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The True Witness



Vol. LII, No. 20

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

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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.

"FREE EDUCATION" FAD.—
While President Elliot, of Harvard
University, is denouncing the public
school system of the United States
because of the increase in crime and
criminals which its purely secular
character has produced. The Mont-
real "Star" following the lead set
by the Montreal "Herald," half a
dozen years ago, is clamoring for
"free education." There is no such
thing as "free" education. Some-
body has to pay for it; and that
somebody is the taxpayer primarily,
and, indirectly, every citizen of the
land. The "Star," as was only to
be expected, makes itself ridiculous
by the wild and absurdly exaggerat-
ed statements by which it supports
its advocacy of "free education."
The "Star" says in an article on
Monday on this subject:

"In Montreal we still think that
we can afford to charge for ele-
mentary education. That is, chil-
dren here are not given an education
unless their parents are wise enough
and rich enough to buy it for them.
The initiative is left with them. A
house may shelter ignorance if it
wants to, and can send the results
out into the community to war-
against or prey upon society; and
the community does nothing to protect
itself. If it were a case of conta-
gious disease, we would placard the
house, free of charge, and try to
keep it from harming the rest of us.
Being only a case of ignorance, we
do nothing but provide schools where
it can buy a cure—if it has the in-
clination and money. The commu-
nity is compelled to provide hand-
somerly for the ripe fruits of igno-
rance. We keep up a police force and
a system of gaols and penitentiaries
and a costly machine of justice and
houses of correction and detention,
largely for the graduates of schools
that are free enough in all conscience
where the untaught learn the fool-
ish, hopeless lessons of the petty
criminal. But a penny of prevention
would save a pound of cure. If we
spent a trifling part of this in free
schools, we should save it many
times over in reduced criminal ex-
penses—to say nothing of the pri-
vate losses which stupid crime en-
tails. And this is the lowest ground
of appeal. We should all be the
richer for living in an educated and
prosperous community. When igno-
rance and poverty interbreed, the out-
come is a mass of humanity which
clogs enterprise, constitutes a polit-
ical and municipal peril, poisons
business with bad debts and shoddy
devices, sickens many an enjoyment
with pity and self-reproach, and gen-
erally makes life harder and less hap-
py for the better off. Raise the aver-
age of education in a community,
and that people forges ahead. Ger-
many, the United States, Canada it-
self are examples of this."

The writer in the "Star" is evi-
dently not well posted on the cri-
minal statistics of Canada, Germany
or the United States, or on the ef-
fect of secular education, else he
would not imagine that an increase
of secular knowledge would cause a
decrease of crime. Facts prove that
the contrary is the case. Canada's
criminal statistics, when compared
with those of Germany and the
United States, show that it leads
both of these countries in the gener-
al morality of its people. No nation
spends so much money, in propor-
tion to its population, upon popular
education as does the United States
with the result that so eminent an
educationalist as President Elliot of
Harvard is forced to confess that it
has utterly failed to improve the
morals of the nation. Commenting
on the admitted failure of the school
system of the United States as a

moral factor, the New Orleans "Pi-
cayune" observes:
"The shock does not come a mo-
ment too soon. It is time that the
philanthropists and statesmen of
this great Republic should arouse
themselves to the realization of the
fact that man has a spiritual na-
ture as well as an intellectual, and
that education must be addressed to
the former as well as to the lat-
ter."
The difference between the writer
of the wise remarks just quoted and
the writer in the Montreal "Star"
is that the former is acquainted
with the subject on which he writes
and the latter is not.
Elsewhere in this issue other
phases of this subject and dealt with
in an able manner by one of regular
contributors.

MIRACLES.—The liquefaction of
the blood of St. Januarius at
Naples every year when brought
near the head of the martyr bishop
and placed upon the altar is a mir-
acle which even free-thinkers are
forced to recognize as authentic.
This year the liquefaction of the hard
and solid blood in the little glass
phials took place as usual on the
feast of the saint. Another miracle
in connection with the same saint
is not so generally known. At Puz-
zuoli, seven miles from Naples, is
kept the stone on which the saint
was beheaded during the persecution
of Diocletian. The drops of the
blood which stained the stone and
which are ordinarily of a dark col-
or, become red and moist when the
liquefaction of the blood in the
phials takes place. Hundreds re-
cently attested the authenticity of
this miracle also.

DILLON AND BLAKE.—We would
remind our readers that on the 2nd
December next the friends of Irish
Home Rule in Montreal will be af-
forded an opportunity of hearing
both Mr. Dillon and Mr. Blake. As
stated in our last issue, the most
practical and acceptable evidence of
patriotic fervor and sympathy with
cause should take the form of sub-
scriptions to the fund for the carry-
ing on of the Parliamentary struggle.
It is not necessary that we
should attempt any introduction of
either of the eminent Irish Parlia-
mentarians whose presence here will
be a fresh inspiration for all lovers
of justice. It will be Mr. Dillon's
first visit to Montreal. Long since
has he won a high place for himself
in the ranks of Ireland's representa-
tive men. Not only has his own
career been one of the greatest in-
terest, and the work he has done, as
well as the sacrifices he has endured
been the sources of the great affec-
tion in which he is held by the Irish
race all over the world, but his
name is historic and his patriotism
and talents are hereditary.
Mr. Dillon is the son of the grand
old patriot, John Blake Dillon, who
was one of the gifted trio that es-
tablished the "Nation" in Dublin in
1842. Sixty years ago Dillon, Duffy
and Davis imparted a new life to
Irish national patriotism, and the
effects of their labors are still felt
to-day. The poems, essays, and
journalistic productions of Davis are
still an inspiration in the land; the
calm and noble spirit of Duffy is
still present, for the aged patriot
has survived the struggles of half a
century, and are ever at the service
of his country when required. While
the grand work commenced by Dil-
lon, in the hour of Ireland's hope-
lessness, is being carried on by his
gifted son, who is likely to behold
soon the consummation of the de-
sires and aspirations of his father,

in the realization of Ireland's dream
of autonomy and liberty.
As to Mr. Blake, we in Canada can
scarcely be taught anything new re-
garding him. He is one of our own;
the best part of his life was spent
in the public arena of our own Do-
minion; and the fame and success
which he has won in British politics
are merely what we anticipated for
him from the moment that he enter-
ed the Imperial lists as a champion
of Ireland's cause. In our last is-
sue we published the text of his
masterly speech, recently delivered
in the House of Commons, upon the
present condition of Ireland. Any
person who has read that speech
must admit that it is irrefutable. To
hear him deliver it must have been
the treat of a life time. And next
to that privilege, is the one our citi-
zens will enjoy on the second of De-
cember, when, in this city, our gift-
ed Irish-Canadian will unfold the
story of Ireland's progress towards
the attainment of her legitimate,
but long delayed, aspirations.
We, therefore, repeat that we need
not occupy space with any elaborate
account of what is to be expected,
but confine ourselves to a general
call upon our fellow-citizens to make
the gathering of that night a mem-
orable one in the annals of this city.

MACHINERY OF INJUSTICE.—
Statistics are always arguments;
they are more, for they are the basis
of other arguments. Facts cannot be
denied. All the rhetoric of the
schools and all the sophistry of parlia-
mentarians cannot efface facts—be
they causes or results. It has often
been a matter of wonder how the
Irish people, who are now univers-
ally acknowledged to be most law-
abiding, could possibly be inflicted
with a judicial system that is sap-
ping the life of the country and that
seems to be purposely continued for
the impoverishment and degradation
of the Irish nation. We also cannot
understand how it comes to pass
the vast majority of a country's
population should have been for gen-
eration, and should still be ruled by
an insignificant minority. The secret
is to be found in the composition of
the magistracy of the country. The
following facts and figures speak
volumes on the subject:
"There are 1,122 magistrates in
Ireland—Removables included, we
suppose. The Episcopalians or mem-
bers of the Disestablished Church in
this country number about ten per
cent. of the population; yet 722 mag-
istrates, or more than 64 per cent.
of the total number, belong to the
favoured creed. Of the others, 127
are Presbyterians, and 43 of differ-
ent religious beliefs. There are just
28 Catholic magistrates—barely 2
per cent. in a population of which
the Catholics number 75 per cent.
And in taking these figures into ac-
count, it must not be forgotten that
the Catholic chairmen of County and
District Councils, who may number
75 per cent. of the total Catholic
magistracy, owe their appointments
to the people and not to the "im-
partial" Government."

MGR. FALCONIO'S DEPARTURE.
—Few eminent men have left Canada
more regretted, and regretting more
to leave us, than Mgr. Falconio, the
late Apostolic Delegate. In another
place we publish an account of the
farewell reception extended to that
high prelate, by the members of the
Ancient Order of Hibernians, at Ot-
tawa, and the magnificent reply
made to their address. Equally en-
thusiastic and memorable was the
parting presentation by the Knights
of Columbus, on the very eve of
his departure. In closing his re-
marks in reply to the address pre-
sented the retiring Delegate said:
"To the address you have been
pleased to add a souvenir. It is the
sign of our redemption. I cannot re-
fuse it. It shall remain on my
breast as a remembrance of your at-
tachment to our holy religion and
of my everlasting gratitude towards
you."
The souvenir to which the dele-
gate referred is a pectoral cross of
solid gold, beautifully chased in
shamrocks and mounted in Oriental
topazes and diamonds. Of the for-
mer stone there are five exquisite
specimens, one each at the top and
bottom, of the tree of the cross and
one in each arm besides a larger
one in the centre, surrounded by
twenty cut diamonds in close set-
ting. The cross and chain are of
bright gold, the latter being a mag-
nificent specimen of the goldsmith's

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.
—Next Sunday the annual church
parade of the Ancient Order of Hi-
bernians, in commemoration of the
anniversary of the Manchester Mar-
tyrs, will be held in this city. The
various divisions of the Order will
assemble at Hibernia Hall, from
which headed by the Hibernian
Knights and their band, they will
march to St. Mary's Church, where
High Mass will be celebrated at eleven
o'clock. The recurrence of this
touching anniversary always evokes
enthusiasm, and Sunday's celebra-
tion promises to surpass those that
have preceded it in this respect.

THE SENSATIONAL PRESS.—
The growing evil of sensationalism
in the secular press, in regard to
crimes which have been committed,
received a timely rebuke, at the
hands of Mr. Justice Taschereau a
few days ago when he opened the
criminal term of the Court of
King's Bench at Sorel for the judi-
cial district of Richelieu. Having
congratulated the Grand Jury upon
the fact that the number of criminal
cases before them was very small,
thus evidencing a satisfactory condi-
tion of morality generally through-
out the district, he warned the jury-
men against what they might have
heard or read concerning the charges
to be submitted to them, and de-
plored the excessive publicity given
to crimes by the press declaring it
to be one of the plagues of the pre-
sent day, calculated to trammel
more and more the administration
of justice. It is a pity that no at-
tempt has, so far, been made to
remedy this evil by legislation. Un-
til that is done the only remedy
that can be applied is for the gen-
eral public to withhold their support
from newspapers which are notori-
ous for their sensationalism.

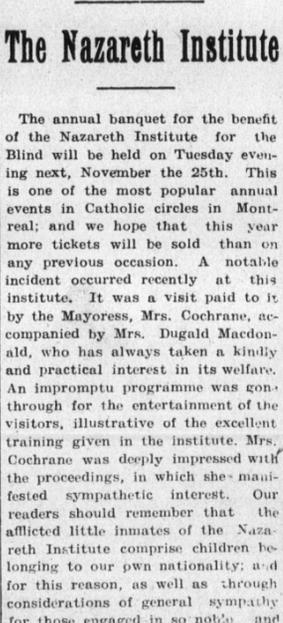
THE STAGE IRISHMAN.—The
American members of the Ancient
Order of Hibernians are keeping up
their campaign against the vulgar
caricature known as the stage Irish-
man, which praiseworthy vigor and
determination. At New Haven last
week two "artists" who were en-
gaged in this insulting buffoonery
were hissed off the stage. Theatrical
managers will soon see that it is a-
gainst their interests to hire those
who try to make a living out of
travesty the Irish character on
the stage; and once they recognize
this the "Stage Irishman" will dis-
appear. We hope that this move-
ment will be continued with energy
until this disappearance has been a
matter of fact on this continent.

The Nazareth Institute
The annual banquet for the benefit
of the Nazareth Institute for the
Blind will be held on Tuesday even-
ing next, November the 25th. This
is one of the most popular annual
events in Catholic circles in Mont-
real; and we hope that this year
more tickets will be sold than on
any previous occasion. A notable
incident occurred recently at this
institute. It was a visit paid to it
by the Mayoress, Mrs. Cochrane, ac-
companied by Mrs. Dugald Macdon-
ald, who has always taken a kindly
and practical interest in its welfare.
An impromptu programme was con-
ducted for the entertainment of the
visitors, illustrative of the excellent
training given in the institute. Mrs.
Cochrane was deeply impressed with
the proceedings, in which she mani-
fested sympathetic interest. Our
readers should remember that the
afflicted little inmates of the Naza-
reth Institute comprise children be-
longing to our own nationality; and
for this reason, as well as through
considerations of general sympathy
for those engaged in so noble and
meritorious a task, our people ought
to accord it generous support. The
institution depends almost entirely
upon voluntary subscriptions. The
Provincial Government gives it \$34
per pupil per annum, a very small
grant compared with that which the
Provincial Government of Ontario
gives the Institute of the Blind at
Brantford, \$274 per pupil per year,
in addition to defraying the cost of
the building of the institution. We
hope that next Tuesday's banquet
may be the great success that it
ought to be.

PRESENTATION TO MR. ANDREW DUNN
Though occupying an onerous po-
sition the important duties of which
leave him little leisure, yet Mr. An-
drew Dunn, superintendent of the
Consumers' Cordage Company,
Point St. Charles, contrives to find
time to devote his energies to the
promotion of the cause of his reli-
gion and his nationality. He has for
years been active member of the An-
cient Order of Hibernians, of No. 2
Division, of which he is president.
The esteem in which he is held by
his fellow-members was exemplified
a few evenings ago when they pre-
sented him with a handsome gift on the
occasion of the celebration of his
silver wedding. We heartily join
with them in their wishes that Mr.
and Mrs. Dunn may long be spared
to celebrate many an anniversary of
the happy event.

IRISH OPERA AT ACADEMY.
At the Academy next week will be
presented Sir Arthur Sullivan's last
opera, "The Emerald Isle," with li-
bretto by Captain Basil Hood and
associate musical numbers by Ed-
ward German. The opera comes
here practically direct from the New
York "Herald" Square Theatre,
where it has had a long and brilliant
engagement. Before its premiere in
New York city, it enjoyed a year's
solid favor in London. Jefferson De
Angellis is the star of its American
tour. The organization, in its en-
tirety, is said to be one of the best
singing companies ever formed for
the presentation of legitimate opera
in this country.
We are assured by the management
that the opera is free from those es-
traneous characters so many
of the so-called modern Irish plays
and operas.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.
A most successful concert was that
given in the Sailors' Club on Wed-
nesday evening, under the auspices
of Emerald Court, Catholic Order of
Foresters. Many were unable to se-
cure admittance, owing to the hall
being crowded. The Rev. Father
Gagnier, S.J., and the Rev. Father
Plante, S.J., were amongst those
present.
Chief Ranger Brady presided, and
delivered a speech which was fre-
quently applauded. He expressed
his thanks to the large audience for
their presence that evening. The
members of Emerald Court, he said,
felt it a high honor to be invited
to take charge of a concert in aid
of the Club. He had one fault to
find, and that was that the hall was
too small. He hoped that when the
Emerald Court paid a visit to the
Club next year they would have a
hall twice or three times as large.
He warmly praised the management
of the institution for their good
work in behalf of the sailors.



CHIEF RANGER BRADY.

The programme was given by the
following ladies and gentlemen:—
Miss Peach, Miss Vera Gallagner,
W. Detimers, W. Foley, Mr. Beach,
J. P. Kelly, W. Phelan, F. Hogan,
M. J. Coleman, Mr. A. Shilton and
R. A. Blake, cornet and piano duett.
Seamen: A. Illingworth, Richard;
Wm. Aldridge, Manchester Shipper;
Geo. Cooke, Manchester Commerce;
S. Fahy, Birmingham; R. Mullins,
Geo. Guy, Nicholas Duffy, Lake Ont-
ario; Geo. O'Connell, Montfort;
Miss Orton acted as accompanist.
Mr. W. Keys, who takes a most
enthusiastic interest in the Club,
briefly addressed the sailors on the
benefit to be derived from being or-
ganized. His remarks were practical
and evoked great applause.
The final concert of the season will
take place on next Monday evening.
And will be given by the employees
of the James McCready Co., Ltd.,
President Charles F. Smith, occupy-
ing the chair.

RECENT DEATHS.
THE LATE ABBE PALATIN.—
At the advanced age of eighty
years, the Rev. Abbe Jacques Pala-
tin, passed away at the Hotel Dieu,
after an illness lasting only a few
days. He was a native of Sanoy,
France, and studied under the great
Mgr. Dupanloup at Paris. He was
ordained in 1851, and came to Can-
ada a few months afterwards. After
filling a professorial chair in the
Montreal College, he was appointed
to St. James' parish, where he mi-
nistered until his death. He was be-
loved by all who knew him. He took
a special interest in the children of
the parish, thousands of whom he
prepared for their First Communion.
The funeral took place from the
Church of Notre Dame on Thursday
morning.—R.I.P.

MR. PETER QUINN.—Intelligence
has been received in this city of the
death of Mr. Peter Quinn, at Den-
ver, Colorado. Deceased was from
St. Anicet, Quebec, and was a son
of Peter Quinn, and brother of the
late Terence Quinn. He was Mayor
of Ceatone, Colorado, quite re-
cently, a fact which testified to his
worth and to the esteem in which he
was held. He is mourned by a
large number of friends.—R.I.P.

Our Curbstone Observer.

ON "FORWARD" AND "HALT."

OME days ago I felt tired of tramping up and down the street, or standing on curbstones, and I sat down in my little nook to think, to read, to fall asleep and to dream. A volume of Tennyson was beside me and I opened it at random. The pages ceased turning at "Locksley Hall," and my eye was arrested by these lines:—

"Not in vain the distant beacons;
forward, forward let us range;
Let the great world spin forever
down the ringing grooves of
change."

For Tennyson change meant advancement. This was conceived and written when the poet was in his prime. The possibilities of the future, though dim, loomed up giant-like and all for good, for progress. I dozed off for a moment, and I had dreams of a most optimistic character. I saw visions of a world full of grand conceptions and mighty achievements, peopled with noble characters and sublime teachers, and high over all the spirit of universal Peace hovering in majestic circles. I was startled from my reverie; and, on looking at the book upon my knee, I found that the pages had turned over, and I was in presence of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." I read again, and this is what I read:—

"Gone the cry of 'Forward, Forward,'
lost within a growing gloom,
Lost or only heard in silence
from the silence of a tomb."

And the one who had so exultantly cried "Forward" sixty years before, now, in the light of over half a century of experience, is forced to say:—

"Let us hush this cry of 'Forward'
till ten thousand years are gone."

Sitting on the "great world's altar stairs," that "slope through darkness up to God," the poet feels that the pictures of perfection that his youthful imagination painted were too ideal for a common place world, and that the "Forward" march of mankind had better be stayed, otherwise it is liable to dash over a precipice, to fall into a social chaos, to stumble upon reckless confusion—a confusion out of which naught but the Genius of Destruction can spring. I had read this far, and again I slumbered; and again I had dreams, but of the nightmare order. I saw the world—the human race—growing more and more refined in its profligacy, more and more dazzling in the tinsel garments that hide its corruption. I saw man, the man of the hour, the man of ambition, of wealth, of power, of influence, of titles, of general success, drifting faster and faster away from the ideal, away from the spiritual, away from God.

OBSERVATIONS NOT DREAMS.

As I continued to turn over in my mind these few snatches of verse, and to contemplate the different circumstances under which they had been written, I naturally summoned up some of my own unrecorded observations. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years ago I would have joyfully echoed that cry of "Forward;" my soul was young and I saw life in all the glitter and glory of a sunrise—full of promise and of possibilities; my vision was keen and I could detect far down the pathway of the years the noblest of achievements, the rushing onward of humanity towards the highest and most inspiring of goals. To-day, after having walked the common ways of men for so many years, and having carefully noted the general trend of society, I am inclined to agree with the poet's warning and to wish that the "Forward" cry of the past may be replaced by an imperative cry of "Halt."

"FORWARD" AND DOWNWARD.

Doubtless the world has harkened to that great command, and has, with a fevered energy, rushed onward, blindly, madly, while the word "Forward" rang loud in its ears. There is no doubt that this dawning century beholds an advancing that defies description. Space is almost annihilated; time is scarcely of any consequence. The steam engine and the electric motor have effaced distances; the telegraph and the telephone have wiped out the half of time. Man is rushing around the

world, seeing in a few days that which would have taken years to visit one century ago. An event takes place in Europe at noon, before the lunch hour is over we know all its details. Vast continents are traversed, mighty rivers are bridged, gigantic mountains are scaled; no corner of earth is left unexplored; towers of Babel arise in profusion with electric elevators to run us to their summits; the ordinary office men rival the cliff-dwellers in the elevation of their offices. Yes; the "Forward" rush is a perfect tornado in its strength and in its rapidity.

