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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.

CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY.

A writer signing Norman Duncan, in the publication called "The World's Work," has given a species of story intended to cast a slur not only upon the Irish Catholic, but also upon his religious and, above all, his practice of that religion. There is no wit, nor the shadow of humor in the concoction; nor is it true, nor does the insinuation that it is intended to express savor of the natural. But we find such organs as the New York "Tribune" reproducing it, and as it is one of those silly and vicious little literary insects that buzz about and poison wherever they sting, the best way to deal with it is to catch it up and stamp it out of existence. This is what Norman Duncan tells:—

There was once a Newfoundland fisherman—he chanced to be a Catholic—who, in old age, came to die. He had lived in debt all his life, and, no doubt, had never once given his whole catch to the dealer who supplied him, but had wrongfully slipped many a quintal over the side of a rival schooner and traded it out on the spot.

"Send for Fawther Rafferty," he said. "Send immediate!" He wanted to confess his sins, to be forgiven, and to depart in peace, but his old priest had been transferred to Trinity Bay—a young man, just back from Rome, was now the spiritual head of the parish.

"Sure, 'tis Fawther Codlin," they told him. "Noa, noa!" the old man protested. "Fawther Codlin's a fine young man—a clever young man, I doubt me not; but 'tis old Fawther Rafferty I wants 't hear me confession."

"An' why?" they asked. "Sure," the dying man gasped, "he knows the customs o' the country."

What will the general reader conclude from this story? Simply that the Newfoundland fisherman was an Irishman (for the attempt at a brogue that does not exist shows the intention to paint a man of that race); that he was a Catholic, (or happened to be one); that he was a cheat and a thief (for such is told in the introduction); that he wanted to make a confession to a priest whom he knew, from experience, would shut his eyes to the wrong things that he had to confess; that the old Irish priest heard confessions, and as it was a general practice for fishermen to cheat, he gave absolution without demanding restoration; finally that the priest, envied at sacrilege, and that the dying man wanted to add another sacrilege to all those of his lifetime. And that all this was due to ignorance.

This, in very plain terms, is the meaning of the story, and it suffices to brand it as false and Norman Duncan as a mean slanderer. No matter what the Irish Catholics other shortcomings may be, disregard for the sanctity of the sacrament is not of the number. In fact, no people on earth are more precise and scrupulous on this head. Then, no priests on earth are more exacting as far as the confessional goes and its duties and obligations, than the Irish priest. The consequence is that the whole story is the fabrication of a small mind, and the point sought to be made can only be designated by one term, a harsh one, but the only one suitable—it is a lie.

IRISH LAND BILL.—The session draws to a close and there is now every prospect of the Irish Land Bill becoming law when the Parliament is prorogued. The hitch that threat-

ened both the Bill and the Government has been successfully overcome, and matters of detail that remain to be considered cannot constitute, any grave impediment. That the Bill passed its second reading, with what may be practically called the unanimous consent of the House, is a fact too significant to be overlooked or ignored.

We have at hand a brief and apparently correct view of the situation as it was at the close of last week and the beginning of this one. But we cannot, at this distance, afford to pronounce or to enter into details until we are in possession of our Irish exchanges of this week. They will give us the inside workings of the entire proceedings. But from what we can judge, the Irish Parliamentary Party and its leaders have played a grand game of high and statesmanlike politics.

Here is the statement made by a correspondent of last Saturday (via France), and it seems to us to cover the situation fairly well:—

"The Government by an artificial compromise succeeds temporarily. The Irish Land Bill has been saved by concessions so large that Mr. Wyndham is accused by the men of his own party of surrendering unconditionally to the Nationalists. The effect of the amendments cannot be stated with precision, but the gift of £12,000,000 has not been increased to £20,000,000, as the Nationalists had demanded. Borrowing operations have been enlarged, however, from £100,000,000 to £150,000,000. The Nationalists, who are the best politicians in the Commons, are jubilant, and the ministerialists are relieved, and the rapid passage of the Land Bill now seems assured. Taxpayers will be freely bled, but the Government will have credit for dealing in a large way with a most troublesome and intricate question. The ministers can also wind up the session promptly and postpone the general election until the new fiscal policy has been cut and dried."

The compliment here paid to the Irish members as the "best politicians in the Commons" is not only well deserved, but is one of the brightest harbingers of future success. By thus proving the metal of which they are made and the superior legislative talents that they possess they are paving the way, all unconsciously, for legislative autonomy in the near future. To our mind it would seem that the entire British Parliament would have unbounded confidence in an Irish Local Government with John Redmond as Prime Minister, and his leading supporters in the Cabinet.

THE SEAT OF DEATH.

—If the old time gallows had its terrors there seems to us something more fearfully solemn in the silent execution of the human being who is seated in the Death Chair, to receive there the electric shock that will drive his soul, in a twinkling, into eternity. Some thirteen years ago electricity was substituted for the rope in the State of New York, and it has, apparently, proved a success. But never before were such a scene witnessed as that which take place some time during next week in the Clinton prison, at Dannemora, N.Y. It is the custom there to condemn the criminal to be executed "during the week beginning the — day of — month — next." These blanks filled in read, in this case; "during the week beginning the 6th day of July next." This option of an hour in the day, or of a day in that week, is given to the officials, who are in a position to judge to what extent

a prisoner is prepared to meet death. Sometimes a day, or a few hours, more or less, may affect him and his spirit of resignation very materially.

On this occasion the three Van Wormer brothers—Willis, Burton and Fred, aged respectively only 27, 23 and 21 years—will be led, one by one, from their condemned cells in the death house to the execution chamber, and there be put to death for the murder of their uncle, Peter Hallenbeck, a farmer, of Greenpoint, Columbia County, on Christmas Eve, 1901.

It is not for us to enter into the details of the murder. All we need say is that the boys claimed they had "gone out on a good time," and "merely wanted to have fun with the old man," and "never wanted to kill him." In the report of the case and account of the prison we are told of the many privileges accorded those who are condemned to die. Amongst others we select the following:—

"They are permitted to smoke, and each one is allowed a daily paper. Willis takes the Albany Argus and Burton gets one of the Hudson (N.Y.) dailies. Then they have about all the monthly magazines and they have read a good share of the books in the little prison library. Among the books they have read are Shakespeare's complete works, nearly all of Mark Twain's books, a few of Henty's one or two of Herbert Spencer's, besides "Daniel Deronda," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," "Adam Bede," "David Harum" and a number of works on physiology, of which they are very fond."

Here is a text in two divisions for a sermon that should stir up the very soul of the nation and draw the scales from the eyes of those who do not see the ruin that awaits the generation largely composed of young men who have been educated to such tastes as those above indicated—tastes that fashion habits, habits that lead to the Death Chair, and to something more terrible to contemplate beyond it.

Here we have three young men; on Christmas Eve, 1901, they were 19, 21 and 25 years of age respectively. Instead of preparing, after the manner of all Christians, for the great day that was to be celebrated, they go forth to perform pranks of a character that indicates lack of reflection, lack of education, lack of heart, and lack of everything that is noble or good in our human nature. We are putting the very best construction upon their conduct; we are supposing that they did not go to kill their aged uncle; that they merely wanted annoy him, to frighten him, to make him afford them "sport" or "fun" as they call it. It never flashed in the mind of one of them to go there and help to make the old man's Christmas less lonely, to join him in some kind of pleasure on such an occasion. Not one of them conceived the idea of surprising him with a Christmas gift, or playing the good Samaritan for him. Yet that would be so in harmony with the occasion. On that very eve, when angels sang "Glory to God," these three, like fallen angels go forth to do harm to the aged and lonely soul; when the hymn was "Peace on earth to men of good will," they bring death, desolation and crime—in its monstrous deformity—upon the scene. What a lesson for the young! And let it be remembered that all such deeds have their punishment. In this case it came swiftly and in a fearful form. From that unchristian celebration of that Christmas Eve they proceeded directly to the cells, whence they will next week walk to the fatal chairs that await them.

What kind of education do such as these receive? Ah, there is the question. Read the list of books that they select for their amusement during the few short days that bridge their lives in this world from the gulf of eternity. What preparations for the fearful ordeal of stepping into the presence of God. From an educational standpoint, and to prepare for a life that each of them should, in the natural course, have ahead of him. Shakespeare's works are admirable; but they will never awaken the soul to the needs of the hour, when that hour is so short and its end is so certain. Worse still the books of Mark Twain. Even in the life of a student, with a long career ahead of him, they do not constitute the most healthy and use-

ful literature. But when we find them pondering over Herbert Spencer, seeking to lull themselves into the belief that death means the end of the soul, or following the spirit of George Eliot in its perverted course through the dazzling sophistry of "Daniel Deronda," we cannot but trace, to its proper source the fate that has befallen these three victims of a pernicious system.

The Godless school, that secular education, that discards the sacred and all-salutary influences of religion, is the cause of the moral as well as life ruin of the generation to which these young men belong. And yet the Church preaches, she prays, she begs, and the world listens not, the State is deaf, the great society of to-day is heedless. But a terrible awakening is at hand, and it will rock the whole social structure to its basis even as the electric shock will shatter the lives of these three unfortunate boys.

COLLEGE RESOLUTIONS.

—There is something refreshing in the vision of the students of a Catholic college and the members of its Alumni Association uniting to raise their voices in protest against the wrongs inflicted upon the consecrated teachers of youth by the so-called Government of France. The event that has caused so much general delight throughout the land is the meeting of the olden students of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., on the occasion of the annual graduating exercises. This year's graduating class is the sixtieth that Holy Cross has sent into the world to do battle for God, the Church, and the cause of Truth. It was at the annual dinner of the Holy Cross alumni that the resolutions which we publish were moved and carried. The report of the event says:—

"It was just before the annual meeting of the alumni broke up that Thomas B. Lawler, president of the New York Alumni Association of Holy Cross, spoke of the passage of the recent association law, so called, by the French Government and he moved that a committee of three to represent the faculty, the alumni and the student body be appointed to draft resolutions protesting against the action of the French government."

His motion was carried by a unanimous vote, and Rev. Joseph F. Hanselman, S.J., who was presiding at the after dinner exercises, appointed as the committee Rev. Thomas E. Murphy, S.J., prefect of studies at the college, Thomas B. Lawler and Maurice J. Lacey of the class of 1904.

After a conference, the committee reported the following resolutions which were adopted by a unanimous vote and ordered sent to France for publication:—

Whereas, we, the faculty, alumni and students of the College of the Holy Cross, in Worcester, Mass., assembled on the occasion of our 60th annual commencement, have heard with almost incredulous amazement of the outrages perpetrated by the Government of France against the students, alumni and faculties, of the French Catholic colleges, against the pupils and teachers of all Catholic academies and schools, for girls as well as boys, and against even the aged and infirm, by the closing of Catholic colleges, convents, academies, schools, asylums and hospitals, the forced exile of thousands of French citizens innocent of any crime, the prohibition even of the preaching of the word of God and in some cases, even of private religious instruction and administration of the sacraments, the secularizing of Catholic houses of worship and even the profanation and desecration of shrines and temples; be it

Resolved, That as liberty-loving American citizens, quite apart from our feelings as Roman Catholics, we deem it a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens as well as to all the Catholics of France, to call public attention to this travesty on "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;" and we denounce and condemn the conduct of the French Premier and all those associated with him in this intolerant persecution, as subversive of all liberty, inconsistent with all equality and destructive of all fraternity.

Resolved also that we heartily sympathize with all French Catholic educators and students, with members of the teaching congregations of

men and women, with pastors and parents, with the 1,600,000 boys and girls deprived of schools and teachers, with the 250,000 aged and infirm formerly cared for by the members of Catholic congregations, and with all the Catholics of France, in this their hour of bitter trial; and we implore for them from the God of Infinite Justice the grace of patience and self-restraint."

This was the last action of the alumni, faculty and student body in an eventful day and the expression is to be sent to France in common with similar expressions from other Catholic colleges throughout the United States. The action was taken after Holy Cross had received the congratulations and well wishes of some of her sister institutions of learning, not of the Catholic faith, and after many expressions of loyalty from alumni who have won high honors since graduating from the Worcester college.

It is thus that the young voice of the men of the coming day, united with that of men who are already advanced on life's path, goes across the ocean to protest against a tyranny that has disgraced the splendid civilization of a most cultivated nation.

A JUST REBUKE.

—Somewhere we came upon a passage in an exchange which seem to us to be full of common sense. We know that the Jewish population of the entire civilized world has been stirred into a state of abnormal excitement on account of the fearful treatment to which their people have been subjected in Russia. We have no sympathy with persecution under any guise—our ancestors have left us an inheritance of detestation for all such methods—yet we cannot but look around us and wonder where is the sympathy to our co-religionists when they are persecuted by so-called civilized nations. The Hebrews have appealed to the President of the United States, and asked him to take one of two courses: To send a petition to the Czar of Russia pleading for religious liberty, or else to invite the nations of the world to send representatives to an international conference to pronounce upon persecution growing out of racial or religious prejudice. Commenting upon this action of the Hebrews the organ referred to says:—

"There is no more and no less reason for the United States interfering in the internal affairs of Russia now in behalf of the Jews than there would be for similar interference in the domestic affairs of France in behalf of the persecuted Catholic orders who are suffering such grievous wrongs there through religious prejudice or for the interference of Russia in the domestic affairs of the United States in behalf of the negroes in the southern states who have long been the victims of racial prejudice."

To this we might add the recent course taken by the representatives of the United States in regard to the Catholic natives of the Philippines, and, in fact, of all the lands that the suddenly grasping Republic to the south of us has of recent years undertaken to subjugate and annex. In fact, the calling together of such a congress would be a delightful fiasco. What nation to-day could honestly send representatives to an assembly gathered for the purpose of discussing the subject of persecution? What nation, of any importance or strength, is free from the stain of persecution—be it on account of racial or of religious prejudices? Is Russia to be represented? We need not answer the question. Is Italy one; we have only to point to the Prisoner of the Vatican. Is it France; her story is yet in the daily press. Is it Prussia; remember the Bismarckian laws. Is it England; then surely the memory Ireland must have faded. Is it America; her day of persecution is yet at its noon. No. There is scarcely a power on earth that has not persecuted our Church, and yet she has had no sympathy from the world.

A NEW MOVEMENT.

—It is wonderful to contemplate how exact nature and all laws governing it, as well as all laws governing each part of creation are perfectly balanced. Everything that emanates from the Creator bears the same unmistakable seal. In our human individual lives it is the same thing, and equally so

in regard to that great association, or organization, the Church. There is a perpetual law of compensations at work.

To-day we have in France a steady drifting away from the old Catholic moorings, and in Germany a return, just as visible to the same. In Europe untold efforts are being made to efface all religious education, and in America, while the student voices of a rising generation are raised in protest, we find older and more experienced heads, but of different creeds, devising means for the restoration and propagation of a system of religious education. An example of this we have had during the closing weeks of last month in Chicago. With the avowed purpose of maintaining a position in the field of religious education, corresponding to that of the National Teachers' Association in the field of education in general, the Religious Association has been incorporated by William R. Harper, president of the University of Chicago; Charles L. Hutchinson, vice-president of the Corn Exchange National Bank; Professor George A. Coe, of Northwestern University; L. Wilbur, secretary of the State Y. M. C. A., and George L. Robinson, of McCormick Theological Seminary. Dean Frank Knight Sanders of Yale Divinity School, is president, and the vice-presidents, sixteen in number, represent the leading religious educational institutions of the United States, regardless of creed. The objects of the Association, as stated in the official hand-book, will be:—

"1. To unify the efforts of the different agencies already engaged in various lines of work and to coordinate the work of these agencies to the end that they may accomplish wider results.

"2. To stimulate, through the publication of the information concerning the work, and by conference, the efforts of present agencies.

"3. To create new agencies where at present no agencies exist and for special lines of work in which as yet no united effort has been exerted.

"This last point would include, it is said, such branches as Church art and architecture and Church music. Efforts will also be made from a new standpoint to secure religious and moral education in the public schools."

While this Association is declared to be "regardless of creeds," it is quite evident that the Catholic Church is not included in the various branches of Christianity that are comprised in the Association. Still that does not prevent us from feeling very pleased to see such a movement on foot. The Catholic Church is all sufficient to herself in this regard and she has ever and will ever consider religious and moral education as primary requisites in all institutions for the training of the young. But, of late it has been otherwise with the divers branches of Protestantism. They have, through the system of State education, and the steady growth of antipathy towards all religious teaching in such establishments, been drifting rapidly into irrelevance and all the sad consequences of that hopeless social state.

This movement is but the practical result—as a stern necessity for Protestant Christianity—of the attitude of the Catholic Church. In the inverse ratio of her advancement along the pathway of religious instruction do we behold the other Christian elements falling behind. Some effort must be made if they will not be eventually effaced as far as any educational influence of a religious character is concerned. This movement will fan the smouldering embers into a new life; and that is exactly the life that is calculated to lead on towards final Catholicity. It is thus that compensation operates and in the end the Church triumphs, and all the powers of either direct enemies or of opponents combine in securing her ultimate victory—the victory of Truth.

NO FREE TEXT BOOKS.

Judge Burke, of Chicago, has delivered an opinion on behalf of the branch Appellate Court sustaining the decree of the Circuit Court, which perpetually enjoins the Board of Education from purchasing or distributing school books or text-books for the use of pupils of the first four grades of the elementary schools.

Our Curbstone Observer On Enthusiasm.

HERE is scarcely a human sentiment that is more written about, or at least that is more frequently mentioned, than enthusiasm. Yet there are very few cases when the term is used to designate exactly what is intended to be conveyed. There is no distinction observed between enthusiasm and fanaticism. What is the real difference between them? To my mind enthusiasm is the zeal of credulity; fanaticism is the zeal of bigotry. In the same way people abuse of the term liberty by applying it to license. We speak of the sacred boon of liberty, and yet the anarchist claims that he is the advocate of liberty, yet what he seeks is the abolition of all authority, therefore of all legitimate and salutary restriction; that is not liberty, it is license. So is it with enthusiasm. We speak of the enthusiasm that has been created by a great orator, or that a certain individual experiences in regard to a given subject. In the former case it may have been mere fanaticism that the orator stirred up; in the latter case it may be madness, or an excess of zeal that amounts to mania that possesses the individual. A man may be called an enthusiast about relics, or a special science, or a political idea, or a religious tenet; but it is not probable that he will awaken a like enthusiasm in others. He may create an interest in the subject, but it is not likely that he will infuse his own spirit into his neighbors, except in exceptional cases. This is completely absorbed in his subject to the exclusion of all others; and no person is going to be carried away to such an extent as to devote his entire energies and all his faculties to that particular study. Why am I thus worrying about the term enthusiasm at all? Just to come to another point that has been suggested by my frequent observations.

AN EXAMPLE.—A couple of years ago I had the opportunity of calling in at what is known as a camp-meeting. It was one of the experiences of my life—I am not going to attempt any description of it; but I must tell of what most impressed me. A person, whom I cannot call a preacher for she was a woman, arose and began a species of sermon. I suppose it would be called a sermon, as it concerned salvation. In reality it consisted of a series of exclamations, more or less vague, totally disjointed, altogether irrelevant, and growing louder and more jerky as the fair one proceeded. Like unto the stories we read of the Roman priestess, the sybils of the cave, she became frantic, gesticulated like a wind-mill, screeched like a night-hawk; finally the contagion began to spread, others set to work in imitation, until soon the entire assembly, with few exceptions any way, was more like the figures of pandemonium let loose than a number of Christian people collected to pray. This scene was referred to in a daily paper, some time later, as one of "intense religious enthusiasm." That may be a polite way to put it; but I would call it madness. I am convinced that both the lady who played the principal role, and all those who joined in the exhibition were insane for the time being, and I do not believe that, in justice, any one of them could be held responsible for the results of that frenzy. To call this enthusiasm is simply to mislead the public and to convey a false impression of the spirit that prevailed.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.—During the week that has gone past our French-Canadian fellow-citizens celebrated in a most magnificent manner their national festival. The "True Witness" gave a full and graphic account of the different events that transpired during the three days. In every instance, whether it were the organization of the fete, or the execution of the elaborate programme, whether it were the devotions in the procession, whether it were the unveiling of the Bourget statue or the inauguration of the St. Jean Baptiste Church, there was a most positive enthusiasm. It was not a sentiment gone wild; there

were no evidences of frenzy and uncontrollable demonstration. It was purely and simply enthusiasm. And that was to be detected in the calm glance of the silent observer, just as clearly as in the illumined features of the orator. There was an undercurrent of national pride, blending with one of religious devotion. That is what may properly be called enthusiasm.

ITS MANIFESTATIONS.—Now, enthusiasm is not always manifested in the same manner. Much depends upon the circumstances and upon the individual character. In some it is exhibited in a manner that cannot but attract attention, in others it seems to have the effect of calming the whole being and of making the soul happy with a joy that will not admit of expression. And I have often thought over that enthusiasm that must have filled the soul of the Poet Priest when he sang—

"Afar on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach, And I have heard songs in the silence That never can float into speech, And I have had dreams in that valley, Too lofty for language to reach."

George Wyndham, M.P.

At this moment, when the fate of Ireland hangs in the balance, and so much depends upon one man—Hon. George Wyndham—the statesman who framed and introduced the Irish Land Bill, each personage who takes part in the great historical drama now going on at Westminster, becomes of importance and interest for the Irish people. Of these none more conspicuous than Mr. Wyndham. Justice McCarthy, in his notes on current topics, in the "Independent" has given a very fine pen-picture of this eminent and rising statesman, as well as a delicate appreciation of his merits and characteristics. We extract the passage referring specially to Mr. Wyndham, which runs as follows:—"One member of the administration at least has made a brilliant figure this session during the discussion of the Irish Land Bill—Mr. George Wyndham, who holds the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Wyndham is still a comparatively young man, for he has not yet reached his fortieth birthday. He was brought up as a soldier and served in the Coldstream Guards, and saw something of war during the Suakin campaign in 1885. He entered Parliament four years after, and has held the position of Under-Secretary for War. He was for a time private secretary to Arthur Balfour, and thus we may assume obtained much practical experience of political affairs. An ancestor of his was killed during the English civil war doing battle for the Stuart cause. George Wyndham, of whom I am now speaking, has a peculiar connection through his family with Ireland, and even with Irish rebellion. He is the great grandson of the famous Pamela, who is set down in history as the daughter of Philippe Egalite, who died upon the scaffold during the French Revolution. Pamela married Lord Edward Fitzgerald, one of the most brilliant and devoted leaders of the Irish rebellion of 1798, who was captured in Dublin, struggled hard to resist his captors, and died of the wounds he received in the encounter. Lord Edward Fitzgerald came of high ancestry, for he was the son of the then Duke of Leinster. His name is still held in honor and veneration by all Irish Nationalists at home and abroad. Much interest was felt on this account in Wyndham's career when he became Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, which means, in fact, Chief Secretary for Ireland. For a long time he had to perform the ungracious part of administering the system of laws prevailing under which all law was virtually suspended when political questions came up, and Ireland was governed by a policy of absolute military coercion, and her prison cells were occupied by many of her members of Parliament and other leading Irishmen. It is only fair to suppose that work of this kind was utterly uncongenial to a man of Wyndham's ancestry, and that he must have greatly rejoiced in his heart when, owing to the influence of King Edward VII., the system of coercion in Ireland was suddenly brought to an end, and he found himself intrusted with the task of introducing to the House of Commons the present measure for the settlement of the land question. Every one who heard the speech which he delivered on that memorable occasion readily acknowledges that he proved himself one of the

few great orators known to our present Parliamentary life. In argument, in eloquence, in voice and in manner, he appears to have recalled to his listeners some of the brightest days of oratory in the House of Commons. Those who have known him most always have left the charm of his graceful bearing and his winning, genial manners. It may be safely taken for granted that he is destined to attain a great and a commanding position in the public life of this country. Should he succeed in carrying his Irish measure and in making it thoroughly acceptable to the people of Ireland, he will have accomplished a task which must secure for him a place in history."

A BISHOP'S REMARKS AT CLOSING EXERCISES

Several of our Catholic American exchanges publish some remarks made by His Lordship, Bishop McGolrick, at the recent closing exercises of the Sacred Heart Institute of Duluth. His Lordship said:—"I am a believer in a good ordinary education. I do not believe in giving a student a smattering of a number of deep and abstract subjects which are calculated to spoil a child. I will give a gold medal to the young lady who will come before me and pass a satisfactory examination on the following subjects: Plain sewing (I mean stockings and torn trousers), cooking (by all means), how to lay a table, how to take temperature, how to make a bed, how to alight from a street car (I never yet saw a lady who could), how to select shoes that are an easy fit, how to tie knots, how to fill a fountain pen, how to fold clothes (men's as well as ladies'), how to do up an umbrella, how to trim lamps, how to open tin cans, how to drive nails, how to light fires, how to feed the dog, cat and canary, sanitation, how to weave baskets, how to make paper flowers. "There was never a time or never a country where there are better opportunities for education than in America at the present time. It is brought to everyone's door and foolish is he who does not avail himself of the opportunity. "The examination system, however, which is in use in our country, is not calculated to bring out the education of the child, but rather his memory. It is a well known fact that a semi-idiot may have the best memory.

