brings out in a clear light the standard occupied by Mgr. Merry del Val at the Vatican, the love for him that the late Pope entertained, the confidence in him that Cardinal Rampolla had, it comes home to us in Canada who knew him in his earlier career and who benefited so much by his too short passage amongst us. At the same time we are thus afforded, in a few words, a very exact picture of the situation in Rome and we can draw from it conclusions more logical than any we could form on reading the heaps of matter that are cast broadcast over the world by the journalists and reviewers who pretend to be wise regarding the Vatican and all connected therewith.



In an article containing "Irish Rosary Magazine Association," the well known some of the weakness in a manner which for doubt. Not alone in every other country men are to be found bers, the same family Sheehan describes are have for long years in gross of our race. Let carefully read his app situation. It is as fol

The Catholic Association before the public, it been so well defined, city and usefulness have proved, that it seems fuous to issue a hand with its purpose—and rules. And yet, looking pages, we cannot help the clear and honorable which they express to explain the action of of the Association, will help towards the enlightening the public on this most subject; whilst they putting in so elaborate details, that it is quite founders and helpers have up their minds that this is no ephemeral and to appeal to Catholic interests, but a well-constructed federal benefits to the Catholic it would be difficult to forecast.

It may be at once objects of the Association rather than negative shall show later on. But for the historian of the that it sprang from the city of combating the aggressive bigotry of public bodies and institutions governed country. I book served no other purpose to enshrine as historic partiality and bigotry of who have hitherto held in Ireland, it would be useful and suggestive pan except the Penal Laws, such terrible indictment dominant and wealthy classes afford. That Clap Beadroll of Bigotry," w for some future historian, be candid enough to find cause of a great deal of piness and misery of Ireland of its terrible depiction that seems to be ever sm the hearts of the Irish people. If the same historian can and place side by side with the pitiful and apologies of the ascendancy, he will find a tion of that deep distrust ways keeping asunder class—and creed from creel land. The same methods a duce similar results. Inj ways begets hatred and and it is pitiful, because tical, to hear leaders of pi ion in Ireland bewailing union and lack of friendly tion amongst the classes t form this Commonwealth they carry on—under one another—the same policy been the bane of Ireland hundred years; and which e will be as disastrous to the ascendancy as to the classes seeking to keep in permanent dishonorable subjection. highly intelligent and capation of the community, rep also the majority, should temptuously relegated to tion of mere laborers, "he wood and drawers of water class intellectually inferior, dition of affairs that no pe spirit would tolerate. A tient, or a more imperfectly plined people, would not have such disabilities so long meekly.

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THE NEEDS OF CATHOLIC IRELAND.

In an article contributed to the "Irish Rosary Magazine" and entitled "The Handbook of the Catholic Association," Rev. Dr. Sheehan, the well known author, refers to some of the weaknesses of our race in a manner which leave no room for doubt. Not alone in Ireland, but in every other country where Irishmen are to be found in large numbers, the same failings which Dr. Sheehan describes are in evidence and have for long years impeded the progress of our race. Let our readers carefully read his appreciation of the situation. It is as follows:—

The Catholic Association of Ireland has been already so prominently before the public, its objects have been so well defined, and its necessity and usefulness have been so well proved, that it seems almost superfluous to issue a handbook dealing with its purpose—and embodying its rules. And yet, looking over these pages, we cannot help thinking that the clear and honorable manner in which they express the motives, and explain the action of the organizers of the Association, will be a vast help towards the enlightenment of the public on this most important subject; whilst they put the whole thing in so elaborate and diffuse details, that it is quite clear the founders and helpers have fully made up their minds that this Association is no ephemeral and tentative appeal to Catholic interests and Catholic instincts, but a well-founded and well-constructed federation, whose benefits to the Catholic community it would be difficult to measure or forecast.

It may be at once said that the objects of the Association are positive rather than negative; constructive rather than defensive. This we shall show later on. But it will be for the historian of the future to tell that it sprang from the sheer necessity of combating the extreme and aggressive bigotry of many of the public bodies and institutions in this ill governed country. If this handbook served no other purpose than to enshrine as historic materials the partiality and bigotry of that class who have hitherto held ascendancy in Ireland, it would be reckoned as a useful and suggestive pamphlet. For, except the Penal Laws, we know no such terrible indictment against a dominant and wealthy class as these pages afford. That Chapter II., "A Beadroll of Bigotry," will remain for some future historian, who will be candid enough to find therein the cause of a great deal of the unhappiness and misery of Ireland, a secret of its terrible depletion, and an explanation of that fierce discontent that seems to be ever smouldering in the hearts of the Irish people. And, if the same historian can only find, and place side by side with this terrible indictment, the pitiful explanation and apologies of the party of ascendancy, he will find an explanation of that deep distrust that is always keeping asunder class from class—and creed from creed—in Ireland. The same methods always produce similar results. Injustice always begets hatred and antagonism; and it is pitiful, because so hypocritical, to hear leaders of party opinion in Ireland bewailing the disunion and lack of friendly co-operation amongst the classes that go to form this Commonwealth, whilst they carry on—under one pretext or another—the same policy that has been the bane of Ireland for three hundred years; and which eventually will be as disastrous to the party of ascendancy as to the classes they are seeking to keep in permanent and dishonorable subjection. That a highly intelligent and capable section of the community, representing also the majority, should be contemptuously relegated to the position of mere laborers, "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to a class intellectually inferior, is a condition of affairs that no people of spirit would tolerate. A less patient, or a more imperfectly disciplined people, would not have borne such disabilities so long and so meekly.

One good, however, has resulted, namely—the establishment of a central organization for the purpose of redressing those grievances, and equalizing better the conditions of life in this country. We say "equalizing" advisedly, for the Association is emphatic in declaring that it is not aggressive in any sense of the word. It does not seek to supplant

one form of ascendancy by another. It does not seek to place Catholics over the heads of Protestants; but it does seek to break down the barriers that have hitherto kept young Catholics from aspiring to—or attaining to—positions of importance or emolument in their own land; in a word, to remove, once and for ever, the religious disabilities under which the Catholics of this country have hitherto been laboring. In this sense it seeks to supplement the Act of Catholic Emancipation passed so far back as 1829, yet in many cases still inoperative; for the political emancipation of Catholics is by no means perfect, whilst socially they are still pariahs in their own country. The old caste-distinctions, dating back to the times of the Pale, have never been broken down.

But if this Association originated as a defensive or protective measure, it has more important, because more positive, duties before it. These may be summarized by saying that it seeks to put some backbone into Irish Catholics, hitherto assuredly the most invertebrate of races. Whatever else Catholic Emancipation effected, it certainly did not tend to brace or tone up the national character. Nay, it is from that period we date the fact that the magnificent granite stubbornness of the race for eight hundred years seems to have yielded and crumbled away in the moment of victory.

Nay, victory is the one thing Irishmen have never been able to use or pursue. They are unconquerable under defeat; they are weak when they conquer. Success is what they ought most to dread. The majority of Irish Catholics to-day seem to have forgotten that they have a country, a history, a tradition, a destiny. They do not now that they never did in the heat and flush of battle. They despise themselves and their country. They have fallen into self-contempt. That tenderness which the Frenchman bears for the little patch of la belle France which he is permitted to cultivate; the love the German has for every hill and forest in his Fatherland; the passion of the Norwegian or Scandinavian for fiord or icebound river, seem to be unknown amongst us just now. Otherwise, how can we explain the contemptuous abandonment of the country by so many fleeing thousands every year? How else can we explain the deliberate extinction of the language? or that aspect of cool disdain with which a returned emigrant views old scenes, old places, old friends? It is not that the country deserves this. If Ireland was such a Gehenna of desolation as our modern wild geese make it, how comes it that canny Scotchmen and unsentimental Englishmen are making it their home? And how is it that the Irish American, who has been dreaming about this motherland of the race since he came to the use of reason, strains his eyes after the first faint haze on the Kerry coast that marks where "holy Ireland" begins; and that ladies born of Irish parents in America, and who visit Ireland for the first time, grow enraptured with all they see and hear, protest that Ireland, her scenery, her faith, her churches, her schools, her cities, surpass all that they ever dreamed, and leave for the fever and fret of American cities with tears of regret in their eyes that their lot is not cast in such a country and amid such pure and glorious surroundings? And yet, the Irish Catholic at home seems to think every day too long until he has shaken the soil of Ireland from his feet.

What is all this? It is the spirit of servility and slavery, the belief that we, the people of Ireland, are aliens and serfs on our own soil. Now, there is the first evil the Catholic Association has set itself to face and correct. It has to cry "Sursum Corda!" Lift up your hearts! You are not necessarily slaves and bondsmen. Nay, you have a right, as the people of Ireland, to your own country; the right to obtain there means of subsistence, the right to a normal standard of living, and the privilege of laying your remains amongst your honored dead. And you must open your eyes and see that it is treasonable to your country, to your Church, and to yourselves to assume the attitude of serfs and helots, or to flee from the country, to which you owe your first allegiance.

That rightful view once established as a sound principle in Irish hearts,

it remains to check the too fond and fantastic aspirations of the Irish Catholic. If servility has a good deal to say with the present discontent of our people, imagination unrestrained, and somewhat inflamed from American sources, holds the second evil place.

We, Catholics, have no birthright to success more than any other people. We have to pursue it by the same means. And these means are education, prudence, silence, thrift, perseverance. Given those elements, and with the barriers of bigotry broken down, there is as fine a career open to the young Irishman at home as in any part of the world. But he must understand that he cannot grasp life's prizes without steadily working towards them.

We cannot get on the roof by flying, but by mounting step by step of the ladder. No man is born a railway superintendent, or a bank manager, or a Lord Chancellor. The only people born, not made, are poets, and the less of these the better. All other classes must work onwards and upwards to success, and this will not come suddenly, but only after painful and persevering effort. Hence if the railway companies of Ireland, the banks, and all other public institutions, under the pressure of public opinion, formulated and directed by the Catholic Association, throw open their offices to public competition, young Catholics must understand that junior clerkships are not beneath them.

Where the right of complaint comes in, when with the double accomplishment of ability and experience we have the double mortification of seeing our service and talents disregarded in favor of inferior ability, because it belongs to a Protestant or a Freemason. But a young Catholic has no right to refuse £50 or £60 a year as an initial salary, with the hopes of ultimate success. It is difficult to understand how young Protestants are quite content to remain at home, and apparently be contented—nay, even marry, settle down, and assume social obligations on salaries where Catholics would run hopelessly into debt, or which Catholics would despise through the larger ambitions of acquiring fortunes in the United States, Canada, or the Cape.

In that matter, therefore, of clerical or office work, the Catholic Association, if we read its handbook aright, seeks to break down monopoly or favoritism in the interests of the minority, and is determined that the Catholics of the country, forming the majority, and the equals, if not the superiors, of the others in culture, education, and ability, shall have free access to the emoluments or prizes of public life in their native land. But with this proviso, that young Catholics shall study the requirements of public offices, and adapt themselves to them, and remember that business people look for business qualifications, and will not accept mere intellectual brilliancy as a substitute for more prosaic but useful acquirements.

Again, it sets itself to teach that a fair and legitimate preference should be extended. The instinct of religious fraternity might suggest this. But there is the additional reason that very often Catholic support is extended to institutions which are the mainstay of proselytizing centres in our cities, or which carefully exclude Catholics from the staff of their assistants. To support such establishments with Catholic money and patronage seems a misdirection of Catholic custom, and in some sense, a direct co-operation with a system which in no way ought to be encouraged. There can be possibly no reason why Catholic traders or shopkeepers should not be able to meet the demands of the Catholic public; there can be no reason why in efficiency, courtesy, and obligingness they should not rival Protestant traders. But here again, the educational mission of the Catholic Association comes in, and although it seems strange that it should be necessary, Catholics have to be taught that commercial life, in which so many Scotchmen and Englishmen are scoring such tremendous successes in Ireland, is quite as respectable as a professional career. Here, again, the curb has to be placed on excessive ambitions, and unwise aspirations.

The high class education now given in many of our schools, and the foolish pride of many parents, seem to have inspired the minds of our young people with a disgust, or at least, a distaste, for commercial life. This is one of the fatal prejudices that should be broken down at any cost. It is an absurd, an insane prejudice. We do not read in history of great achievements done, or great power attained by the legal or medical fraternities. But the merchants

of Tyre and Sidon cut out a large slice of history for themselves; and the merchants of Venice wielded for centuries a power by land and sea, that was the envy and despair of European potentates.

Amongst ourselves, our leading citizens are merchants; and commercial life opens up not only an honorable, but a lucrative career to Irish Catholics. But, here again, the "race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong;" and given ability, enterprise, and foresight, with the steady and legitimate assistance of the Catholic public, we might hope to see a new race of Catholic commercial men in our midst. Here, there is a very wise word in the Handbook before us. "Wherever there is a question between the Gael and the Pale, give the Gael every chance; and keep your captious criticism for the other side." Here, the Handbook puts its finger on a horrible fault. Some leading historian has remarked, that it is a symptom of the emergence of races from slavery, that they turn and rend each other, and attribute all the virtues to their conquerors. If there be any point on which the Irish race needs to examine its conscience, it is just here.

Passing from clerical and commercial life, the Catholic Association aims at creating social life amongst Catholics. Again, there can be no reason why "Society" should be exclusively Protestant, or why Catholics should not constitute social circles on a broad basis of education and refinement. The worst enemy cannot say that in these two elements of civilized life there is any inferiority amongst Catholics. Nay, I would put the Irish Catholic in the forefront of all that is advanced and modern, and at the same time conservative, in this matter of social delicacy and refinement. But, unhappily, we have not yet quite obliterated the stigma of inferiority that was impressed on us by the penal legislation of the past; and, alas! that we should have to say it, many Catholics, especially the "nouveau riches," will persist in straining against Protestant society, as alone claiming to be respectable.

It would be ridiculous, if it were not painful—the attitude assumed by these people, and if there be one thing more than another, that is deterring Irish-Americans or Australians from returning to their native land, and assuming a rightful position there, it is the dread of that narrow exclusiveness, that will persist in ignoring the best elements in social life in favor of those caste distinctions, that are vulgarly called "sets." Catholics democracy must break down those distinctions; and once that Catholic circles for social and educational purposes are created, and begin to influence public life, there can be no danger of an imputation of inferiority; and if there is, it can be easily laughed at and defied. The great middle classes, commercial, farming, and industrial, are the support of every commonwealth. Given their stability under just laws and righteous administration, and given their efficacious strength through social and educational advancement, and the Irish problem is solved.

Immediately connected with this, and as an essential element of progress, would be the establishment of Clubs, Reading Circles, etc., in our cities and towns. There is no better educational factor than a Young Men's Society. The social union, the discussion of problems, the clash of intellect with intellect, are more largely effective for the intellectual advancement of our youth than any professed system of education. The training is voluntary; and that is all-important. Reading Circles, too, in a more limited way, confined to families, or private coteries of ladies and gentlemen, where they could meet once or twice a week, and discuss books, art, music, literature, instead of banal and worthless gossip, would be useful elements in this great work. But I am filling too much space; and must only refer readers to this Handbook for the minute particulars of those subjects, that I have broadly outlined here.

I conclude with one word. There are now a number of organizations through the country, all moving in parallel lines towards one object, the uplifting and maintaining on a higher plane, the Catholic population of this country. When all are working for the same object, and with no conflict of principle, it is difficult to see how possibly they can jar with one another, or obstruct each other's work. And yet, owing to facts already stated, there is a great tendency amongst us to criticise, and even condemn, good work wrought with the highest motives. In many

cases there is personal feeling, sometimes political jealousies, often the mere love of criticism and fault-finding at the root of this antagonism. But, surely, the time has come when Irishmen should be content to sink their differences in favor of a common cause; and admit, once and for ever, the broad principle, that it is a question, not of individuals, but of great issues, that is at stake. And surely, it is clear that in this great Catholic Association, there is no attempt at self-aggrandisement on the part of its promoters, who have assumed much responsibility and trouble with the hope of but one reward the furtherance of the Catholic claim. Hence, I have no hesitation in recommending the study of this little Handbook to the public. It is not only a Manual, but a historical document; and not only a historical document, but the best exposition I have seen of the duties and needs of Catholic Ireland.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Oct. 12. THE SESSION.—Another week and the apparently interminable session goes on. It is expected now that the coming week will see the end of it; but that has been the conjecture for a couple of months back, and like a will-o'-the-wisp, the light of prorogation flickers in all directions, but never seems to settle down on any given point or day. There is nothing new to tell. The same story of supplies being voted, of delays to await the Senate, of Bills brought in and dropped, and of members going home, others kicking about having to stay; this is about a summary of the present proceedings. So we may as well turn to what is more local and likely to interest the Catholic readers throughout the Eastern Ontario section of the country.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.—Some time ago the Separate School Board (Catholic) took up the question of assessments and a special tax committee was appointed to inquire into the subject. It was pointed out by A. J. Slattery and members of the School Board that the Public schools derived all the benefit of the taxes collected in commercial and financial institutions in which Separate School supporters were interested, along with public school supporters. It was also stated that ratepayers who should be supporting the separate schools with their taxes were, some of them unknowingly, others intentionally allowing their tax money for school purposes to go to the public schools. The committee that investigated the matter did its work so thoroughly that taxable property to the value of \$240,000, which formerly was assessed for public school support, has been transferred to the Separate School column in the assessor's office. As the Separate School rate is 6 1/2 mills on the dollar, this move will increase the revenue of the Board \$1,560. The fact that the public school rate is only 5 1/2 mills is said to be one reason why the go-by is given the separate schools, when the question of assessments comes up in the ratepayer's minds. However, as the separate schools are becoming more expensive with the growth of school population, the Board is determined to secure all the available revenue to which it is entitled.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking over by the Christian Brothers of the Notre Dame College, Hull, will be celebrated on the 25th instant. The alumni, who number about one thousand will take part in the event. Several meetings have been held, and at the last one the committees for the occasion have been formed. They are as follows:— Reception—A. Caron, chairman; J. H. Pare, H. Desjardins, L. A. LeDuc, E. Caron and D. Dumontier. Finance—Magloire Carriere, chairman; Anthime Carriere, Moise Laverdure, E. Lefebvre, Darius Caron, Henry Belanger, Henry Lefebvre, J. A. Bergeron, E. Duguay and L. A. LeDuc. Amusement—D. Caron, chairman; L. Durocher, Adolard Parent, Joseph Caron, Darius Caron, E. D. Masse, Edgar Bedard and George Ardouin.

The Schiel Legrange Bible class for Catholics resumed its Sunday meetings Sunday afternoon in St. Jean Baptiste School. The attendance was very promising and Rev. Father Van Becsiae, O.F.M., gave a most interesting and instructive talk on the way in which the Bible has been viewed by the people of various epochs.

Mr. F. X. E. Boucher is president, and Mr. Polycarpe Doucet is secretary of the Alumni Association.

