

THE HOME RULE CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

A hearty welcome was extended to Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., and his colleagues of the Irish party at a demonstration held in Bernersley Town Hall recently...

The Rev. Father Staunton (Bernersley) proposed the first resolution, which was to the effect that we, the Irish Nationalists of South London, extend a cordial welcome to the Chairman of the United Irish Parliamentary Party...

Father Doubleday (Woolwich) seconded the resolution, and said while they agreed with the last speaker when he said they loved the hills and valleys of Ireland, there was something more they loved, and that was the people of Ireland—a people down-trodden and despised...

to put their hands into their pockets. The Irish people in South London were not an ungenerous people. Many faults were attributed to them, but they were never accused of being mean.

Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., on rising to address the meeting, was greeted with loud and continued cheers. After thanking the meeting for the cordiality of the welcome, he said he was sure the meeting would forgive him if he commenced his speech by a personal reference.

He was deeply touched by the words of Father Doubleday, who said that they loved, not merely those haunts of beauty "where angels fold their wings and rest," but they loved the people. Of what value to them was it that those haunts of beauty continued to exist in Ireland...

House the previous night. Owing to the presence of the Irish members the Government's majority of 135 was reduced to 134...

DEDICATION OF ST. BUNAN'S CATHEDRAL.

The thousands who visited Letterkenny on June 16, says the Belfast "Irish Weekly," will not readily forget the scenes in which they have just participated. The occasion which brought forth the wealth of religious fervor and devotion seen here was the dedication of St. Bunan's Cathedral to Divine service...

At eleven o'clock a procession of the bishops and priests moved slowly from the Christian Brothers' Schools, headed by acolytes with lighted candles, and they passed towards the Cathedral the assembled people reverently uncovered. The solemn ceremonies commenced with Pontifical High Mass, at which His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland, presided.

drank their inspiration and their strength long centuries ago. Thus does he show himself indeed a wise household, "who bringeth forth out of his treasures new things and old."

Right Rev. Monsignor Segrave, P.P., V.G., Drogheda; Very Rev. Canon Quin, P.P., Camlough. The other clergy present included: Right Rev. Monsignor Grogan, president Maynooth College; Canon Rogers, P.P.; Rev. Father Ebenrecht, Blackrock College; Ven. Archdeacon Segrave, Drogheda; Very Rev. Canon McCartan, P.P., Donaghmore; Father Ring, O.M., Inchicore, Dublin; Rev. John Quinn, Adm., S.J.; Very Rev. Father Mulligan, S.J.; Very Rev. Canon Quin, P.P., Camlough; Rev. Philip McGinty, P.P., Trillick; Father O'Neill, Bundoran; Very Rev. Canon Loftus, P.P., Ballymote; Very Rev. Dr. O'Garra M'Shane, Chicago; Rev. Dr. Forke, Maynooth College; Rev. James Murray Adm., Glenties; Rev. Richard O'Connor, O.F.M., Glasgow; Rev. W. S. Donagan, Lucan, County Dublin; Rev. F. Sheridan, Rev. J. Gallagher, Rathmullan; Rev. P. Kelly, P.P., Rathpoo; Rev. Hugh Devine, P.P., Lifford; Rev. E. M'Devitt, C.C., Stranorlar; Rev. J. McCafferty, C.C., Clonagan; Rev. Father Cassidy, Donagall; Rev. J. M'Atena, C.C., Fintona; Rev. C. M'Monamin, C.C., Glenvar; Right Rev. Monsignor Morgan, Liverpool; Right Rev. Monsignor O'Callaghan, Salford; Rev. C. Cloghan, Rev. Father Cassidy, Rev. Dr. Ryan, vice-president, Thurles College; Rev. Father Dillon, O.S.A., Ennis; Rev. M. J. Quinn, C.C., Dundalk; Rev. T. O'Donnell, P.P., Antrim; Right Rev. Monsignor O'Connell, P.P., Drogheda; Rev. Monsignor O'Hagan, P.P., Strabane; Rev. Monsignor M'Fall, P.P., V.G., Waterside, Derry; Rev. James Haggan, Adm., St. Eugene's, Derry.

After Mass, Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque, preached a soul-stirring sermon, which created a deep impression on the vast congregation. His Lordship showed a mastery of eloquence seldom equalled in pulpits oratory, and during the hour the sermon lasted his words of profound learning and thought were eagerly drunk in by his hearers.

Notes from Rome. SOUTH AMERICAN COLLEGE. The following most interesting information regarding the South American College at Rome, Cardinal Gibbons' visit thereto, and the Gregorian chant cultivated therein, was taken from the Liverpool "Catholic Times":

The South-American College, or as it is known to the Romans, "il Collegio Pio Latino Americano," may be considered as an important connecting link between the centre of Catholicity and the distant but most faithful Latin colonies across the Atlantic. It is here, in the majestic building overlooking the Tiber, that the young missionaries receive that training which will enable them to bear the physical fatigue and moral trials which they so nobly overcome in the fulfilment of their apostolic duties.

BOOKS CONDEMNED.—By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, dated 7th June, a number of publications have been prohibited and condemned among them may be mentioned:— "Eni. Combe: 'Le grand coup avec sa date probable, c'est-à-dire le grand châtiment du monde et le triomphe universel de l'Eglise.' Vichy, 1896. Jean Bonnier: 'Comment tout cela va finir. L'avenir jusque à la fin des temps; histoire antécédente des derniers ages du monde.' Rennes, 1900. Josef Muller: 'Der Reformkatholizismus, die Religion der Zukunft.' Wurzburg-Zurich, 1895-97. and '(Turzu) Turzu-agizi - 1 - mazumi wa adu - l'aki bi - 1 - baghi - 1 - manqumi (s. l. a. s. t.)' This last work is in Arabic, and is entitled 'The shield of the oppressed, and God's justice towards the oppressor.'

A GRAND REQUIEM.—In the Church of St. George and the English Saints a Requiem Mass for the anniversary of the late Rev. Mother Magdalen Taylor, first Mother-General of the Institute of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, was sung on the 10th June last, by the Right Rev. Mgr. Prior, rector of the Ilesia College, assisted by the Rev. Father Theod and the Rev. Mr. Golding Bird as Deacon and Sub-Deacon, and served by the students of the college. Amongst the clergy present there were: Right Rev. Mgr. Kelly, Very Rev. Father O'Keefe, O.S.A., Very Rev. Father Albert, O.S.B., Very Rev. Canon Mackey, O.S.B., Rev. Father O'Connor, Very Rev. Canon Altigiero, Rev. Father Chase, Rev. Father Rooney, Rev. Father Mackey, O.P., the Rev. Superior of the Irish Christian Brothers, and many other friends.

BRITISH LIBERALS DIVIDED. According to despatches to the daily press, the crisis in the Liberal party has reached an acute stage. This was publicly admitted and deplored by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Although the rumors that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has already resigned the leadership of the party are premature, a meeting of the party has been suddenly convened for next Tuesday, when it is expected he may offer his resignation.

MEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

BY A VETERAN SCRIBBLER

During the eighties I had the advantage of hearing several members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, as it was then constituted. The most remarkable of them all was Justin McCarthy. I heard him lecture twice on the same subject, and he approached it from entirely different standpoints each time. In fact, I do not believe that he repeated, in the second lecture, one sentence used in the first one. Nor were the arguments similar, nor the train of thought. Yet both were magnificent pleas for Irish Home Rule. To my mind this simply proves that Mr. McCarthy's fund of information on the subject and his treasury of arguments in its favor are both unlimited. I actually believe he could have delivered a half dozen more lectures on the same question without once repeating himself. I will now say a word about Mr. McCarthy's different claims to universal recognition as a leading litterateur, and then refer to his general appearance, his method of public speaking, and the impressions that he left upon my own mind.

Justin McCarthy is to-day admittedly one of the best writers of English in Great Britain. He has achieved considerable success as an Irish politician; he has even been selected, in the hour of a terrible crisis, as chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He has displayed talent, erudition and magnificent patriotism in the House of Commons. His high literary character, his personal sincerity, and his calm but steadfast adherence to and exposition of the Irish cause has won him a place of more than ordinary prominence amongst the popular representatives in that body. He has been a painstaking student of Irish affairs; and as such, the moment he came to a conclusion he began to labor for the realization of his dream, or rather of his ideal. When others, equally sincere I suppose, wavered, or had doubts as to the ultimate success of the cause, he never flinched for a second, nor did his faith in Ireland's ultimate triumph ever grow dim. Hence it is that he was trusted by one party, respected by another, and feared by a third.

As a Parliamentarian he has had no mean degree of success, but that was not in his line. It was his intense spirit of patriotism that led him to enter the political arena, nor would he have stayed in that field were it not that he felt it a duty to the cause he had espoused to stick to the ship while the breakers were high and threatening. All through his career he longed for that quiet which is the aim of almost every literary man. His joy would have been to have secured a quiet home some place out of town; and there far from the world's din and strife, to complete his different literary works; but Providence, and the interests of Ireland kept him in the vortex of public contention.

As a litterateur Justin McCarthy is favorably known both at home and abroad. As an historian he has furnished ample proof in his "History of Our Own Times," of his great capacity and his honesty of convictions. In the realm of fiction he has also done enough important work to deserve for his bust a nook in Westminster. One of the most beautifully written and perfectly constructed novels of modern times, is "Maid of Athens," by Justin McCarthy. It is a romance of modern history, full of most charming descriptions of "The City of the Violet Crown." Works of the class are not numerous and the few we have should be made live for the instruction, entertainment and edification of future generations. The mild nature of the McCarthy's rise in the world of letters is a proof that men must pay the penalty of probation for every success that they attain.

I have made these few preliminary remarks to show how important a personage in those days was Justin McCarthy. In appearance he seemed to me to be slightly under the medium height. His hair and beard bore the traces of age's silencing. His voice was clear, but not strong, and rather more musical than otherwise. His manner was remarkably gentle, if not to say genteel. He had all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, and one more accustomed to the parlor carpet than the stage's matting. His very intimate knowledge of the subject under treatment made it unnecessary for him to carry notes. In fact, his whole lecture resembled a parlor conversation of a more than usual interest. He might have gone on for hours without any apparent effort, and we could have remained listening all night.

It would be unjust to call Mr. McCarthy an orator, for he possessed none of the striking characteristics nor qualities of high oratory. I found

him a most fascinating speaker, a charming conversationalist, a fluent debater, a strong reasoner, and principally an attractive exponent of a well-developed and deeply-studied question. His method of speaking was not calculated to stir up enthusiasm, not to elicit loud bursts of frantic applause. While men of much less ability and knowledge transported audiences into the realms of imagination by telling grave truths to the made an attempt to fire the train of enthusiasm. His power seemed to lie in the simple, plain, unadorned manner of telling grave truths to the Irish people, and having them accept and approve of the same. With Home Rule for a theme it is easy to understand how he could impress and audience of sympathetic Irishmen. He even had the magnetic gift of variety; I mean that he could create a smile or call up a tear just as he suited his conversation and his method of enforcing his arguments.

To go over at this late date, and after all the changes that have taken place in the party in the cause, and in the country, the verbatim report of those lectures, would be of practically little benefit. We all have an idea of the facts at his disposal then and many of us could repeat all the arguments advanced by the leaders in those days. Since then the party has been split in twain, the great leader has vanished forever, the reunion of the various elements in one great phalanx has occurred, and the situation of Ireland towards England, or rather the attitude of England towards Ireland has become a real transformation. Consequently, I need not attempt a report of either of his lectures; moreover my memory is not sufficiently faithful to preserve all the statements of the gifted Irish patriot.

But I cannot refrain from reproducing two or three of the stanzas, from the pen of another McCarthy—Denis Florence—which he recited to us, in evidence of the antiquity of his Irish name and race. There is a subdued and quaint humor in the semi-brazen manner in which the bard traces the glories and greatness of the House of Macaura of McCarthy. Macaura is the genuine Celtic name of the very extensive and many-branched house of McCarthy. While a slight exaggeration is apparent on the face of the poem, still it is so rich and so unique, that it might be said to fittingly represent the very characteristics displayed in the person of Mr. Justin McCarthy. It ran in this way.

Bright are the names of the chiefs—
Lairds and sages,
That shine like the stars, through
The dark night of ages;
Whose deeds are inscribed on the
Pages of story.

There forever so live in the sun-
shine of glory,
Heroes of history, phantoms of fa-
ble,
Charlemagne's champions, and Ar-
thur's Round Table;

Oh! but they all a new lustre could
borrow
From the glory that hangs round
The name of Macaura.

Thy waves Manzanera wash many a
shrine,
And proud are the castles that frown
on the Rhine,
And stately the mansions whose pin-
acles glance
Through the elms of old England and
vineyards of Florence;

Many have fallen and many will
fall,
Good men and brave men have
died in them all,
But as good men and brave men, in
gladness and sorrow,
Have dwelt in the halls of the princely
Macaura.

Montenapoli, Medina, unheard was
thy rank,
By the dark-eyed Iberian, or light-
hearted Frank,
And your ancestors wondered ob-
scure and unknown,
By the smooth Gaudeliquer or sun-
ny Garonne;

Ere Venice had wadded the sea, or
enroll'd
The name of her Doge in her proud
Book of Gold,
When her glory was all to come on
like the morning,

There were princes and kings of the
clan of Macaura,
Proud should thy heart beat, de-
scendant of Heber,
Lofty thy head as the shrines of the
Gheber;

Like theirs are the halls of thy fore-
fathers shattered,
Like theirs is the wealth of thy pal-
aces scattered,
Their fire is extinguished, your flag
is long unfurled,
But, oh, how proud were we both at
the dawn of the world,

And should both fade away, what
heart would not sorrow,
For the Towers of the Gheber and
the Clan of Macaura!

RANDOM NOTES AND REMARKS.

SISTERLY LOVE.—The Irishman gets great credit for his love of country, his readiness for the Old Land, and his unchanging affection for his relatives. But we often omit to note the all-absorbing love of Irish women for their sisters. Yet, we come daily in contact with examples of Irish female devotedness that cannot be approximated in more words. A recent case of this nature, wherein a woman—Mrs. James Golan, 411 East 52d Street, New York City, re- after 25 years of separation re-

covered a sister she had left in babyhood and brought her to America to spend her declining years in comfort. Their story, which is very interesting and equally characteristic, is thus told:—

"I had a cotemporary age in Ireland lived Owen O'Neill, his wife Annie and their five children, three boys and two girls. A property of fifty acres established them in a fair way of prosperity and they looked forward to a happy future for their little ones. Stricken with deadly fe-

ver, husband and wife were carried within two months of each other, and their helpless orphans left in charge of an uncle by marriage. This man waited long enough to put the children into institutions, converted their belongings into money and left for America.

