

ICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
March 6th, 1856, incorpor-
B, revised 1864. Meets in
ick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
et, first Monday of the
Committee meets last Wed-
Officers: Rev. Director,
Callaghan, P.P. President,
Justice C. J. Doherty;
F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd
J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treas-
Frank J. Green, Correspond-
entary, John Cahill, Rec-
secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ICK'S T. A. & D. SO-
Meets on the second Sup-
very month in St. Pat-
ll, 92 St. Alexander St.,
ly after Vespers. Com-
f Management meets in
the first Tuesday of every
t 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. Mc-
Rev. President; W. P.
Vice-President; J. Jao,
ng, Secretary, 716 St. As-
ect, St. Henri.

S T. A. & B. SOCIETY,
d 1863.—Rev. Director,
her McPhail; President, D.
M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn,
Dominique street; M. J.
reasurer, 18 St. Augustin
eets on the second Sup-
very month, in St. Ann's
ner Young and Ottawa
t 8.30 p.m.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIE-
ized 1885.—Meets in the
Ottawa street, on the
day of each month, at
Spiritual Adviser, Rev.
lynn, C.S.S.R.; President,
rre; Treasurer, Thomas
Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ADIES' AUXILIARY, D-
5. Organized Oct. 10th,
ettings are held in St.
Hall, 92 St. Alexander,
st Sunday of each month
p.m., on the third Thurs-
p.m. President, Miss An-
ran; vice-president, Mrs.
llen; recording-secretary,
Ward, 51 Young street;
secretary, Miss Emma
6 Palace street; treasur-
Charlotte Bermingham;
Rev. Father McGrath.

DIVISION NO. 6 meets on
and fourth Thursdays of
at 816 St. Lawrence
Officers: W. H. Turner,
P. McCaff, Vice-President;
Quinn, Rec.-Sec.; James
St. Denis street; James
reasurer; Joseph Turner,
secretary, 1000 St. Denis

OF CANADA, BRANCH
nized, 13th November,
anch 26 meets at St.
Hall, 92 St. Alexander
very Monday of each
regular meetings for
action of business are
e 2nd and 4th Mondays
nch, at 8 p.m. Spiritual
ov. M. Callaghan; Char-
J. Sears; President, P. J.
ary, Jas. J. Costigan;
J. H. Feeley, Jr., Mel-
Dra. H. J. Harrison,
onoff and G. H. Merrill.

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or which

Referring to the Irish Land Bill,
the speech says it offers inducements
to the land owners to continue their
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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.
"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their
best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and
powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent
work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.—Much
regret is expressed that this estab-
lishment, so much needed to-day,
will not open its doors at the be-
ginning of the school year.

Some of our people well
known for their practical
support of all good works
associated with Irish parishes
do not hesitate to use
forceful language in referring
to the fact.

The "True Witness" being
aware of the apathy, and
lack of unity, and the ab-
sence of a sentiment of nation-
al pride broad enough to
take in other interests than
those which concern self,
has abstained in refer-
ring to the subject which
is humiliating to contem-
plate.

Times have sadly changed
in Irish ranks, in Montreal,
when an institution bearing
the chiselled title in stone
over the main entrance
"Catholic High School,"
must close its doors through
lack of support.

So far as our memory goes
back we cannot recall an in-
stance in this city when a
Catholic Irish institution
closed its doors.

LAND BILL NOW LAW.—The King
has prorogued the most important
session of the British Parliament
that has been held for a good many
years. As far as Ireland is con-
cerned it is the most important in a
whole century. The Irish Land Bill
has not only passed the House of
Commons, with all the amendments
that the Irish representatives have
desired to make, but has been sanc-
tioned by the Lords, and simply a-
waited the Royal sanction, which
was in every sense a mere matter of
form; a matter of form in Parlia-
mentary procedure, and a foregone
conclusion when we consider the
King's sentiments, both expressed
and implied, in regard to Ireland
and the Irish people.

A few extracts from the speech
from the throne give due indica-
tion of the sentiments to which we refer.
In dealing with his visit to Ireland
His Majesty said:—

"The warm expressions of good
will with which I was everywhere re-
ceived, greatly touched me. My visit
enabled me to realize how much was
being attempted to improve the
housing accommodation for the
working population, stimulate com-
mercial activity, advance the meth-
ods of agriculture, develop technical
education. Much remains to be done,
but it was with feelings of the deepest
gratification that I noticed signs
of increasing concord among all
classes in Ireland, presaging, as I
hope, a new era of united efforts for
the general welfare."

Referring to the Irish Land Bill,
the speech says it offers inducements
to the land owners to continue their
residence among their countrymen,
and provides facilities for improving
the conditions of life in the poorer
districts of the west. It adds: "This
reform, by removing the ancient
causes of social dissension, will, I
heartily trust, conduce to the com-

mon benefit of all Irish subjects."
The other day, in a public utter-
ance of grave importance, Mr. John
Redmond, the Irish leader, said that
this measure, which is now about to
become law, will lead directly to
Home Rule. There can be no doubt
of it. As the world is governed to-
day it is becoming impossible to
carry on state business unless it is
divided up. Here in Canada, with
only five millions of people, we are
obliged more and more to depend up-
on the Provincial Legislatures to re-
lieve the Federal Government of a
mass of local matters that would so-
clog the machinery of Parliament
that no progress could otherwise be
made. And it is manifestly more so
in England, where the Imperial Par-
liament has a veritable congestion of
work. It is growing daily more ap-
parent that the local affairs of a
country like Ireland demand an en-
tire Government of their own. And
as a result we see that events are
drifting surely in that direction.

No one can doubt for a moment
that away behind this Land Purchase
Bill, its framers and conceivers had
a fixed idea of ultimate Home Rule
for Ireland. Otherwise the measure
would be incomplete, and some day
insufficient. It is true that caution
was necessary. It would not have
done to have come out directly, and
as the Yankee says, "flat-footed" for
Irish Home Rule. But by this
means of making the great public,
and the upper classes, and the
Lords, accustomed to the according
of measures of utility to the Irish
people, a great deal of their latent
and long-existing prejudices could
be effaced, or at least the sharp
edges taken off them, and their
minds be prepared to accept and
agree to cheerfully that which, un-
der other and more abrupt circum-
stances, they would not be willing to
sanction or to recognize. It is thus
that we see in the entire policy a
wisely and deep-laid scheme whereby
the ultimate end of Home Rule could
be reached without the creation of
any antagonism that might be called
worthy of consideration. This is
our view of the situation. We may
err, but we think not. At all events
we can fall into no error as far as
the measure that has marked this
last session is concerned. And the
fact that it has gone through its
now being printed on the statute-
book is proof to us that the day is
not far away when the same Parlia-
ment will pass a Home Rule Bill for
Ireland.

WHERE RELIGION DECAYS.—A
contemporary says that "in the sev-
enty-eighth annual report of the
American Tract Society given to the
public on June 20th, the statement
is made that in the interior of the
State of New York there are school
districts in which not a single fam-
ily attend a church service, and one
prosperous rural churches are tum-
bling into decay and the buildings and
sheds falling down." This is surely
a sad state of affairs, and does not
speak very highly for the enterprise
of the missionaries and representa-
tives of the Tract Society in that
section of the Republic. Or it may
be that the people over there are
getting tired of the hum-drum meth-
od of instilling religion into them
and the peculiar methods of render-
ing Church service attractive. We
have nothing beyond this statement
to guide us in forming an estimate
of the situation. We have never had
occasion to study up the missionary
progress of the different sects in cen-
tral New York; but we are very
pleased to be able to state that the
Catholic Church has no complaint to
make in that direction. In the in-

terior of New York State, just as
every place else in the world, in pro-
portion to their numbers the Catho-
lic parishes are very prosperous, the
people devout, and the Church at-
tendance is exceedingly good. One
parish priest from that district has
told us that he finds no difficulty at
all in keeping up a large Church at-
tendance, and that several families
come miles over the hills, even some
of them on foot, rather than miss
Mass on Sunday.

CEYLON'S PETITION.—During
the somewhat protracted and widely-
extended agitation of a year or so
ago, regarding the offensive pas-
sages in the King's coronation, it
seemed to have never dawned upon
either party, and especially upon
those who are favorable to the re-
tention of the oath in its present
form, that by injuring—through in-
sult—the Catholic element, it is
playing the part of the enemy of all
Christianity. An evidence of this is
very strongly set forth in the peti-
tion sent from the Island of Ceylon
begging, for the sake of Christianity
in that land that the oath should
be amended. Were it not for this
new point that is forcibly raised by
this petition, we would not, at this
stage, come back upon the question.
It will be seen that because the oath
brands as superstitious and idolat-
rous the beliefs held by Catholics,
and participated in to some degree
by High Church Anglicans, the cause
of Christianity is fearfully exposed
to disaster in the Island of Ceylon.
We, therefore, give the petition as it
was sent in, for it contains a full
explanation of the circumstances, and
it proves beyond a shadow of a
doubt that the Mohammedans, Bud-
dhists and Hindus depend greatly
upon that very declaration for a
weapon to combat Christianity. The
petition reads:—

"That the Island of Ceylon con-
tains 3,565,954 inhabitants, of whom
3,214,348 are Buddhists, Hindus, or
Mohammedans. The Christians num-
ber 349,239 and of these 82 per-
cent. are Catholics. From this it is
clear that Christianity is represent-
ed in Ceylon mainly by those who
profess the Catholic faith. In these
circumstances it will not be difficult
to perceive the injurious effect upon
the cause of Christianity which is
likely to be produced in this non-
Christian land by a public condem-
nation of religious doctrines held
by Catholics, more especially when
that repudiation is uttered by our
Most Gracious Sovereign at the
most solemn juncture of his reign,
and published in the non-Christian
press of the country.

"In the Royal Declaration two ar-
ticles of the Catholic faith are de-
nied in contumelious words, and
Catholics are therein branded as su-
perstitious and idolatrous in face of
their Buddhist, Hindu and Moham-
medan fellow subjects.

"In the British Isles, the Royal De-
claration is known by all to be the
legacy of a time of religious strife,
and is there regarded as an unjusti-
fied and obsolete formula couched
(to quote the words used in Your Lord-
ship's House by the Marquis of Sal-
isbury when Premier), in language of
'indecent violence.' But in Ceylon,
where the religion of Christ has to
maintain its ground against the
whole force of the non-Christian re-
ligions of the East, non-Christians
find justification for their hostility
to Christianity and encouragement to
intemperate attacks upon it, in the
offensive reprobation of doctrines of
the Catholic faith which is put into
the mouth of the Sovereign on his
accession to the throne.

"The Royal Declaration is not ne-
cessary for the maintenance of the
Protestant succession, as this is fully
secured by the Bill of Rights and the
Act of Settlement; and therefore
His Majesty's Catholic subjects in
Ceylon regard it as a gratuitous out-
rage upon their religious convictions.
The millions of Buddhists, Hindus
and Mohammedans in Ceylon are not
compelled to submit to a public at-
tack upon their religious beliefs at
the accession of the Sovereign. His
Majesty's Catholic subjects in Ceylon
—who form five-sixths of the Chris-
tian population—are alone addressed
in terms derogatory to their faith,
and they feel that the Royal Declara-
tion places them under a religious
disability which ought to be remov-
ed.
"Your Lordships' petitioners, be-

longing to the Singalese, Tamil,
Burmah and European races, there-
fore pray your Right Honorable
House to abolish the said Declara-
tion which bans their faith in this
non-Christian land."

SCANDAL'S WINGS.—Times num-
berless are we warned against listen-
ing to lies and scandals. It is so
easy to circulate a false report; but
it is so difficult to efface the effects
of it once it has obtained circula-
tion. Some time ago a great deal
of trouble was created in France by
reports of a sensational character
concerning a convent at Tours. It
was stated that the girl inmates
were subjected to fearful rigors, and
very much capital against religious
communities was made by the anti-
Catholic press. At last a full in-
vestigation was held. In order to
show the insincerity of those who
catch on to such reports and fling
them abroad, perfectly regardless of
the truth and of the circumstances,
we will reproduce the statement of a
correspondent to one of our Ameri-
can contemporaries on the result of
the investigation. He says:—

"In order to arrive at an impar-
tial judgment we must take into ac-
count the character of the institu-
tion in question. The 'Convent' of
Notre Dame de la Charite du Re-
fuge,' like that of Nancy, is no con-
vent in the real sense of the word.
It is no pension for the education of
young girls, neither can it be called
an asylum for orphans or a refuge
for unemployed girls, but the refuge
in question is for fallen girls and de-
praved women. For such girls the
'convent' was in no sense an educa-
tional institute, but assumed the
character of a house in which some
penance might well be practised. Among
other things the girls were
taught to labor in order to have an
honest means of support when re-
leased. They are forced to enter leg-
ally, and the Sisters are paid about
sixteen centimes or less per day.
They work about seven or eight
hours a day. In a place of this kind
there must of necessity be some cor-
poral correction. Considering that
these women are there by compul-
sion, that, they are refractory, it is
no wonder that the Sisters may lose
their patience. The processes of
court have proven that most of the
accusations are groundless. Some
girls are placed in strait-jackets in
attacks of hysteria by the advice of
the doctor, and their hair was cut
off also by order of the doctor. That
excuses may sometimes occur, as
they do often occur in secular insti-
tutions, houses of correction, bar-
racks, etc., is possible.

"It is remarkable that the papers
which so bitterly denounce institu-
tions of this kind are notorious in
their advocacy of measures designed
to propagate the very abuses that
such institutions are intended to
suppress.

A sample of the scandalous meth-
ods of defaming the priesthood re-
ported to by European "yellow jour-
nals" is shown in the case of "L'A-
sino," an Italian sheet. This paper
in a recent issue told of a priest, by
name Don Andrea Pasquale, a great
poet who composes verses for the
edification of the Children of Mary
and for the entertainment of boys
in the St. Aloysius Society. It
claimed that the verses fell into the
hands of the father of a young lady.
The courts of Rome condemned the
poet, on account of obscenities, to
eight months' imprisonment and to
a fine of 500 lire. It turns out,
first, that Pasquale is no priest; sec-
ond, that his poems are a collec-
tion of vile verses against priests
and religious."

We know, from experience on this
side of the Atlantic, and especially
during the days of the A. P. A. fe-
ver, that there is no chance for the
Catholic institution to withstand the
lies, the insinuations, the misrepre-
sentations that are hurled against
it. If we had to hold a complete in-
vestigation in each case, these en-
emies of all order and authority
would simply keep us investigating
from year's end to year's end. They
could trump up charges much more
rapidly than any one could disprove
them.

However, there is a lesson in all
this that each of us could take in-
dividually to heart, and that is to
avoid giving ear to scandal or to
slander, and, above all, to never be-

the slave of it, to never help in
spreading it, you convey easily sow
a bad seed with a word, but you can
never again uproot the effects of that
one evil expression. It will grow
and will expand with a rapidity be-
yond your power of control. So, to
be safe, you must vow enmity a-
gainst all slander—and the surest
weapon wherewith to slay the hydra,
is that of silence.

CATHOLICS HOLD THE KEY.—
The "New World" quotes from an
editorial which has appeared in
"Christendom," a high class Protes-
tant journal. The reference in
this article is to the American Fed-
eration of Catholic societies, and
from many standpoints the remarks
of this organ are well deserving of
consideration. It says:—

"The subjects uppermost in the
conventions of the federation are so-
cial and educational. At present an
effort is being made to organize the
forces represented in the federation
against the socialistic tendencies
which the Catholic Church so strangely
condemns. A movement somewhat
similar to the Christian Democra-
tic movement in most of the
countries of Europe is being urged
for adoption by the federation.
Should the influential body of men
and women represented in this or-
ganization turn their attention to
the spreading of sane ideas of popu-
lar government among the masses of
the people who are under Roman
Catholic influence, the results would
be far-reaching. Indeed, it may be
said that the Catholic priests and
influential laymen hold the key to
social situation in many American
cities. They may, if they will, do a
work for the preservation of order,
the pacification of industrial forces,
the increase of temperance, and the
safeguarding of the family which
will avert many evils that seem now
to threaten our cities."

We have contended, over and over
again, when dealing with other as-
pects of the situation, just what has
been advanced in the foregoing. For
example, we have sought to point
out to the Protestant element of the
United States that the Catholic
Church, with her teachings, her ster-
ling priesthood, her solid ranks of
faithful, her severe laws concerning
marriage, divorce, and other mat-
ters, must eventually prove to be the
salvation of the State. The Church
may have to contend and to struggle
in matters concerning education,
she may be denied that equality
which she has a right to in that
sphere; but the day will come when
the State, crushed by the tempest
of socialism and irreligion that is
swelling, will find no refuge save in
the protecting principles that the
Church has inculcated and for the
inculcation of which she has been
persecuted. If it be true that the
Catholic clergy hold the key to the
social problem to-day, much more
shall they control eventually every
issue upon which the State depends
for the permanency of its authority.
The foe of anarchy and all the mad
train of evils that follow in its
track, is none other than the Catho-
lic Church. She alone sets her face
against all oppression, all usurpa-
tion of authority, all license that
may become detrimental to society,
and she alone has to bear the brunt
of the criticisms that would fair de-
stroy her saving powers. And yet
the very elements whose future de-
pends on her and on the propaga-
tion of her principles are those that
are the most bitterly antagonistic to
her work. We are pleased to see
that, in the higher walks of Protest-
ant journalism, this great truth is
being recognized, and we trust that
its recognition may spread to the
State and to every strata of society.

PERSONALS.
The many friends of Mr. George H.
Pearson will regret to learn that he
is attacked with illness, which will
prevent him attending business for
some time.
Miss Grace, Alexander street, has
left on a visit to her brother in
Rutland, Vermont.
Mrs. Austin Mosher and Miss L.
V. Murphy are at Willard, Cape
Elizabeth, Me.

Business Men in Session

The fifth annual Congress of the
Chambers of Commerce of the Brit-
ish Empire was held during this week
in the Windsor Hall, this city. Dele-
gates from various commercial cen-
tres of Great Britain and Ireland,
India, Ceylon, Egypt, South Africa,
and from nearly all the principal
business communities throughout this
Dominion, were in attendance. Among
the subjects which were discussed
were:—Commercial relations be-
tween the mother country, her col-
onies and dependencies; consular ser-
vice; defences of the Empire; emigra-
tion to the colonies; fast steamship
service; Imperial postal system; re-
sources of the Empire; trades dis-
putes, and other matters.

WEDDING BELLS.

St. John's Church, Perth, was the
scene of a very pretty wedding, on
Monday morning, Aug. 10th. The
contracting parties were Miss Re-
becca McKinnon, daughter of Mrs.
Jno. McKinnon, of Drummond, and
Mr. John Henretta, of Perth. The
bride was charmingly gowned in
ivory tulle and Duchess lace, and
wore a white picture hat. Miss Kath-
leen McKinnon, sister of the bride,
acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. E.
Hogan, cousin of the groom, as
groomsman.

After the marriage ceremony the
bridal party drove to the residence
of the bride's mother, where amidst
the congratulations of their many
friends, a hearty repast was partaken
of.

The bride was the recipient of nu-
merous costly and beautiful presents.
Mr. and Mrs. Henretta left on the
evening train for Niagara, Buffalo
and New York, and on their return
will reside in Perth.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE

Almost every week, of late, we
have been called upon to mention
golden jubilees of aged couples, and
it would seem that our Canadian
population was far from deteriorat-
ing, as far as longevity is concerned.
On the 18th instant, Mr. and Mrs.
Gratton, of the village of Ste.
Scholastique celebrated, with great
enthusiasm, the fiftieth anniversary
of their marriage. In the counties
of Terrebonne and Two Mountains
there is no more highly respected
family than that of the Grattons.
Pious, charitable and exemplary,
they have been firm in the hour of
need and grateful in the hour of pros-
perity. Of these children three are
priests, who hold charges in differ-
ent parishes in the United States.
A nephew of theirs is also a priest
and Curate of St. Cyprien.

Mr. Gratton was born the 23rd
September, 1834; his good wife,
whose maiden name was Marie-
Louise Vermette, was born the 22nd
November, 1832. They were married
on the 18th August, 1853. They had
eleven children, and of these Rev.
Jules Gratton, is parish priest of
Gardner, Mass.; Rev. Edmond Gratton
is parish priest at Indian Orch-
ard, Mass.; and Rev. Alphonse Gratton
is parish priest at Pawtucket,
R.I.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

Two Catholic children, boy, aged 7
years, and girl, aged 8 years, whose
father is dead and mother now at
point of death.

Only applications from Catholic
homes will be considered.

Address D.,
TRUE WITNESS OFFICE,
Box 1138 P.O.
Montreal, P. Q.

SLOW DEATH.

Worry is slow death, and neither
hospital nor asylum can bring re-
lief. The physician can not cure it.
All the ozone of the mountains and
the soft salt breezes of the sea are
powerless in its presence. Flee worry;
it is the bane of all peace.

The Catholic Perverts.

By "CRUX"



URING several years past, in fact since I commenced sending these humble communications to the "True Witness" I have had occasion to notice that, in other columns, and over other signatures, the paper contained many references to the question of Catholic perverts. By this I designate in a special manner Catholics who have left the Church to join some Protestant denomination, and through all these articles I have noticed one argument predominating, to the effect that the Catholic will more readily fall into doubt, or join the ranks of infidelity, than become a Protestant. This contention is strongly sustained by the experience of the ages that have gone since Protestantism first appeared on the scene. It is not to be denied that Catholics have joined the Protestant religion in different branches of that scattered system. But as a rule, they have done so for purposes other than the pure and simple desire to save their souls. They had different temporal motives — all of them unworthy of being considered in the light of religious conviction, but almost all of them different in nature, so diversified are they that an enumeration would be impossible. The one has had ambitions that he fancied could not be realized as easily from the Catholic as from the Protestant standpoint. Influence, social rank, means of attaining wealth, love, and such-like are by no means to be ranked amongst the motives that should govern the seriously and honestly religious action of persons who take the bold step of passing from one fold to the other. These must be brushed aside as puerile and dishonest. I am not going to stay to contrast the Catholic pervert to Protestantism with the Protestant convert to Catholicity. But it is self-evident to all reading and reflecting minds that the motives are never the same. I have yet to see examples of Protestants who become Catholics with any hope of worldly gain. On the contrary, it is usually, I can say invariably, at the expense of their temporal opportunities, of their affections, their family and social ties, their dearest sentiments. On the other hand I have rarely known a Catholic to leave the Church and be at the same time, able to furnish any religious motive of a sufficiently serious character to justify his action, while behind that action always appears the skeleton of some worldly gain that he imagines to attain.

Another peculiar contrast, and one upon which I will only dwell in passing, is that of the subsequent language, sentiments and attitudes of the two classes. The one who leaves the Church to join a Protestant sect, is more bitter against his first religion than ever could be the most fanatical bigot in the ranks of the Church's enemies. He has no kindly remembrances, to good words, no feeling but one of hatred for her; and worse still he allows those unchristian sentiments to extend to and take in all who were his former co-religionists. One would imagine that they had been his personal enemies. On the other hand, the samples we have of Protestants who have become Catholics lead us to believe that they must have been actuated by very holy and Christian motives. Never have they words, save of generosity and kindness for those from whose communion they felt obliged to separate. Their language is that of a great worldly grief at the parting, and one that they could not accept were it not for the more than counterbalancing influence of duty, conscience, and God's grace. Never do they refer harshly to their former associates. They pray that they follow in the pathway to truth and thus be united to them again, even in this life; but their spirit is one of great charity and they seem to be actuated by motives that are entirely supernatural.

I have been led into this digression simply by the ideas and reflections suggested to me by the argument in former numbers of this paper and to which I made reference at the outset. The grand point upon which I wish to touch is that of the likelihood of a Catholic, who grows indifferent and finally abandons his Church, of falling into atheism, rather than adopting the tenets of Protestantism. This conviction has more strongly embedded itself in my mind since I read that peculiar pub-

lication called "Brann's Iconoclast." I am often at a loss to know whether this strange organ is really, what it professes to be, atheistic, or whether it is not Catholic in the eccentric disguise of infidelity. Be it what it may, one thing is certain that if it were to acknowledge any form of religion, it would be the Catholic one. In the last issue Mr. C. A. Windle, the editor of this organ, asks why a majority of the Protestant clergy of the United States favor American acquisition and retention of Catholic lands, and he answers it by stating that those clergymen foolishly imagine that such a course means the acquisition of fresh fields for Protestant missions. In other words that they think that with the land they can take possession of the people and turn them from their faith to swell the ranks of Protestantism. It is in connection with this that the editor in question makes use of the following very extraordinary language:—

"If these deluded, over-zealous people desire to make infidels and agnostics of the intelligent Catholics of Cuba and the Philippines, they may succeed beyond their fondest dreams. But if they hope to convert them to Protestantism, they are doomed to disappointment and ignominious failure."