On the morning of the 25th, Sunday, Grand Mass will be sung, in the Church of Notre Dame de Grace, by Rev. Father Geo. Gauvreau, of the Ottawa University, who is an alumnus of the institution. In addition to this information the following may be added:— Mr. Alfred Lane, M.L.A., Quebec, one of the leading advocates of the Quebec Bar, who is also an alumnus, is to deliver an address on the occasion. Rev. Brother Mathias, the first Christian Brother to have charge of the school, is now in Montreal, and will attend the jubilee.

The alumni have purchased a beautiful 650 pound bell, which will be blessed and presented to the college in the course of the day.

The talent for the musical entertainment to be given the same evening in the parish hall is to be drawn from the ranks of the members, for twelve out of the twenty members of the Hull band belong to the alumni.

CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—The statistics of the archdiocese of Ottawa have been compiled; they were taken in 1901, and they give the following figures:—

The Catholic population of the archdiocese is 157,515 souls, an increase of 26,619 during ten years. There are 112 secular priests, and 132 regular clergy, belonging to religious orders, making a total of 244. There are 97 churches with resident pastors, and 24 missions, making 121 parishes in all; one grand seminary, with 22 students; one college, with 526 students; four scholasticates, the Oblate, Dominican, Capuchin and Marist, three of these with juniorates. There are eight religious communities of men and thirteen of women, twenty-one in all. There are about 300 schools with 21,000 pupils; nine academies, eleven boarding schools, three hospitals, and eight asylums.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.—The forty hours devotion was concluded in St. Patrick's Church Saturday, with solemn High Mass, sung by Rev. Father T. P. Fay of Farrellton, assisted by Rev. Father Whelan as deacon, and Rev. Father Foley, of Fallowfield as sub-deacon. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and singing of the Litany of the Saints and a procession round the Church, rendered the occasion a most impressive one.

The forty hours devotion was also held in the Holy Family Church, Ottawa East. The following is the order in which the churches and chapels of the archdiocese will hold the forty hours. Papineauville, to-day; The Brook, on the 14th; St. Joseph de Lemieux, on the 16th; Notre Dame de Lourdes, on the Montreal road, the 18th; St. Joseph d'Orleans, on the 20th; Buckingham, on the 22nd; Water street Hospital, the 24th; St. Charles Home, the 27th; Labelle, November 3rd; the Basilica, November 29th. There are a few more in December, including St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's Orphanages, St. Joseph's College and Church, and the Sacred Heart Church.

In St. Joseph's Church on Sunday morning, Rev. Father Wm. J. Murphy, the pastor, urged the parents to see that their children were fully provided with prayer books and all necessary articles of devotion.

The sermon at High Mass was on holiness, by Rev. Father Thos. P. Murphy. In the evening the programme was faithfully carried out, and Father W. J. Murphy preached on almsgiving. The choir rendered another part of Haydn's "Passion," in quartettes and choruses, the soloists being Madame Mathe, Miss C. Cadieux, and Messrs. Mathe and Lemaire. Mr. Marchessault sang the solo in Dubois "Ave Maria," and Mrs. M. J. Mahon sang in Bassini's "Tantum Ergo."

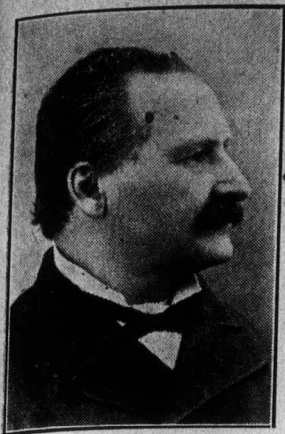
Rev. Father Whelan announced on Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, that the collection for coal will be taken up next Sunday, and envelopes were distributed for the purpose bearing the appropriate text: "In the morning, he himself was heated." Osee VII., 6.







### Catholic Sailors' Club.



MR. JUSTICE MATTHEU.

The weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club was under the direction of an enthusiastic lady of one of our Irish parishes and proved to be one of the most delightful of the season.

Mr. Justice Mattheu presided, and in opening the proceedings, dwelt upon the great work which the Club is doing for visiting seamen.

The programme was of a high order of merit and the contributors were:—Miss McAnally, Miss Karch, Miss R. Murphy, Miss F. Murphy, Miss M. Mullaly, Miss R. Jones, Miss O'Brien, Miss Gertie O'Brien, Master Arthur McGovern, Mr. M. C. Mullarkey, and the Silver Cornet Band. Seamen Messrs. Fitzgerald, P. Rafferty, SS. Mount Temple; Reynolds, Richardson, SS. Kensington; Force and O'Donnell, SS. Montcalm; Master Coghlan, R.M.S. Parisian; Mr. J. T. McCaffrey also took part; and Miss Orton was the accompanist.

Next Wednesday's concert will be given by St. Patrick's choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler.

NOTES.—The enthusiastic and zealous President of the Club, who

had been absent from the rooms for several days through illness, was, we were pleased to observe, present at concert.

**ECCENTRIC FUNERALS.**—Two hundred dollars is a nice sum for a funeral; it is not too much if the family is wealthy; it is too much if poverty is to be endured by survivors. But two cases, in which both parties were wealthy, recently occurred, and in each it was a matter of two hundred dollars. Prof. Max Wright, instructor in modern languages in Leland Stanford University, who was the son of very wealthy parents at Grand Rapids, Mich., was, at his own request buried, the other day, at a cost of \$2.50. He directed that the \$200, originally destined to pay his funeral expenses, should be spent on a public fountain to perpetuate his memory. His own father was the undertaker, and he was buried in a plain, unpainted, board box. No religious service, no prayers of any kind were allowed. This is one way of dying, of being buried, and of considering the cost of the same. On the very same day the body of Dave, an Irish setter dog, which had been embalmed, lay in a satin-lined coffin in the home of Mrs. William C. Larson, of New York city. The casket cost \$75. The entire expense of the funeral was \$200—the sum set aside for that purpose. Standing in front of the door of the house on 114th street, Mr. Larson stopped the passers-by to tell them of the sad death of his wife's pet. A crowd soon gathered. So great was the throng that the police reserves had to be called on to keep order and allow the funeral to be conducted to the dog cemetery at White Plains. Which of the two is more to be pitied; the one who was buried at Grand Rapids and whose \$200 went to erect a small public fountain; or the one who spent \$200 in the burial of a dog? In both cases we see the folly of life, when it is either bound to earth, without a hope of hereafter, or when it is attached to animal life to the degree of forgetting the respective destinies of the brute that perishes and of the soul that must live on.

### DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP KAIN HUNTINGDON NOTES.

As we go to press we learn that one of the foremost prelates of the Church in the United States—Most Rev. John J. Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo.,—passed away to his reward.

The sad event occurred at St. Agnes Sanatorium, Baltimore, where he had been a patient since May 12. A number of priests and relatives were at his bedside. Heart disease was the ailment for which the Archbishop was first treated, but a general breakdown from overwork caused him much trouble. Recently appendicitis developed, and the prelate rapidly sank.

Mgr. Kain was educated for the priesthood in St. Charles's Seminary, and made Bishop of Wheeling in 1875. In 1893 he was made coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, with right of succession. Two years later he was formally installed in the St. Louis diocese, where the monuments of his great administrative ability and zeal are to be seen in abundance.

Owing to his lack of health Archbishop Kain last year obtained a coadjutor, Bishop Glennon of Kansas City, who will now succeed him as Archbishop of St. Louis.

### Non-Catholic Missions

The number of non-Catholic missions given by the Paulist Fathers, from September, 1902, to June, 1903, was 34. The attendance of non-Catholics at these missions is estimated at 25,375. The number of non-Catholics that were actually baptized is 538, and the number of those who signified their desire to become Catholics, and were left under instruction, is 714; making a gross total of 1,252.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

In Huntingdon, Sept. 23, at St. Joseph's Church, were united in holy wedlock Mr. Daniel Kane, of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, and Miss Annie Finn, daughter of Mrs. Richard Finn, of Huntingdon. Rarely has this village witnessed so pleasing a ceremony. At an early hour the Church, which was prettily decorated with flowers for the occasion, was crowded with friends of the bride and her family. The flutter of expectation lulled into the quiet of admiration as the exquisite bouquet carried by little Miss Marguerite Finn, cousin of the bride, wafted its delicate fragrance and announced the arrival of the bridal party.

Miss Katie Finn, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Tobias Finn, her cousin, as groomsmen. The ladies were beautifully and becomingly attired in white. Choice music and singing accompanied the nuptial Mass. At the Communion, the newly-elected couple approached the Holy Table.

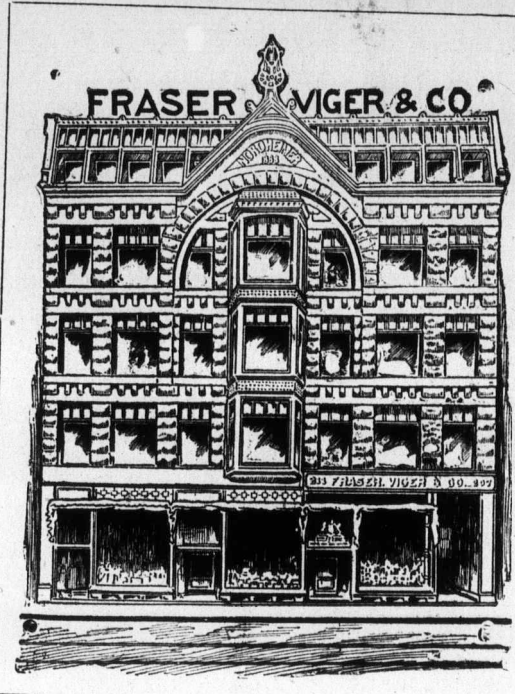
After Mass the officiating priest, Rev. Father O'Connor, of Mount Pleasant, a cousin of the bride, explained the indestructibility of the marriage bond, and the grace of the sacrament of matrimony, the security of the contracting persons.

The happy couple left at 9.30 a.m. for their wedding trip. After visiting Albany, New York, Boston and other places of interest, they returned to pass a few days in Huntingdon with the venerable parents of the bride, thence leaving for Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, and, finally, the beautiful home awaiting them in Mount Pleasant, of which city, Mr. Kane is an honored and successful merchant.

Miss Finn, who is a graduate of Huntingdon Convent, and later of the State Normal School in Mount Pleasant, distinguished herself in both institutions by her amiable character and her talents. The new household has the hearty God-speed of all old friends here and in Michigan.

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derstood. It will suffice to see our superb collection from the great centre of fashion, our immense stock, eclipsing all others on the Continent, and to compare elegance, quality and price in order to arrive at the conclusion that we give on each article 25 to 40 per cent. better value than any other establishment on the Continent.

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### CONNAUGHTON'S ILLNESS



CONNAUGHTON.

Mr. Bernard Connaughton, well known in Irish circles of Montreal, will shortly learn of his condition.

Connaughton is a native of the city, and for nearly twenty years has been a resident of Montreal. He has been prominent in many of the city's affairs, and has served on the City Council for several years. He is a member of the St. Patrick's Club, and has been active in the various Irish organizations of the city. His illness is a serious one, and it is hoped that he will soon be able to resume his usual activities.



# Our Curbstone Observer ON CUFFS.

THE subject of "Cuffs" is a very peculiar one, and as I have become somewhat noted for the peculiarities, or rather eccentricities of my observations, I suppose some explanation of a preliminary character may be considered timely. In the first place I will have to commence with a quotation, as that is the source from which sprang the few ideas that I mean to dot down in this contribution. Not that the quotation, in itself, is of any great value; but had it not been for it I might not be now writing about "Cuffs."

**A QUOTATION.**—The "Herald" of Spartansburg, S.C., says:—"We desire to go on record as saying that of all the senseless, uncomfortable, unnecessary, unmitigated abominations in the way of clothes for man or woman, the cuff is the limit. In summer it is too hot. In winter it is too cold. In all seasons it is a nuisance." And a commentator says: "I believe that if every man jack among us would be honest, we'd all get up and say 'amen' to that statement." And another adds: "The cuff is as great a contradiction as the English mixed drink." As to this last remark the reader may not see how it applies, but it refers to the story told about a French gentleman who had spent a month in London. A few years after his visit one of the English gentlemen who had entertained him in London came to Paris. The Parisian returned the compliment with great lavishness. And he took pride, in the presence of other Parisians, in asking about this, that, and the other thing in London. Finally he asked, "do they still drink contradiction in your country?" The Englishman did not understand, so he asked him to explain. "Well," said the Parisian, "I mean that drink into which you put whiskey to make it weak, then lemon to make it sour, then sugar to make it sweet, and then you say 'here's to you,' and you drink it yourself." That is the contradiction drink, and to that does my second commentator refer when he compares it to the cuff, or the cuff to it. Of course, we all have our individual opinions as to the utility of the cuff, and also as to that of the contradiction drink; but I am neither a haberdasher, nor a bar-tender, so I am no authority on either; but I will come back now to the question of the cuff proper.

**DEFINITIONS.**—Let us define a cuff. The word cuff, when it means a blow or a slap in ear is derived from "Kanaphtyan," a Gothic barbarian word that means "to strike;" also from the Greek, "Kalaphos," a box in the ear. But when it is intended to mean the end of a sleeve folded back, it is from the French "coiffe," which means a hood, or headdress. This may all seem so much nonsense and without application, but it goes to show that the cuff was originally used for two purposes—the first was to ornament the sleeve, as a hood ornaments and protects the head, and then for the purpose of striking a blow. If you take notice of the armor suits of the ancient warriors you will perceive that the cuff is like a heavy bracelet, and that it was evidently intended to protect the wrist, to strengthen it, and to enable the soldier, or knight to give a powerful blow. But the days of chivalry, of tilts, of warrior feats-at-arms have long since gone past, and in our modern days we do not need to have our wrists either strengthened, solidified, or protected by any such addition to our shirt-sleeves. It has now become a mere ornament, and as such it is of very questionable use.

**MY OBSERVATIONS.**—I have, in the course of my various observations, of men especially, found that they do all in their power. While keeping within the pale of fashion to get rid of their cuffs. You see a young man set out for his office in the morning; he has wrestle of some minutes with his cuffs in an attempt to get the studs into them. Then he has to fasten them on to the ends of his sleeves. If they are well, or rather stiffly laundered, he is sure to have occasion to use some unparliamentary language—especially if he

should be in a hurry. Then he sets off down town; an inch or more of immaculate cuff showing beneath each coat-sleeve. A pretty good sign that he wears white shirts, but no evidence in the world that they are clean, or nearly as clean as are his cuffs. Then he reaches his office. The very first thing he does is to take off his coat, unbutton his cuffs, wash his hands, place the cuffs in his desk and replace his coat on his back and get to work. If he is a man who has a good deal of writing to do there is no doubt that he is relieved to a great extent by having these stiff affairs that so hamper the hand in attempts at penmanship removed. But a lady calls, he has to step into the next room to meet her, he must take his cuffs, pull up his sleeves—for he has no time to take off his coat—but on his cuffs, and thus be "en regle" to speak to the lady. She occupies five minutes of his time—a heap of letters or rather documents have to be written. He hurries back to his desk and experience teaches him that he must take off his cuffs again if he is desirous of making any headway. Then comes the lunch hour. On go the cuffs, for it would not be genteel to go to the table without the sleeve appendages that fashion dictates. The lunch over, he has the same performance to repeat a few times during the afternoon. Finally, he goes home. A grand relief; he can then take the cuffs off and cast them upon the dressing table. But a friend calls and he has business to go out for an hour. He must go upstairs and put on his cuffs. Now a hat is a very easy "coiffe" to take off and to put on; but a genuine, modern cuff, is a "coiffe" that is responsible for more naughty expressions, than any other part of the male human harness. Yet I might make an exception in this regard of the high-standing collar; the neck-cutting, chin-pinching, stock-shaped affair that serves to make a man hold his head erect, after the manner of a trotting horse with a top-check. So I can say, from observation—if not from any extensive experience—that the cuff is certainly a most undesirable addition to male attire and it is so principally on account of its great inconvenience.

**CONCLUSIONS.**—One conclusion that I come to at once is that I am not going to influence the fashion, and were I to write till dooms-day I could neither prevent the use of the cuff, nor increase its general use. The world of fashion cares little for a curbstone observer and his remarks. But I also conclude that man is about the most inconsistent and stupid of all animals in this regard. We talk of the monkey imitating; but no monkey was ever a slave to fashion. He will imitate because it affords him pleasure to do so; but man imitates at the expense of ease, of health, of comfort, of happiness, of everything that can make life pleasant, he even imitates against his own will and common sense—simply because he would not be in the fashion if he did not do so. Now, this seems to me to be most senseless. I may be a little extreme in this respect; but if I err, I err on the safer side. I have seen, in my rounds, men and women—especially the latter—who torture themselves into misery and sickness for the sake of keeping up appearances and of being recognized as in the fashion. We are inclined to laugh at the Chinese custom of squeezing the feet of children to make them small. Well, if it is necessary, or be ordained by fashion, that the feet should be smaller than God intended them, I think the Chinese have common sense on their side. For, is it not better to begin when the foot is tender and easily compressed, and can be done gradually, than to wait, as do our society belles, until their feet are fully developed, and then, by means of a number 3 boot on a number 5 foot, torture themselves into a state that begins with corns and ends with some chronic disease. What I say of the feet applies still more to the waist. It is a queer thing that girls should commit slow suicide and deform their bodies, by dint of lacing and stiffening, in order to make themselves appear what they are not and what they were not intended by nature, or by God to be.

### A FUEL FAMINE.

As a result of the inclement weather, a famine in turf is reported from the County Roscommon, where it is the fuel universally in use. The master of the Roscommon Workhouse has reported to the Guardians that no turf had been delivered at the institution for a fortnight, and he had to adopt the unusual expedient of procuring coal. The Chairman of the Board of Guardians declared there was no turf in the country, while a member of the Board stated it would be a famine year.

## EASY WAYS OF GETTING THE MIGHTY DOLLAR

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

**BY BOUNTIES.**—It was an old nursery tale; all of us have heard it in the sweet days when we lived in fairy land, with quaint people and strange wild animals. Jack cried "wolf," and when the farmer ran to the rescue there was no wolf at all. Twice did he play the same trick on the farmer, and twice did the farmer vow to punish Jack. One day the wolf came in earnest, and Jack cried in vain, for the farmer would not come to his assistance. So the wolf destroyed a sheep and escaped with it. We all loved stories of wolves and bears in those days. But we were under the impression that the time had gone past when we could be entertained with such literature as that. Yet we learn that the State of Kansas can furnish just as interesting a story as ever was told to child in the arms of a mother, or on the knee of a father; and Kansas story has a moral far more striking than even that of "Jack and the Wolf."

