

jobs; and he is now... useful work than he ever... with every prospect of... ment for some years... y also has before him... prospect of steady and... employment for many... He has grown great... loyer's estimation since... ptured the sneak thief... owing; and the best of... salary seems to grow... does.

The True Witness



ol. LII., No. 12

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CONSCIENTIOUS MEN.—The case of Colonel de St. Remy, the French officer who was arrested for refusing to send the men under his command to assist at the execution of the Sisters in charge of a convent school, has excited the interest of the "Daily Witness," which rejoices in the punishment that has been meted out to him. His trial by court martial has redounded to his credit. According to the Paris correspondent of the London "Times," he addressed the court as follows:—"I knew the serious consequences of my decision. Yes, I knew I should have to appear before you and undergo your judgment, but I also knew that I should have to undergo a more serious judgment, that of God." These are noble words, and it is not astonishing that the court acquitted him of the charge of disobeying his superior officer. He was, however, adjudged guilty of disobeying the prefect who asked him to employ his troops in carrying out the Government decree against the Sisters. His punishment was, however, only nominal—a few days imprisonment, to count before the date of the trial. He was consequently released at once. The Government, however, animated by the spirit of petty tyranny which has characterized it since its formation, have placed the conscientious Colonel on the retired list. This is a serious blow to the prestige of the military profession in France. Few officers with any self-respect will hold themselves free to do the behests of every atheistic prefect who desires to make a display of his brief civil authority. When General Buller was stationed in Ireland many years ago, the civil authorities asked him to send some of his soldiers to help the police to carry out a decree of eviction against a number of poor and unfortunate tenants. He curtly declined to do so; but the Government never dreamt of calling him to account for his refusal. They manage these things worse in France.

simply be an additional testimony of the atheistic power that sways the minds of France's temporary leaders.

MORGAN'S NEW TRUST.—It is a Protestant Trust this time, and it has for object the propagation of American Protestantism in the Philippines. It is a unique and most unreligious kind of religious combination. It is proposed to raise a million dollars with which to establish at Manila "an institutional Church," under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. J. Pierpont Morgan and Senator Marcus A. Hanna are to be the founders of this new kind of mission. We have not made any special study of trusts, nor of this Morgan-Hanna propaganda; but our Catholic contemporary, the "Freeman's Journal" has had occasion to experience, as well as to sound this and other movements of a like nature, and its able editor has condensed his views into a very short space—but the expression of them is too trenchant for us to allow it to go unreproduced. It is thus that our New York contemporary deals with this piece of insolent and purse-inspired audacity:

"This attempt on the part of ruthless invaders to impose their religious views upon a people who they have bitterly wronged is another example of how history repeats itself. Two hundred and fifty years ago the Cromwellians undertook to force Protestantism upon Catholic Ireland to prove to the Catholic Irish 'the benevolent intention' of England. We know how the proselytizing attempts of the seventeenth century Morgans and Hannas utterly failed. It is not likely that the preachers sent out by the million dollar 'institutional church' of Manila will meet with better success than the Cromwellians met with in Ireland. This billion dollar fund for proselytizing the Filipinos is suggestive of the inherent weakness of Protestantism. We do not read in the Bible of any similar fund being at the disposal of the Apostles when they went forth to make a spiritual conquest of the world. The Catholic Church, like her divine Founder, sends forth her missionaries into the remotest lands unprovided with great sums of money. An abiding faith in the promises of Christ to be with her to the end of time makes the Church less solicitous about worldly means to carry on her work than are the Protestant churches.

Take, for instance, the Philippines. The few friars who undertook three hundred years ago to Christianize and civilize the Filipinos had no Morgans, no Hannas, as financial backers. They went to their work poor in the world's goods, but rich in the faith which inspired them to brave every danger and suffer every hardship in the work to which they had devoted their lives. Three hundred years after they had gone to receive their eternal reward there remained seven million Christian Filipinos to attest how well they labored in their Master's vineyard. Who for a moment supposes that three hundred years hence there will survive any evidence of the work done by the Morgan-Hanna "institutional church?"

NEW YORK'S SCHOOLS.—In our last issue we published an article from the pen of one of our regular contributors, in which the writer pointed out the absolute necessity of more teachers, and of the injustice done to a great percentage of our children, through the lack of either

accommodation in schools, or the still more important lack of sufficient teachers. He called attention to the fact that one teacher cannot do justice to fifty, or seventy, or a hundred boys. Some of these young lads must go without the attention that their presence in school would naturally demand. We now find that on a very large scale the same menace is in existence in New York. This year there are over half a million children on the lists in the different public schools of that city and the result is that sixty or seventy thousand of them cannot expect to have accommodation or attention. In dealing with the subject the New York "Times" says:—"It is perfectly true that New York cannot, within the debt limitation imposed by the Constitution, for a long time yet provide enough school buildings to meet the wants of its actual school population and of that which is sure to be added by normal increase. Dr. Maxwell is reported as saying that this most desirable end cannot be reached in thirty years. We think that without a change in the system and a prompt and thorough reversal of the policy we have referred to, the most unfortunate and injurious situation now existing will not be remedied within the time mentioned."

This presents a very serious problem and a very dark outlook. Consider thirty years more before the situation can be remedied. Why; the one-half of that immense population of pupils will be dead before then, and the other half will be far away beyond the days of education. In fact, it simply means that another, and possibly a third generation, will have to come before there can be a radical change. And the same organ proceeds thus:—"The enrolled children in all the schools this year will reach very near the tremendous number of half a million. Of these at least 60,000 will have to be content with half-time teaching. It is plain that in such teaching no real justice can be done to the pupils. And it is equally plain that the thousands who are crowded into large classes, even when they are allowed the full day in school, cannot be taught in the best way. That is to say, they cannot be taught in the best way now possible under the present system, and the very best way now possible is far below what could be done if by the means of the schools were concentrated where they should be on the highest teaching of the lowest classes. In short, in the deprivation of all schooling for many, in the half schooling for thousands more, in the crowding and hurrying of still other thousands and in the defective training of all, the present system does produce and must produce the effect of neglect."

Our correspondent of last week evidently sized up the situation with considerable accuracy. We will not enter into any discussion concerning the New York schools; but we cannot help touching again upon the subject in as far as it concerns our institutions at home. Not only have we to complain of the insufficiency, in some cases, of the teachers, in proportion to the pupils, but there is another oversight that parents make. We have some schools that are overcrowded, while we have others that could accommodate more pupils than they have on their lists. This again is a consideration for the parents. If the school to which they insist on sending their children cannot afford these pupils that are necessary in order that their educational chances may be assured, why not send some of them to another school where the teachers are not so numerous and the teaching staff is equally competent? There is a disproportion very visible in the attendance in various schools, and this is both an injury to the pupils and to the institutions. If a fairer division were made it seems to us that the advantages to be derived would be very apparent and decided.

At least, we insist that no system should be allowed in our midst that might tend to bring about in this country a state of affairs such as we find in New York. The foregoing should serve as a lesson for those who are actively interested in educational matters—and all of us are interested to some degree.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Monsignor Nugent In Town.

Monsignor Nugent, the venerable philanthropist of Liverpool, where his zeal and self-sacrifice in behalf of the orphans and the outcasts have made his name a household word for nearly half a century, was in Montreal on Wednesday. He was accompanied by Mr. Cohen, who was Lord Mayor of Liverpool a couple of years ago. On Thursday morning he started for a trip through the Thousand Isles, and then went to St. Paul, Minnesota, making a stop at Chicago, where he will visit his old friend and admirer, the Hon. William J. Onahan. In St. Paul he will be the guest of another old friend and warm admirer, Archbishop Ireland.

In the great Mersey seaport, Monsignor Nugent, or plain Father Nugent, as he is more familiarly known, has for many years been the most prominent and most popular citizen, beloved by all classes and all creeds. He first attracted public notice when he established a "Boys' Refuge" in Queen Anne street, which he maintained out of his own private means, and when these were exhausted he raised the necessary funds by delivering sermons and lectures, the keynote of which was contained in the motto which he chose for this excellent institution "Save the Boys!" A very forcible and eloquent orator, he drew large congregations and audiences at the sermons and lectures; and the results that have followed his great work in this direction have been most successful—thousands of homeless and friendless boys having been rescued from the dangerous life of the streets and slums, educated, taught useful trades, and fitted to become, as the vast majority of them have become and are yearly becoming, honest, industrious and upright citizens, a credit to themselves and a glory to Monsignor Nugent.

But the Boys' Refuge is but a small portion of the life-work of this octogenarian priest. To do justice to his long career of practical charity and benevolence a bulky volume would have to be written. The founder of the League of the Cross, a total abstinence organization which has spread from Liverpool all over the United Kingdom, he has spent the best years of his happily prolonged life in the ardent championing of the principles of temperance. For over a generation his weekly addresses at the League Hall, Liverpool, where he provided a concert and variety entertainment at a nominal entrance price, in order the better to attract those whom he wished to bring within the reach of his persuasive voice, were a popular feature; and they were only discontinued when the infirmities inseparable from old age rendered it impossible for him to keep up the arduous work. Tens of thousands—may, hundreds of thousands—owe to his fervid advocacy of total abstinence their liberation from the thralldom of drink, and their consequent reconciliation with the Church, the resumption of the practice of their religion, and the betterment of their social position.

In the cause of Catholic journalism he spent many a toilsome year and many a thousand dollars, until at last he placed the "Catholic Times" on the excellent financial footing, which it now occupies as the largest, the most widely-read, and the most influential Catholic newspaper in the world. But the labors in which he is spending the closing years of his fruitful, apostolic life are perhaps the most important of those that have occupied his attention throughout his lengthy existence. They had for their most praiseworthy object in the attainment of which they have been successful—the establishment of night shelters and other houses for outcast and destitute women and girls, and of a home for those of them about to become mothers. During the twenty-two years that he occupied the post of Catholic chaplain to the Liverpool jail, he acquired a sad experience which motivated his efforts in this special work of

philanthropy and reclamation. His great sympathetic Irish heart was touched with tender compassion for these unfortunate people, many of them more sinned against than sinning, and all of them having in their souls, their development and growth hindered by misery, misfortune and sin, the germ and potentiality of worthy Catholic careers; and he heroically devoted himself to the noble and Christian-like task of rescuing them from their terrible position by providing them with a comfortable home where they and their babes are well taken care of until suitable situations are obtained for them. The initial expenses of founding and equipping this institution at West Dingle, Liverpool, have been borne by himself; and his aim is to make it self-supporting by the laundry and other work of the inmates and by subscriptions from charitable Catholics. His motto for this great work is "Save the Mother and the Child." No distinction is made as to nationality or religious belief. All those whose forlorn and hapless condition calls for the prompt assistance of Catholic charity are welcomed to the institution by the gentle Sisters who have been placed in charge of it.

Monsignor Nugent was gratified at the progress made by the city of Montreal since his last visit. He was very sorry to learn that Father Quilivan was dead. He recalled the fact that he had several times occupied the pulpit in St. Patrick's Church.

The charitable and benevolent labors of Monsignor Nugent are of a permanent character; and his life is a luminous and helpful lesson for future generations, teaching as it does what a vast amount of good one energetic, practical, and self-sacrificing man can, with the blessing of God, accomplish for his fellow-creatures.

County Board A. O. H.

The biennial convention of the County Board of Hochelega, Ancient Order of Hibernians, was held in Hibernia Hall on the 14th inst., the various divisions in the county were fully represented by their delegates, who reported their Divisions to be in a prosperous condition.

A large amount of business was transacted in a harmonious and business-like manner, and the enthusiasm of the delegates present promises well for the advancement of the Order in Hochelega County. Much interest was taken in the election of officers for the ensuing term, and much regret was expressed at County President McMorrow's announcement of his intention of retiring from the office which he has so ably filled for the past two years.

The following officers were elected for the term ending in 1904, viz.:—County President, P. Keane; County Vice-President, Aid. D. Gallery, M. P.; County Recording Secretary, Jas. McIver; County Treasurer, Lawrence Brophy; County Marshal, Hugh Tracey.

The newly elected officers were duly installed by the retiring County President, Bro. McMorrow.

After a rising vote of thanks to the retiring officers, the convention was brought to a close by the singing of the Irish National Anthem.

A MAGNIFICENT DONATION.

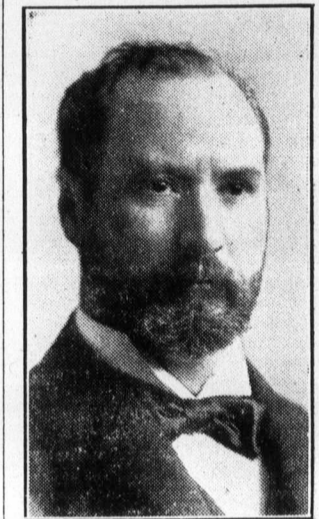
It is announced that Count Adami has made a gift to the Pope of his magnificent villa near Chieti and some 600 works of art contained therein. The money value of this superb gift is estimated at 5,000,000 lire, or \$1,000,000.

TYPHOID INOCULATION.

Prof. E. A. Wright's investigation of typhoid inoculation, covering five years in South Africa, India, Egypt, and Great Britain, has resulted in the publication of voluminous statistics demonstrating both the preventive and curative results of inoculation, which has reduced the mortality fourfold. Professor Wright believes better results will be attained in the near future, owing to his experience in the dosage and standardization of vaccine.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

In the number of those who attended it, and in the excellence of the programme which was presented, the concert given in the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening was fully up to the high standard established by previous entertainment given in this popular institution.



MR. ROBERT BICKERDIKE.

Mr. Robert Bickerdike, M.P., presided, and amongst those present were the Rev. Father Gagner, S.J., and the Rev. Father D. Plante, S. J. The chairman made a practical speech, in the course of which he expressed the great pleasure it gave him to take the chair on that occasion. He felt honored by being invited to do so. He was glad to know that the Catholic Sailors' Club extended a welcoming hand to seamen of all denominations. The presence of such a large number showed that they thoroughly appreciated the benefits of the institution, the executive of which deserved the greatest credit for the good work that they are doing. He was rejoiced to know that the managers of the steamship companies had decided to divide the proceeds of the concerts on board between that club and the Sailors' Institute.



MISS T. DURAND.

The programme was then gone through, and the different items were heartily enjoyed. The following took part: Messrs. T. J. Shaw, Joseph Allyn, Blackfoot, D. Mackay, and Joseph Donnelly, songs; Master A. McGovern, recitation; "Sheridan's Ride;" Mr. P. Mornine, recitation; Miss McGovern and Miss O'Reilly, violin and piano duet; Miss Katie Murray, recitation. A special feature was the singing of Madam and Miss Tootsie Durand, who were several times recalled. The seamen who contributed to the evening's enjoyment were: Henry Jones, F. Smith and F. Parkinson, Tunisian; George O'Connell, Memnon; Mrs. Jennie McIntyre, acted as accompanist in her usual talented manner.

A pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland."

The concert to be given next Wednesday evening will be under the auspices of Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

AN HISTORIC BOOK. Every Irish Catholic should buy the Golden Jubilee Book, and read the Story of the Irish Priests and Laymen in Montreal during the Past Fifty Years. SALE AT Patrick's SBYTERY, and at MILLOY'S, Therine St., Telephone 1182, WILL INSURE PROMPT DELIVERY OF THE BOOK. E, \$1.00. Terms to Books Agents, WITNESS, 1138, P.O., MONTREAL.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By a Special Correspondent.)

Vezina was a butcher by trade — and a very good one, I am told. I never heard his other name, or names; we all knew him as Vezina, and that was a sufficient designation, unless we added thereto his trade—"the butcher." When he worked, he worked well; that was about the one-third of the time. During the other two-thirds he subsisted on "gin and sugar," and amused himself going about the country scaring the children and forcing the farmers' wives to contribute to his bill of fare. He was a general nuisance; and, while he never was known to injure, or insult any person, as a rule, he was feared. He had an uncouth appearance; scarcely ever with a coat on his back, almost always with his sleeves rolled up; and his hair was as little accustomed to comb and brush as his face and hands were unaccustomed to soap and water. When he did work, it was at the village of Ironsides, a few miles from Hull. But he tramped the country in all directions, and save when he reached a farmer's in time to help at the killing of the pigs, he was an unwelcome guest. North of Ironsides, and at the foot of the Chelsea hills, there is a main road along which the farmers of that section travel to market. About four miles up that road, there is what people call a cross-road. Turning to the right you go over the mountains, by way of Larieau's Hill; turning to the left you go towards the Ottawa river, along what is called the mountain road; and keeping right on you reach Eardley. At this junction of the roads is an old burying ground. It once served for the entire surrounding country. To-day, however, it is quite deserted, and nearly entirely overgrown with weeds and rank grass. In the days of Vezina's glory there were many good tomb-stones there, and some of them would have furnished a week's work to "Old Mortality," were he to have gone that way in his expeditions. The graves that were not covered over with wild growth had mostly caved in, and there were, for several years a couple of graves open—they had been dug for the reception of some of the inhabitants of the locality, but were never occupied. In his peripatetic Vezina not unfrequently went by the cross-roads and the old cemetery. From Ironsides to Chelsea, thence to Eardley, or Aylmer, or back to Hull, he was wont to rove. Where the mountain road crossed the "Yurpikie, a man named L'Esperance kept a tavern, and a mile further on a person named Holsted kept the "Elm Tree Hotel." Towards these two meccas Vezina gravitated at times.

Bishop Ludden On Mixed Marriages

At the Cathedral, Syracuse, N.Y., on a recent Sunday the sermon of the day was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden. After reading the Gospel he said that vacation time which had become of late a period of dissipation rather than recreation, had come to an end, and as everyone had settled down to their normal pursuits again he would speak on a subject which was the foundation of the family, the state and the nation. The Council of Baltimore instructs that once each year the priest shall preach on the evils of mixed marriages and that would be his subject. It is a delicate matter to talk upon and one which very few pastors like to treat about because so many of our people are so sensitive about it. The Bishop said that in the forty years of his ministry he had always avoided giving needless offense, but it sometimes becomes necessary to do so. The teach-

One morning, in the summer of 1872—exactly thirty years ago—last July—Barney left his home, at three o'clock, with a load of oats for the market. It was a little after three when he reached the cross-roads, and as was his custom, he whispered a prayer for the departed ones in the old graveyard. The stars were a-broad in all their glory, and the first flush of dawn had not yet streaked the east. It was certainly "the hour when church-yards yawn, and graves throw up their dead." It may have been the cooling breath of the early morning that sent a mild shiver through Barney's frame, or his nervousness may have been due to an overwrought sensibility; at all events, he felt uncomfortable as he neared the graveyard. Just as he was passing the dilapidated gate of that little enclosure he distinctly heard a moan coming from the place. He reined in his horse, stood up on his load, and tried to look over the fence. As he was in this attitude of attention he again heard a deep, hollow lamentation proceeding from among the tombs. I said that he was no coward; yet he admitted himself that a shiver crept all over him. Taking off his hat Barney made bold to speak. "In the name of God, who are you, and what do you want?" was his question. A long moan, and some very solemn and incoherent words came from behind a white marble slab. "Is it prayers for your soul you are wanting?" asked Barney. This was answered by another series of groans and mutterings. By this time the first electric shock of supernatural dread had passed off and Barney was bound to see the game out. He grasped his whip by the lash end, and holding it up as a weapon, he prepared to go down and investigate. Just as he was about to step off the wagon, he saw the monster head of a man, covered with shaggy hair, and all besmeared with dirt, rise out of a vacant grave, and turn towards him. "What, in God's name, do you want?" shouted Barney, as the sudden apparition almost deprived him of his senses. "A drink, you old fool," roared back the owner of the head. It was Vezina, the butcher, and in a moment or so Barney recognized him. The situation was soon made clear. Vezina had, on the night previous, enjoyed more than his accustomed amount of "gin and sugar" at the Elm Tree; L'Esperance had contributed a bottle of rye to his portable locker; and in his attempt to reach home by way of the mountain road, he had become tired and had gone into the old cemetery for a rest. Not being complete master of his limbs he managed to roll into the yawning grave—once intended for some other person—and there he fell asleep. His slumbers were interrupted by the noise of Barney Morgan's wagon, as it rattled along, in the clear air of the morning. Many a time afterwards Barney told the story, and long after Vezina had been laid to rest, and to never again awaken, in some other graveyard, the old farmer would delight the young lads and girls of the country-side at weddings, fairs, spree, or dances—with the story of the ghost that he had met on the old mountain road.

three classes: First, those in which the Catholic party marries an infidel, one who denies all religion, who cannot love his Maker and who scoffs at anything recognizing a deity. St. Paul says 'without faith you cannot love God;' then how can this infidel who denies God profess a genuine love for his Catholic wife, who thoroughly believes in all that her Church teaches? "Another class is that of the person who professes to be totally indifferent to whatever his wife may believe. He may not be an irreligious man in the sense that he denies religion or a deity, but how can there be a perfect union there when the father has nothing in common with his wife or the children, who must be brought up in the Catholic religion, in accord with the promises he made when he was married to her? "The non-Catholic must sign papers to the effect that he will not interfere with the wife's practice of her religion and that the children must be brought up in the Catholic faith. It is a great question whether he will always abide by the promises made at his marriage. Experience has been all too sad for many girls in this matter. "And thirdly, which is the more dignified condition, where the non-Catholic party has religious principles and religious morals and lives up to them as best he can. He is conscientious and believes his religion the best. Yet he agrees that his children shall be in the religion he believes is wrong and he agrees not to interfere with his wife's religion. The result is usually compromise; neither husband nor wife interferes with the other's religion; there is nothing said on the subject. Each goes his own way and their children grow up without religion and without knowledge of God, and when they are of age they are told to choose their religion and they usually choose—none. "Matrimony," he said, "is a risk anyhow, and there are sufficient causes for dissensions in the home without bringing religion into the home to be a source of contention between a husband and wife and a source of scandal for the children. "Parents sometimes come to me and say that it is impossible to prevent these alliances; that the young people grew up together and formed an affection and love for each other and now it is too late. I admit the argument. But let me say to parents to be on guard lest these friendships be formed. It is true that some mixed marriages are happy ones. Sometimes the husband or wife, as the case may be, is converted and the whole family grow up in the faith. But these cases are the exceptions that prove the rule. "And people sometimes say to me that not all Catholic marriages are happy. True. And I am not an ardent one for them. Let me say to the young woman about to select a partner for life, that she do so with great caution and after mature deliberation. Let her avoid, above all things, the young man who is 'just sowing his wild oats.' She can never be happy with him, for, as the Gospel of the day tells us, what he sows so also will he reap. He will reap nothing but sin and unhappiness. Have nothing to do with him whatever. If our young girls would avoid these men there would be fewer unhappy marriages. "And to those who set up no other God in their households but the pagan or mythological deity, the winged Cupid, let me say that the love which soon passes away. The pagan god is well represented to us with wings. For when trouble comes or this natural animal love passes, he takes wing away and leaves, his victims loveless, homeless and unhappy. The bishop said that in speaking on this matter he knew that it was not, perhaps, acceptable to all his hearers, but as a minister of religion he was in duty bound to preach the doctrines of the Church. He had no object, he said, beyond the preservation of the faith of Catholics, in pointing out to them the dangers that must arise from such alliances. He said that he spoke for Protestants as well as Catholics and advised them to marry in their own religion and faith. He said he knew from his forty years of work in the ministry that untold dangers lurked in the "mixed marriage." He especially admonished young girls to avoid such alliances by keeping away from the associations whereby affections may be formed and such marriages result. Let me admonish you to read Tobias, one of the books which has been omitted from the modern Bible, and learn the lessons thereof. And I say to these people who enter into these mixed marriages that they be careful lest the three Christian virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity be replaced by the three diabolical vices, murder, suicide and divorce or adultery.

Cardinal Parrochi On Divorce.