Anita, the oldest of the five, was early sent into service as a nursemaid. When 13 years old, through the intervention of a relative, the girl emigrated to this country, and with the loyalty of a mother to those she had left behind, saved her earnings until able to bring out two of her brothers. Both of these have since died. Grown to womanhood, Annie became the wife of James Quinn, a contractor.

"Of the younger brother and baby sister, though she had made repeated efforts to get word of them, she could learn nothing. Improperly registered at an institute, the authorities had lost all clue to their identity. After years of unremitting search, Mrs. Quinn learned beyond peradventure that her brother was a young man named John, who had been adopted by a family in New York. She had met the same fate, but her yearning tenderness over the 3-year-old child who had kissed her good-by so many years before, would not be appeased.

"She had advanced in the daily papers here and in Ireland to no avail. It was a chance visit, from Charles Burns, a native of her birthplace, that established the first clue. Interesting himself in the case, he communicated with his brother in County Cavan. After months of patient work, baby Mary, now a woman of 54, was discovered as a servant on a farm. She was ignorant that she possessed any kin. Mrs. Quinn's joyful letter claiming her as sister, inclosing money and a steamship ticket, and bidding her welcome to her home, came like a miracle.

"When the Teutonic docked in New York on her last trip, a little, worn old woman walked down the gangplank with a strange look of expectation in her faded eyes to be clasped in the warm embrace of the sister whose love had been stronger than time and space."

A LESSON.—Frequently we receive important lessons that are unheeded, and the result is that we wantonly leave ourselves open to reproaches, which are actually insults. Last Thursday week we had a very striking illustration of what we now mean.

At the demonstration, at Marjorieville, in honor of Speaker Brodeur, member for Rouville, Mr. Marc Sauvalle, representing "La Presse," delivered a speech, in the course of which he declared that he has been in so rich and so unique, that it might be said to fittingly represent the very characteristics displayed in the person of Mr. Justin McCarthy. It ran in this way.

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500 Ladies' New Percale Shirt Waists in pretty stripes, checks and floral designs; pink, blue, helio, also black and white. Regular value 60c, sale price 39c.

210 Ladies' White Lawn Shirt Waists, made with cluster of tucks, new sleeve, collar and cuffs, regular value, 75 cts, sale price 57c.

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C. M. B. A. AT THE PAN-AM. Last week we published a circular of a Council of the Knights of Columbus in Buffalo, indicating the arrangements which had been made for the accommodation of members of the Order from other parts of the Republic and from Canada, who intend visiting the great Pan-American Exposition now in progress in Buffalo.

HOUSE OF CALVARY.—Archbishop Corrigan of New York has bestowed the decoration of the Cross of Calvary upon seven women prominent in good work in the Church. He has also blessed the addition to the House of Calvary at 5 and 7 Perry streets, New York. The institution was founded by Mrs. Anna Blount Storms of North Carolina, for poor women suffering from non-contagious diseases. Wishing to found a charity in New York, and having heard of the houses of Calvary in Europe, Mrs. Storms went to Brussels a number of years ago to study the workings of the house there. Only widows are received into the order to do the work for which it was founded, that of nursing the sick; but there is another order, affiliated with the House of Calvary called the Daughters of the Cross, in which either maids or matrons are received to do the household work within.

AN OLD PIECE OF FURNITURE.—Collector of curiosities: Look here! old chair, what do you think of this for a treasure? Friend: What, this table? Collector: Yes, certainly, Friend: Not much. Collector: astonished: Gracious me, you don't? Friend: Why not, it isn't so very ancient, is it? Collector: enthusiastically: It is over four hundred years old, Friend: Pshaw, that's nothing. I have a table more than two thousand years old. Collector: Indeed, Excuse me, but I can't believe you, Friend: Fact, I assure you. It is the multiplication table.

MR. BIZZINESS.—Why don't you work; why do you waste your time begging? Tramp: Did you ever beg? Business: No, of course not, Tramp: Then you don't know what work is.

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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "The True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1133.

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.

SATURDAY JULY 6, 1901.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PERSONAL NOTE.—Mr. P. J. Ryan, for many years connected with the business office of the "True Witness," has resigned, to go into business on his own account. Mr. Ryan has been a faithful and reliable employee, and the "True Witness" wishes him every success in his present effort to "paddle his own canoe." He leaves the office of the "True Witness" to-day.

THE KEMPEN MONUMENT.—The Catholics of Kempen have just inaugurated a monument to Thomas a Kempis. It is, as he would have wished it to be, an institute of beneficence. The building, which has been erected near the spot where the illustrious author first saw the light, was blessed by the Bishop of Munster in the presence of the local authorities, and was then handed over to the custody of the parish priest.

This short paragraph contains a most pleasant piece of information. While we applauded with enthusiasm the grand deed of the Kempen citizens, we cannot refrain from saying that Thomas a Kempis has built for himself a monument that has been handed down for close on five hundred years, and which has been translated into almost every known language—we mean his inimitable "Imitation of Christ." We know of no work coming from the pen of any individual writer in the world, that has had greater effect for good than this marvellous production. It has made converts to Christ by the hundreds of thousands, and it has embalm'd unto all time the purest principles of exalted Christianity. Its work will go on until the sunset of Time; and as long as it is read by one human being the fame and greatness of its author will be perpetuated down the ages.

THE CURE OF ARS.—Who has not heard of that wonderful priest, the Venerable Cure of Ars? We learn from an English exchange that Rev. Father Wolsley, O.P., of Holy Cross Priory, Leicester, having returned from the West Indies to England for a few months' vacation, continues to evince a keen interest in the cause of Beatification of the Venerable Cure of Ars, now approaching its final stage. About two months ago Cardinal Ferrata, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, informed the Bishop of Belley that the Venerable Servant of God is to be beatified not later than February, 1902.

CHILD LABOR.—Dr. Macnamara, in the recent debate on a Scotch Education Bill, in the House of Commons, pointed out the fearful prevalence of the custom of making children work before and after their school hours. This is a subject upon which much could be written. How can the youth of a country be properly educated if, as in Glasgow, with its 4,628 working children, between the ages of 6 and 10, the little ones are made to work during the hours they should employ in rest or play? The daily laborer rests after his day's work is done; the child works after his day's labor is over. In this we see a grave menace to society, and we trust that this child-labor will never be introduced into our country.

MR. MCKINLEY'S BELIEF.—An apt illustration is always a pleasant thing to read, and none more apt than the following, which we call from an English exchange:—

"The Methodists of the United States have been holding a council to decide whether they should revise the 'Westminster Confession,' and prior to its assembling President McKinley sent them a telegram saying, 'I hope you won't revise out of the creed the doctrine of predestination.' This doctrine is one of the distinguishing features of Calvinism. The Geneva 'Reformer' held that our Lord did not come to save all men, but that from amongst those joyous in the consequences of Adam's sin a certain number are, in

the exercise of free grace, chosen out for salvation. All these receive in due time an irresistible call to repentance and faith in Christ, and are further so preserved by Divine grace that they cannot altogether fall away, but are assured of eternal bliss. They are called 'the elect.' The other portion of mankind, for whom no such provision is made, are termed 'the reprobate.' The McKinley policy harmonizes with this doctrine. He and his followers are the elect, to whom belong by special destiny the good things of this world and the next. The Spaniards, the Cubans, and the Filipinos, are the reprobate who are destined to suffer here and hereafter. The Catholic doctrine, which is that the wicked very often have the best of this world, would not fit in so aptly with the McKinley schemes."

HOLLAND'S NEW MINISTRY.—Were it not that we have it on the high authority of the Liverpool "Catholic Times," we would be inclined to disbelieve the news that Holland is about to be governed by a Catholic ministry. Yet it would seem that such is the case. The priest-hunter was a conspicuous character in Holland half a century ago. The persecution of Catholics has been carried on in Holland with as much vigor as ever it was in Ireland by the English; still we are told that:—

"In notifying the results of the Parliamentary elections in Holland, the Brussels correspondent of the 'Times' states that whatever modifications may result from the second round of the ballot, the Catholics are now sure of a majority in the Dutch Second Chamber. Even should the 44 seats now awaiting the second ballot go to the Liberals, their opponents would yet outnumber them by 20 in the new Chamber. The provincial elections last week also resulted in a substantial increase in the Catholic vote, and their importance is due to the fact that the First or Upper Chamber is chiefly recruited from the Provincial Councils. Thus it appears that for several years to come Holland will be governed by a Catholic Ministry. This news is as surprising as it is pleasant."

THE HOPE AND DEMOCRACY.—In another column will be found a lengthy article from "Our Curstone Observer," on the great democratic and labor questions of the day. We are pleased to find our correspondent's views corroborated in the following words by an English exchange:—

"His Holiness Leo XIII never wavered in his efforts to stimulate social activity amongst Catholics. The other day the Episcopate of Lombardy, after holding a conference, presented him with an address thanking him for his Encyclical on 'Christian Democracy.' The Holy Father is grateful to the Prelates for having discussed the social question during their conference. This study is, he observes, essential at the present time, and the necessity for it is all the greater because the doctrines of Socialism are gaining ground. And unfortunately the Socialists—at least many of them on the continent—show their love for the welfare of the people, which is no doubt quite genuine, by insisting that man's thoughts should be altogether restricted to the affairs of this world; that is to say, they preach Naturalism. The Catholic principle is that eternal happiness is of primary moment, but that progress in this world is also of much importance. Therefore it is that Leo XIII. takes every opportunity of recommending that men's temporal interests should, as far as possible, be furthered by those who are ordained to minister at the altar."

THE PRIEST'S SACRIFICES.—A New York city paper contains this item of news:—

"The Municipal Assembly has appointed the Rev. J. J. Boyle, of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church in the Bronx chaplain to the Hospital for Contagious Diseases on North

Brother Island. Father Boyle has been visiting the hospital regularly for a number of years without compensation. He will now receive what the chaplains to the other city hospitals do."

It is nearly time that Father Boyle should receive some compensation for his services. As a rule, in this world of business, a man's salary depends upon the degree of trouble he has to undergo in the exercise of his duties, or of the risks to life and limb that he has to accept. The man who climbs a telephone pole deserves higher wages than the one who stands on the ground and digs the hole for the post. The sole exception, in practice, to this rule would seem to be the Catholic priest.

Unfortunately, men of the world fail to see the merits in a priest's life that a cloak of humility covers; but once the priest has sacrificed his life, there is a general inclination to honor his memory. The posthumous praise is of little practical service to any one,—but it would be a healthy sign for Christianity if the pathway of some missionaries were made easier. To be chaplain to an institution wherein contagious diseases are treated is not a generally coveted situation. As a rule, the salary, which is often considerable, attracts ministers to the post; but even then, consideration for their families, renders it very problematical whether they can be induced to accept or not, such posts of danger. With the Catholic priest it is the contrary all along the line. He has no salary-inducement, yet he is always willing and anxious to sacrifice himself for the two-fold cause of God's glory and suffering humanity. He has no wife and family to prevent him from entering the arena of death; nor has that deadly atmosphere any terrors for him.

Father Damien did not go among the lepers of Hawaii in order to draw a government stipend, nor did he breathe fear the dangers that ultimately led to his martyrdom, because he expected a monthly check to defray his expenses and compensate for his labors. If, however, the Catholic priest is placed upon a footing of equality with clergymen of all denominations, and is allowed a small sum as a recognition of his services, it is a subject of rejoicing for all good citizens. His attendance will not be any more perfect, on account of a salary; the simple result will be that he may be enabled to do greater charities than heretofore. They money paid by the country to such a man, is sure to come back with interest.

SEED IN GOOD SOIL.—The Father Matthew "Herald" contains many a good selection, and amongst the stories recently told by that admirable publication is one from the pen of a missionary. It is as follows:—

"There was a good man, a Presbyterian deacon, who believed most firmly in his own particular Protestantism. One day in bringing a small parcel from a shop he saw that it was wrapped in a piece of printed paper. He read the paper, which appeared to be a tract on the 'Power of the Hope,' being a commentary on the words 'Thou art Peter.' The man read it through. 'Nonsense,' he said. 'I don't believe that,' and destroyed the paper. Several years passed. The man had a great deal of trouble in his religious connections. He had experienced much of the instability and insecurity of Protestant belief and one day in great discouragement he was thinking and wondering whether, after all, God had left his church to the vagaries and caprices of men, when suddenly the words flashed into his mind—'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Then he remembered the article he had read; the phrase stood out clear in his own mind. 'There,' he said, 'there is the truth.' He began to pray earnestly for light and step by step he was led to the knowledge of the faith. Eventually he was baptized into the Church."

This is a case of the seed of Truth falling upon good soil. Even though that seed may fall a hundred times upon hard rock, or amongst briars, still if it once bears fruit, as in the instance above quoted, it is worth manifold the trouble of sowing and of reaping. When the Catholic journalist pens a great truth he has not the faintest idea what the ultimate result of his work may be. When a Catholic newspaper, filled with the most wholesome reading matter, goes forth from the press, it is impossible to imagine where it may yet be found, by whom it may be read, and what effects it may have in the propagation of the Faith. An able and striking article is written and published; years after the writer thereof has gone over to the great majority, years after the paper has

passed out of existence, that simple article may be working miracles of good in the sacred cause of religion. In the district of Ottawa there lived, a very few years ago, a young man of education, an expert draughtsman and a deep student of historical and literary subjects. He was supposed to be an Anglican, but by dint of reading Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, then Rousseau, Voltaire, Volney, and authors of that calibre, he became a scoffing infidel. He held an important position in the civil service, and as a designer and architect had few superiors, if any, in all Canada. But his atheism had taken such a hold upon him, and he was of such a sanguine and enthusiastic temperament, that he could not be satisfied with becoming an infidel himself, he had to have all whom he came in contact with adopt his ideas.

Travelling one day on the train to Ottawa was a young Catholic, and during the hour of travel together, he and our atheistic friend joined in conversation. The latter said that a something undefinable seized him when he entered upon the subject of religion—a mad desire to convert every one to his newly-found theories. "Possibly," said the Catholic, "it is the missionary spirit of Augustine." "What do you mean by that?" asked the atheist. "Well, not much," said the other, "only I happen to have a sheet of an old London 'Tablet' around some notes, and accidentally looking at it I noticed an article on 'Cardinal Manning,' in which those words appeared." "So," replied the atheist, "Manning had the missionary spirit of Augustine?" "That is what the 'Tablet's' writer said," answered the Catholic. "I wonder how I could find out what that spirit was?" was the semi-question of the other. "By reading the lives of Manning and St. Augustine," was the very sensible reply.