Some time ago the legislature of that State placed a bounty on wolves. These animals were playing havoc on all sides and one dollar per scalp was offered by the State. The result was that the wolf-plague began to disappear. Here, now, is the story:—

"The County Commissioners of Lane County, Kan., have stopped paying bounties on wolf scalps, pending the investigation of a story that a wolf breeding ranch has been established in the northern part of the county. With the price of scalps at a dollar each, the business of raising wolves pays better than many of the industries in this part of the State. It is reported at Dighton that several of the ranchmen in the northern part of the county have established a breeding place for the animals in some of the canyons along Walnut creek. A surprisingly large number of pelts have been brought in from that part of the county, and an investigation is being held."

We always had great faith in Yankee enterprise, and we knew that it would have to be a hard case if one of our clever American cousins could not turn it to some profit in the form of dollars. But this beats anything that we could have ever dreamed. He must have a fertile brain who first conceived such a plan for securing public money. He equally must have had an elastic conscience—for, it amounts simply to robbery. But leaving aside the systematic plan of getting cash out of the State by such a means, there is the consideration of the fearful risk run in breeding wild animals of the wolf-class, and then letting them loose in the woods. Of course, the intention is to kill them at once; but that does not prevent the fact that the establishment was a menace to the lives and properties of the people. The lesson to be taken is that it is not always safe to offer rewards and to give bounties.

**BY SCANDAL.**—The Chinese claim that they have a more ancient civilization than we have in the Western world. They go back to the age of Confucius, a couple of thousand years before Christ, and they lay claim to possessing all that we possess in philosophy, art, science, religion, fashion, and even literature. There is one certain fact, that they have been able to carry to extremes that we have never reached yet some of the worst follies and maddest customs of society. Now we have in our midst the proverbial scandal-monger; generally an elderly lady—although, to be just, we must admit that young ladies, and men, and boys, have all got a certain inclination to scandal and gossip. But bad as the habit is, and detestable as it makes people seem to others in the world, we have never yet brought it to the degree of perfection that could rank it as a paying profession. China, with her ancient civilization, beats us entirely in this matter.

"In China there is a profession for ladies, strange because openly and handsomely remunerated in the current coin of the realm. It is carried on by elderly ladies, who go from house to house of rich people, announcing their coming by beating a drum and offering their services to amuse the lady of the house. This offer accepted, they sit down and tell her the latest scandal and the newest stories and sayings and are rewarded at the rate of half a crown an hour, besides a handsome present

should some portion of the gossip have proved particularly acceptable."

Now, this is surely a delightful profession. It is one that cannot fail to be remunerative. If people delight to tell stories, in inventing or retelling gossip, in spreading scandal, there are just as many others, (and more perhaps) who take intense delight in listening to the same. We do not advocate the introduction of the profession, amongst us, but we are under the impression that if it did exist, it might put the unpaid scandal-mongers to shame, and by the cause making many of them hesitate before exposing themselves to be ranked on a level with the professional vendors of lies.

## Virtue Replacing Vice

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

In the end Truth will conquer Error, Virtue will triumph over Vice; it is in the order of things, it is in accord with the Divine plan. We often feel saddened and discouraged to witness the abodes of virtue turned into the resorts of the impious; yet there is nothing therein to cause us to lose faith in the moral certainty of virtue eventually coming out successful in the contest. When we look at that fearful epoch in the history of France, when the Revolution unchained the dogs of discord and iconoclasm, and the shrines of devotion were turned into the abodes of crime; when a vice-queen of the Faubourg St. Antoine received homage at the altar of Notre Dame, and Chaumet thundered his blasphemies from the pulpit that had contained a Bosuet, a Bourdaloue, a Flechier, a Massillon, and the gentle Fenelon; when such sacrilege and desecration were beheld in the full light of day, the timid were inclined to lose faith and to let all confidence in God's promises perish within them. But it was only for a brief and passing moment. It could not last. Vice is weak, it is misty, it is unstable, and it must inevitably succumb. Since then the "Te Deum" has replaced the "Ca Ira" and the pulpit has been glorified and cleansed from the pollution of that day by the sublime preachings of a Felix, a Lacordaire, a Didon, and a Montsbré.

If it is generally more noticeable when the homes of virtue are transformed into the lurking places of iniquity, it is on account of the enormity of the evil done. But the world is rarely informed of the millions of converts in each year, and the thousands of places that are changed from purposes of sin to purposes of virtue. If we were permitted to walk the refuges that dot the face of every civilized land, where in the Sisters of Mercy, and kindred sisterhoods, receive and care for those members of their sex whose lives have been unfortunate and far from the pathways of virtue, we would be astonished to learn how many individual careers are turned into the avenue that leads to God, and how many souls are saved from the brink of eternal ruin and restored to the state of grace.

## Death of a Religious.

At the Hochelaga Convent, the venerable Mother Veronique du Crucifix, in the world Miss D'Avignon, at the age of eighty-three years, passed to her reward on Saturday last. The aged nun, who died peacefully, loaded with good works, and sustained by all the consolations of religion, was the last survivor of the five first nuns who founded the educational institution at Longueuil, under the direction of the late Mgr. Bourget. She died on Saturday, and her funeral took place on Tuesday, at nine in the morning, at the Hochelaga Convent. Her remains were taken to Longueuil, to be interred with the other foundresses of the institution, amidst the scenes that had witnessed her labors, her trials, her triumphs and the evidences of her many striking virtues. Such a life is to be envied; such a death is to be coveted; such a career cannot but produce fruits of benedictions for those left behind, and an eternity of glory for the one departed. May her soul rest in peace.

### JOAN D'ARC.

Pope Pius X. has decided that the first meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in presence of the Holy Father, which is to take place on November 17, is to be devoted to the cause of the Maid of Orleans.

## Our Boys And Girls

A LESSON IN HONESTY. — The following incident is recorded by one of our exchanges:—

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man.

"For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco leaves."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a by-stander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind; you have it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, No! you must not keep it.' So I never know what to do, and I think to go sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me. Now I bring the money back, I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good and a bad man within us. The bad man is temptation, the good man is Conscience; and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day. Who wins?

**A FAITHFUL DOG.**—Many stories have been told about the sagacity of dogs. Here is one taken from an interesting Catholic newspaper "The Young Catholic," which will touch the hearts of all our young readers:

A few weeks ago an engineer whose train was approaching the city of Montreal, in Canada, saw a large dog standing on the track ahead. The dog was barking furiously. The engineer blew his whistle, yet the hound did not budge. The train thundered on, and the poor creature crouched low. In another instant, the dog was struck and hurled high in the air. Some bits of white muslin on the cow-catcher, caught the engineer's eye, and so, halting the train, he ran back to the spot where the accident had occurred. By the side of the dead dog was a dead child, which probably had wandered on the track and fallen asleep. The poor, watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop, but, unheeded, had died at its post—a victim to duty.

**A USEFUL LITTLE GIRL.**—Kindness and courtesy are qualities which every child should possess. An instance of the two-fold happiness, to the giver and recipient, is told in the following little incident:—

"Grandma had such a cold that she had to stay on the couch in her own room, and the doctor came to see her.

While he was there, Nannie brought a glass of fresh water.

"I am Grandma's little waiter girl," she explained.

"A very nice little waiter girl," said the doctor. "What else can you do besides getting a cool drink for her?"

"I can close the blinds when the sun comes in, or open them if the room is too dark; I bring her medicine powders to her, and spread the slumber robe again when it slips off."

"You are quite a little nurse," the doctor said. "No wonder your grandma is better to-day, with such kind and tender care."

"But sometimes she is tired, and wants to be still; then I go away and play," said Nannie.

"That is right," the doctor answered. "Now, little waiter girl, will you please give this medicine to grandma at dinner time? and if she has a little jelly, she may give some to you. Good-by."

**BEING CONTENTED.**—How much trouble has resulted from envy and jealousy no human power can tell. Stories are daily published containing examples of over-ambitious and discontented boys and girls, but still there are little folks who are unhappy. Should any of our little readers be worried in such a manner let them study the following little lesson which we take from a Catholic American newspaper. It is as follows:—

A bright, rosy-cheeked boy sat with a dissatisfied look, gazing skyward. "Oh, dear!" he sighed. "Why wasn't I a little star? Boys have to go to bed just when they want to stay and watch the stars. I should so love to be up there with nothing

to do but twinkle and shine. I think they sit up all night, too," he added, with another sigh. Then the queerest thing happened. While Robbie still watched the little star, it seemed to come nearer and nearer, until it entered the room and shone brightly and dazzling by his side.

Then the star said: "I have watched you many times playing here, and envied you because you have much to make you happy. You have your dear papa and mamma, and toys and books, and loving friends, while I am all alone up in the sky—just a star. So to-night, when I heard your wish, I was glad, for we can exchange. Would you be a star?"

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed Robbie. "I would much rather be a star than a boy."

Then the star came still closer and touched him gently, and instantly Robbie began floating through the air. As he rose slowly and felt the cool breezes, Robbie laughed delightedly. He was up above the housetops and trees, and the lights of the city grew dim. As he looked back at the window into his home, he saw his mother put her arm about a little boy and kiss him. Then she took him on her lap, and Robbie knew she was telling him the regular good-night story. He almost wished he had not changed places with the star. But an invisible power seemed to draw him swiftly upward until he reached a certain place in the blue heavens. He wanted to run about among the other stars and see what they were made of, and if they were all alike, as they looked to be from the earth, but the power, which he could only feel, held him to his place. He could twinkle, shine, and glow all night, and that was all. He learned that even stars obey. He looked sorrowfully earthward, and thought how happy he would be to climb into his mother's lap once more. He was so lonely in the sky. As he looked, a big cloud slowly spread its black face between him and his former home. He could see flashes of lightning, and imagined he heard thunder which frightened him. So he cried out in a very pitiful little voice: "O Star! Star! Won't you please come and take me home? I'll never want to be anything but my mamma's little boy again, and I'll never, never cry when I am told to go to bed."

Then the cloud parted, and in its place was a beautiful bright light, that seemed to come nearer and nearer as he looked. The light changed from red to orange, then to purple, then to blue, and many other colors, until it was only a fleecy white mist, which grew thinner and thinner, when, to Robbie's astonishment, the cloud was one no longer, but a shining maiden, with long, floating, yellow hair, and a bright, dazzling face which smiled kindly upon him, while she said in a low, sweet voice: "Dear Robbie, I am the star you have so long loved and envied. I changed places with you to teach you the lesson our kind, heavenly Father wished you to learn. He knows where we can do the most good. We all have a work to do, and by doing it cheerfully, willingly, we grow to be good, useful and happy."

The maiden vanished as she ceased speaking. A wild fear filled Robbie's breast. Was he to be left in the sky? He reached out his arms and tried to follow her—there was a fall and Robbie's mamma came running in to find him lying on the floor, rubbing his eyes and looking very much surprised at seeing her. He jumped up quickly, and, throwing his little arms around her neck, he held her tight and said: "Mamma! I love you most of anything in the world, and I'll never be a naughty boy again!"

In 1883, in the city of Montreal, Rev. Father Riordan began that is bearing wonderful fruit. For twenty years Irish girls have found shelter, protection and assistance in the Mission of Our Lady of the No. 7 State Street. In the twenty years seventy-five Irish girls have been cared for, mission, free of charge, until they could be sent to their respective situations or placed in service. Mr. H. J. Henry, the president of the Mission, says that he is not confined to assisting grants in New York. Its aid has been long enough to reach the Atlantic to correct abuses.

Here is a theme for our selection and study. No need into the detailed history of our Our Lady of the Holy Family. We have the results in hand, given, and from that we can conjecture the details. Just of seventy-five thousand Irish girls obliged to leave their native foster-roots of their virtuous parents, and to face the dangers of the world, the very terrors of uneducated life in the largest city, most corrupt one, of the New World. Time was when the maiden, in gowns, could walk unscathed through Ireland, and "no Erin would do her harm;" but York of to-day is not Erin of the past, and the men that haunt the bosomed purlieus of Gotham are not the "sons of Erin" of whom Bard has sung. But Ireland, especially Ireland's pure womanhood, having been faithful through

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## The Devotion of the Holy Rosary

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This is the month of May. In the long list of months peculiar to the Church, there is not one and not more acceptable than the Rosary. It is the theme of many an eloquent and brilliant poet. It is the subject of many a beautiful book. The Rosary is known to us as "The Queen of Devotions" that is peculiarly characteristic of the Church that belongs to all ranks, all nations, all ages, all climes; the poor and rich alike; the uneducated equally are able to use the beautiful devotion of the Rosary. But while we speak of the subject of the Rosary, we must not forget that all its charms for the soul that aspires to hold communion with the angels, their Queen, the Virgin Mary, still we cannot say that there is a very practical Rosary. Apart from the fact that it is a devotion that is common to all who are faithful to the protection that they are given; apart from the fact that it is a devotion that has been through the medium of the Rosary, there is yet another important advantage attendant there are results that stand out, in their very best evidence of the unbelieving man—of the fact that lie hidden in that of prayer. Of these we example alone for the purpose. There is no question as to the fact that the Rosary is ever more devoted to the Holy Rosary than the long centuries of religious devotion, when the practice of the Rosary was forbidden by the Church, became a crime to teach the Rosary, they had recourse to "Beads," and these they carry with them. It is necessary to be able to recite the Rosary, necessary that the "Beads" be said in any special way. It is thus that the Irish people carry their "Beads" around to the field or the fair, "say them" in his own God in spite of proscriptions of Parliament. It is but justice in all—that the Rosary is a devotion that is not even material reward of its sons and daughters to the Rosary. And a Rosary has been given, and it has many forms, one of which is the Rosary of the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

In 1883, in the city of Montreal, Rev. Father Riordan began that is bearing wonderful fruit. For twenty years Irish girls have found shelter, protection and assistance in the Mission of Our Lady of the No. 7 State Street. In the twenty years seventy-five Irish girls have been cared for, mission, free of charge, until they could be sent to their respective situations or placed in service. Mr. H. J. Henry, the president of the Mission, says that he is not confined to assisting grants in New York. Its aid has been long enough to reach the Atlantic to correct abuses.

Here is a theme for our selection and study. No need into the detailed history of our Our Lady of the Holy Family. We have the results in hand, given, and from that we can conjecture the details. Just of seventy-five thousand Irish girls obliged to leave their native foster-roots of their virtuous parents, and to face the dangers of the world, the very terrors of uneducated life in the largest city, most corrupt one, of the New World. Time was when the maiden, in gowns, could walk unscathed through Ireland, and "no Erin would do her harm;" but York of to-day is not Erin of the past, and the men that haunt the bosomed purlieus of Gotham are not the "sons of Erin" of whom Bard has sung. But Ireland, especially Ireland's pure womanhood, having been faithful through



# The Devotion of the Holy Rosary.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This is the month of the Holy Rosary. In the long list of special devotions peculiar to the Holy Catholic Church, there is not more general and not more acceptable than that of the Rosary. It has been the theme of many an eloquent sermon, many a brilliant poem, many a delightful book. The practice, better known to us as "The Beads," is one that is peculiarly characteristic of a Church that belongs to all people, all ranks, all nations, all grades. Poor and rich alike; untutored and educated equally are able to practise the beautiful devotion of the Rosary. But while we love to dwell upon the subject of the Rosary and all its charms for the Catholic soul that aspires to hold communion with the array of heaven's unnumbered angels, their Queen, and their Monarch, still we cannot forget that there is a very practical side to the Rosary. Apart from the graces, promised to all who are faithful to that devotion; apart from the heavenly protection that they are sure to receive; apart from the countless miracles that have been performed through the medium of the Rosary, there is yet another exceedingly important advantage attached to it—and there are results to be recorded that stand out, in their actuality, as the very best evidence to man—of unbelieving man—of the great virtues that lie hidden in that holy chaplet of prayer. Of these we will take one example alone for the present.

There is no question as to the fact that no race of people in the world was ever more devoted and faithful to the Holy Rosary than the Irish. And this stands to reason. During the long centuries of religious persecution, when the practice of their faith was forbidden by law and it became a crime to teach them to read, they had recourse to the "Beads," and these they could always have with them. It was not necessary to be able to read in order to practise the devotion, nor is it necessary that the "Beads" should be said in any special language. It is thus that the Irish peasant could carry his "Beads" around his neck to the field or the fair, and could "say them" in his own Gaelic tongue in spite of proscriptions and Acts of Parliament. It is but just—and God is justice in all—that the race should reap even material rewards for the devotion of its sons and daughters to the Rosary. And a recompense has been given, and it has assumed many forms, one of which we will mention. No section of the Irish people ever stood more in need of protection than the Irish girls who emigrated to America. On this side of the Atlantic they cannot but need a protecting hand, and we find that they have not been forgotten—under the patronage of the Queen of the Holy Rosary.

In 1883, in the city of New York, Rev. Father Riordan began a work that is bearing wonderful fruits to-day. For twenty years Irish immigrant girls have found shelter, comfort, protection and assistance at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, No. 7 State street. In the last twenty years seventy-five thousand Irish girls have been cared for at the mission, free of charge, until they could be sent to their respective destinations or placed in service. Father H. J. Henry, the present director of the Mission, says that, "it has not been confined to assisting immigrants in New York. Its arm has been long enough to reach across the Atlantic to correct abuses."

Here is a theme for our serious reflection and study. No need to go into the detailed history of the Mission of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. We have the results in the total given, and from that we can easily conjecture the details. Just think of seventy-five thousand Irish girls, obliged to leave their native land, the foster-roots of their virtuous parents, and to face the dangers, temptations, the very terrors of unprotected life in the largest city; and the most corrupt one, of the New World. Time was when the maiden, arrayed in gems, could walk unattended through Ireland, and "no son of Erin would do her harm;" but New York to-day is not Erin of old, and the men that haunt the vice-borne streets of Gotham are not the "sons of Erin" of whom the Bard has sung. But Ireland, and especially Ireland's pure womanhood, having been faithful through long

ages to the Mother of God, to the Queen of Angels, to the Virgin who gave the Rosary to her faithful servant with the promise that whosoever should practise that devotion would never fail to obtain protection, it is but a logical and just sequence, that the daughters of Erin, to the number of tens of thousands should experience in practical life the safety that is to be found under the shield of Mary the ever Blessed, the Holy Lady of the Rosary. This is not only an illustration; it is more. This is a practical test of the promise given by Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. That promise did not confine itself to mere individuals, to each particular one who would say the "Beads" and do so in the intentions and with the dispositions indicated; it equally took in the whole world, the individual and the race to which he belongs, and the country that claims him as a son. In this wonderful protection of such a vast number of Irish girls the Hand of Divine Providence is visible; in the establishment of that Mission of the Holy Rosary. Father Riordan was undoubtedly inspired by the Mother of God, for whom he had such a singular devotion. It now stands there, with its work of twenty years, to prove to the unbelieving, the sneering, the unfaithful and vicious world, that there is virtue in devotion and that no prayer contains a better-illustrated truth than that which says: "We fly to thy patronage, O, Holy Mother of God . . . never was it known that any one who confided in thee was left without protection in the hour of necessity."