The circular letter of Cardinal Parrochi, vice-chancellor of the Church, and secretary of the Congregation of the Inquisition, has contributed not a little to the national sentiment against divorce in Italy. The letter, issued in the name of the eminent Cardinal's Inquisitors, is addressed to all the archbishops and bishops of Italy, and has for purpose to draw more fully to the late allocation of Pope Leo the attention of all pastors of souls, and to arouse their zeal "so that there may not be a single diocese in Italy in which the teaching and paternal warning of the Head of the Church would not find a due response." Before everything else, writes the Cardinal, it is important to explain to the people that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Redeemer of the human race, having abolished the custom of divorce, brought marriage back to the principle established by the Creator, namely, that it should be one and indissoluble. To which principle the Divine Master alludes when he says: "Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."—St. Matthew, xix, 6. The principle applied by St. Paul to the Corinthians: "A woman is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband die, she is at liberty; let her marry to whom she will; only in the Lord."—I, Cor. vi, 39. Furthermore, let the sanctity of marriage, raised by Jesus Christ to the dignity of a sacrament, be fully demonstrated. Wedlock having become, in the New Law, the figure of the indissoluble union of Christ with the Church, and an efficacious sign of the grace given by the sacrament to the spouses, Christian marriage is thereby, in its own intimate nature, withdrawn from the civil power. Not only this, but a lawful and consummated marriage cannot be dissolved even by the supreme authority of the Church herself. That the secular power may legislate concerning the civil effects of the contract, no one doubts; but when it goes further and attacks the bond, it not only does not protect marriage, but it favors adultery. This teaching, imparted to the people in a plain and practical form in the churches, especially in catechism lessons, should be proclaimed in the press, as well by newspapers as by pamphlets. It is important that concerning this most weighty theme, every one, great and small, should be instructed for, at the present day, even in the highest classes, there is great ignorance of questions affecting religion. Let the Church's constancy in condemning divorce be put in the clearest light. From the first ages, when this abuse was sanctioned by Roman laws, up to now, through twenty centuries, to this policy she has never been false. Recall the example of the early Fathers. "Not according to the laws of the State but to those decreed by Himself, will the Lord judge thee on the last day," said St. Chrysostom, when reminded of the opposition between civil and sacred law in this matter. "The laws of Caesar are one thing; those of Christ, another," adds St. Jerome in the same regard. The Council of Trent condemned the very sink of errors gathered by the heretics against Christian marriage, smote with an anathema those who say "that for heresy, or cruelty, or abandonment, the bond of matrimony may be broken," as well as those who pretend that for adultery, at least the innocent party is free to marry again; or those that claim such a subsequent union is not adulterous. Our people must not be left unacquainted with the constant solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs to combat every attempt to introduce divorce, especially into the laws of the State. To adduce a few examples, St. Nicholas I., with fearless firmness, compelled King Lothaire of Lorraine to dismiss his adulteress and take back his lawful wife whom he had divorced. Thus Popes Urban and Paschal opposed Philip I. of France; Celestine III. and Innocent resisted Philip II. Less easy to forget is the later struggle of Clement VII. and Paul III. against the unworthy desires of Henry VIII. of England. The hearts of these most zealous Pontiffs bled as they contemplated the disasters which fell upon the Isle of Saints, but to avert them they could not betray their trust, or allow the violation of that Sacrament which is great in Christ, and His Church. No one can forget the allocation of Pius VII., in the July Consistory of 1808, protesting against divorce and secular interference in the question of matrimonial

impediments, imposed by Napoleon on the Italian provinces annexed to his empire. Similarly, with weight of warning and arraignment, Gregory XVI. protested in his encyclical of August 15, 1832. And his successor, in the Syllabus of December 8, 1864, condemned the proposition which asserted that the bond of marriage was not by natural law indissoluble, and that valid divorce might be granted for various causes by the civil power. The Apostolical Constitution Arcanum Divine Sapientiae, of the present Pontiff, published on February 10, 1880, may well be called an exact compendium of the Catholic doctrine concerning marriage, and a complete refutation of the errors opposed to it. Since then, he has repeatedly proclaimed that divorce is a profanation of the sanctity of Christian marriage and the ruin of the very foundation of domestic society; that through it there exist only adulterous unions, and never lawful marriages. Moreover, rational ethics and the true science of jurisprudence, whether we consider the case of the individual or of public society, condemn divorce. Reason, experience, the authority of eminent men well qualified to judge, as well as in philosophical sciences as judicial, demonstrate with absolute evidence that the divorce is repugnant to the principles of morality and justice, and is the ill omened source of immense evils, to individuals, to families and to civil society. As Pope Leo has declared, marriages are thus rendered unstable, mutual confidence is restrained, there is temptation to infidelity, the well-being and proper education of children is jeopardized, there is a constant incentive to the disruption of family life, the seeds of discord between families are sown, the dignity of woman is debased, for she will be sought only for the gratification of low passions and then abandoned. A special wrong may be mentioned in the case of civil divorce from mixed marriages. Here the non-Catholic contracting parties are allowed by the State to marry again, and such ensuing civil marriages are protected by the laws. But the Catholic parties are not allowed to marry again, and thus are left without the protection which civil law affords to those who enter into the marriage contract legitimately. In this case, the non-Catholic divorced persons are allowed to profit by their own excesses. What shall we say of the children? Their education belongs to the parents by the law of nature. The need the father's firmness and labor with the mother's love and ceaseless care. The cruel separation of spouses destroys the training and the future of children. The Catholic Church has never ceased to protest against divorce. She has never sanctioned the dissolution of a valid and consummated marriage. There may be calumnies to the contrary; but they are absolutely devoid of truth.—The Messenger.

BISHOPS OF SPAIN.

The Spanish bishops who were present at the recent Catholic Congress of Compostella have issued a Joint Pastoral Letter. It is a document worthy of the venerable and learned episcopate of Spain. The bishops review the anti-Catholic tendencies of the times, and, with philosophical power, show how impregnable is the position of the Catholic Church. The Kingdom of God on earth, they observe, has a determinate and juridical form, which consecrates the natural principle of the unity of the human race. This form possesses its perfect organization in the Church established by Jesus Christ, who gave to Peter and his successors, the Roman Pontiffs, the character of spiritual directors of humanity.

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We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness. This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

Mr. De Costa's Impressions of Montreal.

Our readers are familiar with the name of Mr. B. F. De Costa, the former Anglican clergyman of New York, who created such a sensation a couple of years ago, by joining the Catholic Church. Mr. De Costa is an eminent lecturer and a versatile writer. Shortly after his conversion he delivered a most eloquent and instructive lecture in this city. Since then he has paid a couple of visits to Montreal. In some of his recent writings he tells of his impressions and if we are to conclude from what he has said about our city, and from what we have heard whispered here, we may again, in the near future, have an opportunity of hearing him deliver one of his logical and lucid lectures. In the article that we have just read, from the pen of Mr. De Costa, in the New York "Freeman's Journal," there is a very kindly reference to our great central Irish Catholic parish. Amongst other pleasant comments, the writer says:—"After seeing the Cathedral and the Church of Notre Dame, one naturally makes his way to St. Patrick's, built by the Sulpicians, who have the work in charge. The edifice is one that would justify considerable description, being stately, well situated and possessing almost cathedral proportions. Though no stranger to Montreal, I saw the Church for the first time. It is a most enjoyable Church, and notwithstanding its stately and splendid, one feels at home. Perhaps in this, alone of all the churches in Montreal, does the stranger have the home feeling. The hearty Irishman is in evidence, and now and then a good, rich brogue, which politicians admire before an election, overrides the local 'patois,' so that one might almost fancy himself at home." Then speaking of our school system he contrasts it, much to the credit of the Canadian system, with that which obtains in the United States. It is thus he speaks:—"While we were there, Father Callahan preached a sermon on education, speaking particularly of the Catholic High School, which he is seeking to make one of the best schools of its kind. Certainly the Catholics of Montreal are capable of achieving this result, and it will not be the fault of the rector of St. Patrick's if the school is not placed on a secure footing. This means a great deal of labor, money and sacrifice. "We found the school system of Canada in a much better condition than that of the United States. With us, Protestants entertain the notion that it is neither practical nor desirable to have a division of the school fund, and thus force Catholics to support their own schools and pay their quota for the other schools besides. It is hard to make our American non-Catholic brethren understand that any other plan could be carried out. If the school funds were divided the Republic might fall! In fact, the plan advocated in the United States by Catholics forms a conspiracy against the Government and the whole social order! If the fund were divided, liberty might perish! People of this persuasion should make a trip to Canada. There the school fund is divided. Each class has, as it wishes, its own schools, and the foundations of the Parliament House do not jar. A special article should be devoted to this subject, and, therefore, it is now passed with a few remarks. Catholics, however, as well as Protestants need to know the condition of the educational system across the line, where Catholic, Protestant and Jew each have the benefit of funds, no one being the worse off for the arrangement, which is quite satisfactory. It should be so in the United States, and the agitation along these lines may be kept up with a fair prospect of success. With schools conducted on religious principles with religious instruction, the moral atmosphere of Canada is superior to that of the United States, and all social interests are on a better footing. Canada is now giving an effective object lesson in toleration, and the success that attends the system should commend it to our own people. This system is one that Catholics gave to the Protestants of Canada, and non-Catholics in the United States, and should see the propriety of giving this liberty to Catholics." To say the least this is both complimentary and encouraging, and coming from such an eminent educationalist and one who has experienced life in both the Protestant and Catholic communions, it should teach our people the value of their educational institutions, and the necessity of supporting and protecting them in every possible way. A lecture from Mr. De Costa on a like subject would be highly interesting.

SATURDAY. OUR CURBSTO OBSERVER. I AM not going upon the words of the rosary as sweet if name; but on occasion to observe terms and name prevalent amongst. I refer to parents by children given to children my times, and it them the "good o" ents were known "father" and "mo something noble a these titles. The vey an immensity the word mother i ness that no other use can translate of his father, he a whole sermon, h authority and filia nity and affection and respect and v other. When you ing of his mother note that the wor blest and purest s his being is capab universal Father, of God is the mo hood in the world, instinctively respe pays due respect t mother. OLD TIMES CI words of Scott ar "Old times are Old manners gon To-day, in vastl the words of fatho looked upon as to be used by the sn of the age. They rents as "the old old woman"—just had never been y grown aged in w for them; just as to become, themse old women. W a young lad, with and his lack of talking about the may set him dow and misguided, than brains, and heart. He may be slang of the day, self very clever wh littleness before th ly unrefined and companions; but I guilty of any nob move in life that dit on his father, pleasure and of le the heart of his n others, less vulga spective, who pos and who call the error," or "the b er such name, th an acknowledgment, thority, but which doubt upon the ad paternal superiority ing that might be wrong, in this wa one's father; but i nor is it as respect deserves. The sar the more childli of papa and mam words give evid able degree of lov even of close atta are too childlike t what we suppose ther or mother by ter who has adva In fact, I cannot term more elevati more refining th whole question ma upon the strict of grand law which father and thy mo NICKNAMES.— this regard as far are concerned, it parents have, of into the still wor their children by A FRANCISCO The Golden Jub of the Franciscan saph, England, w the monastic chur A large number of

SEPT. 27, 1902.

Dispositions of Montreal.

are familiar with the B. F. De Costa, the clergyman of New York, who had such a sensation some years ago, by joining the ranks of the Catholics. Mr. De Costa is a versatile man and a convert after his conversion a most eloquent lecturer in this city. He has paid a couple of lectures. In some of his lectures he tells of his impressions of the Catholics. He says that we are to conclude from what we have heard that we may again, in some way, have an opportunity to deliver one of his lectures.

That we have just seen of Mr. De Costa, a "Freeman's Journal" very kindly referred to the central Irish Catholic, amongst other pleasant things, says:— "The Cathedral and Notre Dame, one of the ways to St. Patrick's, the Sulpicians, who are in charge. The edifice is well considered, being stately, well proportioned, and possessing almost all the beauties of architecture. Though no cathedral, I saw the first time. It is a fine Church, and not its stateliness and pomp at home. Perhaps of all the churches in the city the stranger have the hearty Irishman and now and then a few, who politicians an election, overrides the 'ois,' so that one fancy himself at

of our school systems, it is much to the Canadian system, with its aims in the United States. He speaks:— "There, Father Calvert, a sermon on education, particularly of the School, which he is one of the best kind. Certainly the Montreal are capable of result, and it will not the rector of St. Patrick's is not placed on labor, money and sa-

the school system of the United States. With its practical notion of a division of the labor, and thus force Catholic their own schools, and a quota for the other. It is hard to make non-Catholic brethren at any other plan out. If the school of the Republic had the plan advocated by the States by Catholic conspiracy against the whole social order were divided, Irish! People of this land make a trip to the school fund in class has, it is schools. The special article should this subject, and now passed with Catholics, however, parents need to know the educational system, where Catholic, Jew each have the no one being the arrangement, which it should be States, and these lines may be fair prospect of such schools conducted on religious with religious in moral atmosphere of prior to that of the and all social inter- better footing. Canada in effective object lesson, and the success system should com- own people. This that Catholics gave that of Canada, and the United States, the propriety of giving Catholics."

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OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. ON NAMES AND TITLES.

I AM not going to philosophize upon the worn-out quotation about the rose that would smell as sweet if called by any other name; but I have recently had occasion to observe the abuse of terms and names that has grown so prevalent amongst the rising generation. I refer to the titles given to parents by children and the names given to children by parents. In former times, and it is no harm to call them the "good old days," the parents were known and addressed as "father" and "mother." There was something noble and Christian in these titles. The word father conveys an immensity of meaning, and the word mother is full of a tenderness that no other term in our language can translate. When one speaks of his father, he gives expression to a whole sermon, he tells of paternal authority and filial obedience, of dignity and affection on the one hand and respect and veneration on the other. When you hear a man speaking of his mother you cannot but note that the word evokes the noblest and purest sentiments of which his being is capable. God is the universal Father, while the Mother of God is the model of all motherhood in the world. You cannot but instinctively respect the one who pays due respect to his father and mother.

OLD TIMES CHANGED.—But the words of Scott are ever true: "Old times are changed, Old manners gone."

Today, in vastly too many cases, the words of father and mother are looked upon as too old fashioned to be used by the smart young fellows of the age. They speak of their parents as "the old man," and "the old woman"—just as if their parents had never been young, or had never grown aged in working and caring for them; just as if they were never to become, themselves, old men and old women. When you hear a young lad, with his inexperience and his lack of useful knowledge, talking about the "old man," you may set him down as both ill-bred and misguided. He has more wit than brains, and more cuteness than heart. He may be an expert in the slang of the day, and consider himself very clever when he flaunts his littleness before the gaze of an equally unrefined and uneducated set of companions; but he will never be guilty of any noble deed or grand move in life that might reflect credit on his father, or bring a glow of pleasure and of legitimate pride to the heart of his mother. There are others, less vulgar and less disrespectful, who possibly mean well, and who call the father, "the governor," or "the boss," or some other such name, that indicates at least an acknowledgment of paternal authority, but which equally casts a doubt upon the acknowledgment of paternal superiority. There is nothing that might be called unfilial, or wrong, in this way of referring to one's father; but it is not dignified, nor is it as respectful as the parent deserves. The same may be said of the more childish and familiar terms of papa and mamma. While these words give evidence of a considerable degree of love and veneration—even of close attachment—still they are too childlike to correspond with what we suppose to be due to a father or mother by a son, or daughter who has advanced into real life. In fact, I cannot conceive of any term more elevating than father, or more refining than mother. But the whole question may be based safely upon the strict observance of the grand law which says: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

NICKNAMES.—If children sin in this regard as far as their parents are concerned, it seems to me that parents have, of late years, fallen into the still worse habit of calling their children by most impossible

names. I can readily understand the endearing words of a mother for her baby, or little child; but it is unfair to the child to oblige it to grow up with a name that has absolutely no meaning, as far as the world and practical life are concerned. What is the use of obliging a young person to go through life with "Birdie" or "Bertie," or "Lullie," or "Queenie," or any such name tacked on to him or to her? Even the ordinary abbreviations of regular names become most absurd, as the years pass onward. Many a young man has been glad to escape from home and from the circle of his youth's acquaintances in order to assume his real name and to avoid the nicknames that those familiar with him from childhood always applied to him. I remember once reading of an American general, of world-wide reputation, who told how he was addressed in different centres. In New York, as in Washington, or in London, or in Paris, or elsewhere in the great world he was called "General;" when he reached his own State they called him "Captain;" when he got to the town where he had been educated they called him Richard; and when he reached his native village they called him Dick; and a few old-timers remembered him as "Lanky Dick," a nickname that in boyhood he had received from his companions.

GREAT NAMES.—Great names, or the names of great men, are not unfrequently given to children, especially by parents who have merely before their eyes the renown of the men whose names they borrow, but who forget the future of their children. It may be pardonable in some cases, but as a rule, it is very unsafe to give a child the name of any living man; for, no matter how good or great the man may be, there is no possibility of knowing how sorry the child, in after years, may be to have his future coupled with that special personage—even by name. An instance of this may be found in a family called Moore, of the State of Vermont. Away back in the revolutionary days, a young Moore was born, and his parents were so patriotically enthusiastic over the renown and military glory of an American general, that they called the child "Benedict Arnold Moore." Needless to tell any person, who is familiar with American history; how disappointed those parents were later on, when the name of Benedict Arnold became the synonym for treachery and treason. Nor need we be surprised that the child, who without any co-operation or agreement on his part, was obliged to face life with such a name as a handicap, sought to have his name changed by legislative authority and succeeded in having it changed to "Benjamin Arnold Moore."

These are only a few reflections upon a subject that might lend itself to considerable development. At all events there is nothing to equal the good, homely names of the past, and I am under the impression that the Catholic Church insists that a child's name, given in baptism, be that of some saint in the Church's calendar, of this I am not positive, but in practice I know that every Catholic child has some one name that can be traced to a saint of the Church. In France, it was a custom to add "Marie" to the name of every child—both male and female. Hence it is that we find so many eminent Frenchmen called—for example—Jean-Marie, or Pierre-Marie, or Francois-Xavier-Marie—or any other name with the "Marie" added thereto. This is a distinct act of veneration for Our Blessed Lady, and a custom that has declined in proportion as infidelity increased in certain circles. Any way, I have had occasion to note that parents are not sufficiently considerate in the selection of names for their children, and the children suffer in consequence through after years.

sent from all parts of the country. The monasteries of Peckham, Crawley, Erith, Olton and Chester were represented. High Mass was sung by the Bishop of Menevia, and an appropriate sermon was preached by Father Anselm, O.S.F.C. He told how the friars came at the late Lord Denbigh's invitation in 1852, the first Superior being Father Louis of Lavagna. When the monks were expell-

ed at the "Reformation," one of them, a holy old man who lived amongst the peasants, consoled them by saying the race of the Pennants should not die out till the monks lived and labored again in the old abbey lands. Certain it was that Louisa Pennant, who in 1846 married the late Lord Denbigh, was the last of her race.

As a matter of strict historical accuracy, the Friars did not take up their residence at Pantasaph until October 25th, 1852, but the celebration is being anticipated by a few weeks to allow the Fathers of the Provincial Chapter to take part in the ceremony.

Pantasaph Monastery is the Mother House of the English Province. There it has been that since the Friars returned to England the novices of the province have been trained and formed until they take their first vows. It is in truth the seminary where the seed is sown which afterwards becomes a tree. And for the purpose of a novitiate house no more suitable spot could have been chosen. The white-facaded church and monastery are placed against the dark background of the fir-clad hill, and look out towards the mountainous ranges of Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Snowdonia. High above the monastery, on the summit of the hill, is the magnificent Calvary, from which one can cast the eye across the river Dee to smoky Liverpool, and to the heavy coast-line of Lancashire as far as and beyond the Blackpool tower.

Pantasaph is a quiet spot, recalling the simplicity and calm of some old Italian time-worn city, such as Assisi. Only at Pantasaph there is nothing time-worn except the hills. The monastery, the orphanage, the houses and cottages dotted here and there, or clustering around the monastery, are all quite modern; the oldest building—the church—but fifty years old, and the new wing of the monastery but a baby of one year. But the spirit of St. Francis pervades the place and gives to it a human interest, and to the new colony an ancient tradition.

Then, again, the place has its own local traditions. Two miles away over the hill is Holywell, the old-time town sacred to St. Winefride, whither pilgrims go, bringing their sick from all parts of England. But the country has more than one holy well; there is St. David's Well, which local tradition says sprang into existence at the prayer of St. David, and a little further off, a St. Michael's Well. Another Celtic tradition is connected with an ancient cross whither penitents went in Catholic days to atone for their sins. And the ridge on which the Calvary stands is said to be notable in Welsh history as the spot on which Owen Glendower ordered his first retreat, when defending his country against the English. Such a place, both by its past local traditions and its present Catholic traditions, is a fit retreat for those youth who seek entrance into "the most human of Orders." Well might Father Louis of Lavagna and his early companions rejoice in the foundation they laid of the new province. As the Fathers of the province celebrate the coming of these first Friars they will recall their memory as of men great in their generation. For Louis of Lavagna, Lawrence of Inst, Seraphin of Bruges, Emidius of Civitanova, and Anthony of Montelupo were all men of remarkable talents and force of character. They lie buried, one in Canada, one in Ireland, two in Pantasaph, and one in Crawley. As the Pantasaph celebration is a homage to the memory of these Fathers, it is equally so to the memory of the good and chivalrous benefactor who brought them to their Welsh retreat, the late Earl of Denbigh, and the gentle woman, his wife, who, together with him, consecrated to the Catholic Faith and the service of God that tract of Welsh and above the Dee.

The elections at the Provincial Chapter resulted thus: Provincial, Very Rev. Father Anselm; Definitor, Very Rev. Father Seraphin (Bologner), Bernard, Alphonsus, and Seraphin (Honnibal); First Custos, Very Rev. Father Joseph; Second Custos, Very Rev. Father Anthony.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the Divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

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Catholics and Their Colleges.

Of the various problems which confront a young man at the beginning of his collegiate life one of the most important, and in many cases most difficult, is the selection of a college which he will attend.

To the Catholic student in particular is this period of life important. The non-Catholic has always maintained that his education is a thing to be differentiated from his religion, so that to him it can make very little difference, other things being equal, with what educational community he casts his lot. The Catholic, on the other hand, has had his religion and his education inextricably intertwined; and to him it is a matter of the greatest moment whether he shall continue to receive his education pervaded with the subtle influence of religion or entirely destitute of it.

And this is the fundamental reason why it is of such importance that Catholic young men should choose to attend Catholic institutions of learning. The day of argument that Catholic schools are inferior in point of educational efficiency to those of non-Catholic or non-religious persuasion, is past. That was a fallacy of tenacious life and wide dissemination, but the recent controversy between President Eliot of Harvard University and Father Bronsahan, of Holy Cross College, has clearly put that question at rest. It is a fact which is coming to be universally recognized that Catholic colleges are pre-eminent in the matter of imparting a thoroughly rounded out education, a development of character rather than a teaching of facts.

"You do not educate a man," says Ruskin, "by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not," and this is precisely the key note of Catholic instruction. It recognizes that the province of education is not simply to communicate dry, isolated facts of science or history, but to train the mind to correct, local thinking, to teach, as Bishop Spalding says, "habits of right thinking and right doing."

It is also of the greatest moment to the Catholic people in general that the ranks of the students in Catholic schools be not depleted by defections to non-Catholic schools. What the Catholic Church needs more than anything else is men of intelligence and education, and its members must be, as much as possible, Catholics from conviction as well as from training. The tendency of the present day is to attach, relatively, too much importance to morals and too little to faith. Men, as Bishop Spalding says, belong to a church in some such manner as they belong to a political party, and as a political party must have a platform, so a church must have a creed, but acceptance of the creed is not to be demanded of its members so much as that they regulate their lives by its code of morals. Religion is coming to be regarded as a mode of life rather than a way of thinking. From this, probably, proceeds in a great measure, the religious indifference of the present day. If morals are everything and theological tenets unimportant, then it matters not to what church one belongs, provided he lives a good life.

The Catholic should know how fallacious is this argument, and the only means of insuring to him the state of mind and the clearness of logic which will enable him to deal with this as with all other fallacies of religion and of life is to bring him up educationally in an atmosphere of proper religious influence.

But the Catholic student who seeks his education at a non-Catholic school is not always to be charged with lack of Catholic spirit. The Catholic public has been culpably lethargic in its neglect of Catholic institutions and in its lack of recognition of educational attainments among Catholic students. This disposition is of a piece with its treatment of Catholic endeavor along whatsoever line it is directed. Catholic authors are largely neglected, Catholic newspapers, generally, have not the circulation they deserve, and so it has been with the graduates of Catholic colleges.

The Catholic student concluded, of course, that he could not afford to be handicapped by the inferiority which his attendance at a Catholic college would seem to imply.

Fortunately, this condition is, we may say, well-nigh a thing of the past, and a healthy condition of Catholic thought and appreciation is observable in this, as in almost every other department of effort.

The result will be to bring back to the Catholic lecture rooms the stud-

ents who have formerly sought for instruction and social and educational prestige elsewhere; to generate in the minds of the students of Catholic colleges feelings of self-reliance and confidence to compete with those of non-Catholic schools, and to extend its beneficial influence to the whole Catholic population.—The New World.

Looking for the True Religion.

There are very many at the present day, very much occupied and interested in religious discussions. Amongst such persons are to be found those who are honestly and eagerly desirous to find out where the real truth can be found amidst the numberless conflicting and contradictory creeds and religions that exist throughout the world.

Owing to the great variety of contradictory religions that exist many conscientious inquirers lose courage in their endeavors to discover where the true one can be found. The undertaking presents difficulties that multiply as they proceed in their investigations and this leads only too many sincere persons to give up the work as a hopeless task.

It is not because a person has attained the full use of reason that he can, without aid, discover for himself exactly what he is bound to know, believe and live up to, in order to fulfil the end of his creation, the salvation of his immortal soul.

The first question to answer then is: What are the dispositions and preparations of soul, necessary in order to discover with certainty what the doctrines are that God demands of rational man, to study, know, believe, profess and live up to as conditions absolutely necessary for salvation?

In reply it must be said that the first disposition and preparation of soul, of a person who would come to the knowledge of the truths is a sincere, conscientious desire to find out the truth and a readiness and determination, "no matter at what sacrifice" to embrace the truth and live up to it when found.

Any person who would start to investigate the truth for himself should first of all, carefully endeavor to form these dispositions in his heart and soul. He should examine himself with the utmost rigor and resolve, before proceeding further, to cast aside every obstacle that he may find in his soul, at variance with these essential dispositions.

To enter upon the arduous task of searching for the truths he is bound to believe, without this preparation, would be to attempt a building without a foundation. It would be beginning at the wrong end and would in most cases prove fruitless.

Amongst the large class of truth-seekers it may be said to be "sincerely" desirous to find where the truth is amid the numerous forms of belief that exist, but their sincerity ends there. They do not possess that disposition of mind and will to embrace and follow the truth "at any cost" when found. Hence, without this essential disposition of soul all their labor proves to be "labor in vain."

It is, therefore, certain that a readiness, a willingness, and a full determination to follow and live up to the true religion when once discovered is an indispensable disposition of soul, required for every man who would enter upon the search for truth, if he would expect to ultimately fulfill the conditions necessary to save his soul.

Until he has formed such dispositions he cannot proceed further with any lasting benefit to himself. It may be otherwise, if it were sufficient for salvation, to search for, to study, and to believe in the true religion without having to practice it accordingly, without having to live up to the "faith that is in him."

Hence, those who are interested in searching for truth and who give themselves eagerly to the study of it, without any intention of making any sacrifice for it, may be truly said to be doing nothing for their salvation. Nay, more; their judgment will be all the more severe, in proportion as they come to know what they are bound to believe and practice, if they fail to live up to the lights they may have received.