ONWARD ALL OVER.—It is not alone in the domains of invention, of commerce, of exploration that the world is flying ahead. Men change their spheres of activity with the rapidity of a magician. And women keep pace with men, and in many instances surpass them in these lightning-like movements. I see the "Forward" rush every hour; it sweeps past my door; I gaze upon it from my window. There is an end to be attained; the shortest route to that goal must be taken. The end is wealth, or power, or honors—no matter,—the track is zig-zag; the changes are numerous and unexpected; the train is off. Ordinary business transaction will not carry you with sufficient swiftness; you marry—there is money, or influence, or social rank to be gained—and you use matrimony to propel you forward. It fails to supply the necessary fuel to keep up high pressure, and you get divorced; it is so easy to flung out the cinders when the coal has been burned, and it can be done without slacking speed. Another marriage may serve to complete the work, and you marry again; perfectly prepared to divorce again, if such will help to keep up the steam. And it is all so easy. The law is so liberal; the faith and teachings of the Christians of our day are so convenient. A magistrate, or a justice of the peace can untie the knot just as quickly; an act of legislation can make legitimate that which the law of God makes illegitimate; a few extra dollars can purchase the dismemberment of a family, the smashing up of a cumbersome domestic unity, and can secure for an offending offspring a heritage of orphanage before death has claimed either parent. It is a "Forward" rush. I say; and we must all be in the running, or else we will fall behind, or be crushed under the electric wheels of social progress.

AT THE SWITCH.—Onward, on a down grade, with valves open, full pressure on, and with every ounce of ballast flung out, the social train sweeps ahead. You are at the throttle for the moment, and you are dizzy with the whirl of your flight. It is of no consequence if some poor wretch has fallen under your wheels; a heart crushed to pulp a soul blackened with dust and smoke; it matters not. You have your goal to reach, and you are reaching it at a speed that defies all obstacles. But yonder, far down the line, just beyond another curve, there is a switch. No signals, for there is no time for any; no warning, you have never headed any, being deaf to all cries save that of "Forward." A grim object stands at the switch, holding the crank in a fleshless hand; they call him Death. You see him not; more fuel is added to the fire, a still higher pressure is forced on, you sweep around that last curve—there is an agonizing cry of ruined innocence, but it dies off in the distance drowned by the clatter of the mad machinery—you near the switch; one moment, but it is already too late. You have not even time to leap from your engine; you have not time to cry out "Oh, God." A crash! a smash! a rolling down the dark embankment, into the fathomless abyss of the infinite! All is over! You have never ceased, during that brief flight, to obey the cry of "Forward," and you have come to the end so swiftly that you have not realized the inevitable, until your life's engine has plunged headlong, seeking with the signs of the havoc done, into the presence of God!

Methinks Tennyson was right, and that we may well hush the "Forward" cry for a few thousand years; or better, we would be wise to cry "Halt," and let the bugle of self-preservation sound a "Retreat."

An Impartial Observer.

The London "Standard" has a correspondent at Rouen, in France, who is a keen and certainly impartial observer. He is a Protestant, according to his own statement, but he is one who has formed a pretty just estimate of the mission of the Catholic Church in France and the degree of respect, or disrespect, that the Combes administration has earned.

In stating his opinion of the French Nationalists that writer says:—

"The question for Frenchmen to decide, and that in the immediate future, is whether the Republic or the French nation is to have the upper hand. If the French Nationalists win the day there will be no restoration, except one of public confidence; if the Republicans of M. Combes' stamp prevail, it is a very grave question whether the Concordat will survive; and if that be upset, there is no institution in France, however useful and however revered, that will not be shaken. This is the universal sentiment of the majority of well-educated Frenchmen of the middle and upper classes. To these bene natis, bene vestitis you must add every sincere Catholic in France, and the entire peasantry of Brittany. They form a minority important even in numbers, and overwhelming in point of intelligence and wealth. Yet, strange to say, the opinions of the French Nationalists have but little weight attached to them by the English press, and are apparently unpopular in England."

This explains, to a considerable degree how it comes that the bulk of the comments, upon the situation in France, which we read in the secular press, on this side of the Atlantic, is biased and false. The American and even Canadian press may be said to take the note of opinion from England, and according to this Englishman, who studies the situation on the ground, the English press is astray.

In another paragraph we read:—

"It is no exaggeration to say that the Republicans of the Brissot school speak of the Roman Catholic Church of France as M. Drumont writes of Jews. There is as much charity and regard for truth in the one as in the other. They are both fountains of lies and hate, but whereas M. Drumont is only the editor of one newspaper, M. Combes has at his back the entire forces, Parliamentary, military, and naval, of France. There can be no question that he intends to ask the Chamber to pass measures of additional severity against the clergy."

Strong as this is, coming from such a source, it is tame beside the lashing given to Combes and the splendid appreciation of the Catholic Church in France, that we find in the following passage:—

"M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Combes are endeavoring to make amends to the Socialists for any desire that they may still possess to be fair to the moneyed classes by going to all lengths against the Gallican Church. . . . M. Combes has stepped into his shoes, but, like Cromwell's Generals, he will probably find them far too large for his intellectual proportions. His only conception of statesmanship seems to be to defer the settlement of social questions by plunging the country into a war with 'clericalism,'" as he is pleased to call the Gallican Church. Those of us (and I write as a Protestant) who regard the Catholic Church of France as God's chief instrument for working the regeneration of France must condemn the policy of M. Combes—not only as unjust to the clergy, but pernicious to the best interests of the nation. Are the Nationalists, therefore, to be blamed by fair-minded Englishmen—whether Protestant or Roman Catholic—if they rally to the rescue of a Church which, with all its limitations, is the only form of Christianity for which the French mind is ripe? The Church of France still has its Fenelons; it no longer has its Fleurets. The heads of this Church combine with personal holiness an energy for the public good which the Church under the Grand Monarque did not possess."

And mark this statement regarding the Church:—

"It concerns itself little with public, and much with private life. To overthrow such a community will weaken Christian faith in France for a generation."

It is refreshing to find the Protestant correspondent of one of England's great dailies thus revealing the exact situation. We have contended, time and again, that whosoever sides with infidelity against the Catholic Church in France

is an enemy of Christianity—no matter what his professions may be. This is exactly the idea expressed by the foregoing correspondent when he writes:—

"It must be borne in mind that the Church is attacked, not because it is Roman Catholic, but because it is Christian. Were this Church an ass of Issachar, bowing his shoulder unto tribute," the doctrinaires who now nominally govern France would be more disposed to leave her undisturbed. But she is an energetic Church, a hive of industry, active in every good work, and therefore she has been marked out for renewed attack."

Again and again the same has been proclaimed by impartial voices and pens, and we are pleased to learn that the "Standard" has a representative on the Continent who has the keen judgment and the fair and evenly balanced mind to represent the situation in its true colors. It even demands a certain courage for one of that writer's faith to inform the Protestant world that any crusade against the Catholic Church and her institutions in France is a menace to Christianity the world over.

Catholic Federation Movement in Ireland

The social and official ostracism from which Catholics in Ireland have so long been suffering at the hands of an intolerant minority has at last provoked organized action. The subject was forcibly dealt with by the Rev. Father Corbett at a recent meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Society in Queenstown, presided over by the Bishop Browne, of Cloyne. Among the most glaring of the instances of Protestant exclusiveness dealt with by Father Corbett was the case of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company. In this large corporation, whose line runs through a Catholic district, and who derive nearly all their profits from Catholic passengers and business men and Catholic consumers generally, the secretary and his chief assistant, the traffic manager and his deputy, all his clerks, the superintendent of the line, and most of his staff, the goods manager, his chief assistant, the whole staff (except two junior clerks), the heads of the transfer and audit office, and the most of their staffs, two of the three district auditors, the chief cashier and his assistants, the district superintendents and their assistants, the goods superintendent at Kingsbridge and his two principal assistants, the head of the ticket office, of the signalling department, the paymaster and his assistants, the managers of the company's hotels, the cottage inspectors, and virtually the whole engineer's staff are non-Catholics. The case of the Midland railway is almost as bad. In the overwhelming Catholic city of Cork, Father Corbett stated that "there are business houses managed on the same hateful principle, and even in Queenstown there are men who would look agnast if a Catholic aspired to enter their shops for any other purpose than to spend money."

The remedy which Father Corbett proposed, and which has been adopted, is a federation of Catholic societies having for its aim the protection of Catholic interests. This idea was heartily indorsed by the Bishop of Cloyne, who strongly denounced the exclusion of Catholics from positions which by their intelligence, their business capacity, and their moral rectitude, they were eminently qualified to fill on account of their religion. "You have the remedy in your own hands," he said. "Apply it without delay."

THE EVILS OF DRINK.

It is easy to sum up and to deliver to a jury, consisting of all manhood and womanhood, a charge against the tempter, the betrayer, the home-destroyer, the disease-producer, the soul-destroyer, blighting, midwiving, ruining whenever it obtains power; the fiend that negatives all prosperity, that baulks the teachings of virtue, the guidance of religion, the revealed and natural, faith in hereafter. The curse of drunkenness is the overwhelming curse of our country—of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It fills our poorhouses, insane asylums and gaols. It is the fertile source of crime; almost the only source. There is not a judge, a coroner, a magistrate, who will not tell us it gives him nine-tenths of the work he has to do. There is not a physician who has not testified to the misery it induces, and for which he has no cure. It is the existing, but it is also the hereditary curse. The children of the drunkard are recognized by emaciated forms, diseased constitutions, and predisposition to crime!—S. E. Hall.

Catholic Library Problem.

How Catholics may best be encouraged to read improving literature is a question which is engaging the thought of many clerical and lay leaders.

That American Catholics are reading more than ever before was proved in the most conclusive way last month when D. Appleton & Company, who earlier in the year had sent the Republic, on request, a circular statement saying that it would be impracticable to revise the Catholic history in their Universal Cyclopedia, made a complete change of front, inviting Archbishop Keane to name an editor to undertake revision, and asking one of his nominees to do the work. Publishers do not guess about Catholic influence in the book-buying world; they find out from the retail dealers. That influence must be real.

In view of these facts and of the increased use of public libraries by all classes, including, of course, the Catholics, measures have been proposed for intelligently directing Catholic taste. The public libraries are, or ought to be, great storehouses of miscellaneous books, maintained for the preservation of all books except trash, and having in view the needs of posterity, and of students as well as untrained readers. Restrictions are placed upon many books which the librarians believe should not circulate indiscriminately, but judgments differ, and the spiritual promoter would restrict many books which the librarian would not; some on moral, some on sectarian grounds.

To meet this situation in New York city a great Cathedral Library has been established. A writer in a recent number of Donohoe's Magazine describes that institution and advocates "free Catholic libraries" for other cities. We have seen in the press no general endorsement of this plan, and there is nothing which commends itself more favorably on practical grounds.

The scheme is to create a great supervised Catholic catalogue of the public library in each city and thus erect a library within the library. The Catholic Alumni Society of Boston is about to publish a list of about thirty-five hundred titles of books by Catholic authors in the Boston Public Library, the cataloguing done under Mr. William A. Walsh now public librarian in Lawrence. This list will be placed in the hands of general readers in Boston, but its main utility will be as a reference list for librarians throughout the country.

Many public library administrations are only too glad to learn of the titles of books which they ought to have and an idea can be got of the usefulness of such a list from the fact that in process of his cataloguing Mr. Walsh caused several hundred volumes to be added to the Boston Library. Catholic trustees and Catholic citizens of influence may use the list as a basis for making or soliciting gifts to the library or of suggesting purchases to the trustees.

This list is, of course, not intended primarily as a general reading catalogue. The Alumni Sodality would hardly wish to cut off his friends from all the books in the world not written by Catholics. The "Catholic list habit" would be the kind of in-breeding which stunts rather than expands the mind. A catalogue is wanted, not of books by Catholic authors only, but of books which all men prize and to which there is no objection on Catholic grounds. Such a list, we presume, is the catalogue of the New York Cathedral Library. That very catalogue, possibly, merged with the Alumni Sodality list, might be the most easily obtained basis for a first edition, which would grow richer with the years. It could easily be translated from Bostonian into Philadelphian or New Bedfordese by changing the shelf numbers to fit the local public library.

This would advertise standard literature in a permanent way, provide for effective supervision, and really establish a "free Catholic library" without taxing Catholics twice.—Boston Republic.

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MONTREAL.

HELP FOR THE HOLY

The religious order called of the Holy Souls" was founded in Paris in 1856 by Eugénie Sophie Truet. As a child she had a special love for souls, and as she grew up to help them became a saint. After advising with her, Cure d'Arx her hopes finally were established in 1856 when she founded the "Helpers of the Holy Souls in Purgatory." The money to build houses, enough to furnish the food, furniture and clothing, good work went on because God's work. He enlightened minds, and touched their hearts, guided them over the rou-

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The Free School Question.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In view of the prominence that has been recently given, in this province, by a section of the press, to the Free School problem, we cannot refrain from expressing an opinion regarding the merits of the question. We have no desire to enter into any discussion of the many details presented to the public for study; moreover, such would not assist in any way in clearing the atmosphere that surrounds this issue. We are simply desirous of pointing out that this agitation is entirely a Protestant one, and completely from a Protestant point of view of educational matters. It is absolutely unnecessary, in this country above all, to recognize that in all what concerns education, there exist two sets of ideas, very distinct from each other and destined to so remain; the one is Catholic, the other is Protestant. This difference of views must not be forgotten, and each one of these two lines of thought must be weighed, and considered by whosoever has to do with the regulating of educational questions. Both must be respected and neither can be neglected or ignored with impunity. As the Protestant idea of education is grounded upon an entirely different basis from that which supports the Catholic conception, there can be no blending of them, any more than there can be a blending of the different churches. Having established this first premise, we will now proceed to the consideration of the question of Free Schools, from the Catholic standpoint.

To read the press articles of the day one would be led to suppose that free education was something so novel that it had never been heard of until these enthusiastic propagandists discovered its existence and determined to introduce it to the public. As a matter of fact free education has been a practice of the Catholic Church during long centuries; it has been an institution in our own land; it is still, in this very city, not to speak of the entire Christendom, a factor in the church's educational work. We have educational work. We have a vivid recollection of the time when free education—instruction included—was imparted in the old St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' School, and we could point to a number of subsequently prosperous and useful citizens whose elementary training was afforded them gratis in the same institution. We point to this special instance, not because it was an exception, but because we can speak thereof from personal knowledge of the facts. If any person will take the trouble, he can easily find out the number of poor children who are being educated free of all cost in the various Catholic homes of education in this city and throughout the province. The school may not be entirely free in the sense that all are not educated therein for nothing; but while those who are capable of paying the fees—and these are proportionate to the means of the individuals—are expected to contribute to the support of the establishment, all who are unable to pay for their children are equally welcome to send them, and they are certain to receive all the attention needed free of charge.

In the business world to-day, in the professions, in the Church, and in the trades as well, we can find a considerable percentage of men whose early education was given them free of cost. But, while we

claim that the free school idea is far from being a recent discovery, we must not lose sight of the fact that the two systems—the Protestant and the Catholic—are neither identical in their aims nor in their methods. While the Free School as advocated by the secular press would very probably correspond with the aims and methods of the Protestant section of the community, it would antagonize those of the Catholic section. In a word, it could not be accepted by the Catholic element without a grave departure from the principles that we cherish and which the Christ-founded Church has at all times inculcated. The grand and general aim of Protestant education is to prepare the youth to do battle with the difficulties of life and to ultimately make a success of whatever business, profession, or undertaking that he may espouse when the school days are over. It also aims, incidentally, at making the young persons a useful citizen, one supplied with a sufficient store of knowledge to enable him to be of use both to society and to the state. All this is admirable, as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough to satisfy the Catholic conception of life, its duties, and its ultimate end. The aim of Catholic education is two-fold; including all that has been set down above in connection with success in this world's struggle, it aspires to something far more important. It aims at preparing the youth for the combat on earth with the world and its snares, the devil and his machinations, the flesh and its weaknesses, and for the final triumph that deserves the reward of perpetual life hereafter. For the Catholic, in other words, religion must form a necessary, and the most necessary element, of education. To disassociate the two would be equivalent to the disassociation of the spiritual and the temporal interests, the neglect of the soul for the body, the ignoring of eternity in the presence of time, the forgetting of God in the fever of excitement over matters purely human. The aims being so different, it necessarily follows that the methods, or means employed must equally differ.

In order to attain the end which Protestant education proposes to itself, there is no absolute need of any religious element in the system adopted. To reach the two-fold end that Catholic education has in view the religious training becomes one of the most essential parts of the system. Granting the existence of the Free School, we know that it will not and cannot admit of the religious element; consequently, while it may perfectly satisfy the Protestant idea, it can never correspond with the Catholic conception. Unless, then, a dual system of Free Schools could be imagined one class of Free Schools for the Protestant section and another one for the Catholic section—we cannot see how the problem can be solved to the universal satisfaction of our mixed population. We can see no more successful method than that which at present obtains in this province; a method that accords entire liberty of instruction to both elements, and does not permit either to infringe upon the rights, privileges, or interests of the other. In a word, the Free School as at present advocated, means simply the Protestant school, and if the Protestant element is satisfied therewith, we have no right and no desire to object.

Apostolic Delegate's Adieu.

Since his appointment to the office of Apostolic Delegate to Canada Mgr. Falconio has made the Capital his home. But he has visited almost every section of the Dominion and has made himself familiar with the conditions of the country, the needs of the people, and above all with the works and requirements of the Church and with the various religious, charitable, and educational institutions of the land. Being a man after our great Pontiff's own heart and having an abundance of sympathies, as well as of executive talents, he has formed judgments of all that has come under his observation, and in his recent address of adieu to the Irish Catholic of Ottawa he has given eloquent and concise expression to his feelings and opinions.

On Sunday afternoon last, Mgr. Falconio proceeded to the new St. Patrick's Hall, and there received a beautiful address presented to him by the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. His reply, though brief, contains a volume of most encouraging matter, and it will long be cherished by the Irish Catholics of Canada, as an evidence of the sympathetic sentiments which the Holy See and its direct representative entertain towards them. The Apostolic Delegate spoke thus:—

"Gentlemen, your address, coming from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, could not but be accepted with pleasure.

"It recalls to my mind an heroic Christian nation, distinguished for her faith and for her attachment to the Holy See. Her history is the history of true patriotism and true Christian heroism. From the earliest days, when St. Patrick brought to her the light of faith, up to our present time, her children have given such an example of love for their native land and of fidelity to their holy religion as to deserve the admiration of the whole Catholic world. Truly, a profound sentiment of religion and patriotism has always been characteristic of the Irish nation.

"It was this sentiment which gave courage and strength to your glorious ancestors, who, during a long period of trials and sorrows, resisted valiantly the seduction to apostasy. It was this sentiment which led them, like the first martyrs of the Church, to sacrifice their lives rather than rebel against their holy religion. And it is this sentiment that you have inherited from your fathers, which, even in our days, renders the Irish people distinguished for their honesty, their integrity and their loyalty to their church and country. Hence, if the history of Ireland is, as we may say, an unbroken series of perpetual trials and sorrows, it is also a beautiful panorama of religious and civil heroism. The distinguished men and exemplary Christians, who from the days of old have adorned Ireland with noble deeds, are well known to the readers of history. Ireland, therefore, has a right to our love and esteem.

"Gentlemen, God has been pleased to prepare for you and your ancestors, in place of your home in Ireland, a new home in this country, where you enjoy true liberty and a comparative life of comfort. Perhaps no other country in the world could have offered you better occasions to ameliorate your condition, both in a spiritual and material sense. Indeed, though Canada as yet is not sufficiently known, she can compare advantageously with the most advanced nations of the world. I must confess, that before coming here I had no very clear idea of this continent. I knew it was a vast country with large rivers, abundant lakes and beautiful scenery; but now, after having visited the most important points in the Dominion, I have real-ly become alive to its vast proportions and great resources. However, I must say that the mere extent of territory, its beauty and richness, would not have impressed my mind so strongly had there not been a corresponding equivalent in the moral and civil virtues of the people. A glance at your numerous institutions of charity, at your colleges and schools, at your magnificent churches, and at the constitution by which you are governed, will suffice to let a foreigner understand in an instant the superiority of your moral and religious character. Indeed, I must say that in the physical features of your country, and in the character of its people there is something which elevates the mind and makes us feel that a great future is reserved to a country blessed by God in so many and different ways.

"Gentlemen, endeavor to preserve and even to increase these blessings by means of your religious and civic virtues. Let your own powerful association always be a source of strength to your church and community, and thus the glorious spirit of your ancestors will be perpetuated in it for the greater glory of God and the welfare of the land.

"I thank you sincerely for your sentiments of attachment and devotedness to our Holy Father, and for your appreciation of my humble labors."

Father Teeling's Appeal for Ireland.

The Rev. Father Teeling, of St. Mary's, Lynn, Mass., who was a delegate of the local branch of the United Irish League to the recent Boston Convention, delivered a stirring address recently regarding the proceedings of that great gathering. He said:—

I suppose you are all familiar with the doings of the convention, because they have been fully reported in the public press. I have attended many conventions in my life, but never one where there was such a representative body of men from all sections of the country.

You read the report of the committee on ways and means, which pledged \$100,000 in six months to the cause, and to put out dollar for dollar with the landlords of Ireland. All in that convention seemed to be of one mind, and now it becomes us as a branch of the Irish League to do our share of the work.

We must be about our business. A certain amount of work is allotted to us, as it is to every branch in the country. We are engaged in a worthy cause, one that calls for sympathy and labor from every liberty-loving individual. We are engaged in a warfare with a country that has robbed the people of Ireland, where lived our fathers and our forefathers.

The cause calls for the sympathy and the action of every liberty-loving individual, and more especially for each and every one of us members of the United Irish League.

It is said that some few years ago there was a split in the Irish Parliamentary party. That is true. A misunderstanding arose, and consequently a division. Well, that is human. We have our parties in this country, the Democrats and the Republicans. Is everything smooth in their councils and conventions? No. They have troubles.

The misunderstanding in the Irish party no longer exists. The trouble is settled and they are united, and Dillon and Redmond sit together as in one family. But we are told that the people are not united, and that this United Irish League exists in only certain countries and districts in Ireland. That is not true.

It has been said by calumniators, by men even of Irish birth, that the people of Ireland are not united. At that convention Mr. Davitt read the number of leagues in the different counties of Ireland, showing that there were more than 1,000 branches representing all parts, and the membership over 125,000. The people are united, and as long as they are united we should put our shoulders to the wheel and do everything in our power to assist them, for union can accomplish everything.