Notes on Temperance

At the meeting of the Hibernian Total Abstinence Association of Boston, last Sunday, these resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, we view with extreme disfavor the custom, so prevalent among saloon-keepers, of decorating their saloons with the Irish flag on occasions of public festivity; and,

Whereas, we feel that such a custom tends not only to lower the dignity of the Irish flag, but to lessen the respect of the people at large for the race and faith it usually symbolizes, since it is said, and with much truth, that the green flag is seen nowhere save above a saloon; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we call upon the saloon-keepers of the Irish race in Boston, in the name of the land they profess to love and the faith they profess to revere, to desist from abusing the Irish flag in this manner;

Resolved, That we ask the patriotic Irish societies of this city to take action in this matter, as being of at least as much importance to the good name and welfare of the Catholic Irish in America as many things in which they are at present interested;

Resolved, That we entreat those Irishmen who do drink intoxicants occasionally, but who are patriotic, and jealous of the honor of Ireland's banner, not to patronize saloons which hang out the green flag for a bait;

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Irish societies, clubs and associations of Boston;

Resolved, That copies be also sent to the daily press, so that all may know that there are at least some men and women of the Irish race who protest against the gross desecration of an historic and honorable banner;

Resolved, That as a society of American citizens we tender our hearty congratulations to Judge Emmons, chairman of the Boston Board of Police, for the crusade against the drink nuisance which he is at present conducting, and that we hope he will keep up the good work.

Courageous Catholics.

(By Katherine E. Conway.)

Do those Catholics who compromise and minimize in the matter of religious faith and practice, and who cringe to those outside the Church—whom they account on that fact alone, their betters—for the sake of society, get even the mess of pottage for which they so grievously peril their birthright? Not often. Non-Catholics feel in a general way that Catholics are bound to a different and an austerer profession of faith and conduct than themselves. They know what we claim, and, logically enough, they expect us to justify it. Let us not be deceived by the evidence of vague fear and dislike of the Church which often goes with this knowledge. Still less should we attach importance to newspaper praise of the miscalled "liberal" Catholics.

The ordinary Protestant may, at first acquaintance and on general principles, dislike a firm, outspoken, self-respecting Catholic; but he will not distrust him. But the Catholic who caters to Protestant prejudices—trimming his convictions and opinions with a view of making himself more tolerable to them—wishes to demonstrate on every possible occasion how little he is in sympathy with the mind of the Church—wins ordinarily nothing but the contempt and distrust he deserves.

Courage is a singularly magnetic virtue. The Catholic who stands fearlessly by the letter and spirit of his faith on all occasions, and who adds to courage those sweet flowers of true charity—patience, magnanimity and courtesy—is far surer of even a social success than is the mean-spirited compromiser.

Courage and fidelity in the supernatural order imply the same qualities in the natural order. Men realize this.

The loyal Catholic who is always modestly but unmistakably letting his light shine, is doing more to disarm Protestant prejudices than he who takes pains to hide or soften those points of doctrine or discipline which he imagines Protestants dislike most. All the Church needs is to be known; and she would be known in her beauty by the brave, beautiful lives of her children.

Those whose favor he seeks can understand the steadfast Catholic, or the open and above-board apostate. But they cannot so easily master him who claims the Church and contents it in the same breath. They naturally assume that in one act or the other he is insincere; and as often as not, it is in the second act that they so regard him.

"What is he after?" is the common speculation on the trimming Catholic in political life. Is the suspicion less common and justifiable in social life?

NEW CARDINALS

Notwithstanding the weekly dispatches of foreign correspondents of the daily secular press concerning the health of His Holiness the Pope, a Consistory was held last week.

All the Cardinals of the Curia were assembled in the consistory hall in order of precedence before the appearance of the Pope. The entrance of the Pope, clad in white vestments and surrounded by his trusted companions in their red robes, gave a finishing touch to the scene.

After receiving the homage of those present the Pontiff recited a prayer and then proceeded to the nomination of the new Cardinals. He proposed each name, the members of the Sacred College signifying their assent by raising their caps. The following were created Cardinals:—

Mgr. Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne.
Mgr. Taliani, Papal Nuncio at Vienna.
Mgr. Cavicchioni, secretary of the Congregation of the Council.
Mgr. Ajuti, Papal Nuncio at Lisbon.

Mgr. Nocella, secretary of the Consistorial Congregation.
Mgr. Katschthaler, Archbishop of Salzburg, Austria.
Mgr. Herrorary Espinosa, Archbishop of Valencia.

The Pope transferred Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli from the Bishopric of Frascati to that of Porto and

Santa Rufina, which is of higher rank.
Cardinal Satolli was transferred from the titular church of Santa Maria, in Aracoeli, to the diocese of Frascati, near Rome, the summer residence of the Roman Cardinal Bishops.

The Pontiff appointed Cardinal Gliardi, who has been replaced as Prefect of Economy of the Propaganda, to be vice-chancellor of the Chieca Della Volpe.
Afterward the Pope announced the nomination of several archbishops and bishops who had been appointed by brief.

Among the appointments confirmed was that of Rev. Robert Seton, formerly of Jersey City, N.J., as titular Archbishop of Heliopolis.
In his allocution the Pope greeted the Cardinals, and said he liked to discuss only pleasant subjects, but satisfactory events were mingled with painful occurrences. The demonstrations of loyalty from all over the world on the occasion of his jubilee had caused him great joy. He had been saddened, however, by the persecutions of which the Church was the object.

At the conclusion of the consistory the Pope went to the throne room, where, surrounded by the Cardinals and the Papal Court, he received the homage of the new Archbishops and Bishops.

In the meanwhile the masters of ceremonies, accompanied by Church dignitaries, proceeded to the residence of Mgrs. Fischer, Cavicchioni and Nocella, announced their appointments and informed them that the Pope would bestow the red hats on them at a public consistory to be held Thursday. Specially selected members of the noble guard will be sent to convey the news officially to appointees who are abroad.

The effect of the seven new Cardinals upon the complexion of the Sacred College furnishes an interesting subject of discussion.

Until the death of Cardinal Vaughan, of England, Friday night, there were sixty-three Cardinals. At that time the seven nominated at today's consistory had already been decided upon, and for the first time in many years the Sacred College would have been full had Cardinal Vaughan lived three days longer. As it is, the newly nominated prelates bring the membership up to only sixty-nine, leaving one vacancy.

One feature of the new list overshadows all others from an ecclesiastical point of view. That is the manner in which France, one of the strongest Catholic countries in the world, has been ignored and Germany and Austria have been honored. Two of the new Cardinals are Italian, two Austrian, one German, one Spanish and one Portuguese.

With the changes just announced the German and Austrian influence together will be stronger than the French, that of the former being ten Cardinals, distributed as follows: German, 3; Austrian, 4; Bohemian, 1; Hungarian, 2. The complexion of the Sacred College compared with what it was before the latest consistory is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Nationality, Now, Before. Rows include Italian, French, Spanish, Austrian, German, Hungarian, Irish, Portuguese, American, Belgian, Bohemian, and Totals.

The last previous important consistory was that of 1901 when nine Cardinals were created as follows: Mgrs. Martelli, Baclieri, Breschi, Puzyna, Shrbensky, Kabarella, Trepepi, Vavaquis and Gonnari.

It is reported that on his return to his apartments after the consistory, the Pope said, smiling to his attendants: "There is no doubt I feel better after these ceremonies."

A PRIEST TO GO TO YALE.

Rev. Francis D. McShane, a Dominican priest of New Haven, will become a member of the senior class at Yale University next fall to equalify for the degree of bachelor of arts. This is the first instance of a Catholic priest entering Yale for a degree or study of any kind.

PRAYERS AGAINST COERCION.

In all the churches and chapels of Paris and the principal dioceses throughout France there has been made a special act of consecration of Paris and France to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Refuge of Sinners.

Blessing The Bread.

In St. James Church, on last Sunday, the time-honored custom of blessing and distributing the bread took place. For some years past this olden ceremonial has been abandoned, but it had its charms, its inspiration, and its traditions. We can recall when the large baskets were passed around and each one took a piece of the Blessed Bread. This ceremony is totally distinct from anything in connection with the Holy Eucharist. It is in commemoration of the miracle of the blessing and multiplication of the loaves and fishes by our Divine Lord. It had at one time been considered as indispensable as the traditional lamb on the feast of St. John the Baptist. And it is always with a keen sense of delight that we note any of these revivals of olden customs. There is something so home-like, so thoroughly Catholic associated with them, that they have the same effect as the singing of the ancient and familiar hymns that childhood associated with Christmas and other great feasts. On this occasion a very able sermon was preached by Rev. Abbe Lecocq, Superior of the Seminary.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH JUBILEE.

On Sunday last the fiftieth anniversary of the benediction of St. Peter's Church on Visitation street, was celebrated with great pomp. The Church was splendidly decorated for the occasion. Mgr. Langvain, Archbishop of St. Boniface, officiated, assisted the Rev. Father Provincial of the Oblates. Mgr. Racicot preached the sermon of the occasion. At the request of Mgr. Bourget, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate came to Montreal, on the 8th December, 1848. They at once set to work to erect a church, and on the 1st February, 1851, they laid the foundation stone of St. Peter's. On the 28th June, 1853, it was completed and consecrated. Ever since the Oblate Fathers have had the charge of the parish. The first parish priest was the Rev. Father Hormidas Legault, then Superior of the Order in Canada. Until two years ago St. Peter's did not rank amongst the parochial churches of Montreal. It was simply open to all the Catholics of the city, and especially for the use of the various congregations and associations organized by the Oblate Fathers. In 1901 Archbishop Bruchesi erected it into a regular parish, and since Rev. Father Dronet, O.M.I., has been its pastor.

Lessons of the Hour.

In these days of transition in dioceses and parishes where changes are occurring through death, a transfer of administration from one order to another, or infirmities caused by old age, it is well that Catholics should display a little more charity in speech and more humility of demeanor. A lesson, very timely couched in language loyally Catholic is contained in the paragraph which we clip from an editorial of the "Western Watchman," on the death of Cardinal Vaughan. Our contemporary says:—

We are not going to indulge in prophecy, as we feel sure we should shoot just as wide of the mark as our predecessors in that field. We are not well acquainted with the hierarchy of England. But we feel assured that the occasion will call forth the right man, and that the glorious work begun by Cardinal Wiseman will go on uninterrupted and fitting successors will always be found for those who fall. The first Cardinal stamped his personality on the literary life of England. The second won for the Church recognition among the ruling classes. The third captured the poor. To-day the whole literary, official and industrial life of England is permeated with Catholicity and conversions are multiplying. No man is as great as the whole world; no Catholic is as great as the Church. Men will disappear; she will remain. Mitres will fall; but the Cross remains erect inviting all to its embrace.

WHISKY ABLAZE.

A fire at the Ardgowan Distillery, Greenock, recently destroyed 15,000 casks of whisky.

Old Letter

(By a Regular Correspondent)

I have got back again. This time I feel like reproducing something in the light of events in all the far East, during the twenty years, will prove instructive. I may add a writer—the late Mr. J. M. was a military engineer who, in 1878, built a break-water at Alderney Channel Islands; he was then at Southampton, had charge of the military engineering corps. Christmas, he was sent to Hong, in China, to superintend the building of a citadel. In came ill from the effects of the climate, and had to take home. In 1882 he was obliged to return home. But I may add that, by me, was an uncle of the writer I now publish speaks. It will give an idea of the in the East that few have ever possessed.

Hong Kong Correspondent
Hong Kong, 2nd M

My Dear —
The mail steamer leaves to-morrow, and I cannot pleasure it gives me of you the hearty congratulations your aunt and myself or cent success and we hope future of prosperity and in the career you have seen

I had got as far as the 2nd, intending to send day, but was interrupted time, and unfortunately with fever on the 4th. I very severe attack and in about a fortnight. You myself then went for a Portuguese settlement which is about 60 miles of Hong Kong. Until the ment of the latter place I the only European or other China at which foreigners or any trade be carried of Celestials. The town is island in the delta of the River from Canton. The was established in the 16th The city is large, and the fore the British settlement Kong was established was and wealthy. There are n did Catholic churches there former years all the great orders had churches and of the place—the Jesuits, Dominicans, Augustinians, —where the priests were ed the various missions to China and Japan. St. F. river resided there some college building of his order verse of all I have stated regret to say, the case. still exists, but no track those men. There is a lot in a junk. From affluence fort, the poor people (I are now in a state of ind actual misery. A with tion for people with Europ and habits; they cannot icompete with the Chinese labor; the latter are so in and their wants are so clothes to mention.

We keep five men servant first it used to be rather to have a fine, able-bo (the Chinese here are remark man, indeed superior to l in that respect), with a nogy of a rag round him, ct into our bed-room, while v bed, to arrange it; but no got so accustomed to it, does in a very short time) no more regard their m semi-nudity, than we wou or cat coming in without trousers. The fact is that determines what we call in dress: there is no one m least the naked coolies go! But singular to say, the C male, although she wears is without doubt the most dressed woman in the wo would die before she wou herself as a fashionable lady would.

But I am entirely degress for their wants they simply a board with a wooden pl without any clothes. Th

ing The Bread.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Correspondent.)

I have got back again to my letters. This time I feel that I am going to reproduce something which, in the light of events in China and all the far East, during the past twenty years, will prove exceedingly instructive. I may add that the writer—the late Mr. J. M. Fleming—was a military engineer. It was he who, in 1878, built the famous break-water at Alderney, in the Channel Islands; he was stationed then at Southampton, where he had charge of the military and naval engineering corps. In 1879, at Christmas, he was sent to Hong Kong, in China, to superintend the building of a citadel. In 1881 he became ill from the effects of the climate, and had to take a vacation. In 1882 he was obliged to resign and return home. But he died at Singapore on board the troop-ship. I may add that, by marriage, he was an uncle of the writer. The letter I now publish speaks for itself. It will give an idea of the situation in the East that few Occidentals have ever possessed.

Hong Kong Club,
Hong Kong, China,
2nd May, 1881.

My Dear —
The mail steamer leaves for Frisco to-morrow, and I cannot resist the pleasure it gives me of conveying to you the hearty congratulations of your aunt and myself on your recent success and we hope for you a future of prosperity and happiness in the career you have selected.

(Here there is a blank.)

29th May, 1881.
I had got as far as the above on the 2nd, intending to send it next day, but was interrupted at the time, and unfortunately was in bed with fever on the 4th. I had not a very severe attack and came round in about a fortnight. Your aunt and myself then went for a week to the Portuguese settlement at Macow, which is about 60 miles due West of Hong Kong. Until the establishment of the latter place Macow was the only European or other part in China at which foreigners could land or any trade be carried on with the Celestials. The town is built on an island in the delta of the Great River from Canton. The settlement was established in the 16th century. The city is large, and the place, before the British settlement of Hong Kong was established was important and wealthy. There are many splendid Catholic churches there, as in former years all the great religious orders had churches and colleges in the place—the Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, etc., etc.—where the priests were educated for the various missions throughout China and Japan. St. Francis Xavier resided there some time in the college building of his order. The reverse of all I have stated is now, I regret to say, the case. The city still exists, but no track is there of those men. There is a local college in a junk. From affluence and comfort, the poor people (Portuguese) are now in a state of indigence and actual misery. A withered condition for people with European blood and habits; they cannot in any way compete with the Chinese in manual labor; the latter are so industrious and their wants are so few—no clothes to mention.

We keep five men servants, and at first it used to be rather startling to have a fine, able-bodied man, (the Chinese here are remarkably fine men, indeed superior to Europeans in that respect), with a mere apology of a rag round him, coolly come into our bed-room, while we were in bed, to arrange it; but now we have got so accustomed to it, (as one does in a very short time), that we no more regard their more than semi-nudity, than we would a dog or cat coming in without a shirt or trousers. The fact is that latitude determines what we call modesty in dress; there is no one mind in the least the naked coolies going about. But singular to say, the Chinese female, although she wears trousers, is without doubt the most modestly dressed woman in the world, and would die before she would expose herself as a fashionable European lady would.

But I am entirely depressing. Then for their wants they simply sleep on a board with a wooden pillow and without any clothes. They cook

some rice, and with a small piece of fish, and some vegetable, made very savory—as all Chinamen are born cooks—they live comfortably and cheaply. This brings me back to Macow. The place is in a complete state of decay; the rent of the houses, some very fine ones, is next to nothing. All the religious orders have left, their splendid churches are going to ruins, and I suppose the day is not far off when from more inattention the place will revert to the Chinese. A few European merchants and clerks only remain. This is very sad, but the establishment of Hong Kong has done it all.

A friend of mine, an English officer in the Chinese Customs, brought me for some trips on a gun-boat into the interior, where I had many opportunities of seeing the Chinamen in their home, at their various avocations. We went to see many of the tea plantations. Killed some snakes and lizards of a large size (there was, however, no necessity to go so far for them as we have a great variety in Hong Kong), dredged for shells, collected a few geological specimens and other things interesting to me.

I left you aunt behind me, and came back to Hong Kong, and now feel as well and as strong as ever, thank God. I hope I may remain so, as no doubt a frequent recurrence of the fever must weaken me more and more every time. (Poor fellow—that is just what happened, and in six months from the date of this letter he was dead on board the troop-ship at Singapore.)

Your aunt returned a few days, after thoroughly enjoying herself and is as well as possible. (She, too died; within a year of her husband's death she expired suddenly at the Convent of Mercy, Spittalfields, London.)

The weather is hot, and it is difficult to sleep at night. We sleep on mats, with as little clothing as possible, but well screened from that pest the Mosquito. The screen stops the wretched tormentor and at the same time impedes the very small amount of fresh air that one caught. All the houses here have verandahs from 12 to 16 feet all round; the rooms are large and very lofty, none being less than 15 feet high; the windows are large and they all open folding-wise, in the French fashion, down to the ground with jealousies on the outside. Those on the lower story are closed during the night, but the others are always open, so with the exception of a ceiling being overhead, we may be regarded as living and sleeping in the open air. The houses and everything in connection therewith are built very strongly to enable them to resist the dreaded typhoon which, during the whole of the S. W. Monsoon, which blows during the summer, indeed from one Equinox to another, is the cause of great anxiety to us. We must be very watchful to have everything prepared for its reception. A score of times during the summer we have to get out of bed at all hours, roll up bamboo blinds, in verandahs (we principally live in the verandahs), close the jealousies and windows, and make everything all trim and taut like a ship in a gale, when, after remaining stifled for some hours, the alarm proves false. This has simply to be repeated on the next occasion. No typhoon visited here since our arrival. A very dreadful one occurred in 1874 which along with destroying a large amount of goods, 10,000 persons lost their lives, principally the Chinese river population.

It is really surprising to see great numbers of families born, living and dying in the small boats called scampers, that are principally managed by the wives of the men. A man, his wife and from two to five or six children live and die in this small boat, about 120 feet long, and the numbers who lead this life are almost incredible; perhaps in Hong Kong 20,000, in Canton ten times as many, and so all over China.

Regarding the Chinese characters, it is altogether misrepresented or unknown; there is no doubt their natural intelligence fully equals any European nation, their industry exceeds any nation in the world; it is simply the vanity of Europeans, that causes them to cry down the Chinese; there may be many of their habits repugnant to us, as no doubt many of ours are to them; but this is simply the effect of education. (The following Mr. Fleming underlines doubly.)

When it pleases the Chinese they may and can have any portion of the world they wish for. Physically they are fully equal to any other people. They are a timid race, but not in any way cowards. All they require is discipline, and this they are peculiarly capable of acquiring. They are obedient and patient, and their wants are so few that they can live where much less number would starve. With all the apparent apathy of the people there is a keen watchfulness that is observed by very few Europeans—and when the

energies of such a nation are concentrated on any point they are likely to be successful and their numbers are practically inexhaustible. The sooner the self-styled civilized Powers can realize this fact the safer it will be for their future.

How one is dragged into digressions; nothing was further from my thoughts than writing an essay on the Chinese, and here I have been scribbling some pages while the "raison d'etre" of my letter is not touched on—that is the congratulations sent you by your aunt and myself.

I shall make every exertion to return to Europe via Canada; but should a troop-ship be leaving I cannot select my passage, I shall, however, have eight months leave on my return, and perhaps will devote some of it in paying you a visit.

Your affectionate uncle,
J. M. FLEMING.

A troop-ship did leave, and he left on it. The rest of the story I have told. He was destined to neither see Canada nor ever reach his own home. The readers will, I hope, pardon the length of this letter, but I think it will plead my excuse better than I could do myself.

West End Commercial School.

The closing exercises of the West End Commercial School, St. Martin street, took place Friday, June 19th, at 2 p.m. Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's, presided; and a great many of the parents and friends of the boys were present to enjoy the programme prepared for the occasion.

At the close of the entertainment, the members of the Leo Society (a society for the boys of the school), read an address, and presented two pretty vases to their president, Master William Sheedy, in appreciation of the good work done by him for the society during the year.

In replying to the address read to him by the pupils, Father Donnelly advised the boys to be faithful to their school, to grow up with it, and to work to make it a first-class institution. He congratulated Mr. Doherty, the principal, on the progress the boys had made, and he wished the school all success.

The prize list was as follows:—
THIRD FORM.—1st, William Sheedy and Gerald Burns, equal; 2nd, Felix McCormick and George Brown, equal; 3rd, Patrick McBride and Thomas Chappell, equal.

SECOND FORM.—1st, Thomas Hammill and Charles Burns, equal; 2nd, Joseph Doherty, John Taylor and Frank Power, equal; 3rd, Malcolm O'Hara and Thomas Fagan, equal; prizes, Edward Carey, James Ogilvy.

FIRST FORM.—1st, William Corbett; 2nd, Thomas McBride, Gerald Power and Henry Brophy, equal; 3rd, Edward Hanson.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—1st special, donated by Father Donnelly, awarded to William Sheedy, 3rd Form.
2nd special, donated by Father Donnelly, awarded to Geo. Brown, 3rd Form.

3rd special, donated by Mrs. Menzies, awarded to Charles Burns, 2nd Form.

Mr. John Doherty, Mr. R. Valliquette, Mrs. Scully and Mrs. Taylor also donated prizes, with a request that they be given as general prizes.

SENSATIONALISM OF SECULAR PRESS.

An exchange says: Father Nicholson, S.J., in his sermon at St. Ignatius', Stamford Hill, England, recently dealt, among other evil signs of the age, with the license which the secular press allowed to itself in dealing with events which are best left unreported, the scandalous doings of certain persons of high position, and the details of divorce cases. We fear there is a too wide a circle of readers who revel in these particulars to hope for any great reform in the matter, except when the fruits have become so rotten as to threaten the poisoning of the State. Then perhaps will be the day for a reform, whose successful carrying out must be a work of a long time. The sooner the secular press sets about cleaning itself from its drawback of filth, the earlier may we hope for a reasonable change in the public taste.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, June 29.

With one day off (Dominion Day) this week and the absence of really hot weather, it is hard to say when the House will close—probably about the third week in July. The principal rumors about all the beginning of the week have concerned the appointment of Senator O'Brien's successor. At the time of writing no authorized statement had been made. As far as the business of the country goes it would seem as if Mr. Blair's Railway Bill and a few special items in the estimates divided the time with the Redistribution Bill. The place was invaded on Monday last by over six hundred of Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick's constituents from Quebec County. They came with their satchels and umbrellas, and a determination to make merrily. They had the Charlebourg band with them and they visited every place of interest in the Capital. To say they had a good time is to put it very mildly.

Talking of the Redistribution Bill brings me to a remark made by Mr. Costigan at the banquet that he was tendered last week by the Irish people of Ottawa. He said that it might be the last time he would appear before them; meaning that he was not likely to be much longer in public life. Mr. Costigan has represented Victoria, N.B., for over forty-two years. A unique record for a member of Parliament. According to the schedule of the new Bill, as far as it has gone, Victoria is one of the constituencies that is to be effaced. If so he will probably step out of public life with the disappearance of the county that has always elected him, no matter under what circumstances. If the banquet were an affair specially designed by the Ottawa Irishmen the purse of \$1,500 presented as a token of esteem was surely a gift from Irishmen all over Canada. It is for this reason that I do not think it too much to ask you to publish the remarks of the recipient on that occasion. In part Mr. Costigan is thus reported:—

Referring to his political career, which started in 1861, Mr. Costigan said he had always been actuated by the highest motives. That he was no demagog, was proven, he continued, by the fact that in his constituency Irish Catholics were in a very small minority. He reviewed at length his political history, dealing in an interesting manner, with his early struggles in the political arena. He did this to show that he had gained his place in the Commons not as a matter of favor, but as a matter of hard work. Mr. Costigan admitted that in his early years, he was an opponent of Confederation. He was not, he said, a supporter of Sir John Macdonald when he entered the first Parliament after Confederation, but he afterwards became one. Speaking for nearly two hours he told in an interesting manner of the part, or rather parts he played in Canadian politics, throwing light on some points that were hitherto obscure. He strongly refuted the allegation that he was a place hunter or one who had sacrificed party for person. Passing on he said he had refused to join the party that "plotted to oust Mackenzie Bowell" as he put it. He told the proposer that while he might with liberty leave the government it was not his place to attempt to wreck it. He claimed that the worst blow Sir Mackenzie received was in the withdrawal of Mr. Anger, which was a secondary and minor split. Mr. Costigan was forced, he said, to leave the party owing to the duplicity of certain Conservatives and the juggling with the Remedial Bill.