Three years later the same young Catholic was coming out of a Catholic Church, in the vicinity of Ottawa, where he had been attending Mass, when to his surprise he perceived that his old-time atheistic acquaintance was amongst the congregation. After greeting him, and passing a few remarks about his health, appearance and so forth, the young Catholic ventured to ask how he came to be at Mass. "Oh! you don't know, then?" said the other. "Why, I am a Catholic. I went hunting for that missionary spirit of Manning and Augustine; when I found it I discovered that it had already operated my own conversion."

A VISIT TO THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT OKA.

By an Occasional Contributor.

Having heard so much of the famous monastery hidden away in the valley at Oka, I made up my mind at my first holiday to pay a visit to this memorable spot. In company with a few of the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, or Teresianes, we arranged the trip for Dominion Day. At eight o'clock we left Bonaventure Depot for Lachine. The train was a very long one, as there were hundreds on board, bound for a day's outing to some of the many summer resorts along the line. After a few minutes' run, we reached that place, which will ever remain famous as forming an important chapter in the history of the early days of Canada, and at present made famous by its picturesque scenery, and its gurgling and seething mass of foam—the Rapids.

"All peacefully gliding, The waters dividing, The indolent bateau moved slowly along. The rovers, light-hearted, From sorrow long parted, Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and sang, Hurrah for the Rapids! that merrily, merrily, Soon we will enter it, cheerily, Pleas'd with its sweetness and wet with its spray."

At Lachine the steamer "Sovereign" awaited us. At nine o'clock the steamer's whistle having given the usual warnings, we proceeded on our journey, with something like nearly a thousand souls on board. The beautiful breeze from Lake St. Louis made all on board feel happy after the few days of sweltering heat in the city. Our first stop was at St. Ann's, where the charming scenery and the beautiful summer resorts looked delightful in their summer garb. The pier was crowded with friends and relatives of those on board. Friends being welcomed and salutations being exchanged, after a minutes' delay, we started, our next stop being at Oka. After nearly an hour's sail, the village was seen. First to strike the eye was the Calvary, situated on an eminence with its dazzling white chapels and its symbols of Crucifixion. Over the Calvary the sun was shining, and the sky was picturesque in the extreme. Here and there a canoe shoots over the trembling surface of the lake. Nature is bestirring herself, and as a person glances through the beautiful foliage of the many islands scattered here and there, it whispers in accents, soft and low, the beautiful words, "Let everything

that has breath praise the Lord." How many of the pleasure-seekers had such thoughts I cannot say, but probably in the midst of pleasurable thoughts are afar off. At eleven o'clock the boat draws near the pier, and the village is astir. Here a knot of squaws may be seen, there some French-Canadians, all inhabitants, eager to see the crowd of excursionists gaily decked in their summer attire. The parish priest was also there awaiting a few clerical friends from the city. He was a venerable-looking man, who had spent years laboring earnestly for the salvation of the Indian as well as the white in this quiet and secluded spot. A conveyance was in waiting for those who wished to visit the monastery. We had to wait a little time, owing to the assortment of the mail. At last all things being in readiness, we started on our drive of three miles. Passing through the village a person notices particularly the large amount of land under cultivation, the well-kept fields and the bright and neat appearance of the dwellings. Here may be seen the "Patron of Industry," busily employed at his avocation, there the little ones cutting wood or running errands. These people live quite happy and contented, removed from the noise and bustle of the city. A large building situated on an elevation, might be seen. This was formerly a monastery, the second one built, and having now become too small for such a purpose, it is used as an agricultural school. I was nearly forgetting to mention a rather unpleasant incident which took place during our drive. In the carriage were three or four ladies, accompanied by two young men. The conversation during the whole time was on what each one would eat and drink, particularly about the quantity of wine and cider, the work of the Monks being severely criticized, and in some cases ridiculed. At the conclusion of each one's version of the case, a laugh would be indulged in. The conversation and their actions bespoke anything but self-culture in persons calling themselves ladies and gentlemen, little or no knowledge of religious orders in the Church, and respect and reverence for them; and a desecration of the grave of proper decorum in presence of strangers. Not knowing of what denomination they were, I did not like to pass any remark in public about their unseemly conduct, but I afterwards found to their shame that they were Catholics. The climax of the conversation being reached, one made this remark: "I don't like to go to the Grand Mass as it is too long." The others gave a titter of a laugh, and as the journey was nearing its end, the conversation stopped. As the hour of twelve was approaching, we came in view of the monastery. A full description of the monastery will appear in next week's issue.

FRANCE'S RELIGIOUS WAR.

Nothing could be more striking than the following comments upon the situation in France:— "Rentés fell 22 centimes in Paris last week. Inquiries made by a New York 'Sun' correspondent in financial and political circles show that the fall is attributable to the grave uneasiness resulting from the government's anti-religious policy and from the income tax legislation. Count La Rochelle assured the 'Sun' correspondent that to his certain knowledge three milliards of francs had gone out of France in the last two months because of the fear among the moneyed classes for the future of France. "Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, in his speech in the Senate, adopted an extremely moderate tone respecting the treatment of the religious orders. He intended to reassure the public mind, which had been horrified by the open declaration of MM. Pellétan, Vaillant and Zévaos in the Chamber of Deputies that the associations bill meant a war on religion. On this account the Senate has ordered that the Premier's speech be posted throughout France. Nevertheless, the public mind is by no means calm. "In addition to the foregoing, we would like to reproduce the comment of a contemporary. "If sound argument were all-powerful in France the speeches made in the Senate against the Associations Bill would dispose of the Government's scheme. The address of M. Wallon, a Moderate Republican and the father of the actual French Constitution was an indictment of special weight. This man eloquent warned the Government that they were endeavoring to sow seeds of discord which would be ruinous to France, and he appealed to them in prospect of the damage it would inflict upon the nation to draw back from their mad and criminal work. But the appeal was in vain. The word of command has gone forth to the Government from the clubs and lodges and, relying upon its majority, it will push the Bill forward till it becomes law. Our Paris correspondent is convinced that the measure will be a prelude to a general Kulturkampf, and it is the belief of many in France who have good opportunities for knowing the secret aims of the Government, that when violent hands have been laid on the religious Orders violent hands will also be laid on the diocesan clergy. The persecution will have one good result if it unites all sections of the Catholics in public action, but to such a consequence our correspondent does not look forward with confidence."

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Elsewhere this week we refer to the great social revolution now commencing in Italy, in consequence of the new attitude of the Holy See in regard to all politico-religious questions. It is an astonishing thing to behold an aged man—one who has held beyond four score and ten—

stirring up for a great struggle and gridding on the armor of truth's battle, just as if he were in the vigor of his early manhood. This alone evidences the fact that the individuality of man is of small account when considered in connection with the Church's immortality. It is this all the ages since Christ's days on earth, and the experience of every people along that lengthy highway of twenty centuries, most inconceivably avowed, and which, therefore, constitutes the desecration of the infidel enemies of the Church.

So it is with France to-day, even as it was with that strange land at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. One of the anti-clerical deputies in the days of Gambetta and Jules Ferry when discussing the question of "defeating the Catholic Church," made the significant remark: "We do all in our power to check that institution, but whoever could successfully wrestle with a ghost?" That is exactly the point. It is not the body of the Church, the external forms, the edifices called temples, or the men called priests, that bishops, or Cardinals, or Popes, or Bishops, and triumph; it is the "ghost," the spirit of the Church—in other words—it is Jesus Christ within her, with whom the infidel world vainly wrestles.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

TRADE WITH FRANCE.—Canadians are to have direct passenger and trade intercourse with France in the future. Canadian goods will be shipped direct to Havre, and a great Mediterranean trade will be opened up. This has been brought about by the formation of the new Franco-Canadian Navigation Company recently organized.

MASONIC INTRIGUE.—The London "Saturday Review" describes the anti-religious agitation in France, Spain and Portugal, as "artificially gotten up by a brotherhood styling itself Masonic, which controlled a section of the public press; while there is not one definite charge against any member, male or female, of any monastery or convent in Spain or Portugal."

STRANGE QUESTIONS.—Our records and police magazines are frequently called upon to render decisions in strange cases which come before them in connection with infractions of by-laws. There are two questions which Judge Lesnoyers will decide this week which are of the greatest interest. The first is, "Can a saloon keeper illegally selling liquor on Sunday or after hours be convicted of more than one breach of the law, or can he sell all day and only be liable to one fine?"

The second is, "Does the presence of a sandwich on the table when a drink is served constitute a meal under the act, and making the serving of the drink legal?"

CATHOLIC SOCIETY.—The Catholic "Universe" reads a lesson to certain aspiring co-religionists. It says:—When a Catholic feels more at home with non-Catholics than he does with Catholics, there is something wrong with his Catholicity. When Catholic parents seek companionship for their sons and daughters among those who are not of the true fold, they are subjecting them to dangers of loss of faith which may some day bear fruit. Catholic boys and girls should associate with those who are Catholics. Their present safety depends greatly on it, and when the time comes for choosing companions for their married life, they will be able to find them among their Catholic acquaintances. No better sign of the indifference and lack of faith of Catholic parents can be given than their carelessness in selecting good Catholic associates for their children.

AID TO SOUTH AFRICA.—The Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto "Globe" in the course of his contribution a few days ago says:—

Advices received from England intimate that the consent of the Imperial Government has been given to a scheme for State-aided emigration to South Africa. This news will be received with much regret in Canada and the other colonies which are looking to the British Isles for settlers to occupy and till their vacant lands. After the sacrifices which the colonies have made in blood and treasure to help the mother country, it seems but a poor return for the latter to throw its mighty influence into the scale in favor of emigration to South Africa. Canada has special reasons to feel annoyance. This country is at present engaged in considering the problem of how to meet the combination of European steamship companies, which is diverting the tide of emigration from the old world to the southern part of the new. The steamship companies have adopted rates from Europe to South America, which are nearly one-half lower than a ticket through to Winnipeg costs. This unjust discrimination is sending to South America many hundreds of persons who would otherwise settle in Canada. And now, while measures to meet the action of the steamship pool are being discussed, comes the announcement that the Imperial authorities are to help to settle South Africa. With such strong influences setting in to direct emigration to other countries, the question arises, is it not going to be a little awkward for Canada? Perhaps this country would be justified in proposing some kind of colonization scheme and invoking for it Imperial support. The question is one to which the Dominion Government might devote some attention, and doubtless it will take the matter up when fully apprised of the situation.

DEADLY

The tropical (th beginning main; for long ies of all wh ness. While we of the torrid wa better off than o York and other England coast.

runs up to eight- then commences t with a persistence until it almoe dreds degree, it ask whether we America, or hav down to South our usually temp still more tropica to have concee into one migh with its death-de all-destroying w face of the parche still hotter than of the hurricanes In a poem, that ed, a lady of th the scenes of a graphic terms. S ago:

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Sherbrooke, Que men named Benoit found dead under ville yesterday m the marks on th learned that both with lightning durng the previous after were employed at were sent down th ter some logs, and derstorm came on went under the tre the rain, as both their backs t Winnipeg, Man. young man, 23 ye killed by lightning Three horses were Chicago, July 1, killed and another injured this after bolt of lightning, fishing in Lake Mi of Montrose Boul North side. The fat pier where they we were thrown into by the extreme hee gone in bathing. V to fall, and it severe electric sh they rushed to a built on the pier. 12 years of age, v or of the shock v moment later. To gave a bare idea of ang to an hour's faintness. He was a by house, where m was rendered. The most powerful see The pier was demogiving the boys r chance of escape. I ranged from twelve

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DEADLY WORK OF HEAT AND STORM.

The tropical heat of last week and the beginning of this one will remain for long years, in the memories of all who experienced its fierceness. While we have had our share of the torrid wave we were yet far better off than our friends in New York and other cities along the New England coast. When the mercury runs up to eight-nine and ninety, and then commences to climb slowly, but with a persistence that is discouraging, until it almost touches the hundred degree, it is about time to ask whether we are still in North America, or have glided suddenly down to South Africa. To make our usually temperate zone appear still more tropical the elements seemed to have concentrated all their efforts into one mighty tornado which was its death-dealing lightning and all-destroying winds swept over the face of the parched land-leaving it still hotter than ever when the fury of the hurricane had spent itself.

In a poem, that was never published, a lady of this country described within scenes of a few nights ago in graphic terms. She wrote some years ago:

"There is music in the thunder, There is music grand to hear, When the dun clouds burst asunder, And the lightning's blue appear; When the startled sleepers waken; And the abject sinners kneel, When the death of air is shaken, There is music in the peal."

There may be both rhyme, music, and truth in this stanza, but all who heard our last thunderstorm will agree that there was but slight pleasure in listening to the booming of heaven's red artillery. If there is anything in nature calculated to strike terror into the human heart, to awaken the soul to a sense of fear, to impress upon us the Omnipotence of God and the impotence of man, it is surely the convulsions of the storm.

It was natural that, after such heat as was experienced during the last days of June, a hurricane, charged with electric terrors, should sweep over the country. But it is always hoped that such visitations will leave no fatal records behind. However, the first day of July, 1901 will long remain memorable for deaths, resulting from lightning throughout this northern section of our continent. The following three incidents will suffice to show the effects of the exceptional visitation of that one day.

Sherbrooke, Que., July 1. — Two men named Benoit and Russell were found dead under a tree at Huntingville yesterday morning, and from the marks on the bodies it was learned that both had been struck by lightning during a thunderstorm the previous afternoon. The men were employed at a sawmill, and were sent down the river to look after some logs, and when the thunderstorm came on they apparently went under the tree for shelter from the rain, as they were found sitting with their backs to the tree.