The great object of the United Irish League is to acquire possession of the land for the people of Ireland. The landlords have been a curse to Ireland, and will be as long as they are there, and unless the people get the land there will be no industries in Ireland. The people will be kept in misery, poverty and a state of positive servitude. If they own not the land, there is nothing for them to do with it. If they increase the value of the land, they are taxed for it.

The speaker related a conversation with a land agent, who he declared was worse than a landlord, in which the agent declared that an Irishman had no right to educate his children, because he could not afford it. Asked why, he replied that they did not have the means and never would have, because they were only fit for the practical servitude they were in. They were lazy and inefficient.

He said that roused him, and he replied that the agent did not know the people. He said that he came from a country where there were more Irishmen than there were in Ireland, and they were an industrious and honest people, who toiled all day at their labor, faithful to their employer, husbanded their resources and purchased little homes, and to these they went in the evening and labored until the last spark of daylight and expired in their little gardens, monuments of thrift, industry and honesty.

He said the Irishman could not be

industrious in Ireland, because if he were the rent on his holdings was increased and the more they increased the higher went the rent, until the poor man was starved out. That was the load that Ireland had been struggling under, and that was the load that was to be lifted.

We want through this movement to drive the landlords out of Ireland altogether so far as the control of the land is concerned, he said. That is the object of the League. There is union in Ireland; let there be no far distant when that victory will be achieved.

The world sees these people trampled under foot, and not allowed the privileges of the rest of the world; oppressed by a Government unwilling to give them any right whatsoever. When public opinion sees things as they are, then the cry will resound through the world that England must give freedom to Ireland.

An Irish Anti-Treating League.

St. Patrick's Anti-Treating League, which was only formed in Ireland quite recently, is making great progress already. At the Congress of the Gaelic League in Dublin the following resolution approving of the principles of the anti-Treating League was unanimously adopted:—

"As the custom of public-house treating (which is not one of our old Irish customs, but a comparatively modern drinking abuse), is now one of the most prolific sources of intemperance in this country, and, therefore, a national evil, this Congress desires to express its approval of the principles of St. Patrick's Anti-Treating League, and commends the anti-treating movement to the active support of members of the Gaelic League as being well calculated to put an effective check on intemperance, to curtail our extravagant expenditure on drink, and to reduce our self-imposed yearly tribute to the English exchequer."

St. Patrick's Anti-Treating League originated in the County Wexford, Ireland, and the organizing secretary is the Rev. John J. Rossiter, M. S.S., House of Missions, Ennisorthy; but the movement has passed to other parts of the country, and now all Ireland is its field of operations. It is not a total abstinence society. Its members may not drink to excess at any time, but they need not pledge themselves to abstain totally from intoxicants. Many members of the League are total abstainers, and the League does not exclude, but indeed welcomes, them; yet its primary object is to combat one special and very grave drinking abuse—the custom so common in Ireland of "treating" in public houses.

Years ago Archbishop Croke, recognizing the evil of this custom, urged all his countrymen to stop it at once and forever. He said truly that if this custom were abolished, it would check an immense amount of that unhappy drunkenness which arises, not from an Irishman's love of drink, but from his love of hospitality and good-fellowship. St. Patrick's Anti-Treating League is an attempt to follow out the advice of the great Archbishop of Cashel. It is placed under the patronage of the national apostle because it rests on the double foundation of religion and patriotism. A member promises.

"First,—Not to take a treat from another, nor to give one himself, in any place where drink is sold.

"Secondly,—He promises not to be guilty of the sin of intemperance himself, but to observe the law of God faithfully on all occasions in this matter."

All members wear the badge of the League everywhere, especially when they go from home, whether for business or pleasure. The badge is a shamrock in green enamel, with the three Celtic initials of the League, C. N. P., printed on shields in the centre of the three small leaves. These letters stand for the Irish words "Comrad Naomh Padraic," or League of St. Patrick. Women may join the League, and are untreated to do so; in order that they may add to it the weight of their influence and example. The pledge against treating is publicly renewed on All Saints' Day and St. Patrick's Day, every year.

Many branches of the League are attached to parishes, and hence take on a religious character, but some branches are purely secular, being started in connection with literary, athletic or other clubs.

HELP FOR THE HOLY SOULS

The religious order called "Helpers of the Holy Souls" was founded in Paris in 1856 by Eugenie Marie Joseph Truet. As a child she had a special love for the holy souls, and as she grew up the desire to help them became strong within her. After advising with the saintly Cure d'Ars her hopes finally culminated in 1856 when she founded the order called "Helpers of the Holy Souls in Purgatory." There was no money to build houses, not even enough to furnish the necessary food, furniture and clothing, but the good work went on because it was God's work. He enlightened their minds, and touched their hearts, and guided them over the rough ways,

and to-day they have houses in many parts of the world. There is a community of these nuns in New York, going about among the sick and suffering, and offering all their labors and prayers for the holy souls. In 1891, on the 7th of February, Mother Mary, as she was called in religion, died. The work she left for her children to do has progressed in a wonderful manner.

A READY ANSWER.

Father Mathew used to tell the following story:—

"A very fat old duck went out early one morning in pursuit of worms, and after being out all day and succeeding in filling her crop with worms, was captured by a fox. She

said to the fox: "You can not be so wicked and hard-hearted as to take the life of a harmless duck merely to satisfy the cravings of hunger!" She exhorted him against the commission of so great a sin, and begged him not to stain his soul with innocent blood. When the fox could stand her cant no longer, he said: "Out upon you, madam, with all your fine feathers; you're a pretty thing to lecture me for taking life to satisfy my hunger. Is not your own crop full of worms? You destroy more lives in one day than I do in a month."

This was Father Mathew's reply to the makers and venders of liquors, when they charged him with spoiling their trade, and taking the bread from the lips of their children.

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THE COERCION POLICY IN IRELAND DISCUSSED IN WESTMINSTER.

The Coercion Policy DISCUSSED IN WESTMINSTER.

The Speaker—The House now going very wide (hear).

Mr. W. O'Brien said...

At a recent sitting of the British House of Commons the Coercion policy of the Government in Ireland was the subject of a debate in which Mr. William O'Brien took a prominent part. From our Irish exchange we take the following report:—

Mr. William O'Brien moved the adjournment of the House for the purpose of discussing a definite matter of urgent public importance—viz., the proclamation under the provisions of the Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act of the city of Dublin and of nine Irish counties since the rising of the House in August, and the danger to the public peace arising from the harsh and partisan administration of that Act. He said that it was a relief to all of them that at last they had come to the end of the unseemly wrangle as to the right of the representatives of Ireland, without suppression from one English party and without patronage of the other English party, to have the affairs of their country discussed, instead of their being driven to whatever sporadic means they might find to express their sentiments. (Hear, hear). As usual, the Irish Party had taught the old lesson that whatever would not be given with grace might be extorted by other means. (Irish cheers). In the motion they had charged the Administration in Ireland with partisanship as well as with harshness. The keynote of the charge, and of all that was occurring in Ireland, was to be found in the statement of the Chief Secretary a few weeks ago—"No Government can settle the Irish land question; it must be settled by the parties interested," and that the action of the Government should be limited to providing facilities to giving effect to any settlement arrived at by the parties. That was one of the most remarkable confessions that ever fell from an English governor of Ireland, and if he had the logic and courage of his convictions it would have been one of the most creditable.

The land question was at the root of all good government in Ireland, and to attempt to settle it except through the United Irish League on the one side, and the landlords' organization on the other, was as if they had tried to terminate the Boer war by opening up negotiations between the old women and children on both sides. (Hear, hear). When the conference was recently proposed the contemplated settlement was a peaceful one, but again the Chief Secretary had given away the landlords and the landlords had given away him. (Laughter). The tenants' combination instantly and unequivocally accepted the peace proposal—(hear, hear)—believing that it would be perfectly possible to have a right and friendly agreement and settlement of the land question, that would have been acceptable both to landlords and to tenants. (Hear, hear). Aye, and, if necessary, without asking the British taxpayer to contribute a single shilling of additional taxation beyond the Imperial expenditure in Ireland at the present moment. (Hear, hear). If that conference had been followed by a conference between the two English parties and their leaders, such as Mr. Gladstone, in one of his great inspirations, once suggested, there never was a moment when more astonishingly good results could have been brought about in the way of appeasement and reconciliation, but the Chief Secretary had now plunged himself up to the neck in prosecuting one of the parties interested—the party which was ready for peace—(Irish cheers)—and made himself and his removable and his policemen the abject slaves and partisans of the rival combination who were ready for nothing and would hurt nothing except war. The lords of the Landowners' Convention summarily and insolently rejected the negotiations, notwithstanding that the Chief Secretary himself traveled a long distance through Ireland to implore them to save themselves and to save the country. That was the attitude of the landlords, and now they had the extraordinary result that at this moment men who responded to these peace proposals were being coerced and persecuted, and it was the gentlemen who scoffed at the right hon. gentleman's own advice, it was the Landlords' Convention who, by 77 votes to 14, rejected the proposal of a conference. These were the men in whose interests the right hon. gentleman

was prostituting the power of England in order to pander to a clique of selfish territorialists, who were playing their own selfish game of political intrigue and influence at the expense of certain unfortunate landlords, and at the expense of England, for whom they were laying up a fresh harvest of trouble. That was the right hon. gentleman's notion of impartiality and statesmanship.

In the face of the administration of this despotic and exceptional law, they did not forget that it would be unfair to include all the landlords of Ireland in the same breath. There had been some very remarkable developments. He would be a very shallow and stupid Irishman who would doubt that the action of men like Lord Dunraven, the O'Connor Don, Lord Mayo, and Lord Castletown might be capable of producing results which might be of very considerable importance, indeed, to their own class if they were seconded by a Minister strong enough to grasp the situation and fearless enough to look to higher ideals rather than of scoring a point or attempting to do so. These men, undoubtedly, compared not unfavorably in every respect even with those intellectual giants—Lord Londonderry, Lord Ardilaun, and Lord Barrymore (laughter)—who had hitherto had the courage of their opinions. Unhappily, Lord Dunraven and his friends had to deal with a class—and he was afraid of a Ministry—which was not strong enough to stand up to that syndicate of brewers and colliery owners, who were rushing Irish landlords to their ruin. (Nationalist cheers). He regretted it truly and unfeignedly. If these gentlemen would take a suggestion from him—he would assure them that it was in no petty party spirit that he offered it. Instead of writing letters to the "Times" to convert gentlemen of the peculiar cerebral formation of Lord Ardilaun—(laughter)—they would frankly and honestly join the United Irish League and trust their own countrymen, within three months they would have settled the Irish land question to their own advantage and to the immeasurable advantage of Ireland. They were used to a great many ridiculous misunderstandings in the House, and in this country, but there never was a more idiotic notion than the notion that they clung to agitation for the mere love of it. They were ready, upon just and generous terms, to give more than generous terms to the landlords of Ireland. They did not grudge them, on the contrary they would welcome them, on the simple condition of the landlords recognizing that they were Irishmen instead of their playing the part of countryless half-castes and Anglo-Irish octoroons.—(loud Nationalist laughter)—who had not at the present moment an atom of power or respect in Ireland, and who, he submitted, enjoyed very little more respect in England. The fault or perhaps the weakness on their part was that they had been always too ready to respond with the first genuine touch of kindness. Even the most extreme amongst them was not altogether exempt from that weakness. Be that as it might, under present circumstances there was very little fear of even their extremists being subjected to any weakening because the right hon. gentleman was proceeding in his government of Ireland upon the principle of persecuting the men who were reconcilable and right in the interest of the men who were irreconcilable and wrong. (Nationalist cheers).

What were the crimes for which the right hon. gentleman had placed Dublin and those other counties under such severe disabilities and degradations? The first fact that he would ask the House to bear in mind was that, broadly speaking, there was no real agrarian crime in Ireland, nothing except the technical crime of freedom of speech which had been created by the Coercion Act, and which even a Unionist so unexceptional as their own County Court Judge O'Connor Morris had confessed to be free from moral blame. If Englishmen would only take the pains of going through the returns of the present time in Ireland, and compare them with the state of bloodshed and terror in reference to which other Coercion Acts were proposed, he was convinced that even

the bitterest of their English opponents would feel humiliated and ashamed that proceedings so tyrannical should be put in force in a country from which crime had been so absolutely absent. If the Government had attempted to pass the Coercion Act through Parliament this session with even their ironclad majority of 139 they could not have got the Bill through the House, and he ventured to say there was no Minister on the Treasury Bench who would be case-hardened enough to propose it, knowing how utterly destitute were the materials to justify it. At the "Times" Forgeries Commission evidence was given that there had been 87 agrarian murders during the three years of the Land League in spite of the heroic efforts of Michael Davitt to arrest them. The United Irish League had been 4½ years in existence, and during those years there had just been one agrarian murder in the whole country, and that took place 3 years ago, and it did not take place in the Province of Connaught, where alone at that time the United Irish League was in existence. When the Liberal Government were proposing the Coercion Act of 1882 they produced statistics showing that there had been 9,023 agrarian outrages from 1879 to 1882. He (Mr. O'Brien) had got the latest quarterly returns of agrarian crimes in Ireland, and it was like a certain famous history of snakes in Iceland—snakes there were none. Except in a few threatening letters there were only twenty-one petty agrarian offences returned in the whole country for three months. Under all the important headings there were long columns of blanks from county to county and from province to province. It was exactly the same story in what they called the disturbed counties—long, empty columns, in many cases, without a crime of any sort; not a murder, not an attempted murder; not a moonlight outrage, not an attack on a bailiff or on a policeman; nothing even the imagination of Dublin Castle could dress up to represent any crime in the ordinary sense of the word, except threatening letters, of which he (Mr. O'Brien) himself received within the last week in the House very nearly as many as had been charged against the whole people of Ireland. It was not as if they were making these representations about the state of Ireland. Let him call a better witness. On the 14th March, in that House, the Chief Secretary stated, much to his credit—"Therefore, I have always held it to be my duty to say that of violent crime against the person or property in Ireland, there is less now than in any period of which we have record." (Irish cheers). Well, grossly though the people had been exasperated, he didn't think it would be pretended that any serious change had taken place since, except, as the House would remember, that it heard that day that no less than five county jails in Ireland had since been closed for the want of any ordinary criminals to occupy them. That was the country where the right hon. gentleman had proclaimed the city of Dublin and nine other counties; that was the country in which they were attacking members of Parliament, their own colleagues of the House, more savagely than they sometimes extended to their wife-beaters and garroters in England. This was the country in which, he ventured to say, during the last twelve months they had attacked more newspapers—they who loved the freedom of the Press—for reporting meetings than had been suppressed in Russia during the same period, and he knew what he was talking about perhaps a little better than the Yellow Journals who were so desirous of giving the Czar a lesson on constitutional matters. These very members of Parliament and these very newspapers and this organization they had attacked were the very things that had got rid of agrarian crime in Ireland. (Cheers). For the only genuine crime the Government ever put down, they created a hundred. The agents of Dublin Castle themselves were the worst disturbers, and very often the worst criminals; and, as he told the House the other night, there was a police crime which, if it succeeded, would have covered the reputation of that party and organization with mire and blood, and yet they heard the Attorney-General for Ireland really arguing as if the criminal was not the police forger, but the man who, in defence of his own honor and the

honor of the country against one of the foulest wrongs, unconvened Dublin Castle by attempting to bring that man to justice. They had given them a country absolutely free from bloodshed, or from any deeds which shunned the daylight. They were dealing now, not with a country of moonlighters, but with a country of broad daylight, thanks to the teaching of the United Irish League. They canted about crime being the ultimate end, but the taunt had been stilled on the lips of the accusers. This organization had been nearly five years in operation, every year with decreasing agrarian crime, and in all that time their watchful enemies in Dublin Castle and the landlords' camp had never been able to fasten upon a single deed of bloodshed which, by any perversity of malice, could be traced to the teachings of the organization. (Irish cheers). There was no fathoming the infatuation of English rule in Ireland. A wise English statesman would frankly and honestly acknowledge the work of the League; he would acknowledge the tremendous step which had been taken—that literally it might be stated that adjectives—strong adjectives—had been substituted for bullets in the agrarian controversy in Ireland. A wise statesman would first go down on his knees and thank his stars that the Irish people had been brought at last to look upon peaceful and combined public action in the open day, instead of the blunderbus and the midnight lodge, for their weapons of agitation.

But what had been the statesmanship of the right hon. gentleman—or rather of the Landowners' Convention, whom he had ignobly, for a man of his admitted mental calibre, permitted to run the show and pull the strings and to direct his performance? The men behind him had been striving to wrest from the people weapons of open and legitimate agitation. They had been trying to persuade the people that an editor or M. P. who fearlessly spoke out public opinion was doing a more dangerous thing for himself and perhaps a more intellectual thing than the man who fired at a landlord from behind a ditch. These men knew that the absence of crime was the League's strength and their own weakness; and, horrible as it undoubtedly was to have to say it, he said deliberately that these men were longing for crime and working for crime, because they knew it was their only hope of putting down the public opinion of their countrymen and of arousing prejudice and passion against them. (Irish cheers). There was an old legal maxim, "Facit hinc protest," and everyone knew that crime would be their ruin, and that was the case and aim of the landlords. The House had heard a good deal about County Court Judge Curran, the gentleman who threw in the face of 23 grand jurors their resolution referring to the peaceful condition of the county. That gentleman, in passing sentence of hard labor upon one of their colleagues (Mr. Haviland Burke), made this remarkable and eloquent statement, "I have some experience of the terrible crime of boycotting in other times, and I deliberately say that as a result of that experience I should far prefer going back to the time when there would be a calendar containing 20 or 30 cases of serious crime, ordinary crime, than to see systematic boycotting practised in any county." That was to say that gentleman would be happier if there were 20 or 30 cases of murder or midnight outrage before him instead of the state of things in which the people were peacefully combined to deal with their enemies. He knew how difficult it was to criticize this gentleman's conduct. The Prime Minister declined to give the House an opportunity of doing so. He did not desire to say anything particularly unfriendly of Judge Curran owing to his earlier life, when he was a conscientious judge, but he was sorry for him, and all he could say was that if he read that statement anonymously he should have thought it a statement more worthy of a ghoul than of a judge. (Cheers). What were the terrible crimes for which practically they had put an end to trial by jury and with the freedom of the Press, and had been carrying on against their own colleagues in the House? He hoped he had shown it was not really agrarian crime

they were dealing with as of old. It was not a strike against rent as a whole. There was absolutely no trace of any rent strike in any part of the country outside the immediate neighborhood of the De Freyne estate, where it arose out of a set of local circumstances, and without consultation with the governing body of the United Irish League. (Ministerial cries of "Oh," and interruptions). Who was the gentleman opposite who interrupted?

An Irish member—Mr. Archdale. Mr. O'Brien—Well, he was one of the octoroons, and he was addressing himself to English gentlemen. Mr. Archdale—Is the hon. member for East Mayo not one of the governing body? Mr. O'Brien—The hon. member for East Mayo will be mighty well able to speak for himself. I assert most distinctly that in no way whatever was the governing body of the League consulted. Mr. Tully—Why am I attacked? (Laughter).

Mr. O'Brien—I would refer the hon. gentleman to his own constituency, who, I think, will inform him that the English House of Commons is not the proper place for an altercation among men calling themselves Irishmen. (Irish cheers).

Mr. O'Brien proceeded to say they had no crime to deal with, no rents to deal with, and that the only crime was that of free speech. There was an easy test. Lord Londonderry was a mine-owner, and a landlord in Ireland. If there was a strike of his miners in England he would like to see Lord Londonderry and his colleagues facing the working men of England at a general election; he would like to see the Prime Minister facing the working men of Manchester; he would like to see the member for West Birmingham facing the working men of Birmingham—(Nationalist cheers)—if for speeches of that character, addressed to strikers in England, men of honored and noble lives, like the member for Monmouth, the member for Battersea—(Ministerial laughter and Irish cheers)—the hon. member for Durham, had been treated as their colleagues had been treated, with the same cowardly and beastly violence and foul play. (Nationalist cheers). The Chief Secretary had, with a candor upon which he complimented him, heartily made to the House the astounding confession that the city of Dublin had been proclaimed under this frightful Act for no other reason except to enable him to deal with the "Irish People" newspaper. (Nationalist cheers). Was there ever such a declaration made by a Minister before? As though the capital city of a country which, with its suburbs, counted something like 500,000 inhabitants, should be stripped of the right of trial by jury and reduced to a state of minor seige in order to deal with a humble weekly newspaper. The Chief Secretary spoke in language of glowing eulogy in reference to Mr. Chamberlain. There were two Mr. Chamberlains—one of the present and one of the past. (Nationalist cheers). He asked Mr. Chamberlain to fancy Birmingham of old times being proclaimed under that Act, and being stripped of the right of trial by jury in order to get at a weekly newspaper in Birmingham, or even the "Birmingham Daily Post," for publishing the speeches of the right hon. gentleman the member for West Birmingham, in those old times, in Mr. Chamberlain's Radical days—(Nationalist cheers)—or rather in his Republican days. (Renewed Nationalist cheers). They were assured upon distinguished authority that he was preaching doctrines of Jack Cade. But Birmingham was not proclaimed, although Dublin was a very much more peaceful city than Birmingham. They accused the Government of harshness as well as partisanship. Nay, harshness was the very weakest term he could find in the dictionary for the purpose. They did not intend to make any appeal to the House in reference to the brutal and blackguard way in which the Coercion Court was carried out. If coercion there had to be, the more cowardly and beastly it was the sooner every decent Englishman would revolt against it. (Nationalist cheers). If public opinion was to be a crime, by all means let the Irish not be spared. They were now laying down as their principle of Government in Ireland that the most heinous crime

that they were dealing with in the country was to be a representative of the people—(Nationalist cheers)—and that the more faithful and fearless a representative of the people was the heavier would be the crime, and the heavier would be their disgusting punishment. (Nationalist cheers). That was their pretty theory of constitutional government in the old times before the Local Government Bill. It was always easy enough to fall back upon the empty and unconstitutional cry—that the elected representatives of the people of Ireland. He noticed that even so late as in Saturday's newspaper Lord Cadogan—(ironical Nationalist cheers, and a Nationalist—"The old humbug")—was repeating that with some questionable taste and gratitude—(Nationalist cheers)—knowing, as he well must, that if he had made that speech the day before he quitted Dublin the men he abused had only to raise their hands and he would have been hooted through Dublin to the ship's side. But by their own Local Government Act they had blown Lord Cadogan sky-high, for in the city councils and district councils they had now as intensely localised a representation of the people as it was possible to have. And what was the consequence? In 30 out of the 32 counties of Ireland they were forced to make war on the county councils and district councils. In point of fact, the whole of the new hard labor machinery was directed not so much against the members of Parliament whom they could not disqualify and whom they dared not expel. (Nationalist cheers). It was directed against the local representatives of the people to intimidate men who have carried on a system of local administration so excellent that the Local Government Board, hostile as it was, had borne testimony to it—(Nationalist cheers)—and, instead of hostility, confessing that they had the people of Ireland against them—all the people of Ireland, all their representatives in every category, in Parliament, in the corporations, in the district councils, and in the county councils—their brilliant idea was to try to terrorise or drive from the public service by these disabilities the men whose private character and public spirit would be a treasure for the good government of any other country on the face of the earth. (Nationalist cheers). Their treatment of these men was opposed to all the usages of civilization.