Continuing, he said, appreciatively that he owed much of this success in public life to the support of his French friends. In conclusion he referred appreciatively to the honor done him at the banquet and in the presentation. While always looking after the interests of the Irish Catholic minority, he had never, he said, trespassed on the rights of others. At the same time, he pointed out that unless the minority looks after its own interests, it will be crushed to the wall. Words of gratitude to those that arranged the banquet closed the speech. It was frequently marked with applause.

Amongst those present at the banquet were: J. J. McNulty, J. J. Foley, S. Ebbs, P. Clarke, J. J. Lyons, J. Bennett, Larry O'Connell, William Kearns, president St. Patrick's Literary Society; E. J. Daly, J. Cain,

J. Cleary, George Goodwin, J. Gorman, Rev. Father Murphy, P. Dodd, J. J. Heney, P. Hart, M. Braddy, J. P. Dunne, W. Weir, R. Slattery, John O'Leary, P. Brankin, S. Davidson, T. Caldwell, W. C. McCarthy, J. E. Madigan, M. O'Leary, W. O'Brien, H. Higgerty, Ald. J. C. Enright, T. Smith, P. Graham, J. Lyons, M. F. Walsh, Harry Roche, W. H. Barry, A. Macfarlane, J. Byrnes, P. Tobin, Barry Hayes, P. Mungovan, ex-Ald. Farrell, J. McCormack, Clarke, J. D. Grace, E. P. Stanton, Wm. Lynch, W. Higgerty, D. Harris, Joseph Lyons, D'Arcy McGee, M. J. O'Connor; J. O'Connor and L. Nevins.

A queer incident in regard to the Catholic separate schools took place last week. On the Monday previous the Board fixed the 26th June for the closing of the schools, and a committee was charged to go visit each school a couple of days prior to closing to see what was needed for next year, and to get an idea of the progress made during the year just over. When the trustees made the rounds of the schools they found to their surprise and chagrin that the classes had all been dismissed and the lay teachers had gone away—each on some special mission. The report says:—

"In short the only classes continued up to the day set by the School Board were those conducted by the Grey Nuns and Christian Brothers."

It is quite probable that this may result in a stronger appreciation in the future of the fidelity of the Nuns and Brothers to their duties.

Hull has been going through a regular series of festive events of late. On Sunday evening the young ladies of Notre Dame parish gave a first entertainment with their tombola. The entertainments of the week are being held in the hall, and the banquets in a large marquee tent pitched close by. The banquets are as follows:—

Monday, the clergy, city council and public officials; Tuesday, the young men of the congregation; Wednesday, the fraternal societies; Thursday, the married men of the congregation; Friday, the merchants of the city; Saturday, all the parish.

The loan of the big marquee tent has been obtained from the Militia Department by Rev. Father Forget who has been untiring in his efforts to make the tombola a success. The proceeds will be devoted to paying for the boxes, furniture, scenery and electrical fittings of the hall which have cost \$2,500.

St. Patrick's Church is to have a grand new altar of Our Lady of Good Counsel. It will replace the old and rather plain altar of the Blessed Virgin in the north transept. About 100 miniature banks have been issued to collectors, who are authorized to collect subscriptions and it is intended to have sufficient funds to pay for the new altar before September. The solemn dedication is to take place on Tuesday, the 8th of September, the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, Man., officiated at the SS. Peter and Paul ordinations in Holy Family Church, Ottawa East, at 7 o'clock Monday morning.

Rev. Mr. Miraud, who accompanies His Grace, acted as master of ceremonies, and the following received orders:

Priesthood: Rev. Brothers H. E. Ouimet, H. Rivet, E. A. Latulipe and L. Boisseau.

Deaconate: Rev. Brothers J. Bte. Levesque and A. Jalbert.

Minor Orders: Messrs. A. Chaput, R. de Grandpre and J. Giguere.

The mention of Archbishop Langevin and his presence in Ottawa, which is likely only a coincidence, reminds us that the Catholics of Winnipeg, smarting under the unfair treatment they have received, appointed a prominent deputation to visit the Premier of Manitoba, last Saturday. He received them well, but said he could do nothing for them, as his hands were tied, by the agreement signed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Sifton, in 1896, and which was called "a final settlement" of the Manitoba school question. A meeting was then held on Sunday and a committee appointed to come to Ottawa, and urge the matter before the Dominion authorities. What this will mean is hard to say; it may be the opening up of the entire school question this session. If so the snow will fly before the House is prorogued. At all

events, whosoever said that the question was dead will find that it but awaited a serious resurrection.

The St. Jean Baptiste celebration in Hull last Sunday was the greatest of its kind ever held in the Transpottine city. Over 5,000 French-Canadians took part in the procession, which formed at Lafloche's hall at 9 o'clock in the morning, and marched by way of Lake, Charles, Bridge, Queen and Chaudiere streets, to the Church of the Holy Redeemer, in the Little Farm. Half the crowd could not get in. Very Rev. Canon Bouillon sang High Mass, and Rev. Father Portelance, O.M.I., of the Sacred Heart parish, Ottawa, preached an eloquent sermon on "Patriotism." After Mass the procession reformed and went by St. Etienne, St. Henri and Adelaide streets, to the baseball grounds.

DOMINION DAY

(By a Regular Contributor.)

On Wednesday last we celebrated the thirty-sixth anniversary of our Dominion's birth. On the 1st July, 1867, the Act was proclaimed in force which established the Confederate system under which we now live. The provinces then agreeing were combined in a grand federation, and the avenue was open for all other provinces and territories to enter into the same political and national association; just as soon as their desires were expressed, or their development warranted. This is then the commemoration of a wonderful epoch in Canadian history and has, therefore, become a national holiday.

If we look back over those thirty-six years we are astonished at the progress that has marked each succeeding decade. Possibly only a very few of those who were foremost in the country's affairs at that time are now alive; certainly the Fathers of Confederation, with a few rare exceptions, have vanished from the scene. But their work remains to tell to future generations what class of men they were. When we contemplate the increase in our population, the expansion of our cities, the opening up of new regions for the colonists, the systems of navigation over our great lakes, through our canals, and along our water-highways, the network of railways flung across the face of the entire country, the binding of Atlantic to Pacific by an iron band that is indissoluble, the establishment of an unimpeded highway from Europe to the far Orient, the extension of our works of exploration and settlement into the heart of the Laurentians over the rolling prairies, across the Rockies, up to the Arctic circle; when we study and meditate with all these facts before us, the mind is lost in wonderment and we began to ask ourselves if the history of the Canadian Confederation is a reality or merely another edition of the Arabian Nights adapted to modern conception and thought.

Then we see the blending of so many elements, religious, racial, provincial and otherwise, in one great entity, and high over their union the flag of peace floating. No wonder that the Canadian is so proud of his land and feels that all other lands are limited, are small in comparison. We have such magnificent distances, such unbounded possibilities, such untold hidden wealth, that it is almost like the dreams of Monte Cristo to conjure up visions of what the country will be when Canadians celebrate the Dominion's fiftieth birthday. And this is no idle boasting. The world has only commenced to properly awaken to the realization of Canadian importance. It is, therefore, with a sense of national pride, such as each race carries in its ancestors, that we commemorate that day. Our prayer is that Canada may be long saved from the countless ills of other lands to go on in her course of prosperity, ever climbing the slopes of national greatness, until she reaches the summit—a great Dominion Day that the world will join her celebrating.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR CATHEDRAL.

A new electric lighting system is being installed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Each of the pillars will have sixty-four bulbs, and about one thousand lights will be placed about the altar, making about five thousand new lights in all.

S CHURCH JUBILEE.

last the fiftieth anniversary of the benediction of St. Peter's, which took place on the 18th of June, 1853, and on the 1st of July, 1903, the Rev. Father Provincial, Mgr. Racicot, officiated at the occasion, and of Mgr. Bourget, the archbishop, came on the 8th of December, 1902, at once set to work to get ready for the jubilee. The Rev. Father Provincial, Mgr. Racicot, officiated at the occasion, and of Mgr. Bourget, the archbishop, came on the 8th of December, 1902, at once set to work to get ready for the jubilee.

of the Hour.

of transition in diorhismes where changes through death, a transmigration from one or or, or infirmities caused is well that Catholics a little more charity more humility of depression, very timely language loyally Catholic the paragraph which an editorial of the "man," on the death our contem- going to indulge in the feel sure we should wide of the mark as in that field. We are with the hierar- on will call forth the that the glorious by Cardinal Wiseman interrupted and fitting always be found for The first Cardinal sonality on the liter- and. The second won recognition among es. The third cap- To-day the whole and industrial life urmeated with Catho- sions are multiply- as great as the Catholic is as great Men will disappear. in. Mitres will fall; naeina erect inviting ce.

Y ABLAZE.

ardgowan Distillery, destroyed 15,000

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

"The Month" publishes a very wonderful paper from the pen of the learned Jesuit, Rev. Father John Gerard, S.J. It is a logical defence of the position recently taken by Lord Kelvin on the origin of life.

To reproduce the article would be an impossibility, on account of its great length; to attempt to give a synopsis of it would be equally out of the question, for it is a regular syllogism, with its fixed premises and its logical conclusion, and to disturb a single statement would be to cut a link, out of a chain the entirety of which is necessary.

In moving a vote of thanks to a lecturer, last May, Lord Kelvin gave utterance to a reflection that caused no small sensation in the great world of scientific investigation.

Father Gerard commenting on this remark, says:—

"Such was his pronouncement, and the excitement his words have occasioned, as evinced in the columns of the 'Times' and elsewhere, shows unmistakably that if interest in science is so widespread and so keen, it is above all that men hope by her means to wring from nature evidence in confirmation or confutation of the conclusion to which he is led. It is assuredly not so much for the sake of the facts themselves which they can directly discover, that men devote themselves so ardently to minute and laborious investigations concerning the properties of substances which will never be practically useful, or the structure of weeds and worms, but rather in the hope of getting at something beyond, of eliciting from sensible phenomena a reply to questions which deeply concern us all, and—whether we will or no—are of ever present and paramount interest to us.

Such the grand issue between the advocates of science alone, and those of science and religion.

"Lord Kelvin grounds the conclusion he thus proclaims upon the character of the organic world, and more particularly upon the fact of human intelligence and consciousness. He declares it to be utterly absurd to suppose this to be the result of 'fortuitous' operations; and it is clear that to the term 'fortuitous' he attaches the only significance which has any meaning, using it to denote the absence of 'intelligent purpose. He seems to consider, indeed, that a crystal might probably have a fortuitous origin, but, as has been well pointed out, such an explanation falls even in this instance to satisfy; though it is doubtless in connection with the world of life that the point upon which his argument turns is most forcibly brought home to the mind; and it is around this that the contest has raged, in which Sir William Thistleton-Dyer has been the protagonist on the other side."

This battle between Lord Kelvin and Sir William is the ground-work of the balance of this exceptional article; and its conclusion, as we will mer. Sir William has his scientific research to stand by him; but beyond what nature and science reveal he cannot go. He can write with force on biological questions, but to use his own words, "For dogmatic utterances on biological questions there is no reason to suppose that he (Lord Kelvin) is better equipped than any person of average intelligence."

Who then is the expert to whom we must go? The province of the biologist is the realm of life; his work cannot begin till he has living things to study. The physicist, on the other hand, deals with non-living, or inorganic matter, the qualities and possibilities of which it is his to investigate. If the organic world issued mechanically from the inorganic, it was on the frontier line between their respective domains, if we must not rather say that it was in the great gulf on either side of which they stand. Why must it be held as an axiom that he whose starting point this is, has everything to say as to life-origins; and that he whose terminus it is, has nothing? Or rather, since, if life did so originate its production must be due to the forces of matter, would it not appear that the man whose life is spent in studying these forces, has an even better right to speak, than the one who must needs find the whole problem solved before his labors can commence?

Having cited all the leading authorities that favor Sir William's theory, and having proved that not as biologists, but as physicists they have written, the learned essayist turns to the conclusions to be drawn from Lord Kelvin's theories, and he sets them forth in the following philosophic and convincing manner:—

"Here we come to the root of the matter. If it be true that reason forbids us to believe in anything but what can be seen or handled, then there is an end of the whole discussion, which has been irrational from the beginning,—in pre-scientific days no less than in our own enlightened age. And that this is so, appears to be the basis of all argument on the 'scientific' side. Sir William Thistleton-Dyer, for instance, tells us that the world of spirit, so far as he knows, 'is not a subject which biologists find themselves in a position to investigate,' and in saying this he apparently assumes that he has disposed of its possibility.

"But, on the other hand, is it in accordance with sound reason thus to limit the field of knowledge? As it has been put,—because there is much of which science can take account, does it necessarily follow that there is nothing of which it cannot take account? Is it irrational to believe in the genius of Shakespeare or Napoleon because we cannot detect it in a laboratory, and can but infer its existence from tangible results? And in like manner, though the world of law and order around us manifestly requires a cause to produce it, if physical science emphatically confesses herself incapable of getting into touch with such a cause, are we therefore to say that it is non-existent? Are we not bound as reasonable beings to believe with absolute confidence, as Lord Kelvin bids us, in a directive power, whose nature transcends that of the material universe to which the methods of 'science' are perforce confined?"

"That such a process of reasoning is not irrational we have already heard the testimony of Mr. Darwin himself. He, it will be remembered, was inclined to believe that life will one day be found to have sprung from lifeless matter. The ground of his belief was not that science has demonstrated any such possibility—for on the contrary all scientific demonstration has gone to prove the contrary. He founded his anticipation on the 'law of continuity,' in accordance with which life should thus have arisen. That is to say, he believed there is a law of continuity, which there cannot be without the spontaneous origin of matter, and so believing, he went on to argue that the history of nature will be found to supply the facts required to justify this same belief. Such a mode of reasoning is manifestly unconvincing, but only because of the obvious frailty of the foundation upon which he attempted to build. If the law of continuity were otherwise as well established as the law of gravitation, he might rightly have calculated the existence of a new fact, with no less confidence than do astronomers that of a new planet.

"But no law that the mind recognizes is so imperious as that of Causality. There can be no effect

without a cause, and a cause adequate to its production. It is unthinkable that the reign of law and order we discover in the universe, should have any cause but purposive intelligence, as far above ours, as the production of such law and order is above its recognition. Thus it is that with Lord Kelvin, we are compelled by the study of nature to accept a creating and directing power as an article of belief.

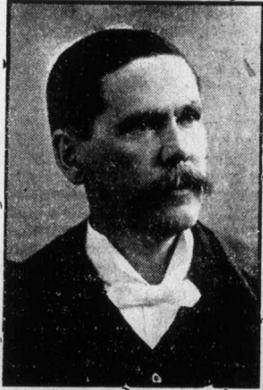
"It is indeed true, in a sense, that 'science' has nothing to do with such a conclusion except by declaring that we have reached a point at which all her instruments cease to act. She is in exactly the same case as when confronted with a pre-historic relic, a chipped flint or a potsherd, as to which she can deal expertly, as to which she can only report that no force with which she can deal explains its production. But revealing as she does to our wondering intelligence more and more details of the complex network of mechanism of which the world is made up, she more and more compels us to realize that as with the rude tools and utensils in which we unhesitatingly recognize the hand of man, we have evidence of an intelligence which can devise means for the fulfilment of a purpose. And it is in this sense that with Lord Kelvin, Sir Isaac Newton declared in his Principia, that belief in God is a necessary result of Natural Philosophy."

Nothing could be clearer than this presentment. In one sentence let us resume the entire argument; as we recognize the hand of man in the pre-historic relic, but know not how or when he fabricated it, so do we recognize a Creative Power in the order of the universe, even though science fails to tell us how or when the creation was operated.

OUR NEW SENATOR.

Mr. Henry J. Cloran, K.C., one of the best known young Irish Catholics of Montreal, has been appointed to the vacancy in the Canadian Senate, created by the death of the late Hon. Jas. O'Brien. Mr. Cloran has, for a score or more years, been a loyal supporter of the party which has now so signally rewarded him. He is a son of the late Mr. Jos. Cloran, who at one time was a prominent figure in our national societies and an earnest and enthusiastic advocate of every undertaking associated with our religion and our nationality.

The new Senator was born in this city in 1855, and made his classical



HON. HENRY J. CLORAN.

course at the Montreal College, an institution under the direction of the Order of St. Sulpice. He studied philosophy and theology at the Seminary of the same Order in Paris, and subsequently made the law course at Laval and McGill, and graduated B.C.L. at the latter institution in 1882. He has been Crown Prosecutor for the district of Montreal, and also occupied the position of Editor of the "Daily Post," president of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, Catholic Young Men's Society, and St. Patrick's Society. In 1887 he contested Montreal Centre in the Liberal interest, against Mr. J. J. Curran, now Hon. Mr. Justice Curran; but was unsuccessful. The "True Witness" wishes Mr. Cloran a long and useful career in his new sphere.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. T. Scanlan, who recently submitted to an operation at the General Hospital, is, we are pleased to announce, progressing most favorably.

THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY "CRUX."



HERE is no space for preface. So much have I to transcribe that I will at once proceed with this wonderful story of the Irish Brigade. What a marvelous array of facts and data Davis possessed will now become evident.

The Duke of Saxony joined the Allies. Marshal Catinat entered his territories at the head of 18,000 men. Mount Cashel's brigade, which landed in May and had seen service, formed one-third of this corps. Catinat, a disciple of Turenne, relied on his infantry; nor did he err in this instance. On the 8th August, 1690, he met the Duke of Savoy and Prince Eugene at Staffardo, near Salucco. The battle began by a feigned attack on the Allies' right wing. The real attack was made by ten battalions of infantry, who crossed some marshes heretofore deemed impassable, turned the left wing, commanded by Prince Eugene, drove it in on the centre, and totally routed the enemy. The Irish troops ("bog-trotters" the Times calls us now) proved that there are more qualities in a soldier than the light steps and hardy frame which the Irish bog gives to its inhabitants. But the gallant Mountcashel received a wound, of which he died soon after at Bareges.

The same brigade continued to serve under Catinat throughout the Italian campaign of '91, '92 and '93. The principal action of this last year was at Marsiglia on the 4th October. Catinat commanded the Allies from a height, made a feigned attack in the centre while his right wing lapped round Savoy's left, tumbled it in, and routed the army with a loss of 8,000, including Duke Schomberg, son of him, who died at the Boyne. On this day, too, the Munster soldiers had their full share of the laurels.

They continued to serve during the whole of this war against Savoy; and when, in 1796, the Duke changed sides, and uniting his forces with Catinat's, laid siege to Valenza in North Italy, the Irish distinguished themselves again. No less than six Irish regiments were at that siege.

While these campaigns were going on in Italy, the garrison of Limerick landed in France, and the second Irish Brigade was formed.

The Flanders campaign of '41 hardly went beyond skirmishes, Louis opened 1692, he besieging Namur at the head of 120,000 men, including the bulk of the Irish Brigade. Luxembourg was the actual commander, and Vauban the engineer. Namur, one of the greatest fortresses in Flanders, was defended by Coehorn, the all but equal of Vauban; and William advanced to its relief at the head of 100,000 men—illustrious players of that fearful game. But French and Irish valor, pioneered by Vauban and manoeuvred by Luxembourg, prevailed. In seven days Namur was taken, and shortly after the citadel surrendered, though within shot of William's camp. Louis returned to Versailles and Luxembourg continued his progress.

On the 24th of July, 1692, William attempted to steal a history from the Marshal who had so repeatedly beaten him. Having forced a spy to persuade Luxembourg that the Allies meant only to forage, he made an attack on the French camp, then placed between Steenkirk and Englien. Wirtemberg and Mackay had actually penetrated the French camp ere Luxembourg mounted his horse. But, so rapid were his movements, so skilfully did he divide the Allies and crush Wirtemberg ere Count Solmes could help him, that the enemy was driven off with the loss of 3,000 men, and many colors and cannon.

Sarsfield, who commanded the Brigade that day, was publicly thanked for his conduct. In March, 1693, he was made a Maréchal de Camp.

But his proud career was drawing to a close. He was slain on the 29th July, 1693, at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory, King William flying. He could not have died better. His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field unbelimed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away, it was full of his best blood. Looking at it sadly with an eye in which victory shone a moment before, he said

faintly, "Oh! that this were for Ireland." He said no more; but history records no nobler saying nor any more becoming death.

It is needless to follow out the details of the Italian and Flanders' campaigns. Suffice that bodies of Irish troops served in each of the great armies, and maintained their position in the French ranks during years of hard and incessant war.

James II. died at Saint Germain on the 16th September, 1701, and was buried in the Church of the English Benedictines in Paris. But his death did not affect the Brigade. Louis immediately acknowledged his son James III., and the Brigade, upon which the King's hopes of restoration lay, was continued. In 1701, Sheldon's cavalry, then serving under Catinat in Italy, had an engagement with the cavalry corps, under the famous Count Merzi, and handled them so roughly that Sheldon was made a lieutenant-general of France, and the supernumeraries of his corps were put on full pay.

In January, 1702, occurred the famous rescue of Cremona. Villeroi succeeded Catinat in August, 1701, and having with his usual rashness attacked Eugene's camp at Chiari, he was defeated. Both parties retired early to winter quarters, Eugene encamping so as to blockade Mantua. While thus placed, he opened an intrigue with one Cassoli, of Cremona, where Villeroi had his headquarters. An old acqueduct passed under Cassoli's house, and he had it cleared of mud and weeds by the authorities, under pretence that

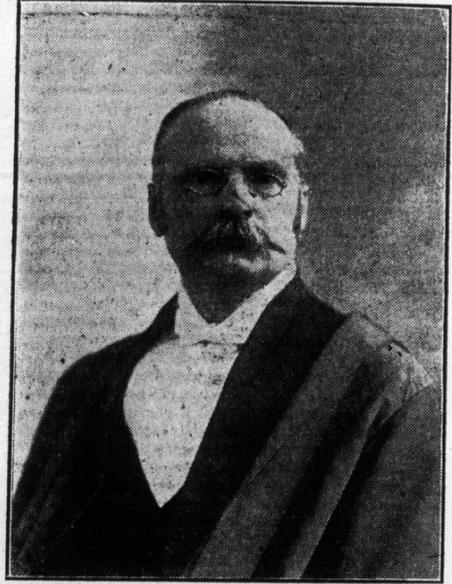
his house was injured for want of drainage. Having opened this way, Eugene's grenadiers, into the town disguised, and now at the end of January all was ready.

The siege of Cremona, next to the Battle of Fontenoy, being the most important and renowned service ever rendered by the Irish Brigade to France, and containing some of the grandest exploits of that magnificent regiment on the continent, I will not attempt to touch upon it in this issue. It must form an entire chapter in itself. So far we have merely followed the Brigade in its early and less significant deeds of arms, but we are about to now enter upon a period that redounds beyond all others to the glory of the Irish soldier, and in reality it is the epoch to which the poet refers when he sings:—

"In far foreign lands,
From Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Fought the soldiers and chiefs
Of the Irish Brigade."

There is something inspiring in the almost forgotten history of those times; and, in the revival of it, we see how the Irish race not only educated Europe in the ages of barbarism on the continent, but equally had a mighty share in the reconstruction of Europe and the laying out of the map that represents that continent as it was in the eighteenth century.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB



MR. JUSTICE C. J. DOHERTY.

Canada's national holiday was patriotically honored at the Catholic Sailors' Club. A large and enthusiastic audience was present at the regular weekly concert, which took place on that day. The chair was occupied by Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty who, in opening the proceedings, referred to the evidences of good-will and self-abnegation which were shown by the administration of the club in its noble undertaking. In stating it was deserving of encouragement, he expressed the hope it would be possible to liquidate the debt of their new premises. He then spoke to the sailors and strongly advised them to patronize the club rooms and enjoy themselves with the

innocent games and reading rooms prepared for their benefit.

The entertainment may be truly termed a sailors' concert, Mr. David Allan, R.M.S. Parisian, rendered "Let Her Drown," and "I Brought the Coal," and it may be said that from a vocal and instrumental point of view his superior has not appeared on the stage of the Catholic Sailors' Club. The other seamen taking part were: P. Garland, Mr. Gething, Mr. Price, R.M.S. Parisian; T. Milligan, SS. Lorne Harriet; and Doyle, J. Small, SS. Manhattan; Wm. Frampton, SS. Maxman, Miss Orton was the accompanist, and Miss Bertha Ferguson and Miss Hazri Bond also took part.