# About Vocations In Irish Ranks.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In Ottawa last Sunday the Archbishop of that diocese announced the appointment of Father Gannon, of St. Bridget's Church (an Irish parish) to the pastorate of Cantley, (another Irish parish) in succession to Rev. Father Carriere, transferred to Chelsea (another Irish parish). No curate, for the present, is to be appointed for St. Bridget's parish, the entire work being left to the present parish priest, Rev. Canon McCarthy, who, on Sundays and holidays, will be assisted by one of the Marist Fathers, a French Order, whose establishment is on the Montreal road. The explanation given for such changes is that Father McGovern, lately parish priest of Chelsea, has retired from ill-health, and there is a scarcity of young Irish priests—particularly secular priests—in the diocese of Ottawa. So many of the young Irish Catholics of the district have gone into the professions or business that there are scarcely any subjects for the priesthood. It seems to us that the same lack of Irish priests, Canadian born we mean, is felt in other sections of the country. This is decidedly a grave loss to us, a great inconvenience to the heads of the Church in the different dioceses, and a condition that it is to be hoped may not be of lengthy duration. If we are rightly informed the Archbishops, who have been assembled in annual meeting at Ottawa this week have taken the matter into consideration. We are perfectly aware that the Archbishops of this province are exceedingly desirous of accommodating the Irish and English-speaking members of their respective flocks with priests of their own nationality and speaking their own tongue. But there is an ancient Latin proverb, which applies in matters ecclesiastical as well as in all others, to this effect: "No person can give that which he has not." Consequently, not having the Irish priests to give to the parishes, the chief pastors are obliged to give priests of other nationalities. We are not able to explain this lack very well, for the number of young Irishmen who go through college and who make complete classical courses has not in any way diminished, and the attachment to the faith has not become any the less strong in the rising generation. It must simply be that the vocations do not exist. It would be a very unjust thing to attach blame to any person. We cannot expect that young men who do not feel a vocation for the priesthood, should leave aside that life to which they feel themselves called by God, for the sole purpose of becoming members of God's clergy. Yet, we repeat that we lose a great deal and the chief pastors are very much worried on account of the lack of vocations. The only thing to be done is to encourage all we can every young Irishman seeking education and to pray to God for vocations to the priesthood.

# Thanks Of French Clergy To Archbishop Williams.

At the recent commemoration of the dedication of the first Catholic Church in Boston, Rev. Joseph C. Caisse, rector of the French Church at Marlboro, was the spokesman for his section of the archdiocese of Boston.

The address of Father Caisse, the report of which we take from the "Boston Sacred Heart Review," is worthy of a careful perusal. He said: "I must first admit my inability of addressing this honorable assembly in the beautiful English language, although a resident of this great Republic. From the outset you are convinced that my foreign accent betrays me; therefore, in justice to the French element that I represent this evening, also to do justice to myself, I would ask leave to speak in my own mother tongue.

"Still, in a like demonstration, the French language can not sound strange, either from a religious or a national standpoint. Were not the first apostles of Boston and of Massachusetts French religious? And the first Bishop of Boston, was he not the French prelate—De Cheverus—chosen by Rome on the recommendation of the very illustrious Bishop Carroll, the founder of the episcopal hierarchy in this country? From a national standpoint, was not French the first foreign language to salute the advent and to sing the triumph of this young Republic in 1776? In consequence, you will now allow me to address the venerable Archbishop of Boston in the familiar accents of my mother tongue.

"On Sunday last you ascended the altar steps of your time-honored Cathedral to render thanks to our Divine Lord, the Prince of Pastors, for all the spiritual favors so abundantly bestowed during a whole century on the Church in New England, and in particular on your diocese and on your beautiful episcopal city.

"We are always happy to hear the voice of the venerable Bishop of Manchester, because, like that of the great Apostle, it announces the word of God in pure doctrine. It was the privilege of the faithful assembled at the foot of the altars to listen to the same touching voice, the occasion being the religious celebration to which Your Lordship had invited all your priests, your devoted and faithful assistants in the great work of the salvation of souls.

"The demonstration of this evening assumes a less solemn character, but more familiar, I would say, and within the reach of every one. In fact, there are here the representatives of all classes of society; there are interpreters of all the languages spoken in your diocese, to repeat, each in his particular and idiomatic way, the profound veneration and the heartfelt gratitude he owes you for your spirit of equity and your exemplary devotedness to the Church during the fifty-eight years of your priesthood, and the thirty-seven years of your episcopate, which period will ever remain foremost in the annals of the Church, but which will count especially in the eyes of God; because it will have been a reign of justice and peace. 'Justitia et pax osculaeunt.'

"Speaking as I do in the name of the French-Americans of your diocese, it is a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge here publicly the sacred rights you have, as bishop and as a faithful and just friend, to our gratitude, to our entire submission to your episcopal direction. French-Canadian emigration has drifted in this direction, especially since the beginning of your episcopate. Naturally, they brought with them their failings and good qualities. The same may be said of all peoples who emigrate.

gious of their own nationality, and to-day your name, like that of a father, is held in veneration in the French-Canadian parishes of Lowell, Lawrence, Boston, Haverhill, Salem, Marlboro, Lynn, Cohituate, Brockton, Amesbury, Newburyport, for in all these cities and towns, with your cordial permission and under your fostering care, churches and schools have spontaneously sprung into existence.

"Thanks to the zeal of the rectors named by Your Lordship, the Canadians providentially found here their religion and their Church; also that spirit of union with their pastors which saved them, as a people, when France ceded her colony to England.

In our churches and schools come foremost the teachings of fidelity to Mother Church, and loyalty to that glorious banner which waves protectingly over us. We also work to make of our people good American citizens and true Christians, while adhering to their language and their traditions, both national and religious. In this sometimes rugged way Your Lordship has been for us a firm, an enlightened and a devoted guide.

"May you be blessed, my lord, for all you have done for us, and may the Almighty spare you many more years to guide the destinies of this vast and flourishing archdiocese of Boston."

# THE POLICY OF PIUS X.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Although the Sovereign Pontiff is now sometime on the throne it is still a matter of speculation amongst the lovers of the sensational and the curious what his policy will be. In his encyclical on the life and memory of his illustrious predecessor he has set forth that policy in two brief sentences. He has told the world, especially that section of the world which has a hankering after details, that he purposes directing the bark of Peter in such a manner that Christ may be in all and all may be in Christ; and he adds that for the proper accomplishment of her mission it is necessary that the Church be independent and free from all trammel. There is his policy, the policy of Christ's Vicar, explained in an explicit manner: "Who runs may read."

Still it is somewhat amusing to note the reasoning of those who build up fantastic policies for the Papacy, and adduce their own arguments in support thereof.

We find in the "Rassegna Nazionale" of Florence, an organ that claims to be Catholic, the following: "Pius X. will be the sincere friend of Italy, for he will consider with far more tenderness than do the ministers that come and go the state of the people who long for peace. When Pius X. was born, Italy was not. Her territory groaned beneath a foreign yoke. He has seen Italy unite herself into one nation. He has seen her, still youthful, working faithfully for her welfare, not afflicted by sacrifices. He sees her now beginning to enrich herself. To-morrow she may be powerful. He sees that study flourishes; that Italy is increasing her credit; that her sister nations draw nearer to her with an increasing cordiality. He has seen the laying of insidious plots to embarrass her, converted one by one into humiliations for her enemies. He is acquainted with the royal family which holds the reigns of power. He knows them to be honorable, faithful princes, comprising an exemplary Christian family. Why should Pius X. show hostility to the country which after all is his own? How can he proclaim sinful those who strive for the welfare of Italy when they see that its rulers are well disposed? We are not speaking of reconciliation in the sense so precious to our forefathers; that would be an anachronism in this era of candor. We look for and predict to all, but particularly to Italy, a religious Papacy that will strive for the salvation of souls, and of society through the love of the Gospel and not through politics and diplomacy."

Undoubtedly this is a clever piece of argumentation. It is put in a manner calculated to discount all criticism. It appeals to the sentiment of patriotism, that exists decidedly as strongly in the Holy Father, as in any living man, and more strongly than in many who make a profession of it. It draws conclusions almost word for word in har-

mony with the Pope's own statements.

But it is illogical in spite of all that, and it would place the Vicar of Christ in a false position and between the horns of a very unpleasant dilemma. It ignores entirely the fact that while he is an Italian and a lover of Italy, he is yet something more. If his immediate fellow-countrymen are Italians, his flock consists of two hundred and fifty millions of people of all races in the world. If his national duty dictates a deep interest in the well-being of his own land, his exalted position, as Vicar of Christ on earth, imposes on him duties that take in the entire horizon of the universe. If his heart, as a man, must beat for the happiness of his native land, as a spiritual and infallible ruler it must throbb for the prosperity of the Universal Church. You cannot circumscribe the life and actions, the ideas and policy of such a personage by the comparatively narrow limits of any one nationality. If, at any given moment, the political interests of Italy, or of any other land, were to clash with the religious interests of the Church, it is wrong to place the Pope in a position of having to select between the duty he owes to God's Church and the sentiments of a purely human character that he may entertain in regard to a special nation.

Hence it is that we say the duty, the policy, the ideas, the intentions of the Pope are not to be gauged by any earthly standard; and whosoever would do so is no friend to the Papacy nor yet of the existing Pope.

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# IN MEMORIAM.

The Catholic Sailors' Club of this city recently held a solemn Requiem Mass in its rooms for the repose of the soul of the late Miss Sadie Dowling, whose death in a railway accident some weeks ago, caused such a profound feeling of sorrow in the large circle of her friends in Montreal. She was a musician of rare ability.

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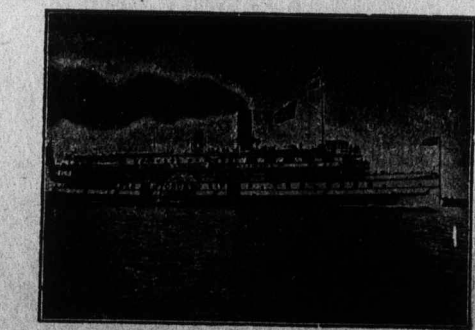
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# REMARKS ON IRISH NEWS

(By a Regular Contributor.)

When Gerald Griffin wrote his wonderfully-touching poem on "The Orange and the Green," he may have had visions, in his own generous and Christian mind, of a day when there would be an end to the senseless and ruinous divisions that have been the root of so much evil in Ireland. It is not easy for us in free Canada to fathom the depths of prejudice that the Orange organization created and that was not by any means filled up by the counter-organizations that had to spring into life in that old land. We do not believe that even another generation will suffice to uproot those animosities. But much can be done, by reason, common sense, and an evidence of mutual interests to cause the olden enemies to drop gradually into a channel of harmony. This seems to be the stupendous mission that Captain Shawe-Taylor has taken upon himself. We have not the slightest doubt as to his ability to bring about much good, even were he not to succeed to the full extent of his expectations. He succeeded admirably in the matter of landlords and tenants, and the result of his unique Dublin convention was the legislation of the last session. If he can only succeed half as well in his present enterprise we believe that Home Rule will follow as rapidly as did the Land Purchase Act come after his first effort.

On the 17th September last, Captain Shawe-Taylor spent the day in visiting the various leaders of public opinion in the city of Belfast. He called on the Lord Mayor at the Town Hall, on Mr. Thomas Finlay, Dr. McKeown and others; he also visited the various members of the Orange Society, the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations, and other influential bodies. In speaking of the results of his work in that great centre of Orangeism, he said:—"On all sides there seems to be but one idea, that if the education difficulty was amicably and equitably settled, the religious differences at present dividing Irishmen into hostile camps would gradually disappear. We should then, I believe, have considerable difficulty in finding anything to fight about."

"I am convinced that never in the history of Ireland was the spirit of mutual tolerance and forbearance more abroad than at present. Irishmen who have been separated politically have learnt that it is possible to be of different political faith and yet be honest men."

"So too educationally. Difference of creed does not necessarily imply difference of character. Slowly but surely the public opinion of the country is being awakened to the fact that so long as this bitterness exists so long will true social and material progress be impossible."

"The coming conference will both settle the educational question satisfactorily to all parties without the sacrifice of an iota of conscientious principle, and also cure the sectarian strife and bitterness of centuries."

On the following Saturday the Captain visited Armagh and called on His Eminence Cardinal Logue, and upon the Protestant Primate of Ireland, Dr. Alexander. He was most cordially received by both, and it is clear that they were a unite as far as agreeing with him in his mission.

This certainly has a very fair appearance. Of course, it would not do to be too sanguine in such matters, but it is very clear that this gentleman is paying the way to a very much better condition of affairs in Ireland. And there can be no question as to the wisdom of encouraging him in such a laudable undertaking. Certainly if his second convention should prove as great success as his first one he will have rendered herculean service to Ireland.

**WM. O'BRIEN'S WORDS.**—At all times and under all circumstances the words of a man, who has played such a part as has Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., in Irish affairs, are decidedly important and have their weight beyond the expressions of ordinary men, and ordinary observers of events. In dealing with the question of Ireland's prospects for obtaining Home Rule, Mr. O'Brien made a most important series of statements in an address delivered during the last month in Cork—without any comment we reproduce the address, and we are sure that our readers will be pleased to peruse it, as coming from one who has

every opportunity of grasping the situation and every interest in making it clear for the people. Mr. O'Brien said that landlordism was rilled out of existence by Act of Parliament; and then he proceeded thus:

"A more astonishing thing still, they had got the landlords to sign the death warrant of landlordism, and they got both the English parties and both the English Houses of Parliament to unite in placing on the Statute Book the first cardinal principle of the United Irish League and the Land League. But with this new Land Act they had not come to the end. They were only in the beginning of greater and grander achievements for Ireland. The race of freeholders of the land would never rest until they were also its rulers and its law-makers, until their taxes and their national resources were taken out of the custody of bungling strangers, and until they were free to follow out their own national destinies under the inspiration of that liberty and self-government without which no people in recorded history had ever accomplished anything that made a nation's life worth living."

As to the future, he submitted that the success which had attended their movement for the abolition of landlordism gave the Irish party a claim to be listened to as to the best means of accomplishing every other item in the national programme. He asked them to believe that the methods and the men who had succeeded thus far would succeed further. They had at their command the right machinery and the right man, and the forces that destroyed landlordism could destroy Dublin Castle. He would go further, and say that the winning of a national Parliament under present circumstances was an infinitely easier task than the abolition of landlordism was 12 months ago.

The day the Land Conference proved that Irishmen could settle the land question they struck the greatest blow for Home Rule that was ever struck since Grattan carried his declaration of independence. If they were to take advantage of their present incomparable opportunity if must not be by any policy of senseless violence or cheap bravado, it must be by widening their ranks until they included all the physical and intellectual forces of the country. No matter how they may have differed up to this present, it must be by proving that while they were irreconcilable to landlordism and English rule they were not irreconcilable to the landlords the moment they ceased to be landlords, and they were not irreconcilable to English rulers the moment they ceased to be their rulers and had the wisdom to allow them to rule themselves.

In a few months Irishmen would be in a position to judge how many of the landlords meant business, and in what terms, and how many of them would yield to nothing but compulsion. In the meantime all the tenants had to do was to stand together, to trust to the protection of their own organization, and to remember that the Act left them at perfect liberty to make their own bargain, or to make no bargain at all if they could only make a bad one. Wherever they met landlords disposed to make a friendly bargain the advice of the National Directory was to meet them half way with honest friendliness. They should remember that the future peace and happiness of the whole country was at stake; and as to the remainder of the landlords, whom nothing would teach, they might safely bide their time, remembering that the Houses of Parliament had once and for all decreed that landlordism must go, that the evicted tenants question must be settled; and that, in so far as the present Act might fail to accomplish these objects, nothing would be easier, if they proved that it was no fault of theirs, than to obtain an amending Act that would complete the job.

In the meantime he respectfully appealed to every thinking man, to every patriotic man, in the country to set their wits to work within the next few months, and place their thoughts and projects before the country with the one single-minded object of advancing the national cause, so that whenever the country made up its mind to take the next great step forward it might be with such a momentum, such a tide of national unity and enthusiasm behind them, that whatever might be their

next demand of Ireland it would be as certain of accomplishment as was the abolition of landlordism on the day when the Land Conference report was signed in the Dublin Mansion House. Nothing could be more certain than that the same force of national unity and energy which had abolished landlordism would be powerful enough to accomplish in turn every other object on which the Irish race had set its heart, and that there was no other force whatever in existence which could finally and permanently accomplish these objects.

The future was their own. Both English parties were as broken as the business of theirs to take sides, at least for the present. There was plenty of doubt as to who would come out on top after the general election, but nobody doubted that an Irish party, more solid and united than ever, would be there to meet them with the next instalment of the demands of Ireland. The first condition of success for Ireland would be that her representatives should stand apart unpurchaseable and independent—for ever armed, and on the watch, ready at any moment to recommence the fray. They would no longer find any party or section of the English Parliament disposed to deny that Ireland was ripe for self-government, and once they got so far the passage of a Home Rule through Parliament would be even an easier operation than the Bill for the abolition of landlordism.

## DEATH OF MR. P. MCGALE.

Abbottsford, October 12.  
It is our painful duty to record this week the death of one of our respected young townsmen Mr. P. McGale, which occurred in this place a few days since after a painful illness of two years suffering from consumption, which he bore with Christian fortitude fully resigned in his young life to God's holy will. He was perfectly conscious to the last moment bidding those around him "good-bye" and with the loving words Jesus, Mary and Joseph, he breathed forth his soul to God.  
Deceased was a native of Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Ireland, and was thirty-two years old. He was formerly in charge of the Tailoring Department of the firm of Smyth, Mullin & Co., and by his genial manner won the esteem of a large circle of friends. He leaves a wife and child, one sister and brother to mourn his loss, here, besides an aged father and mother in Ireland. The Requiem Service at the parish Church, was very impressive. The remains were escorted to the grave by some thirty members of the C.M.B.A. and several intimate friends and relations, who drove over from Granby. May his soul rest in peace.

## Lessons and Examples

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Chancellor McCracken, of the New York University, has announced that in future he will join any association of colleges and universities in a movement to require from every freshman a Sunday School diploma, certifying that he knows the Ten Commandments by heart, the sermon on the Mount, a Church catechism of some kind, a score of psalms and the best classic hymns. The Boston "Herald" dealing with the Chancellor's proposition, finds that it is timely and says:—

"It strikes us as an altogether sensible and admirable proposition. That it would tend to correct an existing defect in the equipment of those who enter our higher institutions of learning is shown by the current report about the freshmen who were unable to tell the name of the town where Jesus Christ was born, or to name the writers of the New Testament epistles."