Winnipeg, Man., July 1. — Near Qu'Appelle, Assa., Alf. Hargest, a young man, 23 years of age, was killed by lightning while ploughing. Three horses were also killed. Chicago, July 1. — Eleven boys were killed and another probably fatally injured this afternoon by a single bolt of lightning. The victims were fishing in Lake Michigan, at the foot of Montrose Boulevard, on the north side. The fatal bolt struck the pier where they were seated, and all were thrown into the lake. Oppressed by the extreme heat, the boys had gone in bathing. When the rain began to fall, and it became evident a severe electrical storm was coming, they rushed to a shelter they had built on the pier. Willie Anderson, 12 years of age, was the only survivor of the shock which followed a moment later. To the policeman he gave a bare idea of the horrible ending to an hour's sport, and then returned to his home, where, by the aid of a physician, he was restored to consciousness. The bolt was the most powerful seen here in years. The pier was demolished in a trice, giving the boys not the slightest chance of escape. In age the victims ranged from twelve years up.

Coming back to the subject of the heat, we can truthfully say that the sun's rays have been more deadly than the storm's lightning. The cases of prostration in this city alone were to be counted by the score, while on Saturday last three deaths were recorded, and about ten during the whole course of the torrid spell. The same fatal results were found in other sections of Canada. But nothing that we have ever heard of could surpass the mortal effects of the heat in New York city. As a rule, we escape the fearful moisture of atmosphere that makes the mid-summer heat so destructive in the Empire city. The story of last Monday, the 1st July, as told by the despatches sent is a sad one.

From amongst the Associated Press despatches from New York, under date the 2nd July, we call the following, which will tell the story far more graphically than we can. — "Over 300 deaths in all, including and over 200 cases of prostration in Manhattan alone, two heat records smashed to smithereens, and two fatal black squalls, which brought some relief, was the result of yesterday's meteorological record. — "The maximum temperature came at 2.15 in the afternoon, when the mercury reached the 96 degree mark, the highest of the highest recorded in the history of the weather bureau and equal to the highest previous July record. — "The heat was so intense that the entire city was as if it were a single vast oven."

houses closed their doors as early as noon, to give the stenographers and clerks a chance to flee from the city. Almost all insurance companies closed their doors. All work on the rapid transit tunnel, as well as on buildings and construction work throughout the city, was suspended, and even the hospitals were affected. Many hospitals were unable longer to send out ambulances, because the horses had given out.

Patients were taken to the hospitals in the police patrol wagons, and even in private delivery wagons. Up to 6 o'clock last evening the total number of ambulances called for heat prostrated persons was 500, and throughout the night calls continued to come in.

Over 250 horses were stricken with the heat, and the Health Department was unable until last night to remove all the bodies of the animals. As if to keep up the record, the despatches of the 3rd July, say: — "At 2.15 yesterday the Weather Bureau thermometer touched 99 within one degree of the high record in this city. At 3 o'clock the temperature had receded one degree, registering 98 at that time. The deadly heat was somewhat mitigated late in the afternoon by a succession of thunderstorms, which cleared the atmosphere, and sent the mercury tumbling down ten degrees between the hours of 4.30 and 8 p.m.

In the twenty-four hours ending at midnight 220 deaths and 327 prostrations were reported in Greater New York. — "What did the people of that vast city do with themselves during those nights of suffocation? It reads like a novel; but the reality is only too true. — "The suffering caused by the heat was unprecedented. All the ambulances in the city, as well as the patrol wagons and many other vehicles, were kept busy answering calls. At the rate of about one a minute the calls came in over the police wires throughout the day, breaking all records of demands upon the ambulance service, and providing patients enough to crowd all the hospitals in the city as they have never before been crowded.

"On the beach at Coney Island on Monday night thousands of persons were sleeping. The police said the number of sleepers was twice as great as on the night before, bringing doubt, to the announcement in the morning papers that the police would not interfere with them, and would see that no one else molested them. They began to come down to sleep on the sand early in the evening. They came in dry, wearing shawls and wraps. Some of them had also provided themselves with oil-cloths, and after scooping out a hole in the sand, they placed the oil-cloth in it to keep it dry. At 11 o'clock there were over fifteen hundred persons asleep on the beach and hundreds more were arriving. — "Hundreds upon hundreds of the poor inhabitants, unable to exist longer in their close, stifling quarters, sought their mattresses from inside the houses and camped in the street. When the policemen on the long Hester and Davidson streets made their early rounds they had to take to the roadway, for it was impossible, without stepping on exhausted sleepers, to walk the sidewalk.

"Whole families camped out, fathers anxious to keep their young babies, and children who were too exhausted to care where they slept. And while the street was blocked with these, the roofs of the tenements for blocks around were covered with others, and the fire escape landings were crowded with still others, driven to the point of desperation to find rest and comfort. — "As the sun rose on this multitude for thousands of them were throughout the entire district, it came with a still further promise to torture the exhausted people. Gradually the beds began to disappear from the streets, but the fire escapes remained crowded with bedding all day long in anticipation of another frightful night. Many there were who were too exhausted to go to work, and it was common to see able-bodied men lying on their doorsteps all day long, half asleep."

The excessive heat and its effects upon the generally busy world may have had its humorous side, and certainly many unusual and exceptionally funny situations were the result. But in presence of what we are now about to relate it is impossible to contemplate the situation in anything approaching a humorous strain. — "New York, July 3. — At 11 o'clock the thermometer had risen to the 92 mark, but the humidity had fallen to 53 per cent. The temperature at 11 a.m. yesterday was 93 degrees. Up to noon the total number of deaths from the heat in New York and Brooklyn after 2 a.m. was 47. The action of the Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange to close the exchange on Friday and Saturday, and the decision of the banks to restrict business as much as possible on those days, were due entirely to the intense heat."

Still more serious is this portion of the same despatch: — "There were so many bodies in the morgue to-day that the compartment could not hold them all. Two dead-wagons and police patrol wagons were bringing in others constantly, and it was necessary to send the remains of sixty persons to the Pottery Field before the expiration of the five days usually allowed for identification or reclamation. — "Buried in the Pottery Field is a sad obituary to any life, but especially so, if so when the victims have

have relatives, friends, even patrons elsewhere. Of the sixty persons thus buried there may be a few whose families have monuments in cemeteries far off, beneath which these unfortunate ones will never rest. — "We have recorded enough to show that no tropical climate, with its scorching suns and destructive cyclones could ever surpass this northern region when the hot waves of summer roll over it. We are grateful to God that our city has not been stricken as others have, and we hope and pray that the scenes just described will not be repeated for many generations to come."

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. J. M. CALLAGHAN. — There is an olden belief that long prevailed in Ireland to the effect that when Death's Angel knocked at the home he rarely was satisfied with one victim, but returned soon again for another member of that family. The origin very probably of this idea is the attention which one death draws to another, especially if the time that has elapsed between them be short. It seems but the other day that it is over five months—since we experienced a painful loss of one of our most widely-known and best-beloved priests, in the person of the late Father James Callaghan, so long associated with St. Patrick's Church. To-day we have the sad detail of the death of Mr. John M. Callaghan, one of the late Father James' brothers. Mr. Callaghan was as well as an favorably known in the business world of Montreal as he has been his brothers in the religious domain—the late Father James, and the surviving priests of the grand old Catholic family, Fathers Martin and Luke. — "Mr. Callaghan had long been the energetic manager for Ald. F. J. Hart, fruit dealer on McGill street. In later years he was given an interest in many leading Catholic associations, such as the C.M.B.A. and the Knights of Columbus. In business circles he was noted and consequently respected for his great integrity, and his devotion to duty in every detail. As a member of different societies he was one whose life and principles reflect credit upon all with whom he was associated. As a husband and father, the sorrow experienced by the bereaved widow and children testifies to all the noble qualities that adorned his domestic life. As a citizen, he was upright and ever ready to do all within his power for the good of the community and for the advancement of his fellowmen. As a Catholic he was most exemplary, and his life-record is a model left by a good man, for the imitations of others. — "It is with deep emotions of sorrow and sympathy that we extend the humble expression of our condolence to the wife and children, as well as to his aged father, to the brothers and other members of the family. After a virtuous life spent as should be all truly Christian lives, in labor, prayer, and deeds of beneficence, his soul has gone to reap the reward prepared for him in the realms of everlasting happiness. May his soul rest in peace."

MRS. THOMAS GALLERY. — A venerable and highly esteemed parishioner of St. Ann's parish of this city passed away quite unexpectedly last week in the person of Mrs. Thomas Gallery. Deceased was one of the early Irish settlers in this district, and possessed in a marked degree all the characteristics of the sturdy little band that arrived in Montreal more than a half a century ago. The funeral, which was held a few days ago, was one of the most largely attended which has taken place in St. Ann's Ward for years. Besides a very large number of the personal friends of deceased and her relatives, the funeral was held in the City Council Chamber, in the presence of the City Council, Corporation employees, Ancient Order of Hibernians and others. The floral offerings were exceptionally numerous and beautiful. The chief mourners were the five sons of deceased, John, George, Patrick, James and Ed. Daniel Gallery, M.P. At St. Ann's Church Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Caron, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, and the full choir of the church, under the direction of Prof. P. Shea. To the memory of the deceased, "True Witness" offers its most sincere sympathies in the great loss they have sustained.—R.I.P.

MR. PATRICK BASKERVILLE. — In announcing the death of this well known and patriotic Irish Catholic citizen of Ottawa, the "Free Press" of that city says: — "A central figure in the affairs of the city of Ottawa for many years passed away Saturday in the person of Mr. Patrick Baskerville, of the wholesale firm of Baskerville Bros., George street. The sad event took place at the family residence, corner Stewart and Chapel streets. The late Mr. Baskerville had been ill for over a year, but it was only recently that he was forced to remain in bed. Death was expected for several days. It was due to pneumonia combined with liver trouble. — "Mr. Baskerville was 71 years of age and was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. He came in 1848 to Ottawa, where he has since resided. He became freight agent of the old St. Lawrence and Ottawa railway. In 1870 he founded a partnership with his brothers, George H. and William J. Baskerville. The business is still continued. — "Mr. Baskerville was returned in 1878 to the Provincial House in the interests of that party. He held the seat until 1886. Mr. Baskerville was widely known and respected, both in commercial and private life. He was the author of many charitable deeds and was a worker in St. Vincent de Paul Society. He was one of the

first members of St. Patrick's Society and was identified with the Ottawa Board of Trade for years. He was an attendant at St. Joseph's Church. — "Mr. Baskerville was unmarried. He leaves one brother, William J. Baskerville, and two sisters, Mrs. James Logue and Miss S. T. Baskerville. Mr. Patrick Baskerville is a nephew and Miss Agnes Baskerville a niece of the deceased."—R.I.P.

JAMES MCGUIGAN.—On Saturday afternoon three passed away, rather suddenly, an estimable young man, in the person of Mr. James McGuigan. The deceased was at his usual work on Saturday morning, and was in the best of health. Owing to the excessive heat, he was feeling suddenly ill at noon time. The ambulance was called from the Royal Victoria Hospital, and Rev. Father Holland, C.S.S.R., summoned from St. Ann's presbytery. Everything that medical aid could do was done, but after a few hours the spark of life fled, and the soul of James McGuigan had winged its flight heavenward. Rev. Father Holland remained with him until he expired, and gave him all the consolations of our Holy Religion. The deceased was a native of the County Louth, Ireland, and was a nephew of Mr. Win. Kearney, proprietor of the Oxford Cafe, being at one time employed there. The funeral took place on Monday from St. Ann's Church, after the chanting of the Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul by Rev. Father Holland. Interment took place at Cote des Neiges Cemetery.—R.I.P.

A resolution of condolence was passed on the death of Mrs. James Kane, mother of Mr. James Kane, at a recent meeting of St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society. — "Resolutions of condolence were adopted by Division No. 3, A.O.H., at a recent meeting, on the death of Mrs. Thomas Gallery, a brother of Mr. Deane's and a brother of Mr. Furlong."

DEDICATION OF ST. EUNAN'S CATHEDRAL.

(Continued from Page One.)

of Love. Throughout the land rang the word of the Apostle. "God is love, and he that abideth in love abideth in the Lord and God in whom love is true and right, all is well with life; when love is false all is wrong. God is infinite perfection, because God is love. We approach perfection in proportion as Divine love animates and rules us. Love tames passion, exercises evil, makes the land and its people more noble and good. Now love itself had come to take possession of Erin, and never was a heart more fitted to respond. Everywhere were raised the altar, tolling of the supreme act of love, and from the altar went forth a power linking all hearts in love with God and in charity with their fellow-men. This is the basis both of religion and of civilization. It is faith in a God of Light. Throughout the land resounded the other sublime word of the Apostle, "God is light, and there is no darkness in Him; he who children of the Light." The spirit of love is likewise the spirit of truth. The craving to love perfectly God, and to be loved perfectly by God, led to the knowledge of the Father and His works. Beside the altar everywhere sprang up the school; while the altar fed the passion to become saints, the school fed the mind and the heart. Ireland became "the island of saints and sages," and from all Europe myriads of eager students flocked here as "the university of the West." It is faith in the Redeemer, faith in the God of self-sacrifice, who has crucified. This meant a mighty hatred for sin, which crucified Him. They hated it in themselves, and we tremble as we read of the austerities by which, like St. Paul, they crucified the flesh, and its concupiscences. They hated it in any one else, no matter whom, and struck it with words of sacred wrath and deeds of fiery zeal, which knew no human respect. The mean, the selfish, the vile, the bad, for these there could be no toleration, but only "Begone, Satan." It is faith in a God of holiness. Therefore holiness became to them the touchstone, the best of all worth.

Have we, the children of Erin, the inheritors of her temperament, her character, her divinely given mission, have we done justice to our Mother, and to her Divine spouse? Have we entered as we ought into the spirit which is her very life? Do we represent as we ought before the world and before the Church the enthusiasm of faith and of love, the enthusiasm for Jesus crucified, which Erin values more than all pleasure and profit, all greatness, all the goods of earth? The bishops of Ireland lately assembled in solemn Synod at Maynooth asked themselves this momentous question. Their answer, supplied by their wide experience and their intimate acquaintance with the conditions of their people, they have uttered in the Pastoral Letter of the Synod. It is a document of masterful beauty and force. It is the outpouring of honest and earnest hearts that love well both Christ and Erin. And running through it all there is an undertone of apostolic solicitude, of fraternal anxiety. They fear lest worldliness may have somewhat dimmed the lustre of primitive faith and cooled the fire of primitive love. They fear lest earthly aims, legitimate and desirable in themselves, may have too much engrossed the energies of Erin's children, and become primary instead of secondary objects of thought and action. They fear lest unthoughtful action may have somewhat led them away from the cross of Christ. Especially do they fear that one great

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self-indulgence in particular, a self-indulgence of a most insidious and pernicious character, had marred the beauty of their consecration to Him; had brought grief to His heart and drawn discredit on His Holy Church. His glory. The bishops of Ireland into this examination of conscience. Only because our Redeemer demands it do I recall the anxious question and the note of warning uttered lately by Erin's wise and worthy, on the other side of the Atlantic, that questioner and that warning there is an appeal—a startling pleading appeal—which ought to go straight to every heart that loves Erin and desires her welfare, that His glory. Mr. Quinn was born in 1856, and when a young man in 1877 he joined the through which was ever journeying to California where he took up the occupation of mining. From that State he went to Idaho in 1881, still seeking the precious mineral that would make him a fortune but which is very jealously guarded by mother earth.