The many, then, for example, who are continually arguing matters of religious belief, for argument's sake, and without any sincerity or wish to find out the true religion in order to embrace it and work out their salvation, are working to no purpose, as far as the eternal interests of their souls are concerned.

Needless to say, that with them

may also be classed those who will not make the sacrifices that their religious convictions demand.

How many there are, for instance, who will not embrace the truth when found, because members of their families, who are less enlightened, are opposed to it?

How many others will not take the step because of some pecuniary loss that they would have to suffer thereby?

Such persons deplorably miscalculate what is at stake and seem not to understand the importance of saving their immortal souls at any cost. Whilst they remain thus disposed, it is in vain for them to study the truths they are not willing to embrace, the same may be said of all who would refuse to follow and embrace the truth when found, for any reason whatsoever.

If, as has been stated, to believe the truths that God demands us to believe were sufficient for salvation, if faith alone would save us, the difficulty should not exist, but "Faith without good works is dead," "The devils believe 'it' and tremble."

Lastly, there are many who are most eager in searching for truth, and who imagine they have the necessary dispositions to follow it "at any cost" when found, but who fail to do so when it comes to make the necessary sacrifices.

It is, therefore, of essential importance to carefully and firmly form these dispositions and thus prepare the soul; before entering with sincerity and earnestness in the search for and the study of the true religion.—C. E. B., in the Inter-mountain Catholic.

Catholics and the Coal Question.

The scarcity of coal, owing to the prolongation of the miners' strike, is giving anxiety not to Catholic householders only, but to Catholic pastors as well, as the heating of churches and schools during the coming winter promises to be a matter of considerable importance.

A reporter of the Boston "Daily Post" has been interviewing the Catholic pastors of that city on the subject, with the following results:— But few of the Catholic churches and parochial schools of Boston are prepared to meet the shortage of coal this winter.

While the pastors of the different churches say they might suffer some from the coal strike, still they say that under no circumstances will the churches or schools be closed.

At the Church of the Immaculate Conception and at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross the coal situation is not causing much fear. The pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church made an agreement with a coal dealer, early in the spring, to have the winter's supply of coal furnished for Boston College at the regular price then prevailing.

This church, however, has no coal on hand at present. In any event, it is said, the church and college would remain open.

St. Augustine's Church, in South Boston, is not affected by the high prices. The Rev. John J. Harkins stated that they had purchased a large quantity of coal early in the summer, at the outbreak of the coal trouble, and at present had enough to furnish the St. Augustine School on E street and St. Augustine's Church until next February.

During the six months from Oct. 1 to April 1 about 200 tons of coal are used in this parish.

The Church of the Most Holy Redeemer in East Boston, is said by the priests to be provided for. There is sufficient coal in this parish to provide both for the Fitten parochial school and the church up to the first of next year.

St. Mary's Church, in Charlestown, has practically no coal in store, as the pastor, the Rev. Father McMahon, is to shortly change his residence. Father McMahon, however, made an agreement with a coal dealer, before the strike, whereby he was to furnish St. Mary's parochial school, in Charlestown, as well as St. Mary's Church, with coal whenever the occasion required it.

"If the worst comes," said Father McMahon, "and there should be no coal, we would have to make the best of it."

Father McMahon also said that if it was necessary he would have heat only at the Sunday services.

As was stated by the other pastors, Father McMahon said that church would keep open anyway.

Among other churches, with parochial schools, that are fairly provided for in the way of coal, are St. James's Church on Harrison avenue, St. Stephen's Church of Hancock street and St. Mary's Church on Endicott street.

A FRANCISCAN JUBILEE

The Golden Jubilee of the arrival of the Franciscan Friars at Pantasaph, England, was celebrated at the monastic church there last week. A large number of visitors were pre-

Rare Qualities Of the Irish Race.

The Irish people are mainly composed of two great elements, the Milesian and the Norman; conquerors both, says a writer in the Chicago "Citizen." The ancient chroniclers of Ireland are very partial to the Milesians, and describe them as prodigal of gifts, reckless in battle and haughty in spirit. The Normans, fierce Scandinavian warriors, married Breton and Galla-Roman wives, begat a race whose history is the romance of chivalry. After the Normans had conquered the Anglo-Saxons nearly 200 years elapsed before they would condescend to take Saxon women for their wives.

They came to Ireland, as they went to other countries, in search of adventure and fortunes to be won by their long swords. They met the Milesian and fought him hand to hand and foot to foot; but when they encountered the Milesian sisters they surrendered unconditionally to their charms. These Norman barons might be described as democratic aristocrats, for they had little regard for any chief who had not brains and courage adequate to keep them in subjection. They admired individuality, and even Giraldus Cambrensis tells us that they praised the manly independence that characterized the Milesian clansman's intercourse with his chief. Milesian and Norman were kindred spirits, and if it had been the fate of Ireland to have given birth to a son fierce and strong who could have hammered Milesian chiefs and Norman lords into national unity the story of Ireland, and perhaps of Europe, would have been different from what it is to-day.

The qualities of these bold and no doubt lawless warriors can be traced in the character of the Irish people to-day, for whatever their shortcomings may be their valor on the battlefield is proverbial the world over. There are other circumstances that tend to make the Irish a proud race, and one of them is the fact that, as a result of Ireland's centuries of wars, the blood of the noblest and the humblest has been so intermingled that they are to-day unable to conceive any class of mortals superior to themselves by virtue of birth or blood.

Merit alone can win the tribute of his respect. The chiefs and lords that live in the hearts of the Irish people are the dead heroes who come to life again in the fireside tales and songs of the peasant's home. Standish O'Grady says in one of his interesting articles in the All Ireland Review:

"Our last Irish aristocracy was Catholic, intensely and fanatically royalist and cavalier, and compounded of elements which were Norman Irish and Milesian Irish. They worshipped the crown when the crown had become a phantom or a ghost, and the prince whom they worshipped was not able to save them or himself. They lost everything, but they did not lose that their overthrow was bewailed in songs and music which will not cease to sound for centuries yet.

"Shaun O'Dwyer o' Glanna
We're worried in the game."

Worsted they were, for they made a fatal mistake and they had to go; but they carried honor with them, and they founded noble or princely families all over the continent.

Who laments the destruction of the present Anglo-Irish aristocracy? Perhaps in broad Ireland not one. They fall from the land while innumerable eyes are dry, and their fall will not be bewailed in one piteous dirge or one sorrowful melody.

This grand old aristocracy did not all go to Europe; it went down and mixed with the people, and its spirit is manifest in the heroic steadfastness of the Irish race to-day. Father Thebaud says in reference to the weird story of the Irish people:

"Lastly, the intensity of the suffering produced by the penal laws during the eighteenth century linked the nation in closer bonds of union still, and this time gave them a unanimity which became invincible. Their final motto was then adopted and will stand forever unchanged. In the clan period it was 'Our sept and our chieftain;' under the Tudors 'Our religion and our native lords;' under the Stuarts it suddenly became 'God and the king;' it changed once more, never to change again; it

was embraced in one word, the name of Him who had never deserted them who alone stood firm on their side—'God'."

Ireland's lords and chiefs died with honor, they live in her heart; her kings, for whom she bled through every pore, proved false; and, as Father Thebaud says, God alone remained. To-day the majesty of God is the only majesty for which the Irish people have love or reverence.

The Coal Miners' Strike

Before a mass meeting of ten thousand workmen, in Madison Square, New York, on Saturday last, John Mitchell declared that the striking anthracite mine workers will remain out all winter, if necessary to gain their end, and are in a position to do so.

"After four weary months," he said, "the miners stand as strong as when the strike began. I want to say to you, and to the American people, that the miners never will return to the mines until they are treated as American workmen should be, and, thanks to the generous assistance given them by you and other American workmen, they can and will stand out all winter if necessary to win this fight."

Mr. Mitchell had arrived from Wilkesbarre in the afternoon and spent nearly all the time until the mass meeting at the Ashland House in conference with Samuel Gompers and local labor leaders.

For an hour before Mr. Mitchell's arrival in Madison Square workmen had been gathering, and, headed by a band and carrying transparencies, most of which declared for public ownership of the mines and of railways, marched about the park.

Mr. Mitchell said: "I feel that I might with propriety also address you as fellow victims of the heartless crusade of the Coal Trust against American workmen," and for several minutes he could say no more for the applause.

"Had the Coal Trust known four months ago that in order to crush the American people as well," he went on, "it would not have resisted the eminently fair demands of the miners. I need not tell you of the long continued efforts of the miners to avert the strike, nor that it is not the fault of the miners that you are now paying \$11 a ton for coal. Every overture made by the miners has been refused."

"Evidently the Coal Trust believed that within two months it could drive the men back into the mines to endure the old conditions, but the result has been far different, and the end is not in sight."

"There has been a constant effort on the part of the coal mine presidents to deceive the public as to the real progress of the strike and to divert attention from its real and fundamental object. They say the strike was begun in order to take the mines from their present owners and turn them over to the control of a labor organization. I tell you it is a strike for sufficient wages for men to live on as American workmen should live; to give us enough money to take our little boys and girls out of the mines and send them to school, where they belong."

"Even if we are defeated, which we shall not be, I do not believe it would mean disruption of the union labor movement, though it would give it the severest possible shock. But thanks to the generosity of the American workman we shall win this fight."

Going back to the question of arbitration, Mr. Mitchell said there never has been a time when the miners have not been willing and anxious to meet the railroad presidents in conference, with a view to arriving at a satisfactory settlement of the questions at issue.

"We have proposed that the most eminent churchmen in the country go into the coal fields and see for themselves what the conditions are. If they then decided that we were receiving such wages as an American workman is entitled to we declared that we would return to work without another word of protest."

"But we were met with the statement that philanthropy and religion have nothing to do with business affairs, while one of the most conspicuous of the presidents declared that we practically have no rights whatever. I don't profess to be a labor agitator, but I will stand for living wages and shall continue to advise the miners never to accept less."

Speaking for 150,000 miners and for 500,000 women and children dependent upon them, I thank the people of New York for their generous assistance in this supreme crisis."

Resolutions in favor of public ownership of the coal mines and railways were enthusiastically adopted during the meeting.

The Situation In Ireland.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Just as we anticipated, when we first read of the British Government's intention to proclaim certain sections of Ireland, under Crimes Act of 1887, grave trouble is about to be the natural result. The despatches of the present week are by no means encouraging for all lovers of peace and of liberty. Decidedly the course so suddenly adopted by the authorities in England is one calculated to astonish every person conversant with the conditions in Ireland to-day. If the Government dreams that it is going to either crush out the Home Rule agitation, or to make Ireland a solid part of the Empire, by means of coercion, it is terribly mistaken. It is passing strange that in this enlightened era of the world's history British statesmen alone should be impervious to the solemn truth that responsible government and political autonomy are the only safeguards whereby any section of the Empire can be retained as a useful and friendly help in the work of building up that arch of union between the different parts of the realm. How comes it that the lessons of history have absolutely no significance for these people, at least in as far as they relate to Irish affairs?

We are now told that Mr. John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, and his solid party, bid defiance to the Government of England. This is not a matter of any wonder. A Catholic American journal has very clearly set forth the facts of the situation in an admirable article on the subject of coercion. We take the liberty of reproducing a couple of paragraphs from that article in order to make clear the situation:—"In the year 1887—the year of the jubilee of the late Queen Victoria, which was celebrated with great rejoicing in England—the British Parliament passed, for application exclusively to Ireland, what is commonly called a coercion act, but the official designation of which is 'The Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act, 1887.' By this law the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is empowered to 'proclaim,' whenever he thinks it necessary or desirable, any section of the country, and the effect of such proclamation is to suspend in such section the ordinary operation of law and particularly trial by jury, substituting therefor summary trial by magistrates or judges appointed by the Government. These judges hold their office not for life—ad vitam aut culpam—as the judges in England do, but at the pleasure of the appointing power. The Lord Lieutenant may discharge or remove them from office when he pleases, without assigning any cause. Hence they are popularly called 'removable,' and the people have no confidence whatever in them as administrators of the law, regarding them, and with much good reason, as nothing more than prosecuting agents of the Government."

"It is to such judges as these that the administration of the coercion law is mainly assigned. With what impartiality they will do their judicial work may be inferred not only from the character of their tenure of office, but from the fact that the vast majority of them belong to a class different in race and religious creed from the mass of the Irish people and bitterly opposed to the people politically. It is said that there is no case on record in which, before a 'removable' tribunal, the decision and judgment sought for by the official Crown prosecutors were not granted, so that being accused before such a tribunal is in Ireland regarded, as so well it may, to be the same thing as conviction and sentence. The 'removable' never fails to find the prisoner 'guilty' when the charge is made by the Attorney-General or his representative."

There is law to back up this method of dealing with a people; but law does not always mean justice, nor equity. Were a like system to be tried in any other part of the civilized world the very statesmen, who constitute the British Government of to-day, would be the first to protest, and to interfere. For over a year—not to go any farther back—Ireland has been recognized as a most peace-abiding country; it has been almost crimeless. Why, then, goad the people on to acts that may be interpreted against them, and that might serve as an excuse for excessive measures? Take for ex-

ample, the proclaiming of Dublin; there is not a shadow of an excuse for such a course. The capital city is not proclaimed on account of any dangers that it presents, nor of any special acts of violence of which it has been the theatre. The sole object for branding the entire city, is to have an opportunity of closing up Mr. O'Brien's paper. Well, suppose that end is attained, will it serve the purposes of the Government? By no means. Suppose, even, that the organ is suppressed, and that Mr. O'Brien is arrested, and that he is put behind the bars of some prison, what will be the result? At best, this is the most that the Government can expect to gain by its course. Instead of killing the League it will only serve to impart fresh vigor to it; instead of retarding the Home Rule movement, it can only create renewed sympathy for the cause—and sympathy means strength.

We try to look at the situation in as dispassionate a manner as possible, and for the life of us we cannot understand the reasoning of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Unless it be that the old maxim "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," finds a perfect application in this instance, we are entirely bewildered. To any ordinary mind the action of the Government would appear suicidal; and we do not think that the members of the present administration have any special hankering after political extinction. Decidedly since the retirement of Lord Salisbury from the Premiership, the Government is none too safe; but since it has undertaken to revive the old-time methods of coercion, it surely is driving nails in its own coffin as rapidly as its sledge-hammers can strike.

Lines on the Death of Thomas Heffernan, Esq.

The moment of triumph has come to him now
He has entered the joy of the Lord,
He died with the sunshine of peace on his brow

That peace of eternal reward,
In life he was free from affliction in thought
For deep in his brave manly breast,
Was the pearl of faith that from Ireland he brought—
The faith of St. Patrick so blest.

Of stewardship he gave a righteous account,
No talents were hid nor did rust
E'er tarnish the face of the worthy amount
His Maker did give him in trust;
A Christian he was in full force of the term

Devoted in word and in deed,
Right active in caring each Catholic germ
And proud when he saw it in seed.

For helpmate he found a true woman of choice,
Adorned with real virtue and grace;
Oh, happy such union the Church in her voice
Sure blesses both them and their race;

Four sons and a daughter now stand at the tomb
With the spouse—that mother so fond,
True faith and bright hope banish shadows of gloom;
They look to the happy beyond.

And Thomas and Peter bright sons of his heart,
Stand loved on God's altar to-day,
And from the sweet sacrifice ere they depart
"My God, Pity Father" they pray,
The works of his soul are heaped up on the shore,
Where he a true welcome did meet,
Perhaps the dear pastor who went on before
Was the first pure spirit to greet.

P. J. LEITCH.

TO GUARD THE MATRON'S PURSE.

Pocket picking as a profession is likely to become unprofitable. Mr. Percy Blake, of Brooklands, Cheshire, has invented a contrivance by means of which a woman's pocket may be found when wanted, and kept shut when pickpockets are around. It consists of a scissor shaped spring, which is sewn inside the pocket. The upper portion of the spring, which corresponds to the handles of the scissors, remains open when the lower, or blade, portion is shut. When a lady wishes to open her pocket she grips the handles, which fasten with a catch to allow the pocket to remain open. And when she wishes to close it she touches a spring, which releases the snap and brings the blades together again.

The Month of The Rosary.

October is the month in which the universal devotion of reciting the Rosary publicly and privately, originated. It was in 1208, we learn from the lives of the Saints, St. Dominic knelt in the little chapel of Notre Dame de la Prouille, at the time of a crisis in the history of the church, when the Albigensian heresy was raging, and he implored the great Mother of God to save the church. Our Lady appeared to him and gave him the Rosary, bidding him go forth and preach the devotion.

Twice since the Saint went to heaven has the Church's cause been saved through the Rosary he taught; once by the victory of Lepanto in 1571, on October 7th in the year mentioned, that day falling on the first Sunday in October. It is to commemorate this signal victory that Pius V. appointed a feast to be observed on the first Sunday of October to honor our Blessed Lady under the liturgical title of "The Sollemity of the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Again, in the year 1717 the Turks were defeated at Belgrade and Clement XI. hung the standards of the infidels as trophies of Mary's power in the Church of the Rosary at Rome.

The Very Rev. Dean Ling, in his book "Our Favorite Devotions," says, on the subject:

"The Rosary given by our Immaculate Mother to St. Dominic is a devotion consisting of oral prayers and meditations combined on the fifteen principal mysteries of the life, sufferings, death and resurrection of Our Divine Lord and of the joys and glory of His Most Blessed Mother. The Rosary has a twofold object. First, love of God and adoration of and compassion with Our Lord in His sufferings; second, petition through Mary for grace and mercy."

"The Rosary is certainly a great devotion among the people. Encouraged by the church, they have taken up this mode of prayer, always carry their beads with them and use them in preference to a prayer-book. Pope Leo XIII. has made the Rosary his special devotion and has year after year called the attention of the people to it. The Rosary is, therefore, the holiest of devotions, for it is the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin. It is the most consoling prayer, for through the merits of Jesus Christ and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin he will obtain eternal salvation. St. Francis de Sales, in his hard apostolic labors, found time to recite the entire Rosary every day.

"St. Alphonsus Rodriguez found in the beads and the meditation made during their recitation all instruction in Christian perfection. In all our necessities we can recite the beads and ask God's assistance through Mary, Queen of the Holy Rosary."

Notes From Scotland.

DEATH OF A NUN.—The death is announced of the Rev. Mother Margaret Mary Smith, at St. Margaret's Convent, Whitehouse Loan, Edinburgh. She was 68 years of age, and had attained her 39th year as a member of the Ursuline Order.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—On this subject an instructive, and faith-inspiring lecture was delivered in the Church of the Sacred Heart by the Rev. Father Tarleton, S.J., who eloquently extolled the extraordinary care and tenderness which our invisible guardians from Heaven evince towards us in our pilgrimage through life. Did we but fully realize their great solicitude for our welfare we could not but help showing the liveliest possible devotion to our dear guardian angels.

A PRESENTATION.—Rev. Father Carroll, of St. Lawrence's, Greenock, who takes a keen and sympathetic interest in the cause of total abstinence, has been presented by the women's branch of the local League of the Cross with a number of useful presents as a mark of their grateful appreciation of his services. The gifts included a travelling outfit and a gold-mounted umbrella, suitably inscribed.

A RETIRED PASTOR.—The Rev. John Macdonald, who lately retired from the charge of St. Mun's, Dunoon, has been presented by the Catholics and other inhabitants of that town with an illuminated address and purse of sovereigns as a token of the universal esteem in

which he is lovingly and most deservedly held by all classes in the seaside resort. Father Macdonald has been in active service as an able Highland priest for forty-four years, having been ordained in 1858.

SCHOOL EXAMS.—A recent publication of the Merit Certificates in the West of Scotland shows the Catholic schools of the Glasgow archdiocese to maintain a high standard of general efficiency. Nearly all the candidates presented for examination have successfully survived the Imperial Inspector's intellectual inquisition. It is the only British inquisition that Irish Catholic parents in this part of the country don't prohibit their cherished children from submitting to.

EYRE MEMORIAL.—One of the most pleasing and noteworthy features of the contributions towards this fund is, the readiness of the various branches of the League of the Cross of the archdiocese of Glasgow to vote substantial sums. The latest donation in this direction is \$250 from St. Francis' League of the Cross. When are the Young Men's Societies and the other Societies of the city which the late prelate did so much to foster, going to begin to contribute as distinct bodies their humble yet welcome mite?

IRISH REUNIONS.—The approach of the Irish county reunion season in Glasgow always brings with it plenty of lively excitement and interest for Hibernia's children in the West of Scotland. This season opens on the 5th of November with the Donegal reunion in the City Hall, at which Cardinal Logue presides, supported by the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, who has kindly accepted an invitation to attend. On the 14th of the same month the natives of Cavan will hold their annual gathering in the Grand Hall of the Waterloo Rooms.

A BENEFACTOR DEAD.—By the death of Mr. Thomas Bowie, of Lanark, which took place somewhat unexpectedly at Middlesborough, the Catholic Church in the Glasgow archdiocese has lost one of its kindest and most thoughtful benefactors. More than fifty years ago Mr. Bowie became a convert to the Faith, and one of his many subsequent services to the Church was the generous gift of \$5,000 towards the fund for the acquirement of the Symplum estate at Lanark, which has become one of the best known charities in the West of Scotland. Mr. Bowie was, like all true converts, a deeply religious man.

LAWNSTON GUILDS.—All the Guilds in connection with the Sacred Heart mission have now resumed their weekly meetings for the autumn and winter session. A splendid gathering of the Children of Mary was held last week, and an excellent address was delivered to them by their Spiritual Director, Father Bader, S.J. In a few weeks' time the sewing class will begin. The boys' guild also met under the presidency of Father Tarleton, S.J., whose words of wise advice were highly appreciated by the lads.

Churches Burned Down

Recent news from North Carolina is somewhat alarming. Sometime ago it was announced that a number of "shack churches" were being erected in the mountain regions of the far south. A number of these were built in North Carolina, where missionaries have been at work nearly two years. Many converts have been made, and, until recently, the outlook has been one of considerable brightness.

Now, however, a change has come with lightning suddenness. News has arrived that an outbreak of a virulent bigotry has shown itself in many sections of North Carolina. Catholics are regarded more dangerous than Mormons by those new Boxers. Nor is the hatred referred to confined to language alone. Passion is applying the torch to places of Catholic worship. Two churches already have been given to flames. One is a shack church in the interior; the other is that of St. Teresa, six miles from Raleigh.

The same report states that of late great activity on the part of Catholics has manifested itself in the erection of chapels at intervals throughout the rural districts. So ignorant are the people in these parts that they believe this to be the forerunner of great evil. In consequence, they have been wrought up to a highly excited condition. This to a highly excited condition. This has been accentuated by a secular country weekly, which counsels that the people treat the Catholics as they would the Mormons. What this means can be best judged from the above incendiary act.

Philanthropy Side of Religion

A notable feature incident to the laying stone of the chapel of the Heart Industrial School for Boys at J., on Sunday last was the sermon on "The Philanthropy Side of Religion," by Rev. F. of St. Joseph's Church.

Father Foy's sermon practical and purpose here given in full—"For other foundations lay but that which I Christ Jesus."—I. Co We are here to-day in the setting of a sun in one more edifice for the worship of God. It is the chapel of the Heart Industrial School, a ceremony performed of the culminating event of caring for destitute boys extending over twenty-five years. I to the history of to make personal allusion have conducted it; for says, "He that glorifies in the Lord." been successful from this institution is a kind in the land. W foundation for a ch industrial school.

But, my friends, v done to-day with tro and stone is only the sical expression of w been done by a powe ours; done before we spot. This stone is c of the real foundatio work from the beginn thor of all good wor Paul says to the Cor er foundation no ma that which is laid, w Jesus."

Let us then go to ation for our thoug we open the Gospel o at the twenty-second find our Divine Lord certain man, and He "Thou shalt love the with thy whole heart, thy soul and with all is the first and great and the second is like shalt love thy neighb On these two hang al prophets." Here w foundation principles tian religion, love of of our neighbor. I y your attention more the second command of our neighbor. And this chapel is built of the neighbor. It is fo of God; yes, but thos worship elsewhere, and der that the two hun this school and those ced them may wors this chapel is built by lowers of Christ all o who are mindful of "Thou shalt love thy thyself." And, more stitution itself is one philanthropy. Therefo dwell upon what may philanthropic side of I

It would seem that ten enough consider t our holy religion. W regard charity in the something apart from per, and there is even on the part of some ligion to acts of wors er. There are Cathol a one-sided view of t They worship God at their neighbor, but th at fault because it do from a generous heart prayer for the neigh same defect; they pray not give. They are n whole of God's law. tianity is the fulfillm and the prophets, and of the law and the pro on these two command God and to love our it is not enough to l pious worship only. W our neighbor as well this love must be an a passive virtue. For we set ourselves to ad must shut out the wo attractions, so when w selves to the good of we must detach oursel self-interest and best substance upon him, i we may obey God's pr him, our neighbor, as selves.

If men only knew ho loss by neglecting th they would not be so t

Philanthropic Side of Religion.

A notable feature of the exercises incident to the laying of the cornerstone of the chapel of the Sacred Heart Industrial School and Protector for Boys at Arlington, N. J., on Sunday last was a timely sermon on "The Philanthropic Side of Religion," by Rev. Francis A. Foy, of St. Joseph's Church, Jersey City.

Father Foy's sermon, of form so practical and purpose so timely is here given in full:—

"For other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus."—I. Cor. iii., 10.

We are here to-day to participate in the setting of a stone for a corner in one more edifice to be erected for the worship of God. This edifice is to be the chapel of the Sacred Heart Industrial School, and the ceremony performed on this occasion is the culminating event in a work of caring for destitute and homeless boys extending over a period of twenty-five years. I shall not go into the history of that work, nor make personal allusion to those who have conducted it; for, as St. Paul says, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." The work has been successful from the start, and this institution is a model of its kind in the land. We have laid the foundation for a chapel to this industrial school.