LOCAL NOTES.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.—As already announced in the "True Witness" Rev. P. McGrath will sever his connection with St. Patrick's parish during the present week. On Tuesday evening the Holy Name Society and Branch No. 26, C.M.B.A., of Canada, united in the praiseworthy undertaking of presenting Father McGrath with testimonials as an evidence of their appreciation of his noble work as spiritual director of both organizations.

The presentations were made in St. Patrick's Hall, and the attendance was large.

The spokesmen on behalf of the associations were Mr. Justice Curran and Mr. P. Darcy.

The Holy Name Society's testimonial consisted of a substantial purse of gold, while that of Branch 26, was a breviary and handsomely mounted umbrellas.

Father McGrath in reply, referred to his years of association with the parish, and said he would always

remember them with pride. In referring to the purse of gold, presented by the Holy Name Society, he said the best thing he could do with it, and with their permission, he would do so, was to apply it to the education of a most deserving young man for the priesthood.

Speaking of the gift of Branch No. 26, he dwelt upon the good work done by the C.M.B.A. of Canada. It was a matter of pride to him to be a member of Branch 26, and he felt it a great honor to have been its spiritual adviser.

At the close of his remarks, the general priest was greeted with cheers.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH will hold its annual pilgrimage, for men and women, on Saturday, July 18, to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The trip will be made by the C.P.R., leaving on the above mentioned evening and returning on Sunday evening at an early hour. The arrangements made by the pastor, Father Martin Callaghan, will permit all sections of the parish to avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the great shrine without encroaching upon their regular hours of business.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

REDEMPTORIST C. Through the kindness whose name has not known, a pretty Orator to Blessed Gerard Major course of construction to the Church of St. Limerick. The annex, completed, will be beautiful, is situated on a site, hard by that of Perpetual Succour. From a point of view, perhaps, transcend the latter space which it will cover much less. The dimensions of the new Oratory will be 19 feet having a height of 40 feet. The design will be in keeping with the main and at either side of the will be four red marble exquisitely finished through marble of which these were procured at the Millers, and here it is but serve that in the construction work, Irish produce has got the preference was given. The roof, which is Gothic in shape, is decorated or finished with mosaic, as well as the side walls. On the last wall, depicting the life of the Redemptorist will be well as the other saints handsome marble altar up, and when the work nothing will be wanting of the Blessed handsome a design and beauty as can be desired. The entire amount to close on \$5,000. In Dublin, the architect Patrick Kennedy, build the road the contract, work as in the erection of Lady's Chapel, has exhibited considerable skill.

CONVENT LAUNDRIES has been a theme for the in non-Catholic ranks to prejudice. The Belfast "Ly" in a recent issue, so

"The facts disclosed in report of the Chief Inspectors and workshops with laundry inspection are pre-teresting at the present the stupid outcry against of laundries attacking from inspection—and those under the care of are traced some of the now prevail in anti-Catholics. For was it not the alleged regard to this question by Orange magnate that provoked such serious consequences guments adduced against inspection during the past Act of 1901 were perfectly Sufficient reason was shown such inspection would no cases be politic. The F-pection Department, how service by the issue of a ter in 1902 to the man-empted laundries offering No reply was received in and in others the answer-ffect that no laundry would ried on or that none was from outside. There were we are told, 117 instances acceptance, and 87 of re-among the former the C-ations outnumbered the Catholic institutions in Scotland, and 10 in In total of 56, expressed readiness to receive a f-pector, and, at the same Anglican institutions, an longing to other commu- a similar consent. The r- from 16 Catholic instituti- land, 1 in Scotland, and land. Refusals also cam- from 31 Anglican institu- from 17 attached to oth- nions. When the inspect- made in the cases where was signified, it transpi- condition of the instituti- was such as to satisfy t- ments of the Act in essen- the suggestions as to min- ments made by the inspe- welcomed by those in ch- fact is borne witness to- spects, who are unanim- cording praise to the ex- arrangements they found- the convent laundries vi- inspector, Mr. Bellhouse, in the course of his rep-

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

REDEMPTRIST CHAPEL.—Through the kindness of a donor, whose name has not been made known, a pretty Oratory dedicated to Blessed Gerard Majella is in the course of construction, as an annex to the Church of St. Alphonsus, Limerick. The annex, which when completed, will be beautiful in the extreme, is situated on the right aisle, hard by that of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour. From an architectural point of view it will, perhaps, transcend the latter, but the space which it will cover will be much less. The dimensions of the new Oratory will be 19 feet by 12 feet having a height of upwards of 40 feet. The design will be Gothic, in keeping with the main building, and at either side of the entrance will be four red marble pillars exquisitely finished throughout. The marble of which these are wrought was procured at the Middleton quarries, and here it is but right to observe that in the construction of this work, Irish produced material has got the preference wherever practicable. The roof, which will likewise be Gothic in shape, will be double-glassed, the interior one being what is known as curled glass, will be decorated or finished like mosaic. The floor of the chapel will be done in mosaic, as well as the chapel and side walls. On the last named figures, depicting the life of the beatified Redemptorist will be shown as well as the other saints of God. A handsome marble altar will be fitted up, and when the work is completed nothing will be wanting to make the annex of the Blessed Gerard as handsome a design and architectural beauty as can be desired. It is estimated that the entire outlay will amount to close on \$5,000. Mr. Ashlin, Dublin, is the architect; and Mr. Patrick Kennedy, builder, Military Road the contractor, who, in this work as in the erection of Our Lady's Chapel, has exhibited considerable skill.

CONVENT LAUNDRIES.—This has been a theme for the extremists in non-Catholic ranks to air their prejudice. The Belfast "Irish Weekly" in a recent issue, says:—

"The facts disclosed in the annual report of the Chief Inspector of factories and workshops with regard to laundry inspection are peculiarly interesting at the present moment. To the stupid outcry against the exemption of laundries attached to religious and charitable institutions from inspection—and particularly those under the care of nuns—may be traced some of the woes which now prevail in anti-Catholic camps. For was it not the alleged action in regard to this question by a certain Orange magnate that provoked the wrath which subsequently led to such serious consequences? The arguments adduced against compulsory inspection during the passing of the Act of 1901 were perfectly tenable. Sufficient reason was shown that such inspection would not in certain cases be politic. The Factory Inspection Department, however, did a service by the issue of a circular letter in 1902 to the managers of exempted laundries offering inspection. No reply was received in many cases, and in others the answer was to the effect that no laundry work was carried on or that none was taken in from outside. There were, however, we are told, 117 instances of definite acceptance, and 87 of refusal, and among the former the Catholic institutions outnumbered the rest—42 Catholic institutions in England, 4 in Scotland, and 10 in Ireland, or a total of 56, expressed an entire readiness to receive a factory inspector, and, at the same time, 51 Anglican institutions, and 10 belonging to other communions, gave a similar consent. The refusals came from 16 Catholic institutions in England, 1 in Scotland, and 22 in Ireland. Refusals also came to hand from 31 Anglican institutions and from 17 attached to other communions. When the inspections were made in the cases where acceptance was signified, it transpired that the condition of the institutions visited was such as to satisfy the requirements of the Act in essentials, and the suggestions as to minor improvements made by the inspectors were welcomed by those in charge. This fact is borne witness to by the inspectors, who are unanimous in according praise to the excellent arrangements they found existing in the convent laundries visited. One inspector, Mr. Bellhouse, of Dublin, in the course of his report, says:—

"I have been enormously impressed by the excellent arrangements that are made in all of them for the workers. In no case have I found any instance of excessive hours. The regulations as to holidays are fully met by the observance of all the Church holidays; the only point in which there is not absolute compliance in this respect being in connection with the compulsory Easter holiday. This is never observed, but the want of it is more than counterbalanced by the extra number of other days which are observed instead. I have always found the rooms to be exceedingly well ventilated, high, lofty, bright, and airy. My experience is that a very hearty welcome is always offered by the Reverend Mother and the nuns, who seem only too anxious to show everything about the premises." These are voluntary tributes made by men of experience, but they give the lie to traducers of the convent system whose stock argument is that inspection is feared in religious institutions.

A NOTABLE FUNCTION.—One of the events of the past month in which distinguished Irishmen in public view, in two continents took part, was the banquet held in London under the auspices of the Irish party and at which Mr. Bourke Cockran, the well known Irish American orator was the guest. The function was held in the dining room of the House of Commons.

Mr. John E. Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, presided. He said that, according to the usage of the House of Commons dining-room, a formal toast list was impossible. Therefore, he would submit but one toast, that of the distinguished guest of the evening, one of the most distinguished sons of the Irish race. The same voice had been consistently heard denouncing Spanish oppression in Cuba and American aggression in the Philippines, and the South African Republics in their hour of need and trust had found their ablest and most eloquent advocate in Mr. Cockran. All through the United States of America he pleaded their cause—the cause of the freedom of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, with magnificent enthusiasm and burning eloquence. So far as Ireland was concerned, neither fame nor fortune, brilliant success nor the applause of man had ever been able to turn him from the steadfast, and generous, and self-sacrificing devotion to Ireland. They wished he could join their ranks. He had only to place his finger on the map to represent any constituency he might desire to select. (Cheers).

Mr. Bourke Cockran, who was enthusiastically received, devoted the greater part of his response to a criticism of the proposals of the Colonial Secretary. He said he did not believe there was a struggle comparable in the history of the world to the struggle which the Irish Party had waged to the very verge of success. The country which had given him shelter would not have been a free republic but for the intervention of France. Instead of supporting free institutions she would have been the scene of proscriptions, and violence, and oppressions. He believed he could make a prophecy, and say that the victory of the Nationalist cause was assured. Recent events had shown that the Irish question was in process of solution. Ireland was the only country in the world where the people owned neither the soil on which nor the Government under which they lived. They had determined to obtain control of both. The English Government had refused them control of either, and there was the Irish question. The moment one of these rights was conceded the other was bound to follow. Mr. Redmond had been kind enough to ask him to join the ranks of the Parliamentary Party, but he did not believe there was any man living who could contribute anything to the skill with which this contest had been waged, or make more certain the victory which awaited it. He was much more concerned about the use the Irish people would make of their privileges when they obtained them. For his part, he had very little doubt, seeing that the fitness of the Irish Party to exercise government had been established on the floor of the House of Commons. It was the irony of fate that the proof of capacity should be given on the very spot where it had been assailed. If it should be necessary to form a new Government, and the King sought a person able to control a majority, it would be necessary to send for Mr. Redmond. (Cheers and laughter).

It had been suggested that the fiscal policy should be abandoned and a new policy adopted, but when a Government was just it had neither favorites nor victims, and in this instance the mandate was to increase the price of food so as to in-

crease the measure of Imperial glory—that the workman should give up so much in the price of his bread for Imperial prestige. There was a general disposition to use the nomenclature of war to describe the operations of commerce, but this was misleading and intended to confuse, was it possible to establish the Zollverein? It was a proposal either that the colonies should surrender their independence to England or that England should surrender her independence to the colonies. There could be no midway, and he desired to call the attention of the English people that there had never been made a suggestion so fatal to the integrity of the empire, so fatal to the supremacy of England over every part of the dominion of the Crown. The essence of protection was a proposal to do business at a loss.

Everybody was interested in decreasing emigration. It was possible to check it by giving the young Irishman as good a chance at home as he could get abroad. The first great step would have been accomplished when the Land Bill had been passed. (Cheers). Ireland had never yet prospered through robbery, and the new century would be Ireland's, because it would be an industrial century. War belonged to the past. The two last experiments—that of his own country in the Philippines and that of England in South Africa—proved it. Ireland in this century would be in the march of progress, because it had these advantages—wonderful industrial capacity and physical advantages, and it must inevitably become the distributing point. He prophesied that Ireland would become the distributing point within the next twenty-five years. He hailed the twentieth century as Ireland's opportunity, and he believed that before its close Ireland would be found awakened holding aloft the lamp of progress, morality, and justice throughout the world. (Loud cheers).

The Pious Fund Award.

Mr. Powell Clayton, United States Ambassador to Mexico, has informed the State Department, at Washington, that the Mexican Government, on the 15th June last, deposited to his credit \$4,420,682, on account of the "Pious Fund" award. A commentator says:—

"This promptness on the part of the Mexican Government in meeting its obligations has broken all records in arbitrations. The money will be remitted to Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan of San Francisco, the titular claimant, as there have been no assignments to attorneys in interest."

It may interest our readers to have an idea of the meaning of this award, especially as we have had in Canada a somewhat similar question not long ago.

The "Pious Fund" case was the first arbitration before the Hague Tribunal, having been heard in September last. It has been a subject of diplomatic exchanges between the United States since the Mexican war. The claim arose from the failing of the Mexican Government to pay to the Archbishop of San Francisco interest on lands belonging to Jesuits for which the Mexican Government acted as trustee.

The claim was submitted to the Mexican Claims Commission in 1877, and judgment given in favor of the Church for about \$1,000,000. The Mexican Government held that payment extinguished the claim, but the State Department held that the interest began again from the date of the award. Personal representations by the Archbishop of San Francisco and other dignitaries of the Catholic Church caused the Department to press the matter, with the result above stated.

We would respectfully draw the attention of all who opposed the Jesuit Estate's Bill in Quebec to read this statement.

CATECHISM CLASSES.—On Sunday last the distribution of prizes of St. Patrick's Catechism Classes was held. Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., was present, and eulogized the director, Father McKenna, for his successful administration which, he said, had never been surpassed. The average attendance during the year was estimated at 900.

During the week Father McKenna entertained the teachers of the Catechism Classes to a little luncheon. The musical programme was under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, and several leading musicians and vocalists of Montreal contributed selections. Rev. J. A. McCallen of Baltimore, who is on his vacation and spending a few days in this city, was present, and addressed the teachers.

IRISH AT OXFORD.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" makes the following announcement: "Mr. J. J. Boland, M.P., spoke in Irish at a dinner in Oxford University on Monday. Mr. S. C. Trenc is teaching an Irish class in the University."

In connection with this very simple, but very comprehensive statement, one of our Irish contemporaries says:—"For generations the English Government put forth its power to kill the Irish language in Ireland. Its reasons for so acting we well know. It was, of course, to denationalize the Irish people. Having robbed them of the Irish language—the language of their fathers—and put into their mouths an English tongue they believed they would have succeeded in making Englishmen of the Irish people. Nor was it a bad plan, from the English point of view. A number of Irishmen did turn English—Irishmen's sons in particular."

"Such degenerates, however, while they lose the distinctive characteristics of good Irishmen, turn out only mongrel Englishmen. They are despised on both sides. These superficial persons seem to imagine that their ignorance of the land of their fathers will be interpreted as a mark of culture!"

It is not beyond the range of possibility that since the Irish language is being taught in the leading university of England some of these "cultured" gentlemen may commence to take lessons in the language of their forefathers.

If we were to cite the old axiom that "nothing succeeds like success," we might be considered as merely writing a platitude. But there is no doubt that the saying has been based upon a very wide experience. As long as the Irish race was down in the dust, trampled upon by the heel of oppression, it was simply the scoff of the self-supposed lords of creation. The Ireland of that time was a poor object of pity and contempt for those who eked out a dishonest livelihood at the expense of her very existence. The actor represented her in caricature, the poet chanted her in burlesque, the artist painted her in the rags of degradation. But now all that is changed. A new century has dawned and with it has arisen the star of another destiny for Ireland. She is now becoming the very envy of those who rejected, ignored and despised her. Her language that had been proscribed and had been relegated to the dust heap of oblivion, now comes forth from the ruins that had almost buried it and walks abroad amongst the civilized peoples of the world, under the full glare of modern civilization. In Oxford the Irish monks taught theology and philosophy, the arts and sciences, and spoke the Gaelic tongue, in the distant ages of faith, when they were the missionaries of all Europe. Today the tongue of the Celt comes back to Oxford, even as the Cistercian monks return to Iona, and it will there serve as a fulcrum, where on the lever of Ireland's legislative freedom may rest as the nation is raised by it again to her pristine rank.

Nuns' Garb in Schools

Father FitzSimons of Lima, N.Y., declares that the question which has come up there, of whether nuns may wear their garb while teaching in the public schools, will be carried to the highest court if necessary to establish the rights of the Sisters in the matter. The question has never been decided squarely in that state. On all previous occasions it has been complicated by some controversy about the ownership of the school building where the sisters taught. It has always been some building owned by the Catholic authorities. But in Lima the building in which the controversy has arisen is owned by the public, so that there is no question as to the precise issue. It is flatly and squarely whether Catholic nuns in the various orders may wear their garb while teaching in the public schools of New York State.

LOCAL NOTES.

ST. ANN'S PILGRIMAGE.—On Saturday afternoon next St. Ann's parish will hold its annual pilgrimage for women and children, to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, by the R. & O. Co.'s steamer "Beaupre."

BRANCH 26, C.M.B.A.—This pioneer Branch of the C.M.B.A. of Canada, in Montreal, will hold an excursion to the Catholic Summer School during the last week of this month. President Darcy, chairman, P. Reynolds, and an enthusiastic committee are now busily engaged in perfecting the necessary arrangements.

WON SCHOLARSHIP. Mr. M. L. Delehanty, son of Mr. Michael Delehanty, of St. Patrick's parish, and one of the graduates of St. Patrick's School, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, was, as a result of the recent examinations, accorded the much-coveted honor of a scholarship at the Mount St. Louis Institute an institution of well known rank, and also under the administration of the same Order. We congratulate Mr. Delehanty on his well-earned success.

MINTO CUP STRUGGLE
For Championship of the World and Minto Cup.
BRANTFORD vs. SHAMROCKS
(Champions of the World)
SHAMROCK A. A. ASS. GROUNDS,
SATURDAY, JULY 4th, 1903.
Ball faced at 8 P.M. 1 1/2 hour's play, rain or shine.
Grand Stand reserved, 75c. St. Lawrence Street Stand, 50c.
General Admission, 25c. Sale of standing room on Grand Stand will be sold at 3 30 p.m. on match days.
Reserve Tickets now on sale at Star Office Branch, Windsor Street, and Brennan Bros., St. Catherine Street.
Members' passes are suspended for these matches.
W. J. McGEE, Hon. Sec.

Millions For Presbyterians.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Mrs. Mary J. Winthrop, of Princeton, N.J., widow of the late Henry R. Winthrop, a millionaire of that place, has willed her entire estate, with the exception of a few small gifts, to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, "for the extension of the Church of Christ upon earth and the promotion of the glory of God."

Honest and sincere, we have no doubt, this lady has been exceedingly generous, and it is surely to her credit. It seems to us a strange thing to have two millions of dollars bestowed upon a creed that, even while the donation was being made, was found necessary to revise. We cannot forget the striking passages of the Westminster Confession that have served to mark Presbyterianism as a dangerous and very anti-Christian, and uncharitable form of religion. Take this:—

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life and others preordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and preordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

This is surely the most monstrous doctrine that has ever been promulgated by any sect. It at once constitutes God a tyrant and a vindictive being. The mere idea that God could, of His own accord, and on account of no fault in His creature, and simply for the satisfaction of creating beings to suffer tortures that He has power to inflict, should draw from nothingness angels or men and launch them into damnation, is repellant to all sentiment and all conception of a Christian character. Yet this is predestination; and it is this doctrine that the good lady, in her simplicity of belief and lack of knowledge, has given two million dollars to propagate.

Then, apart from our own sentiments as Catholics, we cannot but have a strange conception of a creed that incorporates in its formula, or doctrines, or whatever else they are called, such a statement as this:—

"There is no head of the Church but the Lord Jesus Christ, nor can the Pope of Rome in any sense be the head thereof, but is the Antichrist, that man of sin, and son of perdition, that exalteth himself in the Church against Christ and all that is called God."

Of course, this was rather a brutal way of expressing a religious doctrine, so for decency-sake this declaration has been revised. And now it reads thus:—

"The Lord Jesus Christ is the only head of the Church, and the claim of any man to be the Vicar of Christ and the head of the Church is un-Scriptural, without warrant in fact, and is a usurpation dishonoring to the Lord Jesus Christ."

This is precisely the same thing, divested of its bitter terms. It has the exact same meaning; and as Dr. Van Dyke, who was spokesman of the Creed at the Los Angeles Assembly said "this revision does not mean that the Presbyterian Church has changed her base one inch." Certainly not; no one ever supposed that she had.

It is, however, consoling to know that neither two nor a million times two million dollars, could ever induce the world to believe that Leo XIII. is Antichrist, and that the most glorious figure in all the world to-day is "the man of sin." In this sense the money has been simply thrown away, a regular squandering of such an immense sum. We have no fault to find with the lady who gave it—for she knew no better—but we cannot help feeling sorry that such doctrines should be encouraged in such a practical manner.

CLUB



and reading rooms benefit. ...nt may be truly concern, Mr. Davi Parisian, rendered and "I Brought may be said that instrumental point has not appear- the Catholic Sail- cherman taking land, Mr. Gething, Parisian; T. Mil- Harriet; and Doyle, farrhattan; Wm. anxman. Miss Or- panist, and Miss and Miss Harri art.

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his remarks, the eeted with cheers.

PARISH will grimage, for men ursday, July 18, aupre: The trip e C.P.R., leaving evening and y evening at an arrangements made her Martin Cal- all sections of themselves of the ing the great roaching upon of business.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHY ONE GIRL FAILED. — She was an intellectual girl, uncommonly so.

She left school and went out to conquer the world. She began with bookkeeping. She learned it quickly.

"I don't know why I have everything harder than other people just because I am not strong and well.

She had antagonized the office boy by walking roughshod over him and speaking harshly and authoritatively to him.

She resigned and tried something else, with the like result; then another trade, then another. In every one "luck," as she called it, was against her.

She had not many real friends, although she was brilliant intellectually. Because she thought her ideas so superior to other people's she meddled with other people's business.

The grumbling, fault-finding habit grew constantly. The habit of whining always over her "bad luck" intensified till at length she began to have now and then a stroke of what might really be called ill fortune.

The only way to obtain permanent good luck is to earn it. The only

way to earn it is through thick and thin to be brave, sweet tempered and persevering, to persistently put out good will to everything that lives, to be always ready to learn, to do our best in every situation in life without grumbling, kicking or fault-finding.

JACK'S PROMOTION.—It was a frosty night in November; I was waiting for a car. My friend said: "Have you ever noticed the 'wish-boys? There is one."

I turned and saw a boy some ten or twelve years of age. He was bending over what looked to be a tin boiler, with a lamp beneath it.

My interest was at once aroused. My friend and I went toward him, and before he had observed me I was standing close beside the lad.

He doffed his battered but still jaunty polo cap, and said, with rising color, "Do you wish—?" and then he stopped.

While I looked in puzzled wonder at his evident confusion, and then down at the boiler before him, my friend said: "He is wondering if you can be a possible customer. Yet he sees you don't belong to the class who usually patronize him."

"What have you to sell?" I asked. "Wishes, ma'am."

The lad's face was bright and handsome, and his apparel, though poor, was neat.

"And what are 'wishes?'" "Show her your outfit Jack," said my friend.

The boy threw up the cover of the boiler and revealed two compartments. One was filled with boiling water, and the other with small sausages. He uncovered a basket by his side. It contained slices of white, dainty-looking bread.

"A 'wish, ma'am," he said, politely, "is a slice of bread and mustard and a sausage. See! this is the way I fix it."

He took two half slices of bread, spread a small bit of mustard upon each and dropped a sausage into the boiling water. After waiting a moment, he fished it out and laid it between the pieces of bread.

"That, madam, is a 'wish,'" he said. The next moment he had slipped the bread and sausage into the hands of a ragged and forlorn looking little girl, who, unnoticed by me, had paused by my side. She took it in grateful surprise, and murmured a word of thanks as she passed on.

"Do you know her?" I questioned, seeing that the lad followed her retreating figure with his eyes.

"Not exactly. I know she lives down by the river, and that her father is a drunkard. She doesn't get much to eat."

Our car came just then, and we bade the little "wish" boy good night.

A week later I was again waiting for the car on the same corner. Jack was just setting his outfit upon the pavement. Another boy, a year or two his senior, with a similar outfit, was disputing with him.

"Yer got no business keepin' ther best corner," the burly fellow said, and there was an ugly scowl on his brow.

"No one had this corner when I first took it. And it's been mine ever since." Jack's voice was not rough, but positive.

"Then hit's time yer gin'd 'way. Come, move on! I'm goin' ter sell yere ter night."

"Then we'll both sell on the same corner," said Jack, coolly. "I'm not going away 'cause this is my stand." He busied himself with his lamp as he spoke.

The older boy assumed a pugilistic attitude. "I tell yer to move on!" he commanded.

