

tile lands, virgin forests, unexplored mines filled with riches, greets the son of her King in her boundaries. May God grant that Canada prosper before the face of God and that the Royal Duke may ever be ruled by the Hand of the King of Kings.

The Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls has been forging ahead during the last season. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen have enjoyed their stay at the Hospice. People from all directions have been under the roof of our guest-house and much encouragement has been given us. The generosity and kindness of our many visitors have given us the hope that Our Blessed Lady's hand will see to the success of our work at Niagara Falls. The site of the Hospice is the most perfect at Niagara Falls. On the bluff, with pure fresh air, with pure, deep rock spring water, outside of the belt of the spray, the Hospice—a large, magnificent stone structure—opens its doors, during summer and winter, to our friends, that they may rest there, or if they wish, make there a retreat. Niagara Falls is beautiful at all times. During the fall months the weather and the scenery is proverbially beautiful. In winter with the ice-bridge and the beauties of fairy-like lace-work of the frost on all surrounding nature, the rainbow of the Falls is seen not only over the Falls, where it ever dwelleth in sunshine and moonshine, but even on every little twig and shrub it is reflected.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is built in honor of Our Blessed Lady and we have instituted the Pious Union of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls, the object of which will be the erection of a shrine in honor of our Blessed Lady, so that the visitors to Niagara Falls may turn their wearied steps to the Hospice and at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady worship Nature's God and honor our Blessed Lady of the Holy Scapular.

The whole world stands aghast at the murder of the late President Wm. McKinley. He was a man of unblemished private life. His death showed how he was revered and beloved by the American people. It is a great humiliation to the great American nation which has opened its doors to all peoples of the world and proclaimed that all men are brothers. It was not the death of Mr. McKinley that was sought by the abominable assassin so much as the attempt to destroy all lawful authority. All minds are thinking of the trend of the doctrines of the anarchist. "Free speech is a gem of liberty." So speak many. But has not the wicked tongue perverted thousands and caused destruction throughout the ages.

The murderer of Mr. McKinley was educated in our public schools; he grew up without religion and the fear of God; he imbibed false doctrines; he was not trained in his heart and in the practice of virtue, and his hands were steeped in the blood of the Chief Executive of a glorious nation.

Parents who neglect to correct their children are as bad as idolators. Sentimentality, the fear of hurting and chastising, a maudlin fear of physical correction of children is a growth of atheism. "Spare the rod and you spoil the child." There is lacking a wholesome respect for authority. Parents suffer for their own omissions in the correct way of bringing up their children. For the wilful child, the criminal and culpable one, there is nothing so good as correction with severity moderated with reason and charity.

Mr. McKinley as a citizen and soldier of his country, as a kind, loving husband, as the beloved President of the United States, will always be remembered. His last farewell, "Good-bye to you, good-bye. This is God's way. His Will be done, not ours," gives us the keynote to our ears and hearts. Be we high or low, we must also die.