"I know that it is next to impossible for a Protestant to place himself in the attitude where he can view the matter from the standpoint of an intelligent Catholic. Being neither Catholic nor Protestant — just a plain every day sinner—I am able to approach these questions without prejudice and write down the simple truth without the slightest desire to offend or please either party."

"Protestant zealots who desire to convert Catholics to Protestantism should be plainly told that it is almost, if not quite impossible, for an intelligent Catholic to become a good Protestant. The reason is plain:—

"If he cannot believe in the root and stock of the tree, how can he believe in its branches?"

"If he cannot believe that the oldest church in the world is the true church, how can he accept the latter inventions of Luther, Calvin, Wesley or Dowie, as the Church of God?"

"When convinced that the authority vested in the oldest church is not binding, how can he submit to the decrees of conference, council and conclave of warring Protestantism?"

"Once convinced that the rules of faith laid down by the councils of his church are erroneous, and the Pope's interpretation of scripture false, how are you to make him accept the interpretation, or abide by the rules of faith and practice laid down by Tom, Dick and Harry?"

"Impossible! The upright, honest, educated Catholic must either remain true to his faith or become an agnostic. For him there is no refuge in Protestantism, no middle ground between Catholicism and infidelity. Therefore, the inevitable effect of Protestant missions in the Philippines will be to make agnostics and infidels of a people who now believe in God and his Christ."

"My statement that no intelligent Catholic can become a good Protestant may sound extravagant, but it is literally true. You can count on the fingers of one hand all the Catholics that have become good Protestants, during the last hundred years. As before stated, when an honest, upright Catholic abandons Catholicism, he almost invariably becomes an agnostic. When a dishonest devotee renounces his Catholicism he is apt to become a first-class Protestant scoundrel."

"I have known several reformed priests who wrote books, delivered lectures, and endeavored to 'expose Romanism' in every possible way, but I have never known one who could be trusted, or that possessed a single spark of honor."

Leaving aside the rather outspoken and possibly more or less rugged manner of expression employed by this professed infidel writer, there is a vast amount of truth in what he says, and serves to carry out and accentuate my reasoning, and above all, to justify the assertions and arguments of the "True Witness" on this subject. My sole purpose, this week, in touching upon this subject, which may be considered, perhaps, not exactly of my sphere, has been to emphasize the point that while the convert to Catholicity is invariably governed in his course, by purely spiritual motives, the pervert to Protestantism scarcely ever (I never knew a case) can conscientiously advance any other than merely temporal and worldly motives. And this, then, may be fairly taken as a test of the respective merits of the two religions. It may be considered as a proof of the spiritual empire of the one and the temporal domination of the other. And as religion was established by Christ for the primary purpose of man's salvation, not of his temporal well being, and as it is the essential means, through the graces that it infuses into the soul, of the establishment of a spiritual

kingdom on earth and the assurance of a spiritual kingdom in heaven, we cannot but conclude that the one only, true religion must be that which is based upon spirituality and which ignores worldly power or means. And as there cannot be two true religions—only one—and as the system of Protestantism springs from earth, belongs to earth, and is ruled by both earthly motives in its individuals and by earthly powers in its disjointed government, it cannot be the true religion; and if not, there remains for us only the other, the Catholic faith, whereby we can feel assured of eternal salvation.

Catholics and Their Press

The Catholics of Liverpool support their paper in a practical manner. They not only subscribe to it, but also make their wants known in every department of life, religions, educational, domestic, social and commercial. In the "Catholic Times" of that city, every week, may be found two pages devoted to advertisements of schools, churches, vacant situations in Catholic homes, and professional business cards.

Notes for Intending Settlers

Spencer, Nebraska, Aug. 10, 1908.

At the present time a great many people are moving from the east to the west, and, of course, there are a great many Catholics. All Catholics, in selecting a new home will be interested in knowing where they can settle in the west and be near a Church. This part of Nebraska is quite new in comparison with other portions. It has been settled for about ten years, but the railroad was built in here only a year ago. We have a large Catholic Church and a resident pastor here, likewise a Church at Lynch and one at Butte, in this county. We have Catholics here of many different nationalities. The land in this (Boyd) County is unusually good. It is nearly all heavy clay soil. Farm lands can still be bought here at reasonable prices, and there are good opportunities to secure homes. All the towns are still largely in a state of formation, and business has not settled in a rut. There are many business opportunities in the different towns along the railroad, and business men from the east will do well to investigate the conditions here before locating. Of course, these opportunities will all be taken up within the next couple of years, and the sooner the business men who would like to locate here get right on the ground and establish themselves the better it will be for them. This county has a good future and business here will be on a solid basis.

W. W. KROUPA, P.P.,
St. Mary's Church.

DIED OF GRIEF.

The strange story of a boy who died from excessive weeping, is told by the New York correspondent for the Chicago "Tribune."

John Crowley, 16 years old, whose home was at Brooklyn, was strong and robust. On the evening of July 1 Crowley learned of the death of his uncle, Charles Crowley, who was killed while attempting to jump from a train to the platform. The lad cried without ceasing for nearly three days.

The "Tribune" correspondent says: "From the time John Crowley was a baby his uncle, who was a bachelor, had shown him great affection. As the boy grew older the bond between the two became stronger, and after the boy's father died, four years ago, the uncle and his nephew became inseparable. Immediately upon learning of his uncle's death John was seized with a fit of hysterical weeping and the efforts of his mother, sisters, and brothers to soothe him were in vain. All night long and all day Thursday he continued to moan and sob. He would not eat or sleep, and Thursday night he was so weak he could barely totter. Yesterday he attended his uncle's funeral, and while riding to the cemetery had another attack of convulsive sobbing, finally becoming so violent that he had to be carried to his carriage. He continued to weep through the night until finally he was seized with another burst of convulsive grief and died in his mother's arms."

Public Function At Metcalf.

Communicated to the True Witness.

The thriving village of Metcalf was the central point for pleasure-seekers on Tuesday, the 11th inst., when the Rev. Father Prudomme's picnic, for the benefit of his Church took place. Though rain threatened in the early morning, yet as the sun advanced in the horizon, the clouds cleared away and the weather for the rest of the day was all that could have been desired. Conspicuous among those present were, Dr. David Wallace, the member for the county in the House of Commons; Col. J. P. MacMillan, Mrs. P. Saver, a daughter of the late lamented Ira Morgan; Mr. Geo. Morgan and his sister, Mrs. P. Timmins and Mrs. Fanning. On the grounds again were noticed the Rev. Fathers Prudomme, Metcalf, Dunn, Gloucester, McCauley, his sister, Miss Mary McCauley, of Dawson; Mrs. D. Kennedy, of Vernon; Miss S. Gillespie, Miss Ralph, Miss Murry, Miss Stacy, Miss Mary Grant, Mrs. McKay, Mr. J. Rolston, treasurer of the Agricultural Society, Metcalf; Inspector R. Dow, Mr. James Simpson, merchant; Mr. Allan McDonald, Councillor Mr. P. Kerns, and Mr. O. D. Sullivan, of Shawville, Quebec, with others of prominence.

By the kindness of the society the spacious agricultural grounds with their commodious buildings, so well designed for their annual fairs, were used for the occasion. The sports of the day consisted, principally of horse racing, foot running, in which several young lads took part, jumping and other similar amusements becoming the occasion. Refreshment booths, where various temperate drinks could be procured for the thirsty, were in evidence on the grounds, the proceeds of which with the moderate sum charged for entrance, and that of the tables were the principle sources by which the promoters of the picnic realized their expectations. In the main building, where Mrs. Wm. Cassidy and Miss Mary Sweeney, presided, were the tables on which were abundantly spread various dishes, most inviting to those desirous of appeasing the appetite.

A most interesting feature of the day's performance was a competition in elocution between Misses York and Miss McCullough, the former being from Ottawa, in which Mr. J. Rolston, Mr. George Morgan and Col. J. P. MacMillan were the judges. To say the least those amiable young ladies recited their respective pieces in a most creditable manner, eliciting the highest praise on the part of the audience. The competition in this was so keen and of such a high order as to render it a difficult matter for the judges to determine which of the ladies really excelled in the art. Their attainments in the line, coupled with their modes and attractive appearance upon the stage excited the admiration of all. Not only did they display talent of a superior order, but afforded ample evidence of their proficiency in the science of elocution. Finally, the judges, who were forced to decide, concluded to award first prize to Miss York, second to Miss McCullough, and third to Miss York, the younger sister to the former.

The enjoyments of the day were materially enhanced by the melodious strains of the Metcalf brass band, the members of which afforded ample evidence that they profited by the instruction imparted by Mr. F. Iveson, a veteran of 66, clearly indicating that the citizens of the village are keeping abreast with those of the larger centres in other parts of the province. This was agreeably varied by the sweet performances of two Italians from Ottawa, one on the harp, and the other on the violin.

Just prior to the programme of the day being concluded, the Rev. Father Prudomme, acting as chairman, called the audience to order, and stated that they were honored with the presence on the occasion of Col. J. P. MacMillan, who would kindly favor them with an address. It was to be regretted that Dr. Wallace, the member of the county in the Commons, though on the grounds the most of the day, was obliged to take his departure before this stage was reached, as pressing Parliamentary duties called him away, otherwise, doubtless, many would have been pleased to have heard him. Even apart from politics, the doctor has many substantial friends, in and around Metcalf,

where for many years he has successfully practiced his profession, and rendered priceless services in alleviating the afflictions of suffering humanity. Col. MacMillan, on rising, expressed the pleasure he was afforded by participating in the enjoyments of the occasion.

In driving across the country from Ottawa, he said that he was delighted with the magnificent scenery rising before him on either side, the well cultivated fields on whose borders were ripening the most luxuriant crops he had ever seen, rendering his visit most enchanting. In keeping with this picture was the commendable sentiment of the people he saw before him, who although many of them were members of other persuasions, did not hesitate in joining their Roman Catholic friends in order to promote the charitable object of the occasion, assuring him that they had reached a plane of intelligence, education and refinement, where religious animosity, unfortunately experienced in more pretentious quarters, had given way to the happy circumstance by which they could live together on terms of respect, good-fellowship and brotherly love, and he earnestly expressed a hope for a prolonged continuance of such a genuine Christian bearing towards their opposite brethren.

Here the speaker referred to a speech delivered at Quebec on Confederation by the late lamented Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, which he had the honor of hearing, especially that part of it in which he referred to the harmonious relations of the early pioneers. On the occasion in question the honorable gentleman read a passage from a book compiled by a good Protestant, who there placed on record, that when the Presbyterians first landed at Quebec, they had no church, but the Roman Catholic missionaries were otherwise provided in that way. Under the circumstance, the missionaries were good enough to place their Church at the disposal of their Presbyterian friends, where they held their service on Sunday, after the services of the Catholics had been performed, and here they had those of different denominations performing their devotional exercises under the same roof, and in the same edifice. The Presbyterians of the time, too grateful to accept the accommodation without a befitting and appropriate acknowledgment, offered many little evidences of their appreciation, all going to show the grand and charitable spirit existing between them, and happily in harmony with what he witnessed that day upon the grounds.

The veteran Colonel then referred to the tendency on the part of the young men of the present day to forsake the noble calling of agriculture for other walks of life, which to many of them were not so headful, happy or profitable. Fortunately, having in his younger days, himself, been brought up on a farm, he exercised obtained there, as he was growing to manhood, and to this circumstance he attributed the health and vigor with which he was now favored, although comparatively in advanced years. He also expressed his regret at seeing the extent to which young people are now carried away by sport and pleasure. Far be it from him to object to a reasonable degree of enjoyment, for the young generation, which is as natural and essential to them as the breath they draw, but it is to the excess of this that he finds room for disapproval. It is impossible for any one having an interest in the country or the material prosperity of our Canadian young men to witness so many of them giving their precious time to see the different sports and games indulged in at the present time without deploring the practice. To his mind it tends to fascinate, allure and incline them in that direction, so much so as to unfit them, in many cases, for the preparation for the successful and the more substantial sphere for which they are so well suited and by their Creator intended. He emphasized from his own experience that unless a young man acquired habits of industry as he was growing to manhood, he would miss his calling and lead a life of disappointment, both to himself and the friends having an interest in his welfare.

PUBLIC FUNCTIONS.

"The Catholic Total Abstinence Union condemns the practice of Catholic institutions and societies of Catholics in permitting strong drink at their public celebrations, annual banquets and entertainments and meetings. The union exhorts all Catholics and especially all total abstinents, to show their disapproval by word and act of all such institutions and societies that persist in permitting this practice." Resolution adopted at the recent convention of the Union.

Random Notes And Gleanings.

WATERFORD ADDRESS.—From the "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, we learn that the following is the paragraph in the address of the Waterford Corporation to the King to which objection was taken by Dublin Castle:—"While expressing the sincere wish that Your Majesty and Your Gracious Consort may reign long and happily, we may also hope that Your Majesty's Government will at an early date introduce a Bill for the higher education of your Catholic subjects in Ireland." The address was returned and not presented at all.

HYDE PARK was recently the scene of monster demonstration under the auspices of the League of the Cross, in which various organizations, temperance, trade, and others, took part. There were five platforms, and amongst the speakers were: Messrs. Wm. Redmond, O'Shaughnessy, Murphy, W. Crooks, MacVeigh, and Devlin, members of Parliament. At each platform a resolution was passed and ordered to be sent to the College of Cardinals in Rome, offering condolence with the ecclesiastical authorities on the death of the Pope. A resolution offering a tribute of honor to Cardinal Manning's memory was also passed.

IRISH PARTY DELEGATES.—Two representatives of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde, M.P., and Captain Donelan, M.P., were deputed to attend the funeral of the Pope and convey the Party's resolution of confidence. One of the delegates, Captain Donelan, is a Protestant.

LYNCH LAW.—President Roosevelt, in a letter to the Governor of Indiana, says that the prevalence of lynching gives just cause for alarm. "Every violent man in the community," he writes, "is encouraged by every case of lynching in which the lynchers go unpunished to himself take the law into his own hands whenever it suits his own convenience. In the same way the use of torture by the mob in certain cases is sure to spread until it is applied more or less indiscriminately in other cases. The spirit of lawlessness grows with what it feeds on, and when mobs with impunity lynch criminals for one cause, they are certain to begin to lynch real or alleged criminals for other causes."

SEATTLE IRISHMEN.—The Irish-Americans of Seattle, Washington, have pledged \$3,000 in cash to aid the United Irish League. The money was subscribed at a most enthusiastic meeting held in the Grand Opera House on Aug. 4, where purse strings were freely loosened at the eloquent appeal of Col. John F. Finerty, national president of the United Irish League of America.

QUEER TASTE.—An exchange gives the following illustration of how Irish names are changed:—

The celebration recently of his eighty-ninth birthday by Sir Erasmus Ommanney, the veteran British Admiral, who became a midshipman in the navy seventy-seven years ago, may serve to call attention to the circumstance that the surname Ommanney is one of the many surnames which have been Anglicised. Ommanney is, of course, an English version of the Irish surname O'Mahony.

ADDRESS THE POPE.—The Negro Editors' Association, in session at Colorado Springs, Col., adopted resolutions appealing to Pope Pius X. to intercede in the color problem of the United States. The resolution recites the fact that there are "hundreds of thousands of negroes who are affiliated with the Roman Catholic Church, and as the Protestant Church, the ruling power of this country, has persistently refused to take any action looking to a stopping of indiscriminate lynching," the Pope is appealed to for redress, as the petitioners state they have confidence in the influence of the new Pope as a man of the masses to gain the confidence of the people in this country. They also ask the Pope to instruct the Roman Catholics, "who form a majority of the labor unions in America," to use their influence to gain the admission of negroes to a full brotherhood in the industrial army.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908.

OUR TORONTO LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Toronto.

THE ASSUMPTION.—On the feast of the Assumption, celebrated throughout the city of Toronto with all the solemnity permitted by the finances of the different parishes, the Cathedral Grand Mass was celebrated. His Grace Archbishop presiding in full regalia on the throne. The Mass was read by Rev. Father Rholster with Rev. Father Rholster, Father Treacy, D.D., as deacon. The music of the Mass was Gregorian, with a "Missa," sung by a magnificent choir.

The sermon, preached by the Rev. Father Treacy, D.D., told the story of the life, death and assumption of Our Blessed Lady, with a grand eulogy in honor of Mary, Queen of Heaven and the Cathedral was well filled with strangers being amongst the congregation.

WELL KNOWN NUN DECEASED.—The death of Mother Mary de Chantal, which took place at St. Chantal's Convent on Monday, August 18th, came to the community of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, of which she had been a member for nearly half a century. She had been a member of the community of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, which was largely known, as a sudden shock.

The annual retreat of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart in the city was being held, and in the midst of the exercises, Mother de Chantal had gone from St. Chantal's Convent, of which she had been the Mother Superior of St. Alban street. On Monday at 3 o'clock, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart departed, and Mother de Chantal placed her hand on the floor to enter when she was towards the floor. Lovine were at once stretched to the floor, and though all were so suddenly stricken, the suddenness of the event, serious results were feared, never for a moment consciousness, and was able to get up, where laid on a cot, was ministered to by all the Sisters, though could not get up. A deceased lady herself did not apprehend death, but in the hour and a half afterwards, she told those about her she was dying, and that they bring the priest. Her composure, though even then, scarcely realized that her could be true. Rev. Father Treacy, who was engaged in retreat, came and immediately administered the sacrament, which the Rev. Superioress understood at last, were soon to be bereft, and shared in the prayers of the community.

Mother de Chantal never ment lost consciousness, the self-possession that characterized her throughout her eventful life, told those about her what she felt, and assisted by the Superior, Mother de Pazzi, was engaged in the renewal of her vows when preme moment came; so close to the end that the exact moment of death was unknown to those about her. The death of Mother de Chantal, considered by her associates as almost sublime in its suddenness, all that her place since the beginning of the retreat, seemed to have been though unconscious preparations departed and death was hers for the day, the Office of Mother de Chantal was so as when last used, and "preparation for death," an exercise which she had gone to pray for those gone before. Surely when the groom called, the bride with her lamp well filled a readiness to meet her beloved. Death was due to her from which the deceased has for some time, a fact the public not generally informed of, known to her physician.

Mother de Chantal was eighty-seven years, the forty-fourth year of her community life, and was descended.

From the beginning, nature to have placed its impress and proclaimed her a ruler, a woman of magnificent proportions, much taller than ordinarily proportioned; her eyes in its last days never closed, she was lighted by beautiful

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OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Toronto, Aug. 15.

THE ASSUMPTION.—On Sunday last, the feast of the Assumption was celebrated throughout the diocese of Toronto with all the solemnities permitted by the circumstances of the different parishes. At the Cathedral Grand High Mass was celebrated. His Grace the Archbishop presiding in full pontifical attire at the throne. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Murray with Rev. Father Rhoads and Rev. Father Treacy, D.D., as deacon and sub-deacon. The music of the Mass was Gregorian, with a fine "Ave Maria," sung by a magnificent baritone.

The sermon, preached by Rev. Father Treacy, D.D., told graphically the story of the life, death and Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, ending with a grand eulogy in praise of Mary, Queen of Heaven and earth. The Cathedral was well filled, many strangers being amongst the congregation.

WELL KNOWN NUN DEAD.—The death of Mother Mary de Chantel, which took place at St. Joseph's Convent on Monday, Aug. 10th, came to the community of St. Joseph's, of which for nearly half a century she had been a member, and to the citizens of Toronto by whom she was largely known, as a sad and sudden shock.

The annual retreat of the community was being held, and in order to take part in the exercises Mother de Chantel had gone from St. Mary's Convent, of which she had charge to the Mother House of St. Joseph on St. Alban street. On Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the Sisters went to the chapel to pray for the souls departed, and Mother de Chantel placing her hand on the door was about to enter when she fell backwards to the floor. Loving hands were at once stretched to her assistance, and though all were shocked at the suddenness of the event yet no serious results were feared. The sufferer never for a moment lost consciousness, and was able to walk upstairs, where laid on a couch she was ministered to by all that kindly thought could suggest. At first the deceased lady herself did not appear to apprehend death, but in about an hour and a half afterwards she suddenly told those about her that she was dying, and that they were to bring the priest. Her command was obeyed, though even then it was scarcely realized that her statement could be true. Rev. Father Lowenkamp, who was engaged in giving the retreat, came and immediately administered the sacraments, after which the Rev. Superiors and Sisters understood at last that they were soon to be bereft, assembled and shared in the prayers for the dying.

Mother de Chantel never for a moment lost consciousness, but with the self-possession that characterized her throughout her eventful career told those about her what to do, and assisted by the Superiors, Rev. Mother de Pazzi, was engaged in the renewal of her vows when the supreme moment came; so calm was the end that the exact moment of death was unknown to those present. The death of Mother de Chantel is considered by her associates to have been almost sublime in as much as though sudden, all that had taken place since the beginning of the retreat, seemed to have been a grand though unconscious preparation. The souls departed and death was the exercise for the day, the Office book of Mother de Chantel was found open as when last used, and showed a "preparation for death," and the last exercise which she had gone to attend was to pray for those who had gone before. Surely when the bridegroom called, the bride was found with her lamp well filled and all in readiness to meet her beloved.

Death was due to heart disease, from which the deceased had suffered for some time, a fact the public were not generally informed of, though known to her physician. Mother de Chantel was in her seventy-seventh year, the forty-ninth of her community life, and was of Irish descent.

From the beginning, nature seems to have placed its impress upon her and proclaimed her a ruler. She was a woman of magnificent presence, being much taller than ordinary and grandly proportioned; her face which even in its last days never appeared old, was lighted by beautiful brown

eyes, which though sometimes commanding were always kindly. Her disposition was in keeping with her appearance, broad and generous with a frankness amount sometimes to bluntness and a charity all embracing. Her executive ability was most marked as evidenced by the many positions requiring tact and skill, in which she was placed; her efforts in the cause of religion, education and charity, ceased only with her death. In addition to the many public works in which her life was spent, she found time for many private acts of generosity, and many there are today indebted to her interest for placing them in positions in life, which otherwise they would never have filled.

The early years in religion of Mother de Chantel were passed in teaching at St. Catharine's, Ontario; from this she was appointed to the House of Providence, Toronto, as its first Superior. Here in building up the institution—one might almost say in creating it, for at the beginning there was but little material to build upon—in caring for the poor and afflicted, the young and the old, the fine talents of the Rev. Mother found ample scope and her energies were expended with wide telling results, for the House of Providence grew into a real House of God, where according to its saintly founder, Bishop de Charbonnel, exiles, regardless of nationality creed or color might find a home.

St. Joseph's Convent, London, St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame Convent, St. Joseph's Convent, Sunnyside Orphanage, St. Michael's Hospital, all of this city, each in turn had the benefit of the business ability and active mind of Mother de Chantel exercised in its behalf as its executive head. She was one, too, who, in the midst of her many calls of business or charity found opportunity to read and keep pace with the times. Despite the many and varied occupations in which the years of her life were spent, the warmth of her generous heart never became lessened nor her religious exercises shortened; she even found time for the culture of flowers, a work of which she was very fond. She was a mother respected and admired by all and loved devotedly by those who knew the generosity of her large and loving heart.

A solemn Mass of Requiem for the repose of her soul took place at 9 a.m., on Wednesday morning. The Archbishop, who, owing to previous engagement, was unable to attend, sent his sympathies, and was represented by his Vicar-General, Very Rev. J. J. McCann. The celebrant was Rev. Dumouchel, St. Michael's College; deacon, Rev. R. Plumer, C.S.B.; sub-deacon, Rev. V. Murphy, C.S.B.; there were also present Rev. C. Papineau, S.J.; Rev. J. Kelly, Rev. E. Gallagher, Rev. J. J. McIntee, Rev. T. O'Donnell, Rev. J. Walsh, Rev. J. Aboulin, C.S.B.; Rev. R. Killeulen, Rev. P. Ryan, C.S.B.; Rev. Bro. Ado, Director of De La Salle Institute; Very Rev. V. Marjouw, Provincial of St. Michael's College; Rev. J. H. Lowenkamp, C.S.S.R., of Baltimore, Rev. J. Hand, Rev. Dr. Treacy, Rev. L. Brennan, C.S.B.; Rev. J. Cruise, and Rev. H. Stuhl, C.S.S.R.

The music of the Mass was Gregorian, sung by the nun's choir, and the always touching "Pie Jesu Domine" was particularly pathetic on this occasion. After the Absolution all that remained earthly of Mother de Chantel was borne down the chapel aisle by her Sisters in religion, between two rows of black-veiled and bowed figures all holding lighted tapers, the whole forming a sad and solemn scene. The interment took place at St. Michael's cemetery in the plot of St. Joseph's community, where a little white stone, bearing a name and a few figures is all that will mark the resting place of a grand and faithful member of the Order. May she rest in peace.