Englishmen had been prisoners themselves, and not so long ago either. There was Dr. Jameson, for instance. He was not gloating over that gentleman's imprisonment. The Chief Secretary had sent down to the House a petition in favor of his being dealt with in prison in a civilized fashion—(Mr. Wyndham shook his head as if implying a denial)—but the Irish members who endured like punishment themselves signed it. (Nationalist cheers). Dr. Jameson who was not the only prisoner of President Kruger, for the same offence he had committed, would have had his neck stretched in this country and been hanged—(more Nationalist cheers)—but he had experienced more clement treatment from the President of the Transvaal, who was but an uncultured Boer farmer. There had been British prisoners of war of late, and they had received better treatment at the hands of the Boers, who were brave enemies, than an Irish member now in the House, and whom he would not mention, when he was suffering the punishment inflicted by the Chief Secretary. (Cries of "Shame.") And yet his Irish colleagues now sitting in the House had while in prison to wash the clothes of abandoned women. (Cries of "Oh!" "Shame," and "Disgraceful," followed by some laughter from the ministerial benches).

A Nationalist member—Whoever laughs must be a mere cad. (Hear, hear).

Mr. W. O'Brien—The noble lord opposite (Lord Hugh Cecil), whether he be a lord, a gentleman, or something else, I know not, is unworthy to loose the latchet of my hon. friend's shoe. (Nationalist cheers). He did not want to say anything against soldiers who had to obey orders. They had been sent to the Transvaal to plunder the Boers of their gold and enslave them. (Loud cries of "Question" from the Ministerial benches).

The Speaker, disregarding Ministerial cries of "Tully, hear".

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He was Chief Secretary in those prisoners who had police and the bailiffs to hard labor. Not of prisoners now in jail had resistance at all. (Hear, hear). He did not think that Mr. personally, enjoyed the inflicted in his name. not be pleasant to h tion, but if he raised h he would bring them t Dublin Castle and th magistrates had appar the cue from some qua shipments which degrad graced the English peo Irish—(Nationalist che Irish people would defi rell, the other day, wo mit to have hard labo of his sentence, if he undertaking not to re fense. His friend, the for South Mayo (Mr. had another term of before him because he attempts of the police places to prevent him ing his constituents, a 'brute force towards h would undergo impriso and did anybody think Roche, M.P., for East O hesitate to undergo se months' with hard labo of them would risk the cessary, in resisting the Government. (Natio It would be for the G send back either a mes or a message of war. be the responsibility. S theirs would be the r they sent the Nationali back with a message w ther truth nor pity fo whom they persisted and ruining, and who h them any wrong. The stary might rest assure the Irish people might down by the force of had never yet been along. (Nationalist chee could not do it, and flatter of the Chief Se not suggest that the r it man was likely to s Cromwell failed. (Lou cheers). The attitude Party and the Irish pe their enemies in that F of it might be summed and ready way in a ce was familiar to them in in which the stalwart Tipperary were made to landlords:—

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Captain Donelan, in a motion, said it appears policy of the present G heap every kind of insu nity upon the Irish me gretted to find that ev Lord Lieutenant, who been treated with cour land, had joined in th abuse raised by the U Mr. Tully and others time the debate, but

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The Coercion Policy in Ireland DISCUSSED IN WESTMINSTER.

The Speaker—The hon. member is now going very wide of the question now before the House. (Hear, hear).

Mr. W. O'Brien said he had no desire to do so. He was speaking on behalf of a country whose people were wasting away, no fewer than 430,000 of the flower of that land having vanished from it during the last ten years. No one could help maddening over this sad fact. They were flying away from Ireland every week, and something must be done to stop this—some heroic measure adopted to stop this deplorable state of things. (Cheers). The Irish Government had adopted a new method of stretching Irish members on the rack, and there were now something like fifty prisoners under the Coercion Act. When the Prime Minister was Chief Secretary in Ireland only those prisoners who had resisted the police and the bailiffs were sentenced to hard labor. Not one of the prisoners now in jail had offered any resistance at all. (Hear, hear). He did not think that Mr. Wyndham, personally, enjoyed the punishments inflicted in his name. They could not be pleasant to him on reflection, but if he raised his little finger he would bring them to an end. But Dublin Castle and the removable magistrates had apparently received the cue from some quarter, and punishments which degraded and disgraced the English people were inflicted—(Nationalist cheers)—but the Irish people would defy it. Mr. Farrell, the other day, would not submit to have hard labor struck out of his sentence, if he had given an undertaking not to repeat his offence. His friend, the hon. member for South Mayo (Mr. J. O'Donnell), had another term of imprisonment before him because he restricted the attempts of the police at several places to prevent him from addressing his constituents, and they used brute force towards him, and he would undergo imprisonment again; and did anybody think that Mr. Roche, M.P., for East Galway, would hesitate to undergo sentence of four months' with hard labor? Every man of them would risk their lives, if necessary, in resisting the tyranny of the Government. (Nationalist cheers) It would be for the Government to send back either a message of peace or a message of war. Theirs would be the responsibility. Sooner or later theirs would be the retribution if they sent the Nationalist members back with a message which has neither truth nor pity for the people whom they persisted in governing and ruining, and who had never done them any wrong. The Chief Secretary might rest assured that though the Irish people might be beaten down by the force of England they had never yet been beaten down for long. (Nationalist cheers). Cromwell could not do it, and the rashest flatterer of the Chief Secretary would not suggest that the right hon. gentleman was likely to succeed where Cromwell failed. (Loud Nationalist cheers). The attitude of the Irish Party and the Irish people towards their enemies in that House or out of it might be summed up in a rough and ready way in a couplet which was familiar to them in Ireland and in which the stalwart peasants of Tipperary were made to say to their landlords:—

We have a hand for the grasp of friendship, Another to make you quake, You are welcome to whichever It pleases you most to take. (Loud Nationalist cheers).

Mr. O'Brien's speech occupied one hour and twenty minutes. Captain Donelan, in seconding the motion, said it appeared to be the policy of the present Government to heap every kind of insult and indignity upon the Irish members. He regretted to find that, even the late Lord Lieutenant, who had always been treated with courtesy in Ireland, had joined in the chorus of abuse raised by the Unionist Press. Mr. Tully and others rose to continue the debate, but

The Speaker, disregarding the Ministerial cries of "Tully," called on Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who, in supporting the motion, said it was reserved for this country, which claimed to stand in the van of civilization and humanity, to treat its political prisoners in a way which even the despotism of Russia and the imperialism of France had not dared. Some of the sentences which had been passed he characterized as savage. Mr. Tully, who also supported the motion, remarked that there had not been a Coercion Act passed during the last twenty-five years under

which he had not been one of the first to suffer—(laughter)—although the head and tail of his meeting were legal—(laughter)—and although it could not be proved that he was knowingly present—(renewed laughter)—because two speeches had been delivered, which he, as a matter of fact, had not heard. The meeting had been declared an unlawful assembly, the Court declining to split the meeting up into compartments. (Laughter).

Mr. Wyndham, who was received on rising with Ministerial cheers, said he did not rise to refer in anticipation to solutions of the land question in Ireland, though, indeed, he thought they were nearer a solution than they had ever been before. He rose to answer the sweeping indictment which had been brought against the Government and himself as the Minister responsible for having instituted in Ireland unjustifiable and partisan prosecutions, and of having so administered the law that those who had been found guilty had been treated with lack of humanity. His defence would consist in showing the there had been a steady, persistent, and deliberate encroachment upon liberty in Ireland—(Ministerial cheers and Nationalist counter cheers)—and that after long delay he had taken the steps that were necessary, in the opinion of the Government, if the existing land laws in Ireland or any other land laws were to have a fair chance of succeeding. (Ministerial cheers). Members opposite had asked whether they were to be sent back with a message of peace or of war. They had seemed to indicate that we were at the parting of the ways. He (Mr. Wyndham) deprecated the use of such terms in such a debate, but whether used in respect of actual warfare or in respect of such civil contentions, he had always found that those who had the most personal experience were the slowest to begin, because they knew they knew what was the cost the very men who were the slowest to make peace between the periods when diplomacy could take place and peace could be made. Fighting must go on until the matter at issue was decided one way or the other.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor—An extremely foolish observation for you to make. Several Nationalist members.—We accept the challenge. Come on, come on.

Mr. Wyndham, in continuation, remarked that intimidation inflicted that hardship and suffering. Intimidation was illegal, and intimidation must be put down. Ministerial cheers). Eager as he was to see the restoration of social peace in Ireland, sanguine as he was to see the end of the evil of intimidation applied to the land question, he must decline to purchase peace at the cost of receding even by an inch from the position that it was the duty of the Government to protect those suffering from boycotting and intimidation, and to prosecute even before exceptional tribunals all those who were guilty of intimidation, and of breaking that which was not only the common but statute law of every other civilized country of the world. (Loud Ministerial cheers). It was true, as Mr. O'Brien had said, that at the present moment there were not many crimes of violence against persons, or of destruction of property. Apart from agrarian crime Ireland was comparatively crimeless. But as he had said before it was the duty of the Government to protect one set of Irishmen against organized intimidation by another set of Irishmen. The Executive had been obliged to interfere to prevent the steady development of the encroachment upon the liberties of individuals. He was charged with suppressing freedom of speech and the freedom of the Press. A year ago the newspapers began publishing the boycotting resolutions passed by the League, and by August this year some papers contained little else than column after column of the secret resolutions, and in almost all cases the names of the persons to be boycotted were transferred from the country and from the land question to the towns. The most recent development which he deplored was that local bodies on whom self-government had been conferred should pass resolution after resolution to the effect that tenders were only to be accepted from members of a particular political organization. (An Irish member—"It is coercion for coercion.") Such a state of things crippled the whole civic life of the country, and it would be idle for himself or any member of the Government to hope to persuade the House to deal boldly with the land and with the rating question in Ireland when any critic could point to the fact that a local body thought nothing of adding £200 or £300 to the rates already standing at 7s or 8s in the £ in order to benefit any particular section. He believed that the land question would be settled,

but if it were to be exposed to intimidation, or to punish those who broke the law, it would be a solution that would be not a blessing, but a curse. (Ministerial cheers).

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was sorry to say that he had on many occasions listened to Ministers who had either introduced some exceptional law or accounted for the application of an exceptional law already in existence in Ireland. On all such occasions he could remember that two things had invariably been done. In the first place, a case was made to show that the ordinary law had failed. On both of those two points the Chief Secretary had little or nothing to tell them. He had made no allegation of an unusual prevalence of crime. Had any attempt been made to deal with the intimidation which was alleged by means of the ordinary law before resort had been had to such an extraordinary course? This was the first time hard labor was given for political offences, and the sentences of imprisonment and hard labor were unnecessarily severe. Anyone sentenced to hard labor was disqualified for five years from sitting on any public body, and this was the punishment inflicted for a political offence. (Oh, and Ministerial laughter). The condition of Ireland was indeed not a very happy one, with a Crimes Act apparently for its Magna Charta, with its Sergeants Sheridan as the embodiment of law and order—(Nationalist cheers)—with its magistracy in a fatal degree subservient to the Executive. The right hon. gentleman concluded—it is not we who deserve the name of Separatists, it is those who govern Ireland,—and apparently can only govern Ireland by methods like this, that are not to be found in any other part of the Empire—that name ought not to be applied to us, who have shown, and will continue to show, a more excellent way of dealing with Ireland. (Loud Ministerial laughter and Opposition cheers).

The House divided, and there voted:— For Mr. O'Brien's motion, 121 Against 215 Government majority 94

Industrial and Agricultural Ireland

A large and well printed volume of over 500 pages, entitled "Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural," has just been issued by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland. It contains, in admirably classified form, exhaustive information of an authentic character upon the subjects suggested by its title. The book opens with a description of the general geological and physiographic features of the country, followed by articles on the climate and the flora and fauna of Ireland. An analysis of the economic distribution of the population is then given, and to this succeeds an account of the transportation and banking facilities of the country. The next section deals with the agricultural and technical instruction given by the board, and contains very interesting chapters on the work of the Congested District Board and the Department of Agriculture and Technical Science. Special articles are devoted to agriculture, live stock, sea and inland fisheries, shipbuilding, the linen industry, the lace industry, the brewing distilling, milling, bacon-curing, butter, leather and tanning, shirt-making and other industries, all of which statistics and ample information are supplied.

The figures regarding the Irish joint stock banks show that they held deposits and cash balances at the close of December, 1901, aggregating \$214,500,000 exclusive of over \$9,000,000 government and other public balances at the Bank of Ireland; and the total deposits at the same date in the Savings Banks amounted to \$53,100,000. But the book must be read in order that a just idea of the present state of agriculture and technical industry in Ireland may be obtained. As it is the first blue-book of its kind ever issued, it should be in the possession of all who desire to be fully accurately informed as to the economic and industrial position of Ireland at the dawn of the twentieth century. It contains several first class illustrations. The publishers are Messrs. Browne and Nolan, of Dublin, Cork, and Belfast. In a future issue we will furnish our readers with extracts from this interesting volume.

The Cloister, As Seen Through Protestant Eyes.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

In last Sunday's issue of the New York "Herald" appears, with elaborate illustrations, a most sensational article entitled "New Order of Nuns Established in America to Lead Severest Lives." While there is a certain amount of truth—the fact of a convent being established in Philadelphia by the Sisters of Mount Carmel—as a basis for the article in question, the entire composition is a woven tissue of false ideas, misconceptions, misrepresentations, and absolute lack of knowledge concerning the subject. It is one of those many supposed morsels of news—old as the hills, of course—that a sensational and anti-Catholic press plumes itself upon sending forth for the information of its readers. That our Catholic readers may have an idea how the lives and aims of our Church's holy women are misrepresented, we will take a few extracts from this absolutely misleading article.

It opens by telling us that allusion is made to an order known "as the discolored nuns of Mount Carmel, who are followers of the Church of Rome." This one sentence sets the seal of anti-Catholic prejudice upon the contribution, while it gives an idea of the extent of the writer's acquaintanceship with our Church and her institutions. Behold the picture:—

"In a gloomy looking, little old house on Poplar street, just west of Fifteenth street, in Philadelphia, they have opened, or, more properly speaking, have entered and closed, another convent of Mount Carmel. In it are cloistered six young nuns. There are also two lay sisters, who attend to the business of the institution. These six choir nuns, as those taking the perpetual vows are called, have never since the day of their profession entered the world, nor come in contact with the people of the world, save on this one occasion, when they travelled from their mother house, near Baltimore, to their new convent, in Philadelphia."

If these nuns have come from their motherhouse near Baltimore, it cannot be a "new order of nuns established in America." It must have been established many years on this continent. And to call it a "new order" is almost comical. In fact, the Carmelites date back to the commencement of the middle ages, and their convents have dotted Europe over for centuries. But the "Herald" man very probably never took the trouble to learn anything further about their history. Then the account goes on thus:—

"No life known to modern times is, to the average healthy mind, so absolutely repulsive and unnatural as that of the Carmelite nuns. All the harrowing gruesome, abominable details of their existence are not known except to a few who have studied the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church. If their lives be unhappy or distasteful in any way their secret is never known to the world. From the hour when they take their final vows their faces are never seen. Neither father, mother nor sister may ever look upon them again, and even their veiled forms may not be seen.

When business or some other important matter demands converse with the world they speak from behind curtained bars, and their voices are low and musical, but unnaturally timid, as though they were strangers to the language of the world, and knew only the chant of matins, the lisping of the rosary, the mysteries of the stations, the "Ora pro Nobis" and "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" of the vesper hymns. And yet their lives are said to be filled with ecstasy and content."

Exactly! The Protestant mind can form no conception of the grandeur of sacrifice, the delights of spiritual life, the oblivion of this world in the contemplation of the world to come; hence this judging of the religious by the standards of this world's happiness and enjoyments. There is a broad hint in the foregoing that if the Carmelite is unhappy she has no redress, no escape from her misery. The "Herald" knows not that if the Carmelite becomes restless and discontented with that life, the evidence of a lack of vocation becomes apparent, and the Church will not permit the retaining

of a person in any of her communities once it becomes manifest that this spirit is not a mere passing weakness, but an actual barrier to spiritual life. But let us proceed:—

"The daily life of a Carmelite nun is as barren of beauty and luxury, even of what are deemed by the very poorest as absolute necessities, as is the existence of a doomed convict. Their bed is a plain, hard board, their clothes, winter and summer, are of the coarsest wollen, ever spotlessly clean, but harsh, and in warm weather exceedingly uncomfortable. Their food is scantier and less appetizing than that of the vilest wretch. The office of their prayer is long and more exacting than that of the most devout minister on his most solemn fast day. Of recreation and amusement they have absolutely none, not even of the most childish and harmless kind."

Learn, friend of the "Herald," that this is a life voluntarily accepted, after years of due probation, after a novitiate in which all that you mention has been learned, practised, and duly weighed. Remember that this life is led for purposes of penance and reparation; not penance for sins committed by the religious, but for your sins and for ours; reparation for the crimes and iniquities that pollute the earth. Remember that the Carmelite exults in the knowledge that her severest ordeals, her longest meditations, her most fervent prayers, all perpetually point to Heaven, as so many lightning-rods of protection, to arrest the flashes of the Almighty's justified wrath and to turn away from your head and from ours the thunder bolts of His Justice. The comparison of a minister's prayer on a feast day with the perpetual incense God from tion that ascends towards God from the cloistered soul is too absurd for comment.

The writer then proceeds to tell of their different hours of prayer "to the God whom they believe created the beautiful world which they have turned away from forever." Possibly he doubts that God created that world; if so we cannot help it, we can only feel sorry for his unfortunate state. But he omits to remark that they also believe that the same God created the still more beautiful world which they have accepted as their heritage and towards which their eyes are turned and their steps are directed. Knowing naught of that other and eternal world, how could that writer be expected to appreciate the condition of soul or the sentiments and aspirations of the one whose whole being is devoted to the gaining of that unending prize for herself and the securing of the same for the millions of poor blind creatures that walk the pathway to their earthly tombs?

What a fearful picture of the miserable surroundings, the poor diet, the unadorned walls, the comfortless couches, and all the fatigues of body that mark the daily life of the Carmelite! What a deep sigh of regret that the "Christmas and Thanksgiving turkeys, the Easter hams and spring chickens and every delight of gourmand and gourmet are things of the past to these women, who have consecrated—and one might almost say sacrificed—their lives to their God."

And while telling of the absolute cleanliness and the freedom from the anxieties of life, that mark their passage through this existence, he cannot but shed tears over the sad fate of the girl, or woman, who has been so self-condemned to a life of apparent misery.

Friend "Herald," go down into the heart of Gotham! Turn the second corner from your own stately edifice and proceed along the double rows of tenements, where all those samples of human wretchedness congregate, vegetate, live and die daily, and contrast their condition and their happiness with those of the Carmelite nuns. The poor woman across the way

has not selected her mode of life; it is against her will that she endures its miseries; she did not freely make the sacrifice; it is not for God, but through force of adverse circumstances that she wades through the mire of her misfortunes. She has no bed to lie upon, no clothing to cover her, no food to eat; yet she has a drunken husband to beat her poor life into submission, she has starving, shivering children crying to her for that which she cannot give them; she has the sickness, the tortures, the worries, the vices, the hideous immoralities, the blood-curdling blasphemies of the herd that constitutes her sole associates to endure. She may not have even the consolation of prayer. And she sees death approach, and in squallor and abject hebesement her frail form sinks upon the floor, and her blood-shot eyes close to the light of earth, and her skeleton frame gives a last long shiver, as her convulsed soul goes forth into the great unexplored abyss of the unending. This is not an exceptional picture! There are millions of them in the world. New York contains tens of thousands. Will the "Herald" pause in the presence of what hourly occurs, even in the more virtuous, but nonetheless miserable and unfortunate homes of poverty, and say that no life is "so absolutely repulsive and unnatural as that of the Carmelite nun?"

But why attempt to argue with the blind and the infirm of mind? They see the outside of the cloister walls, and they depend for their information concerning what takes place within, upon the word of others—to which their imaginations add highly-colored pictures that have no reality. So is it that they see the externals of religious life, and judge them by worldly standards, as they would judge the lives of convicts in their prisons, sailors on their ships, soldiers in their camps, merchants on the exchange, lawyers in the court-room, or any other category of human beings at their daily avocations. But it is not given them to penetrate the secrets of the inner life, to go down into the soul and sound its raptures, to descend into the heart and grasp its pulsings. They know naught of the waters of grace, flowing from the seven-branched sacramental strength. They cannot conceive the kaleidoscope glories of that intimate and spiritual life, that communion of saints, that golden chain of prayer; that throbbing of the whole being in harmony with the Divine inspirations and consolations, that only the privileged and saintly few can experience on this earth. Hence their false estimate of the cloister and the cloister's inmate; hence their misconception of the religious life, its aims, its delights, its rewards.