It is with real pleasure that we reproduce the following interesting account of the success achieved by one of our enterprising and talented young fellow-countrymen in Colorado, Hon. P. J. Quinn, which we take from the "Crestone Eagle." The subject of this sketch was born in St. Anicet, P. Q., and is the son of Mr. Peter Quinn of that place. The "Crestone Eagle" says: — "Mr. Quinn was born Sept. 12, 1856, and when a young man in 1877 he joined the through which was ever journeying to California where he took up the occupation of mining. From that State he went to Idaho in 1881, still seeking the precious mineral that would make him a fortune but which is very jealously guarded by mother earth.

SUCCESS OF A ST. ANICET BOY.

Having heard of Crestone in its early days, he came to Colorado and located in that famous camp in 1891, then coming to Crestone in 1892 and Crestone has been his home up to the present. Mr. Quinn during his time here has done much toward making Crestone what it is to-day. He, with his partner, C. B. Coleman, have recently sold some of the finest property in the range. After years of struggle he is at least comfortably fixed with the world's goods and a nice home. The people of the town hold him in high esteem as is shown by having elected him first Mayor of Crestone.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S WORKS.

"In every page, every line of Cardinal Newman's writings there is an unfathomable depth of thought." "His influence over the minds and hearts of men is almost unprecedented." "The English nation is proud of him, as well as it may be proud of his vast intellectual powers, of which his writings give such abundant evidence; proud, too, of his moral character which realizes his bright ideal." "The wide question of university education which so agitates men's minds, has, fortunately fallen under his eagle glance and has been treated by him with a depth, a fullness, and a precision, which at once rescues it from the shallow blunderings of too many."—Irish Monthly.

GHASTLY WORK IN CHINA.

According to the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," the missionaries are officially allowed to return to their fields of labor; but in some places, as in Che-li, it is impossible to do so owing to disturbances. The ravages of famine are fearful just now. In Shen-si human flesh, that of the dead mendicants, is being eaten by the starving people. Christians are prolonging a life of horror by consuming leaves and bark. Girls and young women are sold for a trifle. Ghastly details and trophies of the persecution are coming to light. At a former Christian center in Shen-si, the bodies of twelve young girls were found in a deep well, into which they had been thrown living. One of the late martyrs, Bishop Hamer, was taken prisoner while saying Mass, his hands and feet were cut off, and then he was nailed on a door. The girls and Christian women were taken away and sold to Mohammedans. In one place, now aptly destroyed, there were 1,000 adopted Christian children. Writing from Pekin on the 6th of March, Father Barnabae of Bologna, gives details of the martyrdom of several native priests in July and August. One was impaled, and turned round and round on the stake driven through his body. The French Government, which ruthlessly destroys the religious orders at home, decorates, by the hands of M. Pichon, its representative, Sister Lantier, of the Sisters of Charity, for her heroic devotedness during the siege of Pekin, and her efforts to save 4,000 native Christians.

THE DOMINICAN NUNS.

whose mother-house is in Albany, will open a second house in their order in Havana, Cuba, shortly, which will make the third foundation within a year. They will then have five communities—Albany, Saratoga, Philadelphia, and two in Cuba.

CATHOLIC ENTHUSIASM.

From the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" we clip the following interesting item: — "From the fifth to the twelfth of May, the little town of Kaufbeuren, in Bavaria, was the scene of religious ceremonies such as have never been witnessed there before. It was the solemn celebration of the beatification of the humble Franciscan nun Crescentia, raised to the altars on October 7, 1900. All the bishops of Bavaria took part in the ceremonies and preached in turn as well as other distinguished pulpiter orators. The Apostolic nuncio of Munich, the Bishops of Rottenburg in Wurtemberg and of Sauter in Hungary were also present. It is worthy of mention that the present Bishop of Augsburg to which Kaufbeuren belongs, is himself a son of St. Francis. Nearly sixty thousand pilgrims thronged the little town during these

MISSIONARY WORK IN HAWAII.

A CONTRIBUTION FROM "CRUX"

Having read with interest your editorial in last issue, on Bryan J. Clinch's article on "Anglo-Saxon Missionary Methods," and, in consequence, having perused very carefully that contribution, I was so struck by his illustration of his theories, especially in the history given of Protestant missions in Hawaii, that I could not resist asking you to publish a number of extracts from that amusingly instructive essay. Before, however, giving you the passages which I clip from the April "American Catholic Quarterly Review," I desire to follow up, mostly in Mr. Clinch's words, the arguments advanced in the "True Witness" editorial.

It was only in 1795 that the London "Missionary Society," composed of three hundred ministers of various denominations, was formed. Its professed object was "to lead heathen populations into gradual acquaintance with the glorious Truths of Revelation." Two methods were adopted to attain this end: The circulation of the Bible, and the founding of small colonies of clergymen and artisans as "little models of a Christian community," in such localities "as would guarantee safety of life, a healthy climate, and no inordinate difficulty of languages to the prospective apostles." These missions were a financial success, and were soon followed by others. Though their results have been insignificant as far as the spread of Christianity is concerned, the missionary element is an important factor in the commercial and political world to-day.

It is in order to show the difference between the missionary methods of the Catholic Church and those of Protestantism, that the writer of the article in question selects the case of Hawaii. The missionary body which undertook the conversion of Hawaii has declared its work complete and ended. Basing himself upon the report of Dr. Rufus Anderson, a member of that organization, as well as upon a history of the movement written by the converted Queen, Mr. Bingham, and upon the testimony of eye-witnesses, he unfolds, in a graphic and amusing manner the story of Protestant methods of conversion in heathen lands. What now follows is incomplete; it consists of extracts, but I trust they are sufficiently numerous to constitute a complete chain and to furnish full details of the important work of conversion to Protestant Christianity, as carried on in those South Sea Islands. I will add no comment.

The mission to Hawaii was the work of the New England Congregationalist body, which at the time was the State Church of Massachusetts. Conversion of the heathen had formed no part of Puritan religious training as such, to the foreign lands. According to Dr. Anderson it was about 1816 that the attention of New England Protestants was first awakened to the duty of communicating revealed truth to the pagan world. The first attempt at discharging the duty was a very modest one. About twenty-five boys and young men from different foreign countries, who had come to Boston in the course of trade, were gathered into a school at Cornwall and there taught English and church attendance. The wisdom of the newly established "Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" considered that after a few years of this schooling the wanderers would return home and make Christians of their countrymen by their shining example. These artless hopes were rudely disappointed, as might be expected, and the school was closed in a few years. The Board next ventured on a more daring attempt to send our ministers of the Gospel already trained as such, to the foreign lands. With some distrust in purely religious agencies, it decided to add laymen of different occupations who might be willing to seek fortune abroad and incidentally to furnish the heathen with good example of Christian lives. Three young ministers, all newly married—Messrs. Bingham, Thurston and Whitney, offered their services for the task. A doctor, a printer and a farmer, with five children, made up the "missionary" colony. Passage was secured in a Boston vessel bound for Hawaii and a large stock of goods provided for the support of the mission and profitable dealing with the natives. The party reached Hawaii without accident in 1820.

They found Hawaii perfectly safe as a residence for strangers. A native chief, Kamehameha, had brought the whole group under a single despotic government during the early years of the century. His conquests had been largely effected by the use of European arms and the help of European deserters from the ships which touched at the islands. Some of these had been made governors of islands, and respect for Europeans had become a principle with the native chiefs.

Under the strong hand of Kamehameha the wars, formerly common among the different tribes, had been stopped, and deeds of violence or robbery among the population were suppressed by summary executions. The evidence of his conquests and of subsequent visitors attest that deeds of violence were rarer among the people of Hawaii than in most parts of America or Europe. The high chiefs, it is true, held power of life and death over their inferiors as absolutely as the Sultan of Turkey, but they carefully avoided any violence towards Europeans. The young King readily granted the land asked

for a settlement by Mr. Bingham and expressed his pleasure at the arrival of the newcomers. He visited the ship which had brought them in his native dress, and even got drunk on board, as the mission chronicler relates. The missionaries made no attempt to explain the purpose of their coming for some time. In fact, they had no knowledge of the language, and besides their time was occupied in providing suitable houses for their families in which the furniture and other resources of civilization might be properly displayed to heathen eyes. Three pupils of the Cornwall school had been brought as interpreters, but they proved useless, as the mission chronicler explains, because their education had been confined to teaching them English and had given them "very few ideas." The missionaries, then, had to learn the native language themselves, and they evidently found it a hard task.

An easier method of reaching the confidence of the Queen, however, was found. She became deeply interested in the dress of the missionaries' wives and employed them to make similar articles for her own use. The picture of the trials of our missionaries given in Mr. Bingham's letters to the Board is graphic and unique.

"Just look into the straw palace of a Hawaiian Queen, in the first or second year of our sojourn, and you will see a missionary's wife waiting an hour to get Her Majesty to turn her cards to try on a new dress for which she has asked. Hear her curt remarks: 'Too tight—make it make it over again,' and she looks patiently obeying the orders." But the reward was to come. "Within another year Kaahumanu, Keopuluna, Kapiolana and other chiefs threw around themselves an air of rising consequence by the increase not only of clothing, but of furniture, noticing and trying to imitate what attracted their attention in the mission families. The mission," adds the historian, "was divinely guided on the right way. The ladies had been well educated in domestic habits. They showed the native women how to make garments for themselves and their children."

Mr. Bingham as an agent of conversion is certainly a new discovery in the annals of the human race. Mr. Bingham deserves whatever credit it may bring him as a Christian missionary. Kaahumanu, under the influence of her new silk dresses, declared herself willing to take up the "prayer" of her dressmakers instead of the rites of the mission. Mr. Bingham was hailed as a passing comet, a triumph of grace, but some peculiarities of conduct in the royal proselyte made the missionaries doubtful about receiving her as a real Christian. She had just taken as husband a chief of Kauai, who had at least one other wife. She also was inclined to have natives who incurred her anger killed without ceremony, and finally she even treated the missionaries as her inferiors. The mission historian in another place gives the information that Kaahumanu had a resemblance to the English Elizabeth, and even declares that her disposition was very like that of the head of the mission, Mr. Bingham himself. For all these causes, the missionaries deemed it best to defer her reception into the fold for some years.

The science of Christian dressmaking was confined to the female evangelists. Mr. Bingham found another work in the art of printing. It does not appear that he was able to make himself understood by the natives in their own tongue when he began the work of translating parts of the Scripture and hymns into Hawaiian. He made out a simple alphabet of twelve English letters, after an ineffectual attempt to imitate the work of the Cherokee Sequoia, by reducing the Hawaiian tongue to a syllabary. The printer of the mission now came to be as useful as the dressmakers in gaining attention. The new invention caught immediate attention. A chief got a few printed sheets, and in a month and a half had mastered them so far that he wrote a short note himself to the missionaries. The novelty attracted the simple natives irresistibly. The chiefs not only learned to read, but ordered their people to do the same. As soon as some natives mastered the art they were ordered to go as teachers among the others. Within a few years fifty thousand of all ages were working at the printed sheets furnished them by the mission, and nearly a third of them, it was claimed, could read fairly well. When we are told that a woman of 80 accomplished the task it does not seem as if the new accomplishment involved any special intellectual effort. It came to an end about 1832 nearly as suddenly as it had begun. The reason given is that the teachers had exhausted their knowledge. Dr. Anderson admits that the native teachers could not have a very adequate idea of the nature of religion, but he adds sagely: "What they taught was invaluable."

While the printing and millinery departments of the new mission were thus favorably progressing, both in the way of revenue and in gaining royal favor for their practitioners, it does not appear that anything in the way of teaching the doctrines of Christianity was done for four or five years. Several chiefs, like Kaahumanu, were quite willing to call themselves Christians, much in the same way as Kamehameha had raised the British flag years before on the advice of Captain Vancouver. Hardly any, however, knew enough even of the simplest principles to warrant their admission. It was felt that something must be done to give a more positively religious character to the work for the

satisfaction of the subscribers at home in America. A favorable opportunity offered in 1834. A native chief revolted in Kauai, and Kaahumanu sent a thousand warriors to put down the insurrection. It was the old custom to begin battles with some religious forms, and as the Tabus were suppressed the Queen Regent adopted a kind of semi-Christian rite. The warriors were ordered to observe a day's fast and to put off battle till after Sunday. The observance of the Sabbath appears to have been a main article of Christian practice in the system of the New England missionaries. The battle was fought with all the old savagery and won by the royalists. Kaahumanu accepted the victory as a proof of the superiority of the white man's "prayer," and renewed her request to Mr. Bingham for enrollment as a Christian.

The Queen determined that the common people, who had hitherto been left to themselves by the missionaries, should become Christians. In company with several missionaries for the force of the latter had been greatly enlarged by reinforcements from New England, she made a tour through Oahu and preached in her own fashion to the people. The result is best given in the words of Dr. Anderson:

"The people were accustomed to obey the chiefs without hesitation. The chiefs gave orders to build churches and school houses, to have to read—they did so; to listen to sermons of the missionaries, to forsake sin and turn to the Lord—they put on, without hesitation, the form of religion at least." It is not surprising that a couple of years later, when the young King took authority and withdrew the law of compulsory attendance at church and schools, both were at once deserted. The mission historian consoles himself by the reflection that the "mass of the population must have had glimpses, at least, and many distinct apprehensions of the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. Such was the conversion of the Hawaiians when an American president, Quincy Adams, sent the missionaries congratulations on the progress in the islands of letters and true religion, the religion of the Christian Bible."