A policeman, turning the corner at that instant, laid a heavy hand on the belligerent lad's shoulder, as he said: "Suppose you move on yourself. Jack and I are partners and this is his stand."

Jack flashed the man a grateful glance.

The other boy moved his belongings to the opposite side of the street. Among his possessions was a basket of fine red apples. While he busied himself with his lamp, and just as he seemed to have arranged things to his satisfaction, I heard Jack call out to him: "There go your apples!"

I did not see who had taken them, as quite a number of men and boys had just passed. The boy darted up the street to catch the thief. A moment later two men in workmen's blouses paused before the vacant stand.

I saw Jack hesitate. Then he gave a glance at his own possessions, and another up and down the pavement, and ran nimbly across the street.

"He will profit by the other boy's absence," was the thought in my mind.

But I was mistaken. He opened his enemy's little store of provisions and deftly fixed two sandwiches. I saw the men drop some money into his hand as they turned away. Jack looked up the street. The boy was coming with his basket of rescued apples upon his arm. Jack ran to meet him, slipped the coins into his hand, and said something in a cheery voice which I did not hear.

I repeated under my breath: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." Jack has surely caught the spirit of these words.

After that evening I missed Jack. Again and again I looked for him. Only the burly boy, with the ugly scowl upon his forehead was to be seen. I felt troubled, and spoke of his absence to my friend. He smiled. "I didn't know you remembered Jack. He is all right. He has been promoted."

"Has he. How did it happen?" "A friend of mine who owns one of the largest establishments in the city has had his eye on Jack and been testing him. Once he bought two sandwiches and handed him a silver dollar, saying: 'Quick! change this fifty cents. There comes my car! Jack made the change, and in his haste did not observe that the man had given him a dollar until just as my friend boarded the car. He then ran up and pushed the money into Mr. Thompson's hand, who stood on the platform, and said: 'You made a mistake, sir. This is one dollar. You can make it right some other time.'"

"Of course Jack is honest," I said. "Any one could see that by the frank and manly way he looks into one's face."

"About two weeks ago Mr. Thompson tested him again. He bought some apples, this time all that Jack had. Basket and all came to exactly one dollar. He slipped a five-dollar bill into the boy's hand, calling it a dollar, and stepped immediately upon a passing car. The next day Jack presented himself at the store with the bill in his hand.

"This is the second big mistake you've made, Mr. Thompson," said Jack. "If I was working for you, and I should make such mistakes, what would you say?"

"Come and try me, Jack. I need just such a boy as you to look after me," was Mr. Thompson's laughing reply.

"So now Jack is in the store, and Mr. Thompson told me yesterday he does not doubt he will yet become head clerk, if he turns out as he has begun. He is quick, attentive, polite, careful and honest. Thompson dotes on him."

A few days later I sauntered into Mr. Thompson's store. It is one of the handsomest and most popular in the city. I knew by his smile that Jack recognized me. I was surprised to see what a handsome, gentlemanly lad he really was. With his hair neatly cut and brushed, and in his fresh new suit, he looked every inch a gentleman.

"I had no idea what the case was to be and when I landed in the courtroom I was astounded. It was one of those ticklish lunacy commission hearings and the two principal witnesses were the biggest alienists in this part of the country."

"When those alienists got to work it was all up with me. One of them in particular nearly drove me crazy right there in my seat."

"He hurled out a collection of long-winded Latin and complicated terms of medicine that simply couldn't be recorded by anybody who was not a wonder. But when I was unable to get the whole word or phrase down in shorthand I made a mark of some sort."

"There were two or three other stenographers in the room and I could see that they were looking at me with open eyes. Well, the hear-

ing was over at last and I packed up and went home.

"That night I studied up enough of the subject to pick out the meaning of the first three or four pages, but when it came to doing the rest of that job I was simply up against it. There were whole pages where I could hardly pick out three words to a page.—New York Sun.

Subscribe to the True Witness

Shorthand and Nerve.

"Yes, you're right," said the stenographer who has begun to grow gray with his years of service; "the work of a good stenographer is mighty hard. But nerve counts in that business as well as any other."

"Let me tell you that there are very few all-round good court stenographers. Some of the best in the country are right here in this city, but you can easily count those that are able to keep up with the procession when experts, doctors, alienists and other people who can talk off strings of Latin, French and other strange words and terms get on the stand."

"I hadn't been in the business long before I was warned to fight shy of expert testimony, technical hearings, commissions in lunacy and such things. But by and by I got so proficient that not much of anything in my law-office work stumped me and I began to have a pretty good opinion of myself."

"I knew French well, had enough Latin to wade along in a pretty deep puddle, had the law part of the business down as well as nine out of ten and even a little medicine in my head."

"I was doing a regular law-office stenographer's work at the time. One day a stenographer who was recognized as the kingpin of the trade here came to my office and asked me if I would report for him the hearing of a Wall street case in one of the courts that afternoon."

Now the very fact that he had asked me was a piece of flattery that tickled me very much and, seeing a good chance to break into the inner circle of the stenographic fraternity, I consented on the instant.

"Well, when I reached the court room I was nearly scared out of my shoes. There were about seven lawyers on each side and they were all more than prepared to argue every phase of a very hard case in the most technical language."

When the case got under way it was like a whirlwind, but I stuck to my work like a Trojan and got every syllable down perfectly. Even when the fourteen lawyers, more or less, talked pretty much all at once and the court put in questions and the witness managed to get into the sandwich once in a great while, I had everything down right."

"Then one of the lawyers asked a long question, rattling out his words like a Gatling gun pouring shot, and all the other thirteen lawyers began firing their share of the canonade. I knew I was getting it all down in pothooks all right, but suddenly one of the lawyers requested that the stenographer repeat the question."

"Now, I had that question down all right and in such shape that I was perfectly able to translate it, but the suddenness with which that lawyer's request was made threw me clean off my feet. I was completely rattled, to put it plainly. I knew that if I tried to read that question I should stutter and stammer and fall."

"I did have a lot of common sense left, however, and I began to play for time in which to cool down, if possible, and with that idea in my head I began to turn over the leaves of my notebook, pretending to hunt for the question. I fumbled back and forth as coolly—as if I were the oldest hand in the business at that sort of game, but all the time I felt as if everybody in court was looking at me. All of a sudden the lawyer who had put that question said: 'Well, I'll withdraw that question.' Imagine what a deep breath of relief I took!"

"There's another kind of nerve that pays in the business. I had been doing some summer work for one of the big Philadelphia law firms whose regular stenographer was on a long vacation. I had stipulated that I was to do nothing but office business for the lawyers, but one day there came up a big case and the man they had expected to do the reporting went back on them at the last minute and I stepped into the breach."

"I had no idea what the case was to be and when I landed in the courtroom I was astounded. It was one of those ticklish lunacy commission hearings and the two principal witnesses were the biggest alienists in this part of the country."

"When those alienists got to work it was all up with me. One of them in particular nearly drove me crazy right there in my seat."

"He hurled out a collection of long-winded Latin and complicated terms of medicine that simply couldn't be recorded by anybody who was not a wonder. But when I was unable to get the whole word or phrase down in shorthand I made a mark of some sort."

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Magnificent Palatial Rochester, Kingston, Clayton and Intermediate Ports. Leave Toronto for Montreal (the Metropolis of Canada).

SUMMER HOTELS. THE MANOIR RICHELIEU. THE TADOUSSAC. Owned and operated by the Company, and charmingly situated on the Banks of the St. Lawrence.

Catholic Sailors' Club. ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit.

A Memorial Chapel. Archbishop Farley officiated at the consecration of the beautiful new chapel of St. Sylvia at Tivoli-on-the-Hudson, on Sunday last.

A Bargain Month JULY! July is associated in the public mind with bargains. This year we intend to deepen the impression.

Our Great Annual Linen Sale. Will begin immediately, and is certain to prove an economic event of the first importance to all householders.

MONKEY CAGE FOR PRISONERS. Chief of Police Wettyen, of Verona, N.J., has a jail in his barn. It is a cage similar to those used in circuses for monkeys.

Events of The

ST. PETER AND Monday last, 29th J celebrated the double Peter and St. Paul; the solemnization of one of the great occasions of the year, united in would suffice to render of special devotion; consider that one of price of the Apostle car of Christ on earth other was the Apostle tiles, the great Rome life was dedicated to Christ, and whose im ties have constituted portant portion of the ment. To relate the two great saints wou to tell the entire stor ation of Christianity tablishment as a Chu tring at Rome of all ous and supernatural overthrew the greatest tiquity and the false cients, and that on t Caesars built up that that governs the re twenty centuries after Christ and His Apost But it must not be the Church which to the feasts of St. Pete is the same Church t ministered in the c that Paul preached of Athens. We know poor fisherman of G converted to Christ, come yet the mighty sublimest system that man from God. We k a Roman legatus, was a flood of grace on the acus, and how he even paths from city to ci nor, spreading the ve he had once set out to have also to turn to consumption of be works. In the Mam both carried chains; a was crucified—head cu other had his head cu came a Roman citizen the two a perfect illu Church that they co- the rich, the lowly a the ignorant and the le with no social claim with the proudest citi age; yet both doing b same cause, both prof same faith, both o same faith. And such today. There is no p alted within her gift most humble, the mos most unknown may n there is no position in alted that she cannot dust in the hour of T able triumph. It is then in a spirit Church inculcates, and imated Peter and fired Paul that we must br to the celebration of feast. It is an occasi Catholic can raise his of legitimate pride, a Deum of gratitude to wisdom that sent to t at the dawn of Chris such mighty Apostles and St. Paul. And e result we must involk ed aid for ourselves, th the Holy Father.

Events of The Week.

ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.—On Monday last, 29th June, the Church celebrated the double feast of St. Peter and St. Paul; to-morrow is the solemnization. This is decidedly one of the great commemorative occasions of the year. Two such saints, united in one celebration would suffice to render the day one of special devotion; but when we consider that one of these was the prince of the Apostles, the first Vicar of Christ on earth, and that the other was the Apostle of the Gentiles, the great Roman citizen whose life was dedicated to the cause of Christ, and whose imperishable Epistles have constituted such an important portion of the New Testament. To relate the lives of these two great saints would simply mean to tell the entire story of the foundation of Christianity of its first establishment as a Church, of the centering at Rome of all those mysterious and supernatural influences that overthrew the greatest Empire of antiquity and the false gods of the ancients, and that on the ruins of the Caesars built up that Eternal Rome that governs the religious world twenty centuries after the time of Christ and His Apostles.

But it must not be forgotten that the Church which to-day celebrates the feasts of St. Peter and St. Paul is the same Church that Peter administered in the catacombs and that Paul preached on the Acropolis of Athens. We know how Peter, the poor fisherman of Galilee, became converted to Christ, and was to become yet the mighty Pontiff of the sublimest system that ever came to man from God. We know how Paul, a Roman legatus, was stricken with a flood of grace on the road to Damascus, and how he eventually trod the paths from city to city of Asia Minor, spreading the very gospel that he had once set out to destroy. We have also to turn to Rome for the consummation of both their lives-works. In the Mamertine prison both carried chains; and when one was crucified—head downwards—the other had his head cut off—as became a Roman citizen. We have in the two a perfect illustration of the Church that they co-operated in establishing. We have the poor and the rich, the lowly and the titled, the ignorant and the learned, the one with no social claims and the one with the proudest citizenship of that age; yet both doing battle in the same cause, both propagating the same principles, both suffering for the same faith, both dying for the same Christ. And such is the Church to-day. There is no position so exalted within her gift to which the most humble, the most poor, the most unknown may not rise; and there is no position in life so exalted that she cannot level it to the dust in the hour of Truth's inevitable triumph.

It is then in a spirit such as the Church inculcates, and such as animated Peter and fired the zeal of Paul that we must bring ourselves to the celebration of this grand feast. It is an occasion when every Catholic can raise his voice in tones of legitimate pride, and sing a Te Deum of gratitude to God for the wisdom that sent to the human race at the dawn of Christianity, two such mighty Apostles as St. Peter and St. Paul. And as a practical result we must invoke their combined aid for ourselves, the Church, and the Holy Father.

THE HOLY ROSARY.—To-morrow, the first Sunday of July, the Church celebrates the grand and loveable feast of the Holy Rosary. This is a feast especially belonging to the Catholic Church, for she alone of all churches preserves and propagates the sacred devotions to Mary, the Mother of God. All who know the great role that the Rosary has played in the spiritual life of the Church and of the faithful need no explanations regarding that feast and require no urgent appeal to celebrate it in a manner that will be worthy of such a glorious occasion. To the one who is a stranger both to our faith and to its consolations, we need say nothing, for lack of experience causes such to ignore the inestimable boon of the Holy Rosary. The entire month of July is consecrated to that devotion, and as in the month of May, Catholics flock to the altar of Mary with gifts, flowers, prayers and hymns, so do they honor her during this month with the practice of a devotion that is specially dear to her maternal heart.

The reappearance of M. Waldeck-Rousseau aroused intense interest.

this Saturday, being the eve thereof, as well as the eve of the solemnization of St. Peter and St. Paul's day, it is observed in abstinence.

If one will only take up a Rosary and for a moment reflect upon what those fifteen decades tell us, the vast horizon of thought will beam and spread out before the gaze, studded with stars that have each the power to guide the soul to a shrine of untold blessings. The mere mention of the different mysteries in the life of the Blessed Virgin that the contemplation of the Holy Rosary evokes would suffice to give us an outline of that glorious life. They are sorrowful—with a sorrow such as no other mother's heart has known on earth; they are joyous—with a joy that transcends all that human nature can know of bliss; they are glorious—with a glitter of divinely-fashioned rays such as the Eternal alone can fling over any human life or human achievement. And in the glory of the present, and in the joys and sorrows of the past, Mary had but the one grand aim, the fulfillment of a two-fold mission—that of Mother of the Son of God, and that of mother of the human race. She it was, in person, who designed and bestowed on us the Holy Rosary, and the history of time is full of evidences that no one who has been faithful to Mary and who has decked his or her life with that holy chaplet of sweet prayer, was ever known to have perished.

And as it has been in the past so shall it be in the future. There is no more simple form of prayer than that of the Rosary. So much so that the most illiterate can participate in its benefits, even as the most learned; from the Sovereign Pontiff, seated upon the throne of Peter, and surrounded by the regal splendors of the Vatican, down to the aged woman, whose eyes are too dimmed with years to read, and who awaits the great end in the cottage of the indigent, the Rosary is a link that binds soul to soul and weaves the entire Catholic world into one holy communion of spirit with Mary the Fountain of Grace and the Advocate of Sinners.

EVENTS IN FRANCE.

Last week was an ominous one for the Combes ministry. There is such a thing as the "beginning of the end," and Campbell's oft quoted line:—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

has its application in politics as well as in war. The most significant event has been that of the clash between Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes. Ever since the former's resignation of the Premiership he has kept aloof from the hot discussions of the hour, and appears to have allowed Combes to rush on to the abyss for which he has all along been steering, without caring to raise a hand to assist or to check him. It is clearer to-day to us, than even it was when we wrote our comments on Waldeck-Rousseau's resignation and the advent of Combes, that the latter has been merely the shield and cat's-paw of the former. Waldeck-Rousseau prepared the Law of Associations, but was too much of a statesman not to foresee its bitter consequences and too much of a politician to risk the responsibility of its enforcement—with the odium that would ruin his popularity. He stepped out and made way for the lesser light, the man of passions and hates, the one who had no popularity to risk and no name to sully. And now that Combes has done the executioner's work, Waldeck-Rousseau feels that it is time to commence the undoing of his henchman and the preparing of the public mind for his own return to power. This is plainly set before us in the following despatch, dated Paris, June 27:—

In the Senate to-day the debate on the Government project requiring communes to build schools to replace those of the religious congregations brought out a divergence of views from the Premier, M. Combes, and the former Premier, Waldeck-Rousseau, the latter taking part in the debates for the first time in months. M. Combes supported the law and M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who followed, pointed out the enormous cost involved in the project, nearly \$25,000,000, and urged caution, lest the benefits of the law of 1901 be checked.

Following M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech the Senate, by 183 to 95 votes, decided to discuss the law in detail. This constitutes a partial check to the government plan to limit the discussion of the measure as a whole.

The reappearance of M. Waldeck-Rousseau aroused intense interest.

As if to give approval to M. Waldeck-Rousseau's views the Senate voted in support of his contention. This, following the narrow government majority in the Chamber yesterday, led to much excited comment regarding the permanency of the Combes Cabinet.

The President of the Council in his speech gave no evidence of any intention to retire, but stated that a group of Senators did not intend to permit minor reverses to precipitate a Cabinet crisis. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's opposition assumed added significance because of its being made on the eve of the summer adjournment of Parliament.

Does not this carry out exactly our prediction of many months ago, as well as our course of reasoning regarding the situation brought about by the change of Premiers at that time? There are mutations that we do not always fathom in the affairs of nations, and, as in the individual, Providence permits deeds and even crimes that sully the standard that once waved to triumph. But, also as with man, there is never a wrong done that does not have, sooner or later, its retribution, and there is no depth to which a mis-governed nation may sink out of which it cannot rise again under better auspices and in the light of truer principles. And as it has been with men and nations, so shall it be with France—and sooner than people imagine.

Striking Lessons of A Catholic Family

On Sunday last very imposing ceremonies took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in connection with the Jesuit novitiate. His Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate, ordained ten young members of the Jesuit and other Orders throughout the city. The Church was never so gaily and artistically decorated, nor did it ever witness so much pomp and ceremonial. The Delegate was mitred and robed in all the vestments of Archbishop dignity, and his attendance and surroundings corresponded with the distinction of the personage and the solemnity of the occasion. He was assisted in the capacity of deacon of honor, by Rev. Father Charlebois, S.J., and sub-deacon of honor, Rev. Father Sylvestre, S.J. The deacon and sub-deacon of office were, respectively, Rev. Father Cote and Rev. Father Chartrand. In the sanctuary were noticed Rev. Father Turgeon, S. J., Rector of St. Mary's College; Rev. Father Adam, parish priest of the Immaculate Conception; Rev. Fathers Bourinot, Kavanagh, Durocher, Dupuis and others.

Amongst those newly ordained was Rev. Father Carriere, who on Monday said his first Mass at the Hotel-Dieu, in the presence of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Carriere. This venerable couple celebrated on that same day the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. It was surely a day of untold joy for that pious and devoted family. The child ascending for a first time the altar of God to offer up the holy sacrifice, and the father and mother counting, at its foot, the two score and ten years that have elapsed since they—in their prime—gave their hearts to each other at the altar of the Holy Church, one of whose priests their son is to-day. What a magnificent lesson! Such the fruits of a pure, holy and noble Catholic life; such the results of that sacramental marriage the boon of which none but Catholics can fully appreciate.

The aged couple are both sixty-nine years of age. They were married in 1853. They have had fourteen children, of which number eight are alive. The eight children are Rev. Father Carriere, above mentioned; Sisters Carriere and LeRoy of the Hotel-Dieu; Sisters Marie-Barthelmi and Marie-Rodrigue of the Sisters of Ste. Anne, Lachine; Mr. Ulric Carriere, optician of St. Lawrence street; and Miss Florence Carriere. In religious life this venerable couple have also one sister, four nephews, three nieces, and several cousins—all priests and nuns well known and beloved throughout the Province of Quebec. We need scarcely say that the occasion was marked with many splendid gifts and tokens of love and veneration. The Sisters of the Hotel-Dieu deserve to be highly congratulated upon the manner in which they organized and assisted to bring that memorable event to a successful issue. They spared no pains. And surely the entire Catholic population of Montreal joins them in the congratulations that have poured in upon the young priest and his venerable parents.

Winnipeg Catholics And the School Question.

(From Northwest Review, June 27.)

A mass meeting of the Catholic residents of the city was held at the Catholic Club recently for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee that recently waited on the public school board, and to decide what further action should be taken, if any, to secure redress of the grievances under which the Catholic minority of the province claim they suffer in the matter of education. The gathering was one of the largest ever held by the Catholics in Winnipeg, and was thoroughly representative, members of each of the city congregations being present in large numbers. The proceedings throughout were marked with even more than the usual enthusiasm, some of the stirring speeches eliciting hearty cheers, the assemblage being evidently deeply stirred by the failure of the negotiations with the School Board, and determined to carry the matter once more to the highest governing authority in the Dominion, if necessary, to secure relief.

The meeting organized by unanimously selecting Mr. F. W. Russell for chairman and Mr. D. F. Coyle, secretary.

The chairman opened the proceedings in a brief and pointed speech, and then called on Mr. T. D. Deegan, who gave a lucid explanation of the various steps that had been taken to get a satisfactory arrangement with the city school board. He stated that, notwithstanding the reasonable attitude taken by the Catholics, their advances had been met by a series of refusals on the part of the School Board to do anything for them, and it was evident now that relief could not be looked for from this quarter.

A noteworthy resolution. The committee felt, therefore, there was only one thing now to be done, and that was to once more appeal to the Provincial and Dominion governments, and with this in view he moved the following resolution:—

"Whereas, the lords of the judicial committee of the Privy Council of the British Government, in a judgment delivered, on the 29th of January, 1895, declared that a right, or privilege, which the Roman Catholic minority previously enjoyed had been affected by the Manitoba legislation of 1890;

"Whereas, acting on that decision of the Privy Council the Government of the Dominion of Canada and of the Province of Manitoba, have by arrangement enacted certain amendments to the School Act of 1890 (generally known as the Laurier-Greenway school settlement) purposing to redress the grievance of the said Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba;

"Whereas, the said agreement, effected between the Federal and Provincial Governments, has been proved defective, imperfect and insufficient, some few only of the school districts where the Catholics practically form the total of the ratepayers having been able to take some slight advantage of it, and that only by the good will of the Local Government, whilst in those of mixed population, where Protestants are in the majority, no benefit whatever can be derived from the so-called school settlement;

"Whereas, the Catholics of Winnipeg in particular have seen their repeated efforts to obtain redress frustrated by the persistent refusal of the city school board to entertain their just demands, and

"Whereas, they have had now for more than twelve years to pay double taxes, the one for the building up and support of the public schools of Winnipeg, the other for the maintenance of their own schools;

"Be it resolved, that we, the Catholics of Winnipeg, in public meeting assembled, consider it our duty to put it on record that our grievance in school matters has so far in no way been redressed;

"Be it further resolved, that Messrs. J. G. Carroll, T. D. Deegan, P. Marrin, N. Bawlf, F. W. Russell and M. McManus be a committee with power to add to their number to approach the Local Government and lay before the honorable the Premier of Manitoba our grievances, with prayer for redress; and that in

the event of the said Local Government refusing or showing inability to grant our just demands, two of the members of the said committee be instructed to proceed at once to Ottawa, with a view to lay the matter before the Federal Government, and to pray the Governor-General-in-Council not to permit the aggrieved minority of Manitoba to suffer any longer the unjust treatment under which they have now labored for more than twelve years."

The motion was seconded by Mr. P. Marrin, who corroborated Mr. Deegan's account of the negotiations with the School Board, and commented on the evident uselessness of seeking further for any relief from that body.

The motion was vigorously discussed by several present, stirring speeches being made by the chairman, Mr. E. Cass and others, and some pertinent questions were asked and satisfactorily answered by the committee. Finally the motion was put to the meeting and unanimously and enthusiastically carried.

It is understood that the committee will immediately proceed to carry out the instructions contained in the resolution, and a most vigorous effort is to be made by the Catholic minority to secure the rights to which they claim they are entitled under the constitution and by the decision of the Privy Council.

Agitation in Russia.

A despatch to the New York "Evening Post," says:—

The revolutionist movement in Russia seems to be spreading unceasingly, and is reaching regions hitherto free from the radical agitation. Leaflets directed against the existing condition of Russian home affairs and demanding revolutionary changes were circulated broadcast during the month of May in thirty-four cities and towns of the empire. Serious street disturbances have occurred at various places, as already cabled, including Baku, Warsaw, Berdichek, Tiflis, Batum, Balakna, and Tomsk.

The multitude of arrests, in addition to domiciliary visitations, which have taken place among army officers, literary men, teachers, workmen, students, and other classes at St. Petersburg, Kiev, Odessa, Virbalen, and, in fact, in the cities and towns throughout the Empire, attest the colossal growth of the revolutionary agitation. It is naturally strongest in the pale of the Jewish settlements; but it has reached such far-off places as Kosetroma, on the upper Volga, a region hitherto free from any radical movements.

A CATHEDRAL FOR SEATTLE.

Bishop O'Dea has announced that a handsome new Cathedral, which will be one of the finest in the United States, will shortly be erected in Seattle. It will cost \$250,000 and will be in Spanish Romanesque style, with imposing spires surrounded by old Spanish balconies. The new Cathedral will be built on a hill overlooking the city and is designed with a view to picturesqueness as well as solidity and strength.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

On Sunday last, Rev. Henry A. Meahan, M.A., P.P., of St. Bernard's Church, Monton, N.B., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Much enthusiasm was displayed by the parishioners in honoring the distinguished jubilarian whose administration of the parish has been so successful.