MARRIAGE AT ST. MARY'S.—On Monday, August 17th, at St. Mary's Church, the marriage of Miss Mary O'Rourke, B.A., and Mr. Walter Fulton, B.A., took place. The ceremony was performed by the Vicar-General, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, and the bride was attended by Miss Mary Power, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Wm. Fulton. During the Mass some very fine music was rendered. Mr. F. Fulton, brother of the groom, presiding at the organ. The bride was costumed in a handsome travelling suit of brown cloth, relieved by cream lace, and wore a broad picture hat in dove grey and white ostrich plume; the bride's maid was gowned in blue with large white picture hat. The bride was one of the most brilliant of Toronto University's graduates, and late teacher in Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute. The groom is special traveller for the Radiator Company of this city, and most popular amongst our Catholic

societies, in which he holds and has held many important offices. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton went direct from the Church to the station where the train for New York and places of interest en route was taken. They were followed by the good wishes of many friends. On their return they will live at 56 Sussex Ave., Toronto.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.—The morning of the beautiful feast of the Assumption was marked at the Convent of St. Joseph by the reception of eight young ladies into the community. The ceremony took place at 9 o'clock, and was witnessed by the relatives of the participants and the Sisters of the institution. The new chapel with its spacious capacity and fine proportions was enhanced for the occasion by the exquisite decorations of the altars. The ceremony opened by the singing of the triumphal hymn "Unfold ye Gates," and as the grand strains rose on the air a procession entered and moved slowly up the aisle. First came four little girls dressed in white and with flowers of nature's forming and decorating their tresses; they carried baskets in which were the black habits soon to be worn by those about to enter the community. Then followed eight young ladies, each attended by a tiny maid of honor. The postulants attired as brides were followed by seven members of the community, dressed in the simple habit of the Sister of St. Joseph, and carrying lighted tapers wreathed with lily of the valley. One of the seven was to make her first year vows; the final vows of the remaining six were to be made.

The Vicar-General, Very Rev. Father McCann, who officiated, was assisted in the sanctuary by Rev. Father Lowenkamp, C.S.S.R., Rev. Father Frachon, C.S.S.R., Rev. Father Orbin, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father McIntee. The "Veni Creator" intoned by the officiating priest was then taken up, and sung by the choir, after which the habits were blessed, and the reception was at once proceeded with. "Prie Dieu" draped with scarlet cloth had been placed in front of the sanctuary, and to those who were about to be received advanced. Having answered the prescribed questions asked by the Vicar-General, and having expressed their desire to become members of the community, and the Rev. Mother having advanced and given permission for their entrance, the young candidates were admonished to retire, and with the dress in which they were then adorned to throw away the things of the world and don the habit of the Sister of St. Joseph and with it the life and work it entailed. When in obedience to the command the beautiful procession retraces its steps many an eye was wet with tears, the relatives and friends seeming to realize most forcibly that at this moment a great and to them sad transition was taking place. The words and music of the profession hymn touchingly interpreted, lent impressiveness to the withdrawal. In a few minutes those who had left the chapel attired in bridal array returned in the sombre garb of the daughter of the House of St. Joseph. The vows of the waiting novices were then received; in the case of those who took the final vows, five years of thought and preparation had culminated in the solemn act in which they now participated.

A beautiful sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Vicar-General; the speaker in his own eloquent and ornate manner described the glories of the Assumption, and in closing, promised to those who faithfully performed their part in this world, the joy of seeing and sharing in the glory of Mary in the world to come. Mass was then celebrated by Rev. Father Frachon, C.S.S.R. During the Mass several selections were effectively rendered by the Sisters' choir.

After Mass the Sisters and their guests filled the hospitable reception room, and the newly made novices received the congratulations of their friends. The names of those received were—Miss Seyman, of Toronto, Sister Mary Walburga; Miss Teaffe, Ottawa; Sister Mary Berchmans; Miss Tuffy, Renfrew; Sister Mary Bernard; Miss Ferguson, Walkerton; Sister Mary Chrysostom; Miss Chervette, La Fontaine—near Penetanguishene—Sister Ernestine; Miss Thanasche, La Fontaine; Sister Mary St. Roch; Miss Devroches, La Fontaine; Sister Mary Clare; Miss Dantzer, Berlin; Sister Mary Eulaliae.

FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have sent out accounts for annual subscriptions and expect that our subscribers will remit without delay. Considering the increased size of the "True Witness"—now 12 pages—and that the subscription price remains at the old figure, we do not think we are asking too much in requesting prompt payments.

His Holiness The Pope And Ireland.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The visit of Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., as the representative of the Irish Parliamentary Party to Rome, and cordiality with which Pope Pius X. received him and replied to the address of congratulations which he presented, on behalf of the people of Ireland, should cause a thrill of satisfaction to glow in the breast of every Celt. The audience accorded to Sir Thomas took place on Friday, the 14th August, and, according to reports, the Holy Father was exceptionally gracious. In fact, he went so far as to have the Irish delegate sit beside him while they conversed over Ireland and Irish affairs. There is no man of importance in Europe, no matter in what state or country who is not fully aware of the important parts played by the Irish people in the world and above all the great work of preserving the faith which has marked the history of the Irish race since the days of St. Patrick.

We could readily understand that the present Pope, who has spent the most of his busy and useful life occupied with matters concerning his immediate charge in Venice, might not be as conversant as the worldly statesman with the situation in Ireland. But no one can ever measure the extent to which O'Connell, by his world-astonishing feats in the arena of politics, brought the story of Ireland and her struggles to the knowledge of every educated person on earth. His life and deeds have been the theme of the greatest orators and writers of every European race. For example, the great Lacordaire, made France and the world ring with the glories of O'Connell; and every prelate who knows Rome, is familiar with the shrine that contains the heart of the great Catholic patriot of Ireland. Then the history of the Church in Europe, for long ages, has been a reminder of Ireland and of all she has done for our Holy Religion. From the days when her monks went forth to carry the torch of learning into every land where the Northern barbarians had crushed it out, down to the time the first orator and patriot of his age, had wrenched the boon of emancipation from a power that had utilized every implement in the armory of persecution against her faith during many centuries, the history of the Catholic Church and of the Irish people has formed a matter of deep study for each one who has had at heart the ecclesiastical history of the world. And of these students, necessarily, Pius X. was one; and, on ascending the throne of St. Peter, his vision had at once to take in the vast field that ends only with the confines of the universe and that is peopled with the children of every race. Consequently it is easy to understand how deeply interested the Pope would be in all that concerns the Irish people, at the present time, and especially in the attitude of that olden race towards the Holy See.

Of course, there could never exist the shadow of a doubt on that score, as far as the Irish people are concerned; yet it must have been gratifying to the Pontiff to entertain for a brief moment one who had a special mission to speak for the Irish and to lay before him the expression of their attachment to his throne, as well as to congratulate him personally upon his accession, and to ask for his Apostolic Benediction for themselves and their cause. After the departure of Sir Thomas Esmonde from the Vatican, having performed his mission, received an official letter which is of the happiest in terms and constitutes the crown of his mission. The letter reads thus:—"You have discharged you high and honorable mission in the name of the Parliamentary Party in Ireland, laying at the feet of the Holy Father an eloquent address. The occasion you furnished the new Vicar of Christ to direct his attention to the loyalty and undying fidelity of the Irish people comes most appropriate in the midst of the loyal expressions from all parts of the world. With extreme satisfaction the successor of St. Peter sees confirmed today the hereditary national virtues of your race."

His Holiness has taken pleasure in expressing his heartfelt good wishes for the faithful nation you represent. He is pleased to bless with all his heart, yourself, your col-

leagues, your families and the whole people of Ireland."

This is a glorious promise for the future happiness and prosperity of the Irish cause. It brings the race into touch with the immediate successor of St. Peter and, at this moment, when the prospects of Ireland are daily growing brighter, it is surely a delightful thought to have the newly elected Vicar of Christ pouring forth his blessings upon the people and upon the land. Faithful in the hour of misfortune, Ireland will be equally as faithful in the day of national triumph.

Rev. Mr. Troop On Catholicity.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

On a recent Sunday, in St. Martin's Church, Rev. G. O. Troop, preached a sermon, in which he sought to prove that the "Ecclesiasticism," as he calls it, of the Catholic Church is not Essential Christianity. After some carefully worded and kindly intended references to the "marvellous manifestation" of the "mightiest religious system that the world has ever known," on the occasion of the death of the late Pope, he drew a graphic picture of the grandeur of St. Peter's, the splendor and pomp of ceremonials within its walls. All the ornamental attractiveness of Catholic ritual, he declared to be paganism. "A paganism Christianity," or a Christianized paganism." In all this the preacher gave due credit to the intense devotion and spirituality of individuals, humble-minded Roman Catholics, in the midst of this great powerful system. With strange incongruity he then tells us that "Ecclesiasticism was older than Rome; ecclesiasticism was strong and mighty in the days of Our Lord, Himself."

So far there is absolutely nothing to answer in the sermon. We cite it, and we will comment briefly upon it, in the very same spirit in which it was delivered. There is a gentle feeling in Rev. Mr. Troop's heart, and for one who is so strongly convinced of what he says, and so terribly prejudiced against all that savors of Catholic doctrine and against the Catholic Church as a system, he is mild in his remarks even when criticizing, and is governed by a desire to be just and fair. We have absolutely no quarrel with such a man, much as we know that he is wrong, and positive as we are that he merely sees Catholicity through the mirage-creating atmosphere of his early education.

He tells us that "It was quite consistent with the legal organization of Christian people that there should be outward forms and ceremonials clustering round the very sacraments which the Son of God has given us." Perfectly right. Why then call the outward forms and ceremonials of any church by the offensive and inapplicable term of paganism? There is, to say the least, a grave inconsistency in this. Then he goes on to say:—

"But Christ Himself would teach us that these outward things, beautiful and sacred as they were, might become, instead of a help, a very snare to the soul if we relied upon the things themselves, and did not approach Him who gave them life alone."

Again is he perfectly right. But why suppose that the Catholic Church does not approach Him who gave these outward things, but relies solely upon them? Has he, as a good Christian, which he is, any ground work for believing that the Catholic considers these external forms as essentials, or that the Church teaches that they are such? Certainly if he has, his knowledge of Catholicity outstrips not only our own, but even that of the greatest teachers of the Church, from St. Thomas and St. Augustine, back to St. Peter and St. Paul. While admitting the "legality," and appropriateness of external forms—essentials in every system, profane or sacred—he presumes that the Catholic depends entirely upon these for his salvation. A grave error—and an injustice to the Church. We point out to Rev. Mr. Troop the error, but we do not hold him responsible for the injustice, because we know that he would not willingly be guilty of such, even were he to feel that he could therewith shatter the whole

Catholic system. In order to more clearly, and briefly (for we must be brief) point out to him wherein he is mistaken, we will take the last paragraph of his sermon, as we find it reported, and will go over it sentence by sentence.

He says: "To come in living contact with the Saviour is essential Christianity." We might, without fair-splitting, draw attention to the fact that this coming in contact with the Savior is the aim of Christianity, but not Christianity itself. Christianity is the means whereby the soul is brought into contact with the Savior. But let that pass. The Catholic Church does not deny this truth, nor does she teach the contrary. In fact, take up the common catechism, and you will learn that to bring souls to Christ, to bring them into spiritual contact with Him, by means of prayer, and of the sacraments in this life, and by similar means to bring them into unending contact with Him in heaven, is the aim and purpose of the Church and of her teachings. So, as far as the broad assertion is concerned, we agree; we only differ in regard to our positive knowledge of Catholicity and his imaginary conception of the same. We know whereof we speak; he speaks from hearsay, on supposition, from deductions. If he knew Catholicity as we do he would be of our opinion and there would be no differences between us.

"The strength of Christianity lay not in its mighty cathedrals, not in wealth, not in vestments, but simply and only in the spiritual relationship with the living God, in union and through union with Him in Christ."

Exactly! This applies perfectly to the Catholic Church. Her strength is the same at the confines of the earth as in the heart of Rome—she is the same in all places. Her Mass is just as sublime, as mysterious, as glorious, when offered up on an improvised altar in the shanty of the back woodsman, as when offered up on the High Altar beneath the dome of St. Peter's. It is the same sacrifice, the same Victim, the same sacerdotal power, the same prayer, the same adoration. The strength of the Catholic Church, a strength that has carried her with ever increasing vitality and broadening influence, through nineteen hundred years of untold vicissitudes, that strength of the Catholic Church consists not in her externals, her grandeur, her edifices, her splendors of ceremonial, but in her mission derived from Christ, in His Presence on her altars, in the perpetual action of the Holy Ghost within her, and in her contact with God, through Jesus Christ. She had no cathedrals, nor wealth of ornaments in the catacombs, nor in the savage missions of the north, nor in the barbaric regions of the Orient; yet her strength was then and in those places what it is now, here, everywhere, in Rome, in Alaska, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and on the banks of the Ganges.

"What was it that was essential Christianity when the moment came, mysterious and awful, of our passing out of the seen and temporal into the unseen and eternal? Essential Christianity was that which carried us through the gates into the city. We had to leave behind us everything external; we had to leave our cathedrals, our magnificent vestments, our wealth, our sacraments, and our poor bodies. Essential Christianity was what we carried with us, even Jesus Christ Himself."

Another beautiful thought. But why should Rev. Mr. Troop presuppose that this is not equally true in the case of Catholicity? Decidedly that which carries the Catholic through the portals of eternity is not the immense cathedral, nor the vestments, nor the externals—that which smoothes the way for the Catholic soul is the grace of God obtained through the sacraments of the Church. And all that he carries with him to the region beyond the tomb is his life-work. But he is fortified for that journey with the Holy Viatium, and he is followed to the very footstool of Divine Justice by the efficacious prayers of the Church.

So that, after all, the great and essential difference is merely in the manner in which we understand the nature and the essentials of Christianity as they are found in the Catholic Church. At first sight the sermon of Rev. Mr. Troop would appear to be a very severe and slanderous attack upon the Catholic Church, her doctrines, discipline and external forms. But in reality it is simply an assertion of a mistaken idea, for the possession of which the rev. gentleman is not to be blamed—for he merely judges after his own lights and according to his very limited knowledge of Catholicity. Let us hope that the day will come when he may see the Church as she is, for then he will be the first to accept the truth.

THE COMING IRELAND.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

The coming up of a new Ireland is an event the approach of which is beginning to be recognized by all intelligent and thoughtful minds at the present day. A new Ireland is about to grow up out of the wreck and walter of the past. I shall not in this article invite my readers to

long centuries to extinguish it, and it burns now more brightly than ever it did before. We have ample evidence of this fact, if only in the immense success which has followed the movement in Ireland for a revival of the Gaelic language. That movement at its opening was con-

the quest in their power to make her a contented and prosperous member of the Imperial partnership.

I am drawn away from following in this direction my visions as to the coming Ireland by certain accounts which have lately reached me from which I learn that Englishmen are threatened with an important competition in the creating and modelling of this new Ireland. This competition, I have been assured, is already coming from across the Atlantic. What do English readers think of Ireland's becoming a trust in the hands of some enterprising American capitalists? The idea is somewhat startling, no doubt, and perhaps to many Englishmen might seem chimerical and even absurd, but we have lately seen wonderful things done for England, and in England by these adventurous and highly practical American capitalists. If American capitalists are to take charge of British passenger traffic on the ocean, it does not seem quite beyond the outer range of possibility that the same potent influence might quietly take in hand the creation of the new Ireland. Let us follow out the idea for a few moments, even if we should be inclined to indulge it in a somewhat fanciful style. I have been told that American capitalists have already fixed their eyes on certain regions and industries of Ireland, the development of which into an ever-growing prosperity and activity only needs the fostering hand of a well-endowed influence.

How if an American Trust were to be formed with the object of converting Ireland into a smiling and happy pleasure ground for the reception of American visitors? How if the country's industrial interests were to be taken charge of by a syndicate of American commercial magnates in order that the face of the country should be made prosperous and beautiful, that the landscapes should be preserved from the building of overcrowded and ugly tenements, that the noble ruins now constantly threatened with modern invasion should be kept in isolated picturesqueness, and that a happy, thriving peasantry should greet the American visitor where now he sees only misery and squalor? It would, of course, be the purpose of my imaginary American Trust to maintain everything picturesque, beautiful, historic, and national in the coming Ireland, and to prevent the country from yielding to the ugliness which commonly attends industrial progress in other lands.

The idea of many an intelligent Englishman of the present day is that the true way to make Ireland prosperous and happy must be to reconstitute her as much as possible after the model of Birmingham or Blackburn. The idea of my American firm would be to maintain her for ever as unlike Birmingham or Blackburn as she could possibly be maintained. This firm would naturally wish to promote the speaking of the Gaelic language, because of the fresh and lively interest which would be given to the American visitor as he met with group after group of educated Irish men and women discoursing in the tongue of the old Irish hards. Think of the exquisite scenes of hill and valley, mountain, rock, river, and ruin, which would thus be preserved for ever in their own isolated beauty, and for their own sakes. Even the Lakes of Killarney, that marvellous panorama of water, hill and foliage not to be surpassed in equal space by anything in Wordsworth's Lake country, or in the regions of Maggiore and Como, have been again and again infringed upon by modern improvements, and have been threatened more than once lately with serious and hideous invasion. Think what a resting place of beauty and peace, of poetry and fairy-like witchery, might be made of these three lakes with their arbutus-covered hills and their musical cascades, by the care of some capitalist company who had secured the services of artistic subordinates to keep the whole region as a sanctuary from the incursions and the appliances of modern civilization! Think of the "Pillar Towers"—the Round Towers of mystic origin unseen in any other land! Then there are the ruins on the Rock of Cashel which ought to be surrounded by nothing but smiling fields, brooklets and clumps of trees, and preserved as a place of poetic meditation for those who desire a holiday, rescued from every reminder every-day work in counting house and on Stock Exchange.

I have myself a personal interest from early boyhood's memories with that Blarney Castle which one can now approach by the help of a descending light railway. I think I should feel inclined to welcome the domination of the trust which secured the groves and the ruins from further invasion and protected even the Blarney stone from being made the butt of the cheap trippers' practical jokes. When one has got so far in his imaginings on this point it is

easy to go a little farther yet, and to get into the state of mind when one might consent to have the whole island consigned to the care of some protecting Trust which would preserve it from being turned into the mere hunting-ground of the automobile. Then I presume that this ideal Trust would greatly desire to restore to the landscape all the most picturesque pictures of Ireland's legendary life, and to show us the gallow glasses in their yellow vestments and with their spears talking in the language of their ancestors, and possibly even—why not—get up for us on special occasions by the skill of modern art some such presentations of the fairy circle and its appropriate midnight dances as some of us oldsters used to see at the Princess's Theatre in London, when Charles Kean brought out his famous performance of the Midsummer Night's Dream.

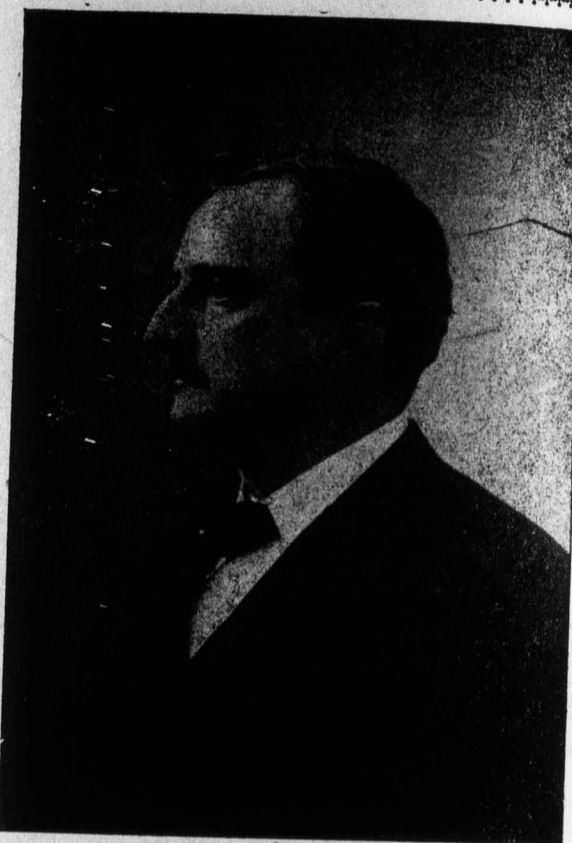
But I must pause in my imaginings, and become more serious and practical or some of my graver readers will begin to think that I am losing whatever wits I may once possessed. I hasten then to say that I do not believe any American capitalists really nourish the idea of thus converting Ireland into a purchased or hired show place for the quiet enjoyment of Transatlantic visitors. It may even be necessary to say for the satisfaction of such graver readers that I would much rather have Ireland allowed to arrange her future for herself, no matter with what difficulties, industrial, political, legislative, and social she might have to contend, than to think of her as converted by any benevolent despotism, financial or other, into a show place for the outer world's holiday-makers. But I have been assured in all seriousness that many American capitalists are already engaged in reasonable and laudable schemes for the development of Ireland's industrial and commercial life, and that if the British Government does not look to itself it will soon find American influence much stronger than that of Britain over the Irish people. As every one knows, we have now arrived at a great crisis in the life history of Ireland, and especially in the history of the relations prevailing, and to prevail, between Ireland and the Imperial system. Ireland has for many generations been sending masses of her people across the Atlantic to find new homes under the shelter of the American Republic. The emigration from Irish ports and from Liverpool has been growing and growing with every year. The population of Ireland is now only one-third of what it numbered in the days of Daniel O'Connell.

The one great impelling cause of all that continuous flight of Irishmen from their native country has been the existence of that trouble which is commonly described as the Irish Land Question. Ireland is especially an agricultural country, and whatever mining resources she may possess have never yet been adequately worked. The capacities of the country for the manufacture of cloths and stuffs and lace-work, and all other articles of the same order, was in former days deliberately and systematically discouraged, and even repressed, by the Parliamentary legislation of the conquering race. Of course, all these ignoble and criminal systems of legislation have long since passed out of existence, but their evil effects are felt, down to our own day, among the industrial classes of Ireland. Therefore the energy of what we may call the working population of Ireland has been confined to the tillage of the land. The principles and the laws introduced by the Imperial Parliament for the regulation of Irish land tenure were such as to make the Irish cottager a perpetual pauper on the land which he himself was tilling. The greatest English political economist of modern times, John Stuart Mill, declared emphatically in one of his books that the Irish cottier tenant was one of the few men in the world who could neither benefit by his industry nor suffer by his improvidence. The reason was plain. The whole soil was the property of the landlord. When the Norman conquest was effected the whole land tenure system of Ireland was changed by a sort of revolution. Under the ancient national system there were lords of the soil, but the followers, or, as we might call them, the subjects of these lords were allowed to have their patches of land as their own possession and patrimony, and to enjoy the benefit of whatever improvements each could accomplish by his own labor on his own scrap of soil. Under the landlords' system which superseded this ancient principle of tenure, the Irish tenant held his land from term to term at the absolute mercy of his landlord, and as soon as he began to make his patch of ground become productive the landlord raised his rent, and if he were unwilling or unable to pay the required amount, promptly turned him out of his holding and put a

new tenant in his place. The competition for land as the only means by which a peasant might obtain a chance of living was so great that it was always easy to find many competitors for every farm and every acre or quarter acre of soil. The landlords of former years were not intelligent enough to see that by discouraging healthful industry among their tenants they were merely driving the more energetic of the rural population out of the country, and thus preparing the ultimate ruin of the landlord class.

We have had during later generations many legislative efforts made to apply some remedy to this terrible national disorder, but no act of legislation seems up to the present time to have even attempted to deal with its real source. The one great change Ireland needed, so far as her agricultural conditions were concerned, was the change which could settle the peasantry on the land and

given of Ireland's capacity for the working out of beneficent legislation in the proceedings of the great Irish National Convention lately held in Dublin. This convention was made up of representatives chosen from all the different parts of Ireland, from cities, towns, villages, and country-sides, all freshly chosen by the popular voice of each district represented, and all engaged for two days in the discussion of questions profoundly affecting the whole future welfare of Ireland. On such questions it was utterly impossible that there should not be difference of opinion. Difference of opinion there was, and it was freely expressed during the two days of debate, but nothing could have been more orderly, peaceful and friendly than the whole discussion. The minority in many cases, seeing therefore could not claim to represent the general opinion of Ireland, did not even put the convention to



MR. JOHN E. REDMOND.

give to each man the security that he and his family were to have the benefit of their industry, their intelligence and their toil. Even Gladstone's beneficent legislation did not go deep enough to remove the real troubles of the Irish land tenure system. Now at last we have come suddenly to a period in the national history when the possibility of a peaceful and prosperous revolution in the whole system seems on the verge of accomplishment.