But, my friends, what we have done to-day with trowel and mortar and stone is only the outward physical expression of what has already been done by a power greater than ours: done before we met upon this spot. This stone is only the symbol of the real foundation laid for this work from the beginning by the Author of all good works; for, as St. Paul says to the Corinthians: "Other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus."

Let us then go to this real foundation for our thoughts to-day. If we open the Gospel of St. Matthew at the twenty-second chapter we find our Divine Lord instructing a certain man, and He says to him: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two hang all the law and prophets." Here we have the two foundation principles of the Christian religion, love of God and love of our neighbor. I wish to direct your attention more particularly to the second commandment, the love of our neighbor. And why? Because this chapel is built out of love for the neighbor. It is for the worship of God; yes, but those who build it worship elsewhere, and it is in order that the two hundred boys of this school and those who shall succeed them may worship God that this chapel is built by faithful followers of Christ all over the land who are mindful of the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And, moreover, this institution itself is one of Christian philanthropy. Therefore, let us dwell upon what may be called the philanthropic side of religion.

It would seem that we do not often enough consider this aspect of our holy religion. We are prone to regard charity in the concrete as something apart from religion proper, and there is even a disposition on the part of some to confine religion to acts of worship and prayer. There are Catholics who take a one-sided view of their religion. They worship God and pray for their neighbor, but their worship is at fault because it does not come from a generous heart; and their prayer for the neighbor has the same defect; they pray, but they do not give. They are not fulfilling the whole of God's law. For if Christianity is the fulfillment of the law and the prophets, and if the whole of the law and the prophets is based on these two commandments, to love God and to love our neighbor, then it is not enough to live a life of pious worship only. We must love our neighbor as well as God. And this love must be an active and not a passive virtue. For just as when we set ourselves to adore God we must shut out the world and all its attractions, so when we address ourselves to the good of our neighbor we must detach ourselves from all self-interest and bestow our very substance upon him, in order that we may obey God's precept to love him, our neighbor, as we love ourselves.

If men only knew how much they lose by neglecting this great precept they would not be so unwise in their

generation. They are tending towards that "individualism" which saps the very foundation of the spiritual life, and of which Father Tyrell, the English Jesuit, complains in his book on "External Religion." He tells us that "God makes the development of man's religious faculties dependent on his fellows," that "we not only need the society of others in order to know God, but that God refuses to be united with us in our solitude. We have first to unite ourselves with Our Incarnate Lord and with all who are already united with Him; and then as members of this mystical unity God deals with us and quickens us." So that we see, according to these words we cannot even worship God without being first united in the bonds of love with our neighbor. We cannot practice the first commandment of the law without at the same time practicing the second. And again, it would seem that in order to get all the good we can out of this earthly life of ours we must practice the second precept. For, as Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, said in a recent address before the National Conference of Charities and Corrections: "If in the midst of this world a man is to have worth and significance, joy and peace, he must turn from himself and seek a better self through devotion to his fellow-men, whether they be in the home or in the Church or in the nation, or anywhere on God's round earth."

Now these modern minds are not stating any new doctrine or any new aspect of religion. On the contrary, they are simply restating the teaching of St. Paul, who said to the Galatians: "For you, brethren, have been called unto liberty; only make not liberty an occasion of the flesh, but by charity of the spirit serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in this one word, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" And, in using these words, St. Paul did not pretend, nor do his modern exponents pretend, to ignore the first great commandment of the law: they say that the one commandment is bound up with the other so as to make them both practically one and the same; that we can no more love our neighbor without loving God than we can love God without loving our neighbor. And therefore it was that St. Paul, again speaking to the Galatians, said: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so ye shall fulfill the law."

But we shall understand this matter best perhaps if we go back to the life and teaching of our Divine Lord Himself. For here is our true foundation: "Other foundation no man can lay but that which is laid which is Christ Jesus." We have only to look upon that noble life and hearken to that marvellous voice if we would know the truth and live the life divine. He was "the Way, the Truth and the Life." "I came," He said, "that they might have life and have it more abundantly." This was his mission. And what was the burden of that mission? One day He stood in the Temple, and opening the Book, He read from the Prophecy of Isaiah: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, wherefore He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent Me to heal the contrite of heart; to preach deliverance to the captives and sight to the blind, and to set at liberty those that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. This day is fulfilled, this scripture in your ears." And if we watch His career we see how admirably He carried out this divine commission. His concern was for the weak and helpless. "Suffer little children to come unto Me," He said, and He gathered the children about Him. "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you," He said, and He cured the sick, the lame and the blind; He ministered to both soul and body, and diffused peace and benediction wherever He went. And how beautifully, my dear friends, does He not sketch His own office in the world under the title of the Good Samaritan. In this very Gospel, where He lays down the two great precepts of the law, He tells us of how a certain man fell among robbers, and how, being bound and half dead, two men passed by unheeding, and that finally the Good Samaritan came and ministered to him; and this man, He tells us, was indeed the neighbor to him who was in distress. Now by universal consent this parable is held to refer to Christ. He is our Good Samaritan. Therefore He loves us with a human as well as with a divine love. And it is precisely this quality of human love and sympathy that endears us to Him, that enables us to accept Him as our model and to follow in His steps. We may not scale the heavenly heights of His perfection, but we can humbly follow in His steps through the lowly walks of life. He communicates to us His own divine nature, as much as we can bear, and He says let him fol-

low who can; but He asks no impossible service. He asks only for our human hearts, our human love, and this we can give Him, for we are all brothers in Christ. But even this love He does not seem to want so much for Himself as for His creatures, and He is satisfied that we should love the love of God through the creature, that he has placed the seal of His own divine approval, and He has made it the passport to eternal life. If we open the Gospel of St. Matthew at the twenty-fifth chapter, we find our Divine Lord giving a description of the general judgment. And after the just and the unjust shall have been separated, the one class from the other, we are told that the King will say to the just: "Come ye blessed of My Father and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and ye gave Me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me to drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in; naked and ye covered Me, sick and ye visited Me; I was in prison and ye came to Me." And we are told that the just upon asking when and where and how they did these things unto Him, He will reply: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, you have done it unto Me."

Now, my dear brethren, I would not divert attention from any other portions of Holy Scripture, but these passages I cite them simply to show that our holy religion is founded on love, love of God and love of our neighbor; and that we can show our love for God in no better way than by expending ourselves as Christ our Lord did upon weak and suffering humanity. We must worship God, yes; but it must be with a heart full of love for our neighbor. "If therefore," said our Lord on one occasion, "thou offer thy gift at the altar and remember that thy brother hath anything against thee, leave there thy gift and go first to be reconciled to thy brother, and then coming thou shalt offer thy gift." And St. John says: "If a man say I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he who loves not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" And again, "We know that we have passed from death into life, because we have loved the brethren."

Therefore, let the worshippers of God stand forth, and say whether they fulfill this second precept of the law. If not, their religion is a dream; it has no substance because it is not founded on Christ. True religion concerns itself with others as well as ourselves; and we must worship and pray and perform good works, with this cardinal principle always in mind. Religion thus practiced is a vital force in the world. And surely, if there ever was an age that needed a vital Christianity, a vital Catholicism, it is the present age. The world is in a condition of unrest, due to the problems arising out of social inequality in every civilized country. It is a healthful sign. Man is struggling towards an ideal condition of social righteousness. The conditions of poverty and distress are being studied and dealt with in their causes as well as in their effects. This movement is at bottom ethical and moral, however it may have at times put God out of account; and it is a curious fact that all the attempts made to deal with it along materialistic and rationalistic lines have prove abortive, and that now its latest and strongest advocates are dealing with the spiritual factors of human life and development in a way which proves conclusively that only religion can settle these great questions that tug at the heart of humanity.

What are we doing for our brother man? What are we doing for social amelioration? Under modern conditions the practice of charity has taken on new forms and has created new duties. And we must not only give individual aid by personal service, but we should make use of every medium which human zeal and intelligence have devised to relieve the distress of our fellow-men. And, moreover, we should, according to our ability and means, take a practical interest in those larger questions of the day wherein are concerned the hopes and aspirations of all those who are suffering from conditions of social injustice.

Is this asking too much of the Catholic conscience? Is it traveling outside the bounds of our holy religion? I think not. For I believe that Christ, our Divine Lord, is back of all this social movement. He said: "If I be lifted up I shall draw all things to Myself." And surely a movement that has so many Christ-like qualities must have Christ for its author. It is grounded in compassion for the poor and afflicted, for the weaklings and underlings in life's conduct, and it seeks a reign of justice and of universal brotherhood. Therefore we should encour-

age and take part in this movement. Such is the attitude of our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, and who embodies within himself more conspicuously than any other figure of modern times the Christlike qualities in this forward movement of humanity. He, too, is striving to establish this empire of righteousness, because he knows it will be the empire of Christ, for in that day when all men shall be united in one common brotherhood, then Christ shall reign supreme; and then the words of the Apocalypse shall be fulfilled: "The kingdom of this world is our Lord's and His Christ's, and He shall reign forever and ever!"

Generous Donations To Parish Church.

The gift of a new terra cotta baptismal font to St. Joseph's Church, Richfield Springs adds another becoming adornment to the pretty little edifice. Imported from France and of a rich Roman design, the font looks a marvel of beauty, and Father Joseph S. Graham, the rector, is to be congratulated upon its erection in his church. The inscription semi-circling the bowl of the font reads: "Presented by Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Brien in memory of Catherine Brennan." The donors are residents of Richfield and have placed the font in their home church as a memorial of the late Miss Brennan of New York, a sister of Mrs. Richard O'Brien. As noted before, the style is Romanesque. This is a thoughtful selection, as the interior of the church the pattern of the rich memorial windows' the ceiling of the sanctuary and the general keeping throughout is a relief from the commonplace of Gothic art in America. And by happy reflection Father Graham has placed the beautiful gift the harmonies of color and design the harmonies of color and sign blend very pleasingly with the mural decorations in the transept of the church. The font is nearly five and a half feet in height. This measurement includes the statuary figures mounting the cover. Christ's baptism by St. John is represented in richly colored statuary carving. About the base of the font are four niches. Four statuettes of the evangelists fill these and add to the general scheme of the artists original design. The colors are white, leaning to cream and dull gold. Every bit of the carving is intricate and so deftly done as to defy copy or attempts at reproduction.

Visitors at Richfield have often passed comment upon the neat furnishings of the Catholic Church there and it is indeed to the credit of Father Graham to have these comments met with the explanation that all of the recent gifts are from the families of the parish. It evinces loyalty and appreciation on the part of those who worship beneath its roof twelve months of the year. The heavy brass processional cross, set off with oxidized silver trimmings is a gift of Mr. O'Connor and the Misses Leonard. Some few months ago, an oak pulpit was erected and this gift met the needs of the energetic rector.

The donor's name has never been given out. B. F. Saxton of New York, replaced the feeble sanctuary bell with a set of chimes and the oak base of the columns bears the inscription: "In Memory of his Parents."

The parish is not yet at rest in its subscription of gifts. Two valued donations are soon to be announced.—The Vatican.

BEATIFICATION OF FATHER SOLON.

An ecclesiastical court convened in New Orleans September 4 for the purpose of taking evidence relative to the beatification of Father Solon, the New Orleans Redemptorist, who sacrificed his life in the yellow fever epidemic in 1855.

IRISHMEN IN PRISON.

According to the New York "Evening Post," about 100 Irish members of Parliament, town mayors, councillors and other representative men are now in prison for terms of from two months to a year, practically for denouncing the system of government in Ireland, the over-taxation of the country and for advocating legislative reform.

Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly.

On the 11th September, Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly, of New York, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination. Despite his great age and consequent physical weakness he was enabled to enjoy the occasion in a quiet manner and appreciate the sincere sentiments of love, veneration and respect that poured in from all directions. A noble and historic figure in the American Church is that of the venerable prelate who has seen so many long years of sacerdotal life. It was in the Seminary of Quebec that Mgr. O'Reilly made his course of studies, and in the old city his name is still a household word and the traditions of all his early achievements are most religiously handed down from generation to generation. He was ordained in 1842, and ten years later Cremaise, the greatest of all French-Canadian poets, wove the name of Bernard O'Reilly into the most patriotic and magnificent poem—that on "Colonization." It was that young Irish levite who sounded the keynote of Quebec's future greatness and stability; it was he who declared to the sons of this province that "the forests await them," and whose magic eloquence, sustained by a perfect knowledge of the French language and idiom, let the fire of patriotic endeavor that more recent men have kept aflame by urging them to take possession of the soil.

The life of Mgr. O'Reilly is the history of the Church in Canada and the United States for the past sixty years; and a most interesting record it is. Almost forty years ago the late President Lincoln sent Mgr. O'Reilly to France to enlist that country in the ranks of sympathizers with the anti-slavery movement and with the North in the great struggle that had then commenced. In France his matchless French, the purity of which cannot be excelled, attracted no small degree of attention, of curiosity, and of comment. How an Irish priest, coming from America could speak such perfect French was a matter of wonder; but they had to learn that he was a pupil and graduate of old Quebec's Little Seminary.

He is the author of some very valuable and most delightfully written works. Amongst those that have gained him the highest reputation may be classed his "Life of Pius IX.," and his "Life of Leo XIII.," As a student of Roman history, especially in connection with the Catholic Church and the early struggles of Christianity, he has few equals, and possibly no superiors. That we can wish him long years to come to enjoy his well-earned rest, in the midst of his countless friends, we need not say comes from the heart. He is already a very aged man, but men of his calibre are calculated to live long, and are sure to do good and to benefit the world as long as they live. We heartily join all his many admirers in the expression of congratulations on the occasion of his Diamond Sacerdotal Jubilee.

Father Smyth And the Miners.

The Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, rector of St. Hugh's Church, Grove Hall, Boston, last Sunday, spoke earnestly for the miners; their hard lives, starvation wages, and the manifold evils of the "company store" plan. He declared that the conscience of the American people should not permit the miners to return to work without a great betterment in wages and hours of labor. The operators, in their lust for wealth, he said, were madmen, for they were turning the honest poor against the Government and against their employers, and the end would surely be destruction.

Such a precious thing as coal, he asserted, belongs to the people of the United States, and he advocated the taking away of the charters of the companies, if they did not soon end the present difficulty by granting the perfectly proper and absolutely just requests of the miners. The Government of the State of Pennsylvania was downright cowardly, and had failed to govern in the premises, he said, and he advocated action by Congress, and believed that, if it was necessary, State rights should be taken away from Pennsylvania.

The men should not return to work on the terms offered by the operators, for if they did their condition would be worse than when they went out. He urged all good people to do all they could to aid

the strikers, and to not permit them to return to work unless their wrongs were righted.

He was usually strongly opposed to strikes. Men sin when they are not interested in their work; and when they are not faithful to their employers. In this case, he declared, the strikers had grievances that cried to high heaven for redress.—Boston Pilot.

Russia's Menace.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

One who is fully acquainted with all conditions in Russia has placed his finger upon the one great menace that exists, and the continuation of which will inevitably bring on a crisis that cannot at present be estimated in its consequences. This writer, who is a life-long student of Russian affairs, declares that Russia produces good soldiers and good diplomatists, and that any successes which that country has attained have been won by either or by both of these. But when it comes to a question of industrial advancement and development there is such a lack of organization, such a system of faulty laws, such a chain of unbroken failures connected with Russian industrialism that the sooner all the mining and other industrial organizations are closed up the better for the country. During the past decade the amount of losses in consequence of the failures of all great enterprises of this class may be safely said to surpass a billion of rubles. Every couple of weeks some large industrial institution comes to a crash and has to apply to the Government for aid, or to close up its offices. The Trans-Siberian railway he declares to be a regular monument to the incapacity and disorganization of those interested in the pushing forward of the work. Even when Russian crops, like this year, are good, there is no provision made for a market outside of the Empire, and the result is merely failure on all sides. And all this is due to the faulty system of legislation. While Russia's leaders and administrators are counting upon military strength to compete with the outside world, or upon diplomacy to cajole the other nations, they overlook all home interests and ignore all home industries. As a consequence, the mighty Empire of the White Czar is upon an unsafe basis, as is St. Petersburg resting upon the piles that were driven into the swamp and that uphold the entire city. The danger then that menaces the Russia of to-day is from within and not from without. She has a million of men under arms; but she neglects the industries that must support, feed, clothe, equip, and arm that vast array. And the financial ruin of the people goes hand in hand with the political discontent that they harbor. Hence is it that a black cloud hangs over the white dominions of the Autocrat; any day it may burst.

Town Destroyed By Earthquake

From Berlin comes the startling news of a fearful earthquake convulsion. The volcanic eruptions of recent months have given the world much to ponder over and to worry about; now the earthquakes seem to emulate the disturbing activity of the mountains. A despatch received from Tashkent, capital of Russian Turkistan, reports a terrible earthquake, August 22, the shocks continuing until September 3. One hundred persons were killed at Kashgar, in eastern Turkistan; 400 in the village of Astyn, 20 at Jangi, while the town of Ak-Su was completely destroyed.

Allahabad, India, September 25.—A despatch to the Pioneer from Kashgar, Eastern Turkistan, says that only a dozen people were killed there in the earthquake, but that the disturbances wrecked many villages in the northern part of the province, the total number of persons killed being over 1,000. There were no premonitory signs, says the despatch, but a pronounced rise in temperature followed the principal shock. The temperature continued to rise during the subsequent days, which were attended by a repetition of slight quakes. The despatch says so Europeans lost their lives.

lovingly and most d... d by all classes in the... ort. Father Macdonald... n active service as an... and priest for forty-four... g been ordained in 1858.

EXAMS.—A recent pub... the Merit Certificates in... Scotland shows the Cath... of the Glasgow arch... maintain a high standard... efficiency. Nearly all the... presented for examination... fully survived the Imp... or's intellectual inquisi... the only British inquisi... rish Catholic parents in... the country don't pro... chered children from... to.

MEMORIAL.—One of the... ng and noteworthy fea... contributions towards... the readiness of the va... es of the League of the... e archdiocese of Glasgow... stantial sums. The lat... n in this direction is... St. Francis' League of... When are the Young... ties and the other Soda... city which the late pre... ch to foster, going to... tribute as distinct bod... mble yet welcome mite?

REUNIONS.—The approach... county reunion season... always brings with it... vely excited and in... hibernia's children in the... Scotland. This season... e 5th of November with... l reunion in the City... hich Cardinal Logue pre... orted by the Archbishop... ews and Edinburgh, who... cepted an invitation to... e 14th of the same... natives of Cavan will hold... l gathering in the Grand... Waterloo Rooms."

FACTORY DEAD.—By the... Thomas Bowie, of Lan... took place somewhat un... t Middlesborough, the... Church in the Glasgow... has lost one of its... most thoughtful bene... ors than fifty years ago... became a convert to the... one of his many subse... to the Church was the... ft of \$5,000 towards the... e requirement of the... tate at Lanark, which... one of the best known... of the West of Scotland... was, like all true con... pletely religious man.

CON GUILDS.—All the... onnection with the Sacred... sion have now resumed... meetings for the au... r winter session. A splen... d of the Children of Mary... st week, and an excellent... delivered to them by... dual Director, Father Ba... In a few weeks' time the... s will begin. The boys'... met under the presidency... Tarleton, S.J., whose... advice were highly ap... y the lads.

Churches Burned Down

News from North Carolina... t alarming. Sometime... announced that a num... ck churches" were being... the mountain regions of... h. A number of these... n North Carolina, where... e been at work... years. Many converts... made, and, until recently... has been one of consi... ghtness.

... ever, a change has come... ning suddenness. News... that an outbreak of a... ty has shown itself in... ns of North Carolina... e regarded more danger... forms by those new... or is the hatred refered... to language alone. Pas... ying the torch to places... worship. Two churches... ve been given to flames... ck church in the inter... is that of St. Teresa... om Raleigh.

A NEW AND PECULIAR SECT.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The New York "Sun" has a despatch from London in which the story is told of some two hundred fanatics, who, under the guidance of an ex-minister of the Church of England, named Pigott, have declared themselves satisfied that the Messiah has come and that the said Pigott is Christ.

body else knows that they are insane. Pigott, very probably does not believe in his own declarations, but others—less sane than he—have faith in them.

will be offered to the feeders when the season opens. The estimate of the number to be fed in the States named is as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: State, Number of feeders. Kansas 500,000, Nebraska 700,000, Colorado 400,000, Missouri 250,000, Total 1,850,000.

Other States further east have on a recenty begun feeding sheep, but they will this year be large factors in the industry and heavy buyers on the Western markets.

Live Stock Market

According to reports from London, Eng., during the first day of this week, an easier feeling prevailed in the market for American cattle, and prices show a decline of 4c compared with a week ago, with sales of choice at 14c.

Business Cards

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Society Directory.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alexander D. Gallery, M.P., President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary.

CASHEL, Continued.

Thurlough O'Connell, Archbishop of Cashel, who was born in the year 1568, and spent of a family whose long honorably connected name was in the possession of his father.

Notes for Farmers.

A BIG HARVESTER.—On a ranch in the far west is in daily operation a harvester of immense proportions. The width of the cutting bar is 35 feet.

record-breaking corn crop that has been brought to maturity. For two years little has been done in this line compared with the demand.

The feeder seeks to put on the fat as fast as possible, and then turn the animal into the market. This year the animals will come in from the range in exceptionally fine condition.

The shipments of live stock from the port of Montreal for the week ending September 20th, were:—

Table with 2 columns: Destination, Cattle, Sheep. To Liverpool: Lake Erie 311, Numidian 213. To London: Pomeranian 220, Montreal 581, Cervona 426, 1,111. To Glasgow: Lakonia 295, 300. To Bristol: Montcalm 220, 160. Total: 1,996 Cattle, 3,693 Sheep.

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CATHOLICS AND MATRONS, There is no regulation of Church which has not been by the very wisest of reason.

Directory.

DIVISION NO. 3, meets on...

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Di-...

TRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-...

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY...

THEONY'S COURT, C. O. F...

TRICK'S T. A. & B. SO...

A. OF CANADA, BRANC...

BANK J. CURRAN...

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CASHIEL OF THE KINGS

"By CRUX."

Thurlough O'Neill, the Archbishop who succeeded the martyr, O'Hurley, I can find no record, beyond that he administered the affairs of the archbishopric, without apparent ever having been regularly placed in charge. The next one to occupy the See of Cashiel was David Kearney, who was born in that city, about the year 1568, and was descended of a family whose name was long honorably connected with the ancient town. The means left at his disposal by his father were considerable. He undertook to provide for the support of a number of Irish ecclesiastics in foreign colleges. Of Dr. Kearney's early education we have no record, nor is he mentioned as a college graduate. In a note of Bishops appointed by the See of Rome for this realm of Ireland, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, he is said to have been "formerly a rich canon of Lille, in Flanders." We find from one of his own letters still extant, that he was in Paris in the spring of 1602; the date of his appointment to the See of Cashiel must be placed in the interval between the above year and 1605. If we may believe the statement in the manuscript above referred to, Dr. Kearney was the only Catholic Bishop in Ireland in June, 1613. Primate Lombard was in Rome, Matthews of Dublin in Flanders, Conry of Tuam in Spain. Cornelius Ryan of Killaloe in Lisbon; and the other sees were vacant. It is stated that for the most part he lived with Lucas Shea Esq., of Upper Court, County Kilkenny. He died in 1625.

Possibly a note of personal explanation might not be considered egotistical, since it is historically true. After the abandonment of the Church by Miler Magrath, the portion of the crozier of St. Patrick that is now in the crozier of Cashiel, and that had been so prior to that time, came into the possession of a Mr. Kearney. In his family, of whom this same David Kearney was a member, that relic was kept until the Archbishop restored it to its proper use. In consequence that branch of the Kearney family was known as Kearney Crux. The word "Crux" means Cross, or a crozier. The reason why the present writer assumed, some years ago, the nom-de-plume "Crux" is simply because he is the sole male survivor of the family of Kearney-Crux—the family that was custodian for several generations of St. Patrick's crozier. On this subject I have some very interesting letters from the late Archbishop Croke of Cashiel.

After this short parenthesis, we will pass on to Thomas Walsh and his successor William Burgatt, who both suffered untold hardships during the protectorate of Cromwell. The next Archbishop—John Brennan—took part in the negotiations which preceded the treaty of Limerick, he being one of the commissioners appointed to fix the terms which should be demanded. We need not tell of how that treaty was broken "over the ink with which 'twas writ would dry." Archbishop Brennan remained in Ireland till his death in 1642, but was obliged to keep away from Cashiel. Of his successor Edward Comerford there is scarcely any record.

We now come to the Butlers. There were three of them; and as their story brings us to comparatively modern days, we will give each a hurried note. Walter Butler, of Kilcash, was nephew of James, the celebrated Duke of Ormond; his mother was Lady Mary Plunkett, only daughter of the second Earl of Fingall. He was born at the paternal mansion, at Garrnaken, County Kilkenny, in 1678, and had by primogeniture the

CATHOLICS AND MATRIMONY.

There is no regulation of the Church which has not been prompted by the very wisest of reasons. It is not an easy matter at all times to persuade some of her children of this fact, but they eventually learn it, if not by observation, then by experience. Usually, however, the latter method brings many and serious regrets. Wisdom, therefore, would prompt an observance of the rule in all cases. Of all the regulations thus framed for the protection of her children,

right of succession to the Duke of Ormond's estates and the Earldom of Arran, which he resigned to a younger brother, in order to devote himself to the service of God. He was consecrated in Rome in 1712, and for forty-five years he governed Cashiel with a success that has gained for him an almost saintly reputation. When eighty-four years of age, he had a coadjutor appointed in the person of Dr. J. Butler, of the Dunboyne family. He died on the 4th September, 1757, and was buried in the family tomb at Kilcash.