The action of Kaahumanu and her missionaries had a passing effect on the natives in Hawaii as a whole, but not both on the tolerance and the truthfulness of the latter and of the spirit which the new religion inspired in its converts. Two priests, Fathers Bachelot and Short, landed in Hawaii in 1827, as the New England missionaries had done seven years before, to instruct and convert the natives to Christianity. The pagan chief who then ruled had encouraged the spread of instruction and given lands to the preachers of religion. The recently baptized Kaahumanu made profession of Catholicity a crime and branded the Catholic religion as idolatry. Nor was this a passing outbreak of savage temper. A bitter persecution of the natives who joined the Catholic Church was kept up for ten years until ended by the interference of France in behalf of religious toleration. The allusion to this discreditable portion of the island history made by Dr. Anderson are not dissimulations and cowardly. He admits the banishment of the priests and a persecution of their converts, but he claims that it was the act of the native Queen alone and alleges that her own reasoning made her regard Catholicity as idolatry. Her own reasoning is identical with the old heathen rites of Hawaii. His further statement that when she was disinclined to persecute the Catholics is a direct falsehood. The persecution continued seven years after the death of Kaahumanu, while Bingham's influence was still supreme. Dr. Anderson admits that toleration was only granted in 1839, and while cautiously disclaiming any endorsement of persecution he describes the demand for toleration made by the French naval officer as an "outrage on the natives." He appears perfectly ready to prosecute Catholicity; if it could be done in secret, but shrinks from acknowledging the fact.

A full report of the persecution was drawn up at the time by Father Short and the Brothers who remained in Honolulu until his first expulsion. It is substantiated by a decree issued in the name of the Hawaiian King and reports from Honolulu newspapers. From these sources we give the story of the new Puritan persecution in Hawaii.

The Catholic missionaries had entered Hawaii as other Europeans did. The Queen, under Bingham's advice, endeavored to drive them away by threats, but no heed was paid to them. A number of natives began to attend the Catholic services and ask instruction. Several were baptized and a Catholic congregation was growing up in Hawaii when the Queen issued a decree forbidding attendance at Catholic worship. Though the natives were accustomed to obey their chiefs in professing any religion, as Dr. Anderson declares, the Catholic converts proved an exception. They continued to practice their religion in spite of the royal decree, and in consequence a number were arrested in 1839 and imprisoned for some months. They were required to abandon the Pope's religion and join "Binames prayer," and on their refusal were sentenced to hard labor on the fortifications.

The young King about this time showed an inclination to assert his own authority and the persecution ceased a while. Kaahumanu soon recovered her ascendancy. The next year nine natives were condemned to hard labor and confiscation of property for profession of the Catholic Faith. One, Esther Dutea, was a high chief, but she was treated with the same brutality as the others. They were kept at their task till the death of Kaahumanu in 1839. In the month of February Bachelot and Short were arrested, put forcibly on a vessel owned by the native government and sent to California.

Kaahumanu died in 1839, and the young King, Kamehameha III, showed some inclination to throw off the control already assumed in government by the missionaries. The Catholic prisoners were released, on the request of the English Consul, and attendance at Protestant services was no longer enforced. In consequence the churches and schools were deserted by the natives and the mission seemed in danger of a complete collapse. Kinau, the daughter of the first Kamehameha, was, however, devoted to Bingham's influence as her step-mother, and she had a strong party among the chiefs. The young King soon resigned himself to her guidance, and the persecution of Catholics began again. In 1835 about twelve men and women were arrested as adherents of the Pope, and by a refinement of brutality were set to cleaning the privies of the fort at Honolulu with their hands. The English and American Consuls remonstrated against these brutalities, but their demand was opposed by Mr. Bingham in person. He declared that all the natives should have one by one thought in religion, and the chiefs accepted this theory as part of the new Gospel.

This will suffice to show the difference between Catholic and Protestant methods of missionary work. It would be too long to follow the whole history to our day, and show almost the whole country in Catholic, while the Danians and such like martyrs have turned persecution into a glorious triumph. The Protestant missionary work "is complete and ended," but the Catholic missions are flourishing and promise a magnificent future.

The scenes at Denain, in the diocese of Cambrai, France, which created so much noise a couple of weeks ago, may indicate the undercurrent of anti-clericalism which seeks to undermine the Church in France and to sweep it out of existence. The new laws give power to petty officials all over the country to persecute, with impunity, the Catholics. It is to be hoped that the next general election will find the Catholics bound together in one strong phalanx, if not there is no telling where matters may end. The incidents mentioned are thus described by an eye-witness:

"Mgr. Sonnois, Archbishop of Cambrai, is a prelate beloved and esteemed by his flock. He was at Denain last week with the object of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. This ceremony was fixed for the Wednesday. The day before His Grace had presided at the laying of the foundation of a new church at Denain. On the occasion anti-clerical riots had ensued. A howling mob had shouted the 'Car-magnole,' Mgr. Sonnois had been insulted, one of his attendants had been seriously injured, a priest had had his lip cut open by a stone, and a reporter of the newspaper, 'Le Journal de Denain,' had been stoned and pelted with mud. Peace was not restored until eleven o'clock at night, the malefactors having been, in point of fact, masters of the situation. This was not all. The following day when the Archbishop, clad in his pontifical vestments, was issued from the presbytery to go to the parish church, functionaries arrested him in his passage. The plea was that the Mayor had issued an edict forbidding religious processions in the streets. Mgr. Sonnois, knowing that his case did not come within the scope of the local edict, was about to pay no attention to the obstruction and to continue his way when the Police Commissary, coming forward, laid his hand on the prelate's shoulder. Then was witnessed the ignominious spectacle of a high dignitary of the Church in France having to retire before armed force. While this was going on, white-robed children were awaiting Confirmation in the neighboring Church. Instead of administering the Sacrament there the Archbishop administered it at the neighboring village of Haveluy, followed thither by the ribald shouts of the mob. The outrage to religion was at the same time a violation of the stipulation of the Concordat. It is but one of many other signs showing the bitter anti-clerical spirit working beneath the surface of things. In more than one place blood has flown and persons have been injured in public connection with the Fete Dieu processions. Unless persecution is to be looked on as an unmitigated blessing, the times are evil for religion in France."

So writes this Protestant, and that the Church is using her opportunities is evident by the conversions which are daily being made. At a recent mission given in New York city, 31 non-Catholics were converted, among whom were two Jews. Among these was a woman, who from childhood had been a Methodist. She had never had any doubt—indeed, the question had never come into her mind whether Methodism was the true or the only Church. Chance brought her to a lecture of the non-Catholic mission, and there for the first time she heard that there must be a Church, and that she had not one. It was an entirely new idea, yet, as she read her Bible she seemed illumined by a new light. She now was able to understand many passages which before had never made any impression upon her. Still, she wanted to be fair; she wanted to be quite just and so she determined to go to her minister and find what he had to say about them. She sought the reverend gentleman and asked him to explain the text, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit they are remitted unto them etc.," and the one "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build my Church." The minister could not give any explanation which was able to satisfy the woman's newly awakened mind, and seeing that he was making no impression on her he said: "Well, you ought not to disturb your mind with theological questions; you should put such things from you—life, conduct—these are the important things, after all. It does not make so much difference what we believe, the question that really matters is what it is we do."

The woman was too intelligent to be put off with such words as these, and she thought if her minister had no better explanation than this, to give she would be doing wisely in joining the Church where a reasonable interpretation was given. She joined an inquiry class therefore, and in a short time, so earnestly did she co-operate with God's light and grace, she was ready for admission to the Church.

P. DOYLE, Secretary of the Catholic Mission Union.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS

A letter from a prominent non-Catholic to the Holy Father printed in the recent issue of "The Missionary" is nothing short of a great revelation of the disintegration that is going on among the non-Catholic churches. The state of mind that can inspire such a letter is very similar to that of the passenger on a vessel when he saw that the officers were in disagreement concerning their reckoning. He felt that as no one accurately knew just where the ship was, they might be near the rock bound coast, or in shallow water, and as soon as the darkness of night would come or fogs would envelope them they might be wrecked. His most earnest desire was to get into some stauncher craft. This writer comments on the lack of faith among non-Catholics as the results of higher criticism in the seminaries, and the general disinclination of non-Catholics men to attend church, because they find no spiritual food for their souls. These things are most evident signs of a decadence that is alarming. Yet, on the other hand, there is a reaching out for a strong religious organization, and positive authoritative teaching. In view of these facts there is a splendid opportunity before the Church. There is still a large amount of truth among those outside the Church; there are many who really believe Catholic doctrine to a certain extent, and who need only a chance to learn more or some exterior impulse to bring them within the pale of the Church. Indeed, that such is the case is frequently admitted by Protestants themselves. One of them in a recent letter says: "It requires very little on the part of the Catholic Church at the present time to make a tremendous conversion of Protestants. Never within the past four hundred years has the Church had such an opportunity to bring within her fold thousands upon thousands of people who are disheartened with the follies and inconsistencies of religion by some Protestant ministers. It is in spite of these men—not because of them—that the Christian religion has continued to exist. And now the future is in the hands of the Church. Can she use her opportunities?"

So writes this Protestant, and that the Church is using her opportunities is evident by the conversions which are daily being made. At a recent mission given in New York city, 31 non-Catholics were converted, among whom were two Jews. Among these was a woman, who from childhood had been a Methodist. She had never had any doubt—indeed, the question had never come into her mind whether Methodism was the true or the only Church. Chance brought her to a lecture of the non-Catholic mission, and there for the first time she heard that there must be a Church, and that she had not one. It was an entirely new idea, yet, as she read her Bible she seemed illumined by a new light. She now was able to understand many passages which before had never made any impression upon her. Still, she wanted to be fair; she wanted to be quite just and so she determined to go to her minister and find what he had to say about them. She sought the reverend gentleman and asked him to explain the text, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit they are remitted unto them etc.," and the one "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I shall build my Church." The minister could not give any explanation which was able to satisfy the woman's newly awakened mind, and seeing that he was making no impression on her he said: "Well, you ought not to disturb your mind with theological questions; you should put such things from you—life, conduct—these are the important things, after all. It does not make so much difference what we believe, the question that really matters is what it is we do."

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Association of Our Lady of Piety.

Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only 25 cents year. The spiritual benefits are very great. On application, each member receives gratis a Canon Crozier Beads with 500 days' indulgences, also indulgence Cross.
Address: The Boys' Home, 523 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, O.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinnivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vic., T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vic., F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, John F. Curran; B.L.S.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Auxiliary meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p. m., and third Thursday, at 8 p. m., of every month. Officers: Miss M. Mack; Vice-President, Miss M. Harvey; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; Telephone, 1006 Main; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlett, 383 Wellington street; Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Lawrence streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p. m. President, John Cavanaugh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street; Telephone, Main 2929. M.P., President, Thomas Donohue, 313 Illinois street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. J. Cavanaugh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanaugh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3. Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1893 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alexander D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec-Secretary; 1528 1/2 Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p. m. Spiritual adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1888)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p. m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. C.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P., Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominions street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets at 3.30 p. m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

CHURCH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS. Chimes and Pells, Most Superior Quality and Price. ROSEBELL BELL FOUNDRY, Toronto, Ont.

ROSEBELL BELL FOUNDRY, 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacturers Superior CHURCH BELLS. MINNE—Is your wife ever out of temper? Why? Never; she has an indispensable supply of...

Our Boys and...

MAY'S DEFINITION. "Sweet, what is said, To a little girl head. Who twisted each girdled neck, Then blushing, 'don't know.'"

NO PLACE AT DENAIN on a street, dark-eyed lad of summers. I had seen after evening, there there was no temptations he ends friends with him, dence. Then I knew, in regard to his time in the streets, "I know," said me in such a frank that I could not but a noble man he in street is not the but you see there at home."

"How is that?" "Well, I have tatters, and they enter the parlor every evening to understand, and not always tired, and sitting room and disturbed. It's precisely so I come down not always so, before grandma died her room, and boy Grandma liked boys. There was a quilt that told of a quarrel yet healed."

"But your mother!" "Oh, mamma! she reformer and has no with me. She is all prisons and work reform men, or worse how to save the boy. "And here swayed lips was before grandma ting rough I am not seem to be, so interest in me, so matter."

A BOY'S GALLIA days ago a child was rescued from d Pells, in the county by the twelve-year-trainer, Alfred Synter, now in South, cued two men from the last three months was passing when sunk for the third coat and waistcoat, water, and brought a local appreciation. The warden of School at Lewis free scholarship at Mr. H. C. Richards, brought the facts of fore the Royal Hum

THE QUEEN OF BUSINESS was very "World-famed Mamm Mr. Rjesmann, the tor, sat in his car brains for a set enough to draw the another caravan, ornate. Carl Strong was sobbing like a It was curious, hing spectacle. The thews of Sanson, t ath, and nerves of cus steel. Tough of temper, no human him with impunity, animal in the m when his fixed it with eyes. Yet the heav chest shook the might slight thing which. He had just been less he could send daughter to the an, assually die. She hente for the show. The study enava her on like a plant water. But Carl Str any, not anything, turned into a man, help him. The m. HOLLOWAY One he had been out in boats with food gone, and now the

Our Lady of City.

Assist and protect the... of Cincinnati, also in...

Directory.

SOCIETY—Established 1864, incorporated... 92 St. Alexander...

NO. 2.—Meets of St. Gabriel New Centre and L'Arriere...

NO. 3.—Meets on Wednesday of 1863 Notre Dame...

MEETS MEN'S SOCIETY.—Meets in its room on the second...

T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—The second Supper...

BRANCH.—18th November, 18th November, 18th November...

THE QUEEN OF THE LIONS.—Business was very bad with the 'World-famed Mammoth Menagerie'...

BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.

CHURCH BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.—CHURCH BELLS.

Our Boys and Girls.

MAY'S DEFINITION OF ICE.

"Sue, what is ice?" the teacher said. "A little girl standing at the hand. Who twisted each finger, and wriggled each toe. Then blushing said, 'I guess I don't know.'"

NO PLACE AT HOME.—I met him on a street corner—a bright, clean-cut, perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered. I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time in the streets.

NO. 2.—Meets of St. Gabriel New Centre and L'Arriere... 2nd and 4th Friday at 8 p.m. President, J. J. Curran, P. P. President, J. J. Curran, P. P. Secretary, J. J. Curran, P. P. Treasurer, J. J. Curran, P. P.

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not afford to hire animals to move the cages and caravans to a more hopeful neighborhood. The lion-tamer's little daughter lay in a tiny cot behind the wooden screen which divided the caravan. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, she was the image in miniature of the silent, fearless woman who knelt beside her, watching her with a strained intensity painful to witness.

"Don't, Carl—don't!" she said. "You break my heart!" He did not speak, nor raise his head. Had he looked into his wife's eyes he would have seen an expression there quite foreign to them—of resolute determination.