The most important fact in Ireland's industrial history for many generations has been the agreement come to between the representatives of the landlord class and the representatives of the tenant class, as to the terms on which the whole land question of the country could be finally and beneficently settled. Some few years ago it would have seemed absolutely impossible to form in one's mind the idea of a conference of landlords and tenants coming together in Ireland to consider terms for an arrangement which should enable the landlord and the tenant to live together on the common soil, the landlord receiving his fair rent for the land which he owns, and the tenant having the secure ownership of the piece of land he cultivates on the condition that he pays a fair annual rent for the right of permanent possession. This, however, is exactly what has been accomplished by the conference held between the authorized representatives of both classes, and by the terms of the agreement unanimously adopted. Even if nothing else had for the present come of this conference, if the legislation founded on its agreement and introduced by the Conservative Government had been prevented by any unhappy mischance from passing into legislation, the complete settlement of the whole Irish Land Question must nevertheless be regarded as brought distinctly within our sight. We now know what terms the landlords are willing to accept, and the tenants are willing to give. We know that both landlords and tenants are agreed upon these terms; and this knowledge is in itself enough to satisfy us that the settlement is near. This is exactly what the world never knew before, and it opens for us that chapter of history which is to contain the coming of the new Ireland.

The trouble of a division. Even those London papers which were most bitterly opposed to the whole principles and proceedings of the National Party, cordially admitted that nothing could have exceeded the good temper, the intelligence, and the spirit of fair-play which prevailed throughout the two days' discussions. Some English visitors declared publicly that they had never before seen so great a popular assembly carry on such a debate in so orderly and good-tempered a style. The same kind of declaration is made in substance by an American and a Canadian who were present, each of whom gave his frank testimony that it would have been hard indeed to rival such an illustration of national capacity for orderly debate at any great popular assembly in the Dominion of Canada or in the United States.

I am not inclined to enter here into any consideration of the purely political questions opened up by this universally admitted acknowledgment of the capacity for peaceful discussion exhibited by the Irish Convention. I dwell upon it only as another evidence of the coming of that new Ireland which it is the object of this article to anticipate. We used to be told, and most of us were compelled sadly to believe, that the Irish landlords and the Irish tenants could never be brought to live together on harmonious terms suitable to the promotion of the common weal, and that the Irish landlords must be deprived of their property or the Irish tenants must be driven, man by man, to seek new homes in America or Australia. Now we find that the chosen representatives of Irish landlordism, including some of the most distinguished noblemen in Ireland, and the representatives of the Irish tenantry, including some of the most advanced and unyielding Nationalist politicians, have been able to meet together in a long conference and come to an absolute and friendly agreement.

Thus, then, as it seems to me, can we see the advance of the coming Ireland. That Ireland is to be in the future the home of the Irish people. There is no other future for the Irish people which any true Irishman could contemplate with satisfaction. It is not enough to be told that the industrious and hard working man can find a home and a

means of comfortable country not his own, a be an Irishman of any can win a position an some far-off land. It condescend Nationalists to tion of their country to that Irishmen can win fame in England and vice with distinction in Irish and navies; to be Irishman may be a mu in the city of New Yo hold high office in an ministration. We want island tenanted by its its waste spaces broug ture, its towns and citie by a happy suburban p ing in pleasant and cul and the whole resource developed to their full. The Irish people are espel led to enjoy life on the if they only are allowe and to bring out in ful intellectual as well as the sources of the coming I is a deep undercurrent of and the artistic in the which the stranger can cover for himself, even Irish peasantry, if he en into conversation with t encourages them to talk memories and legends st their lakes and streams. ple could indeed create selves a new Ireland, and extravagance in the hope new Ireland would becom very long, a model land comfort, of mental grow tranquil and brotherly on indeed, we should have th of strangers from all par world, and the American might find a new and qui interest in studying with eyes the growth of that civilization.

For many generations w hear incessantly of the h cord prevailing between U the other provinces of Ire the Conference on the t tion there was to be fou the representatives of the an Ulster member of Parli inveterate Tory, in polit ions, Mr. T. W. Russell, a close companionship with John Dillon and William and maintaining just the s as they did with regard to settlement of the question. poet, in the days just forty-eight, wrote some ver declared, "Why Ulster e'er Munster fear, can only wonder." Now we have come to a time when Ulster Munster, Leinster and Ce are in full and happy agre the one great social and i question most closely conce welfare of the nation. The cords which were the curse many generations are dying just, and we can already see new Ireland will be able to s internal differences, whatev may be, in a spirit of en mutual concession. This year is especially marked on Irish Nationalist may hope, momentous and auspicious e the progress towards such summation.

The year 1903 is the cente the birth of James Clarence M the Irish national poet, whi preted the feelings and the g his country as truly and as th ly as Irish poet has ever don gan was still a powerful i over Irish sentiment in the 'forty-eight, which only just his early death. He was a lously skilful translator from man and other foreign poet very cadence of whose vers able to reproduce in the melo his own lines. But his one e gift was in the rendering of o Irish national songs, and i blending of their emotions int subjects which hroused the fr and the enthusiasm of the Ireland around him. One of gan's most famous songs is "Rosaleen," which professes to be the main translation into E of a passionate, hopeful, pra song composed in the reign of Elizabeth. Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen" is inspired by the most rous love for his country, and in her coming destiny. I need ly say that "Dark Rosaleen" m impersonation of the poet's n land. He tells us that

"The judgment hour must first night,
E'er you can fade, e'er you can
My dark Rosaleen

And he exclaims—
"The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love."

"Yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen,
And you shall reign, shall reign
Irene.

My dark Rosaleen

enter upon any subjects which involve the discussion of party politics, and I shall treat of Ireland and her prospects merely from the point of view which any one, Irish, English, American, or other, might take when considering the prospects and the possibilities of the country which is the subject of my essay.

But I may begin by assuming as a principle that the coming prosperity of Ireland is to be associated with the maintenance and the acknowledgment of Irish nationality. The most enlightened statesmanship of all countries has at last, I believe, fully and frankly given up the idea that any possible good is to be attained by legislative or other effort at the suppression or the extinction of a nationality.

I do not suppose that many readers even in Germany are in the habit of studying at present the writings of Jean Paul Richter, and I believe that very few English or American readers pay attention to them just now. But Richter was a great thinker as well as a romancist and a prose-poet, and he has said many things which might have carried with them a lesson even for practical statesmanship. One saying of his returns to my mind as appropriate to that part of my subject which I am now considering. "Every tongue," says Richter, "is eloquent only in its own language, and every heart in its own emotions." There, perhaps, we may find the motto for the principle of nationalities. Only within our own times has the conquering power come to recognize the idea that "the greatest mistake conquest can make is when it endeavors to stamp out of the conquered race the sentiments and the sympathies of nationality. Centuries of incessant strife have been caused in many an imperial system by the ill-omened and futile attempt to convert all the populations into a mere monotonous reproduction of the ways and the sentiments which belong to the most powerful partner in the system.

English statesmanship is at last beginning to see and admit that the Irish people must be allowed and encouraged to maintain their own nationality if the island is ever to be prosperous and if the Empire is ever to have peace within its own domains. The principle of nationality has survived in Ireland through all the persevering efforts made during

Ireland's capacity for the out of beneficent legislation... of the great Irish Convention lately held in this convention was made representatives chosen from all parts of Ireland, from towns, villages, and country, freely chosen by the population of each district represented, engaged for two days in the of questions profoundly the whole future welfare of On such questions it was possible that there should difference of opinion. Different opinion there was, and it expressed during the two debate, but nothing could more orderly, peaceful and man the whole discussion, tly in many cases, seeing could not claim to represent opinion of Ireland, en put the convention to

means of comfortable living in a country not his own, and that if he be an Irishman of any capacity he can win a position and a name in some far-off land. It does not reconcile Nationalists to the depopulation of their country to be reminded that Irishmen can win wealth and fame in England and can take service with distinction in foreign armies and navies; to be told that an Irishman may be a municipal boss in the city of New York, or may hold high office in an Australian administration. We want our beautiful island tenanted by its own people; its waste spaces brought into culture, its towns and cities surrounded by a happy suburban population living in pleasant and cultured homes, and the whole resources of the soil developed to their fullest capacity. The Irish people are especially qualified to enjoy life on their own soil, if they only are allowed the chance, and to bring out in fulness the intellectual as well as the material resources of the coming Ireland. There is a deep undercurrent of the poetic and the artistic in the Irish nature which the stranger can easily discover for himself, even among the Irish peasantry, if he enters freely into conversation with them and encourages them to talk about the memories and legends still haunting their lakes and streams. Such a people could indeed create for themselves a new Ireland, and there is no extravagance in the hope that the new Ireland would become, before very long, a model land of material comfort, of mental growth and of tranquil and brotherly order. Then, indeed, we should have the visitation of strangers from all parts of the world, and the American capitalist might find a new and quite unselfish interest in studying with his own eyes the growth of that new, risen civilization.

For many generations we used to hear incessantly of the hopeless discord prevailing between Ulster and the other provinces of Ireland. During the Conference on the Land Question there was to be found among the representatives of the tenantry an Ulster member of Parliament, an inveterate Tory, in political opinions, Mr. T. W. Russell, sitting in close companionship with men like John Dillon and William O'Brien, and maintaining just the same views as they did with regard to the final settlement of the question. An Irish poet, in the days just preceding 'forty-eight, wrote some verses which declared, "Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear, can only wake our wonder." Now we have already come to a time when Ulster and Munster, Leinster and Connaught, the landlords and the tenants alike are in full and happy agreement on the one great social and industrial question most closely concerning the welfare of the nation. The old discords which were the curse of so many generations are dying out at last, and we can already see that the new Ireland will be able to settle its internal differences, whatever they may be, in a spirit of enlightened mutual concession. This present year is especially marked out, every Irish Nationalist may hope, as a momentous and auspicious epoch in the progress towards such a consummation.

The year 1903 is the centenary of the birth of James Clarence Mangan, the Irish national poet, who interpreted the feelings and the genius of his country as truly and as thrillingly as Irish poet has ever done. Mangan was still a powerful influence over Irish sentiment in the days of 'forty-eight, which only just preceded his early death. He was a marvelously skilful translator from German and other foreign poets, the very cadence of whose verse he was able to reproduce in the melody of his own lines. But his one special gift was in the rendering of old-time Irish national songs, and in the blending of their emotions into the subjects which aroused the interest and the enthusiasm of the living Ireland around him. One of Mangan's most famous songs is "Dark Rosaleen," which professes to be in the main a translation into English of a passionate, hopeful, prayerful song composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen" is inspired by the most rapturous love for his country, and faith in her coming destiny. I need hardly say that "Dark Rosaleen" is the impersonation of the poet's native land. He tells us that

"The judgment hour must first be nigh,
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen."

And he exclaims—
"The very soul within my breast,
Is wasted for you, love."

"Yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen,
And you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen."

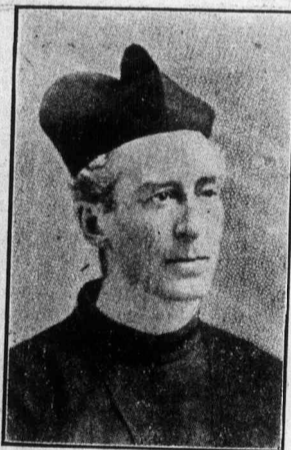
The whole poem might be taken as the lyrical and inspired forecast of the coming Ireland. I know of no Irish song or hymn, as I may call it, which is more thoroughly steeped in passionate national feeling, or which expresses with greater enthusiasm the undying national hope. An eminent English statesman, who once held high position in a Government, and had studied closely the condition of Ireland, told me some years ago that if he had his way he would never agree to the appointment of any man to be Chief Secretary for Ireland who could not satisfy him that he thoroughly understood the meaning of "Dark Rosaleen."

The centenary of Mangan's birth is celebrated this year by his countrymen, and I accept that event as the herald of the coming Ireland.

Golden Jubilee Of the Jesuit Novitiate.

With the eloquent letters "A. M. D. G." at the top and the foregoing announcement, in gold letters, upon the centre of the cover of a most beautifully bound volume of some seventy odd pages, we find before us an admirable history of the Jesuit novitiate of Saint Joseph at Sault au Recollet. To review the work would demand a small pamphlet, but as its contents are of the greatest importance, in the annals of our splendid religious communities in Canada, we will attempt to summarize.

The book, as it announces, is a souvenir of the recently celebrated Golden Jubilee, at Sault-au-Recollet. It comprises a history of the novitiate of the Company of Jesus in Canada, from 1843 down to the Golden Jubilee of the Saint Joseph



REV. E. LECOMPTE, S. J.

house at the Sault, on the 6th August, 1903. It is compiled and written by Rev. Father Armand Chossé, S. J.

Before proceeding with our brief review of this very important addition to the history of religious institutions in Canada, we may make mention of the fact, that shortly after the event in question, Rev. Father Lecompte, S. J., was elected Superior-General of the Jesuit mission in Canada. We may also state that Canada, for the purposes of the Order, is not a province, but an independent mission. We desire to do, at once, congratulate Rev. Father Lecompte and to wish him every success in his difficult and exalted office—which means success to the entire community in its labors.

There is nothing so necessary, if one wishes to grasp the purport of a new book, than to carefully read the preface, and master the table of contents. With this object in view we translate, at once, the preface, which has the merit of being very clear and the advantage of being short.

"On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Saint Joseph novitiate, we offer these modest pages, to the former novices who were here born into religious life, and to the tertiaries who here were confirmed in their solid virtues. May they revive in them the memories of other days. We also offer them, as a token of gratitude, to all the benefactors of this house, whose generosity maintained God's work."

"Sault-au-Recollet, June 19, 1903.

"On the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus"

The volume contains an account of the early years, the arrival in Canada (in 1842) of the founders of this new mission; the restoration of the Order; and sketches of the first refuge at Laprairie; then the benefactions of Mr. Rodier, with sketches of Father Luiset (1843-1848), and Father Schneider (1848-1851). The second chapter tells of the founding of St. Mary's College, and of the first and second rectors; Father Schianski (1851-1852), and Father Schneider (1852-1853). In the third chapter we are carried through the history of the novitiate house at Sault-au-Recollet. And the masters of novices, during the half century that has gone, have been -- Father L. Sache, (1853-1862); Father J. Perron, (1862-1866); Father S. Charaux, (1866-1871); Father C. Charaux, (1871-1873); Father Perron, a second time, (1873-1875); Father I. Daubresse, (1875-1876); Father P. Vignon, (1876-1880); Father Charaux—a second term—(1880-1894); and Father E. Lecompte, (1894-1903), who has, as we said, been just appointed Superior-General.

The next four chapters deal with the Jesuits' Third Year, and the missions abroad that he had to undertake; the Juniorate Department; the Retreat; and the House as it is on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee. As an appendix we have a list of all the members of the Order who are buried in the little plot, or cemetery at the novitiate.

Such is the general plan of the work. Amongst the very fine illustrations to be found in it, we will mention those of Mgr. Ignace Bourget, the venerable prelate whom all Catholic Canada honored this summer when his statue was placed at the portico of the majestic Cathedral which he had founded. Mgr. Bourget, as we will see, had been the moving spirit in the grand work that is now decorated with the golden crown of fifty years; Mr. Charles-Seraphin Rodier, who received the Order into his house when the mission first commenced; then comes a view of Mr. Rodier's large, but simple mansion, in 1843; a portrait of Rev. Father G. Schneider, S. J., followed by a view of St. Mary's College, in 1851; the next portrait is that of Mgr. Janvier Vinet; one of Mr. Olivier Belletier, another benefactor; Rev. Father Louis Sache, S. J.; accompanied by a full page view of the novitiate, as it is to-day; an interior view, representing the recreation hall; an exterior view, showing the novitiate from the splendid garden at the back; portrait of Rev. Father Jacques Perron, S. J.; Rev. Father Firmin Vignon, S. J.; Rev. Father Charles-Theophile Charaux, S. J.; then the interior of the gentlemanly chapel; the vast refectory; the shaded grounds, where the novices enjoy fresh air, under the protection of St. Alphonsus; Rev. Father Edouard Lecompte, S. J., the last master of novices, and new Superior-General; a view of the statue of Our Lady of Llesse, in the gardens; the "Villa Llesse," or vacation retreat, a delightful bower; the wharf at the summer, or vacation house; the oratory of St. Stanislaus; the entrance to the most solemn spot of all, the cemetery, where every member of the Order is buried, who dies in Canada, and finally a picture, full paged, of the regular, humble graves, each with its square stone and unornamented cross—a green mound—the whole framed in with an immense hedge, and divided by walks and grassy plots, all centring at the large general cross, where the novices come to pray for the dead, and perhaps to ask themselves which one will fill the next grave in that enclosure. We have thus gone over the illustrations for the two-fold purpose of having our readers form an idea of the attractiveness and style of the volume and of giving a general glimpse at the story which it contains.

We will now take the liberty of running rapidly over the story of the novitiate, and as a connecting link between the cemetery where ends all the earthly work of the Jesuit and the commencement of his mission as a novice, which marks the beginning of his religious life, we will quote some verses, written, in 1886, inside the walls of that institution and within the enclosure of that cemetery, by Dr. Joseph K. Foran, well known to readers of the "True Witness."

"IN THE NOVITIATE."

Within those lengthy corridors a solemn peace
Reigns, like a spell of sweet enchantment blest,
My heart itself I often feel could cease
To beat its muffled pulsings in my breast,
Without the sun is sinking slowly in the west;
The only sounds, a bird's note and the breeze,
That stage an anthem unto joy and rest.

And murmurs hymnings through the stately trees.

The lengthy walks, the varied colored flowers,
The rich perfume that on the air is sent,
The convent's stillness and the church's towers,
The cloistered brothers in devotion bent,
The youthful novices with beads intent,
All, and like summer's most delicious showers,
Fell softly on my troubled soul, and lent
A tranquil glory to those sacred hours.

How can I picture all the joy one feels,
When silent, cloistered in seclusion here?
Celestial peace upon his being steals,
No worldly care, no passing worldly fear;

A smile of bliss, perchance repentance tear,
Like Eastern balm the wounded spirit heals;
The bustling world seems lonely, sad and drear,
Compared to prayer when convent bellies peals.

"IN THE JESUIT CEMETERY" SAULT-AU-RECOLLET.

Brightly the sun, one summer's day,
Shed on the earth his burning ray,
When thoughtfully I knelt to pray,
Dona eis Requiem.

'Twas in a simple graveyard lone,
Where monument and costly stone
Above a mound, had never been known,
Dona eis Requiem.

'Twas where the Jesuit Fathers rest;
A simple cross above each breast,
They sleep the slumber of the Blest,
Dona eis Requiem.

Both old and young are side by side,
No mark of worldly pomp and pride,
Just as they lived so have they died;
Dona eis Requiem.

The Priest, Scholastic, Novice there,
One common plot of ground must share,
'Naught can avail them now but prayer;
Dona eis Requiem.

What matters now the rush and din
Of earthly joys that seek to win
The soul immortal unto sin?
Dona eis Requiem.

They died as stars, whose every ray
Is lost in the dawning of the day;
Then let us kneel and humbly pray
Dona eis Requiem.

Ye who accuse them, do not fear
To walk that churchyard lone and drear,
You need not pray, nor drop a tear,
Dona eis Requiem.

But read the lesson they have taught
How life and worldly gain is naught,
Christ's battle only have they fought;
Dona eis Requiem.

Let us now glance very rapidly at the history of the institution, whose fiftieth anniversary has thus been celebrated, whose praises have been sung in verse and whose fruits are to be found in all parts of this Dominion and scattered over many other lands.

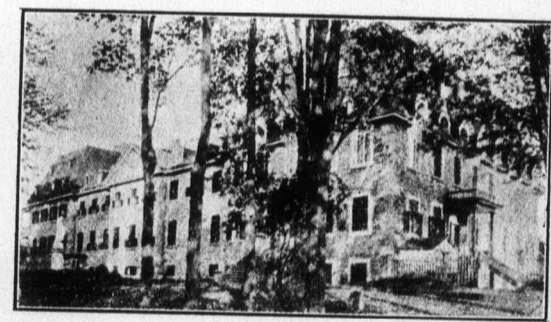
When, in July, 1841, Mgr. Bourget was in Rome, he addressed an eloquent letter to the Rev. Father-General of the Company of Jesus, asking for the return of the Jesuits to Canada. Father Roothaan, the General of the Order, replied by appointing Father Chazelle, then in Rome, as Superior of the new mission, and sent him to Paris, with orders to the provincial there to give him associates. Six priests and three lay Brothers were appointed, and the names of those who came in 1842 to take up the work that had been left since the day when the Jesuits were recalled from Canada, were, Father Chazelle, Superior; Fathers Felix Martin, Paul Luiset, Dominique du Ranquet, Joseph Hanipaux, and Brother Joseph Jennesseaux, of the Province of Paris; and Father Remi Tellier and Brother Pierre Tupin, of the Province of Turin; and Brother Emmanuel Brenans, of the Province of Lyons.

They reached New York on the 26th May, 1842, and came by train to Laprairie, where they landed on the 31st of the same month. In front of them stood the city of Ville-Marie, where Pere Vimont had celebrated the first Mass, in the days of discovery, to which in 1692 the Jesuits had returned to set up their home, and where, in 1791, the last of their Order—Rev. Bernard Well—

had died. There reception by Mgr. Bourget was most hearty, and the difficulty arose of finding a suitable dwelling place for them. At that time Mr. C. S. Rodier, an eminent lawyer, and once Mayor of the city, resided outside the town, at a spot now known as the Bethlehem Asylum, on the corner of St. Antoine street and Richmond square. He gave them half of his house for five years, and on the 4th September, 1843, Father Martin and Brother Jennesseaux took gratefully possession of it. The first novices to be admitted were Pere A. Regnier, a student from St. Hyacinthe College, who entered on the 9th September, 1843, and Pere Henri Hudon, afterwards Superior of the Canadian mission, came a few days later from Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere. We cannot follow all the details of the novitiate, under its first director Pere Luiset and then Pere Schneider. But in 1851, eight years after the first start, the novices were placed in the newly-erected St. Mary's College. It was Father Schianski who opened the novitiate there; but a year later Father Schneider came back and took up his old post. The College began to make headway, and it became necessary to find some other abode for the novices. It was then that Mr. Olivier Berthelet, had sold Mgr. Vinet, Cure of Sault-au-Recollet, a certain piece of land opposite the parochial Church. As it was not completely paid for, Mr. Berthelet gave a clear receipt for the entire sum, on condition that Father Schneider would there build his novitiate. Father Vinet added thereto twelve acres, comprising the grounds as they extend on all sides to-day, and the work of construction was commenced. The house, as first built, was ninety feet long, fifty wide and consisting of a basement, two stories and a mansard roof and gable. To help the Fathers on Mr. Berthelet gave them another farm, three miles up, on the banks of the River des Prairies. Father Schneider never took up his abode in the house that he had labored so hard to construct. In August, 1853, he was named Superior of the Quebec residence. But in 1868 that good and great priest came back to Montreal to die, and his ashes now rest in the little cemetery at the Sault, under the shadow of the very edifice that he had long labored to build.

On the 5th August, 1853, the novices moved out to the new building at Sault-au-Recollet, and on the morning of the 6th—the first Friday of the month—the first Mass was celebrated in the new novitiate. The first Superior of novices was Father Sache, a native of France, who had entered the Order in 1840, and came to Canada in 1845. In 1848 he had charge of Ste. Therese College; in 1849, he was sent to Quebec; and thence, in 1853, he was called to take charge of the novitiate. After nine years as master of novices he became rector of St. Mary's College in 1862. But he again returned to his dear novitiate, and from 1866 to 1871 he was master in that lovely retreat. Many of our readers will recall the death of Father Sache which took place in 1889, in his seventy-sixth year. We cannot attempt to review the lives of each of the masters of novices at the Sault, from Pere Sache, down to Pere Lecompte, but there are two of whom a word must be said. In 1862 Father Jacques Perron became the head of that institution, a position which he reached after very peculiar, we might almost say, miraculous career. He was an orphan, and had been educated by the countess de la Rochefoucauld, and sent to the Lysee Saint Louis in Paris. He grew up in a state of absolute religious indifference. He was generous beyond measure, charitable, and a brilliant military student at the Polytechnic. He aided Soeur Rosalie with funds to protect a legion of young waifs; but he had no more devotion, nor religion than an atheist. One day one of his friends said to Sister Rosalie: "Look at that big fellow, of twenty-one years, who has never yet been to confession." It was not long till Sister Rosalie had a priest come, and soon the young Perron knelt for a first time to tell his sins. He fought in Africa as aide-de-camp to General Bugeaud. During the campaign he read the confessions of St. Augustine. After the war he retired to his private domain at La Breteche, in Brittany, and there began going to Mass daily. As St. Ignatius hung up his sword in the shrine at Montserrat, so, one day Perron took his spurs to the cure of the place, handed them over, said he wanted to distribute his wealth to the poor and renounce the world. It was the first step; he, who had been a warrior, a lord, a millionaire, an infidel, entered the Order of Jesus, and closed his career as master of novices at Sault-au-Recollet.