Father Meahan was born at Bathurst June 29, 1853. He studied in the schools of his native town, at Saint Joseph's College, and studied philosophy and theology with the Sulpicians in the Grand Seminary in Montreal, where he was ordained by Archbishop Fabre June 28, 1878. After spending four years in Saint John he was given charge of Moncton in succession to the late Father Bellevue. Thus twenty-one years of his priestly life have been spent in this city, where he is held in the highest regard by all classes, and idolized by his own people. Ad multos amos.

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Mount Royal In Summer

(By Miss K. Hanley.)

Under this caption one of our young readers sends us the following sketch which we publish with pleasure in this column. Many of our citizens go into ecstasies about many other places, but our fair young correspondent is true to dear old Montreal. She writes:—

When nature bursts the icy fetters that hold her captive during the winter, she assumes her green robe with an air of exultation in her new-born freedom. Over her fair face, the genial summer sun soon spreads a glow, such as its brilliant rays alone could impart.

Nature possesses an irresistible fascination during this period of her adolescence, when she blossoms forth bright with promises of future joy. In her vast domain, there are haunts where she delights to revel; where the picturesque beauty of the scenery captivates the mind, producing upon it an effect so tranquilizing, that it seemingly responds to the magic of its surroundings.

Not among the least of these ranks our own Mount Royal, of rugged aspect, but well defined outline, whose precipitous sides are clothed with trees luxuriously covered with foliage. Mountain grandeur and sylvan loveliness are here combined. The charms that embellish this romantic region are many: peaceful pine-clad woods, abounding in wild, fresh beauty, in which there is something exhilarating; pleasant walks, adorned with thickets of flowering shrubs and evergreens; and the driveway penetrating its recesses, and disclosing scenes of rugged, untamed sublimity during its course to the summit. Here, the "Lookout," the centre of interest is located. This spot is a source of delight to all, more especially to the tourist photographer. After having enjoyed the panoramic view it commands, he may indulge his favorite pastime, and carry away lasting impressions of Canada's metropolis, the majestic St. Lawrence, and the various natural beauty spots ornamenting it. All these combined form a pleasing picture which to be seen advantageously must be viewed from Mount Royal, Montreal's striking background.

We sincerely hope that others, amongst the young friends of the "True Witness" will emulate the example of Miss Hanley and send us contributions for this column.

The Late Abbe Clement

It was a painful event that which closed the young life of a promising priest, of thirty-five years of age, in the person of the late Abbe Clement of Fickdale, Mass. The accident took place on Friday evening of last week, when the carriage in which the priest was driving was struck by a Park and Island car at Mile End. The deceased was a native of Saint Justin, in Maskinonge County, and had made his course of studies at Nicolet and Three Rivers. After his ordination Bishop Beaven gave him charge of the important parish of Fickdale, and for the last ten years he had exercised, there, his sacred ministry.

On the 10th June he had assisted at the centenary feast at Nicolet, and then stayed over to witness the unveiling of Mgr. Bourget's monument. On Friday last, in company of Abbe Bourget, a nephew of the great Bishop, and Mr. W. Lessard, the unfortunate victim of the fatal accident, had gone for a drive to the cemetery. It was in returning that their vehicle was overturned by the street car. The reverend gentleman never regained his consciousness, but died, on Saturday, at the Notre Dame Hospital. His remains were taken to Mile End, where a first service was sung. Then after the necessary inquest, the body was removed to Louisville, whence it was taken to his native place at Saint Justin. His father came to Montreal on Saturday, but had not the consolation of a word with his gifted and saintly son, as the latter was in an unconscious state till death came to him. We sincerely unite our sympathy and prayers to the numbers who sorrow to-day over the untimely end of such a bright light in God's sanctuary.

Lay Feminality.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

A writer signing "Saint Gayrac," in the Paris "Universe," has a most powerful article under the above heading. It is a scathing denunciation of the policy of the Combes Government and a cry of lamentation over the new system of regarding the female portion of the population in France.

"You cease not to preach about the social rights of woman, and because some women exercise the most legitimate of those rights, because they gratuitously devote themselves to the instruction of the people, gratuitously teach, care for the sick, heal the infirm, bind up wounds the most repugnant, you prescribe them."

"And you answer yes; you say that abnegation, sacrifice, convictions, charity have seen their day. In a democratic society devotedness is a snare, pure sacrifice is as grotesque and unfashionable as would be a candle-extinguisher beside an Edison lamp."

"Meanwhile, awaiting the new miracles, they will close the sisters' schools, in order to give an impetus to progress, to the diffusion of knowledge, and the emancipation of an oppressed people."

Fanatical Bigotry.

(From Pittsburg Observer.)

There is a small section of the population of this country who are notable for the feebleness of their intellectual capacity on one hand, and for the intensity of their anti-Catholic bigotry on the other.

A branch of a so-called "patriotic" organization composed of people belonging to this peculiar class exists. It appears in Norristown, Pa., and this branch has lately been distinguishing itself in characteristic fashion.

It had rented its hall to an Episcopalian clergyman to hold services there until a memorial chapel which is being erected in honor of Washington should be finished. Washington is said to have been kneeling in prayer in Valley Forge at a time—during the terrible winter of 1777-78—when the American army was in a pitiable and dangerous condition; and it is to commemorate this incident that the chapel is to be built.

Catholicity in Germany

There is no question that the days of the Kultur Kampf, the laws that ostracised the Catholic people and clergy of Germany, have been numbered. With Bismarck and his "entourage" the spirit has gone that held the "Sword of Damocles" over the heads of the religious orders in that great Protestant land.

"And to what is the victory due? To the Catholic popular organizations, to the 'Catholic Congresses,' which for nearly fifty years had been welding the Catholic population, gentle and simple, priest and laymen, countryman and townsman, into one compact mass, instinct with Catholic faith and Catholic feeling; to the Volksverein, which had already spread throughout the country, and whose members, under the guidance of the Central Committee, set in motion and directed the whole body of Catholic electors; to the Catholic Press, which fulfilled nobly its high mission—for, out of 450 Catholic papers, scarce two or three proved traitors, and to the Catholic clergy, which, like our own, is with the people because of the people, identified with them in all their interests, beloved and trusted by them."

The picture is one that only the Parisian can fully appreciate. If only Combes and his satellites could be stung to a sense of their imbecility by such an article, the writer of it would deserve well of the nation.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., will deliver the sermon on the occasion of Rev. Father Marion's silver jubilee, at Douglas on July 22nd.

ORATORY.

The decline of the standard of Parliamentary oratory in the present, as compared with the last generation, has rather painfully impressed some impartial observers in England.—Exchange.

Some Notable Anniversaries.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The mutations of time cannot be illustrated better than by the recalling of anniversaries of historical importance. The three first days of this week present the commemorations of events widely dissimilar and yet each affording an idea of how very different have been conditions in various countries throughout the past few centuries.

On the 29th June, 1852, the great American orator and patriot, Henry Clay, died; and with him closed a generation of men whose lives may be considered as so many stones in the foundation work of the American Republic.

It was on the same date, but in 1776, that General Howe arrived at Sandy Hook, coming with the full intention of subjecting the rebel colonists, but "counting without his host." On the day that Clay expired in America, a great light of the Catholic Church was extinguished in Dublin—the death of Archbishop Cullen creating a void in the hierarchy of Ireland at a most critical period, a time of transition in her history. It was equally on the 29th June, 1878, that Bismarck declared war upon the Catholic Church. That is exactly a quarter of a century ago. To-day Bismarck is forgotten, save as a name that figures in the past history of one people; and the laws that he formulated and the principles that he laid down are entirely overthrown. Catholicity springs up afresh, under the aegis of a new spirit, in Germany, and her religious orders reoccupy the homes of which Bismarck deprived them.

The 30th June was none the less remarkable. It was on that date, 1777, that the British forces evacuated New Jersey, and that the great victory of Independence was affirmed for the United States. On the 30th June, 1640, Doctor Morgan was hanged, drawn and quartered, at Tyburn, "for being a priest." Terrible, then, was the punishment meted out to the one guilty of being a priest. If barbarism could be more pronounced we would be glad to hear of the age and country in which it is to be recorded. What a difference to-day for the priest in London.

On the 30th June, 1780, J. Hardiman, the famous Irish musician, was born. It was a memorable day in the annals of the "Land of Song," for who does not know the debt due that patriotic soul for the gift of "Hardiman's Minstrelsy?" On the 30th June, 1880, the Jesuits were expelled from France. It would seem as if France had a mania for expelling religious orders and that the disease breaks out periodically, like a plague.

The first of July, which we can never forget, as our own Dominion Day, was the day—1867—of the death of General Thomas Francis Meagher. On that day the great orator, patriot and hero of the continent, was accidentally drowned on the Missouri—and his body was never recovered. He had faced death in the dock of Clonmel, and under the shadow of the scaffold, he had faced it on a dozen fields of battle, during the American Civil War, leading on the Irish Brigade; he had electrified two hemispheres with the magic of his eloquence; and when the reward came, in the form of a governorship of Montana, he silently fell from a boat at night on the Missouri, and died unseen, unheard, and never to be found.

It was on the 1st July, 1566, that the great Indian Missionary, Father Las Casas died—one of the most sublime figures in the history of the new world during the seventeenth century. It was also on the 1st July, 1608, that Samuel de Champlain founded the city of Quebec. That was an event ever memorable in the history of Canada, for Quebec was destined to become the picturesque stage whereon the majority of the great tragedies in our country's history were to be played. And its founder, Champlain, was, without doubt, one of the most noble characters that ever trod our soil.

On the 1st July, 1798, Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Egypt. He then was marching to his first great triumph, under the shadow of the Great Pyramid, "from whose summit forty centuries looked down upon him." It was the commencement of a meteoric career that was to practically end on the 1st July, 1815, as he stepped on board the British troopship Bellerophon, bound for St. Helena.

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Biblical Studies.

As an evidence of how important the Catholic press is to every Catholic cause, we learn that the Commission on Biblical Studies recently appointed by the Pope, as already announced in the "True Witness," has decided to publish a periodical review. The first portion thereof will contain articles from scholars relating to the Sacred Scriptures.

The work of the Commission has become so extensive that His Holiness has decided to appoint an under-secretary to the Commission, in the person of the Rev. Padre Molini, O.F.M., an ex-student of the International Franciscan College of S. Anthony, where he now resides, after having been professor of Sacred Scripture in the college of the Order at Jerusalem.

Notes for Farmers.

LIVE STOCK.—The Massachusetts station recorded the kinds and amounts of foods consumed by three farm horses for five years, to learn the average cost of the daily feed. In the different years the cost of the ration, which consisted of hay, corn, oats and other common feeding stuffs, varied from 18.5 to 24.8 cents per head daily.

The udders of calves should be handled and gently rubbed often, especially after the young heifer begins to spring an udder. She will appreciate a gentle rubbing of her udder for at least a month before she drops her calf. If this has been carefully attended to with a judicious application of kind treatment at all times, breaking the heifer to milk will not be required; she will stand as quietly for milking as for her calf.

Sore shoulders are more in evidence when the heavy run of spring work is on, after a long winter of irregular work and confinement in the stable than they are now. But even at this season there are cases when much discomfort is caused that, by a little extra care, could be averted. There are horses with defectively shaped shoulders or thin skins that are very easily out of work in this way, but, as a rule, the defect is more in the horseman than the horse. The collar must be made to fit comfortably and be kept clean and smooth, and the traces made equal length so as to have the strain fairly balanced to both shoulders. The collar should be taken off as soon as the horse is out of the yoke, and, if necessary, the shoulder washed with cold water. Carbollized vaseline is an excellent application,

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED. Annual Summer Sale of Seasonable Merchandise

Now in progress at The Big Store. If you are a visitor to the city, it will benefit you to visit the establishment and make all necessary purchases.

LADIES' KNITTED WOOL JERSEYS TO WEAR AT SEASIDE. Ladies' Knitted Wool Jerseys, fancy stitch, in marine blue, turn-over cuff, high collar, braid binding, pouch front.

LADIES' SILK BLOUSES. There is no room for other than good styles within these stocks. Ladies' Glace Silk Blouses in blue, ciel, white and shell pink, front and yoke effect of pin tucks and draw thread, with crochet ornaments, new puff sleeves, gantlet cuffs, high collar and over lap, pearl buttons.

Well stocked Corset Department. Well stocked with all good makes of Corsets in sensible styles, and reasonable weights. Other figure builders too, for Ladies or Children.

SUMMER READING. Paper Covered Novels, good range of titles, at 10c and 15c. Standard Authors, attractively bound in cloth, following authors represented: Dickens, Henty, Corelli, Ruskin, Kipling and many others.

TRAVELLING BAGS. A large assortment of Pebble Leather Satchels, with strong pockets, strong lock. Size 12 in., each \$1.20. Size 14 in., each 1.45. Size 16 in., each 1.55.

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JULY CARPET SALE commenced on Thursday, July 2, and will be continued until further notice. Bargains and Discounts in every Department.

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\$2.00 SPECIAL VALUE \$2.00 Men's Box Calf and Dongola Lace Boots. Solid and Neatly Made on Latest Styles of Lasts, at Two Dollars. RONAYNES', 207 NOTRE DAME STREET, Corner CHABOLLEZ SQUARE.

both to prevent and heal sore shoulders. FARM.—In spraying potato vines to kill beetle slugs, care should be taken that the solution is not too strong, as if it is it burns the vines and stops the growth of the rubers.

When asked what the grange has done, I say it is worth to the rural population of the state in the social line more than a thousand times what it has cost. In the insurance to farmers it has been worth \$25,000 in hard cash. It is a reflection on the intelligence of a person to ask what the grange is doing. Its accomplishment of benefits to rural people of the nation is well known.

No acre is so well appreciated as the one the owner rescued from a swamp; no tree so interesting as the one he helped his father plant; no house so homelike as the one planned by man and wife, and cleared of mortgage after a hard pull. These works are the children of the farmer's brain and muscle, and why should we put a price on them? Happily the man who can prove by soil and trees and buildings that he has done something to make the world a better place to live in, and something that when he is gone will do his memory credit.

Presbyterian Inconsistency

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We have always felt a large section of the of Ireland, especially the period around 1848. We some of their leading forth in defence of the cause, and how they their Catholic associates oppressive laws that the greater surprise and grief that we notice here and inconsistent have of that body shown the of the recent General Ass Presbyterian Church, w sidered the report of t tee on Higher Educatio They oppose, tooth a wishes and interests of Catholic population of say that "no concessio compromise with Catho spect of the grievance strenuously complain. tainly uncompromising anything but the "Eq which they have s preached and of whic so very much in Cana opposed to the establi Catholic college in Dubli copolians have Trinity Dublin: the Presbyte Queen's College, Belfa object to Catholics—t jority—having a college own. And they admit t al Commission has fou proven all the just grie Catholics, yet they rej finding of the Commissi Act of Parliament, and pose it ever becoming they condemn the Pren cepting the truth of th that Commission. If w more inconsistent we w to hear of it.

The motion to adopt of their own commit Higher Catholic educat ed by Rev. Dr. Pettigro onded by Rev. James B remarks of the forme open and unblushing, a christian-like sentiment of the latter in inconsis gree that baffles our v standing.

Amongst other things grew said:—"The recommendation a Roman Catholic Collo accompanied by a blow rian interests, and was unfair and unjust that think anyone amongst cipated it. It cut off t terian college in Derry v university privileges it ever since the foundati Royal University of Ire tunately the report of a mission was not an Act ment, and they would c power by constitutional prevent its recommenda coming an Act of Parlia Pettigrew proceeded to against the claims of th Catholic hierarchy, and the attitude of the Pri on the question. They said, to Home Rule in th were equally determined, it in instalments even fr Unionists or any other p We would be pleased if al man could tell us p grounds this gentleman b in thus opposing a Catho For the life of us we even the commencement ment to sustain his big tion. But more wonderf Rev. Mr. Bingham. He s

"Roman Catholics had many wrongs education ally, social, and religio country, and they and Pr had suffered those wrong They had been the victim system which had poison ergies of the country, ar joiced to think that the of that system had be Whilst that was true he day would never come y would consent to the Ro le Church being set up a preme power even over people on the great quest tion."

There is logic for you! all the injustices that had to Catholics; he even poi Catholics suffered these ir with Presbyterians. But wishing to see such wrong he expresses the hope that may never rise from und Of course, he does not in Presbyterians in this wish

AY, JULY 4, 1908.

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... buildings that he has to make the world live in, and some- is gone will do t.

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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

Presbyterian Inconsistency

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We have always felt a respect for a large section of the Presbyterians of Ireland, especially when we studied the history of the troubled period around 1848. We know how some of their leading men came forth in defence of the true Irish cause, and how they suffered, as did their Catholic associates, from the oppressive laws that crushed the nation's liberties. It is, therefore, with the greater surprise and the greater grief that we notice how intolerant and inconsistent have the members of that body shown themselves at the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, when they considered the report of their Committee on Higher Education.

They oppose, tooth and nail, the wishes and interests of the entire Catholic population of Ireland. They say that "no concession to and no compromise with Catholics in respect of the grievances of which they strenuously complain." This is certainly uncompromising enmity. It is anything but the "Equal Rights" which they have so frequently preached and of which we have heard so very much in Canada. They are opposed to the establishment of a Catholic college in Dublin. The Episcopalians have Trinity College, in Dublin; the Presbyterians have Queen's College, Belfast; yet they object to Catholics—the vast majority—having a college of their own. And they admit that the Royal Commission has found out and proven all the just grievances of the Catholics, yet they rejoice that the finding of the Commission is not an Act of Parliament, and they will oppose it ever becoming one. Then they condemn the Premier for accepting the truth of the finding of that Commission. If aught could be more inconsistent we would be glad to hear of it.

The motion to adopt the report of their own committee against Higher Catholic education was moved by Rev. Dr. Pettigrew, and seconded by Rev. James Bingham. The remarks of the former are most open and unblushing, as far as unchristian-like sentiment goes; those of the latter in inconsistent to a degree that baffles our very understanding.

Amongst other things, Dr. Pettigrew said:—

"The recommendation in favor of a Roman Catholic College was accompanied by a blow at Presbyterian interests, and was so grossly unfair and unjust that he did not think anyone amongst them anticipated it. It cut off their Presbyterian college in Derry from all the university privileges it had enjoyed ever since the foundation of the Royal University of Ireland. Fortunately the report of a Royal Commission was not an Act of Parliament, and they would do all in their power by constitutional means to prevent its recommendations ever becoming an Act of Parliament. Dr. Pettigrew proceeded to give reasons against the claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and condemned the attitude of the Prime Minister on the question. They objected, he said, to Home Rule in the past, and were equally determined to object to it in instalments even from avowed Unionists or any other persons."

We would be pleased if any rational man could tell us upon what grounds this gentleman bases himself in thus opposing a Catholic college? For the life of us we cannot see even the commencement of an argument to sustain his bigoted position. But more wonderful still is Rev. Mr. Bingham. He said:—

"Roman Catholics had suffered many wrongs educationally, politically, social, and religious in this country, and they and Presbyterians had suffered those wrongs together. They had been the victims of a land system which had poisoned the energies of the country, and he rejected to think that the death knell of that system had been rung. Whilst that was true he hoped the day would never come when they would consent to the Roman Catholic Church being set up as the supreme power even over their own people on the great question of education."

There is logic for you! He admits all the injustices that had been done to Catholics; he even points out that Catholics suffered these in common with Presbyterians. But instead of wishing to see such wrongs rectified, he expresses the hope that Catholics may never rise from under the yoke. Of course, he does not include the Presbyterians in this wish for a con-

tinuation of the same social, political, educational, and religious injustice. In heaven's name, where is the consistency? Or rather where is the common honesty? Where is the spirit of Christianity? Yet this man poses as a Christian minister; in fact, he preached the very Gospel whose tenets he violates in such a flagrant manner. The fact of the matter is that there is absolutely no ground for any reasonable opposition to the fair demands of the Catholics of Ireland, and it is exactly the knowledge of this lack of ground that renders these men so irrational, so narrow and so bigoted; and it is this very blindness that causes them to thus stultify themselves in the eyes of all sensible people.

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

Under the auspices of the American-Irish Historical Society a great celebration will take place on the 5th of August next. The city of New Haven, Conn., has been selected as the place for the demonstrations. A battle monument will be unveiled and dedicated by the Ninth Veteran Association, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry.

This regiment was organized in 1861, and served three years. It was commanded by Col. Thomas W. Cahill. It consisted of 1,606 officers and men. It took part with Butler in the capture of New Orleans, and did great work at the battle of Baton Rouge. It served under Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley and was present at the battles of Winchester and Fisher's Hill. A history of the regiment is being now written by Thomas Hamilton Murray. The programme of the coming event is prefaced by a statement in an American exchange that we will reproduce as it casts light on the subject. It is as follows:—

"The American-Irish Historical Society, wishing to honor the survivors of this gallant regiment, has decided to hold the annual field day of the organization at the time and place above mentioned. It believed that the exercises of the day will attract from 50,000 to 75,000 visitors in New Haven. The secretary of the navy has assigned a battleship to take part in the monument programme. The exercises will include a civic, military and naval parade, with the sailors and marines from the battleship among those in line. There will be singing by 1,000 children of the New Haven schools, public and private, and many other features of interest. One entire division of the parade will be assigned to the Connecticut Knights of Columbus. The Governor of Connecticut has accepted an invitation to be present, and among the other guests will be United States Senators and congressmen, State officials and representatives of the Catholic and Protestant clergy. In the evening the American-Irish Historical Society will dine at the Tontine, the president-general, Hon. William McAdoo, presiding."

Catholicity in Georgia.

Taken in detail it is remarkable how steady and certain the progress of Catholicity is in each State of the American Union. We have just come upon some statistics regarding Georgia, a State in which we had always been under the impression that the Catholic Church had but little influence. It appears that this State is included in the diocese of Savannah, which was founded fifty three years ago. Five years ago there were thirteen Churches with resident priests in the State, fourteen missions, eight parishes having parochial schools, and a Catholic population of twenty thousand. It is now claimed that the total number of Catholics in the State is thirty thousand. In 1897, in Atlanta, there was only one Catholic Church, with a membership of four thousand. Now they have two churches, with more than eight thousand communicants, and about twenty missions with over fifteen hundred members. From Nashville and Memphis, in Tennessee, come reports of an equally marked Catholic progress. But in Georgia the gains are the most remarkable.

One of the causes given for this augmentation in the Catholic population of Georgia, is that of recent years there has been an immense influx of manufacturers and of pushing business men. If so, the facts are a pretty good answer to those who eternally harp on the old string that the countries populated by Catholics are backward. Here the increase of business affairs corresponds with the increase of Catholic population.

Proposed Educational Revolution.

(From New Zealand Tablet.)

"Consistency is a jewel." So the old-time poet wrote. But, according to the contradictory Emerson, "great souls" will have simply nothing to do with it. We have full many a great soul of this borocosa style of mental architecture in New Zealand. It used to be the fashion among some of them to grill Catholics in fiery pulpit and platform denunciation for their supposed lack of patriotism in refusing to fall down and adore the State Idol—"Our Great National System"—which our political Nabuchodonosors set up a quarter of a century ago. "Speak what you think to-day," says Emerson, "in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." "Our Great National System"—free, secular, and compulsory—was inaugurated with the blessing or the tacit approval of the non-Catholic denominations. Now their united voices pronounce an anathema marthanata against its agnostic attitude towards religion. For years they have been busy planning, arranging, conferring, to overturn the Great Idol of their early worship. A mixed assembly of Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Primitive, Methodist, and Church of Christ representatives at Wellington has at last drawn up a definite scheme. They demand the reading of the Bible (Protestant version), with "simple explanations of a literary, historical, and ethical character," and this programme of religious instruction is to "form part of the (State) school curriculum under the inspectors." The manual of Scripture lessons drawn up by the Victorian Commission in 1900 has found favor in the sight of the Wellington Conference on the Bible-in-schools and, with slight modifications, is accepted as the central item in the great revolution which is to turn our State school system from secular (or rather Secularist) into sectarian.