How poor and miserable, to the Catholic mind, the ideas of those critics when contrasted with the sublime spiritualization of existence that the elect of the cloister experience—a mere foreshadowing, in its silent fullness and its undisturbed tranquillity, of the unutterable delights and the unending glories of the Beatific Vision.

BOURKE COCKRAN AND THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran had arranged to deliver a lecture in the Auditorium in Chicago on November 30. The proceeds of the address were to be devoted to the work of the Christian Brothers. Finding that he will be unable to fulfill his engagement, Mr. Cockran has written to Rev. Brother Adjutor, manager of the Saint De La Salle Auxiliary, donating the magnificent sum of \$10,000 as his personal subscription toward the work. The Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., will take Mr. Cockran's place as lecturer, at the latter's request, and speak on "St. De La Salle and Modern Education."

AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS ALL NEXT WEEK, Saturday Matinee. The Jefferson De Angelis Comic Opera Company, Direct from the New York Broadway Triumph, in Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LAST OPERA: The EMERALD ISLE WITH Jefferson De Angelis, And Original New York Cast, including W. T. Carleton, Edmund Stanley, Gerald Jerome, Chas. Dungan, John Dudley, Frank Belcher, Amelia Field, Helena Frederick, Kate Condon, Edna Burd, and sixty others. SEATS NOW ON SALE

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In the first place it can be readily understood that I must refrain from giving the names of those to whom some of the letters in my collection are addressed—otherwise my own identity would have to be revealed. All who are acquainted with internal economy of journalism know how unsatisfactory that course would prove; the letters, themselves, will show that it is not through any desire to skirk a responsibility, or to sail under false colors, that these suppressions are made; quite the contrary, for I consider it an honor to have one's name associated with such correspondence.

The first which I draw from my bundle is from the pen of Thomas Francis Meagher—written to a lady, still alive, and who has been the recipient of the majority of the communications in my possession. The letter is brief, but it contains an epitome of one of the most wonderful careers in the annals of Irish history. It is not for me to here recall the stirring events in the life of Meagher. Every school boy, who has any acquaintance with the story of Ireland during the stirring period of 1848, or any knowledge of the events that marked the great civil war in the United States, knows the part played by Meagher in both the Old World and the New. In fact, I believe that each one has read his famous "Sword Speech," and his "Speech from the Dock," if not some of his other splendid bursts of oratory. And the story of his fatal and mysterious ending, when in July 1867 he was drowned in the Missouri. At all events I have not the space at my disposal to enter into the details of his magnificent career. The letter that I now transcribe must tell its own story, but, were I at liberty to reveal the name of the lady to whom it was written and to speak of her former associations with Meagher in Ireland, I could, I think, add a most interesting chapter to the history of the Old Land towards the close of the first half of the nineteenth century. But, for the present, my business is with "Old Letters," and here is one of them:—

"New York city,
Nov. 12th, 1865.

Dear Friend K—

It must be half a score of times that you have requested me to send you my "Prison Lay." I do so now, although I am under the impression that you must have long since come upon a copy of it. I know it was printed in a number of publications; but, like almost everything else belonging to myself, I neglected to preserve it. Were it not for the "fond memories of other days," that these lines revive, I would not feel justified in placing any value upon them. This is no mock humility on my part. I am vain enough to feel proud of my own achievements, but this I do not number amongst them.

You know I have been a kind of "Jack-of-all-Trades," and quite possibly "master of none." I admit that I made pretty good rebel in the grand and golden days of the long gone-by. I was also a fair specimen of a traitor—a fact proven by my conviction for treason-felony and my condemnation to the delightful fate of being hanged, drawn and quartered and having my head spiked on the gall. What a "beacon to guide us to liberty" my poor skull

would have been! Then I figured respectably enough as a convict; the prison-garb however did not fit me, and being something of a Beau and fearfully adverse to unbecoming clothes, I undertook to change my occupation. Then as a fugitive I am positive that I could have taught lessons to the most expert gentlemen of Scotland yard. They say, on this side of the Main, that I did not keep up my fugitive propensities during the struggle of giants; but I am no judge of my own prowess.

Now, to return to the "Prison Lay;" no matter how I may have succeeded in any other occupation, I am forced to confess myself a failure as a poet. I believe that I have tried to infuse a little poetry into some of my public utterances, but the writing of verse is absolutely outside my sphere. I love to read the outpourings of Ireland's poetic hearts, and I feel that to sully the crystal stream of her song with the muddy waters that flow from my poor pen would be unpatriotic.

What a joy it must have been for you to have numbered, in your far Canadian home, amongst the old, old friends who visited you, my former colleague in trouble William Smith O'Brien, and that consecrated giant whom we all so loved, poor Doctor Cahill. Do you ever meet with McGee? If ever you should come across our "Amergin," just tell him that I have succeeded in establishing to my entire satisfaction the exactness of his theory concerning the Ossianic translations. It will please him to think that some person agrees with his view.

When you are coming to the land of the "Stars and Stripes?" Do not come without forewarning me of the event. Let the caverns of the future hold whatever winds of winds they please, whether it blows a tempest or a fanning breeze upon my path, I can never forget your kindnesses in the days gone past, nor need you ever doubt the sincere attachment of your ever devoted friend.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

This letter is surely one of untold interest. No comment of mine could add to its value. I will, however, encroach further upon space with a copy of the "Prison Lay," which was written in Clonmel gaol, in 1848, after the author's conviction, and while he was awaiting the execution which never came. A week before the day fixed for execution his sentence, as well as that of his companions, was commuted to transportation for life. It was during those anxious hours that Meagher penned, or rather pencilled the poem.

THE PRISON LAY.

"I love, I love, the grey old walls!
Although a chilling shadow falls
Along the iron-rated halls,
And in the silent, narrow cells,
Brooding darkly, ever dwells.

"Oh! still I love them—for the hours
Within them spent are set with flowers
That blossom, spite of wind and showers,
And through that shadow, dull and cold,
Emit their sparks of blue and gold.

"Bright flowers of mirth—that wildly spring

From fresh young hearts, and o'er them fling,
Like Indian birds with sparkling wing,
Seeds of sweetness, grains all glowing,
Sun-gilt leaves with dew drops flowing.

"And hopes as bright, that softly gleam,
Like stars which o'er the churchyard stream

A beauty on each faded dream—
Mingling the light they purely shed,
With other hopes, whose light has fled.

"Fond memories, too, undimmed by sighs,
Whose fragrant sunshine never dies,
Whose summer song-bird never flies—
These, too, are chasing, hour by hour,
The clouds that round this prison lower.

"And thus from hour to hour, I've grown
To love these walls, though dark and lone,
And fondly prize each grey old stone
Which flings the shadow, deep and chill,
Across my fettered footsteps still.

"Yet, let these memories fall and flow
Within my heart, like waves that glow
Unseen in spangled caves below
The foam which frets, the mists which sweep
The changeful surface of the deep.

"Not so the many hopes that bloom
Amid the voiceless waste and gloom,
Strewing my pathway to the tomb
As though it were a bridal bed,
And not a prison of the dead.

"I would those hopes were traced in fire,
Beyond those walls—above that spire—
Whose sounds play round us with the streams
Which glitter in the white moon's beams.

"I'd twine those hopes about our Isle,
Above the rath and ruined pile,
Above each glen and rough defile—
The holy well—the Druid's shrine—
Above them all these hopes I'd twine!

"So should I triumph o'er my fate,
And teach this poor, desponding State
In sighs of tenderness, not hate,
Still to think of her old story—
Still to hope for future glory!

"Within these walls these hopes have been
The music sweet, the light serene,
Which softly o'er this silent scene
Have like the summer streamlets flowed,
And like the autumn sunshine flowed.

"And thus, from hour to hour, I've grown
To love these walls, though dark and lone
And fondly prize each old grey stone
That flings the shadow, deep and chill,
Across my fettered footsteps still."

A Priest's Experiences.

The priest in the exercise of his ministry comes in contact with the brightest and saddest sides of human life. One hour he may be instructing little children full of innocence and happiness—the next he may be called to minister to one overtaken in sin and misery by the hand of death. Such scenes as the latter are, alas, all too common, and it is with a view of bringing vividly before the Catholic mind, the sadness, the sometimes irremediable sadness, connected with an event such as the death of the bad or negligent Catholic that the following sketches are written. Not indeed that the writer will confine himself to the sad side of the picture; there is another side, thank God, a pleasant one to contemplate—the death of the devout and faithful Catholic.

Though written as stories, the following sketches are nevertheless true—true to the letter. Real names and places have, of course, been changed for fictitious ones; that was necessary.

"Father, an urgent sick call at the hospital." It was the servant who spoke, and gathering from the nature of the message that there was no time to lose, I hastily prepared to face the inclemency of the weather and set out for the Charity Hospital. Often had I directed my steps there on an errand such as this, and I well knew that calls at the hospital were usually far from encouraging ones. In the first place, the town of Charleston was a seaport, open to many of the objections to a seaport, and bringing from time to time a floating and heterogeneous element, which reflected very little credit on anyone or anything. In the second place, very seldom was a Catholic, even though in poor circumstances, unless a stranger and in case of emergency, taken to the city hospital.

The hospital was reached after a brisk walk of ten or fifteen minutes, and making first for the room of the house surgeon, I inquired from him the exact nature of the call. The information he vouchsafed to give was far from encouraging. "It is one of the worst cases I have ever seen, Father.

Entering ward No. 2, the emergency ward they called it, my eyes were directed to a screen at the far right-hand side, and thither I directed my footsteps. Low moans were issuing from a bed. But, oh! what a sight met my eyes. How can I describe it? Truly has the poet said, "All but the spark of divinity had disappeared from the form lying on that cot. A face, one upon which a mother's kiss, like a signet, was once imprinted, but one upon which now every passion and vice seemed to be written. Oh! the pity of it. Oh! my brother, what havoc sin and drink have worked in you. Those eyes, they were like burning coals of fire. That idiotic leer! "I come," I said, approaching the bed, "I come to reconcile you to your God. The sands of life are fast ebbing out. Soon you will be before His terrible judgment throne." I placed my hand upon the fevered brow, thinking thereby to inspire confidence. But no; Beelzebub drink was ruling there: In a mad delirium he rose and spoke. "Away! Take them away! Ye devils and vipers from hell, away! Oh! see! cannot you see! There, it's there!" pointing with his forefinger to the foot of the bed. He fell back exhausted.

The doctor was standing near. I asked him if nothing could be done at least to temporarily bring that poor unfortunate to his senses and enable me to prepare him for death. "A strong injection of—might help for a little while," he said, and taking the hypodermic syringe he prepared to administer the antidote. Though I have seen the same remedy fail in other cases, it seemed to take some effect in this. "Now, please leave me for a few minutes," I said, turning to the doctor and nurse, "and I will try to hear his confession."

Yes, but for drink it might have been so different. He had knelt at a loving mother's knee, but he had broken that same loving mother's heart. He had known the affection of a true wife, but that wife, in a fit of drink, he had driven with curses and blasphemy from his home, with her little child. Oh! drink, no wonder mothers, wives and children curse you. Oh! drink, from the time you issue from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until you empty into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, you demoralize everybody that touches you.

Of course I did what I could; any priest would have done that. Thank

God, His mercy is infinite, and no human being can limit it. But what of that bloated wreck, what of those other ruined lives linked with his? Oh! the pity of it.

But see, the drug is losing its effect. Whisky again claims its victim. A wilder look comes into the eyes; a more nerveless clutching of the bed clothes. He sees again those vicious hallucinations of a distorted mind, and his cries—screams they become—they are piteous in the extreme. The damp sweat of death is upon that brow, the foam of a maniac upon those lips, and now horrible blasphemies proceed from them. He is trying to rise; he will rise. "Great God! why do you torture me so! Oh! kill them, murder them! Ah! I have you now! There is no escape!" His hand is raised to strike the imaginary foe, but that hand falls back paralyzed; that body too. He is dead.—Rev. E. M. Laycock, in the Catholic Columbian.

Sincerity is the basis of all true friendship. Without sincerity it is like a ship without ballast.

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In the Superior Court.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 489. The Trust and Loan Company of Canada, a corporation duly constituted by Public Act of Parliament, having its principal place of business for the Province of Quebec in the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff.

vs.
Narcisse Cote, of the Village of L'Avenir, in the County of Drummond, in the District of Arthabaska, carter, Alfred Cote, of Keen, in the State of New Hampshire, one of the United States of America, and Felix Cote, of Willow City, in the State of North Dakota, one of the United States of America, Defendants.

The defendants Alfred Cote and Felix Cote, are ordered to appear within one month.

Montreal, 17th November, 1902.
E. BRANCHAUD,
Deputy Prothonotary.
BRANCHAUD & KAVANAGH,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Hope for The Unsuccessful

A great many men have been left behind because of their listlessness, their easy-going ways. They were too slow. Opportunities would not wait for them. They would have taken advantage of them, would have succeeded, if the chance had not hurried by so fast. If the opportunities had tarried a while, had given them a chance to look them over and consult their friends, or if they had only come back, these gentle people would now be on the heights instead of looking wistfully up from the foot of the mountain. But alas! opportunities never return,

and he who is not ready to seize them as they flit onward, will have only regrets for his portion.

But of the great host which every year goes to swell the ranks of the unsuccessful, thousands have been sidetracked through no fault of their own, and for these one can have no other feeling than that of deepest sympathy. Many a brave, hard-working man has been driven to the wall because of an environment in which even a Webster or a Wanamaker could not have succeeded. Business men often side-track themselves by getting out of the line of traffic.

No matter how hard people work under circumstances, no matter how unflagging their energy and ambition, they cannot bend their environment to their will. In such places they cannot create the conditions of

success. Others are forced out of the race by sharp competition, backed by unlimited capital, against which they are powerless to struggle. Many unfortunate ones, crushed by early trials, or disappointed in their affections, lose courage and slip off the track, careless of the future and indifferent to their own fate.

But growth is the divine law of life, and even for those who have recklessly squandered their youth and wasted their opportunities—for all who have been side-tracked, through whatever cause—the law still holds. "The only duty of life," says an eminent writer, "is to lesson every vice and enlarge every virtue." The day is not yet done; the light still shines on the mountain tops; and, if the discouraged way-

farer will only look upward, turn his face toward that light, and bravely take up the duties at hand, he may, to a large extent, redeem his past.

There are some triumphant defeats of which Victory herself might be jealous.

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GUARANTEED PURE.

We have endless opportunities for increasing love. Our brother strikes all along life's high road, feeble folk who were never strong enough for earth's conflict, without health, others without friends,

NOVEL READING.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—At last we have come to the most important of English novelists. We make use of the term advisedly. We speak of him as Benjamin Disraeli, for he was not Lord Beaconsfield, when he penned his wonderful politico-social romances. With the aims of Disraeli we have nothing to do; it is clear that his whole series of novels constituted so many links in the wonderfully woven chain of his political ambition. In them we read the inner thoughts of the statesman. It is easy to trace his schemes, some of which were eminently successful, in the pages of romance that he flung off during hours of apparent leisure. The sole great difficulty in regard to these works, is the same that attaches to the pages of Hansard, the oblivion into which passing events and personages of importance sink, when years efface the interests that they awakened. Disraeli wrote more for the readers of his own hour than for posterity; and yet he has left chapters of most exquisite beauty for the admiration and study of all lovers of high literature for all time to come. Taking England's former Premier from our purely Catholic standpoint it is difficult to decide whether the reading of his novels is calculated to produce sane impressions and sound principles, or else the contrary.

That they are all masterly works none can gainsay; yet to what extent they may be taken as indices of his time, the social, political and religious conditions that then obtained, is no easy matter to decide. Whatever may have been Lord Beaconsfield's attitudes, in the high positions of political preferment to which he had attained, there is no doubt that Benjamin Disraeli, the novelist, has been instrumental in disabusing many minds of false notions concerning the Irish people, and of stamping as ridiculous many an ill-founded prejudice against the Catholic Church.

Open any of his works, from *Lothair* to *Contarini Fleming*, from *Miriam Alroy* to *Endymion*, from *Henrietta Temple* to *Venetia*, or *Coninsy*, or *Sybil*, and you find, in one way or another, these peculiarities — although to find them you must be prepared to wade through a vast underbrush of materials that are liable to trip and confuse you. It is believed that one of his most famous characters, the Cardinal, was none other than the great Cardinal Wiseman, while several eminent churchmen of Catholicity have been pointed out as the original of his Monsignors. In *Lothair* he is not exact always when touching closely upon subjects affecting Catholic doctrines, discipline, methods and aims. But he is nowhere disrespectful, nor even does he allow himself to refer slightly to that which concerns the Church, her hierarchy, clergy, or faithful. Still beneath that glittering flow of delightful language there ever lurks a something that indicates in the writer a superficial acquaintanceship with Catholic affairs.

If it is beauty of language and the perfection of description we want, it would be well to take up his shorter stories, and especially "The Rise of Iskander." But if we are simply seeking to establish the merits or demerits of Disraeli's novels, from a Catholic point of view, we need not go beyond "The Young Duke." In this one work you have the author's mind, his sentiments, his prejudices, his leanings, his reasoning, and his principles fully mirrored. As he has to do with characters that nearly all Catholic—that is to say his leading characters—we cannot but note his feelings towards the Ancient Faith, while detecting many lapses. In the details, of his knowledge of Catholic practices and even teachings. But these must be excused in one who was not only a non-Catholic, but a non-Christian. It is true, on one page, we find him telling of "those proud shrines where cardinals officiate, and a thousand acolytes fling their censers," as if to swing a

censer were the business of an acolyte; but, on the same page, we find him speaking of "the mild dignity, the noble patience, the proud humility, the calm hope, the uncompromising courage with which the great Catholic families of England sustained their oppression, and lived as proscribed in the realm which they had created;" and on the following page, we behold him telling how "Miss Dacre could not but believe that it was the duty of the Catholic gentry to mix more with that world which so misconceived their spirit, for proud in her conscious knowledge of their exalted virtues, she felt that they had only to be known to be recognized as the worthy leaders of that nation which they had so often saved and never betrayed."

Behold the keynote to the entire story of "The Young Duke!" And the delightful picture of Mary Dacre, the majestic character of her father, the brilliant attainments of her brother, rendered useful to the country by the removal of all political disability of Catholics, and the salvation of the Duke of St. James, wrenched from the whirlpool of ruin that engulfed so many of his associates, by the Catholic virtues of the young woman whose religious faith drew him to happiness, usefulness, and God, are worthy the pen and the brain, as well as the heart, of a great Catholic writer. Read the closing passage of that novel, wherein the most careless reader cannot fail to detect the deepest appreciation of Catholic principles. "The young duke turned with trembling and disgust from these dark terminations of unprincipled careers, and their fatal evidences of the indulgence of unbridled passions. How nearly too had he been shipwrecked in this moral whirlpool! With what gratitude did he not invoke the beneficent Providence that had not permitted the innate seeds of virtue to be blighted in his wild and neglected soul! With what admiration did he not gaze upon the pure and beautiful being whose virtue and whose loveliness were the causes of his regeneration, the sources of his present, and the guarantees of his future joy!"

We need not analyse the entire work, nor enter into details; but it tells the story of depravity and its punishment of virtue and its reward; and it traces that virtue to a Catholic training, and that depravity to a lack of Catholic morals and teachings. We do not say that every young person could draw such lessons from Disraeli's novels; but that they are hidden in these pages none will attempt to ignore. By the way, we might also remark that "The Young Duke" contains one of the most keen and important appreciations of the House of Commons as it was constituted in those days. In chapter sixty-five will be found a magnificent study of Parliamentary oratory, its effects, and its distinction from Parliamentary debating. It is in this chapter that we find the following significant compliment: "Perhaps, although we use the term, we never have had oratory in England. There is an essential difference between oratory and debating. Oratory seems an accomplishment confined to the ancients, unless the French Catholic preachers may put in their claim, and some of the Irish lawyers. Mr. Shiel's speech in Kent was a fine oration; and the boobies who taunted him for having got it by rote were not aware that in doing so he only wisely followed the examples of Pericles, Demosthenes, Lysias, Isocrates, Hortensius, Cicero, Caesar, and every great orator of antiquity."

Wherever and whenever an opportunity arises, without going out of his way to find it, Disraeli gives the Irish race credit for all their exalted merits, and he gives the Catholic Church credit for its purity of doctrine and stability of principle. More than this we cannot say; less would be unjust to one who merely made use of the novel to mould public opinion in conformity with his personal and political aims.

We have endless opportunities for exercising love. Our brothers lie stricken all along life's highway — brave men who have fought and fallen, feeble folk who were never strong enough for earth's conflict, some without health, others without money, some without friends, others

without hope. What is to become of them? If we would be helpers in this world of perplexity and sorrow, if we desire any real peace and happiness, if we would ever rest our aching heads where St. John rested his, on the very bosom of Jesus, we must practise the lessons of love.

Truth, however broad, is necessarily single-sided. Only falsehood presents two faces.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts, and is conscious of continued existence.

Golden Words and Golden Jubilee.

On the seventh of November, a six days celebration of the golden jubilee of St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio, was brought to close by one of the most beautiful of all Archbishop Ryan's unnumbered orations. Philadelphia's great Archbishop has long been considered the finest and most stirring pulpit orator on this continent. Archbishop Ryan is now in his seventieth year, and yet he is as full of vigor physical and intellectual strength as he was twenty years ago. No doubt the venerable prelate feels, in common with all men who have reached the allotted three score and ten, the encroachings of years; but in the pulpit and in the ordinary routine of duty the stranger would not perceive any decrease of power or activity. His own Catholic organ, the "Standard and Times," commenting upon this very point, and telling of His Grace's visit to Cleveland, says: "Widespread comment, accompanied in every instance by expressions of heartfelt pleasure and gratitude, was elicited during the present week by the evidence vouchsafed to the Catholic people of Philadelphia of the marvelous vigor of their beloved Archbishop. His Grace, who has passed his seventieth birthday, preached a long sermon in Cleveland on Friday morning of last week, on occasion of the golden jubilee of St. John's Cathedral. He participated in subsequent features of the celebration until Sunday afternoon, when he boarded a train for this city. He was delayed three hours on the journey, spent the entire night on the train, arrived at the Broad Street Station in the morning, and, as a writer on one of the daily papers naively remarked, "without waiting for breakfast" drove at once to the Church of the Gesu, where he sang the Pontifical Requiem Mass at the funeral of Father Villiger, S. J. Throughout the long ceremony the venerable prelate's voice retained its characteristic strength and harmony, and at the conclusion of the Mass His Grace showed no signs of undue fatigue."