Another one whose life has been an exceptional one, if not exactly in the same direction, was Father Charaux. In 1871 he became master of novices, and he spent a goodly portion of his life at the Sault. Firstly, he had been two years in this position; then for seven years he was Superior-General of the New York mission. He returned finally to his post at the head of the novices. He was regarded and looked upon as one of the best read men in all Canada in English as well as French literature. His immense knowledge of the world and of all that the great presses poured out, must have served him well in dealing with the younger members of the community and in guiding them. It would be a most interesting biography that of Father Charaux, but if our readers will go back to our issue of the middle of August last year—the 14th—they will find a full life and appreciation of this noble educator. He died on the 10th August, 1902. Of Fathers Daubresse and Vignon we cannot speak in this brief article. But they were both men pre-eminently calculated to make a success of the novitiate. We would now like to tell of all the works that are carried on by the novices. But a very brief statement is all that we can attempt. For particulars we would advise our readers to secure the book which we are thus reviewing, and to learn the grand lesson that it teaches. Amongst the external duties that fall to the share of the novices is that of teaching the children in the village school, preparing them for their First Communion, visiting the sick, consoling them and turning their hearts to



THE NOVITIATE.

God. The novitiate is also a retreat for men of the world. There are times in life when a man grows weary of the turmoil of existence, and when he wants a mental, a spiritual and a physical rest. By going to the Sault he is received with open arms, he has an apartment given him, a novice is assigned to him to attend to all his needs and to assist him in his spiritual exercises, and finally he makes a retreat, not only into that House, but into his own soul, and he comes forth from there rested in body, fortified in mind, and happy in soul. This is one of the great boons that the Order bestows upon the people of the world, and no man who has ever had the experience of a retreat at the Sault, can forget it. The effects of it are sure to tell upon him in after years, and the moment that life seems the darkest and that the cruel feeling of melancholy comes on—as it comes to all of us at some time or other—there is a refuge there, and the fountain within contains the most rejuvenating waters that it is possible for the parched soul to drink.

We can say heartily that we wish all success to the novitiate and health, strength and life to those who carry one that noble work.

A CATHOLIC CENTENARIAN.

A despatch from Mechanicville, Md., says—Mr. Thomas Cooksey Ward, who would have been 111 years old on November 15 next, was buried at Bryantown Catholic cemetery on Aug. 13.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, August 17.

THE SESSION.—There is now so much monotony about the debates in the House of Commons that all interest seems to have been lost in them. Since the speeches delivered on the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme by Hon. Mr. Blair, criticizing it, and Hon. Messrs. Flieiding and Sifton in support thereof, there has been absolutely nothing new to record. All that has followed, on either hand, has merely been a rehash of these leading addresses. We can, therefore, very easily dismiss the subject of Parliamentary affairs for the present.

C. R. DEVLIN COMING.—On Sunday last arrangements were made, at a special meeting of the United Irish League, to tender a reception to Mr. C. R. Devlin, M.P., for Galway, in the British House of Commons, on his arrival here about the 22nd instant. Until Mr. Devlin is seen, it is not the intention of the United Irish League to do anything concerning the passage of the Irish Land Bill. The members of the committee intend to have Mr. Devlin address a public meeting here, and to give his views regarding the present condition of affairs in Ireland. Dr. A. Freeland, president of the Ottawa branch of the United Irish League, occupied the chair.

AN OLD MONTREALER.—Mr. W. J. McCaffrey, of the statistical branch of the Customs, took over last Sunday the direction of the choir of St. Mary's Church, Bayswater. The report in one of the Ottawa dailies contains the following complimentary remarks:—

"Mr. McCaffrey is a native of Montreal, where he has been for a long period identified with church choirs and musical societies generally. For several years he held the leadership of St. Patrick's Church choir of Montreal, and was also musical director of the St. Patrick's and St. Ann's Young Men's Societies there for many years. In the Ancient Order of Hibernians he took a prominent part in all musical entertainments, and assisted greatly whenever the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal had any concerts or musicals. He was transferred from the Customs at the port of Montreal to Ottawa when the statistical branch was opened here a few years ago. He is now musical director of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Ottawa, Division No. 2, and chairman of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association."

FEAST OF ASSUMPTION.—On Sunday the feast of the Assumption was solemnly celebrated. Special prayers were offered up on the occasion, and the altars of the Blessed Virgin were decorated and illuminated in all the Catholic churches. The "Venie Creator" was chanted after Mass in thanksgiving for the election of a Sovereign Pontiff. This was ordered by the pastoral of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel.

At the Basilica Rev. Father Seguin, who has been at the palace for several years past, sang his last Mass before going to Conception, his new charge.

Rev. Father Whelan's sermon on the late Pope, delivered at the grand Requiem in the Basilica July 29 last, has been printed, and in pamphlet form under mourning cover was distributed to the parishioners of St. Patrick's recently.

Rev. Father W. J. Murphy and Rev. Father Gervais, of the university, are spending a few holidays in Chrysler, Finch and Alexandria. They will return Wednesday for the O.M.I. retreat.

His Excellency Monsignor Sbarretti and his secretary, Rev. Father Stickney, dined at the university last Sunday evening.

THE ST. THOMAS SOCIETY of Hull, celebrated its patronal feast on Sunday by a grand Church parade in the morning, and a banquet and programme of games in the afternoon.

The different societies, including St. Thomas Society of Hull, St. Thomas Society of St. Jean Baptiste parish, St. Joseph's of Hull, and delegations from other societies of Ottawa and Asmer assembled at Lafiches' Hall

and marched in procession to Notre Dame de Grace Church, where a solemn High Mass, was chanted by Rev. Father Bellemare, assisted by Rev. Fathers Feat and Legault, as deacon and sub-deacon. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached. After Mass the procession reformed and went to the Little Farm baseball grounds, where a sumptuous spread was partaken of.

REV. FATHER EMERY, rector of Ottawa University, returned on Saturday last from Europe, where he went to attend the conference of Colonial Universities in London, in the early part of July. As the report of the conference is soon to be published, Father Emery preferred not to anticipate it. He was desirous of examining into the various educational systems in Europe, and as a consequence, he visited the leading universities of England, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, Holland and Switzerland. He stated, however, a few things to the press, and amongst them that he intends increasing the staff this year at the University.

The names of the new teachers will be announced later, but prominent amongst them will be Mr. W. F. Grey, who has been appointed Master of English and Eloquence. Mr. Grey, who is a nephew of Lord Grey, and relative of Her Excellency Lady Minto, is a well known writer and elocutionist of Bath, England. He replaces W. F. Stockley, who goes to Halifax to take charge of Archbishop O'Brien's College at that place.

Mr. Grey was well known in Montreal, and had done a considerable amount of contributing to the "True Witness" about eight or ten years ago. He was then connected with the Post Office Department in Montreal.

AN EXCURSION.—About 250 people took an excursion, under the patronage of Le Cercle Champlain, to Valleyfield, on Sunday last. The weather was all that could be desired which proved a great factor in the success of the affair. The party arrived at Valleyfield about 10.30 a.m. and were met by a large number of the Valleyfield citizens. Preceded by the Valleyfield band they marched to the St. Jean Baptiste Society grounds. In the afternoon an excellent game of lacrosse was played between the Nationals, of Ottawa, and the Maple Leafs, of Valleyfield. The latter had engaged for the contest five players of the Nationals, of Montreal. Their assistance was very valuable. The Nationals gave them a great fight, but against the engaged players they could not do very much, although the Ottawa team succeeded in scoring two goals. The Valleyfield boys won by a score of 8 to 2. The rest of the afternoon was spent in various sports, and at 7 o'clock the party took the train for Ottawa amid the cheers of Valleyfield people who gave them a hearty send off.

A LESSON TO LAITY.

"German Catholics! We are determined to prove that we still exist—that we are not going to let ourselves be put to one side—that we do our duty well; but that in return we claim our rights, all our rights, our rights in civil affairs. We will not let our adversaries put in their own pockets, for their exclusive profit, all the rights, all the benefits of the state and commune, while we simply pay for all. Too long have we been the pariahs of Germany. I said to you former: Be ever on the watch! And I say it still: Be ever on the watch!"—Windthorst.

CHILD LABOR LAW.

The new child labor law making the wilful employment of children under fourteen years a misdemeanor, which goes into effect in New Jersey, Sept. 1, says the "Boston Sacred Heart Review," will be fought both in and out of the courts by the glassmakers in the southern part of the State, who claim that the glass industry will be ruined by the measure. Much political pressure has been brought to bear against it, and the indications are that a lively contest will be waged. Governor Murphy, in speaking of the opposition to the new law, says: I shall insist upon its rigid enforcement, and if the case is taken into the courts, I will direct the attorney-general to defend it. The complaint of the glassmen that they can not make business pay without child labor seems incredible, but if it is true it will not change the enforcement of this necessary law. The wrong of such employment is too grievous to be palliated upon any consideration.

With The Scientists.

VACCINATION.—Prof. C. E. A. Winslow, of the biological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writing for "Science" on the subject of vaccination, says that the recent appearance of an admirable book entitled "A Concise History of Smallpox and Vaccination in Europe," by Edward J. Edwarde, has aroused new enthusiasm among British sanitarians in their efforts to undo the evil effects of the last vaccination act, which permitted the exemption of those persons known as "conscientious objectors." Its lesson, he says, is equally as salutary in this country, where the vaccination laws are at present far too lax, and where the opponents of vaccination are conducting an active campaign for their repeal. Professor Winslow frankly acknowledges that the responsibility incurred by the State in compelling its citizens to submit to the introduction of vaccine matter is a grave one, because, in the first place, it is a serious infringement of personal liberty; and, in the second place, the process is attended with a certain, although an almost inappreciable, amount of danger. When arm-to-arm vaccination was practised, loathsome diseases were occasionally conveyed from one human being to another, but the general introduction of calf lymph now prevents the possibility of any such contingency. The transmission of tuberculosis, too, is effectually precluded by the tests to which the calves are submitted. Erysipelas and tetanus still follow vaccination, but in a large majority of such cases the complications are due to secondary infection, although in a few instances they have been traced to the lymph itself.

Professor Winslow then gives the statistics regarding the effects of vaccination in various countries, and concludes his article by saying: "No one now supposes that a single vaccination affords absolute permanent protection, and with the increase of vaccination there must naturally come an increase of cases among the vaccinated. The experience of Leicester, on the other hand, is certainly of interest. It shows that under certain conditions the dangers of neglected vaccination may for a time be braved with impunity by a considerable portion of the community. This has been so far accomplished by prompt reporting and strict isolation of cases, and, according to the chairman of the Public Health Committee of the town by the fact that 'a handful of the population, including the medical men, sanitary staff, smallpox nurses, etc., are as well vaccinated in Leicester as in any other town, so that a cordon of protected persons can at once be drawn around any case of smallpox which may occur.'"

"It should be remembered, however, that the population of Leicester is still to some extent protected by the vaccinations carried out prior to the anti-vaccinationist agitation. Thus of the 358 persons attacked in 1892-5, 198 were returned as having been at some time vaccinated. The experience of Gloucester is ominous for the future of the 'Leicester experiment.' Prior to 1892-3, according to Dr. Edwardes, 'vaccination had been almost in abeyance in Gloucester, and the inhabitants lived in a fools' paradise.' The result was an epidemic of 1,979 cases, with 484 deaths in a population of about 49,000, giving a death rate of 10,000 per million!"

"With regard to the smallpox occurring in persons once vaccinated, there are two points to notice. In the first place, the ratio of deaths to cases is far lower than among the unvaccinated. Thus at the Leipzig city hospital in 1870-2, 99 died among 139 unvaccinated cases, 116 died among 1,504 vaccinated cases, and none among 13 revaccinated cases. Creighton and Wallace object to these statistics on the ground that the death rate thus apparent among the unvaccinated is obviously too high, because 'in pre-vaccination times the death rate (18.8 per cent.) was almost the same as it is now in the vaccinated and unvaccinated together.'"

"Now it is quite impossible to fix any such general fatality rate; the ratio of deaths to cases has varied within wide limits both in the eighteenth century and recently. In the second place, it has been claimed that the 'unvaccinated' death rate is swollen by the inclusion in that class of children who escaped vaccination on account of feeble health. In the case of Gloucester, where vaccination has been so generally neglected,

this objection can hardly apply. Yet at Gloucester in 1892-3 there were, under ten years of age, 26 attacks among the vaccinated with 1 death, and 680 attacks among the unvaccinated with 279 deaths. Statistics for six towns collected by the English Royal Commission of 1889 showed fatality rates of 35.4 among the unvaccinated and 5.2 among the vaccinated.

"The third objection made to the hospital statistics, namely, that the deaths of the unvaccinated class are unfairly increased by the inclusion of doubtful cases and those who have been vaccinated but show no scars, can scarcely apply to the commission's analyses. It will not, at any rate, have much weight, except with those who, like Mr. Wallace, believe that 'in this matter of official and compulsory vaccination both doctors and Government officials, however highly placed, however eminent, however honorable, are yet utterly untrustworthy.'"

"A second important characteristic of the cases of smallpox in a once vaccinated population is that they are not only comparatively light, but that they affect the later periods of life; and this represents an important gain in the life capital of the community. During the epidemic of 1870-3, Bavaria, with compulsory vaccination, had 831 deaths under and 3,520 deaths over twenty years, while the Netherlands without compulsory vaccination had 14,048 deaths under twenty and 6,524 at higher ages. In the same great epidemic 71 per cent. of the deaths at Leicester, and 64 per cent. of the deaths at Gloucester occurred under ten years. In London the percentage falling in this age class was 37, and in Warrington, with still more thorough vaccination, it was 22.5."

"A single vaccination then greatly reduces the probability of an attack of smallpox, postpones it to a later period of life, and renders it less dangerous if it does ensue. To insure absolute protection revaccination is required; and its efficacy is well indicated by the experience of the Prussian army. In addition, one single bit of evidence may be adduced which is more striking, perhaps, than all the rest, the statistics of nurses in smallpox hospitals. These figures are of special interest because we have here a fairly large class of persons whose condition as to vaccination is accurately known, and who are uniformly exposed to the contagion of the disease; and the experience of two such communities is quoted by Dr. Edwardes. 'During the epidemic of 1871 there were 110 persons engaged in the Homerton Fever Hospital in attendance on the smallpox sick; all these, with two exceptions, were revaccinated, and all but these two escaped smallpox. Of 734 nurses and attendants in the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals, 79 were survivors from smallpox attack—they escaped infection; 645 were revaccinated on entrance—they all escaped; 10 were not revaccinated, and the whole 10 took smallpox.'"

"If statistics ever proved anything those quoted above prove the protective influence of vaccination. If any fact in science is certain, it is certain that a successful vaccination absolutely prevents smallpox for a period of some seven to ten years, that after that period it renders the disease less fatal, and that its complete protective effect may be renewed by revaccination. The conclusion is obvious, not only that the state should oblige primary vaccination, but, in the words of a minority of the British Royal Commission, that 'a second vaccination, at the age of twelve ought to be made compulsory.'"—New York Post.

PRIEST AVERTS A PANIC.

While chanting the Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Pope Leo, Rev. James Timmins, rector of St. Michael's Church, Chester, Pa., discovered Monday morning that the candles on the altar had set fire to the draperies. Without hesitating a moment the priest continued the Mass, at the same time motioning to an altar boy to put out the fire. Patrick Brannan sprang to the altar and beat the flames out with his hands. The church was crowded, and the coolness of the priest served to keep the congregation from rushing panic-stricken from the edifice.

A NOTABLE CELEBRATION.

The parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, Bradford, England, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its erection recently. In honor of the auspicious event the Church was solemnly consecrated to the perpetual service of God by Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland.

Our Curbstone Observer ON CIGARETTES

THIS is not a subject that is calculated to interest every person, nor is it one upon which all people are agreed; no more is it my intention to enter upon the details, nor to preach a sermon against the abuse of cigarettes. Mr. Bickerdike, M.P., said, in support of his famous Bill, in the House of Commons, about all that could well be advanced in that regard, while Dr. Roddick, M.P., gave the country the benefit of the medical aspect of the question. I could not add anything to their arguments; moreover, I am not either a legislator or a physician; and it would be presumption on my part to pretend to any great degree of knowledge in the matter. My humble business is observation, and that from the ordinary curbstones, or the street corner. But if I know very little, either practically or otherwise, about cigarettes, I have seen a deal of cigarette-smoking in my time, and I have not failed to note how general and how common the habit is becoming. And as the habit grows and expands, the custom becomes established, and even develops into a fashion.

ON THE STREET CORNER.—It is quite amusing to stand on the old curbstones and observe peculiarities in the people that go past. By long custom you come to distinguish between the exceptional peculiarity that you notice in an individual, and the common, or commoner peculiarity that belongs to a number of people. Sometimes you find that these peculiarities extend only to persons of a certain class, or grade in society, or a certain occupation. By dint of practice I have reduced my observations to a regular system. Suppose that I set out this morning to study the cigarette-smokers; I do not while away time paying attention to anything else. I do not examine their dress, nor their walk, nor their gestures, nor do I trouble myself with their modes of saluting or their passing remarks. I simply confine my observations to the persons, big or little, old or young, who are smoking cigarettes, and I do not allow my mind to wander away upon any other beat. Then I gradually divide them into categories, which is easily done, and make my mental calculations upon each set of them separately. Oh, it is great sport, this business of observation on a street corner.

THE YOUNG SWELL.—He comes along in all his attractiveness of summer attire, and each one knows what that is, so I need not descend into particulars. He is going to his office, or to his club, or wherever his whim or his business (if he has any) takes him. Beneath his cowboy shaped panama, beneath his gold-rimmed glasses, beneath his Roman and aristocratic nose, beneath his carefully-tyned infantile mustache peeps the tiny roll of paper, with ashes hanging from end and the other end having, in the proper manner, and at the proper angle, from between the upper lip and the gums of the upper teeth. And he sweeps along apparently oblivious of the fact that he is carrying his cigarette. It seems to be a part of himself; it is not, from aught the observer can see lit. Decidedly no man could hold a good ordinary pipe or a decent cigar in his mouth for such a length of time without having it die out. It may be possible that he swallows the smoke; if so I would imagine that his health would not greatly improve. Suddenly a whiff of smoke rushes out on the air in an upward direction, followed by two small tails dividing east and west from the central column; just like the great comet, with the two tails, now diving at the sun. The smoke has issued from pursed-up, neatly-rounded lips, and as in the case of the Bull in the fable, the small tail-like jets came from the nostrils. Up went the hand and delicately and exactly between the extreme joints of the first and second fingers the reduced roll of paper was, in accordance with the accepted rule, lightly held. I glanced at those fingers. It was but a passing glance, but I knew by the whiteness of them that the swell was either a beginner, or, at least, not a

Had he been a long time

addicted to the habit the tips of the two fingers would have been of a pale yellow; were he a continental European foreigner they would have been black and orange. It is something to be proud of to have the whole of the thumb and first and second fingers of the right hand perfectly dyed with the nasty colorings of opiated tobacco. It is a beauty-mark, in the eyes of some people; so is tattooing amongst the men of Masailand, and war-painting amongst the braves of the Black-Foot. But if people are charmed with their own evidences of barbaric customs it is none of my business and I have no special right to complain.

IN THE PARLOR.—I do not always stand on a curbstones. I have another suit of clothes at home in a box, and I am accustomed to don it whenever I have to spend an evening with ladies. And it sometimes—not often—happens that I am invited in that way, to take a hand at a game of whist, or to sit on a sofa and listen to music and song, while discussing the petty gossip of the week. On these occasions, even when I am divested of my every-day observation suit, I do not entirely divest myself of my observation faculties. I notice then how the cigarette-smoker seems to think that it is perfectly correct that he should keep his roll of white paper between his lips and gums while conversing with ladies. Were he a pipe or cigarette-smoker he would excuse himself and go out for a whiff; but being only the smoker of the inoffensive cigarette he feels quite at ease in swallowing smoke, or performing the comet-trick even at a dining table. And what is still worse I find that ladies do not object to it, but "rather like" cigarette fumes. In fact, they have such a partiality for them that they even smoke them as do the male side of the human family. What a difference. A lady would be forever ashamed of herself if she were known to smoke cigars; and we all know the fearful disgrace it is considered to have a woman smoke a pipe. But these dainty, lovely creatures, even stain their taper fingers, and blacken their rosy lips, and pride themselves in their capacity to puff away smoke that they draw from "the dear, harmless" little cigarettes. It has become so general a custom that even small, fancy saucers, for the ashes of cigarettes are placed on the tables, and it is expected that they are there for use and that the visitors know for what use they are intended. What a lot of damage, socially, morally, educationally, and physically a little thing like a cigarette can cause. I am not at all so very pious and modest that I cannot enjoy seeing others enjoy themselves; but I am very sorry to see the tiny cigarette making so much headway in the world to-day. It is destroying our olden and decent manners. It turns the youth into a fop, and its everlasting presence is well calculated to turn him into an imbecile, while we have a sufficient number of examples of how it turns him into a criminal. The prison, the lunatic asylum, the suicide's grave are the refuges of many who have tampered too fondly with the alluring little adder. And the young lady who affects cigarette-smoking, places herself in a position that justifies a stranger in confounding her with females of a very different grade. Even the ragged urchin on the corner has a cigarette, if he has no pants to wear; soon the beggar will be found smoking a cigarette and declaring that he has not eaten for two days. The wonderful cigarette.

IRELAND'S TEMPERANCE APPOSTLE.
The life of Father Matthew has lately been translated into the French language.

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

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903

OUR

HASTY JUDGMENTS
little story illustrating little people err in their when their pride is aroused they are disappointed for is told by an exchange.
girls desire to be happy in this life they must generous and kindly spirit intercourse with companions is as follows:—
"How well your plants Esther Ward, one of J coming up on the porch was seated with her aunt them. "How is your do geranium getting along?"
"I haven't one of two wishing for one."
"One day about two went in to Miss Vale's—
"Yes, she has a beautiful promised to slip one for
"That is the part of I prizes me. Emily Garde and Miss Vale gave her white one. And she ask bring you a lovely dark canium."
Esther went away, and sd to her Aunt Rachel v grey face, saying:
"Did you hear that, chel?"
"I heard that Emily h given you the geranium. of town, isn't she?"
"Yes, for nearly two w auntie, there's more about day before she went brought me this white ger ing me that it was from There is only one way to for it. What can there b cept that she wanted the geranium and—kept it, pu white one off on me? He and deceitful of her. I t to write and tell her exac think of her."
"I had a friend," said chel, after a pause.
"When she and I went to school we lived in the sub city. To go into it by tr great treat, and one that us but rarely. But when sister of Jessie's moved city the dear girl was ful about the lovely times mean for us two. So one she came to me for a plan the next day in town. W go in by an early train, galleries, and everything lightful that came in our
"Be sure you're in ge was her parting injunction, it, expecting to be met at tion by Jessie's bright face
"But she was not there, waited, at first tranquilly, train time quickly came, in impatience. You may ima feelings with which I say I pull up, my wild look on e as it pulled out.
"I waited a little while, pecting her, and ready with proaches for her lateness. I went home, my heart rag such anger and disappoint do not like to remember.
"It always seems to me, short pause she went on co tively, "that we cannot storm of evil feeling to have ful way in our hearts and quite the same. We can re resolve against sinning ag the searing, scorching flam leave its results.
"I went home and wrote wrote to my dearest friend pour of the anger which fl heart.
"All the summer my fat been cherishing a plan of t for a month's outing in the tains. Opportunity for his away suddenly offered, and I ready preparations we left I next day. I begged one school friends to write me, were moving from one pleas to another and her first let and never found me. H I opened with a little snif for her neglect. I read it my heart beat slower."
"What was it, Aunt Rach
"She referred to a forme saying something like this: told you before of Jessie's seizure two weeks ago, and it was, you will not be mprised to hear that they h up all hope of her life."
"T more, speaking of the brea that was sapping the dea, life, of her mother's despair
"Well, well, Janet, you n

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.—A pretty little story illustrating how sadly little people err in their judgment when their pride is aroused or there they are disappointed for a moment, is told by an exchange.