Hitherto, leading Protestant denominations, and some odd groups of denominations, had each its separate—and in many respects contradictory—prescription for the godlessness of our system of public instruction. Now, for the first time, we have a definite scheme before us. It does not represent the unanimous views of all the churches whose leaders met in conference in Wellington. But it has at least the merit of furnishing a clear-cut subject for comment and consideration. And this is better than the sound of many and contradictory voices that we have been accustomed to since the days when the leaders of the non-Catholic creeds began to realize that godlessness and agnosticism in the school work out at last in diminishing church attendance, in a gain to unbelief, a loss to Christianity, and threaten to leave the minister of the Lord a voice crying in a wilderness of empty benches. Over two and a half years ago, when the Victorian Commission's dire labors were completed, we predicted that the scheme evolved by them would be followed by the Bible-in-schools League in New Zealand. Our prediction has been verified at every point. And the Commission and the Conference alike emphasize what we have over and over again pointed out—the hopeless tangle of difficulties that surround any attempt to introduce Bible lessons into the public schools in countries of such mixed religion as Australia and New Zealand. A plebiscite of the voters of the colony is asked for to deal with the radical change in our State system of education which the Wellington Conference demands. The machinery for the proposed referendum does not yet exist. It will probably be manufactured by our law-makers during the next session of Parliament. And then the country is to decide whether the rights of minorities are to be adequately protected and whether our public schools shall be secular or sectarian. For that is the whole question in a nutshell. The Wellington scheme proposes nothing less than this: that the teaching of what is practically Unitarianism shall be part of the curriculum of our State instruction, and that "Our Great National System"—which is now free, compulsory, and

secular—shall become free, compulsory, and sectarian.

The scheme detailed in the report of the Victorian Commission on the Bible-in-schools, and now adopted by the Wellington Conference, was dissected in a masterly way by the Archbishop of Melbourne in the "Argus" of October 8, 1900. His remarks have, therefore, a special appropriateness to the circumstances that have arisen in New Zealand. "We do not," said the distinguished prelate in the course of his observations, "object to a system of education because it is religious. And it is equally needless to say that we do not object to denominational schools, having the Bible read and taught in them. It is taught in our own schools, and we should wish it could be taught, under proper supervision, to every child, Catholic and Protestant, in the colony. But we do object to Bible lessons in mixed schools. We hold that the Bible is the depository, not the organ, of God's revelation to man. We hold, therefore, that it requires an interpreter; and we hold that the Church, through its representatives, is the divinely constituted interpreter or organ of revealed truth. We hold, too, that dogmatic truth is the basis both of faith and of morality." Catholic teaching is, therefore, wholly irreconcilable with the position taken up by modern rationalists and agnostics who reject the Bible as the depository of revelation and "abjure dogmatic truth." A totally different stand is also made upon Bible teaching even by denominations "who take God's revelation as it stands." The various Protestant creeds reject the living authority of the Catholic Church and adopt, instead, various methods of private interpretation of the Sacred Word—"the most prolific source of division and religious disunion. Nor, indeed," added His Grace, "need we go beyond the members of the Commission to find proofs of the lamentable divisions and differences which the reading of Scripture with private interpretation, or with an unreliable internal standard, is capable of producing."

"The Commission," said the Archbishop, "was composed of men who all, in some sense, recognized the authority of the Bible. They must be regarded as favorable exponents of the results of Scriptural interpretation made according to one or other of the methods to which I have referred. And yet how lamentable are the differences and how wide the divisions that exist amongst them! Even in regard to what must be looked upon as the most important truths of religion—such as the doctrine of the Trinity, the Virgin Birth of the Saviour, the Divinity of Christ, the inspiration and authority of the Scripture, the Atonement, the constitution of the Church established by Christ on earth—on these and other revealed truths an impassable gulf lies between them. How could it be hoped, then, that suitable Scripture lessons could be drawn up by that heterogeneous Commission or taught with safety in State schools to Catholic and non-Catholic children alike?" The Scripture manual of that Commission—which it is now seriously proposed to place upon the curriculum of our New Zealand public schools—was of a singularly unsatisfactory kind. Their Scripture lessons—which have been accepted by the Wellington Conference—are the result of endless discussion, amendment, and rescission, with the word "compromise" written large across the face of every page. They are supposed to be consistent with belief in and denial of the doctrine of the Trinity, with belief in and denial of the Incarnation and Divinity of Christ, and with belief in and denial of His Atonement for the sins of the world. In other words, the Victorian Commission's Scripture lessons are (as the Archbishop of Melbourne said) deemed by their compiler to be consistent with belief in and denial of Christianity as it is ordinarily accepted and professed by the general body of Christians." And he adds this damning bit of information: "By the use of unauthorized headings, favorable selections, capital letters, and italics, and effort has been made, if not to reconcile the jarring elements, at least to give expression to the various views that prevailed among the members of the Commission."

The Commission might, in fact, be compared to the house which was so divided against itself that it did not know which way to fall. But on one—though only one—point its members were in cordial agreement; in their determination to make the lessons as Protestant as possible by

using King James's Protestant version of the Bible, with all its heavy burden of inaccuracies and errors, down even to the exploded Protestant termination of the Lord's Prayer, which is not found either in the Douay (Catholic) translation, nor in the Revised (Protestant) version. "What is true of the text," says the Archbishop, "is also true, to a great extent, of the suggested hymns and forms of prayer—namely, that, in what is omitted, as well as in the general tone of what is expressed, they help to make the whole volume as Protestant as it could well be made in the circumstances." Such is the manual that—with a "conscience clause" which, as Victoria's experience has amply proved, could give no practical protection to Catholic children—the members of the recent Wellington Conference have adopted and seriously proposed for use in the State schools of New Zealand. And from its tangled texts—torn from their context—our teachers are supposed to perform a feat of pedagogical log-dermain which its compilers, failed to accomplish—namely, to dose the young idea with "historical and ethical" truth without revealing their own beliefs or unbeliefs! The age of miracles is by no means past.

SHAKY NERVES.

Suffers from Nervous Troubles Are in a State of Continuous Torture—Suggestions as to How the Trouble Can Be Overcome

When your nerves are shaky your self-control is shattered—your will power is broken. Sudden sounds startle you; your temper is irritable; your hands tremble; there is weakness in your knees; your skin is pale and parched; you are restless at night and tired when you wake. It all comes from nervous exhaustion, perhaps due to overwork and worry, late hours, hot days, and want of blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only cure. They make new, rich, red blood. They brace up jangled nerves and strengthen tired backs. They give health and energy to dull, weary, despondent men and women. Strong proof is offered in the case of Mrs. Wm. Westcott, of Seaforth, Ont., who says:—"For a long time my health was in a bad state. I was subject to headaches, dizziness and nervous exhaustion. My appetite was poor, and I was so badly run down I could not stand the least exertion. I tried several medicines and consulted different doctors, but they did not help me any. One of my neighbors strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before the second box was finished the turning point for the better had been reached, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes, to the surprise of my friends and neighbors I was again enjoying good health, and have since been strong and well. I do not know anything to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when the system is run down."

What the pills have done for others they will do for you, if you will give them a fair trial. 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.

New Inventions.

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

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

Nos.

81,382—Samuel M. Martin, Heatherdale, P.E.I., hay tedder attachment for mowing machines.

81,440—James Mathieson, Dyer's Bay, Ont., wire stretcher.

81,452—Dr. G. G. Corbet, Fairville, N.B., cuff-holder.

81,466—Auguste St. Pierre, River Three Pistols, Que., Tie plate.

81,498—Wm. G. Arnold, Kamloops, B.C., hot air furnace.

81,490—Joseph A. Desmarreau, Granby, Que., valve.

81,508—Henry Broderick, Winnipeg, Man., horse shoe.

81,529—Joseph Letourneau, St. Pierre, Riviere du Sud, Que., motor.

The Anglican View.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The Anglican Church in Ireland is considering the Irish Land Bill from its special point of view. The Bishop of Down has been addressing a diocesan conference on the subject and he declared that the Disestablished Church has over three million pounds sterling invested in mortgages upon Irish land. Under the Bill that sum will be repaid in full. But that will be unsatisfactory, for the reason that they cannot in future obtain from other investments the rate of interest that they have secured from the necessities of the Irish landlords. He reckons a loss of thirty thousand pounds yearly. He said that:—

"He regarded the future with the utmost apprehension. There were many cases where a landlord—a small landlord—possesses a townland in a country parish. Such owners had in the past from year to year contributed to the parish funds in proportion to the income received. When they had been bought out under the Land Bill their connection with the parish would cease, and although, from old association, they might during their lifetime continue to contribute, their successors were very little likely to do so. There was another factor in the case which must be remembered. The owners of the soil up to the present had to a great extent been members of the Church of Ireland. This would not be so in the future. Roman Catholic and Presbyterian owners would largely outnumber members of the Church of Ireland."

This is unfortunate for the so-called "Church of Ireland." But it furnishes a ground for opposition to the Irish Land Bill. It is quite evident that there is nowhere any opposition on principle to the Bill; but all those who set it with a jealous or angry eye are merely considering their own pockets. There is no harm in making enormous profits out of impetuous landlords, and thereby forcing such landlords to oppress their tenants in order to fill the maw of a grasping church monopoly. It so Ireland has ever been victimized, and it is so she will continue to be robbed and oppressed until such time as this land question is settled, and she has a native legislature that can deal in a sane manner with the domestic requirements of the country.

The time is at hand when all these monopolies and impositions on the people will be brought to light. And then there will be a clearing up of the atmosphere, and the clouds that came—no one knew exactly whence—will be dispelled, and prosperity will smile upon the land.

Death of a Christian Brother.

Brother Anselm, director of the De La Salle Academy in East Second street and for years an untiring worker for the education of New York boys, died last week in St. Francis' Hospital, in that city, after suffering from a complication of diseases for two years. His death was the result of an operation performed last Saturday.

He was known in the world as George Stafford, and was born in Albany 37 years ago, and entered the Christian Brothers' Order at the age of 14. He received the habit of his order before his twentieth year. He taught the lower classes at St. John's Academy at Albany for three years and then came to New York, taking charge of the parochial school of old St. Patrick's Church. Later he took charge of the boys' division of the Catholic Protectors. Three years ago he went to Utica and established a boys' school. When he returned he assumed charge of the De La Salle Academy.

PALLIUM FOR MGR. FARLEY.

The pallium for Archbishop Farley will be brought to New York by Mgr. Farrelly, of Nashville, Tenn., one of the officials of the American College, Rome. The ceremony of investiture will take place in St. Patrick's Cathedral on July 22.

A BRAVE NUN.

The American firm of publishers, Martin & Co., have published a biography a remarkably brave and zealous Irish nun, Mother Mary Xavier Warde, foundress of the Order of Mercy. The authors are members of the Order, Mount St. Mary, Manchester, N.H.

The life story is told of the noted Irish nun, her birth at Mountrath, her early training, her work among the cholera patients during the fearful visitation of that epidemic in 1832, and, eleven years later, of her departure, with seven other Sisters of Mercy, to found the first house of the Order in the United States, in Pittsburg. Schools were established by Mother Warde in quick succession in Pittsburg, Chicago, Providence, Rochester, Hartford, Newhaven, Manchester, and over fifty other places.

A stirring chapter in the book tells the story of "Know-Nothing" attack on their house in Providence on March 22, 1855. These no-Popery fanatics had planned the attack on a great scale and made no secret of their movements.

"Some days before the mob appeared," the authors write, "the Mayor of the city, Mr. Knowles called on Reverend Mother, and requested her to depart with her religious from the city, as ten thousand 'Know-Nothings' from different parts of New England were to arrive on a certain evening to demolish the convent."

"Reverend Mother, with a quiet air and gentle ease, made answer to this astounding threat: 'Your honor, we have disregarded no duty, nor responsibility of good citizenship. As a body of religious women we are laboring here in our own sphere. Have we given any provocation for this interference? Will Christian men constitute a mob against unoffending women? Are our rights as citizens not to be protected?'"

"The Mayor replied that he could not control the uprising, and the only means of safety for the Sisters lay in flight."

"Mother Warde turned graciously to the perplexed official, and, in dignified tones (with, perhaps, just the slightest flavor of gentle sarcasm), replied, 'If I were Chief Executive of municipal affairs, I would know how to control the populace.' With her strength of character, and calm, honest purpose, she certainly could have ruled a kingdom, and did not understand the vacillating attitude of the Mayor shirking the unpleasant performance of his duty. His Honor still urged the departure of the Sisters from Providence; but Reverend Mother gently affirmed, 'We will remain in our house, and, if needs be, die rather than fly from the field of duty wherein God has placed us.'

"During the crisis of affairs, she seemed more calm and peaceful in her whole manner than ever before; so certain it is that 'true virtue shows its mettle amid trials and contradictions.' She spent long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, and from the King of kings she asked and received help in the day of trouble."

"On an eventful evening, shortly after the Mayor's interview, the mob surrounded the convent. As the rioters made their way up the street, the Catholic men of Providence, well armed, took up their places, rank and file, in the Sisters' garden. Perfect quiet reigned within the convent. The novices knew nothing of what was going on without. They enjoyed their evening recreation as usual, said their night prayers and retired. The older Sisters remained on guard before the Blessed Sacrament. A few assisted Rev. Mother, who, with the utmost self-control, quietly made her way through the ranks of men within the convent enclosure, and exacted from each a promise that no fire-arm should be raised nor offence given, unless they were called on to do so in self-defence."

"The rioters noted the calm dignity and self-composure of the Rev. Mother as they drew up in line before the convent; and one was overheard remarking to his colleagues on either side, 'We made our plans without reckoning the odds we will have to contend with in the strong controlling force the presence which that nun commands. The only honorable course for us to follow is to retreat from this ill-conceived fray. I, for one, will not lift a hand to harm these ladies.' But the mob hissed and hooted at these words, and threatened the Sisters with death if they did not leave their convent. At this juncture the Bishop and Mr. Stead, the former owner of the convent, appeared on the front entrance. Mr. Stead, with the courage of a Spartan and the serenity of a saint, addressed the mob in the following words: 'The first shot fired at this house will go through my

body. Let me tell you there is a strong force of brave Irishmen, well armed, within the enclosure of the garden walls. If you dare attack the convent of the religious, they will defend them with their hearts' blood.'

"The Bishop then came forward, and said, in grave, clear tones, 'My dear friends, in God's name, let not this city, nor the free institutions of this Republic be tarnished by any dastardly uplifting of your arms against those who have wrought you no harm, but whose blameless lives are their sure defence before God and man. Depart in peace to your homes, and sully not your honor in act so vile.'

"As the Bishop finished speaking, the mob withdrew in peaceful detachments, and thus ended this uprising of bigotry in that fair city which can boast to-day of some of the finest Catholic institutions in the country."

IONA THE BLESSED.

We have before us a grand page of Irish history, or rather of Catholic history, that deserves reproduction. In the days of persecution the Island Iona, where, fifteen hundred years ago St. Columbkille founded a monastery, was seized and leased, by the Duke of Argyll, to the Presbyterians for the purpose of keeping it from falling into the hands of the Catholics. France now expels the Carthusian monks from their monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, and the present Duke of Argyll sells the exiled monks the Island that belonged to their order away back in the ages—as far back as 563. It was from this Island of Iona that the monks went forth to educate and evangelize in Ireland, England, and over the continent. Here is a brief but very graphic account of events in connection with this Island, which we have above alluded to:—

"The monastery and schools of Iona soon became famous for the sanctity and scholarship of its monks, for their tireless industry, and their rare skill as penmen and transcribers; Columba himself was the choicest scribe of his day in Ireland, and his last act was to finish a page of the gospels. His children improved the inheritance he left them. They became the writing-masters of Europe, and, centuries later, when France and Germany had not yet completely emerged from their barbarism, the scribes of Iona were welcomed in the monasteries and the cities of that continent as teachers of writing. To-day Iona stands, as a writer in the June number of 'Donahoe's Magazine' happily expresses it, on the rim of the western world, the most striking relic of the old Celtic glories. The huts of the villagers are interspersed with the ruins of ancient churches, monasteries, schools and graveyards. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, four of Ireland, eight of Norway, and one of France are buried in its holy soil, fit resting place for warlike men amid the ceaseless warfare of those dark and stormy seas. Here also were buried many lords of the isles, bishops, abbots and priors. The M'Leod of M'Leod, also chiefs of the MacKinnons, Macleans, Macquarries, and other clans. The last king buried at Iona was Duncan I., of Scotland, who began to reign in 1034, A.D., and was murdered by Macbeth in the sixth year of his reign. Opposite the west door of the cathedral is the noble monument known as 'The Iona Cross,' or 'St. Martin's Cross,' the more perfect of the two crosses remaining out of three hundred and sixty said to have been erected on the island. Close to the west entrance, beside the adjacent angle of the cloister, is a small chamber called St. Columba's tomb, and here the saint and his servant Diarmid are claimed by some to be buried, though we are told in the 'Lives of the Saints' that his relics were carried to Down and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of St. Bridget and St. Patrick. Iona has now a population of about two hundred."

The world is filled with strange and unexplainable upheavals and reverses. Surely no change in the times could be more remarkable than this. From Iona's Isle the Carthusian monks carried the torch of learning over all Europe. They were expelled by cruel persecution from their home. Their possessions were seized. A stranger religion invaded their sanctuaries, and they sought refuge in the land of France—the eldest daughter of the Church." Today, after fifteen centuries, France—atheistic France—expels them from her domain; they seek refuge in the land of their first glory and first misfortunes, and their own sacred island comes back to them, and their feet will kiss soil holy to them through memories of the past, and they shall kneel and pray in shrines built upon the shattered remains of their once desolate grandeur.

MAX O'RELL.

On the 24th May last Max O'Rell died, and we then published an estimate of his life-work, and since had occasion to criticise some of his writings regarding marriage. He was a satirist who, as an exception to the rule, has made no enemies. Of his works the greater part were written in French, and while he lectured in English, still he did not profess to write English. The wonder, then, has been how his books could have been written in English, and then translated into French and published in the latter language after they had been published in English. The secret is this: he wrote in French, then his wife translated them into English (she being an English woman), and the English version was first given to the public. Consequently the subsequent French edition seemed to be a translation—when it was really the original. It was after his visit to America, in 1887, that this plan was adopted, as far as regarded works dealing with England and America. His best known productions are "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull's Womankind," "Jonathan and His Continent," "A Frenchman in America," "John Bull and Company," "Jacques Bonhomme," and "Her Highness, Woman."

It may be interesting to have an idea of how he was estimated as a humorous writer in America. One leading organ has said that "For thirty years nearly he has kept three nations smiling, and all that time never leveled a shaft that had a poisoned point." This is decidedly high praise of its kind, and goes far to show the character of the man's mind.

One of the most striking criticisms is that of the Philadelphia "Press," of the 26th May last, two days after the author's death. That organ said:—

"Paul Blouet, the French literary soldier of fortune, was the product of modern conditions which make it possible for a man to have more than one country. . . . He was a man of detachment, with the capacity for seeing not merely differences, which is a stupid thing to do, but contrasts, which are amusing. It is an inconsistent world. Who of us does not do things for which he has no excuse or no explanation? No land is logical. Least of all 'John Bull and His Island.' To its description 'Max O'Rell' brought the style of the Paris feuilleton. He had a wife who could translate it into epigrammatic English. His double-barreled humor, which amused either of two peoples at the expense of the other, gave him a run of editions in France, England, and this country. Once devised, this racial satire by comparison went on indefinitely. His contrasts and conceits filled volume after volume. The American reading public, like the English, saw itself as a Frenchman saw it, and found it most amusing. The step from this to writing daily in a snappy way on men, women, and moralities was easy, and the social satirist became a daily journalist."

Henri Pene du Bois, writing in the New York "American," of the next day, (27th May), states that Max O'Rell's mission was unfinished. He considers it to have been to create, by means of wit, gaiety, and clear outlook, a more friendly and intimate understanding between the peoples of Europe. He, like Hugo, would have like to have seen a "United States of Europe." Mr. du Bois says:—

"Max O'Rell studied at his ease the world of the arts and the corridors of politics, the drawing-rooms and the streets, the Stock Exchange and Temple Bar. We know here what he made of them better than they do elsewhere. He made of them small talk. It seemed superficial in his lectures and in his essays, written to amuse rather than to instruct or to moralize. But they and his books—'John Bull and His Island,' 'Jonathan and His Continent'—were united in a graver mission than the one they let appear. He had intensely the wish to destroy the national prejudices that make national enmities. To attain that end he used anecdotes. They are a sort of current coin wherein history verifies the effigies of its medals."

We do not doubt that Max O'Rell did a vast amount of good along the lines thus described. But the pity is that the good he did could only be very short-lived. Like the witty and laughter-convulsing exploits of the actor, they produce a temporary effect, but are so easily forgotten. Another generation will find no amusement in his pictures of social life, as it has existed, on both sides of the Atlantic, during the past quarter of a century; and a succeeding generation will not understand them at all. It is to be regretted that so much real fine tal-

ent should be destined to produce such ephemeral effects. After all he has not left one grand or inspiring thought, that could be said to tower above the constructions of other writers, and to arrest and retain the gaze of the children of all future times. And he missed a grand opportunity—for he had the ears, of three countries—to inculcate some immortal principles that the passage of Time could never efface.

Dr. Brann Answers Goldwin Smith.

The following letter in answer to an attack upon the Papacy by the noted author, Goldwin Smith, in the June "Atlantic Monthly," was declined by that magazine. Inasmuch as other magazines of equal reputation open their pages to the communications of reputable scholars in instances like these, it has been deemed advisable to call the attention of the public to the rather discourteous action of the Atlantic.

To the Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly":
Mr. Smith in the June number of your estimable magazine, speaking of Pius VII., blames him for not protesting against the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa.

These are Mr. Smith's words:—"Napoleon's marriage with Josephine having at the Pope's instance been repeated with religious form before their coronation, it was necessary to have recourse to a most wretched quibble for the purpose of invalidating the marriage and opening the way for a divorce. The Pope was at the time under duress, yet his conduct in falling to protest against this evasion of the laws of the Church, like his conduct in coming immediately after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien to crown the murderer was hardly Hildebrandic or highly creditable to the Pontificate of morals."

When Mr. Smith wrote this he must have forgotten the following facts: 1st. The Pope had already excommunicated Napoleon for many crimes on June 11, 1809. Napoleon married Maria Louisa on April 2, 1810; and was already under the ban when he attempted to marry Maria Louisa. To excommunicate him again would have been like kicking a corpse. 2nd. At the time Napoleon attempted to marry Maria Louisa, Pius VII. was a prisoner at Savona deprived of the means of intercourse with the outside world. Even his correspondence was intercepted by order of the Corsican despot. 3rd. So far from Pius VII. lacking courage, he showed it in resisting both Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte, who tried to get him to annul Joseph's marriage with Miss Patterson of Baltimore, and throughout the whole dispute about the Concordat, during which Napoleon tried to browbeat, bully and deceive the aged Pontiff.

If Mr. Smith had been keeping in the current of recent historical investigation he would have read in the past year in the "Civiltà Cattolica," the best Italian periodical, a full account of the attempts of Bonaparte to bully the Pope and of their failure.

4th. The Pope was not obliged to take notice of every sin Napoleon committed. When Napoleon divorced Josephine by the decree of an ecclesiastical tribunal appointed by himself, contrary to the Canon law, it was her business to appeal to the Pope against the injustice. But she made no appeal and her case was never officially brought before Pius. Had she appealed to Rome, the only competent court on the case, as queens of France had done before her, Rome would have come to her rescue.

Lastly, Mr. Smith begs the question as to the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. If it was a murder at all, it was a political and quasi legal one. The Duke was put to death on the charge of aiding and abetting a plot against Napoleon's wife. Was the Duke guilty? Mr. Smith does not know whether he was or not. Historians are divided on that subject. Napoleon was the Emperor of France in fact and in law. He had restored religion to France, and the Pope crowned him by request, but the crowning implied no connivance with nor condonation of the countless sins and crimes of the greatest ruffian of the 19th century.

It is amusing to read Mr. Smith's words blaming Pius for not being "Hildebrandic." If he had been "Hildebrandic," would Mr. Smith praise him? Is he an admirer of Hildebrand?

We may be bigoted, but let us be just.

HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.,
Rector of St. Agnes' Church,
New York.
June 21, 1903.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE

With the Rev. Pater O'Leary, who expresses his views concerning the Irish language, in a correspondence to the Dublin "Freeman's Journal," we have always been under the impression that the Irish tongue, as spoken by the peasantry of the land, is a mere gibberish compared to the pure, written, ancient Celtic language. The reason for this view is very natural. We would suppose that with the variety of dialects that distinguish different provinces, and even counties in Ireland, and with the lack of a written language accessible to the generality of the people, the expressions would degenerate into what is known as "common language." In commenting upon a recently delivered lecture by Dr. Meyer, on "The Necessity of a School of Irish History and Literature," we find that Rev. Mr. O'Leary expresses his surprise and great pleasure at learning how he had also been mistaken regarding this phase of the Irish language question. We give a section of that letter, and we are confident that it will be a revelation for all who are interested in the subject. It is Rev. Mr. O'Leary who writes, "Dr. Meyer says that this same spoken language is 'the rich source from which the literature will continue to draw its best inspiration.' There is an immense distance between that and those utterances to which I have been heretofore accustomed."

We now take the following extract, from a letter of several long columns:—

"That expression is perfectly true regarding the Irish language, but it is more. It is this statement of a great fundamental principle which is true of all language and of all literature."