Our space would not permit of an extended history of Cleveland's grand Cathedral; for the fifty years of its existence, through all the changes and improvements that it has undergone, may be said to contain the story of Catholicity in that great archdiocese during the last half of the nineteenth century. However, a few extracts from Archbishop Ryan's masterly oration may serve at once to furnish an idea of the work that has been done by successive prelates, the clergy, and generations of Catholics in Cleveland, while giving our readers a faint conception of the aged Archbishop's eloquence. His Grace said:— "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."—II. Corinthians ix, 15.

Venerable Fathers of the Episcopate and the Clergy and Dear Brethren of the Laity: We meet this morning in this new decorated Cathedral to lift up our hearts and voices to the Most High in tones of jubilee and thanksgiving for the benedictions showered down by God for half a century on His children assembled in this place and belonging to this diocese, of which this is the mother church.

Only God Himself can know these blessings in their entirety. How many hearts breaking in sin and sorrow have found comfort here, the silent, invisible intercourse of the human soul with its great original, the prayers that ascended and the graces that descended, like the angels in the vision of sleeping Israel and the holy sacrifice of the new law offered upon this altar every day and several times in the day as a propitiation to God for the sins of men—the renewal of the cry of Calvary, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We have also to give thanks for the devoted bishops and priests who have led so many souls to God and to peace. "What shall we render to the Lord for all that He has given to us? We shall take the chalice of salvation and call on the name of the Lord." In the Mass of Thanksgiving to-day adequate praise and gratitude are offered to our God for having called us to the Christian religion and with it to all the blessings, spiritual and temporal, that follow in its train. The wonderful progress of religion in this diocese, evidenced by the fact that in less than fifty years its Catholic churches increased from 71 to 268, its priests from 21 to 275, and its schools from 7 to 144, with other institutions in proportion, suggests the subject on which I desire to address you this morning, namely, the establishment and permanence of the Catholic Church, in spite of the

most formidable obstacles, as a proof of its divine origin.

To those who would say to me that this is true of Christianity in general, but not of your Church alone, I reply that from the beginning Christianity was an organism, one and distinct; that it was not a collection of ecclesiastical organizations, differing in facts and discipline, but an institution known as the Christian Church; that alone it had stood the brunt of Jewish hatred and pagan persecution; that Christianity, unlike the religion of Confucius, was not a mere collection of ethical doctrines, but a living institution, the prophesied kingdom of God on earth, with its one headship, its judicial and executive powers. Only within the last few centuries was conceived the idea of a sectarian Christianity. Of course, the various bodies outside of the Church are Christian in this sense that they retain most of the doctrines from the old Church they cannot be confounded with Christianity.

After dwelling at length upon the proof of the Church's Divine origin, her intolerance of error, and her various characterizing notes; having contrasted the purity that inspired a veneration for Christ's mother with the impurities that dictated the adoration of Venus to the pagans of Rome; having set the forging principles of Christ's mercy in contrast with the avenging spirit of the heathen Mars; having drawn a graphic picture of the equality established by Christianity and the serfdom of both refined and barbaric paganism; he closed with this stirring peroration:—

"And now, brethren, it only remains for us to consider how we shall individually become sharers in the graces and blessings of our holy religion. Remember, then, that as "faith cometh by hearing," so it is perpetuated and increased by hearing. In this Cathedral is the chair of truth and authority. From it your fathers and many of yourselves heard the words of power and unction that welled up from the heart of your first Bishop, Right Rev. Amadeus Rappe, whose statue stands as a sentinel before this citadel of truth. You heard the earnest eloquence of his successor, Bishop Gilmour, whose rugged, fearless honesty challenged the admiration of his strongest opponents and whose name remains in benediction amongst you. And as their appropriate successor you have one who I can testify from intimate knowledge inherits the good qualities of both his predecessors. You have also a laborious and devoted priesthood, poor in the things of this world, but rich in the spiritual treasures they will share with you. Hear, love, and obey them. Remember they teach you no individual theories, but the truth as believed in the universal church. For as a cannon ball falling on the ground touches it only at one point, yet the whole weight of the ball is found at that point, so each priest teaching only what the whole believes, has a weight far greater than that of individual opinion. You should also, dear brethren, do all in your power to transmit the unspeakable gift of the Christian religion to your children—first by your personal example, for this is the silent, eloquent power which can effect much more than your commands to them. And as your bishops and priests have so frequently and earnestly insisted on, you should see to their Christian education, and this in the daily school work.

Trust the old Church in her teachings and spirit. She has the accumulated wisdom of the ages. She knows the human heart, for she has studied it in every race. She knows its every fibre, and we believe that she is illumined by the spirit of God to understand it. When she warned the world of the danger of divorce and the facility of granting it in secular courts, after the State had taken matrimony out of her legislation, the world smiled at her fears and her warnings. Now the world sees and confesses that she is right. We must remember that there are two kinds of divorce—the matrimonial one and the educational one. "What God has joined let no man separate" is true of both. Until quite recently religion had always been taught with the secular branches of education. The attempt to separate them will prove fatal to the country. It is certain that if religion be not taught in the school, it will not be properly taught at all. I venture to say that what is true of Catholic parents is true also of Protestants. That if you take away the three classes—first, those who are not competent to teach; second, those who, though competent, have not the inclination, and third, the class who, being both competent and inclined, have not the time, but few will remain. As to the Sunday school, though it may be useful to supplement home teaching, it is comparatively useless if standing alone. As has been frequently remarked, no

parent thinks it sufficient to have his child taught arithmetic or grammar only once a week, as the child will forget each lesson before the next is taught. And yet the child's morality and eternal welfare are in question, his temporal as well as his religious well being. Believe me, brethren, no matter what theories are advanced to account for the increase of crime—and it is confessedly increasing in the country—the time will come when men will see and confess, that as the old Church was right as to matrimonial divorce, so she is also right in regard to educational divorce.

You should also, brethren, endeavor to communicate this "unspeakable gift" to your non-Catholic brethren. You should live on terms of friendship with them. Remember they are those "other sheep" which the Lord has which are not indeed of this fold, yet His sheep to be brought into it. Remember, also, the remarkable fact that when Christ offered for all time and for all nations an example of perfect paternal charity. He presented not an orthodox Jewish priest or levite, but to an heretical Samaritan, as if to show us that beautiful all embracing charity should know no distinction. Let us unite with all in works of beneficence, and as Peter and John going into the gate of the temple which was called beautiful saw the poor infirm man, healed him and sent him in bounding and rejoicing and praising God, so be it our mission to send the spiritually infirm through the "beautiful gate" of Catholic charity into the temple of the living God.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. WILLIAM BRENNAN.—Our city has sustained another great loss, and the poor have been deprived of a true and noble friend, while the Catholic community numbers one less of those zealous and devoted souls whose lives were living examples and whose time was spent in "going about doing good." On Sunday last, at the Hotel Dieu, after an illness extending over three months, Death claimed the soul of Mrs. William Brennan. We do not exaggerate when we say that no other lady was better or more deservedly known and recognized as the personification of charity and goodness than has been the widow of the late William Brennan. Moreover, Mrs. Brennan was one of an extensive circle of relatives, all of whom occupied enviable places in the affections of the people. It is in St. Ann's parish that her genial presence, her encouraging smile, and her heart-dictated generosity will be most truly missed and most fondly remembered. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning last, at St. Ann's Church, and thence to the place of interment at Cote des Neiges.—R.I.P.

MRS. L. T. MARECHAL.—We desire to extend to Hon. Senator De Boucherville, to Mr. L. T. Marechal, and to each member of that severely bereaved family the humble expression of a sincere sympathy. The death of Mrs. Marechal, which took place at her late residence, on Cherkier street, during the course of last week, and the imposing obsequies which marked, on last Saturday, the translation of her remains to the old home at Boucherville, the hundreds of sorrowing citizens of all classes, creeds, parties and nationalities that followed the mournful cortege, have constituted the theme of every section of the press. We cannot allow the sad event to pass without adding something more than mere general expressions of condolence. We are not in a position, nor would it be expected of us, to give a full appreciation of the noble gifts, the fine characteristics, the charms, graces, and hereditary accomplishments of the young wife that has just gone down to the tomb. Those who knew her and loved her do not require any such reminders at our stranger hand; those who knew her but slightly, or not at all, would deem the simple truth a pure effort of the imagination. It seems to us that the cherished child of that grand scion of a noble race, was one of the most perfect models of Canadian womanhood that our country possessed. The loss to her husband is beyond words to tell; and, if anything, we would think that her aged and high-souled father must feel the void still more. For him, even from childhood, she had been a constant companion; his pride, his encouragement, his delight and his hope. And all those hopes, all that wealth of affection, all those evidences of attachment are to-day in vain. The best tribute and the most acceptable that we can offer is a prayer for the soul that has left the loves and joys of this life to enjoy the Love and Life of Heaven.

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November, 1902.

NGHAUD.

y Prothonotary.

& KAVANAGH.

neys for Plaintiff.

The New Bishop Of the Klondike.

Through the thoughtful courtesy of a subscriber the "True Witness" is enabled to present its readers with an interesting account of the arrival in the Yukon Territory of the first Bishop of that far-off region and of the enthusiastic reception accorded to him by his new flock.

The merry ringing of the bells of the Catholic Church at Whitehorse, Yukon, announced the arrival of the Bishop, the Right Rev. Gabriel Breyinat, Dr. Pare and Inspector Fitz Horrigan representing the congregation, went as far as Caribou to meet His Lordship. He was met on his arrival by a committee appointed by the congregation assisted by a number of the parishioners, and escorted by them to the presbytery, where an informal reception was held and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting the first Bishop of the Yukon and Northwest diocese.

The following address was read to His Lordship by Inspector Fitz Horrigan:

To the Right Reverend Bishop Breyinat, May it please Your Lordship—

The congregation of the "Sacred Heart" at Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, take advantage of this opportunity to approach Your Lordship and to express their deep felt gratitude and pleasure in welcoming you to their midst on an occasion so auspicious as the present and so fraught with high promises for the future and well-being of our mother Church.

A little over a year ago the corner stone of our noble edifice was laid and later on, was dedicated to the worship and service of Almighty God. We have heard and many of us have been eye-witnesses of the beautiful Church which was erected by the Catholics at Dawson, and we also felt anxious that, according to the measure of our ability, something worthy of the great interest to be subserved and the important ends of religion, should be erected in this place. To-day we behold it completed and we offer our tribute of thanksgiving to God that his worshippers here, amid much self-sacrifice, have accomplished their great purpose and find themselves in possession of a church, ample in its accommodations, to which at all times the hearts of our people can turn and where the weary and heavy laden can come to rest.

Among the many self-sacrificing displays of energy and zeal manifested in this great undertaking, we would not forget the name of our beloved pastor, Rev. Father LaFebvre. His advice and kindly solicitation have been to us a tower of strength and he has been loyally sustained by the cordial co-operation of his flock. Standing, as we do to-day, at an epoch in the history of our church in this place, from which it must inevitably acquire new life and awaken to larger responsibility, we cannot lose this opportunity of expressing to Your Lordship the pleasure we feel in welcoming you and our appreciation of the honor of being the first congregation in your extensive diocese on this side of the Rockies, to extend to you a genuine "cead mille failte." We tender you a welcome with all that the word implies, to our hearts, our homes and our church, and pray that the choicest blessings of the Master, whose servant you are, may ever be bestowed upon you and that you may guide and direct your greater congregation as He would have you do.

We trust that God will ever prompt you and give to you all knowledge and zeal, so that you may continue to maintain the grand and noble example given to the world by your illustrious predecessors, of a Christlike life and a sincere devotion to the church in our country. We hope that this your first visit to the "land of the midnight sun" may be a pleasure to you and a blessing to your people, far from the homes of our early days but close with you in sympathetic feelings and with you in the bosom of our Mother Church. We feel assured that it will gratify Your Lordship to know of the cordial and kindly feeling which exists in our new home, between all classes and denominations; write each evidence a desire to push forward, all are working harmoniously for the betterment of those whose lot is cast with us.

In conclusion, we trust that Your Lordship will be long spared to the diocese over which the Holy See, in its infinite wisdom, has placed you. We humbly ask for a place in your prayers.

On behalf of the congregation of the "Sacred Heart" Whitehorse, Y. T.

Bishop Breyinat replied as follows:

"I am quite embarrassed in presenting myself before you to-day. Having always lived as a poor missionary among the Indians, the possibility of being one day obliged to assume the responsibility of the care of souls in so important a district as this, never so much as entered my mind. It must be, however, that such is the will of God, for it has happened contrary to all that, humanly speaking, could be foreseen.

"It is great encouragement to me to hear the beautiful sentiments that you have just now expressed. I know that they are sincere for I have frequently heard of your attachment to our mother, the holy Catholic Church, and your devotedness to the pastors she sends you. Your nice church is a proof of your practical faith as well as of your generosity. You are not a very large congregation, but I am very delighted to realize that here the quality supplies the quantity.

"All what you say of your beloved Father LaFebvre does not surprise me at all. I know by myself what he did when among the Indians; everybody misses him there yet. But if circumstances oblige me to take him off from you I hope that you will appreciate the devotedness of Rev. Father Corbell who volunteered himself to come and take care of your spiritual welfare. It is the same spirit that lives and acts in every Catholic priest, the spirit of God promised to us, from which derives if not opposed to the efficacy of our actions.

"Father Corbell has proved faithful to that spirit of God. I hope that your co-operation will afford him the satisfaction of obtaining the same success. You did well so far, but I shall remind you that eternal reward is promised only to perseverance. You did well; I understand that you intend to try and do better yet. So much the better for the glory of God and the benefit of your souls.

"As for me, what could I say more? I have been made a bishop and have been given spiritual charge over this country, contrary to my desires. But now that God has spoken by the mouth of his vicar on earth, the Sovereign Pontiff, and notwithstanding the dignity he has conferred on me, the plenitude of sacerdotal power, I assure you that I am ready to spend myself in your service, to sacrifice my time, my ease and tranquillity and even my life if necessary for the salvation of your souls. To my eyes your souls redeemed by the blood of Christ are infinitely more precious than the rich metal you have come to seek in this rugged country and rigorous climate. After our Lord having given His own life for you, I feel too much honored to have to spend mine for the same end.

"I hope that before long I will have proven to each one of you that if my long stay amongst the Indians has rubbed off some of the polish of civilization it has not hardened my heart, which will always be for you that of an affectionate father.

"I am not here for my own interests. I am here the servant of every one and I wish each one of you to have free access to me. If circumstances have not allowed me to learn your language, the beautiful English tongue, as well as I should desire, my application to the study of it will prove to you the great desire that I have to be useful to you.

"Since my promotion to the episcopacy I have never failed to pray for you every day. I shall continue to do so, and I hope that your yourselves will be faithful to your duty of praying for your bishop. It is the efficacy of your prayers; I rely upon in order to obtain from God the help necessary to do you all the good I wish to you."

Afterwards the Bishop proceeded to Dawson City.

Mitchell Defines Miners' Living Wage.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, has been under severe examination and cross-examination for several days at the sessions of the Strike Commission in Scranton, Pa. He gave his testimony in a cold, clear, and unhesitating manner, and won golden opinions from the members of the commission.

Simple and complex questions he had answered quickly or at the end of a few moments' thought. He had freely given his views regarding abstract propositions, direct conditions and possible circumstances, and at the close of the day the cross-examiners had gained no advantage now apparent. They have yet much in store for Mr. Mitchell. Attorneys representing the other companies are

waiting for him, and his examination may continue for some days. Mr. Mitchell showed no indication of being weary. Throughout the examination he stood solidly for the principles incorporated in the union's demands and made it evident that he expected recognition of the union to result from the findings of the commission.

At one point in the examination Judge Gray was not quite clear as to the meaning of his answer to a general question. President Mitchell explained:—"Our demand is that the rate of wages and the conditions of employment be embodied in an agreement between the union and the operators."

This was clear and decisive and came after repeated insistence by Mr. MacVeigh that the companies he represents do not oppose trade agreements with employees, but oppose recognition of the union, because they do not believe either the companies or the employees would be benefited by it.

Mr. MacVeigh made a point of the fact that if an increase in wages is granted an increase in the price of coal would follow, and that this would be an additional burden on the people in the Eastern cities who have to buy anthracite.

"Do you think," he asked Mr. Mitchell, "that you should so affect a great industry?"

"If an industry cannot pay reasonable living wages, then it is no benefit to the country," said Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. Mitchell, answering further questions, said he regarded as living wages for a miner not less than \$600 per annum, which would cover his actual necessities and permit him to educate his children.

At this point Judge Gray asked the witness if he meant to say a wage sufficient to permit the children to avail themselves of the public schools (or to spend a portion of the family income directly for education) and sufficient to render it unnecessary to employ child labor to increase the income of the family. The witness answered in the affirmative.

In reply to another question, Mr. Mitchell said that if the miners had known at the outset that the differences would go to a board of arbitration they would have asked for more, so that while the arbitrators were settling the question they would settle it right.

He had no personal views to offer on the subject of members of the union joining the National Guard, but he felt that they should exercise the same rights and privileges that every one else does in that respect.

There was a long controversy over the eight hour demands. Mr. MacVeigh insisting that if this restriction is placed upon the ambitious workers it would destroy individuality of effort and kill ambition. He asked Mr. Mitchell:—"Would you say that any member of this distinguished body could ever have risen to the position he has attained if he was limited to eight hours' work a day?"

"There is no comparison between that and the mine workers," said Mr. Mitchell.

"Do you, then, believe you have the right to uncompromisingly demand that no mine worker shall work more than eight hours?"

"Yes, I do," said Mitchell.

"You then ask this commission to compel us to be partners with you in not allowing any man to work more than eight hours?"

"I do," repeated Mr. Mitchell.

"The ending of the cross-examination by Mr. Wilcox marked the line between the general examination relative to all conditions and that affecting separate companies. Mr. MacVeigh was for his companies alone. He spoke at length about the miners for his company leaving the good veins as early as ten o'clock in the morning, satisfied they had done a day's work, and read from the mine inspector's report to show that they neglected to stamp props, do timber work and otherwise look after the safety of their workings, as they should do when they finished work. Mr. Mitchell admitted that if men only did three hours' work a day they should not receive what he defined as a fair living wage—\$600 a year—but he did not admit they did only three hours' work.

Mr. MacVeigh much desired a form of agreement such as the union proposed with the operators. Mr. Mitchell had not prepared one, except the general one embodied in his address to the commission.

"I wish you would let us have one so we can see what you allow us. We shall be thankful for small favors," said McVeigh. Later he again referred to it and said:—"We should be glad to look into this paradise you invite us to enter."

There was laughter on several occasions. Mr. McVeigh was witty and so was Mr. Mitchell. The latter, illustrating the fact that a savings bank deposit in the Forest City Bank of \$178,000 did not necessarily denote prosperity among the min-

ers, said:—"Why, suppose you had deposited \$170,000 in the bank."

"Excuse me," cried McVeigh, "I never deposit more than \$7,000."

"Then suppose I did," said Mitchell.

Conditions here were compared with conditions under union agreements in Illinois, which Mr. Mitchell had declared one of the best unionized States, and Mr. McVeigh read from operators' reports that the quality of the coal had steadily deteriorated, and consumers' complaints were increasing.

On the whole the day was full of the effort to show that conditions under recognized unionism were worse than where none is recognized, as in this district; that the wages are equal to those given other manual workers; that the hours of work are not detrimental to the men and that many of the accidents are due to carelessness.

It showed the operators are armed at every point. They will combat Mr. Mitchell's assertion that there was no serious violence of which union men were guilty by presenting hundreds of cases contained in a book of seventy-two pages. They have masses of reports, affidavits, miners' resolutions showing instances where locals disobeyed the union laws, and printed books, a collection which it will take the commission weeks to examine. Judge Gray jokingly spoke of this. "We do not want to have to actually weigh the evidence," he said.

President Mitchell and his associates are eminently satisfied with the union's showing in the case so far.

Some of the attorneys connected with the case are of the opinion that some arrangement will have to be agreed upon to expedite the proceedings. Each side is anxious for a speedy ending of the hearings, but this will be impossible if the present plans of the contending parties are carried out.

The miners have a large number of witnesses to be heard, and the attorneys for each of the coal companies are anxious to cross-examine them.

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DEATH.

QUINN.—At Denver, Colorado, Peter Quinn, recently Mayor of Ceestone, Colorado, and formerly of St. Anicet, Province of Quebec, son of Peter Quinn, and brother of the late Terence Quinn, in his 53rd year. Chicago and Ohio papers please copy.—May he rest in peace!