"How well your plants look," said Esther Ward, one of Janet's friends, coming up on the porch, where she was seated with her aunt, to look at them. "How is your double crimson geranium getting along?"

"I haven't one of those. I've been wishing for one." "One day about two weeks ago I went in to Miss Vale's."

"Yes, she has a beautiful one. She promised to slip one for me." "That is the part of it that surprises me. Emily Garde was there, and Miss Vale gave her a double white one. And she asked her to bring you a lovely dark crimson geranium."

Esther went away, and Janet turned to her Aunt Rachel with an angry face, saying: "Did you hear that, Aunt Rachel?" "I heard that Emily had not yet given you the geranium. She is out of town, isn't she?"

"Yes, for nearly two weeks. But, auntie, there's more about it. The day before she went away she brought me this white geranium, telling me that it was from Miss Vale. There is only one way to account for it. What can there be to it except that she wanted the crimson geranium and—kept it, putting this white one off on me? How mean and deceitful of her. I am going to write and tell her exactly what I think of her."

"I had a friend," said Aunt Rachel, after a pause. "When she and I went to the same school we lived in the suburbs of a city. To go into it by train was a great treat, and one that came to us but rarely. But when a married sister of Jessie's moved into the city the dear girl was full of talk about the lovely times it would mean for us two. So one morning she came to me for a plan to spend the next day in town. We were to go in by an early train, visit art galleries, and everything else delightful that came in our way."

"Be sure you're in good time," was her parting injunction. I obeyed it, expecting to be met at the station by Jessie's bright face. "But she was not there, and I waited, at first tranquilly, then, as train time quickly came, in nervous impatience. You may imagine the feelings with which I saw my train pull up, my wild look on every side as it pulled out."

"I waited a little while, still expecting her, and ready with my reproaches for her lateness. At length I went home, my heart raging with such anger and disappointment as I do not like to remember. "It always seems to me," after a short pause she went on contemplatively, "that we cannot allow a storm of evil feeling to have its hateful way in our hearts and be ever quite the same. We can repent and resolve against sinning again, but the searing, scorching flame must leave its results."

"I went home and wrote a letter—wrote to my dearest friend an out-pour of the anger which filled my heart. "All the summer my father had been cherishing a plan of taking us for a month's outing in the mountains. Opportunity for his getting away suddenly offered, and after hurried preparations we left home the next day. I begged one of my school friends to write me. But we were moving from one pleasant place to another and her first letter missed and never found me. Her second I opened with a little sniff of anger for her neglect. I read it and felt my heart beat slower."

"What was it, Aunt Rachel?" "She referred to a former letter, saying something like this: 'As I told you before of Jessie's sudden seizure two weeks ago, and how bad it was, you will not be much surprised to hear that they have given up all hope of her life.' There was more, speaking of the brain fever that was sapping the dear, young life, of her mother's despair, etc. "Well, well, Janet, you may im-

agine how I felt. In the shadow of the terrible facts how small, how contemptible seemed the ugly feeling based on the disappointment of a day. We had no more letters, going from place to place. I had a heavy cloud on my heart; I had been indulging to the full my anger against my friend who was dying. "As we drove from the station the carriage would pass by Jessie's home. I had turned away my head in misery, when I heard a cry of delight from my younger sister. "Why, there's Jessie!"

"There she was, sure enough, sitting at a window in an invalid chair, pale and thin, but turning her dear face towards us with a smile of greeting. Before long she was able to see me and tell me of her sudden seizure the morning on which I had been looking for her at the station. She had sent me a message, which some one had neglected to deliver. So that was the grievance I had been nursing."

"You wrote a letter—" "It was some time before my mind was at rest about that letter. My heart shrank as I thought of the bitter words in it. Surely if Jessie had read it she never could forgive me. Her mother gave it to me one day. "I opened it to see if it was anything of importance, as Jessie could not. There might be a great deal said about it, dear child," she added, with an affectionate smile, "but I think you have read the lesson for yourself. Jessie does not know of it."

"There's Emily Garde," said Janet, as after tea she sat on the porch. "And—she's coming in. I didn't think she'd have the face to." Emily it was, however, and a very bright face and lively greetings she brought. She removed a paper which surrounded two flower pots. "Oh!" exclaimed Janet, in the delight of a true flower lover. "That's a—a—" "Calceolaria. One of the finest varieties. I brought it here with me as a peacemaker."

"A peacemaker?" "Yes, although I don't know that I needed to, for you didn't really know you had a grudge against me." Janet colored a little. "But I must tell you my story. Just before I went away I was at Miss Vale's one day and she gave me a little crimson geranium for you. Well, on the way home I dropped it. It was smashed to pieces. I felt dreadfully and didn't want you to see it until mother had tried her hand at nursing it right again. It looks about as well as before now. In the meantime I brought you the white geranium as a sort of salve to my conscience for not honestly telling you. And I didn't tell any lie, for I said it was from Miss Vale, which was the truth. So here is the crimson geranium, and I hope I may have the comfort of feeling as though I had made up for things."

Janet affectionately patted her friend's shoulder, giving her aunt at the same time a beaming glance. HINTS FOR BOYS. — When our boys who are intended for a commercial career start out in life in one of the many positions in mercantile offices they are generally under the impression that they are not closely watched. Such is not the case. Every move they make in the office or store is noticed by their superiors and when an occasion arises for promotion all their acts are carefully weighed. Boys should be careful to be neat in their apparel. Appearances count for much. Manners come next. Of course, we are chatting to boys who are strictly honest and who, so far as their own wants are concerned, would not touch one cent of the money belonging to their employers or anybody else. What wrecks may be seen in life as a result of the sin of stealing small sums to gratify the habit of cigarette-smoking or the desire to attend a lacrosse match, or one of the dime museums, or theatres, the last mentioned places no Catholic boy who has any regard for his future should enter.

An instance of how one little lad lost his chance in life may be of interest. The superintendent of one of the largest department stores in the country engaged a lad of 15 in the most subordinate capacity, at wages of \$2 a week. The boy was at the bottom of the ladder, at the very position where the heads of depart-

ments in that store had started years before. The head of the department where he was stationed watched him carefully day by day, and reported upon him most favorably. He said: "Here is, at last, the young fellow we have been looking for." The next in authority took his turn in watching the lad. He became profoundly impressed with the boy's obedience, his integrity, his loyalty, and commended him to the head of the firm. "We will give him six months, and if he stands the test we will advance him rapidly."

One morning the superintendent noticed the boy hide something in his pocket. He stopped him. "What have you there?" he said to the lad. The boy paled and blushed. "Oh, nothing," he said. He was asked to turn his pockets inside out, and upon him was found 25 cents in change, which he had just pilfered.

The boy was immediately dismissed. He had lost his chance of preferment, of honor, of respect, for a temptation so petty. He had sold his character for 25 cents!

Methodists and Leo XIII We learn that a number of Methodist publications are not at all pleased with the late Pope Leo XIII., because he did not change the marriage laws in several of the Latin American countries. This is exacting something of the Pope that the Methodists would be the very first to criticize were he to attempt what they ask. The Pope has neither the authority, nor the power to change the laws of the different States. He can express his views regarding them and can use his influence to have them altered, but he never presumes to control the legislation of any country. For centuries this has been exactly the cry against Rome in England. Extremists would have it that the State was endangered because of the power of the Pope. It was argued that the Jesuits and other Catholic religious orders sought to overthrow existing governments and to pave the way for the Pope of Rome to dictate laws to the country. Yet, to-day, the Methodists blame the Pope for not doing that which they always wrongly accused Rome of attempting. The Pope does not interfere with the temporal governments of the various countries; and, herein, lies the power of Rome. The Pope is Vicar of Christ, and his Kingdom is a spiritual one. We see thus the inconsistency of the very people who would fain create accusations against the immutable Church.

Three Good Resolutions There are three things about which one should make good resolutions rather than about any others, says a Paulist Father. First, the practice of prayer; second, going to Confession and Communion; third, avoiding occasions of sin. The first two fill our souls with God's grace and the third keeps us out of danger. Put your good resolutions into company with prayer, and weekly or at least monthly Communion, and you have no great difficulty in pulling through. From month to month is not so long to keep straight, and a good Confession and a worthy Communion is God's best help. Morning and night prayers are a mark of predestination to eternal life; keeping away from bad company and dangerous places, and avoiding bad reading and all other dangerous occasions, have very much to do with an innocent life and a happy death.

WIT AND HUMOR. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." She — If it were necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me?" He — "Do you think it would be necessary?" She — "It might be." He — "Then I think you had better go and marry a fireman. Good-bye."

From Louisville, Kentucky, we learn that Rev. Edmond Corecht, the abbot of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, has left for Citeaux, France, where he will be present at the general meeting of the Chapter of Superiors of the Order. The report says that he will later have an audience of Pope Pius X., and will then learn the attitude of the Vatican towards the order in America. It is also expected that the future home of the monks exiled by France will be determined on this visit, many of the Cistercians having already been received at Gethsemane, while preparations are being made to establish a new monastery in the United States for those who have not been provided for.

It is evident that even if France were drive all the Religious Orders out there would be room for them as well as welcome on this side of the Atlantic. And the entire world is aware that, in such a case, France would be the loser and America the gainer in the affair. For the wealth, the property, the hope of the country may all be said to depend upon the education of the youth, and upon those who are the educators. While it is a real cry of prejudice that religious orders grow wealthy at the expense of the country, the experience of every land, our own included goes to show that they have been the enrichers of every land in which they are to be found. And amongst them none more so than the toiling Trappists.

Justice Morgan J. O'Brien, while on his way to his seat at the dinner given by the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, spied among the guests "Abbe" Gruber. He looked at the little Hebrew lawyer for a second and then said, with evident amazement: "Why, 'Abbe,' what are you doing here? This is a gathering of Irishmen, sons of Erin." "So am I," said Gruber. "I am a son of Erin, only our people spell it differently—A-a-r-o-n." — New York Times.

With Our Subscribers.

The financial returns at present for our endeavor to improve the "True Witness" in every department, may not be commensurate with the labor involved, but signs are not wanting that in the near future the old organ will be taken in many Catholic homes in which a Catholic paper is rarely found. Week after week we have received little evidences of approval of our humble efforts. Our subscribers in sending in the amount of their annual subscriptions always accompany their little remittances with a kind word of appreciation.

From the County of Argenteuil, P. Q., a subscriber writes: Enclose please find \$2.00 for two years subscription to your most valuable paper. Another valued subscriber from far away Newfoundland sends his subscription for two years in advance, and congratulates the old organ upon its marked improvement.

Applications for sample copies are coming in at the rate of two and three per week, and in quite a number of instances have resulted in securing the best and most reliable subscribers, viz., those that pay in advance.

Methodists and Leo XIII

We learn that a number of Methodist publications are not at all pleased with the late Pope Leo XIII., because he did not change the marriage laws in several of the Latin American countries. This is exacting something of the Pope that the Methodists would be the very first to criticize were he to attempt what they ask. The Pope has neither the authority, nor the power to change the laws of the different States. He can express his views regarding them and can use his influence to have them altered, but he never presumes to control the legislation of any country. For centuries this has been exactly the cry against Rome in England. Extremists would have it that the State was endangered because of the power of the Pope. It was argued that the Jesuits and other Catholic religious orders sought to overthrow existing governments and to pave the way for the Pope of Rome to dictate laws to the country. Yet, to-day, the Methodists blame the Pope for not doing that which they always wrongly accused Rome of attempting. The Pope does not interfere with the temporal governments of the various countries; and, herein, lies the power of Rome. The Pope is Vicar of Christ, and his Kingdom is a spiritual one. We see thus the inconsistency of the very people who would fain create accusations against the immutable Church.

HOMES FOR MONKS.

From Louisville, Kentucky, we learn that Rev. Edmond Corecht, the abbot of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemane, has left for Citeaux, France, where he will be present at the general meeting of the Chapter of Superiors of the Order. The report says that he will later have an audience of Pope Pius X., and will then learn the attitude of the Vatican towards the order in America. It is also expected that the future home of the monks exiled by France will be determined on this visit, many of the Cistercians having already been received at Gethsemane, while preparations are being made to establish a new monastery in the United States for those who have not been provided for.

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Men's Rain Or Shine Coats

Two Coats in one, a Wrap in cool dry weather, a reliable Raincoat in wet weather, latest style, well tailored, silk velvet collar, satin bound seams, slanting side and ticket pockets; colors medium and dark gray, drab, olive, black, white pin check, were \$15.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$20. Choice of the assortment,

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One or other of the following:

LADIES' RAINPROOF ULSTERS

Sacque backs, plain coat sleeves, regular value \$6.75. Choice while they last.....\$2.95

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Assorted styles, cut sleeves, regular values from \$9.00 to \$12. Choice while they last.....\$3.95

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Indian Curios and Souvenirs

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A large collection of the best will be found on our Ground Floor.

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GOOD FOR ALL AGES. GET IT FROM ANY GROCER

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"Niagara to the Sea"

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Magnificent Palais Hotel Steamers Leave Toronto for Rochester, Kingston, Clayton and Intermediate Ports.

Embracing a delightful sail across Lake Ontario, a trip through the fascinating scenery of the Thousand Islands the Venice of America, and the exciting descent of all the marvelous rapids to

MONTREAL (the Metropolis of Canada)

Where connection is made for sea and refreshing night ride to the famous old walled city of

QUEBEC (America's Gibraltar)

Thence on to Murray Bay, Tadoussac and Pointe au Lac (the gateway of this remarkable river unequalled for wild grandeur and variety. Steamer SHAPRE is open for Pilgrimages and Excursions.

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M. FORTER CHAFFIN, W.P.A. JOSEPH DOLAN, C.P.A. L. H. MYRAND, 3 King St. E., Toronto, Can. 121 St. James St., Montreal, Can. Dalhousie St., Quebec

Or to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

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LADIES' KNITTED GOLF COATS

\$1.75!

Very stylish in appearance—to the golfer, a necessity and a comfort; in black, black flecked with white, red, red flecked with white, and all white; good brass buttons, collars; faced and finished with satin; best make and sure to fit. Only...\$1.75

We have just received an advance shipment of New York Pattern Hats, some ready and suitable for immediate wear.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THEM.

STYLISH MARABOUT BOAS

From \$6.50 to \$12.00.

BARGAINS IN THE BASEMENT

Checked Flannelettes, full 33 in. wide, all extra good colours; good value; were 15c. Until they are sold out, per yard..... 11c

Only a few pieces left of the Blouse Flannelettes; they were selling at from 12½c to 18c; pretty designs, very useful. To be cleared at..... 10c

LOOK AT THESE LINENS.

The prices speak for themselves, so do the goods:—

BLEACHED TABLE DAMASK, all pure linen, 62 in. wide, was 60c, now, per yard..... 48c

60 in. width, was 75c, now, per yd. 59c

66 in. width, was 85c, now, per yd. 65c

BATTENBURG CENTRES—18 x 18 in., round and square, all hand work, linen centres, newest goods, were \$1.50. Now, each..... 75c

DRESS GOODS SPECIALS.

All-Wool Scotch Tweed, flaked or plaine 40 in. wide; worth 40c and 50c. Now 25c

All-Wool Storm Serge, 42 in. wide, black only; worth from 55c to 70c. Now 35c

ALL DRESS GOODS REMNANTS

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Try our Refreshment Room on Second Floor.

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AUGUST 22, 1903.

the habit the tips of the would have been of a were he a continental reigner they would have and orange. It is some proud of to have the the thumb and first and s of the right hand per- with the nasty colorings tobacco. It is a beauty- eyes of some people; ing amongst the men of and war-painting am- raves of the Black-Foot, are charmed with their s of barbaric customs it y business and I have no to complain.

PARLOR.—I do not al- on a curbstone. I have of clothes at home in a m accustomed to don it have to spend an even- es. And it sometimes— pends that I am invited to take a hand at a st, or to sit on a sofa o music and song, while the petty gossip of the ese occasions, even when of my every-day ob- t, I do not entirely div- my observation facul- then how the cigarette- to think that it is per- that he should keep hite paper between his s while conversing with he a pipe or cigar- ood excuse himself and whiff, but being only the e inoffensive cigarette he t ease in swallowing -forming the comet-trick ning table. And what I find that ladies do it, but "rather like" es. In fact, they have lity for them that they hem as do the male side family. What a differ- y would be forever a- rself if she were known ars; and we all know ngrace it is considered an man smoke a pipe. But lovely creatures, even pr fingers, and black- lips, and pride them- capacity to puff away they draw from "the" little cigarettes. It general a custom that ncy saucers, for the ettes are placed on the s expected that they use and that the visit- what use they are in- a lot of damage, so- y, educationally, and little thing like a cig- use. I am not at all and modest that I can- ing others enjoy them- am very sorry to see ette making so much e world to-day. It is r olden and decent turns the youth into a overlasting presence is d to turn him into an s we have a sufficient mple of how it curs minal. The prison, the a, the suicide's grave s of many who have fondly with the allur- . And the young- icts cigarette-smoking, in a position that jus- er in confounding her t a very different grade, red urchin on the cor- arette, if he has no ; soon the beggar will ing a cigarette and de- he has not eaten for wonderful cigarette.

TEMPERANCE AP- OSTLE. Father Matthew has translated into the

premium TO subscribers. as a premium subscriber a neatly of the Golden and cash for 5 bers to the True

a splendid op- to obtain a most chronicle of the Irish Catholics d laymen in during the past

Ecclesiastical Notes

OUR VISITORS.—Rev. William J. Slocum, P.P., of the Immaculate Conception parish, Waterbury, Conn., was one of the welcome members of the American clergy who made a brief visit to Montreal this week.

A SILVER JUBILEE.—Rev. J. P. Kiernan, pastor of St. Michael's Church, this city, will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood, to-morrow.

The laity are organizing an entertainment to be held on Monday, at which Father Kiernan will be presented with an address and purse.

AT ST. Sulpice.—Few changes and few new appointments have been made this year, after the annual retreat, at the Montreal Seminary.

A CARDINAL'S TOMB.—The commemorative Sarcophagus of Cardinal Wiseman and the memorial to Cardinal Newman, which are near each other in Kensal Green cemetery, in northwest London, are to be removed to the new Cathedral at Westminster.

FATHER LAMOUREUX DEAD.—It is always painful to record the death of a priest, and especially a young priest—one who has just entered upon a career of usefulness to humanity and of glory for the Church and the cause of God.

ST. PATRICK'S PRESBYTERY, which has been in the possession of various tradesmen during the vacation, undergoing a thorough renovation, at a cost of nearly \$5,000, will be ready for occupation by the pastor and his assistants at the close of next week.

A NEW PARISH.—The non-Catholic press, during the past week, have revamped the old yarn of several years ago, about a new Irish parish north of Sherbrooke street, and published it as a new story.

NEW ASYLUM BUILDING.—Early in September the Trustees of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum will hold a meeting when a decision will be reached in regard to the proposed new building for the institution.

ST. BRIDGET'S HOME.—The Pastor and Trustees of this institution are contemplating making certain needed improvements in connection with their building on Lagache street.

AN OLD RELIC.—The old "St. Patrick's House" in rear of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, owing to its present dilapidated condition, will be demolished during the next few days.

A NEW ENTRANCE.—Some time ago the Church-wardens of St. Patrick's discussed the idea of constructing an avenue from Dorchester street, to reach the western entrance of the Church to relieve the crush which is the cause of much inconvenience to parishioners in leaving the sacred edifice after the services.

MRS. GEORGE SINGLETON.—It was with intense sorrow that the news of the death of Mrs. George Singleton was received by her many friends throughout the city Saturday.

MISS MARY A. DONNELLY.—The funeral of Miss Mary Alice Donnelly, daughter of Mr. Thomas Donnelly, the well known master-carter of McCord street, was held on Monday last to St. Ann's Church and to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE, 444 Sherbrooke St., Montreal. ELEMENTARY, COMMERCIAL AND SCIENTIFIC COURSES.

MRS. T. FINNIGAN.—The death of Mrs. T. Finnigan, wife of Mr. T. Finnigan, 24 Mansfield street, this city, is announced.

KEEP THE FLAG FLYING.—The Hibernians of Ft. Wayne, Ind., are preparing an elaborate programme for the celebration of Irish Day, which they will observe at Robinson Park on August 27.

REMEMBER THEIR PASTOR.—An artistic mural tablet was unveiled in the Church of St. Peter and Paul, Wexford, Ireland, recently, in memory of the late Very Rev. Peter Canon Doyle, P.P., who died in the 87th year of his age, the 62nd in his priesthood and the 38th of his pastorate.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE.—makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble now— in small and large bottles for all grocers. GUARANTEED PURE.

heavy blow. She was a general favorite among a widespread circle of friends, who flocked in large numbers to pay a last tribute to her memory.

"She is not dead—the child of our affection.— But gone unto that school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ Himself doth rule."

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place from her late residence on Monday, Aug. 17th, to St. Mary's Church, where a High Mass of Requiem was chanted by Rev. R. E. Callahan, assisted by Rev. Mr. Polan as deacon, and Rev. Francis Singleton, son of the deceased, as sub-deacon.

After the funeral service the cortege proceeded to the Catholic cemetery, followed by a long concourse of friends. Mrs. Singleton is survived by her husband and three children, Frank, who is a student at the Grand Seminary, and Charles and Elizabeth.—R.I.P.

Since the foregoing was written and put in type and just as we were going to press, the daughter of one of our most valued and most esteemed subscribers handed in for publication the following touching tribute to the memory of Miss Donnelly and sympathy with the grief-stricken parents.

The writer was a companion of the deceased, and out of respect for the motives which prompted her to write an appreciation of the worth of her late friend, and the sentiment of Christian charity which it contains, we add it to our notice. Our young contributor writes:—

"The Angel of Death visited the home of Mr. Thos. Donnelly on Sunday, Aug. 16th, and took to her reward his eldest daughter, Mary Alice (Mamie), one of the most popular young ladies of St. Ann's parish.

During the course of her illness, which was of a protracted nature, she evinced marked patience and resignation. Her early death has rendered her home desolate; and the hearts of those who loved her have been crushed by the weight of the

RAILROADS. GRAND TRUNK CHEAP SEASIDE EXCURSIONS Montreal to PORTLAND and Return \$7.50

EXHIBITIONS Toronto and Return Sept. 2 and 3 \$7.00 Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7, 10 \$10.00

Sherbrooke and Return Sept. 2 and 3 \$2.50 Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7, 10 \$3.35

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Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED. CLOSE AT 8.30 P.M., FRIDAY EXCEPTED.

Our Sale of Remnants The economy that is one of the chief charms of this Remnant Sale is a boon that mothers particularly appreciate.

THESE WRAPPER BARGAINS! Ladies' Extra Quality Percale Wrappers, in a variety of pleasing colors and designs.

Ladies' Underwear Of Proper Weight For present wear. 40c value for 25c

Fail Dress Fabrics Will Soon Monopolize Public Interest. Already we have sold quite a number of yards of the first shipment announced.

DOES THIS BARGAIN: Children's Dresses For Half Price POSSESS ANY INTEREST FOR YOU?

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street Montreal

Carpets, Etc. SPECIAL ADVANTAGES for this month in Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Brass and Enamelled BEDSTEADS, Mattresses, Springs, Etc.

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

100 SILK REMNANTS Beautiful squares and corners for fancy work.

Wanted to Borrow ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. THE FABRIQUE AND TRUSTEES OF ST. MICHAEL'S of this City, are desirous of borrowing money in sums of One Hundred Dollars or more.

SUPERIOR COURT. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. No. 645.

Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening

ST. PETER and COMMON STS. All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908.

Catholic Young Men Discuss Public Questions

The second annual of the Catholic Young Men was held at Hull, England.

On the "Catholic Press" Gilbert Higgins, says made it clear that he was only that portion of which is represented by

And first of all Catholics delivered a stinging blow from the shoulder of the vile and poisonous age served up even by the respectable daily paper especially by several lies, in the shape of court reports, these containing details more and noxious than could be found in a score of novels.

The Catholic young men of Britain should take note of the increasing evil. Even when they find themselves to news occurrences, the daily paper productive of much harm did not remain within their "There is," said the lecturer under the sun which do not find ventilation in the literature and science, political and the momentous concerning land and labor, intricate problems of moral philosophy, the Creeds, Holy Bible itself—all are a contribution and made to contribute some spicy tit-bit, telling graph, lively letters, or p leader. Now, with all the command of a well-endowed

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903.

KEY Co. LIMITED.

DAY EXCEPTED.

Month is Certainly

Remnants

of charms of this Remnant appreciate. Comments of overheard by visitors to the tent in that piece to make a proper weight for Fall that I have been seeking, of at a most liberal discount.