In the name of modern civilization, what kind of home, or school training do these freshmen receive? What comprises their education? Is it possible that in an age like ours that they should be so ignorant of the elements of history, not to speak of religion? A pagan would be ashamed of himself if he knew so little about that which is common property, ordinary history. In fact, there must be something more than a mere defect of a religious character, in their instruction. Or, can it be possible that the prejudice against religion and all knowledge of God is so great that they are kept in ignorance of even profane history in order to prevent any risk of their

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St. Jerome, 3:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 11:45 p.m., 2 p.m., 6:20 p.m.  
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Lafayette, 9:00 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 5:21 p.m.  
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learning something, no matter how rudimentary, about sacred things? If you take a very ordinary Catholic child, before he will be admitted to make his First Communion, he must know more—at the age of nine or ten—than the average Protestant freshman must know at seventeen and twenty. And they are ignorant of these elementary affairs, otherwise the Chancellor of New York University would have no reason for making such a remark. He must have been forcibly struck with this lack of knowledge or else he could not have so expressed himself. Before a Catholic child will be allowed to approach the sacraments he must know the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Confiteor, the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, and the entire catechism (including the Commandments). This is certainly a serious reflection upon the Godless system of education that prevails in the public schools of the day; and it is, at the same time, a very fine tribute to the Christian perfection of the Catholic system—

**TELLING STATISTICS.**—We have always contended, and our contention has been based on facts and experience, that the moral teachings of the Catholic Church have made the races, faithful to her, the most moral peoples on earth. We have before us at this moment an item from the London "Times," which is of the utmost importance. The "Times" has been giving a series of articles at intervals on industrial conditions in Germany. In its issue of September 23rd, that organ gives a testimonial which we reproduce, and deem it will be wise of our readers to keep by them for reference against bigots. The "Times" says:—

"The population of Saxony is overwhelmingly Protestant. The Roman Catholics only amount to 4.7 per cent., though they have greatly increased in recent years, having nearly trebled since 1880. The number of Jews is very small. As is everywhere the case in Germany, illegitimate births and suicides are more numerous than in the Roman Catholic districts. The following figures will show this:—

Illegitimate Births per 100 (1900)	108.40	Inhabitants per 100 (1900)	7888-1900.
Saxony	12.6	30	
Rhineland	4.0	11	
Westphalia	2.7	10	
German Empire	8.7	20	

We simply have to add that Rhineland (consisting of Bavaria, Baden, etc.) is overwhelmingly Catholic, and Westphalia is also Catholic, and Saxony is overwhelmingly Protestant. By their fruits let the religions be judged.

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to have exhausted every means to crush the life and existence political and national out of Finland. She succeeded in effacing the language, the religion, the very traditional customs. It would appear as if there were nothing left to be wiped out. Yet tyranny can always find something that it begrudges to the stricken. That Finland is hopelessly a mere Russian province, and out of the scheme of nations, is evident from the fact that measures are being taken to deprive the Finns of their national coinage. The idea is that the Russian rouble might be adopted as a standard, but the fact that it is unsuitable, as either too small for large circulation, and too large for small barter, may lead to the franc becoming the standard coin, and with it the decimal system passing into the disfranchised country. Meanwhile expulsions of prominent Finns are going on, in the hope that when the leaders are gone the people will give way. This is another way of "taking a people by the throat," and Russia is pretty sure to keep her iron grasp upon the race until the last breath is out of its body. The history of Poland is there to show

what the northern Tartar will do when his mind is made up to subjugate and to enslave a race in order to get possession of the country. Yet the Finns were a fine people and they had done much for the civilization of the north in the ages that are gone and that their conquerors would have forgotten. But the achievements and good work of ancestors constitutes no plea for the life of the descendant who has fallen upon evil times and whom the tyrant wishes to annihilate.

**IMMIGRATION.**

The immigration figures for the past three months show total arrivals in Canada to be 26,987, as against 28,831 for the same period last year. Of this number 12,478 were British, 7,128 Continental and 7,291 from the United States. For the nine months the arrivals were 108,014 as against 68,832 last year.

**Catholic And Science**

**A REVIEW**

BY "CR"

HILE I ST... it will sim... duction for... review will... another iss... subject:

Preaching at St. M Southport, some week occasion of the visit the British Association ther Walsh, of Mount lived a most wonder "Revelation and Science not a usual subject. But it is of the domain to show to the world truth and supernatural instead of being opportunously together thereby to a common sermon is divided into first, treats generally revelation; the second, Scripture; the third, tradition; the fourth, God; and the fifth, man. The sequence is it can be. It begins then, then comes to then tradition, then G and Creator of all, the these; and finally man's piece of God's creation of revelation, Scripture. And he builds of these. Science that means of attaining a action in life, the plen is to be found only in to and proven by tra- ture, and revelation, w it supports and proves of these. Such the plan mon. That portion which dwell upon and to ana one affecting science an- ture; and that is again four sections; the origi unity of the human race tiquity of man. This is cially vast. But as tions of the sermon are the comprehension of the encroach, for this week tent of simply reprodu without comment. Bu that I am here giving o third, fourth and fifth p end I reserve for the co with my own humble co on it.

**SCIENCE AND REVE**

"The relations between revelation assume a special indeed a unique interest—of those who believe in of the Catholic Church. lies—alone of all Christi a definite dogmatic sy Catholic Church—alone of —claims to speak with th ity of the Holy Spirit of therefore, if any want of can be shown between sci and the authoritative text Church, then the claim Church to infallibility, to to binding power upon mind and conscience—all s must go! In that case th would have failed in her sion; and one failure in her Teacher is sufficient to inv her lofty pretensions.

"It is most important, to enquire what is 'mean word 'revelation.' Revelati Catholic sense is Divine Tr anted as such by the Ch believe what the Church t the formula which express of the Catholic whether he poor, learned or unlettered. The Church does not impos belief of her children any cept those which concern tion of souls—truths direct upon faith and morals. B these limits she may, and in various ways, e.g., by l pretation of Scripture, by les of her creeds, by the and decrees of her general by the ex-cathedra pronoi of the Supreme Pontiff, an dogmatic traditions. For methods of imparting tru bility is claimed."

**SCIENCE AND TRADITI**

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# Catholicity And Science.

## A REVIEW.

By "CRUX."

WHILE I style this a review it will simply be a reproduction for this week; the review will come after, in another issue. Here is the subject:

Preaching at St. Marie's Church, Southport, some weeks ago, on the occasion of the visit to that town of the British Association, the Rev. Father Walsh, of Mount Pleasant, delivered a most wonderful sermon on "Revelation and Science." This is not a usual subject for the pulpit. But it is of the domain of the priest to show to the world that natural truth and supernatural revelation, instead of being opposed, work harmoniously together and witness thereby to a common origin. The sermon is divided into five parts; the first, treats generally of science and revelation; the second, of science and Scripture; the third, of science and tradition; the fourth, of science and God; and the fifth, of science and man. The sequence is as logical as it can be. It begins with revelation, then comes to the sacrifices, then tradition, then God the Master and Creator of all, the Author of all these; and finally man, the masterpiece of God's creation and the object of revelation, Scripture and tradition. And he builds science to each of these. Science that is for man a means of attaining a degree of perfection in life, the plenitude of which is to be found only in God, is allied to and proven by tradition, Scripture, and revelation, while, in turn, it supports and proves all the three of these. Such the plan of the sermon. That portion which I desire to dwell upon and to analyze is the one affecting science and the Scripture; and that is again divided into four sections: the origin of man; the unity of the human race; and the antiquity of man. This is a field sufficiently vast. But as the other portions of the sermon are necessary to the comprehension of this one, I will encroach, for this week to the extent of simply reproducing them, without comment. But remember that I am here giving only the first, third, fourth and fifth parts; the second I reserve for the coming issue with my own humble comments upon it.

### SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

"The relations between science and revelation assume a special interest—indeed a unique interest—in the case of those who believe in the Divinity of the Catholic Church. For Catholics—alone of all Christians—possess a definite dogmatic system. The Catholic Church—alone of all churches—claims to speak with the infallibility of the Holy Spirit of God, and therefore, if any want of harmony can be shown between scientific truth and the authoritative teaching of the Church, then the claims of the Church to infallibility, to authority, to binding power upon the human mind and conscience—all such claims must go! In that case the Church would have failed in her divine mission; and one failure in her Office of Teacher is sufficient to invalidate all her lofty pretensions.

"It is most important, therefore, to enquire what is meant by the word 'revelation.' Revelation in the Catholic sense is Divine Truth, guaranteed as such by the Church. 'I believe what the Church teaches' is the formula which expresses the faith of the Catholic whether he be rich or poor, learned or unlearned. Of course the Church does not impose upon the belief of her children any truths except those which concern the salvation of souls—truths directly bearing upon faith and morals. But within these limits she may, and does teach in various ways, e.g., by her interpretation of Scripture, by the articles of her creeds, by the definitions and decrees of her general councils, by the ex-cathedra pronouncements of the Supreme Pontiff, and by her dogmatic traditions. For all these methods of imparting truth infallibility is claimed."

**SCIENCE AND TRADITION.**—"It is necessary to remember that whilst a conflict between science and revelation is not possible, a conflict may exist, not only between revelation and hypothesis, but also between

science and religious tradition. All religious traditions do not participate in the infallibility of the Church's teaching. Tradition must be the logical outcome of doctrinal or moral truth, or it must be directly taught by the Church before it can claim this participation. In our young days, it was the fashion to believe in the universality of the flood—a universality affecting the whole earth and all living things. But it was not a dogmatic tradition—such an interpretation was not necessarily connected with any revealed truth, it had its vogue because of unauthorized interpretation. As a matter of fact, there is no necessity to believe that the flood was universal either in regard to the earth or in regard to man. The words of Genesis, 'the waters filled all on the face of the earth . . . all flesh was destroyed and all men' probably indicate nothing more than a relatively universal destruction which included all the animals and the people of the district. "There is a similar instance in the early history of the Church of a tradition widely accepted concerning the nearness of the second coming of Christ, which, because of its derivation from an unauthorized interpretation of Our Blessed Lord's words, gradually died away."

**SCIENCE AND GOD.**—"Science is the hand-maid of religion. Does not this statement acquire a special significance in view of a great discovery made during the last century. It had long been known that matter was indestructible, but it was reserved to comparatively recent times to discover that energy, too, is indestructible. Take as an illustration the potential energy, which in past times and by the agency of the sun, was stored up in our coal beds and which is now being changed daily into an active form of energy. It is the motive power in the vast workshops and engines of the world. But strange fact! Not all the potential energy is utilized though none is destroyed. There is of necessity some energy lost as far as utility is concerned. Fire generates steam, and the elastic power of steam propels the engine; but some of the heat is uselessly radiated into space and cannot assume again its potential form. Here is an example on a small scale of what uniformly takes place throughout the universe. The potential energy resembles a bank constantly drawn upon, or, to vary the figure, resembles a clock, which has been wound up, but which is running down every second and will finally stop! Who, then, has stored up the energy of the universe? Who is the great artificer who has wound up the machinery of the world? Whether we turn our attention to physics, or to geology, or to astronomy, or to biology, the answer is the same—the witness of nature to its God. 'The invisible things of God are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things that are made.'"

### SCIENCE AND MAN.

"It is needless to speak at length of the far-reaching influence of science upon the well-being of the human race. Science has information to give concerning the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the air we breathe, the houses wherein we are lodged, the daily occupation of our lives, and last, but not least, the disease and the pain to which our flesh is heir. You remember how Our Blessed Lord, in His gracious ministry upon earth, united the healing of the body to the healing of the soul. He gave to His apostles, as the very credentials of their mission, the miraculous power of working cures, because His Sacred Heart sympathized with the sufferings and sorrows of men. As a consequence of His example and precept, the care of the sick, the alleviation of physical pain, the establishment of the refuge and the hospital have especially characterized the missionary spirit of the Church throughout her history. To-day an appeal is made to us for that very object. It is Hospital Sunday—a day of charity independent of sect or party, because it appeals to our common Christian inheritance and is based upon our common brotherhood. Of old the grace of healing was a 'gratis data,' a power gratuitously given for the benefit of suffering humanity. May we not fitly and truly say that to-day, as in the early time, the spirit of Divine charity desires to exercise His ministrations of healing through our instrumentality? Does He not wish that the watchful care of nursing and the skilful treatment of the physician should not be withheld from those who lie upon their beds of pain? Of the many sections of the British Association, the members of which have honored you this week by their presence, there is none whose proceedings we scan with greater interest than those of the medical section because of the practical outcome of its labors in the

struggle against insidious disease. Our brethren, alas! are daily stricken down and need the charitable shelter and scientific treatment which the public hospitals afford. Can we refuse to give generously to their support? Will it not, rather, be a joy and a privilege to co-operate in this essential charity? For it is of the essence of charity of Christ to pray and to strive that the germs of physical as well as of moral evil may be destroyed so that the whole man, pure in soul and sound in body, may, under the guidance of Divine grace, fulfil his obligations here on earth and merit an eternal reward in the Kingdom of God."

LET THE READER remember that in the next issue I will bring before his eyes that second, and most wonderful part of this sermon, which treats of science and the Scripture. It has a special interest for Catholics of to-day.

## PHASES OF LIFE.

There are few things better calculated to give us a proper estimate of modern life than to step aside and study the passing crowd. It is a study full of profit and burdened with surprises. In the faces of the rushing throng one may quickly read the predominant passions of the day. For when the task is done we find but three classes in the thousands who have gone by. In their order of importance they must be written down—seekers after money, paraders of fashion and hunters of pleasure.

Astonishingly large will be found the number of mad rushers after money. Men crowd and push and almost trample each other down in its quest. Its possession is their passion and sole pursuit, and they grasp it wherever found, too frequently without regard to the ownership or method of its acquirement. They are honest men, men of high commercial character. They would not steal, but they do not hesitate to convert the prize into their coffers by the driving of sharp bargains, turning of smart tricks and the practice of shrewd deceptions that may not offend against justice to the point of restitution. That, however, is a matter for theological settlement. In the eyes of commercialism it is considered legitimate, though to the fair-minded it has a questionable coloring.

These conditions have led to a false measurement of men. In consequence, the world now weighs a man not by his merits, but by the money he possesses. And yet no rule could be more senseless nor more out of harmony with the higher law God has given to humanity. Wealth is an accidental adjunct of real manhood. It is not how much a man has, but what use that he makes of it that fixes his character. It is only a means to an end, not the end itself. But the man who legitimately acquires it, properly uses it and still remains withal a man is one seldom seen in the passing crowd.—Exchange.

## Patent Report.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

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

### CANADA.

- Nos. 83,270—John Miller, Montreal, P.Q. Seam dampener.
- 83,298—Wm. M. McCallum, Amherst, N.S. Core making machine.
- 83,318—Messrs. E. Michaud & C. Desjardins, Montreal, Que. Attachment for water gauges.
- 83,323—Joseph Lesperance, Montreal, P.Q. Daylight plate developer.

### UNITED STATES.

- Nos. 739,387—Joseph E. Caillyer, St. Henri, Montreal. Snow plow.
- 739,814—Arthur Beauvais, Laprairie, Que. Plow.
- 739,976—Stanislas Beaugard, Montreal, Que. Nail making machine.
- 740,687—Albert O'Connor, Ennisville, Ont. Seeding machine.

## Our Clergy And the Money Question.

In the Church we are constantly reminded of the dangers of riches, and we are told the story of Dives. It is almost a habit amongst certain classes of Christians to perpetually harp on the wealth of the clergy and the unceasing requests for money that they make. As a rule, these are Catholics who are always glad of some excuse to escape meeting their obligations and paying what they owe to the Church. Still, whatever be their motives; we find them arguing that religion is contradictory and that the priest, or the Bishop is perpetually wanting more money while warning the faithful against the dangers of wealth. In the first place religion has nothing to do with this matter; it affects in no way the validity of religious dogma or morals. It is a matter of discipline, and of ordinary obligations. But we must not lose sight of the fact that when the priest warns you against the dangers of wealth, he means the abuse of riches, and the abuse of the opportunities for good that riches afford. And there is another very serious consideration in this connection—the complainers not being generally serious nor considerate. They overlook it—which regards the use made by the clergy of the money that they gather and for which they are obliged—much against their grain and will—to ask. What is a rule in one section of the world is the same in every other one—for the Catholic Church, with her clergy and discipline, hierarchy and teaching, is the same in all places and at all times.

We have before us two small paragraphs that appeared in the New Zealand "Tablet," and which give an idea of the difference between the proper use of wealth in the hands of the clergy and the abuse of wealth by persons who make a god of their riches and who utilize them for purposes injurious alike to soul and body. It is these latter that are as Dives, and the former (no matter how much money they may possess) that are as Lazarus. The article from which we take the two extracts is under the heading "Used Their Money Well." They run thus:—"There are men whom money owns as well as men who own money. The former are the bond-servants of their money-bags of 'almighty gold.'

"Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey; The horse doth with the horseman run away."

"But those who own money may make their wealth a blessing by knowing what to do with it. The late Cardinal Vaughan was one of these. He spent princely sums upon the spread of religion, the cause of charity, the beautifying of his noble Cathedral of Westminster, and, though endowed with a substantial family patrimony, his whole estate at his death has been valued at the modest pittance of \$3,700. Many an Australian workman has 'cut up' financially better than this gentle Prince of the Church.

Like Cardinal Vaughan, the late Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, was the scion of a wealthy family. He inherited a big slice of the funds of the Eyre family. Out of these family shekels he built and bestowed upon the Glasgow archdiocese an ecclesiastical seminary which cost him, in round figures, about \$200,000. And for over thirty years he gave to the Catholic Church in Glasgow his incomparable services absolutely without fee, reward, or return of any kind, even for the most necessary household expenses. And all the time (said one who knew him well) he disbursed from his private means 'a stream of benefactions which God and His angels and the recipients may know of, but of which the world knows nothing and shall never know.'

"The Catholic ecclesiastic does not pile the shekels high and hug them to his breast till death relaxes his grip. He usually dies with about as much as suffices to decently coffin and inter his lifeless clay. "Many of our readers will recall Archbishop Slatery, of the free and

flashing sword." Great sums passed through his hands during the long years of his missionary career at Geelong and elsewhere in Victoria. He died recently, penniless, and Geelong is marked all over with monuments of his unselfish zeal and generous charity.

"Dean Donaghy, of Melbourne, poured the greater part of his lifelong income into the noble pile of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The rest found its way into the hands of the poor. He died possessed of eighteen pence. This circumstance led a Melbourne non-Catholic paper to remark that Dean Donaghy always owned eighteen pence, more or less, but that as soon as he found he had more he parted with the surplus to the first poor man he met.

"All this has an important bearing on the editorial remarks made by us recently regarding a certain bantam quarterly that appears in Westport."