Dr. James Butler (I) was a suspect parish priest of Fethard before he was made coadjutor Archbishop of Cashiel. In his days, about 1762, the Whiteboys had got the priests into to no end of trouble with the Protestant party. In 1776 Father Sheehy was executed in Clonmel, having been accused of encouraging and heading the Whiteboys, and wrongfully accused of murder. Towards the close of Dr. Butler's life the Government found it necessary to conciliate the Catholics, and to relax the penal laws against them. Hitherto almost unintercepted, from the Reformation, the Archbishop of Cashiel had no fixed place of residence; their pastoral letters are all dated from "our place of refuge," etc. But Dr. Butler, in his old age, was permitted to dwell quietly in an humble thatched cabin which occupied the site of the archiepiscopal residence in Thurles. He died in his 83rd year, on the 17th May, 1774. His body was buried in the parish chapel of Thurles, on the eastern wall of which his epitaph still exists.

James Butler (II) was still more famous. He was born in 1742, ordained in 1764, and consecrated in 1774. In 1778 he succeeded to the family estates, out of which he took £1,000 a year, leaving the balance to a younger brother. With his abundant means he built the house that has since been occupied by the Archbishop of Cashiel. In 1780, Francis Garnett, a Protestant rector of Thurles, preferred several charges against him to the Attorney-General (Mr. Scott). The Attorney-General only wrote him a friendly letter of warning, which brought forth his magnificent vindication. I will take an extract from the latter document as a sample of his style: "The last part of Mr. Garnett's impeachment, which is that I avail myself of my family influence to carry the superiority of the Roman Catholic religion to its fullest extent, is quite a mystery to me. There is to be sure an advantage arising from being born a gentleman, that such a birth becomes after all an additional title to respect, and is sometimes secondary motive to engage me to behave in that benevolent, liberal, and upright manner, which nothing but envy can censure and calumny seek to obscure. Of such an advantage I may, perhaps, have availed myself, and happy for me that I did, since such a plan of deep laid malice was meditated against me."

He was the author of "A Justification of the Tenets of the Roman Catholic Religion," and of the well known "Butler's Catechism," which has been handed down to us as a text book of greatest value. He died on 29th July, 1791, in his fiftieth year, and was buried in the new chapel of Thurles. His epitaph is a magnificent piece of Latin—eloquent in the extreme, and the subject of study and comment for all learned persons who have ever read it.

In the next issue I will bring the story of Cashiel's Archbishops down to the consecration of the last illustrious incumbent, whose successor has not yet been appointed.

the ones perhaps least heeded are those in regard to marriage. And the violation of none is certainly attended with more serious consequences. With some we find a disinclination to have the bonds of matrimony announced, as is required from the pulpit. They prefer to have the whole affair carried on quietly.

That, however, is the very thing that the Church seeks to prevent. She desires the fact to become known for the mutual protection of the contracting parties. This is the very reason for the regulation. As the compact by her doctrine is one which death alone can break, it is quite imperative that no mistake

should be made in entering into it. It is a sacrament; hence, it must be worthily received.

If there be reasons why the marriage should be stopped this is the best way to do it. It saves many a life of misery and prevents the commission of a sacrilege. Those, therefore, who contemplate taking the step should prefer to have it given the widest publicity. In many cases there may be no need for it, but the wisdom of the Church found the regulation necessary. Hence wisdom on the part of her children should prompt them to the fullest compliance of the requirement.

Catholic Notes.

ARCHBISHOP KAIN.—The health of Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, Mo., is in such a precarious state that he has applied to the Holy See for a coadjutor. It is understood that he has expressed a desire that Bishop Donahoe, of Wheeling, Va., who succeeded the Archbishop in that See, should be nominated to the position.

CUBAN APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.—Archbishop Chappelle has left New Orleans for Havana. His visit to Cuba is in connection with his duties as Apostolic Delegate to the island. Just before leaving the Archbishop was in receipt of instructions from Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, to start for Rome as soon as he had inspected the condition of the Church in Cuba, as the Pope desired to consult him as to both Cuban and Philippine matters. He will be absent five or six months.

BISHOP HOBAN has filed exceptions to the application for a charter filed by the St. Stanislaus Polish congregation of the South Side, Scranton, Pa. The bishop alleges that the name selected by the persons desiring the charter is distinctively a Roman Catholic name and is used for the purpose of deceiving the Polish Catholics of the city, and that the purpose of the application is to incorporate a schismatic body under the guise of a regular Catholic Church.

THE conferring of the freedom of Cork city upon Cardinal Moran calls to mind the fact that His Eminence received a similar honor at the hands of the city of Dublin in October, 1888, and is the only Catholic Prelate on the roll of the honorary freedom of Dublin since 1876. In that year a Bill was introduced mainly by Isaac Butt to extend the privileges of municipal corporations in Ireland. Section 11 of that Act ordered it lawful for the council of any borough in Ireland to elect and admit persons to be honorary burgesses of the borough. The passing of the Act was signalized by the passing of the freedom of the city to Isaac Butt in the following month. Out of the nineteen names roll there is one prelate, Cardinal Moran; one lady, Lady Sandhurst; and one American President, Ulysses S. Grant, which have been put upon the roll.

IN announcing the opening of the parochial school at St. Mary's, Yonkers, N.Y., Rev. J. J. Fullam made some interesting remarks on the excuses given by parents who do not send their children to parochial schools. One mother said to him that the public school was nearer her home. Father Fullam told her that the synagogue was nearer her home than the Catholic Church. Why didn't she attend services there? Another mother told him that she did not want to worry about her boy crossing the surface-car tracks. Investigation proved that the boy enjoyed playing around the cars on the tracks after the public school children were dismissed after sessions. Father Fullam impressed upon his hearers the necessity of Catholic education for the children. God created man for something more than the public school gives, and that can be obtained only in the parochial school—a true Christian training.

RIGHT REV. JOHN B. BRONDEL, Bishop of Helena, Montana, has returned from the Flathead Indian reservation, where he went with his guests, Archbishop Alexander Christie of Oregon, Bishop O'Dea of Washington, and Bishop Glorieux of Idaho, on their return from the Yellowstone National Park. The party of prelates were met at the little station of Selish by a delegation of Indians on horseback, which grew as the cavalcade approached the mission. Before the white buildings of the mission came into sight the escort had grown to a party of 200 mounted men. The Indians kept in the rear, so that the dust from their horses' feet would not disturb their guests.

Catholicity In England.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL.—A "Guide to Westminster Cathedral," which contains a lot of interesting particulars about this grand new edifice erected to the glory of God in the English metropolis by the piety of the Catholic laity, has been published by Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard street, at a cost of twelve cents a copy. From it we learn that so far back as 1865 Cardinal Wiseman expressed the hope that a Cathedral might be erected for the Metropolitan See of Westminster. The project was taken up by Cardinal Manning. In 1882 a communication was made to His Eminence which caused him and others to believe that funds to build a Cathedral of large size would be forthcoming from a private source. It was then the Cardinal, who had already secured two sites, bought the site upon which the present Cathedral stands. From first to last His Eminence was instrumental in raising for the purchase of the first sites and for interest on their mortgages about £41,000, leaving as a charge upon the new site a mortgage of £20,000. When His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan decided to select a design for the building, the question of cost, no doubt, had something to do with the choice of the early Christian Byzantine style. A Gothic have cost two or three times the sum spent upon the present edifice. The foundation stone was laid on June 29th, 1895, so that the work of raising the structure was carried on with remarkable rapidity, for by the close of 1900 the Cathedral was externally nearly completed, with the exception of the upper part of the campanile, the turrets of the great western staircases, and the roofing of the side-chapels. The four great domes of the nave and the sanctuary and the half-dome of the apse were out of the hands of the builder. By the end of February, 1900, the expenditure had reached \$557,000. The total expenditure for work and material to July, 1902, that is, the amount actually paid out, was \$814,000, including payments for the chapter hall and for the cloisters connecting the Cathedral with the hall and with Archbishop's House. No part of the cost of the House has been borne by the Cathedral Building Fund. There is still a debt upon the House, and further a considerable sum is required for its completion. The Cathedral is in the style in which St. Sophia at Constantinople is built. In England it is unique. The nearest approach to it in Italy are the churches of St. Mark, Venice, and St. Vitalis, Ravenna.

The marble columns include verde antico monoliths from Thessaly, cipolino marble from Switzerland, and Emboeca breccia marble from the quarries near Verona, and columns of red marble from Languedoc. The high altar is of one solid stone, weighing twelve tons, of grey granite from Cornwall, unpolished but fine-axed. It will be twelve feet long and four feet wide, without any gradus. The Archbishop's Throne is the gift of the Catholic Bishops of England to the Metropolitan See, upon the initiative of the Right Rev. J. L. Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus. It is an exact fac simile, upon a smaller scale, of the Papal Throne in St. John Lateran's, Rome, and is composed chiefly of white statuary marble and mosaic with heraldic bearings. The Throne was made in Rome. The pulpit, which is the gift of Mr. Ernest Kennedy, is being constructed in the same city, from the designs of Cavaliere Aristide Leonori, one of the distinguished artists employed by the Holy See. It will consist of a variety of costly and beautiful marbles. The late Mr. John F. Bentley, the architect, prepared designs for a marble floor of great beauty and originality for the Cathedral, but unfortunately economic and other considerations, such as those of hygiene and comfort, prevented their adoption. It has, therefore, been decided, at least for the present, to use a wood-block flooring. The narthex, however, will contain Mr. Bentley's marble flooring. The covering and casing of the massive walls and piers, the majestic arches and domes, with marbles and mosaics must necessarily be a work of much time and heavy outlay. It is intended to cover the whole of the lower walls and the piers to the height of about thirty-eight feet, as also the front of the nave tribunes, or galleries, with marble; and the whole of the upper part of the piers and walls and the vaults and concrete domes will be decorated with mosaic work, illustrating

the history of the Church. The campanile will be crowned with a metal-covered dome or cupola, surmounted by a double cross. Its total height will be 284 feet.

In 1896 subscriptions were invited for the twenty-one nave and transept columns, for the six large columns of the sanctuary, and fourteen columns in the sanctuary galleries; and for the four granite piers and six columns of the crypt. The "Guide" states that these forty-seven columns and four piers have all been fully paid for, the amount received being \$27,250.

IN GAELIC.—The "Catholic Times" says:—The first marriage solemnized in London in the Irish language took place on Monday morning at Dockhead Catholic Church. The bridegroom was Mr. John O'Keane, the secretary of the Gaelic League of London. Wherever the Church allows the use of the vernacular, Irish only was employed.

THE OLD STORY.—The Rev. Charles Rothwell, rector of the Church of the Holy Family, Manchester, writing to the Manchester "Evening News" respecting a story they published entitled "The Priest's Rose," says:—The story, "The Priest's Rose," will no doubt have been read with interest by large numbers. Permit me to take exception to one sentence in the opening paragraph. The author makes the priest, on his way to a sick room, soliloquise, "A basket containing nourishing soup, and perhaps a bottle of rich wine, would certainly be of more use to the good man than the stereotyped phrases of secular or religious consolation which are all I have to offer him." No one will discount the benefit of soup and wine to a sick person, but no Catholic priest would ever apply the term "stereotyped phrases" to the words of the Lord's Prayer or any other words of Holy Scripture or appropriate prayers which he might say with the sick man, and no priest would ever think of comparing his spiritual acts as an ambassador of Christ with nourishing soup or rich wine.

THE SCHOOLS.—The "Catholic Times" says:—The annual report of the diocesan inspector of the archdiocese of Westminster has been issued. The number of children on the books has increased by nearly 1,000, while the average attendance is in advance of the previous year by almost 1,300, and a similar increase is observed in the numbers presented for examination. A striking feature in the report is the statement that over 13 per cent. of the children attending the Catholic schools are non-Catholic.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.—The annual conference of the above named society was held recently at Newport. The programme of the proceedings was as follows:—

On the Sunday preceding the conference, September 21st, special sermons were preached at St. Mary's by the Right Rev. Dr. Burton, Bishop of Clifton, and the Rev. James Nicholson, S.J.; in St. Michael's by the Right Rev. Dr. Allen, Bishop of Shrewsbury and the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J.

Monday, September 22nd, public meeting at 8 p.m.; address by the Bishop of Newport; music by Cardiff Hibernian Band.

Tuesday, September 23rd, morning 10.30 to 1, opening of Conference; papers on Catholic education, (1) "The Need for Catholic Grammar Schools," Rev. A. Hinsley, D. D., (2) "Education and the Irreligious Difficulty," Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.; afternoon 3 to 5.30, papers on social work, (1) "Catholics and Social Life in England," Miss Waddle, (2) "The Relations between Rich and Poor," Mrs. V. M. Crawford; 6 p.m., Children's meeting, address by the Rev. James Nicholson, S.J.; 8 p.m., Reception in the Royal Albert Hall by the Bishop of Newport; music by the ladies' choir.

Wednesday, September 24th, morning 10.30 to 1, (1) "The Kelt in Britain and his Early Creeds, Pagan and Christian," Mr. T. Canning, J.P., (2) "The Emigration of Catholic Children to Canada," Mr. Austin J. King; afternoon 3 to 5.30, papers on the Catholic Truth Society, (1) "The Work of the Catholic Truth Society," Rev. W. H. Cologan, Hon. Sec., C. P., (2) "The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland," Count Arthur Moore, (3) "The Catholic Truth Society of Scotland," Mr. James H. Carmont, Hon. Sec. C.T.S., Scotland. Closing of Conference, 8 p.m., public meeting; Welsh male choir.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS.

EARTHQUAKES.—The alleged earthquakes in parts of eastern Pennsylvania are likely to be made a matter of judicial inquiry. Near New Market, at the northern boundary of York County, and near New Cumberland, in Cumberland County, some of the smaller streams have changed their course since last winter, several wells have become dry, and other wells and springs yield far less water than ever before in their history.

Some of the property holders declare that this state of affairs has been brought about by blasting done by a railroad company last spring and summer, and they propose to bring suits for damages. Others take the view that the change in water-courses, wells, and springs is due to the small uplift of that part of the state announced to the public last June.

It is announced that this will be the defense of the railroad company to the suits for damages, and that consequently experts in geology will be called to the witness stand by the defendants.

Since May last a large part of an orchard between three and four miles southwest of Harrisburg has been dropped below the level of the surrounding country considerably more than a foot, although all the trees remain upright.

At Columbia it has been ascertained that the apex of the roundhouse of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has veered over from its normal position about eighteen inches, and there is no way of accounting for the change except by seismic influence.

A GIRL INVENTOR.—Jane Hyatt, an American, 26 years old, came to Paris six months ago with a gas meter of her own invention, which has been accepted by both the French Government and the Paris Gas Company. She received \$40,000 on account of her royalties. It will take five years before the old meters are gradually replaced. Miss Hyatt tried vainly to get her invention examined in Chicago and New York. Her meter is said to be more precise and twice as cheap to build as any extant.

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Peterborough Weddings

Two Catholic weddings at the Cathedral, Peterborough, last week, created great social interest in that city.

The other was the marriage by the same priest of Miss Minnie Weyer, of Weller street, was married to Mr. Thomas Wade, of Toronto.

An Elizabethan

Falsehood.

In Protestant writings the statement is sometimes met with that in Queen Elizabeth's time the Pope offered to approve the Anglican Prayer-Book if she would accept his supremacy.

Domestic Reading.

less efficient source of power than talent, happens to be far more intelligible.

Your conduct to others should form the measure of your own expectations.

Genius unexercised is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

The superiority of some men is merely local; they are great because their associates are little.

It is better to believe that there is some good in everybody than that there is no good in anybody.

What it is our duty to do we must do because it is right, not because any one can demand it of us.

The ambitious man is galled with envy at every man that gets before him; for in this case, he that is not first is last.

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life; but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing and repining are all idle and profitless employments.

There is something beautiful in great and pure affections. After the pleasure which they afford has passed away there remains the happiness of recollection.

The prayer that begins with trustfulness and passes on into waiting, even while in sorrow and sore need, will always end in thankfulness and triumph and praise.

The Heart of Jesus will grant you great graces if you have the courage to follow Him by an entire forget-

fulness of self, abandonment to His Providence, and purity of intention.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

He (God the Son) left Heaven because pain was such a paradise for Him, and it was an exclusively terrestrial paradise; and if He loved it so, He may well expect that those who love Him shall love it also.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest restricted, and the youngest ruined by indulgence, but in the midst some that are, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best.

Ah! well it is for us that God is a loving Father, Who takes our very prayers and thanksgivings rather for what we mean than for what they are; just as parents smile on the trailing weeds that their ignorant little ones bring them for flowers.

"O God, be merciful to me a sinner." If these words of the publican merited forgiveness for his sins and caused him to be justified, why should they not have the same value on the lips of another sinner and in the end procure pardon for him also?

It is the saying of a great man that if we could trace our descents we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves. Give me blood acquired in preference to blood inherited—"To be born of oneself," as Tiberius said of Curtius Rufus.

The man who has no refuge in himself, who lives, so to speak, in his front rooms—in the outer whirlwind of things and opinions—is not properly a personality at all.

Poetry is ever tuning her lyre, and singing of that beautiful state to which the human race is capable of rising. Hope is ever pointing her telescope to the better time coming.

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by the clouds of sorrow; so do stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well.

Your conduct to others should form the measure of your own expectations.

Genius unexercised is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

The superiority of some men is merely local; they are great because their associates are little.

It is better to believe that there is some good in everybody than that there is no good in anybody.

What it is our duty to do we must do because it is right, not because any one can demand it of us.

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The prayer that begins with trustfulness and passes on into waiting, even while in sorrow and sore need, will always end in thankfulness and triumph and praise.

The Heart of Jesus will grant you great graces if you have the courage to follow Him by an entire forget-

A NOBLE ACT.

While a young scholar of the Merchant Taylors' School was butterfly catching in some woods a few miles from Crowborough, he was badly bitten in the wrist by a venomous viper.

Many of the blessings universally desired are frequently wanted, because most men, when they should labor, content themselves to complain; and rather linger in a state in which they cannot be at rest, than improve their condition by vigor and resolution.

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ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS TO— DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND POINTS WEST. September 25th, 26th and 27th, 1902.

RETURN FARES MONTREAL TO DETROIT, MICH. \$12.50. Cleveland, Ohio \$15.00. Bay City, Mich. \$16.25. Saginaw, Mich. \$16.25. Columbus, Ohio \$17.50. Grand Rapids, Mich. \$17.50. CHICAGO, ILL. \$18.00. Cincinnati, Ohio \$20.00. St. Paul or Minneapolis, Minn. \$21.00.

LOW RATES TO THE WEST. Until Oct. 31st, 1902, Colonist class tickets will be sold to points in British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, California, Idaho, Montana and Utah at greatly reduced rates.

QUEBEC SERVICE. (From Place Viger) 12.30 a.m. + 2.30 p.m., \$3.50 p.m., \$11 p.m. 1 Week days, \$5 Sundays only, \$2 Daily. SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Through Coach and Sleeping Car.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office. 129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Annual Western Excursions TO—

FORT HURON, Mich. \$12.50. DETROIT, " " 12.50. BAY CITY, " " 16.25. SAGINAW, " " 16.25. GRAND RAPIDS " " 17.50. CLEVELAND, Ohio. 15.00. COLUMBUS, " " 17.50. CINCINNATI, " " 20.00. CHICAGO, Ill. 18.00. ST. PAUL, Minn. 41.00. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. 41.00.

Going dates, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 1902. Return limit, Oct. 4, 1902.

SPECIAL COLONIST RATES

To Western and Pacific Points. Until October 31st, 1902. Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rosland, Nelson, Trail, Robson. \$48.65. Spokane. \$46.15. Anacortes. \$45.65. Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake. \$45.65. San Francisco. \$49.00.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast.

Leave Bonaventure Station "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" daily at 9 a.m. at Toronto at 4.40 p.m. Hamilton 5.50 p.m. Niagara Falls, Ont. 7.45 p.m. Buffalo 8.20 p.m. London 7.45 p.m. Detroit 9.20 p.m. Chicago 7.20 a.m.

Elegant Car Service on above Train. FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. CITY TICKET OFFICES, 137 St. James Street. Telephones Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

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Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as strong as iron, by using EUREKA Harness Oil.

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It makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure heavy kerosene oil, specially prepared to withstand the strain.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by IFFERLEY OIL COMPANY.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1902.

Another Big Shipment of Ladies' FALL SUITS and COATS



Just received and put into stock a big shipment of Ladies' Stylish Fall Suits and Coats.

Almost next to impossible to comprehend the immense stock of Ladies' Suits and Coats carried by The Big Store. Best to call and see the variety.

FALL SUITES

A very inexpensive, well made suit, made from good quality broadcloth, jacket is made in one of our latest Gibson style, trimmed with satin silk with circular flounce, in black only. Special..... \$12.95

Very hand-ome tailor-made suit, made of black all-wool homespun, jacket cut fly front, lined through satin, skirt made latest style with 3 tabs over the flounce, lined percaline. Special..... \$16.50

Ladies' Coat in heavy reversible tweed, Chesterfield front, plain velvet collar, full sack back, 48 inches long. Special... \$11.40

488 Ladies' Coats, in fawn beaver cloth, Empire back and front, Princess May collar, trimmed self applique and corded, lined throughout, thirty-seven inches long. Special..... \$13.25

FALL COATS

Ladies' Coat in heavy reversible tweed, Chesterfield front, plain velvet collar, full sack back, 48 inches long. Special... \$11.40

ARE YOU BUYING DRESS GOODS?

If so, then by Fall means you should visit us.



Trade leadership in Dress Goods implies greatest quantities, choicest styles and best values. The Company insists that this stock is by long odds the best within your reach, that the varieties are greater and that money goes farthest here.

COLORED DRESS SUITINGS.

New Colored All-Wool Homespun Dress Suitings in beautiful Shades of New Green, Blue, Reseda, Old Rose, Royal, New Blue, Navy, 85 inches wide. Special..... 69c

New Colored Canvas All-Wool Cloth Suiting, the latest cut for Fall wear, in the latest Autumn shades New Brown, Royal, Crimson, Marine, Blue, etc. a smart stylish street costume. Special..... \$1.45

New Fancy Black All-Wool Hopsack Dress Suitings, neat Check with fine Silk Stripes, in a variety of designs, Rich Black Finish, makes a handsome Fall Costume. Special..... 91c yard.

Extra Fine Quality Black All-Wool Suiting, with Camel's Hair spots. This is the most stylish and up to-date material for Fall wear. Special..... \$1.95

BLACK DRESS SUITINGS.

New Fancy Black All-Wool Hopsack Dress Suitings, neat Check with fine Silk Stripes, in a variety of designs, Rich Black Finish, makes a handsome Fall Costume. Special..... 91c yard.

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR HATS.

Monday there will be a special showing of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Felt Hats, of a quality and beauty never before equalled at the price.



Ready-to-Wear Hats of White Felt, tam crown, stitched brim, black taffeta silk ribbon through crown and brim, felt trimming in front. Special..... \$3.60

Fawn Felt Hat, turned up brim of velvet and felt, stitched velvet knot at side with natural breast to finish. Special..... \$3.60

WRITE FOR OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St James Street, Montreal.

We are Prepared to INTEREST ALL BUYERS Who are Seeking EXCEPTIONALLY

Fine Carpets at most Reasonable Prices at

THOMAS LIGGET'S

EMPIRE BUILDING 2474, 2476, St. Catherine St. Montreal.

J. J. & S. J. J. & S.

DUBLIN Pure Pot Still Whisky

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Is appreciated for its fine quality, age, mellowness and palatability. Commands the highest price in the Markets of the World.

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Is appreciated for its fine quality, age, mellowness and palatability. Commands the highest price in the Markets of the World.

J. J. & S.

Household

SHOESTRING FANCY One of the latest fads in fancy work is the use of strings. They may be silk, the brown or are used, as well as the black laces. They are by or in strands composed strings, into basket work for shopping and other uses.

Seventeen pairs of length are required to make these pretty receptacles. is of silk, satin or mer- ton. They are woven like heavy fringe over the pasteboard, which serve shape and may be drawn the bag is finished. The hanging along the lower their trimmed even and fringed out to an inch depth or the metal ends as an irregular finish.

A work basket of shoe made with a cardboard covered with a silk in shades, then a thick braided strands of shoestrings round the entire base strands of five strings each then braided and the ends under a loose knot made of be sewed together a sufficient ends.

TO MAKE STOCKING Children's stockings are a nice item of dress, so that will make them very welcomed by the economy. It never pays to buy cheap. But a good quality each child's stockings with initial. These can be ready to be sewed on. In addition to the letter number one, two or three stockings, so that the will always make a pair receive the same amount. Then turn the stocking out and run the heel and down with good darning. Use a long stitch one, and do not draw the stockings will stretch and will pull away from causing a tear.

WELL-KEPT HANDS. sink are two bottles cleaner. One bottle contains of lemon juice to hold, which will keep in other contains the following: One-fourth of an ounce of acanth, added to one pint water, which has stood for one ounce each of a cerine and witchhazel, also dishes or preparing vegetable a little of the lemon the lotion, and in a month hands are dry, soft and All stains disappear as if the nails are cleaned time required is not over- utes. This process, repeated six times daily, will certainly indicative of refinement kept hands? Then, too, of these lotions is comparatively. Be sure to have a handy place.—August Woman's Companion.

KEEPING ICE.—A correspondent writes: I made a fortune at the beginning of the year that has lessened the amount of my bill. I tried first newspaper over the ice in a crator; but as I like small piece, left in the bottom new ice comes, for my I found this would not do tasted of the paper. The wrapping the ice in saw was good, but to keep a mel ready and all clean made extra labor. Finally a double thickness of old

LIMITED. St. James Street. SEPT. 27, 1902. Ladies' COATS and put into stock of Ladies' Styrtish Coats. to impossible to immense stock of and Coats carried e. Best to call and

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE SURPRISE

Our Boys And Girls.