Best Way

Priority of

BARGAINS!

of pleasing colors and price. Frilled epaulettes, yoke, stitch braids, deep flounce. Sale price, \$1.50. Pink, gray and blue. Collar, trimmed with price, \$1.50.

Interesting Wash Fabric Story

BE WRITTEN FOR EVERY ISSUE

ent ourselves to-day by writer about those 200 Corder which a fortunate purchase to sell for..... 10c

from 21 different and exquisite printed in black upon a white cloth 30 in. Value as stated, Special Sale price,..... 10c

ES THIS BARGAIN:

ren's Dresses For Half Price

CESS ANY INTEREST FOR YOU?

of High Class Suramer Dresses a manufacture; too many kinds in detail. Dresses that until at have been selling for from 99. Half price, of course, re- to from..... \$1.25 to \$3.95

other lines of Dresses to sell at es. For example:

for 39c

for 39c

for 69c

Y Co. LIMITED.

James Street Montreal

Etc.

ES for this month in ns, Brass and OS, Mattresses,

FULLY FILLED.

EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 CATHERINE STREET.

ed to Borrow

HAEL'S PARISH.

QUE and TRUSTEES OF

of this City, are desirous money in sums of One Hun- more, at four and a half per a, to be used in the construc- church on St. Denis street details apply to

John P. Kiernan, P.P., 602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL.

IOR COURT.

OF QUEBEC,

of Montreal.

645.

ucky, of the village of e, of the township of the County of Water- province of Ontario, gen-

Plaintiff,

vs.

in & Co., of the city of e Province of Ontario, ant,

Defendant.

and Meldrum & Co., Tiers-Saisie.

is ordered to appear nth.

August 22, 1903.

J. A. GIRARD, Dep. Prothonotary.

TRIBEY, attorney for plaintiff.

Catholic Young Men Discuss Public Questions.

The second annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society was held at Hull, England, recently. The "Catholic Times," of Liverpool, devotes a page to the report of the proceedings which included a discussion of various questions of great practical interest. After attending High Mass at St. Charles, at which several prelates assisted, the delegates took up the work of the conference as mapped out in the programme, with much enthusiasm.

A paper on "Baneful Literature" by Abbot Smith, dwelt on the importance of cultivating a sound Catholic taste. Such a taste, he said, can only be acquired by the reading and thinking over and making one's own the best in Catholic literature; and as a good literary taste requires guidance in its beginning so a sound Catholic taste requires for its beginning at least a like guidance. In many cases and in many parishes it can only be his, but there are places not a few in which the guidance will be better because it comes from the cultured Catholic layman. And believing this as I do, I say that there is a field of usefulness for our educated Catholic laymen which, I am sorry to have to say, very many of them neglect. All who give to those amongst them who honor themselves to this quiet good work, who bring their influence and their knowledge and their cultivated taste to the assistance of those who have not enjoyed the social advantages as themselves.

On the "Catholic Press," Dom. Gilbert Higgins, says the report, made it clear that he was considering only that portion of the press which is represented by newspapers. After pointing out and illustrating the undeniable fact that newspaper-reading is almost the only channel through which men take in knowledge to-day, the writer put himself the question whether this diet when confined to the daily, that is, the non-Catholic press, was capable of building up a man's spiritual constitution and contained the elements necessary for the life of a Christian soldier. This question was answered in the negative. The hurtful ingredients to be found mixed too often with much that is good, interesting, and well written in the non-Catholic press were brought under the notice of the conference.

And first of all Canon Higgins delivered a straight blow from the shoulder at the vile and poisonous garbage served up even by respectable daily papers, but especially by several weeklies, in the shape of divorce court reports, these often containing details more foul and noxious than could be found in a score of French novels. The publication of this kind of news was the peculiar disgrace of the British press; the introduction of such deadly literature into Christian homes where it would fall under the eyes of children was a crime against one's country, one's religion and one's God. Such newspapers did the devil's work and sapped the innocence of Catholic youths and maidens.

The Catholic young men of Great Britain should take note of this increasing evil. Even when they confined themselves to news and passing occurrences, the daily papers were productive of much harm—but they did not remain within those limits. "There is," said the lecturer, "no subject under the sun which you do not find ventilated in the daily press. Literature and science, political economy and the momentous questions concerning land and labor, the most intricate problems of morality, philosophy, dogma, the Creeds and the Holy Bible itself—all are laid under contribution and made to contribute some spicy tit-bit, telling paragraph, lively letters, or ponderous leader. Now, with all the talent at the command of a well-endowed news-

paper, we may be certain that many of these serious subjects will be dealt with hurriedly and meagrely. In many cases they will be 'ex-parte' statements, assertions advanced without a sufficient survey of the whole field, pronouncements colored by personal or national sympathies and antipathies, utterances, too often the feeble offspring of an alliance between irreverence and bigotry." It was to be regretted that so many minds were daily saturated with incorrect, incomplete and distorted notions on subjects seriously affecting the present and the future life. It was sad to think that heresy and infidelity were being daily absorbed through non-Catholic papers into the intellectual and moral system of Catholic readers, and working deadly havoc with souls redeemed by the Most Precious Blood. What was the antidote for that alarming condition of things? Reading, they might be sure, would go on; newspaper-reading would continue to hold the lead.

The remedy was to be found in replacing dangerous reading by safe reading, bad by good, poisonous food by sound, wholesome, muscle-forming. The Protestant newspaper should be at least supplemented by the Catholic newspaper. "The value of the Catholic press," continued the Austin Canon, "cannot be exaggerated. Its power as an educator—as an advocate of justice and freedom, and as an exponent of truth is to-day recognized by friend and foe alike. It has not always been so. In more than one continental, even Catholic, country newspapers have been looked upon with disfavor, or half-heartedly supported by those who should have been the best friends of the Catholic press. A contemporary French journalist—with all of whose views I should not like to identify myself—said not long ago to the religious of France: 'Had you been subscribers to the Catholic press, had you put some of your money, say half a million of francs (£20,000) into it, you would not now be the victims of spoliation and injustice, for our organs would have been disseminated through town and village, and would have brought the justice of your cause under the eyes of millions of voters who are now poisoned against you and become the tools of your oppressors.'

Those Catholics who never read their own press become "gradually infected with altogether wrong notions about their Church, her ministers, her religious orders—the morality of Catholic nations and their commercial, industrial or intellectual standing. On the other hand, everything that is non-Catholic is lauded, Protestantism is made, through constant reiteration, to stand for purity, liberty, truth, chivalry, incorruptibility, education, tolerance and religion. By reason of this unconcealed and persistent policy of the non-Catholic press it becomes more and more incumbent upon Catholics to support their own newspapers and thus to make themselves familiar with the true state of public thoughts and affairs at home and abroad. Our own weekly journals deserve encouragement. They are doing good work and defending a good cause. Their columns contain news about the Catholic world that should be welcome to every true-hearted and loyal subject of the Kingdom of God. By incident and by teaching they often kindle in our bosom a generous devotion to Faith and Fatherland.

Many a mistake is corrected, many a calumny exposed, many a bigoted charge refuted in the columns of our penny papers. We gain by reading them a better idea of our position in the world—a clearer view of the difficulties with which the Church has to contend in many a clime, and especially are we helped by our Catholic newspapers to see the part we must play in England's restoration of the 'Faith once delivered unto the saints.' To her Catholic sons the Church in this country looks for help in her war against sin, ignorance, and bigotry. If they would engage in her service they would find in the Catholic press a most effective weapon of offence and defence. Let the Catholic young men of Great Britain take every week a Catholic paper, and when they have read it, let them observe the golden rule of the Catholic Newspaper Guild—never destroy a Catholic

newspaper but pass it on; send it to a friend, to a workhouse, or a hospital; leave it in a tram or train for the benefit of another—whatever Protestant paper may be bought, see that you buy every week a Catholic one—read it and pass it on. Let every Catholic young man do his best to spread the Catholic newspaper press throughout the land."

On the question of the recent "Education Act," Dr. Sparrow closed a most interesting paper in the following words:—"There is no reason why our bright boys from our elementary schools should not profit by the free scholarships at the grammar and technical schools, and the Young Men's Societies can do much in the way of urging parents not to take their children away early from school, nor for the sake of a trifling immediate pecuniary advantage forfeit the immense future benefit the children would derive from two or three more years of education. Too long have we been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and if we can persuade the majority of our people to educate their children and to live soberly, I have great faith in the conversion of England. Now is our opportunity; let us rise to the occasion and, taking the tide at the flood, be led to fortune."

In a paper on "Gambling and Betting," Mr. John O'Hara said:—"For national advancement, whether intellectual, spiritual, or moral, people generally would be prepared to make many sacrifices. But he submitted to them that the gambling of the present day, especially in relation to the turf, had none of those qualities. And, therefore, all the more should its existence be deplored. They would be acquainted with the evidence given from so many quarters during the sitting of the Royal Commission on the subject. There was consolation in the fact that the legislature recognized that some amount of responsibility rested upon it in relation to that matter. Personally he would have greater faith in its intentions were the State Department, which was responsible, less eager to use the widespread habit of gambling as a source of revenue. He had little hope of making any great advance with the reform through the medium of the Houses of Parliament. His own belief was in individual effort; each one could do much by his personal influence to stem the tide that had advanced so quickly of late years and that was daily submerging many who otherwise would be bright ornaments to life and who could succeed in winning for themselves careers of usefulness and honor."

Mr. C. Quinn in his admirable study of "Societies" said:—"The Catholic population of England and Scotland at the present time was, said Mr. Quinn, estimated at 1,933,000. Of these 600,000 were men over twenty-one years of age. The returns for this conference showed one hundred and four branches of the Catholic Young Men's Society, with a total membership of 14,000. These included forty Boys' Guilds which had over a thousand members. This meant that although the Society had been established in Great Britain for forty-nine years, it had at present but a very small proportion of the available strength of the Church. It was true that ever since its inception the Society had progressed numerically, but the rate of advance had been so slow that even the least sanguine must feel disappointment and surprise.

When they considered the advantages which the Society offered, from whatever standpoint they viewed it, their surprise and regret were only intensified. How, then, could they account for their comparative smallness of numbers? In two ways. Firstly, by the scarcity of branches. Secondly, by the failure of existing branches to attract members. Strange though it might seem the first and principal cause was the outcome of one of their wisest and fundamental rules—that which referred to the chaplain or spiritual director. No society could be formed except through or by the rector of the mission, the central council having no more power in initiating a branch than it had in the working of a branch already in operation. The rector or chaplain established the society which was, as it were, a limited monarchy, a sort of miniature English constitution, for whilst the chaplain exercised no constructive power, he vetoed anything which he considered disadvantageous to the Society. Without hesitation they might affirm that this rule had worked admirably, and was a striking testimony, if such were needed, to the foresight of those who formulated it. During its lengthy existence the Young Men's Society had passed through none of those crises which

so often marked the decline of organizations such as theirs; and this was undoubtedly due to the wisdom and care exercised by the chaplains in conducting and guiding their branches. Yet in the formation of societies this excellent rule had what might be termed the defects of its qualities. The reason was not far to seek. Almost all their clergy, and particularly those in large towns and cities, were working continuously at high pressure the whole week through, their sacred duties often keeping them engaged from twelve to sixteen hours a day. They could not, accordingly, be surprised that so few young men's societies had been started by the clergy. To whom, then, must they look to take the initiative in the formation of new branches? Undoubtedly to their present members. If small deputations were sent by the branches to interview the rectors of those parishes where the society was not established there was no doubt that many new branches would be formed. This was the period of lay co-operation with the clergy, who were grateful for any assistance they could give them. Personal interviews did far greater good than written communications in matters of detail like these and helped to remove the misconceptions as to the constitution of the society which existed in the minds of those who had no opportunity of acquainting themselves with its working.

Individual members could do much to propagate the work, for there must be many each year who, for business reasons, changed their residences, and went into towns and parishes where the society was unknown. Yet few of these took sufficient interest in the organization to endeavor to have branches established in their new localities; especially their returns would show much larger numbers. And this brought him to what he had stated to be the second cause of their retarded progress, viz., the failure of the existing branches to attract members. Too often they saw not only a slothful indifference displayed, but they found the same members, despite their remissness, elected year after year to office. What, then, did many of the societies lack? Enthusiasm. What did they want? Vigor and energy infused into them. Two or three members who knew their rules, and who would insist upon their observance, could develop a new spirit in a very short time. And the necessity for a systematic and compact organization became more apparent each year.

In the course of a spirited address Count Arthur Moore made the following plea for greater public spirit in Catholic ranks. He said:—"I believe there is a glorious future before the Church in this country. Nobody expects to wake up some fine morning and find England Catholic from end to end. But what we do believe, and what every hour leads us to believe will be the case is that Catholic opinion and Catholic principle will every day have greater weight and greater influence in the counsels of the Empire. Much depends upon the Catholic young men of the day, still more depends upon the Catholic journalists, who have the weighty responsibility of defending Catholic doctrine and explaining Catholic practice. You have, then, a great work and a great future before you if you only do exert yourselves to the full. My advice to you is, throw yourselves heart and soul into the life of the country. Beware of that fatal disease of apathy, which is a sort of dry rot in the body politic. Throw yourselves into the national life, municipal and Parliamentary. Let every man be on the Parliamentary and municipal register, and make your influence felt on the Board of Guardians, the Town Council or Corporation, and in the Imperial Parliament itself. Good men ought to be up and doing, and taking part in questions affecting the public welfare. There are many questions on which you can and ought to unite. There is this all-important one of religious education in England. Then there is our University education question in Ireland. I believe that the settling of this question would strengthen the Church in England more than anything else that could be done, and I look forward to the time when you will be sending your sons across the Channel in quest of learning. In your municipalities encourage the spread of sound literature and do all that you can to check what is vicious and unwholesome. Stop the leakage amongst the children of the poor. Don't forget the propaganda in favor of the working classes instituted by Leo XIII. Don't forget to use the press for the vindication of the truth. Be good citizens and neighbors and earnest workers. Remember what Carlyle said: 'All speech and rumor are short-lived, foolish, untrue. Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder Himself.'

Some Anniversaries Of This Month.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Each month has its anniversaries, apart from those of a religious character, which are certainly of interest, but which are not always known. If we take the trouble to look for them we will find that even each day of the year is many times over an anniversary. We will briefly run over a few of this month. Monday, the 10th of August, was to us a very important day. On the 10th August—feast of St. Lawrence—Jacques Cartier discovered Canada, and called the majestic river that flows by our city after the saint whom the Church honors on that day.

It was on the 10th of August, 1498, that Columbus discovered the continent of South America. Two great discoveries, with a distance of only thirty-seven years between them yet both affecting the world in general in a most sensible manner. On the 10th August, 1792, the Palace of the Tuilleries was stormed, in Paris, by the revolutionists, and the fearful Reign of Terror, the most tragic episode in the world's history, commenced.

On the 10th August, 1636, the famed Four Masters completed those Annals which have ever since been one of the glories of Irish literature. And on the 10th August, 1675, the famed Observatory of Greenwich was founded; an institution of scientific value that has ever since held sway in its particular sphere of utility.

The 11th August, 1763, saw the birth of one destined to make a great name for himself as Gen. Victor Moreau. He who fought so many famed battles and whose invincible sword carved many a path to glory for the armies of France. It was on the 11th August that good Bishop Fenwick of Boston, died, in 1846, and on the same date, but away back in 1492, Alexander VI., the intimate friend of Columbus, ascended the Papal throne. The 11th August is also a sad anniversary for the daughters of Ste. Ursule, for on that day, in 1834, their splendid convent at Charlestown was entirely destroyed by fire.

On the 12th August, 1676, King Philip, the good and brilliant patron of letters, departed this life. Another death, but of another character, and of a man of a very different character, took place on the 12th August, 1822, when Lord Castle-reagh committed suicide. The first Mass was offered up in Canada on the 12th August, 1615. That is to say in Western Canada. Two memorable births also are commemorated on the 12th August: one of Patrick McDowell, the great Irish sculptor, in 1799; the other of the poet Southey, in 1774. The Act of the Re-settlement of Ireland by English Protestants was passed on the 12th August, 1652. And two hundred and fifty-one years later—in this year 1903, the House of Lords has passed the Irish Land Bill. What a mighty change in two centuries and a half. It was also on the 12th August, 1868, that Thaddeus Stevens died.

The 13th August seems to have been a fateful, if not to say a fatal day, as far as anniversaries go. Any one who clings to the old superstition of the 13th may find consolation—if they consider it as such—in the fact that it was on the 13th August, 1822, that the great Syrian earthquake took place, whereby 20,000 people were killed. On the 13th August, 1620, the first cargo of slaves was brought to Virginia—the initial step in that abominable traffic which led, two hundred and forty years later, to the outbreak of the American Civil War. On the 13th August, 582, the great Emperor Tiberius II., died, and Pope Sixtus IV. died on the 13th August, 1484.

The 14th August is a day of fatal anniversaries, save in one case. On 14th August, 1464, Pope Pius II. departed this life. It was the anniversary of the death of the cruel tyrant and persecutor of the Christians, Emperor Valens, who had paid his last debt in 378. But the 14th August, 1598, witnessed the great Irish victory of Yellow Ford.

The 15th August seems to have been a day of happier anniversaries. On that day, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born; and on the same day, 1771, Sir Walter Scott came into the world. In 1858, on the 15th August, the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York city was laid. And away back in

the glorious past, on the 15th August, 1599, Red Hugh O'Donnell routed the entire English army from Sligo. We pass over all such historical events and we seem not to recall them; but it is of benefit sometimes to bring them to memory.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Pa., Sunday vigorously denounced Sunday excursions, and commanded all Catholic organizations to desist from conducting them in the future. The denunciation has caused much concern to a number of Catholic organizations which have arranged for Sunday excursions this summer.

A VICTIM OF DROPSY

CURED AFTER DOCTORS PRO-NOUNCED HIS CASE HOPE-LESS.

Limbs Swollen Until He Had Become a Bloated Helpless Mass—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought the Cure.

In the little village of Rodney, not far from the mining town of Springhill, N.S., lives Mr. James Stevens, a quiet, middle-aged man, who though living an unobtrusive life, has lately been much talked of as having been the subject of a cure pronounced by all familiar with the circumstances as scarcely less than miraculous. The disease, which some two years ago prostrated Mr. Stevens, came upon him gradually. There was an increasing feeling of general lassitude; the kidneys did not rightly perform their function, and then the body began to bloat. This feeling continued extending to the extremities, until Mr. Stevens became a helpless, bloated mass of flesh. A finger pressed upon the bloated flesh would leave a mark all day. The urinary weakness became painful and distressing, the passages becoming very frequent. Doctors diagnosed the trouble as dropsy, but as their remedies failed to effect a cure, they pronounced the trouble incurable. At this stage, the case of a neighbor who had been cured after a long and painful illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was recalled, and it was decided to give the pills a trial. By the time the second box was used, the swelling began to decrease, the passage of the urine was less frequent, and the patient was inspired with fresh hope. The use of the pills for some time longer set Mr. Stevens upon his feet again a cured man. The limbs were restored to a healthy condition, his weight became normal, the kidneys resumed their functions healthfully, and to-day Mr. Stevens goes about his daily work a good specimen of hardy, healthy Canadian manhood. His restoration is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he does not hesitate to strongly recommend them.

To the casual reader cases like this may seem remarkable, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have, in reality, cured thousands of cases pronounced by doctors to be incurable. These pills make new, rich blood with every dose, and in this way tone and strengthen every organ in the body, driving out disease and restoring the patient to health after all other means have failed. Those who are weak and ailing, or who suffer from chronic diseases, should not waste money and valuable time experimenting with other medicines, but should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, if they wish to be restored to full health. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Golden Jubilee.

The Catholics of Vermont celebrated the golden jubilee of the diocese of Burlington on July 29. It was a day long to be remembered, and one which called to mind the remarkable growth of the Church in Vermont under the supervision of the late Right Rev. Louis de Goezbrand and his able successor, Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud. From a handful of priests in the State, and not a single school or institution of any kind, to eighty-six churches, school and hospital buildings, included in fifty-six parishes, with a membership of 70,000—such is the record of the work of the Church in fifty years.

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

The unfortunate Hardress in the meantime strayed onward through the hall of the cottage, with the feeling of a man who has just escaped from the hands of justice. He entered another room appropriated to the female guests, where Mrs. O'Connell presided at the tea-table. The gradation of ranks in this apartment was similar to that in the other, but the company was not quite so scrupulous in the maintenance of silence. A general and very audible whispering conversation was carried on, in which a few young gentlemen who were sprinkled among the ladies, took no inactive part. A hush, of some moments' duration, took place on the entrance of Hardress, and a hundred curious eyes were turned on his figure. His extreme paleness, the wildness of his eyes, and the ghastly attempt at courtesy which he made as he entered, occasioned a degree of general surprise. He passed on, and took his seat by the side of Mrs. O'Connell, who, like Mihil, placed his agitation to the account of sympathy, and entered him at once upon her list of favorites.

A number of young ladies were seated on the right of this good lady, and at a distance from the long table, round which were placed a number of females of an humbler rank dressed out in all their finery, and doing honor to Mrs. O'Connell's tea and coffee. One or two young gentlemen were waiting on the small circle of ladies, who set apart near the fire, with tea, cake, toast, etc. The younger of the two, a handsome lad, of a cultivated figure, seemed wholly occupied in showing off his grace and gallantry. The other, a grave wag, strove to amuse the ladies by paying a mock ceremonious attention to the tradesmen's wives and daughters at the other side of the fire, and to amuse himself by provoking the ladies to laugh.

Revolutions in private, as in public life, are occasions which call into action the noblest and meanest principles of our nature—the extremes of generosity and of selfishness. As Lowry Looby took away the tea-service, he encountered in the hall and kitchen, a few sullen and discontented faces. Some complained that they had not experienced the slightest attention since their arrival and others declared, they had not got "as much as one cup o' tay."

"Why, then, mend ye!" said Lowry, "why didn't you call for it?" Do you think people that's in trouble that way, has nothing else to do but to be thinkin' o' ye an' o' yer aitin' an' drinkin'! What talk it is! There's people in this world, I b'lieve, that thinks more o' their own little finger than o' the lives an' fortunes o' all the rest."

So saying, he took a chair before the large kitchen fire which, like those in the other two apartments, was surrounded by a class of watchers. On a wooden form at one side, were seated the female servants of the house, opposite to them the hearse-driver, the mutes, the drivers of two or three hack-carriages, and one or two of the gentlemen's servants. The table was covered with bread, jugs of punch, and cork porter. A few, exhausted by the preceding night's watching and overpowered by the heat of the fire, were lying asleep in various postures, on the settle-bed at the farther end.

"'Twill be a good funeral," said the hearse-driver, laying aside the mug of porter, from which he had just taken a refreshing draught.

"If it isn't, it ought," said Lowry; "they're people, sir, that are well known in the country."

"Surely, surely," said one of the hack-coachmen, taking a pipe from the corner of his mouth, "an' well lived, too, by all accounts."

"Ah, she was a queen of a little woman," said Lowry. "She was too good for this world. Oh, vo' where's the use o' talking at all! Sure 'twas only a few days since I was salting the bacon at the table over, an' she standin' a near me, knitting. 'I'm afraid, Lowry,' says she, 'we won't find that bacon enough; I'm sorry I didn't get another o' them pigs killed.' Little she thought that time that they'd outlast herself. She never lived to see 'em in pickle!"

A pause of deep affliction followed this speech, which was once more broken by the hearse-driver.

"The grandest funeral," said he,

"that ever I see in my life, was that of the Marquis of Watherford, father to the present man. It was a sight for a king. There was six men marching out before the hearse, with gold sticks in their hands, and as much black silk about 'em as a lady. The coffin was covered all over with black velvet an' goold, an' there was his name above upon the top of it, on a great goold plate intirely, that was shining like the sun. I never seen such a sight before nor since. There was forty-six carriages after the hearse, an' every one of 'em belonging to a lord, or an estate man at the laste. It flogged all the shows I ever see since I was able to walk the ground."

The eyes of the whole party were fixed in admiration upon the speaker, while he made the above oration with much importance of look and gesture. Lowry, who felt that poor Mrs. Daly's funeral must necessarily shrink into significance in comparison with this magnificent description, endeavored to diminish its effect upon the imaginations of the company by a few philosophical remarks.

"'Twas a great funeral, surely," he began.

"Great!" exclaimed the hearse-driver; "it was worth walking to Watherford to see it."