## HIGHER CULTURE FOR CATHOLICS.

Archbishop Ireland in an interview with a New York "Sun" reporter had this to say of Catholic education and the future of the Church in America:—

"Among the Catholics of the United States a marked awakening to higher culture has come. There is a great change in the Catholic body. The old immigrants, full of faith and love for the Church, even amid the labors that came upon them in a strange land, have passed away. Their sons have taken their places, wealthier, more ambitious and strongly imbued with the spirit of progress and the ever-growing demand for high culture.

"Especially is this noticeable among the clergy. Never before were Catholic colleges so crowded with students. The bishops are aiming for higher learning for the priesthood. Years ago there was such a demand for clergy that the archbishops and bishops could not spare their priests for post-graduate courses and university training. The conditions have changed.

"This is the age of scholarship. No Church will dominate thought unless it is fully equipped in all learning of the day, sacred and profane; fully prepared to meet the opponents of religion on their own ground. This fact is recognized and the Catholic Church is preparing herself to meet the issue.

"During the last five years there has been a wonderful improvement in the Catholic seminaries of the United States. The curriculum has been raised. One of the most important departments is that for the study of great social questions. Students fed on such intellectual food seek higher culture.

"I believe that in the very near future the Catholic clergy of the United States will be as thoroughly educated, as thoroughly well adapted to meet the conditions and requirements of the day, as any clergy in the world, even that of Rome."

Archbishop Ireland, who is a director of the Catholic University at Washington, said that its aim will be particularly to elevate the standard of the clergy. He also said that Pius X. has resolved to establish it on a firm financial basis and has directed the American hierarchy to order an annual collection in all the churches in the country for the benefit of the university.

This will insure to the university an annual income of at least \$70,000. In addition, a number of wealthy Catholics have promised to establish chairs in the university.

## A NON-CATHOLIC ON EDUCATION.

"Bishop Grant, of the Methodist Episcopal body in Kansas, appears to be a peculiar man among his brethren of the Methodist ministry, judging by a communication of his to a Catholic priest and neighbor," says "The Monitor" of San Francisco. He states that he has been long watching the Catholic Church, and adds: "We look upon that Church as being the friend of humanity without regard to nationality, color or previous condition of servitude." This is very fine, especially coming from such a source, but the "Monitor" says:—

"Bishop Grant manifests the liveliest appreciation of the Catholic Church's solution of the educational problem, and expresses a desire on the part of himself and other Bishops of his denomination to unite with

the Federation in promoting an equitable settlement of the question. He goes so far as to say that if the Federation agrees, and permits, a bishop delegate will be sent by the Methodists to the next convention at Detroit, to form a co-operative association for the amendment of our State laws in this direction. 'If all Christian denominations are unanimous in demanding Christian education, what can stand in the way?' he asks.

"The Kansas prelate, we fear, has spoken without consulting other Methodist bishops, and before informing himself as to their sentiments on the subject which he so frankly approaches. We can mention a few of his prelatial brethren who will dissent radically from his views. Some of them will have, no doubt, put themselves on record against the position taken by him, before these lines are printed. Co-operation with the Catholic Church for any advancement of Christian interests, along educational lines, would, for example, we feel sure, fail utterly in this neck of the woods. There are in all parts of the country, adherents to Bishop Grant's sect who would prefer to sacrifice any such advantages to their own body, rather than these should be shared by Catholics. This attitude toward the solution of the educational problem favored by Catholics, has had as much, if not more, to do with the prevention of such an adjustment of the matter, as the opposition of uncompromising secularists. Indeed one hesitates to name another Methodist bishop whose views are likely to correspond with those expressed by Dr. Grant. We do not doubt that his suggestion of active co-operation with Catholic Federation for reform of our educational system, is made in good faith, but it is no reflection on his influence, to doubt his ability to carry out his part of the programme. Bishop Grant is considerably in advance of his denomination on this useful phase of Christian union."

## Notes From Scotland.

**AMONG THE POOR.**—His Grace Archbishop Maguire preached in St. Mary's Church, Abercromby street, Glasgow, on a recent Sunday, says the London "Universe," on behalf of the poor visited by the local conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. There was a large congregation, and a larger offertory as a result of His Grace's appeal. The neglect of the poor by the rich was, His Grace said, one of the greatest of the national crimes of the present day. The lives of many amongst them were unendurable, those who through want of health, opportunity, or skill were living from hand to mouth, and who when trade went down were practically in starvation. His Grace drew a vivid picture of the many kinds of relief offered these poor people—official relief, advertising relief, and hypocritical relief, all given in an ostentatious manner, which certainly did not seem to realize that it was of such people that Christ said, "Blessed are the poor." As already stated, His Grace's appeal was highly successful.

Whilst Archbishop Maguire was pleading for the poor in the east end of Glasgow, Father Bernard Vaughan S.J., and Father Widdowson, S. J., were doing a similar office in the west, in St. Aloysius' Church, where they appealed on behalf of the parish schools. Father Vaughan at the morning service, and Father Widdowson in the evening. As pointed out before in this column, St. Aloysius' holds a unique position amongst the Catholic parishes in Glasgow, as although it is planted in the midst of wealth, it tapers down towards the northeast till it touches the very abyss of poverty. And right in the centre of this fringe of almost hopeless darkness the Jesuits have planted their beacon light of safety—the parish school. What the struggle has been and is Heaven and they only can tell. What has been accomplished in the past Catholic Glasgow knows. Children saved to the faith, grown up to be respectable members of the community, creditable alike to Church and city, is but one of the many good works done by these schools in the teeth of difficulties which would have swamped men less earnest and less persevering than those under whose charge they are. It was for the support of these "forts of the faith" that Fathers Vaughan and Widdowson appealed on Sunday, and appealed not in vain. At the evening service there was an instructive and edifying procession, participated in by the children for whom the appeal was made. Both services were well attended.



# The Laymen In The Church.

(By the Rev. William Barry, D.D.)

Eighty years ago Lamennais fixed a name, at once striking and accurate, upon the religious disease of the century. He called it "indifferentism." Other men have invented other names for it—Positivism, Agnosticism, Secularism. They all tell the same tale and agree in a witness which we cannot reject. The Ages of Faith have long come to an end. I am not sure but Von Hartmann is well warranted in calling the last "the most irreligious century that mankind has ever seen." At all events, we can point to no large area of civilization in which there are not multitudes living without God in the world. Not merely is it that Revelation has been assailed on all sides, but millions have lost the very idea of a Day of Judgment and a life to come; their whole reasoning and practice take for granted the Epicurean maxim, "Live to-day; there is no to-morrow." Religion was once a great public authority known to all, which could not be overlooked or put away; it had the support of the law, and made its power felt; nor would anyone have dreamt of calling it a matter for the private conscience alone. But now, as regards all except the clergy, it is something which stands at a distance from their daily business; they may take it or leave it, and coercion is a thing of the past. And owing to these and other circumstances, which effect everyone, religion tends to become a cloistered art—a profession of which the sphere is the Church, the school, the convent, but which has little or no direct bearing on the world at large.

When the layman has done with school or college, too frequently he has done with religion. He passes into a society as unlike that of which his teachers have spoken to him, as if it were on a different planet. If he continues to be devout, still his duties appear to be fulfilled when he has received the sacraments and made certain contributions to his pastor. What public duties, besides these, did he ever learn in his young days? The conception of a social Christianity, here and now to be realized—who has taught him that? The parish—what is it but a name, identical with the four walls of the building within which he hears his Sunday Mass or receives his Easter Communion? The Church itself, in our modern condition of life, is not visible, but invisible. Outside and all round about is the great world, and its atmosphere, I repeat, is Indifferentism.

The consequences of all this should be clearly understood. Christians, by their baptism and by the vow they have taken at Confirmation, are soldiers of Christ, apostles to those that do not believe, and citizens of the Gospel Kingdom. All alike, men and women, they have rights within the Church, and therefore duties to themselves, to one another, to strangers. But how few, in comparison, escape the taint of secular indifference, once they become their own masters! A very great number lapse, the moment their schooling is finished, into pure and perfect irreligion. Young men, as we all confess, go out from our hands only, for the most part, to fall into this gulf and there lose themselves among the heathen. A certain number come back after years; many never darken the Church doors again. In the more leisured class considerations of honor, and a training which lasts over this perilous interval, protect our youths from the same utter abandonment of their good practices. Yet even they find it difficult, and some among them would say impossible, to do much in the way of Catholic effort. Neither have they, as yet, the sense ingrained and insistent, of duties to be undertaken during their spare hours, which has created in England or America that immense network of non-Catholic voluntary associations, so distinguished for their encouragement of the higher life and their attempts towards social amelioration. It is well known, and is as lamentable as it is certain, that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and kindred organizations are much undermanned. I say that, considering the

number of young lay Catholics, the percentage engaged in all these enterprises cannot be judged satisfactory. Those who carry them on show an admirable zeal, nor do they shrink from the sacrifice of their time, their means, their personal service. What a small company they are, nevertheless, when all told, will be evident to anyone who follows up the record of their achievements from year to year. The question is, how can their numbers be increased?

I venture to throw out the following suggestions, which, perhaps if cross-examined and thoroughly sifted in debate may contribute towards the solution of this most difficult problem. I say, then, that we must begin at the beginning. And what is the beginning? It is to recognize frankly that in the Catholic Church there is, and ought to be, a Lay Apostolate. It is not enough to say one's prayers, receive the sacraments, and help to support one's pastor. These are all necessary; but these are not sufficient. When the Church has raised to her altars devout laymen, it is remarkable that the most illustrious among them have held public offices, and did large social service in their day and generation. The heroic leaders of the past were such as St. Edward, St. Henry, St. Louis, Sir Thomas Moore. And others held in grateful remembrance, examples to us all, were such as O'Connell, Montalombert, Ozanam, Frederick Lucas, Windthorst—names eminent in politics which were not partisan, but liberating and humanitarian, or in the crusade of pity and of rescue inspired by the deepest principles of our religion.

Again, I might quote the living statesmen, journalists, teachers of science, and lights in literature, who keep the Catholic Church to the front in these days, and who, in more than one country, have done notable deeds against the tyranny of persecuting governments, or, as in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria, have stretched out their hands to lift up the submerged and give them a fresh chance in the struggle towards civilization. From instances like these, which might be multiplied, it is clear that laymen may exert a most just and beneficial influence all round them as Catholic apostles. Again, in the sphere of controversy or apologetics, I need only mention Joseph de Maistre and Dr. William George Ward. The principle, then, is beyond dispute; examples are abundant; yet I will ask whether in our schools and colleges we make mention of these things, and how far we do what in us lies to kindle an enthusiasm which, by-and-by, shall find scope and utterance in societies adapted to its working?

Ought we not to acknowledge that the social instinct requires to be developed at an early age among Catholics more than is not done? My experience where that instinct is perhaps most lively—among those outside the Church—convinces me that it is the very young who are the hope of such movements, and who can most easily be brought into them. I would have this work of teaching the social Christian creed begun at school. In our higher colleges, with their evenings of leisure and endless opportunities, nothing would be more feasible; and to spread among all their classes the characteristic works of our Society would be a simple means of planting those ideas in youthful minds. But even in elementary schools there are signs that social teaching has admittedly a claim on our recognition. And by social teaching I mean the concrete Christian virtues, as applied to the society in which we live and of which we are members. When, then, I hear of temperance pledges given to children, of penny banks, and practical lessons in cleanliness, order, and decency, I perceive that the lay teachers in our schools are being led, under the direction of the clergy, to fulfil an Apostolate which is certainly theirs. An excellent beginning, wherever it has been made, for the school that deals only in book-learning does not live up to half its mission!

The next step is by far the most difficult. How shall these children be taken forward so as to join the ranks of social effort on leaving school? It is, as we all know, impossible for the clergy to keep a direct hold upon most of them; and the whole machinery of public Christian law which might avail has been long swept away in modern countries. Nothing is left but voluntary effort. Yet I would submit that the mistake hitherto made in our education has been to put off social training till this very time, or to overlook it altogether. Unless it begins earlier the mind has taken a fatal path of indifference, and little can be attempted. If a lad has strong con-

victions (and he may have—that is my point) on the subject of temperance before he leaves school, it should be comparatively easy to draft him into the League of the Cross; or at any rate, he would join some association where help to this and similar virtues might be held out to him. I cannot hide my conviction, however, that for the whole range of our elementary schools and the classes with which they deal, temperance is literally the one vital question—"stantis vel cadentis ecclesiae." In our modern English world, the practical Christianity of our people depends on this, whether they let themselves down to be serfs and slaves of the public house, or whether they keep away from it. The greatest hindrance to Mass and the sacraments producing their divine effect is the habit of drunkenness—the continual indulgence in unthrift, selfishness and disorder which this habit carries with it. And every association that encourages sobriety is a branch of the Lay Apostolate. Temperance is a compendious name for the blameless Christian life, as it bears on our combat against the social evil in all its forms. To this we should bend our utmost efforts, and in doing so we shall find ourselves taking up all manner of admirable works which enter into the plan of a true Christian restoration. But here, evidently, it is laymen who can strike the boldest strokes. They should take over the youths that are leaving school, persuade them to enter the brotherhoods of social service, and follow after them until they do enter them. It is a missionary calling, on which a thousand troubles attend; but I see none more imperative or more fruitful. Laymen must bring laymen into it, and those who cannot undertake the duty in person ought to help by supporting Catholic literature on these and kindred subjects. Something they are bound to do, else how are they spreading the religion they hold in trust? But from everyone who has leisure or can make it; from everyone who admits that temperance and irreligion are crying evils; from everyone who in a higher station can influence those under his charge, personal service is demanded. There neither is nor can be such a thing as mere private, self-regarding Catholicism. The clergy, indeed, must answer for their flocks; but we are all bound to one another, and not one of us stands alone.

## FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS

Last Sunday morning a beautiful and touching event was celebrated in the chapel of St. Vincent's Infant Asylum on Edward street, Buffalo. The occasion which brought Bishop Colton there then, as well as representatives from the various female religious houses in Buffalo, was to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Sister Mary Philippa's entrance into the community of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg.

The beautifully decorated chapel was crowded to the door—the sisters on one side and the innocent little children, whom Sister Philippa has served and nurtured with all a mother's care, on the other. The Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated by the Right Reverend Bishop who, at its close, spoke most feelingly from out the depths of a tender heart, on the glad significance of the occasion, and offered heartiest felicitations to the golden-year-old bride of Christ upon the glad event.

In the afternoon a tender address of congratulation was presented to the jubilarian by the children of the home; and this address, which welled up from their young, innocent hearts, was all the more touching because of its simple, artless phrase. Nor was it the least of Sister Philippa's joy on the occasion to be honored by the presence of the Reverend Mother Margaret—general superioress of all the Sisters of Charity in the United States—who added her felicitations to those of all the assembled Sisters.

Fifty years a Sister of Charity! Verily, they are golden years, and not for kingdoms would she have one of them blotted out. Fifty years a spiritual daughter of that Apostle of Charity, Vincent de Paul, laboring the while with hand, heart and brain to feed and clothe and educate the helpless little ones so dear to the Heart of Christ. Fifty years of self-renunciation, rising at four in the morning and leading a life of toil for heaven and humanity, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Oh, what a glorious crown shall be Sister Philippa's when death shall come to her as a liberating angel, and she shall appear before the rewarding Master with her hands teeming with the good works of her charitable life—Catholic Union and Times.

## THE DRUG HABIT.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We have temperance societies, and lecturers, and workers by the score; but if things go on as they appear to have commenced, especially in large cities, and above all in the upper circles, they who have the interests of society and of their fellowmen at heart will soon have to start a crusade against the drug habit. For generations whiskey and beer have been the curses of society; now morphine and cocaine are rising up as the succeeding terrors of the human race. We have before us a lengthy statement, consisting of interviews with prominent New York physicians, in which the whole gradation of the habit—from the first dose to the door of the lunatic asylum—is followed. It would neither serve any purpose nor interest our readers to reproduce the lengthy statement; but from the introduction thereto sufficient can be gleaned to give an idea of the fearful plague that has thus developed in society. And it must be remembered that in the vast majority of cases the victims of morphine or of cocaine are women. Amongst men they are the brain-workers, the writers who are most likely to fall into the habit. We all know about De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium-Eater." They seemed fantastic, mad, dreamy, crazy, but they were only real and true descriptions of his own experiences. Here is a statement from the opening of the article in question:—

"Talks with some of the leading physicians and druggists of New York indicate that the drug habit, which of late has been causing a good deal of discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, has attained a tremendous growth in this city.

"Exact statistics are hard to get at. But specialists who are constantly coming into contact with persons addicted to the excessive use of morphine, cocaine and other drugs agree that the demand for these drugs has doubled in less than five years. No part of the city, they add, is free from their use. Moreover, they say that the drug habit is quite as firmly established among women as among men—perhaps even more so.

"The attention of a physician in the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital was directed one day last week to a paragraph in a London paper which stated that a prisoner, who was arrested in an inebriate's home on a charge of forgery, confessed to having reached the pitch of taking 120 grains of cocaine a day. The statement did not seem to surprise the physician. When asked if it was possible to take so great a quantity of the drug, he replied:

"Yes, that is entirely possible. Many persons who are going about attending to ordinary vocations have reached the point of taking forty-five grains a day. After they pass that mark, though, the descent to an insane asylum is usually rapid."

All that we need to know, and we glean it sufficiently from the foregoing, is the fact that there lurks in society to-day an enemy more dangerous even than liquor. There is one advantage (if we can call it an advantage) about drink, a man or a woman cannot abuse of it without the fact becoming public property. But a person may go on for a very long time living in a state of mental aberration, through the influence of these awful drugs, and yet go about apparently sane and capable of taking good care of themselves. In the case of drugs, however, the collapse comes quicker than in that of drink. It comes on like the night in Egypt—no twilight and no warning, darkness suddenly rushes over the soul and all is over in a twinkling. From drink a person can be reformed; from the drugs it is almost impossible to reclaim him. The drunkard goes into the delirium-tremens and has to be guarded; the drug-eater is in a perpetual delirium which grows gradually more pronounced, until a certain stage is reached, and then without a word or moment of warning the fatal plunge is taken. The end is a suicide's grave or the lunatic asylum. Nothing surer. There is some chance of awakening the moral sense of the drunkard, even at the grave, and of having him die at least, repentant. Not so the opium—or morphine—or cocaine eater. The victim of the drug habit has no moral power left, no recuperative strength. His whole soul is bound up in the visions of false delight procurable only by the drug. Its absence is hell; and he fears no hell beyond the grave, and he cares for no heaven in after life, as long as he

has the momentary enjoyment of the fell drug. And what we say of men is ten times as applicable to women; for women are weaker, more nervous, more high-strung, more sensitive and more easily made the victims of the cursed thing. It is, therefore, an enemy that is not yet upon us, but which is prowling about our gates and against which it behooves us to be on our guard.