A boy's life history is often made between his twelfth and his fifteenth year. In those formative years he is sometimes called to make lasting decisions for good or for evil. The success or wreck of the man of thirty is frequently made by what he chose to be at thirteen.

William McKinley Enscoe of Menard, Ill., is the youngest telegraph operator in Illinois. He is now only 10 years old, and is able to send and receive messages on main line wires with the accuracy of an adult operator. His sister Lena, who is 11 years old, is an equally skilled operator. Both children were taught telegraphy at home by their mother. Their father, R. L. Enscoe, for thirteen years was station agent and operator at Galatia, Ill., for the Cairo Short Line railroad. He has now moved to Menard, Ill., having been appointed to an important position at the Southern Illinois penitentiary at Chester. Both children, though they have spent considerable time in the telegraph office, have always been regular in their attendance at school, and are well advanced in their studies.

THE SOLO.—On a beautiful summer morning, the youthful Joseph Haydn drew near to the monastery of Mariazell. With anxiety he contemplated the white walls with their many lofty windows; and in imagination he saw the holy monks moving through the corridors, now with severe and solemn looks, and again with cheerful friendly faces. How would the choir master receive him? This is the question he asked himself as he drew from his pocket a roll of music-paper and studied it with melancholy mien. He stood thus absorbed in deep thought for a long time. At last, he directed his steps towards the monastery gate, and inquired of the porter if it were possible for him to speak to the Father Director. "It will be very difficult, good friend," answered the porter, thoughtfully shrugging his shoulders, "the Father Director is overwhelmed with many and important duties."

Haydn was admitted. He was led into a large chamber containing several cabinets filled with music books, a piano, and other musical instruments. The Father Director sat at a desk with his back towards the door; in his hand he held a score which he was studying closely. "What dost thou want?" asked the Father. Haydn drew a deep breath. "My name is Joseph Haydn, Reverend Father. I was a choir boy in the Church of St. Stephen in Vienna. They say that I can sing well, and besides I have some knowledge of music. "And further?" demanded the monk. "I have just composed a 'Salvo Regina' for twelve voices. I think it is the best that I have yet produced."

"And thou wouldst sell it to our monastery?" asked the choir master. "No," answered the youth, "I don't want to make any bargain; I have not come here to get money, but to ask your Reverence, in your goodness, to permit my composition to be produced in the church." The father looked in astonishment at the bold youth. "It cannot be done." "Oh, let me implore you!" "Impossible, my dear boy; go down to the refectory, and they will give thee a good meal, but as for what thou callest thy composition, thou must take it along with thee."

The young artist stood overcome with emotion. "I repeat again, Reverend Father, I was choir boy in St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and—" "Many young people come here who assert that they have been singing in St. Stephen's Church, but when they are put to the test they cannot sing a note." When the monk had spoken these

words, he turned again to his desk, and resumed his occupation. Haydn, still holding the music roll in his hand, remained standing for a moment, and then left the room with slow, reluctant steps. He knew not how he gained the outside of the monastery. The ground seemed to waver under his feet, the pictures on the walls danced before his eyes. When at last he reached the open air, the fresh air of the morning revived him somewhat. Slowly he wandered on till he reached the edge of a wood, and seated himself under the friendly shade of a tree. He was thoroughly overcome; hot tears coursed down his cheeks; the disappointment was too great. He remained sunk in gloomy thoughts for a while, when, suddenly, the sound of the church bells calling the faithful to High Mass awoke him from his reverie. The youth sprang up saying: "When they are put to the test they cannot sing a note," said the Father—"very good, I will show him that I can sing."

Haydn went into the church, and entered the choir. Then he stood near the grand organ, and those who saw him thought that the youth had lost himself, and now was afraid to take a place among the monks and choir boys. The music books were distributed among the singers. Haydn placed himself near a boy who sang the solos, told him that he was a good singer from St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, and begged him to permit him to see the notes of the solo parts. The choir boy readily granted his request. Joseph examined the notes, soon seized the melody, and entered into the spirit of the music. "Let me to-day sing thy part," whispered Haydn. The choir boy looked at him in amazement, and answered: "No, I cannot do that." "I assure thee that I can sing it well."

"No, the Father Director is severe. He would not let me off easily." Haydn searched in his pocket for something. He drew forth his last silver coin, and held it before the eyes of the choir boy. The latter looked at the coin with a covetous expression; the strife between duty and gain was plainly visible on his countenance. Suddenly, the bell announcing the beginning of the Mass sounded. The organ gave forth a few chords; the choir master looked at his singers (like a field marshal on the eve of battle), tapped on his music desk, and Haydn tore the solo part out of the choir boy's hand and began, with a silvery voice, to sing the "Kyrie." The choir boy was bewildered, and stared at the choir master, but the latter cast only pleased, delighted looks at the strange singer. The "Kyrie" was ended. "Go on singing," said the Director softly to Haydn. The young soloist was filled with joy and his voice rang out so clear and loud, so supplicating and imploring, that his music raised all hearts to heaven. The High Mass was ended. Haydn laid down the notes, approached the choir master and modestly asked him: "Tell me now, Reverend Father, can I sing or not?" The monk looked kindly at him, seized his hand and said: "Come, come with me and tell me now who taught thee to sing."

"The chapel master—Reuter in Vienna." "That austere man. He may have taught thee the notes, but the spirit, the soul of music thou canst never have learned from him." Joseph did not know what answer to make to this. "Dost thou know how thou hast sung?" "No, Father." "Then I will tell thee. Thou didst sing as if thou hadst composed the Mass thyself. Greater praise than this I cannot give thee, for the composer, whether in poetry or in music, is its best interpreter. I composed that Mass, and to-day the execution of it has filled my soul with joy and my heart with gratitude to the dear God. Thou art a true musician; thou art a son of music in its highest and noblest form."

Joseph Haydn was overjoyed. He had never before received much praise. Hitherto, mockery and insults had been his portion, never an encouraging or appreciative word. He almost believed himself in heaven. "And now what dost thou think of doing?" This question brought the young artist back to the harsh realities of life. He took his only silver coin out of his pocket and said: "This is my whole fortune, Reverend Father; with this money and my talent I must live." The monk looked at him compassionately. "Thou art not rich in earthly

goods, but rich in talents. But tell me, art thou also a God-fearing youth?" "How shall I answer you, Father? It is true that you do not know my parents. Oh they are so good and pious, and I have always striven to follow their example. It does not become me to praise myself, but if I must confess, I declare to you that I love God above all things, and I will always try to do His will."

The Reverend Father took Haydn's hand and walked with him through the beautiful and fragrant gardens of the monastery. The young musician rejoiced in the blooming loveliness of nature; it seemed to him that every flower breathed forth a tone and that these tones united form a glorious melody. Joseph spent a happy week in the monastery, and no wonder, for he was a most welcome guest to all the inhabitants of the cloister. He was permitted to play on the beautiful organ; he revelled in the treasures of music in the library of the choir master; and he—the poor musician—was feasted on the best in the monastery.

The last day of the visit dawned. The young composer bade farewell to the Reverend Director in few but heartfelt words. "I have had a splendid time with you, dear Reverend Father," said he. "I assure you I will never forget it. Bless me now, Father, before I depart." Haydn knelt down and bowed his head. "God be with thee! thou wilt be great and famous when I am resting in the grave."

Speaking thus, the worthy priest pressed something into the youth's hand and turned back to the monastery. Haydn went on his way, but his thoughts were still with the good priest who had just blessed him. He wandered on, sunk in thought for some time, when suddenly he stopped to examine what the priest had pressed into his hand. He opened the paper and found shining silver—twenty gulden with the accompanying words: "A little cornerstone for the temple of thy glorious future." Tears of emotion and gratitude sprang into the youth's eyes. He covered his face with his hands and prayerfully bowed his head. Then he arose and said: "And now forward, with God's blessing, with my talents and my twenty gulden."

Writing to the recent annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Associations of England, Cardinal Vaughan, of Westminster, said: "Remember that we have three hundred thousand young people who have left our schools and are under twenty-one years of age. The boys especially need clubs and organizations to hold them together—to help, direct and encourage them during the most critical years of adult life. I know of no work the Catholic Young Men's Association could take up more needed, but at the same time more difficult, than this of establishing a strong working apostolate on behalf of the boys who have left school. * * *

"I know the difficulty with boys who have left school. They are rougher, coarser, wilder and less easily interested and held together—at least this is frequently so. But have they not frequently been taken the wrong way? Give them, by all means, physical exercises—games, athletics and other amusements—with some useful instruction; all this is needed and responds to their growing faculties and muscles. But there remains something wanting. They are capable of something higher; there is in their breasts a nobler chord that may be touched. They may be touched by an appeal to a sense of chivalry. They have within them a certain tenderness that responds to a mother's heart. Appeal to all this. Place them under the Blessed Mother, who is God's Mother, as well as their Mother. Bring the whole position out in words and ways that boys can understand. The Blessed Mother of God ought to be brought home to these rough lads. Without interfering with amusements and athletics, there may be a warm appeal to their chivalrous nature. Arouse it in behalf of our Blessed Mother. This will require tact, judgment, boldness, courage and love for the Divine Mother as well as for these boys, who are in reality her children, though they know it not. But I have said enough to suggest a line of conduct which mere natural methods failed to secure. Go to the Mother; appeal to the Mother in loving earnestness."

Cardinal Vaughan's Plan To Guard Boys.

While he was at college, Charlie learned to play the piano. Father Bonn, the college chaplain to the time of his death, was the boy's teacher. Charlie was an apt pupil and became passionately fond of the instrument. Several of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent also aided him in his musical studies, paying particular attention to his voice. Every Sunday between the time that he learned music and his going away, he played the church organ and sang. At times he also assisted in serving Mass.

When he left for college, "Charlie," still a boy, had no definite idea as to what he wanted to do. For a time he worked a little about the livery stable and loafed more. Then a cousin of his mother, Captain M. F. McDonald, who ran a grocery store here, wanted to make a clerk of him. The boy was all ready to take the job when A. J. Spiegelmire came to Loretto on a visit. Mr. Spiegelmire had lived formerly in Loretto. He was part owner of a merchandise store in Braddock. He offered Charlie a clerkship at \$7 a week. Charlie accepted. But young Schwab wasn't cut out for a dry-goods clerk. At the end of two months, Mr. Spiegelmire's partner, W. A. McDevitt, informed him politely that as he couldn't tell calcio from gingham after all these months, he'd better look for another job. Charlie "looked out" so well that up to date W. A. McDevitt has the distinction of being the only man who ever discharged him.

Millionaire Schwab's Early Life.

In the village of Loretto, Pa., on the crest of the Alleghany mountains, Charles M. Schwab is just plain "Charlie" Schwab. He is called that by almost all of Loretto's 300 inhabitants, who live their contemplative days in real Pennsylvania style, scattered along a single-shaded street that runs the length of a ridge. At one end of the mile-long thoroughfare stands a church—not the usual wooden structure of sleepy, slow-going villages, but granite, large and imposing. By its side, sheltered in a grove, is a convent for Sisters of Mercy; a short distance away, the brick red building of St. Francis' college peeps from many trees.

There is no other than the granite church for miles around. There is no need of another. No person not a Catholic has ever been known to live in Loretto, founded 100 years ago by the famous Prince-priest, Demetrius Gallitzin. It is noted in Church history as the home of Catholicism in western Pennsylvania. The people of Schwab's boyhood home have the one predominant trait of living together as one family, entirely under the spiritual and largely under the material guidance of Father Kittel, the Franciscan Brothers at the college and the gentle Sisters of the convent.

When Charles M. Schwab arrives here no one stands in awe of him, notwithstanding the fact that he has been the only man who ever went out from Loretto and amassed great wealth. Except for the big house on the hill, his life when he comes back here is almost as simple as in his boyhood days. John Schwab, Charles' father, is the nabob of Loretto. He is the richest resident, its only retired merchant. All the rest have to keep right on trying to scrape in the pennies that are sufficient unto the day. Several years before his son had managed in Braddock, John, by means of a livery business, got together a comfortable sum for use in his declining years. John Schwab is 65 years old, but his six feet of spare body remain as straight as an arrow and not a gray hair shows in his black hair and beard.

The mother is the opposite of her husband. She is typically German. Her figure is short and stout, her face is round and full, and her complexion and hair, fair. She is exceedingly affable. The villagers say that "Charlie" takes after his mother in everything except his nose, which is prominent, like his father's. Charlie Schwab didn't begin to make the acquaintance of his staunch friend "Paddy" Moran, the blacksmith, and other Loretto folk until he was 12 years old, when his father moved here from Williamsburg, bought out Loretto's only livery stable and ran the stage between Crescon and St. Augustine, carrying passengers and mail. Loretto is insistent on one point, and it is that Charlie didn't drive the stage nearly as much as contemporary chronicles represent. According to Loretto, he drove only when he felt like it or when his father was short of "hands." Charlie couldn't have driven regularly or often, and attended school and college at the same time.

While he was at college, Charlie learned to play the piano. Father Bonn, the college chaplain to the time of his death, was the boy's teacher. Charlie was an apt pupil and became passionately fond of the instrument. Several of the Sisters of Mercy at the convent also aided him in his musical studies, paying particular attention to his voice. Every Sunday between the time that he learned music and his going away, he played the church organ and sang. At times he also assisted in serving Mass.

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Household Notes.

SHOESTRING FANCY WORK.—One of the latest fads in woman's fancy work is the use of the shoestrings. They may be of cotton or silk, and the brown or russet ones are used, as well as the ordinary black laces. They are braided, singly or in strands composed of several strings, into basket work or bags for shopping and other useful articles.

Seventeen pairs of the usual length are required to make one of these pretty receptacles. The lining is of silk, satin or mercerized cotton. They are woven or knotted like heavy fringe over two pieces of pasteboard, which serve to keep the shape and may be drawn out when the bag is finished. The ends left hanging along the lower edge are either trimmed even and the strings fringed out to an inch or two of depth or the metal ends are left on as an irregular finish.

A work basket of shoestrings is made with a cardboard foundation covered with a silk in some bright shade, then a thick braid of many strands of shoestrings tacked around the entire basket. Three strands of five strings each length, then braided and the ends joined under a loose knot made of the must be sewed together a sufficient raveled ends.

TO MAKE STOCKINGS WEAR.—Children's stockings are an expensive item of dress, so that any plan that will make them wear well is welcomed by the economical mother. It never pays to buy cheap stockings. But a good quality and mark each child's stockings with his or her initials. These can be purchased ready to be sewed on. On this tag, in addition to the letter, mark the number one, two or three on two stockings, so that the same two will always make a pair and will receive the same amount of wear. Then turn the stocking wrong side out and run the heel and toes up and down with good darning cotton. Use a long stitch and a short one, and do not draw them tight, as the stockings will stretch with wear and will pull away from the darn, causing a tear.

WELL-KEPT HANDS.—Over my sink are two bottles and a nail-cleaner. One bottle contains five parts of lemon juice to one of alcohol, which will keep indefinitely. The other contains the following lotion: One-fourth of an ounce of gum tragacanth, added to one pint of rain water, which has stood three days, then one ounce each of alcohol, glycerine and witchhazel, also a little cerine and witchhazel, also a little dishes or preparing vegetable I apply a little of the lemon juice, then the lotion, and in a moment my hands are dry, soft and very smooth. All stains disappear as if by magic, and the nails are cleaned easily. The time required is not over two minutes. This process, repeated five or six times daily, will certainly repay housekeepers, for what is there more indicative of refinement than well kept hands? Then, too, the expense of these lotions is comparatively nothing. Be sure to have them in a handy place.—August Woman's Home Companion.

KEEPING ICE.—A correspondent writes: I made a fortunate discovery at the beginning of the summer, that has lessened the amount of my ice bill. I tried first putting a newspaper over the ice in the refrigerator; but as I like to use the small piece, left in the box when the new ice comes, for my water cooler, I found this would not do, as the ice tasted of the paper. Then I tried wrapping the ice in flannel. This was good, but to keep a fresh flannel ready and all clean and sweet made extra labor. Finally I spread a double thickness of old carpet o-

ver the outside top of the refrigerator. This was a perfect success. My ice account from April 1 to October 1 was two dollars less than the year previous, and we certainly had as warm a summer. I made more ices and frozen deserts this summer, too.

MICE AND SOAP.—Two neighbors, says a correspondent, who are living in nice new houses have pantries which are rat and mouse proof. The pantries are lined throughout with sheet iron, which is then painted as ordinary walls would be. If you find a mouse hole in the corner of your pantry or closet, try stopping it up by packing it full of hard soap. I have never known mice to disturb it.

ABOUT FOOD.—A common fallacy is the belief that hot rolls and new bread are the most indigestible of stuff. An experienced physician will tell you that there is absolutely no reason why this should be so. The whole matter hinges on the proper chewing of the bread—its mastication. More and more stress is being laid by physicians on the subject of the proper mastication of food. The percentage of folk who devote the proper amount of time and care to chewing their food is very small. Yet a person who does not chew thoroughly what he eats, not only injures himself much more than he imagines, but also misses the best and most enjoyable and nutritious parts of his diet.

It is a common thing to hear persons say that they cannot eat this or that because it does not agree with them. The chances are that they could eat with impunity if they would only learn to chew it. Few things taste better than new bread and hot rolls, yet there are thousands of persons who declare that they are most indigestible. Stale bread, contrary to the common belief, is not a bit more digestible.

HELP FOR MOTHERS. Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these Tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness lest they be suddenly intercepted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest on the far horizon. The young artist stood overcome with emotion. "I repeat again, Reverend Father, I was choir boy in St. Stephen's Church in Vienna, and—" "Many young people come here who assert that they have been singing in St. Stephen's Church, but when they are put to the test they cannot sing a note." When the monk had spoken these

Life is made of little things, and that character is the best which does little but repeated acts of beneficence, just as that conversation is the best which consists in elegant and pleasing thoughts expressed in natural and pleasing terms.

very inexpensive, well suit, made from good quality broadcloth, jacket made in one of our latest styles, in silk \$12.95. Silk-made suit, made of spun, jacket cut fly satin, skirt made latest over the flounce, lined \$16.50. Visible tweed, Chester, full \$11.40. Beaver cloth, Empire trimmed self applique long \$13.25.

GOODS? should visit us. Goods implies greatest and best values. The stock is by long odds, that the varieties are farthest here.

New Colored All-Wool Homespun Dress Suitings beautiful Shades of New Green, Blue, Resida, Old Rose, Royal, New Blue, Anation Red, Oxford and Special \$69c. The latest cut for Fall wear, mon, Marine, Blue, etc. \$1.45.

ool Hopsack Dress Suit-k Stripes, in a variety of makes a handsome Fall \$9c yard.

All-Wool Suiting, with to-date material for Fall \$1.95.

EAR HATS. special showing of Ladies' quality and beauty never

White Felt, tam crown, ribbon through crown and special \$3.60. up brim of velvet and felt, a natural breast to finish \$3.60.

EMPIRE BUILDING 2474, 2476 St. Catherine St. Montreal.

J. J. & S. Whisky

THE CHURCH UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

the capital of the oldest Australian Colony. Here, as might be expected, we found the Catholic Church, presided over by the world-renowned Cardinal Moran, in a most flourishing condition. His Eminence is Archbishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australasia, which includes not only the whole of Australia, but also New Zealand and Tasmania. His episcopal city is the very heart of the Catholic Church in the Southern Hemisphere, and its pulsations give life and energy to the whole of the vast "Fifth Continent." St. Mary's Cathedral is, in every way worthy of its proud position as the Mother Church of Australasia. When completed it will, unquestionably, be one of the finest buildings in Australia. Its position is very striking; around three sides there are broad roads, and on two sides extensive parks set off the beauty of the building, and preclude the possibility of its being built in and hidden by other structures. When completed another one hundred and fifty feet will be added to the length; at present the sanctuary end is finished both externally and internally, and the completed portion has a very beautiful and finished appearance. The sanctuary itself is raised high above the level of the nave, and is clearly seen from every part of the spacious building. In the boys' school attached to the cathedral, there are 250 boys under the care of the Marist Brothers, whilst the Sisters of Charity have 294 girls and 244 infants under their charge.

Besides the cathedral there are no less than thirty-eight other churches and missions, either in the city itself, or in the suburbs. The religious orders of men and women supply nearly the whole of the teaching power for the various schools.

It would be almost impossible for a mere visitor to name all the various religious orders which are represented in the city and archdiocese of Sydney, or even to give an accurate list of all the religious and charitable institutions which abound. There is one, however, of which I saw a good deal during my stay, and which is worthy of special notice, namely, St. Vincent's Hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It contains 220 beds, and is one of three large hospitals in the city. Like the other public hospitals St. Vincent's receives a subvention from the New South Wales Government of £1 for every pound contributed by the charitable public. In other words it is maintained as to one half the total expenditure by the State, and as to the other half by charitable subscriptions. So satisfactory is the work of the institution, that all the naval patients from the Fleet, of whatever denomination they may be, are sent to St. Vincent's. As Sydney is the residence of the Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Station, there are always a considerable number of ships in the harbor. The naval authorities have, however, thought it better to send all the sick to St. Vincent's, than to provide a naval hospital as is done in most headquarter stations. This arrangement shows that the management of St. Vincent's Hospital is considered most satisfactory, both by the naval authorities on the spot and by those at home.

Besides this great hospital, there are orphanages, homes for all classes, refuges, industrial schools and other charitable institutions in and around the city. Near the Cardinal Archbishop's palace at the entrance to the great harbor of Sydney, there is a very large and imposing-looking college, St. Patrick's, for the training of ecclesiastical students. There are also several other important colleges, as St. John's, Sydney University, St. Ignatius', conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, besides several higher schools for boys, and thirty-seven high-class schools for girls, under the care of various orders. Within the Archdiocese there are no less than forty-six centres of higher education, with a teaching staff of 254 religious, and 2,703 pupils.

Of primary schools there are 158 parochial schools, taught by 557 religious teachers, and containing 20,227 pupils. Besides these numerous primary and higher schools, which are officially connected with the Church and taught exclusively by religious, there are a few primary parochial schools taught by seculars, and a certain number of private Catholic High Schools.

I have dwelt at some length upon the educational details, gathered from official sources, in order to show how well Catholic education, both secular and religious, is being provided for in that far-distant portion of the British Empire. I may add that what is being done so earnestly and effectually for education in Sydney, is being done with equal zeal and success, though not perhaps on so extensive a scale, in all the other dioceses of Australia. After twenty-three days spent in Sydney during which I devoted most of my

time, when free from official duties, to visiting and acquiring information concerning matters of Catholic interest, I left, full of wonder and admiration at the marvellous progress of Catholicity in that beautiful city.

Leaving Sydney on January 14, 1901, we reached Brisbane, the capital of Queensland on the sixteenth, after a pleasant run of 491 miles along the east coast of Australia.

Our stay in this port was brief, and much of my time was occupied in public duty, so that it was not possible for me to see as much as I could have wished of things Catholic. I could not fail, however, to note what great and good work was being steadily carried on in Brisbane, under the guidance of the learned and painstaking prelate Archbishop Dunne.

The cathedral of St. Stephen's is not to be compared for grandeur to St. Mary's at Sydney, and yet it is well adapted to the purpose which it serves. The young Catholics of Brisbane, are seemingly as well provided with primary, secondary and higher schools, as those of Sydney. The teachers of both sexes are mainly though not exclusively religious. The Sisters of Mercy are very numerous and are almost the only order of religious women in Brisbane. I had time only to visit one of their establishments, the Mother House of the colony, when there were 77 Sisters in residence. The education of girls and infants is almost exclusively in the hands of the Sisters of Mercy. The Mother House All-Hallows is a very fine building and a centre of great activity. The Christian Brothers appear to be the only religious male teachers, whether in the primary, secondary or High Schools. The official returns give 31 male and 95 female secular teachers, mostly assistants in the various parochial primary schools.

Leaving Brisbane the capital of the vast colony of Queensland, five-and-a-half times larger than Great Britain, we sailed to Hobart the capital of Tasmania, a distance of 1,122 miles. Here we had abundant evidence of the life and energy of the Church in that gem of an island. Unhappily the Venerable Archbishop was absent from Hobart, having gone to a distant part of the island to make the Episcopal visitation, and to administer Confirmation. I regret this absence the more as the Venerable Archbishop Daniel Murphy is a very remarkable man and has had a strange career. He was first appointed bishop by Pope Gregory XVI. in the year 1846 and named Vicar Apostolic of Hyderabad (India). He served as a chaplain in the troops during the Indian Mutiny, in 1866 he was transferred to Tasmania and nominated Archbishop in 1888. He is still hale and strong. The Cathedral of St. Mary, Hobart, is a somewhat plain, but fairly large building. I was invited by the clergy to be their guest during my stay, and it was whilst living in the Clergy House that a telegram from England announced the death of our great and good Queen. In Hobart was held the first of the memorial services for the late Queen, and in the presence of the whole Imperial representative corps, thousands of the Colonial troops, and an enormous concourse of civilians from every part of the Colony, it fell to my lot to offer a special prayer for the countries and peoples of the Empire. This simple act brought me the congratulations of all sorts and conditions of men, together with the thanks of the acting Governor of the Colony.

The Mother Church of Hobart is St. Joseph's, a very fine building. In Hobart there is a fine convent of the Presentation Order, with twenty nuns employed chiefly in educational work, and having a high school with nearly one hundred pupils; the greater part of them however were absent, enjoying the Christmas and midsummer holidays, for in that country these two dates coincide.