"I'm going out," she went on. "To see if anything can be done. You'll look after Nell?" "Yes," he answered, still with bowed head. "But it's no use asking Riemann to sell any of the animals. He couldn't if he wanted to ever so. There's nobody here would buy so much as a pot man. It's not ever come to this dead-alive hole, we'd have been all right." And he cursed Hollowford and all its unpractical inhabitants with a vigor and bitterness that would have shocked and frightened any listener unaccustomed to such outbursts.

Half an hour before the time advertised the great tent was crowded. Carl Strong watched the people streaming in with jealous eyes. They would not pay to see him risk his life, but now that the danger was to be increased twenty-fold they came in their hundreds.

But where was the "Child-Queen of the Desert"? He asked himself that question again and again. Nothing was to be seen of her in Riemann's caravan. Presently he questioned the showman, but Mr. Riemann, according to custom, was personally conducting the audience round his show.

"I believe it's a swindle," said the lion-tamer to himself. At eight o'clock Riemann will apologize for Una's non-appearance—say she's ill, or something of the sort—and call on the "Child-Queen of the Desert." He looked at the animals in his night. Old Nero will be furious if there's an angry, shouting crowd gaping at him, and I'll be shot if I see the risk. They didn't pay to see me, and they shan't. If the child doesn't turn up I shall be missing.

"What is it, Nell?" he muttered. "That sheep's only whetted their appetites, taking up the lion-tamer, and taking up his load. He looked at his watch. It was five minutes past eight. Mr. Riemann was approaching the cage, which stood in the middle of the circle covered by the tent.

"Now for the apology," said the lion-tamer, and taking up his load of whip, he cut Nero across the flank through the bars, at the same time shouting, "Up with you, sir!" Roaring savage, the lion reared on end, and clutching the stout iron rods, shook them in fury, while the lionesses, marbling, bounded to their feet. Those of the audience nearest the cage surged backwards in alarm.

Seizing the opportunity, Carl Strong slipped away, and diving beneath a tarpaulin, crawled from the tent into the open air. "Now Riemann must get out of the mess the best way he can," he muttered, and lay listening for the expected apology. It was not forthcoming.

"Fates and shentlemans," he heard the familiar voice cry. "Child-Queen of der Lions vil now appear." The word struck a chill to the lion-tamer's heart. "Will now appear!" and scarce a minute had passed since he had dashed Nero to fury! It would have been a desperate risk had he held his hand; now it was death, certain, instant!

But surely Riemann would miss him and delay the performance! Not he heard the bolts withdrawn, and the iron door clang. The sounds Carl passed his hand over his eyes and stared again. "A child!" he muttered. "Why, it's as much as I dare do, now they're only half fed. Nero'll eat her! Riemann must be mad!"

He bought a couple of oranges, and lusted back. As he passed the menagerie he caught sight of Mr. Riemann in the pay-box. "I've just seen your new bill!" he cried. "What does it mean?" "Better business, my boy," answered the showman. Der boeples will come in der hundreds. You'll be able to send der little Nell der der, and I'll haf money to hire horses and leave dis horrible place!"

"It's madness! Where's the child's mother? What does she belong to?" "Dot see my business, answered the phlegmatic German. "But it's certain death!" cried the lion-tamer angrily. "The lions haven't been half fed for a month. I'll be no party to it!" "Yes, you vill, mein friend," said the showman slowly and confidently. "You'll go dis minute and kill der five-legged sheep. You'll cut him up and gif him all der bones. At seven o'clock you'll get really der buckets of hot coals up der iron-rod in case of an accident. Den you'll load your rifle with ball, front Carl, and when der lions are in der cage you'll watch dem lions like a cat watches a mouse."

Ve take a little risk und ve haf plenty. I tell you Una ces goot business. "That may be. I'd rather lose Nell than assist in a murder." The lion-tamer turned away and entered his own caravan. While peeling an orange for Nell he told his wife what had passed. To his great surprise she agreed with Riemann. "A good sensation in our only chance," she said. "This child Una is nothing to us. Nell is everything. If we lose her there'll be nothing left to live for."

The argument was a powerful one, but not convincing. Nevertheless Carl Strong went back to the menagerie, killed the five-legged sheep and gave the lions, or, rather, the lion and two lionesses, a square meal. He knew by experience that if Riemann had made up his mind, nothing would be good enough for him to change it; but by satisfying the animals' hunger he might lessen the risk.

As the unluck sheep's fifth leg was a stuffed one, attached beneath the wool, the showman's loss was not so great as it seemed. The lions fed, Carl prepared the make-shift breakfast and ironed and loaded his rifle in readiness for the announced performance.

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Seizing the opportunity, Carl Strong slipped away, and diving beneath a tarpaulin, crawled from the tent into the open air. "Now Riemann must get out of the mess the best way he can," he muttered, and lay listening for the expected apology. It was not forthcoming.

"Fates and shentlemans," he heard the familiar voice cry. "Child-Queen of der Lions vil now appear." The word struck a chill to the lion-tamer's heart. "Will now appear!" and scarce a minute had passed since he had dashed Nero to fury! It would have been a desperate risk had he held his hand; now it was death, certain, instant!

But surely Riemann would miss him and delay the performance! Not he heard the bolts withdrawn, and the iron door clang. The sounds Carl passed his hand over his eyes and stared again. "A child!" he muttered. "Why, it's as much as I dare do, now they're only half fed. Nero'll eat her! Riemann must be mad!"

He bought a couple of oranges, and lusted back. As he passed the menagerie he caught sight of Mr. Riemann in the pay-box. "I've just seen your new bill!" he cried. "What does it mean?" "Better business, my boy," answered the showman. Der boeples will come in der hundreds. You'll be able to send der little Nell der der, and I'll haf money to hire horses and leave dis horrible place!"

"It's madness! Where's the child's mother? What does she belong to?" "Dot see my business, answered the phlegmatic German. "But it's certain death!" cried the lion-tamer angrily. "The lions haven't been half fed for a month. I'll be no party to it!" "Yes, you vill, mein friend," said the showman slowly and confidently. "You'll go dis minute and kill der five-legged sheep. You'll cut him up and gif him all der bones. At seven o'clock you'll get really der buckets of hot coals up der iron-rod in case of an accident. Den you'll load your rifle with ball, front Carl, and when der lions are in der cage you'll watch dem lions like a cat watches a mouse."

power in lightning the unpleasant, humdrum toils of the household where, after all, lies the charm for most true-hearted women. It is the dark corners and those places about a house seldom frequented which generally contribute to its unhealthiness. The warning, therefore, cannot be too often given to see the cellar is not neglected. Keep it as dry and clean as possible, and in clear weather ventilate it by opening doors and windows communicating with the outside air. Neglect in regard to this matter is sure to entail serious consequences, because the real reason is so often overlooked.

It is important what kind of shoes are worn, even by a baby. Often they are too shabby, and in such case they are almost sure to cause great discomfort, if not absolute pain. In creasing the toes are spread out, and if they are kept cramped by the shoes, the motions of creeping are distorted, and it may be the beginning of that very annoying affliction, "growing toe-nail." — Woman's Help.

KITCHEN ODORS.—Odors are subtle, withal searching. In dealing with those in the kitchen an ounce of prevention is worth at least a ton of cure. The heavy smell of stale grease, most clinging and most offensive of all, comes more than anything else from stopping or spattering over, which a very little care in range management prevents. The acrid smell of burned or scorched things is positively painful—so much so that a cook's first lesson ought to be that fire was given for cooking, not burning. Leaving unwashed pots and stovetops to dry and simmer on the range is a fruitful source of ill odors easily remedied. Dissolve two pounds of washing soda in a gallon of boiling water and keep a bottle of it handy. As you empty cooking vessels pour in soda water at an inch deep, shake it well and around the sides and leave it until washing time. If the pots and pans keep warm, so much the better. The soda will do its work more perfectly.

Onions, turnips and all the cabbage tribe, which smell to heaven, may have their scent somewhat abated by care in the boiling. The odor comes from their essential oils, which volatilize. If the vegetables are prepared some hours before they are wanted and left to soak in cold water, rinsed and put over the fire in fresh cold water they throw up this essential oil largely in the form of steam. Let them come to a boil before putting in the salt and skim very clean. After the salt is in add a dash of cold water. It will throw up a second steam, which must be removed at once. Cook all such vegetables uncovered. A lid strengthens the odor tenfold and makes it more offensive.

MANAGING CHILDREN.—Most children's mischief and disobedience are the results of weariness or illness, says the "New World." To keep them good, have regular hours for nap, bed-time and eating, and furnish them a quiet sleeping room. Let them drink milk slowly one hour before meals, but teach them to give nuts, candy, fruit, etc., until regular meal time. Pies, pickles and panades do more harm than some think. Have a cool shady spot for them to play on in hot weather. Put on a bathing suit and shoes when the cool weather comes, to prevent hotel trouble. Keep the room at even temperature in winter. A bath in comfortably warm water, the hair combed every day, face cleaned every meal, and a child will not rebel as often as you would grow people, who, heeding their requests, questions, and dislikes, keeping your promises, and taking an interest in whatever interests them. "Well begun is half done." The will of a child, six months old, is easier to bend than one several years old. When two years old children should obey as if obedience were second nature.

HELL'S TO HEALTH.—Oil stoves and gas stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping apartment, for they are burned in the open air of the room and having no connection with a chimney fly, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment and make it unfit for respiration. People who keep their mouths closed except when they are talking, eating or drinking; rarely contract colds or coughs. Disease germs floating in the air find a direct route into the lungs of a person who breathes through his mouth. They are arrested by the fine, sieve-like network of hair in the nostrils of the individual who breathes through his nose. Keep your mouth closed and you may defy pestilence.

If one's work is tiresome and exasperating, restfulness makes it more so. Physical pain and bitter disappointments are depressing, but she who endures them with equanimity and cheerfulness imparts to all about her

Household Notes.

HEART TROUBLE

Brought on by exposure and worry.

Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but it gradually grew worse until I had to summon medical aid. I suffered much pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night, and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy, but this also failed to help me. I had always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noted an improvement in my condition, and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life. Before, and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to that greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keystone to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines because from first dose to last they make red, life-giving blood, and restore weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sufferers. Do not take any substitute—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mothers' Help.

Every weariest mother finds Surprise Soap does those qualities which rob wash day of its terrors. It does the work in half the time of other soaps; it makes the clothes clean and wholesome; it allows the housewife plenty of time to attend to other important duties. Surprise Soap contributes more to the sum total of domestic happiness than any other article that enters the household. For best results, follow the directions on the wrapper. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Business Cards.

M. SHARKEY, Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent. 1240 and 1232 NOTRE DAME ST., Montreal.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils. 137 McCORD Street, cor. Ottawa.

JOHN P. O'LEARY, Contractor and Builder. Residence: 1 Wardale Ave., Westmount.

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters. ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, etc.

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter. Plain and Decorative PAPER-HANGER.

GARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians. Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers. 795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine Street.

DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK. 54 Prince Arthur Street.

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SAVE YOUR KEPT BAGE. Users of BROSIE'S "XXX" Self-Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and feature them to us will receive the beautiful colored picture in splendid gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a large picture in the gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BROSIE'S XXX MARVELL 16 & 19 BERRY ST. Montreal.

FIRST BOOTBLACK? Who's da matter, Jimmy? Yer looks played out. Second Bootblack? Just bit it, I should think I am! Played bit it, yer looks a shine. JAGGERS? So he married the widow! I thought he had his eye on the daughter? Waggers? So he had, but the widow had her eye on him.

AMERICAN MONEY FOR IRELAND.

According to recent advices from London, syndicates are now being formed for the development of the various resources of much-neglected and much-abused Ireland. It is said that American financiers have thrown their covetous eyes on the mineral wealth of the island, especially on the coal deposits, and intend to steal a march on their English cousins by being the first in the field. There is a disposition in some London quarters to ridicule any movement having for its object the commercial and industrial development of Ireland, but we may take it for granted that, if any American financial magnates have become convinced that the hidden wealth and resources of the Emerald Isle can be developed with every prospect of good profits, they will not hesitate to go to work with their usual energy and perseverance. It would be a strange thing, indeed, if old Ireland should, in the twentieth century, be turned into a humming, industrial beehive through the efforts of Americans; if an unfortunate and long-suffering people should at last come to know the blessings and advantages of property, and if the oppressive rule of British landlords should be overthrown by an industrial revolution. Stranger things have happened in the past, and an Irish renaissance may not, after all, be such an Utopia as many of us are prone to believe.

It does not follow that, because Ireland has been neglected for so long by British capital and enterprise, a country with magnificent natural resources will forever remain miserably poor. Ireland is a finer country than England in some respects. She has most fertile soil and a good climate, despite some drawbacks well known to us. The island has many fine, natural harbors, and is most favorably situated in a geographical sense; there are also many navigable rivers and lakes. Apart from agricultural and maritime considerations, Ireland's abundant waterpower may be turned to prosperous account these days of electrical power. But it is the country's mineral wealth which attracts the Americans, and also Colonialists the most. That Ireland has valuable mineral deposits has been known for a long time past. Yet, strange to say, British ironmasters, who seem keen enough to work the ores of Spain and Norway, have scarcely bestowed any attention on the immense stores of iron which Ireland, a close-by island, is known to possess. At one time in the past the manufacture of iron used to be an important Irish industry. That was when charcoal was used for smelting. When wood became scarce, the iron industry languished, though the resources of the island, in iron, had scarcely been tapped up to then. As a prominent British industrial authority recently said: "There is coal in Ireland—lots of it, too. Indeed, I believe the country's resources in that respect are estimated at not far short of 200,000,000 tons."

How comes it, then, that Ireland imports so much coal and produces so little, if any? She produces some, though only about 6 per cent, of her annual consumption. It is true that, in some places, Irish coal seams are thin, and that not all of them would pay to work, but the production might be very largely and profitably developed with capital and good management.

Ireland possesses both anthracite and bituminous coal deposits. The former is chiefly found in Limerick, which is, at present, the greatest coal-producing province of the island; the latter is found in Connaught and elsewhere. In the Tyrone coal fields, there are believed to be seams that might be worked at great pecuniary profit. Associated with the coal fields, there is very rich hematite iron, especially in Cork and Waterford.

Ireland has lead as well as iron and the lead is very widely distributed—usually in the form of galenite. She likewise has some copper and other mineral resources, and articles of commercial value, such as salt and clays for porcelain or coarse pottery.