## ON CELIBACY.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

There is no question upon which the discipline of the Catholic Church is more criticized than that of the celibacy of the clergy. Yet, it seems to us, that there is no subject upon which the arguments favorably to the regulations of the Church, concerning her ministers, are more clear and logical. The celibacy of the clergy is not only backed up by tradition dating to the first days of Christianity, but it is even abundantly supported by the experience of the centuries. There can be no comparison between the work for religion done by the unmarried clergyman and that done by the one who is encumbered with a wife and family. In the next place there is that division of interests which the married clergyman must experience and which naturally draws him to his own family affairs and away from those of his parish or mission. Then comes the all important matter of sacrifice. A priest takes that awful and irrevocable step the day that he resolves to abandon home, friends and all the ties of earth to consecrate his life to the work of God and the salvation of souls. It is a tremendous sacrifice; but once it is made he turns forever his back upon all earthly ambitions and turns his face towards the goal of his future days. On the other hand, the young man who enters the ministry with a two-fold abject—that of preaching the Gospel and that of making a home for himself—does not undergo the ordeal of sacrifice. It is the selection of a profession; nothing more. He has a choice between medicine, law, theology, engineering or any other like means of livelihood. In none of them has he to abandon the ties of home, of family, the ambitions of domestic life, the human affections that lead to matrimony, the pleasures of parenthood, or any of the enjoyments that make life on earth a career to be desired and cherished. In a word, there is no sacrifice.

We are told, however, that no place in the Bible are we able to find anything concerning celibacy. The writings of St. Paul are the choice works of Holy Writ in all Protestant sects. And yet the epistles of St. Paul fairly bristle with advice concerning celibacy, take St. Paul's words (vv. 32, 33.) "He that is without a wife, is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife, is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided." The Catholic Church knows full well that better work can be done for God's people by a celibate clergy than by a married clergy. The married minister must needs divide his flock and family. He is hampered in his ministry by many household cares; he must provide for his wife and children, look after the education of his boys and girls, and settle them in life. So evident is this, especially when a married minister is living in a poor country district, or goes abroad on foreign missions, that some Protestants have advocated celibacy in such cases. One eminent Protestant has said:—

"I do not care about men settled in big cities, like Calcutta or Peking, with beautiful homes and comfortable salaries from America or England. But I've met some zealous men returning from a hard mission, with a pale-faced wife and sickly children, who, instead of helping him, were only a burden on his ministry."

In a word, if we leave out the purely material considerations, (and they are irrefutable, we have still the higher level of the great sacrifice demanded of those who are called upon to follow the Savior and to perform His work on earth. Is not the command a formal one) to leave all home, wife, friends, goods, to take up the cross and to follow Him? He does not want part, but the whole of man's time and work and life, when man is "called," when he receives the sublime vocation of the ministry. At all events, the successes of the two systems have been tested in the crucible of time, and the testimony in favor of celibacy is so overwhelming that no person can now seriously advance the comparison between the two states for clergymen.

## With Our Subscribers.

"I regret that owing to absence from the city the enclosed has been neglected. Am much obliged for your consideration in continuing the paper as it would be a distinct loss to my family to be without it. Yours truly, A."

Enclosed please find postal order for my subscription for 1904. The paper as usual is always welcome, each issue more and more interesting, particularly the advices to the young men so badly needed, and the questions or articles rather on the Church which are so important and of which without your generous remembrance we would be left perfectly at sea, your valuable information on the death of Leo XIII. and the election of Pius X. has enabled me to hold my own, especially with a class of people who are readers of the very best literature of the day. I must not forget to mention the "Curbstone Observer," whose articles we could not do without, they are practical and praiseworthy. With best wishes for the success of our "True Witness," I am, Faithfully yours, MRS. K. D. M.

I enclose one dollar to renew my subscription to your valuable paper for 1904. It contains pure and wholesome reading matter for Catholics, and should find a place in every Catholic family. I send another dollar and the name of a new subscriber. Wishing your paper every success, I am, Sincerely yours, 7 F. L. D.

## UNDER SEVEN POPES

A Western secular paper tells of an aged priest in Omaha, who has lived under seven Popes. The name of this venerable clergyman is Father William Kelly—an Irishman by birth. He was born under Pope Pius VII. When he was five years old, Pope Leo XII. came to the throne. After a reign of six years this Pontiff died, and was succeeded by Pope Pius VIII. His reign only lasted two years. The next Pope was Gregory XVI., who sat on the throne until 1844. Then came Pius IX. In 1878 Pope Leo XIII. succeeded Pius IX., and now we have Pius X.—in the year 1903. In some notes concerning the life of Father Kelly we find the following. In 1855 he came to America, and was ordained at Omaha, and took charge of the first Catholic Church there.

The Church was a poor little wooden structure, about forty feet long by twenty-five wide, and stood on the present site of the Burlington freight depot in Eighth street. The whole population of Omaha was then but 1,800 souls, and the congregation was necessarily small and far from rich, but Father Kelly labored hopefully, untiringly and with a contagious enthusiasm and energy to build up the little congregation. So successful were his labors that he was at length sent into the then Western wilderness to build up new outposts for the use of the Christian army.

When the first train into Cheyenne pushed its way over the Union Pacific, just completed, Father Kelly was one of its passengers, and a short time later, in 1868, he had built the first Catholic Church in that wicked little town. In the fall of 1869 Father Kelly accompanied Bishop Gorman to Rome, where he attended the great Vatican Council, the last general Catholic convention that was held. Returning, he was assigned to work in Lincoln in 1871, remaining there for four years, when he was called back to Omaha, where he has been stationed ever since.

For several years past Father Kelly has been retired from the regular duties of the priesthood, owing to the weight of years and physical infirmities, and leads a quiet and secluded life in the parish house. He is not too old or too weak, however, to take a warm interest in the affairs of the Church and to lend a helping and sympathetic hand in works of charity and well-doing.

Although it seem a wonderful thing to say that a priest had lived under seven Popes, especially when we consider that Pius IX. reigned thirty-four years and Leo XIII. twenty-five, still Father Kelly is only 85 years of age, having been born in 1818. This gives us an idea of what a long span a century of life must be.

TH CO

CHAPTER XLIV

"What a shocking pipe is!" exclaimed always reminded when dampers of a piano. "Precisely, indeed," with a smile like death indeed. Tell me know of this?" he said. "Speak low and well at magistrate turned the lad. "He the lady is talking to I beg your pardon cess, turning quickly "It was not I," said or; "it was Mrs. Cre. Harless looked at K saw her holding two small basket of conf oranges, while she gazed the ladies. Harless form this piece of gall sensation of gloomy r with a feeling of bitter his unhappy parent, as to have known that sling the cord upon his When it was done, L his seat, but the serv gone and the door wa stole from the apart hall, once more resumed ascending the small flight leading to the chamber tioned, he was once mo point of freedom. But the grasp of an vidence was laid upon the middle of this char countered the bride al "Harless," said sh leaving us for the night "I am," he murmure voice, and passed on. "Stay, Harless!" sa ing her hand upon his something to say, which know immediately. This last interruption the confusion of the bri sudden faintness fell on frame, his brain grew sense swam, and he ree intoxicated, into a vaca "Well, Anne," said he everything—my life its think it worth your whi dt." "I owe it to my own ven to yours, Harless," to tell you that I hav all." "Discovered all!" he eedress, springing to his feet "Yes—all. A generous ous to you and me alik on the whole history of of suffering, and has left to regret, but that Har not have thought it wor to make Anne a partner fidence. But that I hav likewise, and have only that I regret my own c much as I once was yo yours. I must have ad pain which—Hark!" "What do you hear?" "ress, crouching fearfully. "There is a tumult in th room. Good Heaven, de hearts! What is that no The door of the room open, and a female figur with hair disordered, and spread with an action o and avoidance. "Harless, my child!" "Well, mother?" "Harless, my child!" "Mother, I am here! L Speak to me! Do not stare on your son in t way! Oh, mother, speak, will break my heart!" "Fly-fly—my child. Not No! The doors are defen is a soldier set on every You are trapt and caught shall we do? The window this way—come—quick, qu She drew him passively into her own sleeping-cham lay immediately adjoining. Anne had made one movem the attitude of sudden fear der to which this strange had given rise, Mrs. Cre appeared in the chamber, r her look and action the s ried and disordered energy "Go to your room!" she dressing the bride, "Go q your room; stop not to me." "Dear aunt!" "Away, I say! you will frantic girl! My reason is stretched to its full tensio single touch may rend it.



Our Subscribers.

that owing to absence... obliged for your consistency...

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

"What a shocking dance that horn-pipe is!" exclaimed the lady. "I am always reminded when I see it of the dampers of a piano..."

"I beg your pardon," said Hardress, turning quickly round. "It was not I," said the fair dancer...

When it was done, he hurried to his seat, but the servants were all gone and the door was closed. He stole from the apartment to the hall...

But the grasp of an avenging Providence was laid upon his life. In the middle of this chamber he encountered the bride alone.

"Hardress," said she, "are you leaving us for the night?" "I am," he murmured in a faint voice, and passed on.

"Stay, Hardress!" said Anne, laying her hand upon his arm. "I have something to say, which you should know immediately..."

This last interruption completed the confusion of the bridegroom. A sudden faintness fell on his whole frame, his brain grew dizzy, his senses swam, and he reeled, like one intoxicated, into a vacant chair.

"Well, Anne," said he, "anything—everything—my life itself, if you think it worth your while to require it..."

"I owe it to my own peace, and even to yours, Hardress," said Anne, "to tell you that I have discovered all..."

"Discovered all!" echoed Hardress, springing to his feet. "Yes—all. A generous friend—generous to you and me alike—has given me the whole history of your cause of suffering, and has left me nothing to regret, but that Hardress should not have thought it worth his while to make Anne a partner in his confidence..."

"There is a tumult in the drawing-room. Good Heaven, defend our hearts! What is that noise?" The door of the room was thrown open, and a female figure appeared, with hair disordered, and hands outspread with an action of warning and avoidance.

"Hardress, my child!" "Well, mother?" "Hardress, my child!" "Mother, I am here! Look on me! Speak to me! Do not gasp, and stare on your son in that horrid way! Oh, mother, speak, or you will break my heart!"

"Fly—fly—my child. Not that way! No! The doors are defended. There is a soldier set on every entrance. You are trapped and caught. What shall we do? The window! Come this way—come—quick!"

She drew him passively after her into her own sleeping-chamber, which lay immediately adjoining. Before Anne had made one movement from the attitude of sudden fear and wonder to which this strange occurrence had given rise, Mrs. Cregan again appeared in the chamber, showing in her look and action the same hurried and disordered energy of mind.

dear child, my love! my wretched! Hal!" "Anne Chute! Where's Anne?" exclaimed an anxious voice at the doorway. "Where is the bride?"

"Here, here!" said Mrs. Cregan. Kyrie Daly rushed into the room, his face paler than ever, and his eyes filled with anxious inquiry.

"Come this way, Anne!" he said, taking her hand, while his own were trembling with anxiety. "Unhappy bride! Oh, horrid, fearful night! Come—come!"

"I will not stir!" exclaimed the bride with vehemence. "What means those words and actions? There is some danger threatens Hardress—Tell me, if there is—"

"Take her away, good Kyrie." "He shall not take me hence. Why should he? Why does he call me an unhappy bride? Why does he say this night is horrid and fearful? I will not stir—"

"They are coming!—force her hence, good Kyrie," muttered the expectant mother. Struggling in his arms, and opposing prayers, threats, and entreaties to the violence which he employed, Kyrie Daly bore the affrighted bride away from the apartment. He remained by her side during the whole evening, often soothing her anxiety by his ready eloquence, and watching every movement of her mind, and feelings with the tender vigilance of a near and devoted relative.

Mrs. Cregan, meanwhile remained alone in the room, her ear bent to catch the first sounds of approaching danger, and her frame made rigid with the intensity of feeling. Her hands were employed, while in this attitude, in arranging her hair, and removing as far as possible every appearance of disorder from her dress. At length, the clatter of muskets and the tramp of many feet was heard in the little hall. A momentary convulsion shook her frame. It passed away, and she rose to her usual height and her customary stateliness of eye and gesture.

At the same moment the door opened, and Mr. Warner accompanied by Captain Gibson and the military party, appeared upon the little staircase. The first mentioned seemed surprised, and somewhat embarrassed at the sight of Mrs. Cregan. He murmured something of his regret at being compelled to do what must be so painful to her, and was proceeding to recommend that she should retire when she cut short the speech.

"Talk not to me, sir," she said, "of your regret or your reluctance. You have already done your worst to fix a stigma on our name and a torture on our memories. For months, for weeks, and days, my son spoke to you, laughed with you, and walked freely and openly among you, and then you laid no hand upon his shoulder. You waited for his wedding day to raise your lying cry of murder, you waited to see how many hearts you might crush together at a blow. You have done the worst of evil in your power; you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame..."

"My duty," murmured the magistrate, "obliged me to sacrifice." "Complete your duty, then," said the mother haughtily, "and do not speak of your personal regrets. If justice and my son are foes, what place do you fill between them? You mistake your calling, Mr. Magistrate; you have no personal feeling in this transaction. You are a servant of the law, and as a servant, act..."

Mr. Warner bowed, and directed the soldiers to follow him into the inner room. At this order Mrs. Cregan turned her face over her shoulder with a ghastly smile. "That," she said in a tone of calm reproach, "that is my sleeping-chamber..."

"My duty, madam." "Be it so," said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice, and turning away her face with the same painful smile, while her heart crept and trembled. The party entered the room. "I hope," said Captain Gibson, who really began to think that Mrs. Cregan had a great deal of reason. "I hope Mrs. Cregan will not blame me for my part in this transaction..."

"I do not blame you," said the mother with a scornful smile; "it is your trade." At this portentous moment, Mr.

Cregan, Mr. Connolly, and two or three other gentlemen, came reeling into the apartment, excessively intoxicated, and retaining consciousness enough to feel a sense of injury not wholly understood, and a vague purpose of resistance.

"Dora," said Mr. Cregan, staggering towards her, and endeavoring to look sober, "what are you doing here? What's the matter?" Mrs. Cregan, her whole soul absorbed by the proceedings in the inner room, did not even appear to be conscious of his presence.

"Very—very extraordinary conduct," he said, turning an unsteady eye upon the captain. "Soldiers, officers, eh, Connolly?" "Very—very extraordinary conduct," echoed Connolly. "Do they take the house for a barrack?" continued Cregan. "Captain, withdraw your soldiers..."

"Stand by me, Connolly. Your swords, gentlemen!" cried Cregan as he drew his own.

The others imitated his example. Captain Gibson without condescending to unsheathe his own weapon, turned to his men, and beckoning with his finger, said:—"Disarm those drunken gentlemen..."

His orders were obeyed upon the instant; a few slight scratches being all that was sustained by the soldiers in the drunken scuffle that ensued. The gentlemen were placed, with their hands tied, on chairs at the other side of the room, and the bundle of rapiers were laid upon the window-seat.

"Very well, sir—very well," said Mr. Cregan; "I shall remember this, and so shall my friends. I am a gentleman, sir, and shall look for the satisfaction of a gentleman..."

"Expect the same from me," said Connolly, swinging his person round upon the chair. "And me," said a third. "And me," echoed a fourth.

"I little expected to meet with such a return as this for our hospitality," continued Mr. Cregan. "For shame! for shame, Cregan," said the unhappy mother; "do not degrade yourself and your friends by such remonstrances. The hand of an enemy is raised against us, and let not the unworthy being think that he can sink us as low in mind as in our fortunes..."

Captain Gibson, who took no notice of the gentlemen, again seemed hurt to the quick, perhaps not wisely, by this allusion to the lady. "Mrs. Cregan," he said, "it is one of the most painful duties of a gentleman in my situation, that he must sometimes be subjected to such insinuations as those; and it is only the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed that would prevent my forming a very harsh judgment of the lady who could use them..."

"Sir," said Mrs. Cregan, lowering her head, with a smile of the most bitter irony, "your consideration and your forbearance are extraordinary. All the events of this night bear witness to it. It must have surely been with much violence to that fine gentlemanly spirit that you chose a moment like this for your investigation. But I see you are impatient, sir, and I will desist, for you are a soldier, and I am but a female, and it is easy to see who would have the best of the argument..."

"Madam!" "Our friends dispersed, our mirth so quickly changed to terror, this scene of confusion at our domestic festivity, everything, sir, bears testimony to your forbearance. That sensitive and gentlemanly nature that is so tender of insinuations, appears in all the actions of this night. My husband tied there, like a malefactor, and my poor son—Ah, shield and hide us, Earth! I hear his voice!"

A bustle was heard in the inner room, and the wretched lady, throwing her arms high above her head, uttered a shriek so loud, so shrill, and piercing, that the stoutest soldier started like a maiden, and the flush of anger on the officer's cheek was changed to a death-like paleness. Half-sobered by the fearful sound, the intoxicated father rose from his chair, and turned a dull eye upon the room-door, while every figure on the scene expressed, in various degrees, the same feeling of commiseration and anxiety.

"The prisoner is here!" cried War-

ner, hurrying into the room. "Is he?" shrieked the distracted and almost delirious mother. "Dark blood-hound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket!"

"Peace, shocking woman," said the magistrate; "your curses only aid to the offence that Heaven has already suffered..."

"What!" cried the unhappy parent, "shall it be for nothing, then, that you have stung a mother's heart, and set the mother's brain on fire? I tell you, no! My tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses you! My child! my child! she screamed aloud, on seeing Hardress at the door. She rushed, as if with the intent of flinging herself upon his neck, but checking the impulse as she came near, she clasped her hands, and, sinking at his feet, exclaimed, "My child, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, mother!" replied her son, in a wretched voice; "I have destroyed you all!" "The crime was mine," exclaimed the miserable parent; "I was the author of your first temptation, the stumbling-block between you and repentance. You will think bitterly of me, Hardress, when you are alone..."

"Never!" said Hardress, raising her in his arms. "Still honored, always well-meaning and affectionate. I will never think of you but as a mother. My eyes are open now. For the first time in many weary months, the first thought of peace is in my heart; and but for you, and those whom I have made wretched with you, I would call that thought a thought of joy. Grieve no more, mother, for my sake. Grieve not, because it is vain. The bolt has sped, the victim has been struck, and Earth has not a remedy. A victim was due to Justice, and she shall no longer be defrauded. I had rather reckon with her here than in a future world..."

"I cannot part with you," murmured his mother, while her head rested on his shoulder; "do not put away my hands awhile. It is tearing my very heart up!"

"Dear mother, let me go," said Hardress, gently disengaging himself; "we shall meet again, I hope. In the meantime, hear my farewell request, as you have heard all that I have ever made; waste not your days in idle retrospection, but pray for me with fervor, be kind to those whom I have loved, and remember that my death, at least, was happier than my life..."

"I threatened you with poverty," muttered Mrs. Cregan, while her memory glanced wildly through the past. "Dear mother!" "I bade you leave my house or do my pleasure..."