There is also a convent of Sisters of Charity near St. Joseph's Church here again the Sisters are chiefly engaged in teaching, and in those good works for which the Sisters of Charity are renowned throughout the world. In Hobart town itself there are seven Catholic schools, five taught by religious with 785 scholars, and two taught by secular teachers, giving a total of over 1,000 pupils, which seems a very satisfactory number, considering that Hobart, though a very beautiful city is not a large one. Later on I had an opportunity of visiting a very well equipped and well managed convent of the Good Shepherd, at Sandy Bay, some short distance from the city. It contained eleven Sisters and fifty-seven penitents at the time of my visit. Hobart, like all the other Australian cities which I was able to visit, seemed well provided with all that is needed to preserve the faith of its Catholic population, and to edify others who are

not of the "Household of the Faith."

From Hobart we sailed to Melbourne a run of 469 miles. A finer city than Melbourne is not to be found in the whole of Australia, and nowhere is the Catholic Church in a more flourishing condition. At the time of my visit, the Archbishop was away in New Zealand, assisting and preaching at the opening of the Church of the Sacred Heart in Wellington. As however, I had met His Grace in Sydney, I did not feel as a stranger when invited to stay at the Clergy House. The splendid Cathedral of St. Patrick is second only to St. Mary's, Sydney, which it closely resembles internally, though externally there are many points of divergence. It has however this advantage over St. Mary's, it is finished and seemingly complete in every detail, whilst many years will still be required to complete St. Mary's. There are twenty-seven churches in Melbourne and the suburbs, and many of these are of surpassing beauty, both in design and workmanship; the new Church of St. Mary's in particular struck me as being worthy to be the Cathedral of almost any city in the old world. Throughout the whole of the archdiocese of Melbourne, every want of the Catholic population seems to be amply provided for. The numerous buildings for every purpose, which I was able to visit during my too brief stay of five days, rendered it difficult to realize that Melbourne as a capital city dates only from the year 1851, and that the archdiocese goes back only to 1848. The present Archbishop, His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, is only the second occupant of the See. The growth of the city during fifty years is a thing to marvel at, the growth of the Church during the same period is a thing for which to thank God.

As the body of the great Queen was still unburied when we reached Melbourne, arrangements were made for a great memorial service, similar to that which had been held in Hobart three days before. In Melbourne the memorial service was held not in the open air as at Hobart, but in the numerous buildings which had been erected for the purpose of the Melbourne Exhibition. There were present at least 5,000 troops, including the Indian contingent, and the colonial forces. The concourse of civilians was enormous, including the Governor of the Colony and most of the Cabinet Ministers. As at Hobart I offered the same prayer, and again received the thanks of the Victorian Government from the War Minister, and also from another Cabinet Minister speaking on behalf of his colleagues. This memorial service was held on Sunday, January 27, 1901.

From Melbourne, the Queen of Australian cities, we passed on to New Zealand, of which I shall have much to say later. From New Zealand we came to Adelaide, the capital of the colony of South Australia, and the last of the Australian cities visited by the Imperial representative corps.

If I had seen nothing of Catholic interest in Adelaide, excepting its Archbishop, I should have felt that my time had not been misspent. The thoughtful kindness, and the ceaseless care for my comfort, shown by the large hearted Archbishop O'Reilly of Adelaide, was one of the most delightful episodes, as it will remain one of the most pleasant memories, of my Australian visit.

There is no lack of churches and Catholic institutions in Adelaide, although the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, is one of the poorest cathedrals I saw in Australia. The religious orders of men include Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits, Passionists, Marists and Christian Brothers. The diocese is not a large one and the total Catholic population returned by the last census (1891) was only 35,762. According to the diocesan directory for 1901 there are only sixty-seven churches in the whole diocese of which thirty-one are in charge of secular priests and twenty-four in charge of regulars. There are also thirty-nine Brothers (Marists and Christian Brothers) and 253 nuns and religious women. The diocese is admirably worked, and the wants of the Catholics are adequately supplied.

My brief stay in each of the capitals of the six colonies of Australia, which now form the great Australian Commonwealth, gave me but a glimpse of the immense work of the Church on that vast Island Continent. I can only say that I came away filled with wonder and admiration. The visit had been to me a revelation of the efficacy of organized labor. Mingled with thoughts of the great work of the Church come pleasant remembrances of the unvarying kindness to me, a stranger, of the clergy in every city I visited. Advance Australia.—Rev. Thomas Foran, C. F., in St. Joseph's Magazine.

WHAT MISSIONS ACCOMPLISH.

Bishop Henry, of Down and Connor, whose episcopal residence is in Belfast, has issued the following pastoral letter to his flock in reference to a general mission about to open in that city.

Solicitous for your eternal salvation, we have taken care to invite each year distinguished preachers of the different religious Orders to conduct the annual retreats of the principal confraternities of the city. The object of these retreats is to excite the fervor and devotion of the members, and also to increase their number. Notwithstanding the great spiritual advantages that result to individuals and the Catholic Community at large by becoming members of some religious confraternity, such as the Holy Family and the Children of Mary, unfortunately many, who could easily do so, do not join any religious association. Such people, as a rule, lead worldly lives, and are often led away from virtue into the paths of sin and shame. A most useful means to bring back such persons to the practice of their religion is a mission. The chief end of a General Mission, then, is to arouse the careless and sinful Christian from his state of indifference and neglect of his religious duties, by bringing before his mind the great truths of our holy Faith, and by special offers of Divine Grace. "The end of a Mission," says St. Liguori, "is the conversion of sinners, for, by the instructions and sermons of the Mission, they are convinced of the malice of sin, of the importance of salvation, and of the goodness of God, and thus their hearts are changed, the bonds of vicious habits are broken, and they begin to live like Christians." A great missionary describes the benefits of a Mission in these words:—"By a Mission well attended," he says, "the young, being caught for a time by the intoxication of youthful liberty, are steadied, are compelled to think, to reckon with God and conscience. The devout are emancipated from the tyranny of routine, the lukewarm aroused from their lethargy. But the peculiar grace of the Mission is the conversion of the sinner, the outright votary of lust or drink, the slave of money, or the victim of sloth. The repentance of hardened sinners, and their permanent return to a life of virtue, is the Mission's special gift. The awakening of the religious sense in persons and classes addicted to vice is the main purpose of a Mission. Eternity's endless ages, the Judge, on His throne, and Death standing at the door, the dark gulf—silent, vacant, unmeasurable, unpassable—between the joys of Heaven and the torment of Hell, these are the visions of a sinner's soul during a Mission. They are ever accompanied by the pleading form of Jesus Christ, who wins His victory. Conscience, smothered with vice, breaks free, and boldly storms the citadel of the sinner's heart, expelling the Devil, the World, and the Flesh, which had become masters there."

Missions are usually given by zealous and trained members of Religious Orders, approved of by the Church—by men "who stand the strain of seldom living at home, fighting sin with all the reserves of bodily and mental force, and always departing from the field of victory before the spoils of vain glory can be gathered." Four years have now elapsed since the last General Mission was preached in Belfast, and how many of those who were then reconciled to God have since been called away to receive the sentence which determined their lot for ever? Impelled by a sense of duty, we have invited a number of distinguished preachers and confessors belonging to the Orders of Jesuits, Augustinians, Dominicans, Oblates of Mary, Redemptorists, Passionists, and Vincentians to conduct a three weeks' Mission, beginning on Sunday, 28th September, in St. Patrick's, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mary's, St. Malachy's, St. Joseph's and in the churches of the Holy Family, Sacred Heart, and the Most Holy Redeemer. We call upon all the Catholics of these districts—rich and poor, young and old, good and bad—to take advantage of this extraordinary occasion of reforming and renewing their spiritual life. We invite in a very special manner, all sinners to come to hear the instructions and be reconciled to their God. Our Divine Lord says to all: "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened (by sin), and I will refresh you." "If your sins were as red as scarlet they shall be made white as snow." "As I live," saith the Lord God, "I desire not the death of the wicked, but that

the wicked turn away from his way and live." "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, and why will you die, O House of Israel?"

Come to the Mission, all you who have contracted habits of intemperance, of impurity, of gambling, of neglect of religious duty, or of any other vice unbecoming good Christians. Break the bond that binds you to the enemy of your souls. There is no time to be lost, for death is coming with steady step, for each of us as its victim. Woe betide us if we are not ready when its summons come. Preparations are usually made beforehand for the due performance of important works. We write this letter to exhort you all to prepare for the great Mission which is to begin on the last Sunday of next month. We earnestly request the members of the different confraternities to use their influence to bring to the Mission relatives or friends or neighbors whose lives are not edifying. We especially beg of the priests of each church to visit their people, and urge them with apostolic zeal to hearken to the voice of God calling them to repentance and change of life. And as all human efforts in the great work of the sanctification and salvation of souls is unavailing without the assistance of God's grace, we ask the prayers of all the good Catholics of the city for the success of the coming Mission.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

IN the year 1894, a wealthy American gentleman who was making a tour through the chief cities of the Old World, strolled one day from his hotel in Dublin into a poor part of the suburbs. As he passed along the dark and narrow lanes, he saw through the open door of a Catholic Church the glimmering sanctuary lamp, and turning in he paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Shortly after there entered a poor aged woman. She passed up the centre aisle, and turning to the right looked longingly at the altar and statue of Our Lady. Before she knelt down she lit a candle and placed it on a stand beside the shrine, and in so doing attracted the attention of the American gentlemen. He prayed a little longer, then rose, and quietly walking up to the poor woman, touched her gently on the shoulder. "Would you be so good," said he, "as to tell me why you lit that candle?"

"To honor the Holy Mother of God, and get an answer to my prayer," was the simple reply. The gentleman knelt down and said a few prayers to Our Lady, but long after his prayer was ended he still knelt watching the deep fervor of the poor old woman, till his curiosity again led him to approach and ask:

"Do you think your prayer will be heard?"

"Do I think my prayer will be heard? I am sure of it! I always get what I ask from the Blessed Virgin."

The visitor was deeply struck by her faith, and retiring, sat and again watched her as she knelt in earnest prayer, till a third time he went up to her: "My good woman," he said, "I hope you won't be offended if I ask another question, but really I should like to know the favor you are asking of Our Blessed Lady?" "I had a son," she answered, "as good a lad as a mother could wish to have, but many years ago he went to seek his fortune in America. I have long lost sight of him, and he has long lost sight of me; but I am sure if my boy only knew the great wants of his dear old mother, he would come and help me. So I daily ask the Blessed Virgin to tell him where and how poor I am. That she will grant my prayer I am sure, but I suppose it will be in her own good time."

"And what is the name of your son?"

She told him, and full of surprise, he exclaimed: "I know your son! He is my dearest and best friend. He is now a wealthy man, and before I left America he begged me to spare no expense if I saw any means of finding or hearing anything of his dear old mother."

They left the church, and before parting all needs were supplied. "And," said the gentleman, "before I go to my hotel to-night, I shall write to your son and say I have found his dear old mother, and tell him where you are."

The Blessed Virgin cannot neglect the prayer of faith and constancy, and will obtain from God all that we ask.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

WO young men, one of whom was a young man, and the other a young woman, were sitting on a hillside, and the young man was saying to the young woman, "I am sure of it! I always get what I ask from the Blessed Virgin."

skirted the hills whose they were so gain. They were weary, and the fact that some great triumph which had naturally careless countenance. There almost boyish in his snow turned to the spoke gingly the and concern of their relative standing.

"It is no use, Dick. on. If I had the army my stomach, its empty feat me. I am sure kingdom—" he laugh of amusement changed into a bitter "Nay," say not.

said the other, stooping position with rubbing his knees. lighten for us after cannot be continuance.

"The youth shook his "I am chilled through and the raw flesh is ground. Do, dear P. you believe we can of this stuff and light so many miles from it must be safe enough.

"God knows that I, the, my King, I we at expense of my cannot count on the whole country has been there is not one of scoundrels who would smother to curry favor.

"Very well, Charles, borne so much that his mon endurance to be oh, Dick, thou dost the thought of that cal in my poor father's feeling that all is over struck the chill of a heart. My poor mother's hopes were hers, what geance had she made! must resign herself to rugged charity that France. Oh, I am not a woman after this!—streaming down his Dick, grudge me not thy weakness."

The elder man said, pressed his lips firmly rising as if the tumult was too great to hold caution, he strode up narrow path they had tently slashing at the sword.

Charles Stuart sat and watched him. He child who had resigned the guidance of another has no chance to use ment. To his sense of the good-will of the other as much of affection as in the disappointed he already bitterly familiar contempt that common for royalty without pen.

It was good to know on whom he could would not sell him like subjects, and whose devotion significant to his devoted words.

It was long enough a ble rout of Worcester f have taken measure of circumstances and to that he was absolutely the pity and loyalty of means of escape from t would have him not.

his pride, had lost all air to live, to evade t that merciless arm w and crushed the weakly as if they were made of he might one day be al to his own had even l His whole desire was to of safety.

For a while Pendrell and forth, then he tur to the king: "We have been three of food. It would be dang to kill any game even any for us to kill. We s risk throwing ourselves cy of some of the neigh ers."

"Rather try the gent rejoined Charles, "I ha farmers far more in love well than with myself."

"It is not a matter said Pendrell, with a "But if we come where pretty maidens it m hearts will not be so h sight of one of their distress."

Charles looked reful garb. It was a singular There was little of royal strange mixture of deject and fatigue that made u He was clad in a long

turn away from his way
"Turn ye, turn ye, from
ways, and why will you
house of Israel?"

to the Mission, all you who
tracted habits of intemper-
impurity, of gambling, of
religious duty, or of any
unbecoming good Chris-
break the bond that binds
the enemy of your souls,
no time to be lost, for
coming with steady step to
h of us as its victim. Woe
if we are not ready when
mons come. Preparations
ly made beforehand for the
rmance of important works,
this letter to exhort you
pare for the great Mission
to begin on the last Sun-
next month. We earnestly
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tunities to use their influ-
to the Mission rela-
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the priests of each church
their people, and urge them
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of God calling them to re-
and change of life. And as
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PERSEVERANCE
IN
PRAYER.

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As he passed along the
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Blessed Lady?"

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him, and full of surprise,
our son! He is my dear-
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the church, and before
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id the gentleman, "be-
id my hotel to-night,
to your son and say I
his dear old mother, and
do you are."

Virgin cannot neglect
of faith and constancy,
ain from God all that
Anthony's Messenger.

WO young men were crawl-
ing with slow panting
breath like animals near to
their end through the thick
furze of the longmoor which
skirted the outer slope of
the hills whose friendly reach
they were so anxious to
gain. They were worn and
weary, and the face of one showed
that some great trouble had left a
mark which had triumphed over the
naturally careless brightness of his
countenance. There was something
almost boyish in his look, but, as he
now turned to the older man and
spoke gaspingly, the quick defence
and concern of the latter betrayed
their relative standing.

"It is no use, Dick, I cannot get
on. If I had the art of crawling on
my stomach, its emptiness would de-
feat me. I am sure I would give my
kingdom—" he laughed, a genuine
laugh of amusement which suddenly
changed into a bitter sob.

"Nay, say not so, dear King,"
said the other, rising from the
stooping position with difficulty, and
rubbing his knees. "The way will
lighten for us after a while. There
cannot be continuance of this ill-
fortune."

The youth shook his head.

"I am chilled through by the dews,
and the raw flesh is cut by the
ground. Do, dear Pendrell, say that
you believe we can now gather some
of this stuff and light a fire. We are
so many miles from Worcester that
it must be safe enough."

"God knows that if I could warm
thee, my King, I would gladly do
it at expense of my life. But we
cannot count on the distance. The
whole country has been alarmed and
there is not one of these long-faced
scoundrels who would not sell his
mother to curry favor with old
Noll."

"Very well. Charles Stuart has
borne so much that he can well sum-
mon endurance to bear more. But,
oh, Dick, thou dost not know how
the thought of that great-nosed ras-
cal in my poor father's place, the
feeling that all is over for me, has
struck the chill of death to my
heart. My poor mother! What high
hopes were hers, what plans of ven-
geance had she made! And now she
must resign herself to live on the
grudging charity that is doled out by
France. Oh, I am not going to be
a woman after this!"—the tears were
streaming down his cheeks. "Dear
Dick, grudge me not this moment of
weakness."

The elder man said nothing but
pressed his lips firmly together, and
rising as if the tumult of emotion
was too great to hold him to his
caution, he strode up and down the
narrow path they had made, impa-
tiently slashing at the furze with his
sword.

Charles Stuart sat on the ground
and watched him. He felt like a
child who had resigned himself to
the guidance of another, and who
has no chance to use his own judg-
ment. To his sense of reliance on
the good-will of the other was added
as much of affection as could flourish
in the disappointed heart of a king
already bitterly familiar with the
contempt that common mortals feel
for royalty without power.

It was good to know here was one
on whom he could depend, who
would not sell him like his Scottish
subjects, and whose deeds were more
significant to his devotion than his
words.

It was long enough after the terri-
ble rout of Worcester for Charles to
have taken measure of his changed
circumstances and to understand
that he was absolutely dependent on
the pity and loyalty of others for the
means of escape from the land that
would have him not. He had lost
his pride, had lost all but the de-
sire to live, to evade the clutches of
that merciless arm which grasped
and crushed the weaklings it seized,
as if they were made of paper. That
he might one day be able to return
to his own had even left his hope.
His whole desire was to find a place
of safety.

For a while Pendrell raged back
and forth, then he turned abruptly
to the king:

"We have been three days without
food. It would be dangerous to try
to kill any game even if there were
any for us to kill. We shall have to
risk throwing ourselves on the mer-
cy of some of the neighboring farm-
ers."

"Rather try the gentry," quickly
rejoined Charles, "I have found the
farmers far more in love with Crom-
well than with myself."

"It is not a matter of choice,"
said Pendrell, with a half smile.
"But if we come where there are
pretty maidens it may be their
hearts will not be so hard to the
sight of one of their own age in
distress."

Charles looked ruefully at his
garb. It was a singular compound.
There was little of royalty in that
strange mixture of dejection, dirt,
and fatigue that made up the king.
He was clad in a long green coat

that might have served for a peas-
ant of twice his proportions, and
his shapely limbs were concealed in
breeches of the coarsest and most
primitive country make, while the
huge boots in which his small feet
wandered had so cut him at every
step that his feet were glued to
them by his own blood. His curls
were gathered up under a short and
unkempt wig, and only the small,
well-formed restless hands, the eyes
with their look of reliant individual-
ity and the melancholy sweetness
that were the great charm of the
Stuart's glance betrayed there was
behind the uncouth exterior more
than common.

Dandy to the heart, he felt almost
a thrill of pain at the suggestion
that any maiden of high or low de-
gree should see him thus. He said,
petulantly:

"We need not expect any mercy
from the louts hereabouts. Let us
tighten our belts and push on."

"As you say," responded Pendrell,
briefly. "There is some support in
the embrace of leather."

The two plodded on, but at each
step Charles faltered and only by
resolution could he repress the cry
of agony that came to his lips as
his tortured feet stumbled in their
vain endeavor to keep up with his
companion's stride.

At last he said, pantingly:

"Dear Dick, thou wert right and I
am wrong, as it seems to be my
fate. Let us stop, if only to lie in
the bush. I cannot go a step far-
ther in these boots."

Even as he spoke Pendrell with a
quick movement dragged him down
to the ground and placed his hand
over his lips.

A shiver went through Charles.
The love of life sprang into being,
and quivering with fear, all thought
of his sufferings forgotten, he hug-
ged the earth while his companion
sat by his side with eager strain of
every nerve. His quicker ear had
caught the sound of voices not far
below them.

The two remained motionless for
what seemed to the king an eternity
of suspense, then Pendrell with a
gesture that he should remain where
he was, arose, and creeping to the
top of the slope looked over.

There was no attempt on the part
of those who had set up their en-
campment below to conceal them-
selves. They were talking loudly,
and busily gathering brush to make
a fire. The cry of a child attracted
attention to the great wagon which
stood at one side. The horses to
which the covetous eye of Pendrell
instantly went were tethered near-
by, a strong pair of draught ani-
mals, and just then feeding them
from a dish of oats was a young wo-
man of comely presence whose face
he eagerly scanned to see if there
was aught of her disposition to be
read. But as far as Pendrell could
see it was heavy and coarse, and
there was little chance, that the
coquetry of her sex would aid
Charles. He nearly laughed, forlorn
as was their plight, at thought of
the appearance of the latter and the
small chance there was of his being
able to play the gallant.

On the ground at a short space
from the wagon were many bags,
and these and the dusty frock of a
man who came from the back of the
wagon, bearing in his arms the cry-
ing child, told him it was a miller
who was carrying grain from some
distance to his mill. The company
had evidently withdrawn from the
road for greater safety and were pre-
paring to pass the night here.

Pendrell thought rapidly. Neither
the garb nor the movements of the
four persons who now stood around
the fire were that of the region. The
huge travelling van, the quantity of
grain, showed they had come from a
distance. It might be safe for them
to throw themselves on their mercy
to the extent of begging a part of
the meal whose preparation already
made his mouth water.

He went back to Charles and brief-
ly related what he had seen, con-
cluding by saying:

"It is the horses that we want and
if we can get them we can manage
to go a good distance toward safety."

But Charles shook his head.

"The sight of the little money that
we have with us would at once be-
tray us for no matter how ignorant
these louts they know enough to sus-
pect the possessors of French coin.
Besides, we could not travel on
horseback. Our only safety is in
crawling like insects in such places
as these."

"Curse it, thou speakest truth,"
said Pendrell, mortified that he
should seem to Charles to have over-
looked the great fact that the safety
of the king should be the first
thought. With the keenness of mind
that seemed to give him insight to
the thoughts of others, the king said
gently:

"Nay, dear Dick, do not reproach
thyself with having forgotten
thought of me. I am ever first in
thy heart and there could be none

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who could do more than thou hast
done for me."

Pendrell took the hand which he
extended to him, and kissed it, then
helped him to arise. Charles bravely
smothered the groan that wanted
utterance, and said:

"Dick, we shall go to them for I
swear there is such excitement in
the smell of that roasting meat that
it would make me almost an Esau.
We shall have to trust to their com-
passion as a pair of footsore beg-
gars."

"And to my sword," said Pendrell
grimly.

"Beggars do not usually carry
swords with diamond studded hilts,"
said Charles, touching that of Pend-
rell, and smiling slightly.

"I must conceal it, but how?"
Charles laughed.

"Easily enough can I do that to
mine, thanks to the cunning of the
French artificer who made me a pre-
sent of it, and wished it to bring
me good luck. It hath failed in
that, but, who knows?"

As he spoke he took his sword,
and with a wrench detached the hilt
and the blade and shoved the latter
up into the former till it seemed as
if he carried a short club. Pendrell
looked half enviously as he lovingly
handled his own, then, taking off his
cloak, he wrapped the sword in it
and bound it about as well as he
could with a piece of cord, and slung
it over his shoulder.

"Forward," said Charles, with a
lightening of his heart and some
of the merry curiosity of youth. His
volatile disposition was already aid-
ing him to forget his misery. There
was more in action than in passive
endurance, and no matter how their
adventure turned out it might be a
great relief from the pressure of mad-
dening thought.

They did not descend the abrupt
hill down which they looked into the
little dell, but cautiously skirted it
and came out for a moment on the
highway. Pendrell glancing about
him with more anxiety than did
Charles, so completely had the latter
yielded to the anticipation of some
good from the miller's party. They
soon plunged into the little clearing
and as they made their way it came
suddenly to Pendrell that no one
who was not familiar with the re-
gion could have selected the spot. It
was a most cunningly contrived hid-
ding place, for the ordinary traveller
would never have dreamed there was
aught but tangled underbrush be-
yond the formidable hedge of briars.

As they pressed forward the whis-
pered a few words of rapid caution
to the king, and then they were in
the midst of the clearing.

Near the fire stood a tall, strong
woman of the early evening of life.
She was busy adding to the savory
compound which had so tickled their
nostrils and the younger woman was
hushing one child to sleep by a ten-
der crooning while a boy of ten
stood at her side, gazing at the mil-
ler. The latter was sharpening long
poles which he had cut down among
the saplings and so intent on his
task that it was only the sharp ex-
clamation of the child that made
him raise his head. He paused and
straightened up while he eyed the
intruders with frowning suspicion.

The slight figure of Charles was a
little in advance, and the king tried
to put as engaging and supplicating
a smile on his face as he could must-
er, but the effect on his begrimed
and briar-torn visage caused the boy
to set up a howl of terror.

"What brings ye here, ye rogues?"
roared the miller, lifting his voice to
give himself the more courage.

"What do ye mean to intrude on
honest people who are journeying to
their homes? Get ye gone at once
or I will bore a hole through ye!"

Considering that he was weapon-
less his speech savored more of in-
tent than ability and Pendrell snil-
ed grimly, almost unconsciously
fondling his concealed sword. But
he took on himself to answer quickly
for he feared the quick pride of
Charles.

"Sir, we are honest men, in search
of work. We have had the misfor-
tune to fall in with some thieves
who despoiled us of our little store
of provisions and we ask you for the
help of food to give us strength for
our journey."

"Faith if your tongue can move so
glib, your legs ought to follow
suit," said the miller, abruptly and
with a keen look at the speaker. "I
am not much of a meddler with oth-
er folks' business, but I never heard
an honest workman speak as you
do. Get ye gone. There is no
room for you here. Nay," answer-

ing the light that came into Pen-
drell's eyes, "do not reckon on be-
ing two to one for my nephews who
delayed a little will soon be with
us."

"We cannot go on," said Charles,
breaking silence for the first time,
and instinctively turning his eyes
to the younger woman. "We are
starving. If for nothing but the
sake of the child you have in your
arms, that in time some one may do
him a kindness—"

"What, you young limb of Satan,"
roared the miller, "do you mean to
hint that a son of mine will ever be
travelling the road? Get out of
here at once, do ye hear?"