It is certainly remarkable that a beautiful and picturesque island, which is so generously endowed by nature, should have been comparatively neglected by England, and should now be attracting the attention of foreigners.

Is there any special reason why the province of Ulster should be so much ahead, in industry and prosperity, of the rest of the island? Ulster is less favored in certain important industrial and commercial respects than other parts of the country. It may be objected by prejudiced critics that the population of Ulster is more energetic and wide-awake than that of the other provinces. To this it may be replied that, if exception is made of Ulster, there are wide areas which are almost depopulated, and where a vigorous class of people could start under up-to-date conditions on land, without the handicap of an unearned increment, the land going almost a-begging. Besides, if there be a less redundant population in Ireland than there used to be, there is also less shiftlessness and more opportunity. Even among the agricultural population of the present day there are signs of progress and an awakening, notably in the way of co-operative effort for the supply of markets. Labor is cheap in Ireland, outside of Dublin and Belfast, and there is no reason why, under intelligent direction, it should not become highly efficient. Indeed, the native Irishman might have the advantage of starting without the industrial prejudices of the Englishman, and might more

readily adopt the improved methods, such as American capital, for instance, would introduce.

It will be a topsy-turvy state of things when Ireland has become the industrial rival of the island across St. George's channel; when American capital has restored it to its proper position when its people have been rescued from oppression and poverty, and England has become a played-out country, living on traditions of the past, even if they are not wholly noble or enviable. — Francis A. Hunter, in the St. Louis Mirror

UNCHARITABLE CONVERSATION

The Lenten pastoral of Right Rev. Francis Mostyn, D.D., Bishop of Mevevia, England, is devoted to point out the obligation we are under to practice the virtue of charity and to avoid the contrary vice.

"As there are many ways of practicing this holy virtue of charity," he writes, "so there are many ways to which we can offend God by transgressing against His command. It is not our wish on this occasion to bring before your notice the various acts of charity which are incumbent upon us, but rather to warn you against the prevailing vice of uncharitable conversation—of speaking ill of our neighbor."

"The world thinks little of this vice; we meet it at every turn. Go where we will into society and listen to the conversation. What shall we hear? Seldom are the good deeds and kind actions of others the subject of conversation, but generally the faults, imaginary or real, of the neighbor who is absent. His secret and public faults are minutely examined; what one does not know the other does, and where information is wanting the imagination is called upon to supply it. It is wonderful how ready people are to attack the character of their neighbors, to magnify their good actions, to magnify their faults, and to suspect their good actions. It matters not what their position may be—superior, equal, or inferior—none are exempt from the cruel tongue of the slanderer and the calumniator. It is wonderful how anxious people are to criticize and find fault with the action of others, how keen-sighted they are to observe, how ready to publish to the world any faults that may come under their notice. But while they are so vigilant with regard to their neighbor's actions, they seem utterly blind to their own shortcomings, and resent most strongly any criticism or fault-finding that their own actions may receive at the hands of others."

"The fact of this vice being so common renders it all the more dangerous, for we are inclined to look upon it as something of little importance—as a mere imperfection, perhaps, in the sight of God. Let us not deceive ourselves, for to slander our neighbor, which is speaking evil of him knowing it to be false, or to make public his faults which are secret, or only known to a few, offends Almighty God in a greater or less degree according to the amount of injury we do thereby to our neighbor. There are occasions, no doubt, when it is our duty to speak of faults to those whose business it is to remedy such things, or to those whose own interests might be injured by being left in ignorance of these faults."

"It is not only those who are filled with hatred and ill-will who are guilty of this fault, but we find people who are otherwise leading good and pious lives, spiritual lives, subject to this vice. They can not restrain their suspicious thoughts, their rash judgments, nor can they always keep their slippery tongues in check. They will repeat things that they have heard for the sake of talk. These people will sometimes preface their remarks by such a useless expression as, 'Of course, I don't mean to be uncharitable, but...' as if they thought that these words would free them from all sins against charity, no matter what they may say regarding their neighbor. These words only show that in reality they are about to say is uncharitable, and that it were better left unsaid. Needless to say, such expressions do not diminish the sin in the smallest degree."

"There is another way of speaking uncharitably, which is only too common. We meet with people who try to please all parties, who love to carry stories about from one to another of what they have heard and seen, and thus cause much coldness and many misunderstandings between those who would otherwise be the best of friends. Such conduct is most reprehensible, and those who do such things will have much to answer for. The whisperer and the double-tongued is accursed: for he hath troubled many that were at peace' (Eccl. xvi, 19)."

"We may well ask ourselves why it is that so many conversations turn upon the conduct and faults of our neighbor, and why it is that we seem always ready to depreciate his good deeds and to proclaim his failings. If we look carefully into the matter the reason is easily discovered. It is because we are waiting in that humility which directs us to esteem others better than ourselves—in humility let each esteem others better than themselves. (Phil. ii, 3)—and in that charity which teaches us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and to do unto others as we would be done by. All things therefore whatsoever you would that men should do to you do you also to them' (Matt. vii, 12)."

"If we would avoid speaking ill of our neighbor, if we would overcome the habit of publishing his faults, or of causing mischief by tale bearing, we shall do well to try, and put in practice the three rules which are often given us by spiritual writers on this point. The first rule is: 'If you

can not speak well of your neighbor do not speak of him at all.' This is a most excellent maxim, for if you think ill of another, or if you are prejudiced against him, you may be sure that your conversation in that person's regard will be under the influence of this prejudice. The second rule is: 'Do not say in the absence of your neighbor what you would not say in his presence.' For it is certainly unfair to say hard things or to aim a blow at the good name of one who by his absence is unable to defend himself. The third rule is: 'Say not of another what you would not have another say of you.' Let us endeavor to act in conformity with these rules, and we shall find that they will often put a check on our speech and save us from many a sin against holy charity."

SOME ASPECTS OF HEART DISEASE.

A lawyer was talking with a friend when a sudden pallor came over his face. Thrusting his hand quickly into a waistcoat pocket he drew out a small phial from which he poured two or three pellets into the palm of his hand and swallowed them. He was a stout, robust man, having every appearance of health. His friend exclaimed:

"Why, Jack, what's the matter? What are you taking those pills for?"

Jack smiled grimly. "There is something the matter with my heart," he replied. "Now and then the machine gets out of order. Some of the wheels don't work, or a cog slips. If, at those periods, I can get those little pellets of strychnine down quick enough, the difficulty is fixed up for the time being. But one of these days the poison will get in its work too late and then—"

The ellipsis was supplied by a look more eloquent than words.

"What is the nature of your heart affection? Have you been examined?"

"Yes, I presume that in twenty-five years I have been examined by fifty physicians. But no two of them ever agreed as to the exact nature of my disease."

"What are your symptoms?"

"The first and most prominent symptom is the fact that I am constantly aware that I have a heart. Either it is beating so slowly that I can scarcely feel it or else it is racing like a Collier at full speed. At night I can hear it creaking and straining like an old schooner or off Point Judith in a storm. I have often smiled to myself in the dark hours just before dawn when I have been awakened by some frightful struggle on the part of my heart to keep up its natural rhythm. To think how some strong man, a baseball player or an athlete, who never knew he had a heart, would act if such an attack came upon him suddenly!"

"Oh, it is only a case of dyspepsia," said his friend. "I often have green feelings around the heart myself."

"Yes, that's what all your friends tell you," said the lawyer, "they want to cheer you up. Heart disease is naturally depressing. Consumption always believe they are going to get well, but a man whose heart is affected is positive that he won't live a week."

"I suppose the condition of your heart prevents you from running?"

"Yes, and any form of severe physical exercise, I wouldn't run a block for \$100. I am never in a hurry to catch a car. I usually run from two to three minutes to walk up the stairs of the elevated road."

"What effect does heart trouble have upon the mind?"

"Well, I suppose that depends upon the man. If he be of the highly imaginative type the consciousness of his heart is diseased is always depressing. There are times when he is perfectly quiet, or when the heart is gently stimulated by poisons such as strychnine or alcohol, that he is comparatively free from distressing symptoms. But the knowledge that his heart is weak never wholly leaves him. It follows him everywhere. He dare not drink because he is afraid of over-stimulation and consequent palpitation. He must not use tobacco, because the weed has a depressing influence upon his life power. He dares not permit his temper to get the better of his judgment. The heart is peculiarly susceptible to anger. Should a man grossly insult him he must grin and bear it, for both the passion of resentment and the physical effort required to place a blow would result in more injury to the man himself than to his enemy."

"I can see from your remarks that heart disease has some moral advantages."

"Yes, it certainly is a deterrent so far as alcohol, tobacco and anger are concerned. In fact, a heart physically bad is opposed to vice of any kind. It ticks up a row even if a man tries to do a little loving."

"Is there any pain?"

"Not in the sense that the word is generally understood. If your finger is caught in a door crack there is a vivid sense of suffering, but no fear. With heart trouble there is no acute pain, but plenty of uneasiness and an awful sense of weakness. Anguish is the better word to describe it."

"I have been walking along a street, feeling in my normal condition, when a chasm has opened in the sidewalk a thousand feet deep and I have stood on the brink trembling and sweating with apprehension. A feeling of such awful weakness and apprehension has come over me that I have been paralyzed, speechless. There was absolutely no physical indication that anything had happened, but the mental appreciation was frightfully appalling."

"At such times my heart had telegraphed to my brain that it was tired. It had been pumping away in my breast ever since I was born never stopping. And now, in some in-

scrutable manner, which the wisest of doctors can give no rational explanation of, it has stopped beating for the fraction of a second. But in that brief space of time all the organs of the body have been notified that something is the matter with the engine."

"You stand hesitating on the brink of another existence or annihilation, listening to see if the engine will resume its old-time beat. Then is the time that your clammy fingers reach for your waistcoat pocket. In your haste you take a double dose. Slowly the noble organ responds to the stimulus and you are saved for the time."

"I believe that I make no exaggeration in the statement that I have really to all intents and purposes, died a thousand deaths. But such is the wonderful elasticity of the mind, so buoyant is hope that after the most severe of these attacks it leaves no lasting impression. But I naturally try to get the little bottle out quick."—New York Sun.

THE SILENT SISTERS OF ANGLT.

One of the most curious institutions in the world is interestingly described by Sir George Newnes, Bart., in the "Strand Magazine," in an article on the Silent Sisters of Anglet. These sisters have made a voluntary resolve to live together for religious purposes in silence.

Anglet is a little village near Biarritz, in France, but on the borders of Spain. It is supposed that its name, which is obviously English, was given because during the Peninsular war many of the British wounded were sent over the frontier to this village; accordingly it was called Anglet, which has since become Anglet.

The institution was founded in 1847 by L'Abbe Cestac. His object was to cause women to give up the temptations of speech and sight.

Sixteen cells, made and thatched with straw, only seven feet high, wide and long, were the beginning of what is now an important religious institution. Although these cells of straw have long disappeared, the abstinance from speech, from looking, and from "curiosity" is maintained as strictly as ever.

The first impression on visiting St. Bernard is surprising. You expect to see a convent, and find no appearance of conventional life. All around you only see various buildings suitable for agricultural purposes. Soon you begin to distinguish. The considerable size of the chapel indicates a religious community. Everywhere you notice women, none but women, dressed alike, and actively engaged in various kinds of work. Some are cultivating the fields; others are looking after the animals; some are at the forge; some are building. The cultivators undertake the hardest work in the open air, while others, in the workshops, provide the necessary implements.

One of the first tasks of the Solitaires de St. Bernard was to fight against the general advance of the sand dunes, which, driven by the prevailing northwest wind, threatened to overwhelm their fields. To-day a curtain of pine trees extends from east to west across the old width of the territory, and the sands are stationary, the northwest wind having lost its power to move them. Dead, sterile land is now covered with a dense, luxuriant, productive forest.

There are forty-five silent sisters of Anglet, housed in a sort of nunnery, with the plainness of tables and chairs and food, as well as a renunciation of the luxuries of life. Three of them have been there for fifty-three years, since the foundation of this extraordinary institution, and have kept silence during the whole of that time, excepting under two conditions. Once a year the bishop visits them, and they are allowed to speak to him, and once a year to relations or friends who come to see them. They may confess to their priests. What sins anyone who never speaks to or sees another may commit it is difficult to say, though sins of thought and heart may be as deadly as those of word or deed. They confess to the priest once a week.

"Then if they are ill it is necessary to tell the doctor what their ailments are, but in that case the Lady Superior is always present. The terrible monotony of such an existence is also broken in this way, that they are allowed to sing their prayers in chapel. With these exceptions their life is one of absolute silence. Some will, perhaps, not believe that they keep this vow; they work together in the gardens, or according to their capacity, at embroidery in the convent; it does seem almost incredible that women could work like that, year after year, without ever speaking a word to one another; but, after careful inquiries, I am able to say that the vow is kept with wonderful tenacity and religious fervor."

One instance taken from L'Abbe Cestac's book is that two of the Silent Sisters lived together in practically the same room (it might almost be called a cell), only divided by a partition, for no less than five years; they had never spoken to each other; they had never looked at each other. The elder one died, and she was laid out so that all the others who passed by could see her. When the woman who had lived at her side for five years came past the corpse she uttered a terrible cry of pain and sank to the ground. It was the dearest friend of her youth!

The forty-two Silent Sisters of Anglet are many of them wealthy, and they have given up everything to the convent; in more cases than one it is said two million francs, but the money is not all, or largely, spent upon the Silent Sisters. A few hundred yards away is another institution devoted to the reclining of fallen women—penitents, as they call them—and the Silent Sisters by giving up their dowries practically maintain that noble institution.

Advertisement for Mansfield shoes. Includes text: 'Your Undivided Attention for a Second, Please.' and 'MANSFIELD, - - - The Shoest, 124 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.'

Advertisement for 'A Word About Linens.' Lists various types of linens and their prices.

Advertisement for 'MARKET REPORT.' Lists prices for various goods like wool, flour, and butter.

Advertisement for 'JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS, St. Catherine and Mountain Sts.'

Large advertisement for 'HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS.' Includes text: 'The Finest Piano I have ever Used'—ALBANI.

Advertisement for 'LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER CO. Warerooms, 2366 St. Catherine Street.'

Advertisement for 'CARPETS' and 'THOMAS LIGGET, 2474-2476 St. Catherine Street.'

Advertisement for 'RELIGIOUS' with text: 'In the June...'

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