"Them that has money," added Lowry, "can easily find means to sport it. An' still for all, now sir, if a man was to look into the rights o' the thing, what was the good o' all that? What was the good of it for him that was in the hearse, or for them that wor after it? The Lord save us, it isn't what goold an' silver they had upon their hearse, they'll be axed where they are going; only what use they made of the goold an' silver that was given them in this world. 'Tisn't how many carriages was after 'em, but how many good actions went before 'em; nor how they were buried, they'll be axed, but how they lived. Them are the questions, the Lord save us, that'll be put to us all, one day; an' them are the questions that Mrs. Daly could answer this night as well as the Marquis of Watherford, or any other lord or marquis in the land."

The appeal was perfectly successful; the procession of the marquis, the gold sticks, the velvet, and the forty-six carriages were forgotten; the hearse-driver resumed his mug of porter, and the remainder of the company returned to their attitudes of silence and dejection.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW THE WAKE CONCLUDED.

It was intended that the funeral should proceed at daybreak. Towards the close of a hurried breakfast, which the guests took by candle-light, the tinkling of a small silver bell summoned them to an early Mass, which was being celebrated in the room of the dead. As Hardress obeyed its call, he found the apartment already crowded, and a number of the domestics and other dependents of the family kneeling at the door and in the hall. The low murmur of the clergyman's voice was only interrupted occasionally by a faint moan, or a short, thick sob, heard amid the crowd. The density of the press around the door prevented Hardress from ascertaining the individuals from whom those sounds of affliction proceeded.

When the ceremony had concluded, and when the room became less thronged, he entered and took his place near the window. There was some whispering between Mrs. O'Connell, his father, Hepton Connolly, and one or two other friends of the family. They were endeavoring to contrive some means for withdrawing Kyrle and his father from the apartment, while the most mournful crisis of this domestic calamity was carried on—the removal of the coffin from the dwelling of its perished in-

mate. Mr. Daly seemed to have some suspicion of an attempt of this kind, for he had taken his seat close by the bed's head, and sat erect in his chair, with a look of fixed and even gloomy resolution. Kyrle was standing at the head of the coffin, his arms crossed upon the bed, his face buried between them, and his whole frame as motionless as that of one in deep slumber. The priest was unvesting himself at the table near the window, which had been elevated a little, so as to serve for an altar. The clerk was at his side, placing the chalice, altar-table near the window, which had thickened according as they were folded. A few old women still remained at the foot of the bed, rocking their persons from side to side, and often striking their bosoms with the cross of the long rosary. The candles were now almost burnt down and smouldering in their sockets, and the winter dawn, which broke through the open window was gradually overmastering their yellow and imperfect light.

"Kyrle," said Hepton Connolly, in a whisper, touching the arm of the afflicted son, "come with me into the parlor for an instant; I want to speak to you."

Kyrle raised his head, and started on the speaker, like one who suddenly wakes from a long sleep. Connolly took him by the sleeve, with an urgent look, and led him passively out of the apartment.

Mr. Daly saw the manoeuvre, but he did not appear to notice it. He kept the same rigid, set position, and looked straight forward with the same determined and unflinching glance as if he feared the slightest movement might unhinge his resolution.

"Daly," said Mr. Cregan, advancing to his side, "Mr. Neville, the clergyman, wishes to speak to you in the middle room."

"I will not leave this!" said the widower in a low, short, and muttering voice, while his eyes filled up with a gloomy fire, and his manner resembled that of a tigress who suspects some invasion of her young, but endeavors to conceal that suspicion until the first stroke is made—"I will not stir from this, sir, if you please."

Mr. Cregan turned away at once, and cast a desponding look at Mrs. O'Connell. That lady lowered her eyelids significantly, and glanced at the door. Mr. Cregan at once retired, beckoning to his son that he might follow him.

Mrs. O'Connell now took upon herself the task which had proved so complete a failure in the hands of Mr. Cregan. She leaned over her brother's chair laid her hand on his, and said in an earnest voice:—

"Charles, will you come with me to the parlor for one moment?"

"I will not," replied Mr. Daly, in the same hoarse tone—"I will not go, ma'am, if you please?"

Mrs. O'Connell pressed his hand, and stooped over his shoulder. "Charles," she continued, with increasing earnestness, "will you refuse me this request?"

"If you please," said the bearded husband, "I will not go, indeed, ma'am, I won't stir!"

"Now is the time, Charles, to show that you can be resigned. I feel for you—indeed I do—but you must deny yourself. Remember your duty to Heaven, and to your children, and to yourself. Come with me, my dear Charles."

The old man trembled violently, turned round on his chair, and fixed his eyes upon his sister.

"Mary," said he, with a broken voice, "this is the last half hour that I shall ever spend with Sally in this world, and do not take me from her."

"I would not," said the good lady, unable to restrain her tears. "I would not, my dear Charles. But you know her well. You know how she would act if she were in your place. Act that way, Charles, and that is the greatest kindness you can show to Sally now."

"Take me where you please," cried the old man, stretching out his arms, and bursting into a fit of convulsive weeping. "Oh, Sally," he exclaimed, turning round and stretching his arms towards the coffin, as he reached the door—"Oh, Sally—is this the way that we are parted after all? This day, I thought your friends would have been visiting you and you babe in health, and happiness. They are come to visit

you, my darling, but it is in your coffin, not in your bed, they find you! They are come, not to your babe's christening, but to your own funeral. For the last time, now, good-bye, my darling Sally. It is not now to say good-bye for an hour, or good-bye for a day, or for a week—but for ever and for ever. God be with you Sally! For ever and ever! They are little words, Mary!" he added, turning to his weeping sister, "but there's a deal of grief in them. Well, now, Sally, my days are done for in this world. It is time for me now to think of a better life. I am satisfied. Far be it from me to murmur. My life was too happy, Mary, and I was becoming too fond of it. This will teach me to despise a great many things that I valued highly until yesterday, and to warn my children to despise them likewise. I believe, Mary, of everything in this world went on as we could wish, it might tempt us to forget that there was another before us. This is my comfort, and it must be my comfort now for evermore. Take me where you please now, Mary, and let them take her too, wherever they desire. Oh, Sally, my poor love, it is not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, that I shall feel your loss;—but when weeks and months are gone by, and when I am sitting all alone by the fire-side, or when I am talking of you to my orphan children. It is then, Sally, that I shall feel what happened yesterday! That is the time when I shall think of you, and of all our happy days, until my heart is breaking in my bosom!" These last sentences the old man spoke standing erect, with his hands clenched and trembling above his head, his eyes filled up and fixed on the coffin, and every feature swollen and quivering with strong emotion. As he concluded, he sank, exhausted by the passionate lament, upon the shoulder of his sister.

Almost at the same instant, little Sally came peeping in at the door, with a face of innocent wonder and timidity. Mrs. O'Connell, with the quick feeling of a woman, took advantage of the incident to create a diversion in the mind of her brother.

"My dear Charles," she said, "do try and conquer this dejection. You will not be so lonely as you think. Look there, Charles; you have got a Sally still to care for you."

The aged father glanced a quick eye around him, and met the sweet and simple gaze of this little innocent, upturned to seek his own. He shook his sister's hand forcibly, and said with vehemence:—

"Mary, Mary! I thank you! From my heart I am obliged to you for this!"

He caught the little child to his breast, devoured it with kisses and murmurs of passionate fondness, and hurried with it, as with a treasure, to a distant part of the dwelling.

Mr. Cregan, in the meanwhile, had been engaged, at the request of Mrs. O'Connell, in giving out the gloves, scarfs, and cypresses in the room which, on the preceding night had been allotted to the female guests. In this matter, too, the selfishness of unworthy individuals was made to appear, in their struggles for precedence, and in their dissatisfaction at being neglected in the allotment of the funeral favors. In justice, however, it should be stated, that the number of those unfeeling individuals was inconsiderable.

The last and keenest trial was now to begin. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of men to the hearse, which was drawn up at the hall-door. The hearse-driver had taken his seat, the mourners were already in the carriages, and a great crowd of horsemen and people on foot, were assembled around the front of the house, along the avenue, and on the road. The female servants of the family were dressed in scarfs and huge-head-dresses of white linen. The household and Winny sat on the coffin, and three or four followed on an outside jaunting-car. In this order the procession began to move, and the remains of this kind mistress and affectionate wife and parent, were borne away for ever from the mansion which she had blessed so many years by her gentle government.

The scene of desolation which prevailed from the time at which the coffin was first taken from the room, until the whole procession had passed out of sight, it would be a vain effort to describe. The shrieks of the women and children pierced the ears and the hearts of the multitude. Every room presented a picture of affliction. Female figures flying to and fro, with expanded arms, and cries of heart-broken sorrow; children weeping and sobbing aloud in each other's arms; men clenching their hands close, and stifling the strong sympathy that was making battle for loud utterance in their breasts; and the low moans of exhausted agony which proceeded from the mourning coaches that held the father, Kyrle Daly, and the two

nearest sons. In the midst of these affecting sounds, the hearse began to move, and was followed to a long distance on its way by the wild lament that broke from the open doors and windows of the now forsaken dwelling.

"Oh, mistress!" exclaimed Lowry Looby, as he stood at the avenue gate, clapping his hands and weeping, while he gazed not without a sentiment of melancholy pride, on the long array which lined the uneven road, and saw the black hearse-plumes becoming indistinct in the distance, while the rear of the funeral train was yet passing him by—"Oh, mistress! mistress! 'tis now I see that you are gone in earnest. I never would believe that you wor lost, until I saw your coffin goin' out o' the doores!"

From the date of this calamity a change was observed to have taken place in the characters and manners of this amiable family, the war of instant affliction passed away, but it left deep and perceptible traces in the household. The Dalys became more grave and more religious; their tone of conversation of a deeper turn, and the manner, even of the younger children, more staid and thoughtful. Their natural mirth (the child of good nature and conscious innocence of heart) was not extinguished; the flame lit up again as time rolled on, but it burned with a calmer, fainter, and perhaps a purer radiance. Their merriment was frequent and cordial, but it never again was boisterous. With the unhappy father, however, the case was different. He never rallied; the harmony of his existence was destroyed, and he seemed to have lost all interest in those occupations of rural industry which had filled up a great proportion of his time from boyhood. Still, from a feeling of duty, he was exact and diligent in the performance of those obligations, but he executed them as a task, not as a pleasure. He might still be found at morning superintending his workmen at their agricultural employments, but he did not join so heartily as of old in the merry jests and tales which made their labor light. It seemed as if he had, on that morning, touched the perihelium of his existence, and from that hour the warmth and sunshine of his course was destined to decline from day to day.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW HARDRESS AT LENGTH RECEIVED SOME NEWS OF ELLY.

The marriage of Hardress Cregan and Anne Chute was postponed for some time in consequence of the affliction of their old friends. Nothing, in the meantime, was heard of Elly or her escort; and the remorse and suspense endured by Hardress began to affect his mind and health in a degree that excited great alarm in both families. His manner to Anne, still continued the same as before they were contracted; now tender, passionate, and full of an intense affection, and now sullen, short, intemperate, and gloomy. Her feelings, too, towards him, continued still unchanged. His frequent unkindness pained her to the soul, but she attributed all to a natural or acquired weakness of temper, and trusted to time and to her own assiduous gentleness to cure him. He had yet done nothing to show himself unworthy of her esteem, and while this continued to be the case, her love could not be shaken by mere infirmities of manner, the result, probably, of his uncertain health, for which he had her pity, rather than resentment.

But on Mrs. Cregan it produced a more serious impression. In her frequent conversations with her son, he had, in the agony of his heart betrayed the workings of a deeper passion and a darker recollection than she had ever imagined possible. It became evident to her, from many hints let fall in his paroxysms of anxiety, that Hardress had done something to put himself within the power of outraged justice, as well as that of an avenging conscience. From the moment on which she arrived at this discovery, she avoided as much as possible all further conversation on those topics with her son, and it was observed that she, too, had become subject to fits of abstraction and of seriousness in her general manner.

While the fortunes of the family remained thus stationary, the day arrived on which Hepton Connolly was to give his hunting-dinner. Hardress looked forward to this occasion with some satisfaction, in the hope that it would afford a certain degree of relief to his mind, under its present state of depression; and when the morning came he was one of the earliest men upon the ground.

The fox was said to have kennelled in the side of a hill near the river-side, which on one side was gray with limestone crag, and on the other covered with a quantity of close furze. Towards the water, a miry and winding path among the underwood led downward to an extensive marsh or corcess, which lay close to the shore. It was overgrown with a dwarfish rush and intersected with numberless little creeks and channels, which were never filled, except when the spring-tide was at the full. On a green and undulating campaign above the hill, were a considerable number of gentlemen mounted, conversing in groups, or cantering their horses around the pain, while the huntsman, whippers-in, and dogs, were busy among the furze, endeavoring to make the fox break cover. A crowd of peasants, boys and other idlers, were scattered over the green, awaiting the commencement of the sport, and amusing themselves by criticising with much sharpness of sarcasm the appearance of the horses, and the actions and manners of their riders.

The search after the fox continued for a long time without avail. The gentlemen began impatient, began to look at their watches, and to cast from time to time an apprehensive glance at the heavens. This last movement was not without a cause; the morning, which had promised fairly, began to change and darken. It was one of those sluggish days, which frequently usher in the spring season in Ireland. On the water, on land, in air, on earth, everything was motionless and calm. The boats slept on the bosom of the river. A low and dingy mist concealed the distant shores and hills of Clare. Above, the eye could discern neither cloud nor sky. A heavy haze covered the face of the heavens, from one horizon to the other. The sun was wholly veiled in mist, his place in the heavens being indicated only by the radiance of the misty shroud in that direction. A thin, drizzling shower, no heavier than a summer dew, descended on the party, and left a hoary and glistening moisture on their dresses, on the manes and forelocks of the horses, and on the face of the surrounding landscape.

"No fox today, I fear," said Mr. Cregan, riding up to one of the groups before mentioned, which comprised his son Hardress and Mr. Connolly. "At what time," he added, addressing the latter, "did you order dinner? I think there is little fear of our being late for it."

"You all deserve this," said a healthy-looking old gentleman, who was one of the group; "feather-bed sportsmen every one of you. I rode out to-day from Limerick myself, was at home before seven, went out to see the wheat shaken in, and on arriving on the ground at ten, found no one there but this young gentleman, whose thoughts seem to be hunting on other ground at this moment. When I was a young man daybreak never found me napping that way."

"Good people are scarce," said Connolly; "it is right we should take care of ourselves. Hardress, will you canter this way?"

"He is cantering elsewhere," said the same old gentleman, looking on the absent boy. "Mind that sigh. Ah! she had the heart of a stone."

"I suspect he is thinking of his dinner, rather," said his father.

"If Miss Chute had asked to make a circuit with her," said Connolly, "she would not have found it so hard to get an answer."

"Courage, sir," exclaimed the old gentleman, "she is neither wed nor dead."

"Dead, did you say?" cried Hardress, starting from his reverie. "Who says it? Ah! I see."

A burst of laughter from the gentlemen brought the young man to his recollection, and his head sunk in silence and confusion.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT EMMETT'S GRAVE.

The grave of Robert Emmett, at Dublin, was opened last Tuesday morning and the remains of a man six feet tall were found in the tomb. Emmett, however, was only five feet seven when he lived. The skull, however, was in an upright position instead of being attached to the body. There is much doubt as to the identity of the skeleton with that of the patriot.—The New World.

Report.

fit of our readers we of patents recently Canadian and American through the agency of Marion, patent Can., and Wash- relating thereto free of charge by ap- named firm.

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Brien, Montreal, Que.

Boulanger, Lac Megantic, Que. Pipe

Frankett, Keene, Ont. ing machine.

Boisvert, Providence, Que. electric semaphores.

Dore & Demers, La-Que. Acetylene gas

D STATES.

Moreau, St. Ger-Grantham, Que. moving machine.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

AGRICULTURE.—Without any preface I will, this week, reproduce another of Mr. William Evans' letters. This is the second one written concerning agriculture in Canada, and is of considerable importance. His grand idea would seem to have been to educate those engaged in agriculture, to raise farming to the level of a profession, and to fill the farmer with a lofty idea of his own importance in society and of that of his occupation. This is the letter:—

Montreal, 12th Nov., 1837.

A Letter to the Public:—

"What are the advantages that are likely to result from the useful, practical, and general education of the agricultural class?" This is a question to which I reply that an improved system of agricultural management would inevitably be introduced, by which it would be possible to augment the produce and returns obtained from the cultivated land and stock in these provinces, to double what they are at present, and in many instances, much more; and I am firmly persuaded that no material improvement will ever be effected in the agriculture of Canada until farmers do become usefully and generally educated.

It is true that agriculture may be practised by imitation, without any knowledge of its theory; but in this case it will generally remain stationary. The mere routine practitioner cannot advance, beyond the limits of his own particular experience, and can never derive instruction from such accidents as are favorable to his object, nor guard against the recurrence of such as are unfavorable. He can have no recourse for unforeseen events, but ordinary expedients; while the educated man of science resorts to general principles, refers events to their true causes, and adopts his measures to meet each case.

Dr. Spurzheim says that those who are versed in history, or understand the law of Christian charity, will join those who contend for the benefit of an instruction adopted for every class of society, and that whoever thinks it right to cultivate the mind, cannot with justice despise that others should remain ignorant.

It is a great mistake to compare the agricultural classes in Canada generally to what are termed the peasantry of other countries, who are mostly persons that have little or no property, more than what they receive for their daily labor, or those who occupy a few acres of land as tenants, paying a high rent for it. On the contrary, the rural population of Canada are proprietors of ample farms, stock, implements, etc. There can be no question of the necessity that exists that persons circumstanced as the latter class should receive a suitable education. They cannot exercise their profession to due advantage without being thus qualified; and the loss to this country that is occasioned by the absence of a judicious system of agriculture, and a consequent scanty produce, is enormous.

To any one acquainted with the real circumstances of the Irish poor it would not be a matter of surprise that those most wretchedly conditioned should be uneducated; but I have known in Ireland, poor men who worked for miserable daily wages, and who could not obtain one pound of butcher's meat for their families in six months, endeavor to pay a few pence monthly for their children at a country school. They felt their own wretched condition, and expected by giving their children education, which they had not themselves the benefit of, that they might be able to make some improvement in their lives. I admit that the children were not much benefited by these schools, because they seldom had properly qualified masters, and no good general system of education established for the country population up to the time I left home. I introduce the circumstance, however, to show that these poor Irish people were willing to deprive themselves of a part of what was necessary to support existence, in order to give education to their children, when they had nothing else to give them. They were incapable of judging whether their children were educated in such a way as to make it useful for them in after life, and hence it happened that in most

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cases the actual benefit was trifling, for the want of proper superintendence and encouragement. In that country, beyond all countries in Europe, the poor population were most egregiously mismanaged, and poverty and suffering to an appalling extent have been the consequence for centuries, and continues up to the present day.

It might be expected that the example of well managed farms, in this country, of which there are several, would be productive of much good. Many causes prevent it. Strong prejudice exists among the farmers against new modes of cultivation and management of stock, and if these will not be readily gotten over until a system of agricultural education is devised.

What may be considered by some to be the most improved system of agricultural management cannot be introduced into Canada unless it can be made profitable. Expenditure of capital and labor in any way that will not give proportionate results must be injurious to the community as well as to the individual who expends it. By practically and usefully educating the farmer he will be enabled to determine for himself the course he ought to adopt in the conduct of every part of his business. In vain is all that has been written and published for the improvement of husbandry, if farmers cannot and will not read. The manners and customs of other countries are unknown to him. They wonder and beauties which abound in the world are of little consequence to a man who cannot make himself acquainted with descriptions that are given of them. The usefulness and enjoyment of those so circumstanced must, indeed, be confined within narrow bounds. It is those who have the good fortune to be educated that will know how education is an essential element of the usefulness of man to those around him, to the world, and to his own enjoyment.

I have now fairly entered on my subject, and will come again shortly with another letter.

WILLIAM EVANS.

CAUSED BY THE HEAT.

A Rash on Baby's Skin that Often Alarms Careful Mothers.

During the summer months a rash often appears on the face, neck and body of babies and small children which is liable to alarm the careful mother. It is due to the excessive heat, and, while not dangerous, is the cause of much suffering. Immediate relief is given by dusting the eruption liberally with Baby's Own Powder, which may be had at any druggists, but to cure the trouble a medicine must be given that will cool the blood of the little sufferer. Baby's Own Tablets will be found a positive blessing in such cases, and will soon restore the clearness and beauty of baby's skin. Mrs. Clifton Cuyler, of Kincardine, Ont., says: "My baby had a rash break out on her face and all over her body. I gave her medicine, but the eruption never left her until I gave her Baby's Own Tablets, and after using them a short time the rash entirely disappeared. I have also given her the Tablets for constipation with the best of results; they act gently but promptly, and always made baby quiet and restful. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for young children." Baby's Own Tablets may be had from all druggists at 25 cents per box, and Baby's Own Powder at the same price. If you prefer to order direct they will be sent post paid on receipt of price by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

LEO'S ENCYCLICALS.

Benziger Brothers are about to publish a volume containing the best encyclical letters of Pope Leo XIII. in an English translation. They number thirty. The volume has been compiled and has a preface by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.

Household Notes.

Young white onions are very nice cooked in boiling water, sliced and served on buttered toast, like asparagus.

A delicious sweet to serve with a luncheon course is made by dipping oblong crackers in melted sweet chocolate. Place them on a buttered plate until firm and dry.

In cooking green vegetables that are to be served without the liquor, only enough water should be used to keep them from burning, otherwise the soluble nutritive qualities will be wasted.

Brush the bottom crust of pie with white of egg before putting in the fruit, to prevent the juices being absorbed and the crust soggy.

After you have made your rich brown gravy for the roast, and it is just ready to turn into the gravy-boat, add a couple of tablespoonsful of thick, sweet cream. It will lighten the color and, what is more, impart a most delicious flavor.

An old housewife says that the toughest of beef and chicken can be made tender and palatable by putting a spoonful of good cider vinegar in the pot in which it is boiling, or in the juice with which the same are basted when roasting. It does not injure the flavor in the least.

What can be done with jelly that has not hardened? Cover the top of the glasses with panes of window glass and set it in the sun for a few days, bringing it in nights and during showers. It will usually become hard. If it does not, save it for sauces, puddings and fruit cake and be more careful next time.

The Secret of Old Age.

The unfolding of the secret of a happy, useful life, and a green old age, commences in babyhood, and follows on, step by step, along well defined, harmonious lines until it passes through the gateway of death. John Ruskin, in an answer to the question, "When does the education of a child commence?" replied:—"At six months old it can answer smile with smile and impatience with impatience. It can observe, enjoy and suffer acutely, and in a measure intelligently. Do you suppose it makes no difference to it that the order of the house is perfect and quiet, the faces of its father and mother full of peace, their soft voices familiar to the ear, and even those of strangers loving, or that it is tossed from arm to arm among hard or reckless or vain minded persons in the gloom of a vicious crowd or the confusion of a gay one?"

If parents could realize how much of the prosperity, the happiness, the strength of character of the whole future life depends upon the education, mental and physical, in those days of infancy and childhood, when the home and its influence for harmony or discord, for strength or disease, is all powerful, how many human wrecks might be prevented and how much crime diminished! Given a good constitution, or even a weak constitution strengthened and developed by logical thought, in which the mind is taught to reason and act from its own observation of the laws of health, physical and mental, the secret of a long life is easy. Cheerfulness, plenty of work, moderate living and sleep, work and plan-

ty of it, properly directed, do not wear out the brain cells and derange the functions of life anything like as much as the ceaseless worry of an ill regulated life, tossed about upon an uncertain sea without the strength and character of a harmonious mind, cool, calm and self-reliant to guide and direct.

History is full of incidents illustrating the fact that tireless toilers in every department of statesmanship, literature and science, often live the longest and accomplish their greatest work after they have passed the meridian of life and their heads are frosted with age. Many of these octogenarians began life as delicate persons, but worked with a hopeful spirit, and even in their darkest days never looked upon life as a burden, but to be used wisely, with careful thought and ample preparation to overcome every obstacle and every hindrance to the accomplishment of the best possible results. If every young man or woman would take seriously to heart the great truth that it is never worth that kills, but only worry, life would be brighter for all. —Medical Times.

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

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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. McCarl, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

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NOTES

OPENING DAY.—Next week the city schools will open their scholastic term. The announcements have been made of the churches last week. Others will be made tomorrow. It is not our intention to enter any lengthy remarks concerning the duties of parents on this occasion, we take it for granted they are all aware of their obligations towards their children. We wish to insist very strongly on one point and to give, with circumspection, our reasons for it.

Each one of you will know beforehand the day upon which school commences, and you make up your mind to have your child, or your children, there that day. Not the next day, on the day fixed for the opening, and at the hour that is fixed. It is two very important reasons: Firstly, it is due to you (boy or girl), and secondly, due to the teacher, the other and the school.