"That we will not," said Charles,
coolly, "had you as many nephews
as there are devils in Hell we must
have food."

The younger woman, who had not
spoken, now interposed:

"It is easy enough to give them
something," she said in a concilia-
tory tone, "and let them go."

"No," thundered the miller, "I
don't work to feed lazy vagabonds
or maybe worse; maybe they are
some of the hand of the Stuart who
tried to bring his accursed followers
to eat of the substance of the land."

He suddenly seized Charles by the
arm and drew him into the circle of
the fire for the light of day was wan-
ing fast.

The king made no resistance, and
Pendrell, who had been about to
spring on the miller, held back.

As the two women saw the utter
weariness and emaciation of the boy-
ish figure, they both sprang forward
as by one impulse and took him
from the hold of the miller.

"Stay, father," said the younger
one, using the same term that her
children gave to her husband. "He
do be ready to drop with hunger,
and he's naught but a lad, you
might say. What matter be they
vagabonds? A little of our plenty
won't hurt us to lose. Lie down,
lad," indicating a couch that had
been made of hay and empty bags,
"I'll tell ye now that his bark is
worse than his bite."

"I thank you," said Charles, faint-
ly, for the revulsion had almost de-
prived him of voice, "you will not
regret—"

The miller had turned to his poles
again after listening to the gentle
words of the elder woman who mo-
tioned Pendrell to a seat. The lat-
ter curtly expressed his thanks and
sank down on the spot she indicated,
though his eyes and heart were with
the king, whom the two women
seemed to have suddenly received in
to their very hearts.

"Peace," said the younger of the
two, in a half whisper as she turned
to leave Charles. "I was a kitchen
maid at Sir Peter Ken's and I
never saw such hands as yours ex-
cept on a gentleman. It don't mat-
ter to me what you've done. You
need something and you shall have
it. But my nephews who are soon
to be here are mad to be with
Cromwell, and 'tis best for ye to
eat and then pretend to be asleep.
I'll manage them."

"God bless you," said the hunted
one, his heart more touched with her
pity than he had expected ever to
be moved, so lost was his faith in
human kindness, "I am only a
poor—"

"God bless ye, lad, you are only
a little while out of the nurse's
arms."

The elder woman said nothing but
looked at him with such attention
that Charles felt the pallor that
overspread his face must betray him.
But she ended her scrutiny by say-
ing:

"Have patience. Hold your own
for a time, a weary and a long wait,
and the sun will shine for you yet."

"Mother do be able to see things,"
said the daughter in a whisper.

"Here, Tibbie, what are you wast-
ing time with that good-for-naught
for?" said the miller, "here's your
husband and your children a-want-
ing their supper sore."

Tibbie hastened away and soon
dished out in big wooden bowls
most generous portions of the meat
and vegetables from her huge pot
and the two wayfarers fell to with
ravenous haste. It seemed to both
that never had they had such good
cheer, and they took quite a differ-
ent view of their chances for life
when they had carefully scraped the
last from the trenchers and returned
them. Charles took a deep draught
from the gourd of water which Tib-
bie handed him, then overcome by
the heat, fatigue, and the generous
food, he leaned back and was soon
asleep. Pendrell was between two

minds as to following his example.
Toughened by long exposure and
greater age he had more reserve to
draw upon, but even his iron will
could hardly fight off the demands
of the flesh. Yet the thought that
asleep they would be utterly de-
fenceless served to give him resolu-
tion and he lay down by the side of
his companion with his hand grasp-
ing the sword in his bundle.

The miller had relaxed something
of his severity as the meal warmed
him up, but he was far from having
faith in his companions, and he a-
rose and securely fastened the horses
and at the same time tightened the
belt which held his store of money.

He looked down at the pair a mo-
ment, marked the evidence of travel
on their garb and boots, and tried
to see something of their faces, but
Pendrell had pushed Charles' bat-
tered hat well forward, and his own
was partly over his eyes. Those eyes,
keen and alert, were watching the
man above him, and at first sign of
hostility to his king, he was ready
to spring upon the miller.

But the latter walked away, and,
lighting his pipe, prepared to enjoy
the rare enough treat of the Ameri-
can weed.

"Tibbie," he said, as his wife joined
him after the older woman and
two children had gone to sleep in
the caravan, "I don't know as I
ought to go to sleep till the boys
come. These two might steal the
horses and we a good forty mile
from my father's yet."

"Oh, Nicholas, they won't. They
be naught of that sort, I believe. I
wouldn't be afraid to trust them.
Let us thank the Lord that softened
your father's heart and made him
leave ye the mill if ye did marry
me."

"My girl," said the miller,
"there's nothing I ever did or can
do that was so good as marrying
ye. There's not your like anywhere.
But that doesn't mean we're to have
no common sense and protection of
our own. I've a mind to bind the
arms of these two whilst they sleep
and then I can shut my eyes."

"Deed I wouldn't," said Tibbie.
"I'm no fool and I know they are
too tired to move. Besides, the
boys will soon be here. Hark! There
be they."

The miller started up, taking a
fagot from the fire, and waving it
above his head as he started for the
path.

"Maybe 'tis highwaymen," said
Tibbie, apprehensively. "'Tis strange
he thought not of that and he so
suspicious of the lad and his com-
panion. Ah, 'tisn't. 'Tis Nick and
Will at last. Now I hope they'll
leave the two wanderers alone."

She turned to the pot and scatter-
ed the fire so that the heart of the
burning wood might heat the stew
more quickly, and wheeling about
gave a hearty greeting to the two
tall, spare and determined-looking
men of nearly thirty who came for-
ward with a haste that showed their
appetite had been whetted by the
savory odor.

"Aunt Tibbie, ye have ever ready
something the like of is not to be
had in all the inns of the road,"
said the younger and more genial-
looking as he took his heaped-up
portion. "I only wish I could find
some maiden that would make half
so good a wife as my aunt."

"Ye haven't searched hard
enough," she said, blithely. "Here
Nick, ye'll have a good race with
Will to see which ends quickest."

But Nick had now espied the two
prostrate figures and, with his eyes
on them, demanded, gruffly:

"Who are they. Where did ye
find them, uncle?"

"I didn't find them," said the
uncle, "they came to us and asked
for something to eat. They're a pair
of ne'er-do-wells, going from one
town to another, I suppose."

"These are no times for taking
things by supposes," said Will, ris-
ing and laying down his dish, "I'll
look at them and see if they aren't
a pair of Cavaliers—"

"First," said Tibbie, sharply, "as
they're asleep, ye'll eat your por-
tion and let me clean up my dishes
for to-morrow. There's time enough
for minding other people's business
when I've finished mine."

The miller laughed as Will rather
sullenly took his seat, and his bro-
ther said jokingly:

"Will don't take things on
chances. He thinks there may be
something in this which will be the
means of raising him in the world."

"Not so, judge me not by the car-
nal instincts of your nature," said
the other, hastily. "I feel that it
may be I am the instrument selected
by the Lord to bring the guilty and
the bloody to justice, and I ought
not to refuse the call."

"It is often that I meet a kind
of conceit that is as bad as any-
thing the Cavaliers ever done," said
Tibbie aloud. "I think myself that
it is your duty now to finish eating
that I may have the dishes out of
the way and the pot ready for the
morning's work."

"Aye," said her husband, heart-
ily.

"I am going to see who these are,
though," said Will, determinedly.

"There's nothing wrong about
that, surely," said the miller.

"Come on," said Nick.

Tibbie said nothing. She was sor-
ry that her mother had retired, but
she dared not further interpose, and
besides what cause was this of hers?
The two might be thieves, might be
only what they seemed, although her
swift woman's instinct told her oth-
erwise.

Nick and Will strode over to the
prostrate figures and Will rudely
passed the light of the flaming fagot
he bore over the eyes of both, sev-
eral times. There was not a wink
of disturbance from Charles who was
so sound asleep that nothing but the
crack of doom could have wakened
him, and Pendrell had schooled him-
self to stand the ordeal.

After a long scrutiny, a careful
dwelling on every bit of their garb
and a lifting of the hats which shaded
their faces, the two turned away.

"I don't know," muttered Will,
"but by morning light I can judge
better. They may be naught but
some of less degree whose pulling
would do us no good. Be that as it
may when day comes we will hark
them to Sir Ralph Peyton who will
put them through and find out if
they are of the unsanctified."

"Yes, that will be best," said Tib-
bie, readily.

After a little more talk the two
younger men threw themselves on
the bed they quickly made, and Tib-
bie and her husband retired to the
caravan. Soon the snores of the
miller announced that he had fallen
readily into the arms of sleep.

Pendrell could no more have
yielded to the fatigue that tortured
each nerve of his body than he could
have betrayed his precious charge.
It seemed that every minute he re-
mained inactive he was wasting time
that could not be valued, but he was
an experienced enough campaigner to
understand that it was well to err
on the side of safety.

And how to wake the king? He
knew that to rise in those boots was
a process of agony that drew from
Charles groans he could not stifle.

While he was deliberating a hand
touched him and he sprang up with
a fierce resolve to murder. It was
Tibbie who stood by his side.

"Hush!" she said. "God forgive
me, but I can't see ye given over to
the butcher. Ye must go at once.
By taking the second road to the
right, straight across through the
forest, and then one turn to the
right again ye will come to the
grounds of Sir Paulet Stevens. He
would give his life for the King, and
he has protection because his neph-
ew is one of the greatest of Noll's
friends and wants to stand in good
favor to get the store of gold that
Sir Paulet has hid somewhere. They
do say that he has often harbored
priests. He was an old friend of my
master's. Now, sir, do ye and the
lad get up and make for your life,
for Will has his suspicions."

"Thank you, thank you," breathed
Pendrell, "you do not know what
service you are doing."

"Maybe it is better I don't."

"But I cannot raise the — my
friend. He is like a log, and his
feet are so cut with the boots—ah,
the poor lad—that he is sure to
groan and thus arouse the others."

Tibbie thought a moment. "I see
a way," she said. "I'm sixteen
stone and he's not much for my
back. I'll just lift him and carry
him for some distance along the
road you ought to take. Do you lift
up that bundle. There is a bit to
eat in it for ye may have to hide."

Without more ado, she put her
arms about the neck and feet of the
king and lifting him in her arms as
if he were her child, she started off
as light as a feather, with Pendrell
at her back. He marvelled at the
ease with which she bore her bur-
den, and he wondered why Charles
made no outcry though he was so
near that he could easily have stifled
it with his hand. But the young
king lay in her arms in the deep ex-
haustion of fatigue and it was not
till they had gone far that Tibbie,
who trod the narrow path with the
experienced alertness of one to whom
it was familiar, placed him down
and shook him gently.

He woke with a start, crying out:
"Ha! Dick! where are you? Are
we caught?"

"No, no," said Pendrell, gently.
"Be still. There is need of the
greatest caution. The good woman
who so kindly fed us has brought
you from the camp. There are ene-
mies there. Now can't you walk?"

"Curse these boots," said Charles,
sorely. He strove to move his feet,
and after a moment of anguish found
that he could endure the pain. He
turned to Tibbie.

"Madame," he said with the grace
and earnestness of the king, "I owe
you my life. I shall never forget it.
God will reward you for this and if
ever—"

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Continued from Page Eleven.

He choked and the impulsive woman took his hand in her own firm palm and lifted it to her lips. "I know nothing of ye," she said, doggedly, "but I count it reward to have the opportunity to kiss this hand."

"God be with ye," she said. "Ye can't get out of this too fast. I must go." Before Charles or Pendrell could say more she had turned and disappeared.

Pendrell acquainted the king with the cause for their rapid flight and Charles needed no urging to hurry as best he could. He clenched his teeth firmly, and by following, the directions of Tibbie the two made fair enough progress away from the inquisition of Will.

When morning dawned they were nearly at the second turn, but Pendrell deemed it prudent to burrow as deep as they could in the bushes and wait till night. As soon as it came they set forth again, and thanks to the good cheer of Tibbie they made such good time that it was not far from midnight when they saw the square towers of Paulet Castle looming up.

Pendrell silently reconnoitered. He knew that it was possible the baronet might be entertaining some one who would recognize Charles. While he was moving cautiously through the grounds, nearing the castle, a swift, light shape suddenly arose from the earth at his feet and confronted him. With a muttered oath, Pendrell drew his sword, but the apparition said, hastily, and with a soft laugh: "Be not over quick. You are watching the castle to see who is there and I have been watching you for some seconds. I am Paula Stevens. Who are you?"

"That, fair lady," said Pendrell, with a sigh of relief, "is a bit of information that I prefer to keep to myself for a time."

"Of course," said the young lady, moving a step nearer and letting the hood of her cloak fall so that he could see the outlines of an exceedingly beautiful face in the soft glimmering starlight and feel the flash of her lustrous eyes, "you are Royalists. I have just been conducting one to a place of safety. He is now far on his way across the river and may soon bid farewell to England."

"Oh, that we had been here sooner," groaned Pendrell. "Yes, I will trust you. The wit and courage of woman have often saved a nation." He leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear. She listened without a movement and then said, briefly: "I will not earn your bad opinion. Bring your friend here at once and I will see that he gets into the castle."

Pendrell hastened back to where he had left Charles and acquainted him with their good fortune, but to his surprise, the king held back. "Paula Stevens!" he said. "That is the name of the most beautiful maiden in this shire. Don't you remember how the gallants in Worcester were talking of her beauty? I would not appear before her thus—"

"What do you think of," said Pendrell, patiently, "it is the greatest good fortune that we have come upon her and she will be sure to aid you. Come, what matters your garb? It is the king whom she welcomes and who will honor her with his gratitude."

"True," said Charles, irresolutely. "I would there were more visible evidence of the inward divinity." He stiffly arose, and tried to walk with as jaunty a grace as possible, but it was so wretched a failure that when they saw the tall straight figure waiting for them and it advanced rapidly and gave him the support of an arm, he could not protest, but only murmur thanks.

Paula and Pendrell supported Charles, whom Pendrell privately thought resigned himself rather too willingly to their help, toward the castle. She said nothing and neither of her companions thought it fit to interrupt her silence. Instead of approaching the main part, Paula Stevens skirted the grounds till they came to the north tower. Its base was overrun with ivy, but the girl walked up to the very thickest of the vines, parted them, showing that they had been trained like a screen over a small door and taking a key from her dress inserted it in the lock of the door and threw it open.

"Enter and welcome," She motioned Pendrell to support

the king within and he did so. Then Paula entered and closed the door quickly. She stood a moment as if debating with herself and then turned to her guests: "You are safe now. There is in the Castle a guest who was one of the king's officers at Worcester. My father is entertaining him and the better that there be no suspicion of the more important one whom we have here, I think it well that you come to table after you have changed your garb. I shall light you up these stairs which are into a room unknown to any, but father and his man and myself. Bertrand shall help you. There is much raiment of various classes. I should advise you to be a pair of merchants from some country town. Then you will not have to be familiar with much that will be current in talk and can keep silence." She lit a taper as she spoke and then pressed a knob in another door to the right. "Here is Bertrand. He will bring you to the table if it is best for you to come. Au revoir. I shall see you with my father."

She disappeared, and in less time than they could collect their thoughts a man of active middle life stood by their side. He took the arm of the king and almost lifted him toward the stairs, while Pendrell, with as much of a prayer of thanksgiving in his heart as he had entertained for weeks, followed. They were ushered into a large low room with a comfortable fire on the hearth.

Pendrell counselled against the to the needs of the king, and with the aid of good cordial, the soothing ointments of the old man, and the marvel of clean soft raiment, Charles was really well enough to go down to the company.

Pendrell counselled against the step but the king was obstinate, and the faithful follower had nothing to do but submit and hope some good might come of the venture. As they entered the great dining hall they saw that Paula in radiant costume was presiding at the table. She gave them a quick look of caution as she arose and, coming forward, said:—

"My father, you will pardon my adding to the company, but a woman must have news of the modes and these traveling merchants have been showing some of their wares. They are so good I bespeak your gentle consideration."

Sir Paulet Stevens, a stout, jovial-looking man with a keen eye and a face full of dignity arose and said heartily: "Paulet Stevens has ever room for more at his board. Sit ye down, sirs, and have as much of good cheer as the lateness of your coming will give."

Mindful of the difference in their ranks, he did not offer his hand to his guests. Pendrell bowed with a sweep that was a bit too deep for the character he assumed, and it was instantly remarked by the third of the company of four men: "Upon my word, merchant," he said in a tone of easy insolence, "you have caught the regular court gallantry. Where were you school-"

"In my day," said Pendrell with ready tongue, "many of the gallants did patronize me, and I was ever a mimic." "Come forward," said Sir Paulet, indicating a place at the lower end of the board, and then turning to the man who had spoken, he said in a low tone: "You know very well, nephew, that I wish you to observe courtesy in my house to the humblest. Your Parliamentary sympathies are not as old as your manners and there is nothing in devotion to the cause of Cromwell which should make you forget all the outward marks of a gentleman."

The man addressed wore the uniform of a colonel in the Parliamentary army. He was handsome enough of form and feature, but the expression of his countenance was cold and sinister. A flush now overspread his face and a hasty retort seemed trembling on his lip when he thought better of it, and turned to his cousin with a smile: "We can forgive a lady anything, can't we?" he murmured, "and as I am going in for equality, I surely should not take umbrage. But I am not to be beguiled into losing my wits, and I swear there is something odd in the presence of your merchants."

Paula looked him steadily in the eyes, and smiled: "The fact that you have come here and found us entertaining one of the king's officers."

"There is no king," interrupted the colonel. "Pardon, I have one," continued Paula, "has made you suspicious of even me. Now there is one thing that I cannot forgive, lack of confidence in me."

He bent eagerly forward. "If I thought that you cared enough for me to value my opinion—"

ah, Paula, there is nothing that I would not do for your sake." Paula laughed. "You would leave old Noll and kiss the king's hand if he were to let you?"

"I would kiss the hand of one far superior to any of the Stuarts, did she permit me. No, Paula, much as I love you I must hold to my loyalty to Cromwell."

Paula sighed. "I should not care to have you sacrifice what you thought was principle for me. But why should you take prisoner this poor wretch of a captain who is trying to get out of the country and all mischief? He would be out of your way. My father was entertaining him when you came and he is really his guest."

The Cromwellian glanced at the other man. He saw a look of careless ease on his face as he bent forward in conversation, and the man who did not know their relative positions might have imagined the captor to be pitied rather than he.

The third man was a pale, rather ascetic-looking individual, who lived with Sir Paulet under the vague title of friend. It was rumored he was a priest, and there were many who had had chance to find he was deeply versed in Latin and could wield a sword with the same ease that he turned out a neat sentence. He was looking at the king, and Morton Stevens following his intent gaze was struck by the resemblance of the profile of Charles to his father. He suddenly leaned forward and, addressing the Royalist captain, said: "Sir Herbert, you were one of those who fought close to Charles Stuart. Saw you ever a man who looked more like him than yonder younger merchant?"

Sir Herbert turned deliberately, and looked at the king, over whose pale face a flood of crimson poured, leaving it yet paler. But his eyes did not falter and something like a smile moved his lips as he met the gaze of all at the table concentrated upon him. Only the quivering of the lips of Pendrell showed that he was moved. Sir Herbert looked long at the face of the king. Then he said deliberately: "I was in the close company and had the honor of being partly the companion of the king, but there is not much resemblance in this young man's face. King Charles is at least four inches higher and fully a half yard wider in shoulders. I fancy bending over cloths in the haberdasher's does not develop the chest."

"Indeed it does not, my lord," said Charles with well simulated awkwardness, "but I thank the kind gentleman who has honored me by thinking I look like the unfortunate Stuart."

"What nonsense," cried Sir Paulet with a hearty indignation. "The Stuart would be angered did he hear. You may well feel proud, young man."

"Yet I'll be bound the same thought that was in my mind was in yours, Father—I beg your pardon, Mr. Henry," said Morton Stevens, addressing the friend of his uncle.

The latter turned upon him a smile of singular sweetness. "I was thinking how modest was the lad to show such good manners in such a promotion as the present company must be to him. I have too much honor for my king to trace his features in country boys."

Pendrell laughed heartily: "For myself, I am a man of peace, but I feel that there was more honor paid to us than we are like to receive again in our lives. I crave pardon for having been the subject of your talk."

"I am glad to hear that," said Sir Paulet, "and I am glad to hear that you are a man of peace, but I feel that there was more honor paid to us than we are like to receive again in our lives. I crave pardon for having been the subject of your talk."

"Never did I long for the power of my crown as now," he said, "when that alone would let me thank thee fittingly. We may never meet again, but ever thou shalt be shrouded in my heart. There will be joy in the thought that it was to the mercy of a maiden, and such a maiden, that I owed my life."

Paula looked at him with unshed tears. "Adieu, my king," she murmured, "'tis not so much the mercy as the duty of a loyal maiden which hath stirred me. God grant that thou

Morton Stevens had by no means relinquished his suspicions, but he knew that it would not help him to further show them, and he was anxious to conciliate Paula all that he could without loss of his own principles. So he cheerfully complied with his uncle's request, and with such good effect that it was long past the midnight hour when the little company separated.

Morton took his candle first and ascended the stairs a few steps, then concealing it in the folds of his cloak he looked down at the company that was separating. As he did so he saw that his prisoner whose word he had taken passed by Charles with no sign of recognition, but as the friend of the house was waiting for the guest to pass out from the dining hall he saw him take the hand of the younger of the two merchants and raise it to his lips. It was enough. Morton Stevens hurried to his own apartment and waited, with a heart that was beating long exultant strokes, for the household to quiet.

He was fully determined to take the young man prisoner, but he did not wish to arouse his uncle if he could do it quietly. He must communicate with his men, and he could not expect to remain in the castle after the deed was done. It was something of a wrench at his heart when he thought of the feelings which Paula would entertain toward him, but there was no setting of love against his fanaticism and ambition and he resolutely thrust aside all tenderness. He had divested himself of his heavy boots and was approaching the door, when it was suddenly pulled shut and the heavy key turned in the lock. He was a prisoner himself. It took a moment to realize this. Then he dashed his shoulder against the door. He might as well have tried to pull down the stone walls.

"I shall overcome you," he shouted, literally grinding his teeth with rage. "I know it is you, Henry, you Jesuit, who have done this, but there is no chance of your getting free from punishment. Nor can you save the king, for I have recognized him."

"Be quiet, cousin," said the voice of Paula. "Do not impugn a man who is probably sleeping the sleep of innocence now. It is I. There is no excuse to be offered, and if you want to denounce me when you are at liberty you may. But this house is not to be the scene of treachery. Be comfortable. Do not rage too much. I will come back and release you in good time."

Before he could answer, she had fitted away and was soon in the apartment to which Bertrand had again conducted the king and his companion. She burst in without ceremony.

"It seems that my cousin has recognized you, sire. There remains but one thing to be done by me now, and that is to conduct you to a place more safe than this. I have confined him in his room, and it will be hours ere any of his men come to get orders. In the meantime with the fleetest horses in the stable and Bertrand as guide you two can be far on the road to safety. He will bring you to friends."

Charles took her hand in his and raised it to his lips: "Never did I long for the power of my crown as now," he said, "when that alone would let me thank thee fittingly. We may never meet again, but ever thou shalt be shrouded in my heart. There will be joy in the thought that it was to the mercy of a maiden, and such a maiden, that I owed my life."

Paula looked at him with unshed tears. "Adieu, my king," she murmured, "'tis not so much the mercy as the duty of a loyal maiden which hath stirred me. God grant that thou

mayst find safety. Bertrand will guide thee to trusty friends. And the thought that I have been able to help thee will ever be consolation to Paulet Stevens and his daughter."

"Say not adieu but au revoir," said Charles, almost gayly as he prepared to follow Pendrell, already in the passage way. He stooped and kissed her on the brow and was gone.

Paula rose slowly to her feet. "The mercy of a maiden," she repeated. "At what a cost? Nay, nay, love will conquer Morton's anger, and did it not. I have happiness in saving my king."—Charlotte M. Holloway, in Donahoe's Magazine.

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Peevish contradictions about trifles are infinitely more vexatious than a generous opposition where matters of importance are involved. Passion warps and interrupts the judgment. He that can reply calmly to an angry man is too hard for him. Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says they are like men who stand on their heads—they see all things the wrong way.

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NOTES

MORE INTOLERANCE. Irish magistrate has motions against the resumption of the 'Fathers' dogon, on the application of the Protestant Alliance, who under an old statute have no right to litigate in the Kingdom. A similar case against the Jesuits time ago under the laws; but it was prevented, on the ground that had lapsed in desuetude of the Protestant Act. There have one good effect stir the Catholics of the Kingdom in a common cause. The same time an attempt made to secure the anti-Catholic laws vigor—those concerned with the honours of Lord Chancellor and Lord Lieutenant example.

EMILE ZOLA'S I den and tragic was French novelist Zola pected and it created Paris, the echo of which all over the continent side of the Atlantic maxim, old as our early Christian, that 'say naught but good. This means that it say aught injurious who have departed from. We have made it a rule injunction in as far as duties would allow, when there is no positive record, the next say nothing at all are not sufficiently a private life of Emile and any comments, g different, upon his steps passage through this no right to pass any him, for we are in the of knowing the inner his heart. It might be possible lessons from the in which this most part of the so-called reality was summoned from in that we might have tice and we prefer, a man is concerned, to drop for all time upon life. But if we are not pass judgment upon least we are justified estimate of the immediate work that he has done to humanity most favorable comment been made regarding it is far from a eulog leading French journal has said: 'It will be he could have made his own glory, of the vigor and strength was endowed and of al art that he possesses out in striking evidence of positions, of of customs. Taking standpoints, in there is sufficient to suggest useful reflections future generations a tury and to impart ries of human documents contribute to the our fame.' In an interview of Dr. Fréchette said that of late been living on reputation, and that he are not worth reading.