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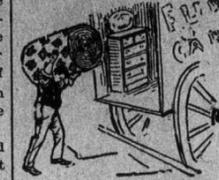
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IREL

OW we have read a portion of an essay that has space allotted to the writer during the weeks. I deem this laudable. Hayes' introduction is more than all that has gone before; it is a necessary and own plan. I might say I might give its content language; but neither of us fair and honest. It is fair to the author to be composition, leaving out that which he would have the best parts; it would be to borrow his ideas, make use of the product, and palm them off as personal researches. Can we make no apology for repeating the balance of the view of Irish literary He thus continues:

Our modern minstrels by its recent origin. It want of the shadowy antiquity. But with the of our ballads this was avoidable, except those from the Irish. The society of the Celtic tongue preferable, though the turn to it now might be impracticable. It has been that we can be thorough thought and feeling although English in expression. of the early Church paganism with weapon from its own armory. A Chrysostom dipped the fountain of Cicero's made their highest flight preaching through atmosphere of Demosthenes also, has Ireland conquered captivity, by her succession of the English tongue enslaved Israelites of old carried off from the Egyptian masters the treasures of ing, to develop a literature shall shine like a star of intellect. It has marked that poetry an rarely flourish on the set down as the result of life—the contemplation and solitude of intercourse with the Ireland disproves this fountain of her song is been surpassed. Though foreign tongue, she has with ease and strength, into gorgeous rhetoric a song. Jeffrey, in his English language, after progress from Chaucer's Pope, and still downward smith, Johnson, and J. butes its present perfectly to "the genius" Burke, and some others trymen." If we have to adopt the English to fairly have used it well degenerated in our hands, customs and super thoughts, feelings, and struggles, defeats, and tions of a people, constants of its national language in which they Well might Jeffrey at perfection of the English Irish genius, and well feel proud of the men such a result. There is land which in the depth gradation could produce any of genius as that of the period from St. tan. There is a brilliant fore that country, the darkest century of its produce Swift, Sterne, literature, Boyle and philosophy; Parnell and poetry; Francis Juno Flood, Grattan, Sheridan and Plunkett in oratory; own day the illustrious O'Connell, and Moore, torian of the peninsula

With few exception ballads (he refers to the which this essay is an are of recent growth, of a comparatively few are the throbbings heart, when it bounded of a grand passion, wical genius of O'Connell existence. Till then sadly neglected. The unravel the mysteries of

THE CHURCH AND N

ERIES.

Every new field of di up fresh arguments for claims. Every voice as the dim past but swell of testimony to the A

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IRELAND'S MODERN MUSE. By "CRUX."

OW we have reached the closing portion of the beautiful essay that has occupied the space allotted to the present writer during the past few weeks. I deem this last part of Haynes' introduction more important than all that has gone before; besides it is a necessary portion of my own plan. I might summarize it; or I might give its contents in other language; but neither course would be fair and honest. It would be unfair to the author to hash up his composition, leaving out, perhaps, that which he would have deemed the best parts; it would be dishonest to borrow his ideas, and to make use of the product of his study, and palm them off as my own conceptions and the results of my personal researches. Consequently I make no apology for reproducing this week the balance of that able review of Irish literary achievement. He thus continues: Our modern minstrelsy loses much by its recent origin. It suffers from want of the shadowy background of antiquity. But with the greater part of our ballads this was simply unavoidable, except those translated from the Irish. The sonorous melody of the Celtic tongue would be preferable, though the wish to return to it now might be considered impracticable. It has been well said that we can be thoroughly Irish in thought and feeling although we are English in expression. The fathers of the early Church struck down paganism with weapons borrowed from its own armory. Augustine and Chrysostom dipped their wings in the fountain of Cicero's genius, and made their highest flights in Christian preaching through the heathen atmosphere of Demosthenes. And so, also, has Ireland conquered in her captivity, by her successful cultivation of the English tongue. Like the enslaved Israelites of old. She has carried off from the Egyptian taskmasters the treasures of their learning, to develop a literature that shall shine like a star in the firmament of intellect. It has been remarked that poetry and eloquence rarely flourish on the same soil; they are set down as the results of different states of life—the one or contemplation and solitude, the other of intercourse with the world. But Ireland disproves this opinion. The fountain of her song is as has never been surpassed. Though speaking a foreign tongue, she has wielded it with ease and strength, moulding it into gorgeous rhetoric and sweetest song. Jeffrey, in his essay on the English language, after tracing its progress from Chaucer to Swift and Pope, and still downward to Goldsmith, Johnson, and Junius, attributes its present perfection principally to "the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his countrymen." If we have been compelled to adopt the English tongue, we certainly have used it well. It has not degenerated in our hands. The manners, customs and superstitions—the thoughts, feelings, and idioms—the struggles, defeats, and the aspirations of a people, constitute the essentials of its nationality, not the language in which they are uttered. Well might Jeffrey attribute the perfection of the English tongue to Irish genius, and well may Ireland feel proud of the men who achieved such a result. There is hope for the land which in the depth of its degradation could produce such a galaxy of genius as that which illuminated the period from Swift to Grattan. There is a brilliant future before that country, which, in the darkest century of its history, could produce Swift, Sterne, and Steele in literature; Boyle and Berkeley in philosophy; Parnell and Goldsmith in poetry; Francis (Junius), Burke, Flood, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, and Plunkett in oratory; and in our own day the illustrious genius of O'Connell, and Moore, and the historian of the peninsula war. With few exceptions the present ballads (he refers to the collection to which this essay is an introduction) are of recent growth, and the fruit of a comparatively few years. They are the throbbings of Ireland's heart, when it bounded with the life of a grand passion, which the magical genius of O'Connell called into existence. Till then Irish poetry was sadly neglected. The struggle for unravel the mysteries of the muse.

The World Of To-Day.

We have before us the brief reports of a number of very important sermons, delivered within the past week or so, in and around London. Were it not for lack of space we feel that the publication of every one of them would be of great benefit. It is not every day that we meet with so many eminent preachers all treating subjects that are so closely linked to each other. But, under the circumstances, we must make a selection. We consequently take three of those sermons; dealing with the World, Godless Education and the Duty of Parents. A week ago last Sunday, Father George (guardian of St. Anthony's Forest Gate), concluded a series of sermons preached throughout the month of October. Speaking of the world of to-day, he said it was filled with wickedness, corruption, and falseness. It was a picture of all that was black and evil. Sin was stalking through it with giant strides, marking every step with havoc. In it love, intelligence, principle, character, and knowledge were false. Modern philosophies strove to degrade men's minds, set God at naught, and gave a wrong idea of Him. All the maternal grandeur of the universe was ascribed to materialistic forces. There was no more of the sublime seeking after spiritual good. Youth was without faith, middle-age was sunk in indifference, old age was without repentance. The only vices shunned were those filling the mind with horror; other vices might be indulged in without restraint, saving for the fear of being found out. The world of to-day was all that would draw men from God. Elegance was made the test of virtue; goodness, it was said by those modern philosophers, was its own reward, and we need not look for any higher reward. The mainspring directing mortals who were not Christians was pride, self-conceit, the prayer of the Pharisee, motives of hypocrites who seemed all beautiful without, but were like whited sepulchres within. Opposed to the worldly standard was the Christian life, a life of humility, recognizing that "I am what I am before God, and nothing more," a life of prayer and thanksgiving, charity and activity in the service of God springing from spiritual motives. GODLESS EDUCATION.—Rev. Father Brown, S.J., rector of the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester, preached at Lowe House Church, St. Helen's, on the same day, in aid of the school missions. He said when they looked round upon the nations of the world they could not help being struck with the fact that society was being upheaved; some said that the very foundations of society were being shaken. Where would they find a cure for the evils that affected society at the present day? There came forward a large body of men who said they would be the healers, the regenerators, of society—a large body of men calling themselves different names, Socialists, Nihilists, and such-like kindred societies. They said if men would follow their principles, then society would be regenerated and set up on a new basis. They looked in vain among their pronouncements for the statements to which they were accustomed. Moral evils they made very little account of, but physical evils, poverty, suffering, and humiliation, were unmitigated evils in their eyes. They were in the world and of the world, and with every power and faculty of mind and body they struggled for the good things of this world. To remedy the present state of things, and to raise the fallen masses, another class of men came forward and said they would restore humanity. These were the educationists. By education they would raise the fallen masses, and the foul, seething masses of corruption, which they met in the large centres of civilization, would little by little be done away with. They had an immense faith in the value of the three R's, mixed with a few 'ologies; but the faith that Christ taught they would have none of. They would have no religion in the schools, or, at any rate, it would be the religion of love and the common brotherhood of man. Teach them there was a God, teach them the love of their neighbor—that was the religion of the schools. That had been tried on the continent of America and in other States. In Germany infidelity was rampant, and the very teachers in Christian schools scoffed at it and ridiculed it. The only people now that had any positive religion there were the Catholics. In France they had made up their minds that Christ should leave

The Rise of Catholic Leadership

One of the most cheering signs of the present epoch is the development of Catholic leadership in non-Catholic lands. It first began, very probably, when O'Connell wrung Catholic emancipation from England in 1829. This seemed to give courage to many and one likes to think that possibly a remembrance of his struggle served strong men to action in Germany in 1870. Taken as a whole, in no country has the Church given so many leaders to the age as in Germany, possibly because there was great need of their development there. Nevertheless, in our own land very evidently strong men are rising. At last leaders who are truly representative are mounting into place. A Catholic layman has placed on the Philippine Commission. A Catholic layman is first assistant postmaster-general. A Catholic bishop has placed on one of the most important arbitration commissions ever erected in this country. Catholics are going forward in the navy and in the army. These things are certainly helpful. For the Church needs every strong man she can gather. Her ideal is the development of a reign of universal holiness and justice, and if ever this shall be won it must be by strong, upright men—men capable not only of leading their own people, but also those of other faiths and races. Whenever the Church produces such leaders the age will become Catholic in spite of itself. It cannot help doing so. The attribute of great leadership is to compel national admiration. That such Catholic men are now coming to the front is growing obvious to all. For this let us be grateful. They are morning stars that will herald winter or dawn.—The New World, Chicago.

A LITTLE TYRANT.

The Trouble Not Due to Original Sin. There is no tyrant like a teething baby. His temper isn't due to original sin, however; the tyrant suffers more than the rest of the family. He don't know what is the matter. They do. The trouble is they do not always know what to do for his lordship. An Ontario mother writes to tell what is best to do. "When my baby was teething," she says, "he was so cross and restless that I hardly knew what to do with him. He had a poor appetite and ate but little, and was growing thin. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they made a great change. He now rests well; has a splendid appetite, and gives me no trouble at all." This is the experience not only of Mrs. D. K. Schroeder, of Hanover, Ont., but also of thousands of mothers all over the Dominion. A baby teething is cross because his blood is heated and his little bowels constipated or unhealthily relaxed, and his system heated by the effort of getting the teeth through the gums. Baby's Own Tablets act like magic not only in this, but in all ailments of little ones. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. NATIONAL CUSTOMS. When a person dies in Venice it is the custom to place a placard on his house, stating his name, place of birth, and the illness of which he died; telling also that he received the Holy Sacraments before he passed from earth, and requesting the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul. HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS ILL. It is reported that Mr. Henry Austin Adams, the well known convert and lecturer, has broken down under the severe strain of hard work and that, under the advice of his physician, he will suspend all further lecturing and take a thorough rest in Europe.

brand heresy or clear away agitating doubts, she gives formal expression to some article not previously defined. This is no new article of faith but a new definition of an article as old as Christianity itself. When the sunbeam strikes on the rosebud, expands and brings into broad daylight its fair leaves, we do not credit the sun in having created new leaves, but of bringing to full expression those that previously nestled in the bud awaiting the hour and occasion.—Rev. M. Phelan, S.J. are the most natural are the inflexible critics of its genuine and immortal inspirations. Fletcher of Saltoun spoke truly when he said—"Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." We see in it the breathings of a people's inner life, which history cannot possibly record. It is the reflection of their wants and aspirations, and the truest history of their feelings. Even the statesman may study it with advantage, for it is the daguerreotype of the national mind. Heenan observes that the poems of Homer were the principal bond which united the Grecian states. And we have already spoken of the influence of song in the struggles of Scotland and of Ireland. * * * How much happiness life would lose, were it deprived of the soothing influence of poetry! In childhood we are charmed by its sweet sounds; in manhood we are thrilled by its inspirations or spiritualized by its pathos, and in old age, it calls back to the memory, the simplest, the most beautiful pleasures of the past. We must ever regard the poets who have adorned and elevated humanity by their genius as men of superior order, as philanthropists who have added a new pleasure to life—a pleasure which purifies the heart while it gratifies the sense, and which no mere utilitarian triumphs could ever supply. If there is any book of which we never grow tired, it is a book of ballads. What better picture of the religious and domestic life of Ireland in the seventh century, when she was "the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature, than the "Itinerary of Prince Aldfrid," a translation of which will be found in its proper place among the Historical Ballads of this collection? Is not our entire history, our sorrows, our struggles, and our hopes, comprised in the melodious lyrics of Thomas Moore, from the "Landing of the Milesians" to the chivalry of "Brian the Brave," and still downwards to the "slave so lowly" of our own day? There is a false poetry which has fastened itself upon the world, because the world has a quick ear for evil. But vice was never intended to be the theme of poetic strains. The beautiful in all things should be the poet's theme. The Athenians prohibited the honored names of Harmodius and Aristogiton from being ever given to slaves; those who freed their own country from the tyranny of Hippias and Hipparchus should never have their names profanely associated with slavery. Why desecrate the sacred name of poetry by conferring it upon the daring indecencies of the profligate? Or disgrace the muses by associating them with vice? Moore's melodies are said to have powerfully assisted in achieving Catholic emancipation, by creating a sympathy for the wrongs of Ireland wherever they penetrated. Let us hope that our labors may have an effect in a similar direction—that they may create a more charitable feeling towards Ireland, by inducing the English public to study the history of a country which they have hitherto strangely and unaccountably neglected. If we have added a new charm to Ireland's beautiful scenery—if we have excited curiosity regarding her legends and her traditions—if we have excited sympathy for her sufferings or charity for her shortcomings—if we have paved the way to kindlier feeling between the people of both countries, or dispelled from the English mind a single prejudice against Ireland—if we have effected any of these objects, our labors have not been all in vain. It will be remembered that all that I have given heretofore on this subject was written in the middle of the nineteenth century. Over fifty years have since fled, and to-day Ireland stands as much in need of all the arms that can be drawn from the arsenal of her ancient and modern literature, her olden language included, as she had after the days of '48. Next week we will proceed with the study of a subject so eloquently prefaced by one long gathered to his fathers. In her sanctuary to-day. The Hurmozy, the beauty, the rich treasures of her Apostolic teaching, never come out more clearly than when under the fierce searchlight of honest criticism, she is held up and contrasted side by side with the eloquent expressions of a dead past. As ages roll by to

the schools. Did the streets of their great cities show that their children were becoming more moral? Were the churches crowded by the masses who were being taught that general love of God and the brotherhood of man? They knew the answer. The temples of pleasure were crowded, but the temples of God were emptying more day by day. Where could they turn for a remedy for such a state of things but to Him who came to be the physician and healer of mankind? OBLIGATIONS OF PARENTS.—Beautiful are the following remarks from a sermon on "Present Day Dangers," delivered at the Church of St. Aloysius, Somers Town, by Rev. Henry J. Grosch. What (asked the rev. preacher) was the destiny of a child? Ask some parents and they might get for answer: Comfort in old age, to hand down a great name, occupy a prominent place in life. But what was the destiny of a child in the mind of its Creator? It was an eternal destiny of happiness, to occupy a throne in the City which passed not away. Such they knew, for their faith revealed it; reason knew it; all proclaimed it save those who denied God and His revelation. Had God left it to each individual to discover this for themselves? Nature herself answered the question. The inhuman mother had yet, please God, to be found who would abandon the child of her bosom. But if nature answered with unerring voice so had the voice of God made known the sacred obligations on the part of parents. After quoting testimony of Scripture in proof of this, the rev. preacher asked his hearers to look at the helplessness of the child. Through no fault which can be attributed to him, he received on his entrance into life an inheritance of darkness and of vicious tendencies. He had a natural inclination prone to vice. Look at his surroundings in a lying, deceitful, grasping, and selfish world, forgetful of God, perhaps denying His very existence. "What," they might ask, "has not the sacrament of Baptism done anything for the child?" Yes, it had done much. It had removed the stain of original sin; it had planted in the child the germs of supernatural life, but those germs would not develop without the aid of external help. Drop a grain of corn in the ground, and if there be no warmth from the sun, no moisture from the earth, no rain from the clouds, there would be no corn and no harvest. Yes, when faith was laid the warmth and light of parental teaching were needed. The child grew, and his passions rose up and tossed him about, as the waters of the sea lashed into fury by the tempest. Did the world help him? No; it offered only its seductions; it promised pleasure, it offered joys—phantoms of destruction. What could he do? What was before him? If he went on he would be swallowed up in the abyss where thousands day by day were engulfed. In those moments of terrible danger there was one safeguard—not, it must be said at once, of absolute security, but so generally safe that it might be almost regarded as a general safeguard—that safeguard was a religious education. If it did not render him safe, at any rate it had induced methods of conduct, principles of action, methods of reason which came to defend him against the danger. Evil was more easily recognized; if a wound came in the fight it was not so deep; falls were not so likely; and even after a fall the conscience rose up and demanded repentance. So far they had considered the child in himself and for himself, but they must go further. In twenty years time they were children no longer, but fathers and mothers of families. Where would the blessing necessary for a family come from if not from God? What would teach fidelity, patience, forbearance, and love when once age had marred the beauty which once ravished the husband in his bride, when work and infirmity had bent the upright figure, furrowed the brow and blanched the cheek of that one on whom she looked in days gone by as her protector, her strength, and her comfort? What but the foundations of a religious education laid in the far-off days of youth. In conclusion, the rev. preacher urged his hearers to make every sacrifice to give their children a sound Catholic training. Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false they cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve on their spheres. Wonderful is the strength of cheerfulness—altogether past calculation are its powers of endurance.

THE CHURCH AND NEW DISCOVERIES.—Every new field of discovery opens up fresh arguments for the Church's claims. Every voice speaking out of the dim past but awails the chorus of testimony to the Apostolicity of

ALL TO GOD.

The air was heavy with the scent of woodbine and carnations as I entered the gate, and though I was preoccupied, I could not fail to be struck by the beauty of the garden as I passed along, now by the tall hollyhock's spires of white and pink, now by the fragrant roses, fair white, soft pink and richest crimson. How beautiful, how peaceful! and she, whom I sought, seemed so in harmony with her surroundings, as she sat in her favorite seat beneath the chestnut tree, with hands calmly folded, and the sunlight stealing through the foliage to play on silvery hair, and calm, sweet face. So absorbed was she in thought that she did not hear my steps until I had drawn so close that I could note the expression of joy that lit up her beautiful face and shone in her steadfast eyes. Seeing me she rose to greet me with the charm of manner that always distinguished her.

"How good of you to come," she said, "but you look so troubled."

"I am, indeed," I replied sadly; "I came to you as my mother's dearest friend, that I may open my heart to you. My mother loved you dearly, and in her diary, which is one of my most cherished possessions, there is hardly a page without mention of you."

"We were friends together long ago when we were both young, and though we were parted for so long our friendship stood the test of time and absence."

"Yes," I replied, "and as I said, her diary is full of allusions to you, and now when my heart is full of sorrow I turned to you, of whom she wrote that you were 'happier in sorrow than others in joy'; and again, 'rich above all, since she has given all to God.'"

She made no answer, but took my hand in hers and held it fast, as I tried to pour out all my sorrow, how my heart shrank from the sacrifice, how I longed to the child who must leave me, and yet I knew I could not refuse since it was the Master Himself who called her.

Here my voice failed, and my tears fell fast.

"Blessed art thou!" I raised my head and looked at her in astonishment.

"Yes," she said, "I know what you are suffering, I have been through it myself. Did your mother never tell you?"

"You forget she died when I was very young, and though in her diary she speaks of your sorrow, she never said what it was."

"I have never spoken of it for years," she said, thoughtfully, "but if it would help you in any way I will tell you; for I also am blessed."

Then for a while she kept silence, and when she spoke again it was slowly and with effort.

"The young live in the future, they say, the old in the past; what, then, am I, who live not only in the past but also in the future. Every memory of the happy days gone by is a beacon guiding me on to happier days to come."

Then all her reserve broke down.

"I read a sad poem once, that none remained ours unchangingly but the dead. It is but half a truth; what children so unchangingly ours as those we give to God? Do you know why I love this garden seat? It was here my noble husband brought me, when I came here a bride; it was the month of roses, as you see it now; here we sat together; here we rested often whilst our children played about us; my boys! I can see them now; Philip, brave, steadfast, thoughtful beyond his years; Walter, eager, impetuous, first also in repentance; and lastly, Charlie, our pet, our darling. Not that we spoiled him, but that his gentleness and thousand tender ways endeared him to us more every day. Truly we were a blessed family, and at night when we would gather before Our Lady's statue to say the rosary, I always said mine in thanksgiving for my treasures. I loved them, I clung to them as only a mother loves and clings."

"One evening in September I was here as usual, and feeling the air somewhat keen, I was rising to go to the house when I saw my dear husband and Philip coming toward me. They had been pacing the walk beneath the limes engaged in earnest converse, and seeing them come I had a merry question on my lips as to their grave debate, when a strange look in John's eyes stayed me. A look so glad yet so sorrowful; wistful, yet proud. My heart grew heavy and my eyes dim, and it was as in a dream I heard his voice:

"Plead for him particularly, Charlie. I fear he will lose his faith. On that great day our Lord will not refuse you."

"He promised with his usual bright smile, and I felt more at peace; and finally all uneasiness as to Walter fell from me on the great day when, kneeling in the chapel, we heard that clear young voice pronounce the solemn words. And yet our tears fell. Had we not heard in that same place, those same great words pronounced by another dear voice? Philip's voice, silent for ever on earth, but swelling the song of praise the martyrs sing to their King. John always used to say: 'We have one among the noble army of martyrs.' One! we have two now. Six years later Charlie laid down his life too, not by the swift death of hostile spears, but by the lingering agony of imprisonment and torture."

"Of that sorrow I cannot speak; and a new trial followed close; for from the day he had received the fatal news John failed more and more, all the light seemed to go out of his life, though I never heard a murmur. We had but one son now; Walter, who seemed strangely altered since Charlie's death. I went one day into his study (he lived with us then) and found him tearing up many manuscripts. I looked at him enquiringly. He said, with a laugh, 'My new book, Mother, it makes me shudder to think of it when I remember your two saints.' And then I knew Charlie's petition was granted."