"Why will you vex my soul at such a moment?" "I have tied the cord upon your throat. I slogged your scruples. You own dread words come back upon me now. Those words which I heard with so little emotion as Dinis, and in this hall before, now ring like the peal of dead-bells in my ear. I have been your fellest foe. You drank in pride with my milk, and passion under my indulgence. I have destroyed you for this world, and—"

"My dear, dear mother!" cried Hardress, clasping her to his breast, and bursting into tears of shame and repentance, "forget, I implore you, those impious and reproachful words; they were the ravings of my madness, and should not be regarded. Hear me now, in the full and calm possession of my judgment, and let those words only be remembered. Do you hear me, my dear mother?"

"I do—I am listening. Speak, my child; I will remember well." Hardress stooped to her ear, and murmured in a low voice; "In a secret drawer of my cabinet you will find a paper unsealed. Give it to—"

he paused, and bowed down a moment in deep agitation—"to Anne Chute; I am glad she bears that name—glad of her fortune in escaping me. Let her read that paper. I have penned it with the view of rendering justice to a confiding friend, whose confidence I have betrayed. Oh, memory! memory!—but I must look forward now, not back. Ah, mother, if I had really known how to value your affectionate counsels in my childhood—if I had only humbled my heart to a belief in its own weakness, and a ready obedience to your will in my younger days, I should not die in my youth a shameful death, and leave you childless in your age..."

"Aye," said Mrs. Cregan, "or if I had done the duty of a mother; if I had thought less of your worldly, and more of your eternal happiness. My brain is scorched!"

"My dear fond parent, will you add to my agony?" "You will hate me in your prison." "Never!" "I know what you will say when they are dragging you to the scaf-

fold. It is my mother, you will say, who has bound these cords upon my limbs. The people will stare on you, and you will hang your head, and say that I was the author of your death—"

"I will pray for you," said Hardress, pressing her to him and kissing her forehead, "as you will do for me." While he spoke he felt the air that encircled his neck grow rigid and the face that looked up to his was overspread with a damp and leaden paleness.

"Farewell, dear mother!—for the present," he continued, "and remember—Oh, she is growing cold, and weak; remove her—remove her quickly, gentlemen!"

She was borne out, in a half-fainting condition, and Hardress surrendering himself to the hands of the soldiers, prepared to depart. Turning round once more before he left the room, he said aloud:—"Hear me, and testify against me, if it shall please you. Lest my returning feebleness, or the base love of life, should tempt me once again to shun my destiny, I am willing here to multiply my witnesses. I am guilty of the crime with which you charge me—guilty not in act, nor guilty even in word, nor positive implied assent—but guilty, beyond even the wish of pardon. I am glad this hideous dream at length is ended; glad that I have been forced to render up her right to Justice, even against my will, for I was sick of my anxieties..."

He ceased, and the party proceeded down the narrow staircase, leading to the hall-door, Hardress being placed in the centre. In a few minutes the lighted chambers of the Castle, its affrighted revellers, its silenced musicians, the delirious mother, the drunken father and his band of brawlers, the bewildered bride, and all the scattered pomp of the espousal, were lost to the eye of the unhappy Hardress.

Some apprehension was entertained lest any injudicious person amongst the peasantry should occasion the useless loss of lives by attempting a rescue before the party left the neighborhood; but no symptoms of such an intention was manifested by the people. The whole transaction had been conducted with so much rapidity, that the circumstance of the bridegroom's capture was not generally known, even in the Castle, for some time after his departure.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE STORY ENDED.

It only remains for us to inform the reader, in general terms, of the subsequent fortunes of the various actors in this domestic drama. Such is the fate of the historian, regarded only as the chronicler of events or feelings in which he has no share; his claim to attention rests only upon those. While they continue to awaken interest, he may toy and dally as he pleases; he may deck his style with flowers, indulge his fancy in description, and even please his vanity with metaphysical speculation; but when the real matter of the tale is out, farewell his hobbies! Stern and brief must henceforth be the order of his speech, and listlessness or apathy become the gerdon of his wanderings. He is mortified to find that what he mistook for interest was only patience, and that the attention which he imagined to be bestowed upon himself was only lavished on the automata which his fingers exercised.

Stern and brief, then, be the order of our speech henceforward. Happily a portion of our incidents will fit that manner well.

The remorse of Hardress led him even to exaggerate his own share in the transaction on which the foregoing measure were founded. Nevertheless, when all the circumstances of the case had been fully considered, the mercy of the executive was extended to his life, and a perpetual exile from his native land was the only forfeit which he paid to the outraged law. But before this alteration in his destiny had been announced to him, Hardress had learned to receive it with great indifference. With the austerity of an ancient penitent, he persisted in refusing to hold personal communication with any of his friends; his mother only excepted, and even she was cheated (by a necessary device, for her health could not have sustained it) of the last parting interview.

The mitigation of punishment, which was intended to save his life, had only the effect of sparing him

the ignominy of such a fate. An occurrence which took place on the day of his departure completed the ruin which ill-health had long been making in his constitution.

The convict-ship which was to bear him from his home had cleared out of port, and lay at anchor in that part of the river, which, from its basin-like appearance, has received the appropriate denomination of the Pool. In the gray of a summer morning the prisoners, Hardress amongst the number, left the goal in King's Island, where they had been confined, for the purpose of occupying their places on board. Arrived at the river side, the party halted with their guard, while a small boat was let down from the vessel's stern, and manned for the shore. It touched the strand, and received its lading of exiles. It could not hold the entire party, and Hardress, who felt a sudden and to him, unaccountable reluctance to leave his native soil while it was possible for him yet to feel its turf beneath his feet, petitioned to be left until the return of the pinnace.

He looked to the misty hills of Cratloe, to the yet silent, and inactive city, and over the face of the gently agitated waters. The fresh, cool, light of the morning only partially revealed the scene; but the veil that rested on the face of nature became more attenuated every instant, and the aerial perspective acquired by rapid yet imperceptible degrees, a greater scope and clearness. Groups of bathers appeared at various distances on both sides of the river, some plunging in headlong from the lofty quays, some playing various antics in the water, and some floating quietly on the surface of the tide in the centre of the stream, while others, half-dressed and shivering at the brink of the sloping strands, put in a hand or foot to ascertain the temperature of the refreshing element, before venturing to fling off their remaining habiliments, and share in the salutary recreation.

In other respects the scene was nearly the same in appearance as it has been in the third chapter of this volume. Nature, always the same calm and provident benefactress, had preserved her mighty heart unchanged throughout the interval, and the same joyous serenity was still visible upon her countenance. The passions of men may convulse the frame of society; the duration of human prosperity may be uncertain as that of human woe; and centuries of ignorance of poverty, and of civil strife may suddenly succeed to years of science, and thrift and peace; but still the mighty mother holds her course unchanged. Spring succeeds winter, and summer spring, and all the harmonies of her system move on through countless ages with the same unvarying serenity of purpose. The scene of his happy childhood evinced no sympathy with the condition of the altered Hardress.

He turned with an aching heart from the contemplation of the landscape, and his eyes encountered a spectacle more accordant to his present feelings. The row of houses which lines the quay on which the party halted, consisted for the most part of coffin-makers' shops, a gloomy trade, although, to judge by the reckless faces of the workmen, it would appear that custom had made it with them a property of easiness."

Only one of those dismal houses of traffic was open at this early hour, and the light which burned in the interior showed that the proprietor was called to the exercise of his craft at this unseasonable time by some sudden and pressing call. The profession of the man was not indicated, as in more wealthy and populous cities, by a sculptured lid, or gilded and gaudy hatchments suspended at a window-pane. A pile of the unfinished shells, formed for all ages from childhood to maturity, were thrust out at the open window, to attract the eye of the relatives of the newly dead. The artificer himself appeared in the interior of his workshop, in his working-dress, and plane in hand, was employed in giving the last touch to an oak coffin, placed lengthways on his bench. Its size denoted that the intended occupant had died in the full maturity of manhood.

While Hardress watched him plying his melancholy trade in silence, a horseman rode up to the door, and dismounted with some awkwardness and difficulty. He was a small, red-haired man, and Hardress thought that the face and manner were not altogether new to his observation. Another horseman followed, and alighted with more ease and alertness. He was tall and well formed, and Hardress shrank aside from his gaze, for in this person he recognized one of the persons who appeared against him at his trial. Leaning against one of the short posts used for the purpose of holding the cables of the shipping, and once more turn-



THE COLLEGIANS.

Continued from Page Eleven

ing his face towards the river, Hardress listened to the conversation which ensued.

"Servant kindly, Mr. Moran," said the smaller man. "Well, is the coffin ready?"

"What time will it be wanted?" was the reply.

"The car will be here in half an hour. Father Edward bid me to step on before, in dread you would have it done. If it wasn't out of regard for him and his, indeed, I'd rather be spared the jaunt, for I was always a poor horseman, and I think it jolting enough I'll get between this and the church-yard."

"At Mungret Church, westwards. His people are all buried at St. John's; but he took it as a delight to be buried at Mungret, because it was there his daughter was buried before him."

A deep groan escaped the second horseman, as he said these words.

"No wonder for you to be heart-broken," exclaimed the first. "Old and good friends were parted when they were taken from you. The poor old man!—'twas enough to convert a Turk to hear him in his death-bed giving his forgiveness to all the world, and praying for his enemies. A year since, as you know well, Myles Murphy, Mihí O'Connor and his daughter were a happy pair; but he never raised his head from the day she left his floor. Well, well, 'tis true for Father Edward, what he says, that this world would be good for nothing, if there was not another."

At this moment, a soldier touched the arm of Hardress, and pointed to the pinnace, whose keel just grated on the gravelled strand. With a rigid and terrified countenance, Hardress arose, and was about to hurry down the steps leading from the quay, when his strength suddenly failed him, and he would have fallen headlong to the bottom, but for the timely aid of his escort.

When he recovered from the confusion which this attack occasioned in his brain, he found himself seated on the deck of the vessel, her canvas wings outspread, and the shores of his native soil fleeting rapidly away on either side. He looked, as the ship went by, to the cottage of the Dalys. Two or three of the children, in deep mourning, were playing on the lawn; Lowry Looby was turning the cows into the new-mown meadow, and Mr. Daly himself, also in deep black, was standing, cane in hand, upon the steps of the hall-door. The vessel swept on, but Hardress dared not turn his eyes in the direction of Castle Chute. The dawn of the following morning beheld him tossed upon the waves of the Atlantic, and looking back to the cliffed heads of the Shannon, that stood like a gigantic portal far behind. The land of his nativity faded rapidly on his sight; but before the vessel came within sight of that of his exile, Hardress had rendered up the life which the law forbore to take!

His mother lived long after, in the practice of the austere and humiliating works of piety, which her Church prescribes for the observance of the penitent. Her manner, in the course of time, became quiet, serene, and uncomplaining, and though not so generally admired she became more loved among her friends and her dependants than in her days of pride and haughty influence.

One circumstance may be mentioned, as affording a striking proof of the deep root which her predominant failing had taken in her character. After reading the paper which Hardress had left in his cabinet, and finding that it was written under what she conceived a too humiliating sense of his unworthiness, she refrained from bestowing it as he desired. It was not until the salutary change above mentioned had been wrought in her character, and after the purpose which the document was intended to accomplish had been brought to pass by other means, that she complied with her son's parting wishes.

It was a circumstance which placed the character of Anne Chute in a noble point of view, that, from the moment of the fearful discovery recorded in the last chapter, she never once upbraided her unhappy relative with the concealment which had so nearly linked her fate with that of one whose conduct she had so much cause to view with horror. Much as she had loved Hardress, and shocked as she was by the terrible occurrences of that night, she could not look back without the feeling of one who has escaped a great and hidden danger. It would have been denying her a virtue which she ought not to have wanted, if we said that the generosity and disinterestedness of Kyrie Daly failed eventually to pro-

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duce that effect upon her feelings which it had long since done upon her reason. It was long, indeed, before this favorable indication could be suffered to appear; but it did appear at length, after the remembrance of this unhappy story had grown faint in the course of time, and the tumult which it had left in many bosoms had been stilled by years, by penitence, or death. They were then united, and they were as happy as Earth could render hearts that looked to higher destinies and a more lasting rest. They lived long after in the practice of the studies of their place in life, and of that religion to which the guilty and the neglectful owe their deepest terrors, and good men their dearest consolations.

The wretched partner in the crime of Hardress died amid all the agonies of a remorse, which made even those whose eyes had often looked upon such scenes shrink back with fear and wonder. He owed his fate to an erring sense of fidelity, and to the limited and mischievous course of education too common in his class; while Hardress might be looked on as the victim of his cherished vanity and pride of self-direction.

These events furnished Lowry Looby with matter for a great fund of philosophical eloquence, which he was fond of indulging at even, when his pipe lit freely and the fire shone bright upon the hearth. This faithful servant lived long enough to enjoy the honors of a freehold in his native county of Clare, and to share it with the careful housewife who was accustomed to provide for his wants with so much affectionate care at the dairy cottage. His name, I understand, was found upon the poll-books at the late memorable election in that county; but on which side of the question he bestowed his voice, it more than my utmost industry has enabled me to ascertain.

Reader, if you have shuddered at the excesses into which he plunged, examine your own heart, and see if it hide nothing of the intellectual pride and volatile susceptibility of new impressions, which were the ruin of Hardress Cregan. If, besides the amusement which these pages may have afforded, you should learn any thing from such research for the avoidance of evil, or the pursuit of good, it will not be in vain that we have penned the story of our two "Collegians."

THE END.

A RICH MAN'S CHOICE.

Donegal Board of Guardians had an extraordinary application before them at their meeting on Wednesday. The master of the workhouse asked what charge he ought to make for the maintenance of a man named McGrory, who was at present occupying a room in the institution. Answering inquiries as to the circumstances of the case, the official said McGrory, who occupied a room by himself, had lately arrived in Donegal from America, where he had amassed a large fortune. He first resided for a period at an hotel, and subsequently rented a villa at Ballyweel, where he was able to enjoy boating in the fine bay adjacent to the town of Donegal. Afterwards, however, he decided to live in the workhouse, and was driven there in a carriage and pair.

The Guardians resolved that as they had plenty of room in the workhouse they would keep McGrory provided he paid one guinea a week for his expenses.

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A Priest Combats Prejudice.

Rev. C. S. Lacroix celebrated the first High Mass in the new Church of Our Lady of the Mountains, at North Conway, N.H., a week ago last Sunday. This marked the formal establishment of Catholicity in this village, whose residents placed every obstacle that bigotry could devise in the path of the energetic missionary priest in the hope of preventing him from building.

"We do not want a Catholic Church here," said the spokesman of the Protestant villagers to Father Lacroix when he first made his appearance in North Conway about a year ago.

"And why not?" he asked.

"Well," said the Protestant, "we have churches enough here now and find it hard work to fill them and to support the pastors, and one more will be just one too many."

"But you won't have to support me," said Father Lacroix; "my own poor people will look out for that, and as for them, they have as much right to have a church of their own as you have, and as this is a free country we propose to have one."

Then Father Lacroix tried to buy what he thought a suitable site, but he found that none of the property owners would sell to him. Then he ascertained that one of the finer lots in the village, on the main street and opposite the famous Kearsage hotel, was owned by a liberal-minded Bostonian, from whom he succeeded in purchasing it for \$500. Later he sold a portion that he did not need to such advantage that the site for the church cost him nothing.

The next step was to begin building and in order to superintend the work Father Lacroix took up his permanent residence there and made that place his headquarters. But he found that the opposition to him was still active. When he applied at one of the well known hotels for board and lodging the proprietor said he didn't want a Catholic priest in his house, but that he would try to accommodate him for twenty dollars a week. The highest price this house charges is half what Father Lacroix was asked, and as it was a prohibitive figure to the priest he had to find quarters elsewhere. Then he could find none of the Protestant builders who would undertake the erection of the church except at an exorbitant figure, thinking that in this way they would prevent the parish from proceeding with the work. But he surmounted this difficulty and found a man who was above the local prejudices and who accepted the contract. His men were hampered and annoyed in numberless ways, even the threat of a boycott being resorted to.

Father Lacroix only laughed at them. He kept his temper and had only a cheery word in response to their taunts, but he continued the work of building and labored as hard as any of his workmen, nothing about the building being too menial for him to do. Now he has the prettiest church in the village, in a prominent locality, and recently the first High Mass was attended by such a large congregation of the Catholic summer boarders that chairs had to be placed in the aisles. A feature of the Mass was the music, which was impressively rendered in Gregorian chant by Father Lacroix's choir of Abenaki Indians. These Indians come from Pierreville, Quebec, the headquarters of the tribe, which is entirely Catholic, and whose pastor, Rev. Joseph de Gonzague, is a full-blooded Abenaki Indian. This little church is in the heart of the White Mountains and Father Lacroix's nearest brother priest is forty-three miles away, which shows the extent of his parish.—Northwest Review.

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

**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, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

**A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6** meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

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

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**NOTES**

IRISH FICTION TO-day's American exchanges daily, in its column of fiction, refers to "An Irish Cousin" by E. E. Somerville. This is a new edition of a work that appeared in a form some twenty years ago, and had a success then; the author's success with subsequent works is a failure. Why a reviewer gives his explanation a queer freak in public to reproduce the reviewer's and then give our own.

"Few novelists can tempt to exhumate a work and embark it on a new venture. The falls regularly, but the ex-deters. The authors of 'An Irish Cousin' fell flat five years ago, and is not to be rehabilitated. Lively pictures of actual happen among the people of County Cork Galway, we are presented with a story of a lost vocation, and all the accidents familiar to England half a century ago. But of description of Irish Irish weather, Irish gloom, which have made the stories popular, redeem the abilities of the plot. The be read, and would pass the mighty array of models if one were not driven to it with the more recent works of authors."

The foregoing may be an opinion from the standpoint of a reviewer; but it is not the opinion of the author. What the authors of this novel a score of years ago and for acceptance with the public, equally true and popular. There were not something changed. It is not the book changed; for, despite a little and a few corrections, it is a story, with the same scenes, actors. Nor is it the form of presenting that has changed, and if there be any change in the way of improvement, then is the change that brings where victory formerly perched change is in the public, and the sentiment, taste and knowledge. The last fifteen years, or thereabout, witnessed the ostracism of "Stage Irishman." The change came when Ireland can be as of yore, the butt of the jest; when the ballad singer chanted her in burlesque, and the going nonentity eke out a living with the plagiarism of a plagiarist. The time is now dawned of Carleton's Irish life, character and habit when the idiotic antics of "Andy" could be paraded about just delineations of Irish people as the one in question bought them at any price and treasured in their misrepresentation of an entire race, no longer the public of to-day knows how to estimate the value of works. Hence their success of days of ignorance about Ireland of prejudice against her; hence their comparative failure in when Ireland is before the

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