A literature can no more come into existence nor continue to exist as a living thing unless it has a living, spoken vernacular to support it, than a ship can float without water. It is not to be expected that a new movement can be started without a lot of mistakes. That was one of the mistakes which some very well-meaning people made regarding the Irish language movement. The cry: "Avoid provincialism!" was dinned into their ears from all quarters. They were afraid to touch the Irish "provincialisms." They were determined to do the work at all hazards. As a result they were forced to try and make a literature without the aid of a living speech.

We did not all make that mistake. If we had all made that mistake there would have been no success. Literature made in that way would not have "drawn its inspiration" from the only source from which the inspiration could be drawn. Hence it would not have been a literature. The living speakers would never read it.

The real source of the phenomenal strength of our movement lies in the fact that we addressed ourselves to the task of preserving Irish "as a spoken tongue." That was what sent students from Dublin away to the Western Islands, and off to Munster and Donegal, in order to come at the "spoken tongue" at its fountain heads. That was what made the movement a living being, not a chiseled, "classical" figure.

Dr. Meyer asked leave to express the "hope that nothing will be done to discourage the dialects of the spoken language of the home and of everyday life." That is very good, a great forward step away from an ugly past. But I wish he had boldly insisted that everything should be done to encourage the use of the language in the home and in everyday life. That is what would have given strength of heart to the poor native Irish speaker, who feels in his own mind that he really possesses and uses a very beautiful speech, but who is haunted with the idea that learned people, who ought to know, do not think so. That is, I think, the chief lull as yet in our work. We have not as yet succeeded in getting our native Irish speakers as a body to realize the priceless value of the treasure which they possess in such overflowing abundance. Dr. Meyer's words in this lecture, good and true as they are, merely treat the speech of the native Irish speaker with a certain degree of generous toleration. I should like to hear Dr. Meyer say to the native Irish speaker: "Come to us at once. You are the very man we want. There is no possibility of our being able to do a single thing without you!" I should like to hear that, because I know it is the truth. I should also like to hear it for another reason. It would help to get the native Irish speaker to value himself at something like his true worth. If all our native Irish speakers knew their value, and then if they were filled with the enthusiasm which characterizes our non-speak-

ing workers in the movement, Dr. Meyer would not need to have a moment's hesitation regarding the answer to the question 'Will the object be attained?' Dr. Meyer says, 'The literary language will take care of itself.'

Here is a new mine of thought opened up for the students of Irish, and a new avenue to success in their efforts prepared for those who seek, in a practical manner to revive the ancient language of the Gael.

A Redemptorist Jubilee

The celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia, which began on the feast of the Sacred Heart and closed on the following Sunday night, was purely religious from first to last, says the "Catholic Standard and Times." Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Prendergast and a large number of priests, both diocesan and regular, participated, as also Bishop Le Roy, general of the Holy Ghost Fathers. Our Holy Father Leo XIII. cabled his congratulations and blessing to the congregation and its priests.

From the first to the last Mass on Friday morning there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the last Mass was Solemn High, with Rev. Ernest Deham, rector of All Saints, as celebrant; Rev. Bernard Phillips, pastor of St. Aloysius, deacon, and Rev. A. J. Scherf, sub-deacon. In the afternoon the children had a celebration in which they sang appropriate hymns to the Sacred Heart. The rector, Rev. Henry Stommel, conducted the services on this occasion and presented each of the little ones with a jubilee medal struck off for the occasion. The obverse bore a portrait of the patron saint of the Church, surrounded by his name, and the invocation "Pray for us;" on the reverse was the inscription, "Golden Jubilee of St. Alphonsus' Church, Philadelphia, Pa., June 19, 1903."

Services in honor of the Sacred Heart were held in the evening. Very Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.S.S.R., of St. Peter's, delivered a sermon in which he sketched the history of the parish. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Prendergast, assisted by Rev. Henry Gantert, rector of St. Mary's of the Assumption, Manayunk, and Rev. Hulbert Hammeke, rector of St. Bonaventura's.

A High Requiem Mass for the deceased members of the parish was celebrated at 5 o'clock Saturday morning by the pastor, and at 9 o'clock a solemn High Requiem Mass for the same intention was sung by Rev. Charles I. Sauer, of Bally, assisted by Fathers Stommel and Scherf. The sermon was delivered by Father Stommel. It was not only a memorial discourse, but an eloquent appeal for the more effectual remembrance of the dead by prayers, Masses and almsdeeds.

In the evening the B. V. M. Sodality and the young people of the parish generally united in a celebration. They were addressed by Very Rev. A. J. Zielenbach, C.S. Sp., provincial, who exhorted the younger members of the congregation to so act that the future progress of religion would be helped by their lives even as it was by the faithful members of the congregation during the past fifty years. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Bishop Le Roy, S.S. Sp., assisted by Fathers Scherf and Father Schroeffels, C.S. Sp.

The solemn High Mass Sunday morning at 10 o'clock was sung by Very Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.S.S.R., whose order was founded by the patron saint of the church. The deacon was Father Schroeffels, C.S. Sp., and the sub-deacon, Mr. Edward Knaebel, a scholastic of the same order. Very Rev. A. J. Zielenbach, the provincial, delivered an eloquent sermon on "Gratitude for the Blessings of the Past and Resolutions for the Future."

The Rosary Society held its celebration in the afternoon. The Rosary was recited and there was a procession of the members of this and other church societies, the altar boys and rector. During its progress "The Litany of Loretto" was sung.

The concluding celebration occurred on Sunday evening, when there was a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Archbishop Ryan was celebrant; Rev. E. O. Hiltmann, rector of Holy Trinity, deacon, and Rev. Bernard Dornhage, rector of St. Elizabeth's, sub-deacon. About twenty-five priests participated. A short service in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was held and solemn Benediction given. The Archbishop made a brief address congratulating the congregation on the successful completion of its fifty years.

THE COL

CHAPTER XXV.—C

"Send her in," said Jim went out, and returned, ushering in with a look of distrustful glances and a young female of whom he was not at all partial. Father Edward desired to take a chair, and then to go out to the stable, the pony his afternoon for the latter had left the road in a preliminary of the person of his visit, young and well formed, in a blue cloak and bonnet were so disposed, as she concealed altogether both her face and her features.

"Well, my good girl," the clergyman, in an encouraging tone, "what's your business with the young female, some moments silent, moved as if it were agitated, strong emotion of the length, rising from her tottering towards the priest, while she uncovered with a burst of tears and "Oh, uncle Edward, don't me!"

Her uncle started from astonishment for some moments silent and almost breathless, at last stooped down, gazed on her face, raised her, on a chair, where she remained passive, resumed his own covered his face in silence, hand. Eily, more affected action than she might have the bitterest reproaches, to weep aloud with increased violence.

"Don't cry—do not distress yourself," said Father Edward, yet cold tone; "no use in that. The Lord you, child! Don't cry! O'Connor! I never thought of our fate to meet in this manner."

"I hope you will forgive me," sobbed the poor girl, "for the best indeed." "Did it for the best!" the clergyman, looking on her first time with some surprise. "Now, Eily, you will vex me again. I was in doubt as to you are, you cannot nevertheless, in penitence, at least, which was consolation your friends for. But the first word I you is an excuse; a justification of your crime. Did it for the best? Don't you remember, Eily, read in that book that I customized to explain to you times—don't you remember excuses of Saul made his heart unaccepted! and you will his example? You did it best, after all! I won't speak of your own sufferings since the unfair; but there is your own sorrow to hurt your feelings it is my duty to make the extent of your guilt—father has not enjoyed one rest ever since you left his hearth with me a week since second time after your and I never was more sorrowful. You cry, but you cry more bitterly if you when I knew you together good father to you, and a ther, too. He is now a skeleton! Was that done for Eily?"

"Oh, no, no, sir; I did to say that I acted right from a right intention. I to say, that it was not quite as it might appear."

"To judge by your own Eily," her uncle continued in a passionate tone, "one would think that its effects have not been deductive of much happiness side. Turn to the light; very thin and pale. Poor child! oh, why did you? What could have tempted you to throw away your health, to destroy your father's mind, and your own honor, all in a day?"

"Uncle," said Eily, "the point on which I fear you a wrong conclusion. I know, sir, very ungrateful to my father, and in the sight of Heaven, but not quite so abandoned as you seem to believe me—diocese, sir," she added, blushing of the deepest crimson, "very worst offence of which accuse myself."

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Send her in," said Father Edward; "I don't like that secrecy."

Jim went out, and presently returned, ushering in with many curious and distrustful glances, the young female of whom he had spoken.

Father Edward desired her to take a chair, and then told the clerk to go out to the stable, and give the pony his afternoon feed.

When the latter had left the room, he indulged in a preliminary examination of the person of his visitor. She was young and well formed, and clothed in a blue cloak and bonnet, which were so disposed, as she sat as to conceal altogether both her person and her features.

"Well, my good girl," said the clergyman, in an encouraging tone, "what's your business with me?"

The young female remained for some moments silent, and her dress moved as if it were agitated by some strong emotion of the frame, at length, rising from her seat, and tottering towards the astonished priest, while she uncovered her face, with a burst of tears and sobbing:

"Oh, uncle Edward, don't you know me?"

Her uncle started from his chair. Astonishment for some moments held him silent and almost breathless. He sat at last stooped down, gazed intently on her face, raised her, placed her on a chair, where she remained quite passive, resumed his own seat, and covered his face in silence with his hand.

Eily, more affected by this action than she might have been by the bitterest reproaches, continued to weep aloud with increasing violence.

"Don't cry—do not afflict yourself," said Father Edward, in a quiet, yet cold tone; "there can be no use in that. The Lord forgive me, child! Don't cry! Ah, Eily O'Connor! I never thought it would be our fate to meet in this manner."

"What!" exclaimed Father Edward, while his eyes lit up with sudden pleasure; "are you, then, married?"

"I was married, sir, a month before I left my father."

The good clergyman seemed to be more deeply moved by this intelligence than by anything which had yet occurred in the scene. He winked repeatedly with his eye-lids, in order to clear away the moisture which began to overspread the balls, but it would not do. The fountain had been unlocked, it gushed forth in a flood too copious to be restrained, and he gave up the contest.

He reached his hand to Eily, grasped hers, and shook it fervently and long, while he said, in a voice that was made hoarse and broken by emotion:—

"Well, well, Eily, that's a great deal. 'Tis not everything but it is a great deal. The general supposition was, that the cause of secrecy should be no other than a shameful one. I am very glad of this, Eily. This will be some comfort to your father."

He again pressed her hand and shook it kindly, while Eily wept upon his own like an infant.

"And where do you stay, now, Eily?—where—where is your husband?"

Eily appeared distressed at this question, and after some embarrassment, said: "My dear uncle, I am not at liberty to answer you those questions at present. My husband does not know of my having even taken this step, and I dare not think of telling what he commanded that I should keep secret."

"Secrecy still, Eily?" said the clergyman, rising from his seat, and walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, and a severe expression returning to his eyes.

"I say again, I do not like this affair. Why should your husband affect this deep concealment? Is he poor? Your father will rejoice to find it no worse. Is he afraid of the resentment of your friends? Let him bring back our own Eily, and he will be received with arms as open as charity. What, besides conscious guilt, can make him thus desirous of concealment?"

"I cannot tell you his reasons, uncle," said Eily, timidly; "but indeed, he is nothing of what you say."

"Well, and how do you live, then, Eily? With his friends, or how? If you will not tell where, you may at least tell how."

"It is not will not with me, indeed, uncle Edward, but dare not. My first act of disobedience cost me dearly enough, and I dare not attempt a second."

"Well, well," replied her uncle, a little annoyed, "you have more logic than I thought you had. I must not press you further on that head. But how do you live? Where do you hear Mass on Sundays? Or do you hear it regularly at all?"

Eily's drooping head and long silence gave answer in the negative. "Do you go to Mass every Sunday at least? You used to hear it every day, and a blessing fell on you and on your house while you did so. Do you attend it on Sunday itself?"

Father Edward again paused for a considerable time, and eventually addressed his niece, with a deep seriousness of voice and manner.

"Eily," he said, "a strong light has broken upon me respecting your situation. I fear this man, in whom you trust so much and so generously, and to whose will you show so perfect an obedience, is not a person fit to be trusted nor obeyed. You are married, I think to one who is not proud of his wife. Stay with me, Eily, I advise you—I warn you. It appears by your own words that this man is already a tyrant: he loves you not, and from being despotic he may grow dangerous. Remain with me, and write him a letter. I do not judge the man. I speak only from general probabilities, and these would suggest the great wisdom of your acting, as I say."

"I dare not, I could not, would not do so," said Eily. "You never were more mistaken in anybody's character than in his of whom you are speaking. If I did not fear, I love him far too well to treat him with so little confidence. When next we meet, uncle, you shall know the utmost of my apprehensions. At present, I can say no more. And the time is passing, too," she continued, looking at the sunshine which traversed the little room with a ray more faint and oblique. "I am pledged to return this evening. Well, my dear uncle, good-bye! I hope to bring you back a better niece than you are parting now. Trust all to me for three or four days more, and Eily never will have a secret again from her uncle nor her father."

"Good-bye, child—good-bye, Eily," said the clergyman, much affected. "Come here, Eily, an instant." He took up the linen bag before mentioned, and shook out into his hand the remaining silver of his dues. "Eily," said he with a smile, "it is a long time since uncle Edward gave you a Christmas-box. Here is one for you. Open your hand, now, if you do not wish to offend me. Good-bye—Good-bye, my poor darling child!" He kissed her cheeks, and then, as if reproaching himself for an access of leniency, he added in a more stern accent, "I hope Eily, that this may be the last time I shall have to part from my niece, without being able to tell her name."

Eily had no other answer than her tears, which, in most instances were the most persuasive arguments she could employ.

"She is an affectionate creature, after all," said Father Edward, when his niece had left the house—"a simple, affectionate, little creature; but I was right to be severe with her," he added giving himself credit for more than he deserved; "her conduct called for some severity, and I was in the right to exercise it as I did."

So saying, he returned to his chair by the fireside, and resumed the reading of his interrupted Office.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW HARDRESS CONSOLED HIMSELF DURING HIS SEPARATION FROM EILY.

Danny the Lord did not, as Eily was tempted to fear, neglect the delivery of her letter to Hardress. Night had surprised him on his way to Mr. Cregan's cottage. A bright crescent shed, its light over the lofty Toomies, and flung his own stunted shadow on the lime-stone road as he trudged along, breathing now and then on his cold fingers and singing:—

"Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney, Who lives on de banks of Killarney? From de glance of her eye Shun danger and fly, For fatal's de glance of Kate Kearney."

He had turned in upon the road which led to Aghadoc, and beheld at a short distance the ruined church and the broken grave-stones which were scattered around its base. Danny, with the caution which he had learned from his infancy, suppressed his unhallowed song as he approached this mournful retreat, and stepped along with a softer pace, in order to avoid attracting the attention of any spiritual loiterers in his neighborhood. The grave of poor Dalton, the huntsman, was amongst the many which he beheld, and Danny knew that it was generally reported amongst the peasantry, that his ghost had been frequently seen in the act of exercising, after death, that vocation to which during life, he had been so ardently attached. Danny, who had no ambition to become a subject for the view-halloo to his sporting acquaintances, kept on the shady side of the road, in the hope that by this means he might be enabled to "stale by unknownst."

Suddenly the night wind, which hurried after, bore to his ear the sound of several voices, which imitated the yelling of hounds in chase and the fox-hunter's cry. Danny started aghast with terror a heavy and turbid sensation pressed upon his nerves, and all his limbs grew damp. He crossed himself, and drew close to the dry stone wall which bounded the roadside.

"Hoicks! Come! come!—come away! Hoicks!" was shouted at the top of a voice that, one might easily judge, had sounded the death-knell of many a wily reynard. The cry was caught up, and echoed at various distances by three less practised voices. The ringing of horses' hoofs against the hard and frosty road was the next sound that encountered the ear of the little lord. It approached rapidly nearer, and grew too sharp and hard to suppose that it could be occasioned by any concussion of immaterial substances. It proved, indeed, to be a danger of a more positive and actual kind. Our traveller perceived, in a few minutes, that the noise proceeded from three drunken gentlemen who were returning from a neighboring debauch, and urging their horses forward at the summit of their speed with shouts and gestures, which gave them the appearance of demons.

The foremost perceiving Danny Mann, pulled up his horse with a violent check, and the others, as approached imitated his example. The animals (which were worthy of kinder masters) appeared to participate in the intoxication of their riders. Their eyes flared, their mouths were hid in foam, and they snorted in impatient scorn of the delay to which they were subjected.

"Tally!" cried the first who galloped up. "Ware bailiff! Who are you?"

"A poor man, sir, dat's going de road to—"

"Hoicks! A bailiff! Come! come away! Don't I know you, you limb of mischief? Give me out your processes, or I'll beat you into jelly. Kneel down there on the road until I ride over you!"

"Dat de hands may stick to me, sir, if I have a process in de world."

"Kneel down, I say!" repeated the drunken horseman, shaking his whip loose, and applying it several times with all his might to the shoulders of the recusant. "Lie down on the road until I ride over you, and trample your infernal brains out."

"Pnk him! Sweat him! Pink the rascal!" cried another horseman, naked sword. "Put up your whip, Connolly; out with your sword, man and let us pink the scoundrel."

"Do as Cregan bids; you Connolly," exclaimed a third, who was as drunk again as the other two. "Out with your blade, and pl-pnk the rascal."

There was nothing for it but a run, and Danny took to his heels like a fawn. This measure, however, gave a new zest to the sport. The gentlemen galloped after him with loud shouts of "Hoicks!" and "Tally!" and overtook him at a part of the road which was enclosed by hedges too close and high to admit of any escape into the fields. Knowing well the inhuman desperation with which the gentlemen of the day were accustomed to follow up freaks of this kind Danny felt his heart sink as low as if he had been pursued by a rooted enemy. While he glanced in terror from one side to another, and saw himself cut off from all chance of safety, he received a blow on the head from the loaded handle of a whip, which stunned, staggered and finally laid him prostrate on the earth.

"I have him," shouted his pursuer. "Here he is, as cool as charity. I'll trample the rascal's brains out."

trate lord; but the animal true to that noble instinct which distinguishes the more generous individuals of his species, refused to fall in with the bloody humor of his rider. He set his feet apart, demi-vaulted to either side, and would not, by any persuasion or sleight of horsemanship, be prevailed upon to injure the fallen man.

Danny recovering from the stunning effects of the blow, and perceiving the gentlemen hemming him round with their swords, now sought in an appeal to their mercy, that security which he could not obtain by flight. He knelt before them lifted up his hands, and implored in accents which would have been irresistible by any but drunken gentlemen on a pinking frolic. But his cries were drowned in the savage shouts of his beleaguers. Their swords gathered round him in a fearful circle, and Cregan commenced operations by a thrust in the arm, which left a gash of nearly half an inch in depth. His companions, who did not possess the same dexterity in the exercise of the weapon, and were nevertheless equally free of its use, thrust so frequently, and with so much awkwardness, that the unfortunate deformed ran a considerable risk of losing his life. He had already received several gashes in the face and was growing faint with pain and anxiety, when the voice of a fourth horseman was heard at a little distance, and young Hardress Cregan, as little self-possessed as the rest, galloped into the group. He drew his small sword, flourished it in the moon-light with a fierce halloo! that was echoed far away among the lakes and mountains, and prepared to join in the fun. But one glance was sufficient to enable him to recognize his servant.

"Connolly, hold! Hold off, Cregah. Hold, or I'll stab you!" he cried aloud, while he struck up their swords with passion. "How dared you set upon my servant? You are both drunk! go home, or I'll hash you!"

"Drunk!" said his father, "puppy! wha-what do you call d-d-drunk? D-d-d- you day I'm drunk? Eh?" And he endeavored, but without much success, to assume a steady and dignified posture in his saddle.

"No, sir," said Hardress, who merited his own censure as richly as any one present; "but a—the—these two gentlemen are."

"Dye hear that, Cregah?" said Connolly. "Come along, and show him if we're drunk. Look here, Mister Slender-limbs! Do you see that road?"

"I do," said Hardress, who might have conscientiously sworn to the seeing more than one.

"And do you—look here—do you see this horse?"

"He raised his desperate foot On stirrup side, and gazed about."

"Ve-very well! You see that road, and you see my horse, and you see me! Ve-very well. Now, could a drunken man do this? Ye-hoicks! Come! come! come away!—hoicks!"

And so saying, he drove the rowels into his horse's flanks, stooped forward on his seat, and galloped away with a speed that made the night air whistle by his ears. He was followed at an emulative rate by Hyland Cregah and the elder Cregan.

Hardress now assisted the afflicted Danny to mount behind him, and putting spurs to his horse, rode after his companions at a pace but little inferior, in point of speed, to that which they had used.

Arrived at the cottage, he bade Danny follow him to the drawing-room, where there was a cheerful fire. The other gentlemen, in the meantime, had possessed themselves of the dining-parlor, and were singing, in astounding chorus, the melody which begins with this verse:—

"Come—each jolly fellow That loves to be mellow, Attend unto me, and sit easy; One jorum in quiet, My boys, we will try it; Dull thinking will make a man crazy."

not in birth. But, tush, as Sterne says, 'are we not all relations?' Look at this hand! I admire you, Danny Mann! I respect, I venerate you; I think you a respectable person in your class; respectable in your class; and what more could be expected from a king? I admire, I love you, Danny! You are a king in heart, though not," he repeated, lowering the tone of his eulogy, while he fixed his half-closed eyes upon the deplorable figure of the little lord, "though not in appearance."

Anybody who could contemplate Danny's person at this moment, might have boldly joined in the assertion that he was not a "king in appearance." The poor hunchback sat forward in the chair in a crouching attitude, half terrified, and abashed by the fiery with which he was surrounded. His joints were stiffened from the cold, his dress sparkling with hoar-frost, and his face of a wretched white wherever it was not discolored by the clothed blood. At every noise he half started from his seat, with the exclamation: "Tunder alive; it's de missez!"

"Nancy!" Hardress said addressing the old woman who came to answer the bell; "Nancy, draw that table near to the fire, there, and slip into the dining-parlor, do you hear? and bring here the whisky, a jug of hot water, a bowl, two glasses and a lemon. Don't say a word to the gentlemen; I'll take a quiet glass here in comfort with Danny."

"With Danny!" exclaimed the old woman, throwing up her hands. "Oh, dat I mightn't sin, master, if I dare do it," said Danny, springing out of the chair. "I'll be kilt by de missez."

(To be continued.)

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IRISH IMMIGRATION.

The immigration figures of arrivals at the port of New York during the first five months of 1903 indicate that for the entire year there will be an increase of twenty per cent. in the number of Irish immigrants compared with a year ago. For the year ending with June, 1902, the total Irish immigration was 29,138, and an increase in it this year of one-fifth would make about 35,000.

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WORKS OF CHARITY.—Without this zeal in furthering works and movements directed to the relief of bodily pain and want, we should soon drift away from the true ideals of charity which have been set by Gospel religion and handed down from the sources of Christianity.

WORKS INDUSTRIAL.—The importance of zealous co-operation in works and movements that tend to the relief of the toiling masses and the betterment of their condition, is manifest from the scenes which daily confront us—gigantic trusts, strikes of labor against capital, destruction of life and property, recourse to military repression, dangers which menace the very organization of society.

WORKS EDUCATIONAL.—Zeal in matters educational is more essential still. To withdraw from this

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field of social work, or fail to occupy it, is to make surrender to the enemy of the souls of the young. All systems and institutions of education outside the Church and independent of religion, are consciously or unconsciously animated by a spirit hostile to Catholic faith.

but quite another thing to have the right to use money as one pleases. "Man," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without difficulty when others are in need."

FRENCH BUDGET. M. Rouvier, French Minister of Finance, puts the French national expenditure estimates for 1904 at about £143,000,000, being an increase of nearly £2,000,000 on the previous year's, and an excess of over £2,000,000 on the revenue.

KIND TO CHILDREN. The annual treat of the Marquis of Bute was given to the Catholic children of Cardiff. In fine weather the youngsters, to the number of quite 4,000, sported or romped for hours in the Sophia Gardens Fields, whilst refreshments supplied the inner demand.

IN AUSTRALIA. His Eminence Cardinal Moran is starting in July on a tour among the islands of the Australian archipelago, devoting special attention to those of Fiji. In the capital of these, Suva, His Eminence will open the Catholic Cathedral.

RIOTS IN FRANCE. The rioting at Nantes recently, in which one old Socialist leader was killed and many persons injured, was certainly provoked by the French authorities through the medium of the Nantes Prefect, who had forbidden the regular Corpus Christi procession through the streets.

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the remedial which the Church points out she only can apply, for she alone is possessed of the agencies which can touch the innermost heart and conscience. She demands, however, the help of the State and of all the influences which make for order. It belongs, in times like ours, to societies like those of St. Vincent of Paul, Tertiaries, Men's Leagues, which are in touch with the masses and can appeal to their confidence, to enlighten and warn against the snares of designing men.

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