"I cannot tell you all that followed, only this, that the day came, all too soon, that he begged our blessing before he left us."

"He followed his brothers, then?" I queried.

She shook her head.

"He entered the Trappist monastery at W— and although we missed him sorely, neither John nor I could grieve. All our boys were blessed, chosen to be of those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth! Two years ago John died, and I am the only one left. People say I must be lonely and sad; how can I be? Every nook and corner of the old house and garden are full of memories of my beloved ones, and believe me, dear, there is no joy like that of those who have given all to God."

It was with a heart strengthened for the sacrifice that I left that peaceful garden. Looking back at that quiet figure, I noted how the sunbeams, stealing through the foliage, made as it were a halo of the silver hair; and I repeated her last words: "There is no joy like that of those who have given all to God." —C. M., in the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

A Cure for Insomnia.

An American daily newspaper is the authority for the following:— After giving a fair and patient trial to each of many alleged cures for sleeplessness, the writer stumbled across a simple method of inducing somnolence that has the merit of being harmless and inexpensive. To smokers the remedy involves no cost whatever, but of non-smokers the capital outlay of the price of a pipe is required. It must be a wooden pipe, and curved, not straight.

Having retired for the night, the sufferer should lie perfectly flat on his back, discarding pillow rests, and puff steadily at an empty pipe until he feels thoroughly drowsy. The desired result usually is achieved after from about sixty to one hundred puffs have been made. The puffing should be done slowly, with a deep inhaling movement. The expelling motions must be made deliberately with narrowed mouth. During the entire operation the pipe should not be removed, as each displacing and replacing movement tends to wakefulness.

Those capable of great concentration of thought should, if smokers, imagine they see volumes of smoke, and those who eschew the burning weed, will be helped by counting the puffs.

As sleep is often successfully wooed while yet the pipe is in the mouth, bowls of meerschaum or clay are not recommended, since these are liable to be broken when the coming of slumber allows the pipe to slide from the mouth. Nervous people may be reassured that there is no danger in falling asleep with the stem edge of a curved pipe caught between one's teeth. Sleep always occasions the grip to be removed. That may hold also of straight pipes, but for other and obvious reasons these are less suitable than those with curved stems.

Business Men and Catholic Consumers

Anent the vigorous and long-needed agitation against the "stage Irishman," who bids fair to retire in disgrace before the indignant protests of loyal Celts everywhere, Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey, in the November number of the "Rosary Magazine," calls attention to another glaring abuse which needs suppression. This is the insult offered to Catholics generally in the displays of the so-called "Catholic Departments" which have been among the new departures of large stores in recent holiday seasons.

Now the Catholic knows, says Mrs. Halvey, that the Rosary as it hangs suspended above a store counter is no more than any ordinary string of ordinarily pretty beads displayed for the multitude to handle and admire, though one shrinks from the spectacle of the crucifix so utilized! They know that the "Madonnas" and St. Anthonys' for whose occupation a little corner has been fished from the mechanical toys and Punch and Judy exhibits of the season, have no religious significance whatever in this connection. But the trouble is that non-Catholics will not admit this—I do not say that in these days of enlightenment they have not caught the distinction—they profess still to believe the old slander of image worship and the poor little Catholic corner comes in for the sneering remark and contemptuous glance which from an artistic standpoint are well deserved, for naturally enough the selection is in execrable taste.

"I would never say a prayer to St. Joseph if I could fancy him looking like that," remarked a Catholic convent girl, passing hastily as the crowded aisle would permit, by the meagre exhibit, designed to attract Catholic trade to the big department store, the proprietors of which would not even for the sake of money-getting, display amidst such belittling surroundings the symbols of their own religious belief.

As befits its estimated monetary value, the "show" is usually attended by the young recruits of the counter—girls just old enough to consider the holiday attractions. In his up-to-date equipment is now included a refined jest or two respecting St. Anthony's position as patron of the "Lpst and Found Department"—St. Joseph's reputation as a matrimonial agent, etc., and with these he considers himself irresistible to the custodian of the Catholic (?) corner.

Now of course, if sales were the primary object (not entertainment) this line of trade would be catered for as are the multitudinous others which constitute the modern hodge-podge known as a department store. Articles would be intelligently bought in quantities large enough to allow selection—they would be intelligently shown in quarters where refined folks might be likely to discuss such personal matters as religion and they would be intelligently advertised in the columns of the Catholic newspaper and magazine where alone such advertising can be intelligently handled. Instead, these mediums are consistently ignored and in the columns of the sensational "dailies," sandwiched between "Temptations in Tinware," "Sacrificed Suspenders," and ten cent editions of popular novelists, you may read the announcement that "Objects of Catholic devotion can be had here."

It is not long since one of our magazines exposed editorially a scheme which for a time flooded the cheap jewelry market with brassy trinkets bearing the inscription: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, pray for us!" It is not wonderful to hear that these were manufactured by Jews, but it is not most wonderful that Catholics were found to buy them? On this gullible minority, the existence of which is thus proven, our holiday exploiters depend. But it is not time, as in the case of the stage Irishman, that the majority should come to the rescue? Is it not time for Irish and Catholics to let it be known that they consider nationality and religion insulted by this flagrant "using" of them for revenue only? If some action be not taken it is hard knowing where it may end.

St. Patrick's Day brings now its display of potted shamrocks—imported (?) for the occasion; a New York store aiming to go this one better had a supplementary window scene, showing a mud hovel and a pig as hits of realistic Irish life. Following this precedent, the "Catholic corner" may eventually erect its altar as an object lesson in the artistic draping of laces and other details! Prevention and remedy are in our

hands; it only remains for us to discontinue parodies and insist that if Catholic trade as such is an object, it shall be treated with the consideration it deserves—proper advertisement, fitting environment, and intelligent attendance.

Irish Nationalists Honor Dead Companions

In the presence of the largest gathering that ever assembled in Calvary cemetery, St. Louis, Mo., nearly forty thousand people, last week, a beautiful Celtic cross, erected by the Irish Nationalists of St. Louis, to the memory of their dead compatriots, was solemnly blessed by Bishop Hennessy of Wichita, Bishop Glennon, of Kansas City, and about fifty priests were also present, besides the local Irish societies, prominent among which was the A.O.H.

Judge O'Neill Ryan made a speech which was loudly applauded. We are assembled here, he said, to assist in the dedication in the consecration of this cross—the Celtic cross that stands as the emblem of unalterable faith, the unchangeable national spirit of the men and of the women of our race. It typifies in its form and substance the sublime religion, the splendid, the superb fidelity of our people. It tells in imperishable granite silently yet eloquently the story of the virtues and the valor of our race, of a mighty, of an ancient, of an unconquered and unconquerable race. It speaks thus to our hearts. It uplifts itself to heaven to testify before God and mankind that the Irish Nationalists are, the Irish people, will keep up the struggle that has gone on for centuries until Ireland is in fact as she is in spirit and as God meant she should be, one of the mighty nations of the earth.

We spring, my friends, from a race that has given to the world saints and scholars, statesmen, orators and chieftains, a manhood without fear and a womanhood without reproach. We, the Irish Nationalists believe, that this great people—the ancient race has the right to enjoy the full blessings that God meant for all his children, to enjoy them as a nation, and if need be to win those rights by the same means. He consecrated when He gave victory to the sword of Washington—when Irish men yielded their lives to make that flag the flag of a free and united people.

The graves of great Irishmen speak eloquently and patriotically of the fact, and are monuments of nationhood.

Patrick and Bridget, Tone and Emmet and Davis inspire to faith and national life—but ah! the graves of the numberless dead who died loving the old land. They are scattered, these graves of our people, on Irish hills, mountains, and valleys, beside the stream and the lake, beyond in the great plains of west, there to the east beneath the trackless waters of the Atlantic.

They died for God and country, on the scaffold and in the dungeon cell, on the battle field and on the bleak hill side, and now here in this holy place, where the Irish Nationalists, under blessing of God, under the blessing of His holy church, dedicate this cross, will be buried our brothers who die strong in the faith, loving the old land, die here exiled from that land, die here friendless save for the brotherhood and the friendship of the Irish Nationalists. Oh, God have mercy on the souls of the men who died in the field or wherever they fell loving Ireland. God give us the strength to live and do for the day when Ireland will be a nation.

These our brethren who die amongst and are laid beneath this sod—the brave patient men who have toiled and struggled—they go, but my brethren, they leave to those of us who remain the precious heritage, the burden of the work and the inspiration of the hope that means the redemption of a people, the rebuilding of a nation, for the cause is immortal and like unto the justice of God—it cannot perish, but must triumph.

The cross has been erected by the Irish Nationalists of St. Louis as a memorial to those of their dead compatriots who left none to bury them or care for their graves. The plot in which it stands will be consecrated to the use of those who die without friends to bury them. The cross itself is a beautiful monument of gray Barre granite, carved in Boston, and standing over 18 feet high from base to top. It occupies one of the most commanding positions in the cemetery, being on a hill in the northwest portion of the cemetery overlooking a great part of it. It is the only cross of the kind in the cemetery, or, indeed, in the city, and is distinguished from other crosses by the mystic circle, symbolizing eternity, joining the arms and the tree of the cross.

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Household Notes.

WOMEN WITH NERVES.—The skillful physician to-day doctors by distraction as much as by pellets and potions. "Throw physics to the dogs" is a maxim largely advocated by the twentieth century doctor.

"I am using fancy work quite extensively in my practice," said a doctor whose lightest word is gospel to many a household.

"Fancy work? Rather an odd prescription, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Perhaps. It isn't put up by the chemist. But as a remedy for upset nerves it is unequalled. I have several women patients taking it and their gain in mental and physical tone is marked. A little physical of free-hand embroidery helps them with the knotty points.

"Fancy work, needle work of any sort save the architecture of garments, has a soothing, hygienic effect on the worker. It arouses the imagination to the desired degree and leads to an interest in color and design that is mildly stimulating.

"Women who have come to me with strained, sallow faces and that tense look in the eyes that bespeaks trouble have improved noticeably after just a few weeks' course in this old-new diversion. They do not undertake any very large piece or do the work steadily enough to make it a tax, but employ themselves just sufficiently to enlist interest.

"Tranquillize the spirit and the body responds. If a sufferer from nervous prostration can be induced to forget herself even for a brief time each day it means much toward recovery."

New York has schools and institutes in these days for everything under the sun—schools for teaching breathing and proper exercise and judicious bathing; for teaching people how to relax and how to care for all bodily faculties. But if it were possible to have a school for teaching self-forgetfulness at so much an hour or a term, it would go far toward doing away with the great overplus of nervous cases that now form four-fifths of every doctor's work.

Health, sterling, robust health, is another requisite of the modern doctor. The pale, stoop-shouldered learned man of the study is no longer in vogue. It is money in the new-time doctor's pocket to give off such an atmosphere of health and vigor and of being at the top of things that there is rejuvenation even in the look of him.

So, he goes to the golf links and takes holidays on the hunting fields and is altogether athletic and well-preserved. The better time he has and the more he sees of the pleasing things of life, the better he is able to cheer up and put spirit into his patients. People who are hipped, who have melancholia and chronic insomnia, neuralgia and nervous troubles, get fresh courage just from being with him and hearing him talk.

"Why is it that nervous disorders are so much on the increase—when people are supposed to live so much more rationally?" was asked of a physician who had cured a young patient of insomnia and then secured her a place to teach.

"Because the average person lives at too high tension," was the answer. "People have better living quarters, better bathing and exercising facilities, better cooking, more adequate clothing than they used to have, but they're too self-centred."

"Whatever they do, whether for pleasure or business—done with an eye to the main chance, whether the benefit is to be physical, social or educational. The motive with which a thing is done governs the effect on the doer. And much of the fashionable idling is hard work."

"Every moment must be appropriated either in actually doing something or in preparation for doing something. No time is given just to quiet do-nothingness, or at least to restful pursuits."

"There is an unremitting strain of effort, a mad race to be up on everything which is crucial to delicate nerves. I tell my women patients—for it is women that are the greatest slayers of nerve power:

"You can't be all things to all

men, neither can you be all things to yourself. View the situation dispassionately. Pick out the things, the pursuits you love most to do and do those. And let the rest slide, no matter what the other people in your class may be doing."

"A great many of the nerve-sick people in a great city are out of sorts just through lack of a motive in life. New York is full of women, foot loose as it were from all allegiance to home or domestic interests, who imagine themselves afflicted with all sorts of maladies just because they are bored or dispirited. They have hysteria, insomnia, and all depressing symptoms, and seek a doctor."

"In nine cases out of ten all they need is sympathy, the feeling that they may freely unburden every detail of their case to discriminating ears. I tell them of people infinitely worse off than they in a bodily sense, and when they seem in the right frame of mind I have a delicate little lunch brought in ostensibly for me."

"I have a half-dozen such refectations during a morning sometimes, and the patient quite unconsciously finds herself picking up in interest and ambition as we discuss cookery together. Often such cases become grateful friends of the physician, the friends who remember to direct others whom they meet in travelling, to his door and so help him to become known."

A TRYING TIME.

IS THE PERIOD WHEN YOUNG GIRLS ARE MERGING INTO WOMANHOOD.

Marked by Pale Faces. Heart Palpitation, Loss of Appetite and General Lassitude—How to Overcome this Condition.

After babyhood, the most perilous time in a young girl's life is when she is just entering womanhood. It is then that she is subject to headaches, dizziness, heart palpitation, feeble appetite, and bloodless cheeks and lips. This condition may easily develop into consumption, and to prevent this—to keep the young girl in good health and strength, mothers should insist upon their taking a blood making tonic, such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Henry McIntyre, Port Dalhousie, Ont., gives sound advice to other mothers in cases of this kind. She says: "About three years ago the health of my daughter, Bertha, began to fail. She grew weak and seemed unable to stand the least exertion. She suffered from distressing headaches, and fainting fits; her appetite left her and she lost flesh. I spent much money on medicines, but they did not help her. Then I took her to a doctor, and although his treatment was persisted in for a long time, she seemed to be growing worse, and I began to fear she was going into consumption. Then I took her to a specialist, but his treatment was likewise unsuccessful. Finally upon the advice of a lady friend, a doctor practising in Chicago, Bertha began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before long there was a decided improvement in her condition, and by the time she had taken nine boxes she was once more enjoying the best of health and had gained fifteen pounds in weight. I would strongly advise all similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as her case seemed as hopeless as could be."

All weak and ailing girls and women, sufferers from headache, headaches, indisposition to work or exercise, who show by their pale and sallow cheeks that they are in ill health, will find prompt relief, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and active health in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. You can obtain these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, postpaid, at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Never accept anything else which a dealer may say is "just as good."

Our Boys And Girls.

BE ON TIME.—The writer was not long ago instrumental in securing a good position in a store for a boy about 15 years of age. He needed the place very much, for his mother was in the most reduced circumstances, and this boy was the eldest of six children, and the mother was a widow.

At the end of two weeks the mother came to me to ask if I would be willing to go to the store and ask the proprietor to take Willie back again.

"Take him back again?" I said.

"Has he lost his place?" "Yes sir; they sent him back home when he went to the store yesterday morning." A call on the proprietor of the store elicited the fact that the boy had been discharged because he was "never on time."

"He was late every morning," said the proprietor. "He always had some excuse, but I could not have a boy of that kind in my employ. If I excused him I must excuse others. I insist on every person in my employ being here on time. I am here myself on time, and it is only right and just that they should be here also."

It is right and just that every boy who is paid for his time should be at his post on time. He will find that punctuality is of high value, and that the lack of it will be a stumbling block in the road toward success.

BETTY'S VICTORY.—Betty Haskins lived on a farm ten miles from the academy. Her three years' course of study had been bought by many sacrifices and by much patient work. Betty had not counted her own toils—boarding herself, making one gown do for Sundays and weekdays, ignoring worn shoes and a hat of forgotten fashion—and now the end was in sight, and Betty was valedictorian of her class.

It was the Saturday before graduation. Betty's essay was finished and committed to memory. Her white gown was freshly ironed. As she stood on the chapel steps after her last rehearsal she was glad to be alive and conscious only of that joy—save for one pin-prick of anxiety as to why she had not had her usual note from her mother during the week. But that was lost in the happy surmise that the parents meant to surprise her by a visit tomorrow.

Suddenly she caught sight of her father in his buggy driving rapidly down the street. She sprang to meet him, quick to see his face was grave. "Betty, child, you'll have to come home with me. Three of the children are down with measles. Mother is ailing herself. The neighbors have been good, but they are worn out, I can see. Mother wants you. Seems as if nobody else would do. The baby—my dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!"

"O father, he mustn't! I'll be ready in five minutes."

Not a word was said of the relation of this hasty summons to the coming Wednesday and its valedictory.

When Wednesday came Betty was too busy to think much about the academy. She was grateful that she had a course of emergency lessons there and that the doctor said she was as good as a trained nurse. She was fighting for the baby's life.

Three weeks later the baby was getting rosy and plump again. Mother was back at her post, but Betty was tired and restless and could not sleep very well. She found herself dreaming herself back at the academy and wondering how the chapel looked on commencement day, and finding it hard to see how her disappointment had been right.

One afternoon, however, the principal of the academy knocked at the door of the farmhouse. He had in his hand a blue-tied roll.

"I've come to bring you your diploma, Betty," he said. "I thought you would be glad to hear that Kate Fisher read your essay at commencement, and it had more applause than any of the others. The folks seemed to like your being at home with the baby. And, by the way, the trustees want to know if you will come over to the academy to teach English next year. They seem to think that a girl who could write that essay could teach other girls and boys to write. The salary would be ten dollars a week and 'found!'"

Betty's face was worth seeing just then. It was a curious coincidence, too, that the subject of that same essay had been "Victory in Defeat."

CROWDED.—Little Mary not long ago heard a phonograph for the first time in her life. She was with her mother shopping at one of the down-

town stores. The mother dropped a nickel in the machine, and Mary stood listening in ecstasy with her small mouth agape and her eyes filled with wonder.

The selection was one of Gilmore's band pieces, that stirred the little girl's heart from the start to the finish. At the conclusion of the piece, Mary removed the tubes from her ears with apparent regret that the band was stopped playing. While her mother was busy in another part of the store she walked around the wonderful phonograph, surveying it critically. When her mother came to her side, she was yet peering about the phonograph box.

"What are you looking for, Mary?" she asked.

"I wuz waitin' fer th' band men t' come out," said Mary, innocently. "They must be awful crowded in there."—Sunday Companion.

Two Churches Robbed.

Burglars operated on Saturday in the Roman Catholic Church of the Annunciation, at North Fifth and Havemeyer streets, Williamsburgh, and their work was discovered on Saturday morning when the outer door of the tabernacle was found to have been smashed, also a valuable stained glass window, through which the burglars had escaped. What makes the burglary more exasperating is that John Crawford, the janitor, knew there were robbers in the church. When he put out the lights in the edifice, and while he was walking in the darkness towards the vestry, he heard footsteps in the church, and after listening and hearing the intruders stumble he hurried out of the church, locked the sacristy door after him, and then found two policemen. They returned to the church with him, and with the aid of lanterns, searched every pew, and every nook and crook where it was thought the robbers might have concealed themselves, even to the belfry and the basement. But the police found no trace of the thieves, and when they parted from Crawford they ridiculed him for his fears.

After the police had gone Crawford still had his doubts about the matter and called the housekeeper. They emptied the poor boxes in the church, and took the money into the rectory.

When the janitor entered the church for the early Mass, he discovered many chairs in the chancel overturned, and the door of the tabernacle in which the chalices are kept had been broken. The burglars had bored holes into a steel sliding door, which protected the chalices, inside the outer doors. Failing to obtain an entrance into this receptacle the robbers destroyed some of the altar curtains, and then went to the poor boxes, breaking two of them in their efforts to find money. After going they probably found all the doors locked, and there being no other way to get out they broke the window behind the altar, cut some of the wire-work which protected it from the street, dropped to the ground, about twelve feet, and escaped into North Sixth street.

Crawford called the priests of the parish, and Father Hoffman immediately sent word to Capt. Short of the Bedford Avenue station, who will probably have charges preferred against the policemen who searched the church.

It was reported that robbers visited the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in North Sixth street, two blocks distant from the Church of the Annunciation, last week, and broke open several poor boxes, getting about \$70. They were unable to open the tabernacle door because of its strength.

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Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1838 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; 1528F Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer. Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856.—Incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. Director, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneres and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 28.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873)—Branch 28 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

New York "Sun," editorially upon an "Chicago Inter-Oceanic" the latter organ attributes to the former times, draws contrast between the paper and the True Church paper argues that American business has grown the average points out the lack attractiveness in the are two passages in ticism which deser deration. In one p says:—

"Diminished church where there is such not fairly attrib preachers. If the p in their religious by spiritual food they of the preacher, so earnest like them set to carping at his sign that they are the food."

We could point to cles, during the pas which, while referri Church, we have ad principle. Above all those people who ar ing fault with the p tising the priest, i out that pulpit ora very useful auxiliary religious observance a very dangerous on begins to absorb th tion. It is danger preacher and faithf his most powerful s ed almost to the p plause, the great l found, by a lay-bro praying, and trembl When asked what he made answer the cess, for he feared pride, and pride For the faithful it is ous, since it makes t quence the main at of the word of God, the pulpit.

This is aptly expl onnd passage that w "Sun's" article. It "The fault is abse faith in the pulpit p ple who otherwise w pews. Wherever th the churches are ful have other thought than of criticism of carping at the prea that warms them is hearts. The magnet them to the church pected eloquence of f the eloquent religion which their own hea Only when men real world to come and profit is a snare an long as they lose t pursuit will the ch thronged as are the and the stock excha It needs no see t ture of the Catholic sentences. It is the heart, and not the that draws the mill tars in all parts of

IRELAND'S OPP Antony MacDonnell, Secretary for Irelan native Irishman, but olic, and credited w Rule tendencies. Si nament Under Secv virtual head of the Ireland, since the C