

SEE WAS MADE OVER.

True Hearts Outweigh Coronets, as Simple Faith Does Norman Blood.

From the Detroit Free Press. "Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he hustled into the farm house kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No," answered his wife promptly, "what for?"

"I dunno, unless it's that high flyin' sister of yours, Juliette. What's her name. Like snuff she is tired of livin' starved up in the city—'tain't any place for real human folks, any way—'an' so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so?"

"Lawd, no. Et warn't put in the law 'an' comm'ntments when we was married that you was to open my letters, nor no yourn. Take 'an' open it yourself."

"So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and began to read."

"Yes, as I remembred," said the old man, "ain't it, Hannah?"

"No," said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter. "Et I make it out, its just the other way. Juliette wants to go on a visit her. She says she'll stan' the expense, an' its just as fer as for somebody to make over. Now, what does she mean?"

"The old farmer read the letter with much care and palin'ating."

"[I]ll go a visitin' what they eat breakfast in the middle of the day and were their Sunday dose the hull week I I say her guess not. Bet, mother, if you want ter go, that's another thing. You kin har the money the old mare fetched—'nigh about raised Bet anyway. I'll gin ye that."

"There's my new alpey," said Mrs. Hull thoughtfully. "Its as shiny as silk. But, law! it won't be much in the city. I've heard that the shop girls there wear real silk 'an' satin every day."

"P-or things," said her husband; "it must be dretful to hev to dress to death all the time. Where's the link horn? I'm goin' to write to the children that their ma's goin' to visit."

"After manifold preparations Mrs. Hull was ready to go. She had her stylish shawl, the rich city widow."

"The first thing her sister said to her was: 'Hannah Hull, you're a fright. I must make you over.'"

"Why, Juliette, I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "If it fifty years ago, I'd be bound to give her a turn to see me."

"Don't say bunnit, for goodness sake. You have no style. You've lived down on that old farm till you look a hundred."

"I be over fifty, but then I'm only two years older."

"Hush! never say anything about your age. It ain't polite. Hannah, I must make you over. You won't be the same woman."

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The doughnuts and pears were giving out, and besides he was homesome. He wanted his Hannah home again, so he didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would go and bring his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself. "It's 'most killed her I expect by this time, sittin' up so straight and eatin' all her vittles with a fork, an' havin' a fifty-cent hanker after the city, an' my bunnit cost nearly \$5."

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"I be over fifty, but then I'm only two years older."

"No, he ain't an' I was a fool to think I could be made over. She's alive, he's glad to get her into my own shoes again."

When Hannah entered the parlor again she was clothed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "I've got her back! It's the old gal herself this time, an' nat'ral as life 'an' 'n' purty as a picture! It's the children's mother. Hurry up now 'an' don't git left. I shan't take a speck of comfort till I get you safe down hum agin on the old farm."

THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE OF ST. BONIFACE.

North West Review. We have lately had the privilege of seeing a very able and interesting report, drawn up by His Grace the Archbishop, on the progress of Catholicity in his vicariate. We think that a brief summary of this document will be not uninteresting to our readers.

The ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface comprises all that part of Canada that lies to the West of the ninety-first degree of longitude, with the exception of Vancouver's Island. It is bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the south by the United States, on the east by the ninety-first degree of longitude (West Greenwich), and on the west by the Pacific Ocean and the Territory of Alaska. In other words, it stretches northwards from the forty-ninth degree of latitude between the ninety-first and one hundred and forty degrees of western longitude. The area of this vast province covers about 2,195,848 square miles, that is to say, it is about ten times as large as France.

It was only in 1844 this territory was separated from the arch diocese of Quebec and about the same time Bishop Provencher was named Vicar Apostolic of the North-West. He received personal jurisdiction over the whole province of St. Boniface, which at that time was confined to some missionaries of Oregon. As coadjutor to the Archbishop of Quebec, he labored for many years in this part of the country, especially in the settlement of the Red River; and on his elevation to the dignity of Vicar Apostolic of the North-West, he applied to the Governor of the Imperial for priests to carry on the great work of preaching the Gospel to these poor people. In 1845, Father Aubert and another young priest just ordained were sent out as the first Oblate missionaries to the Red River, and thus the number of priests in the settlement at that time was raised to six.

His Grace Archbishop Tache, looking back over the years that have since intervened, is gratified to be able to contrast the state of religion then and now in the following instructive table:—

Table with 3 columns: Oblates, Bishops, Priests, etc. and 2 columns: Then, Now.

At present the number of Oblates working in the vast province of St. Boniface is shown thus:—

Table with 3 columns: Oblates, Bishops, Priests, etc. and 2 columns: Then, Now.

DU PENANCE.

Learning will not avail without virtue. A man may know many things; but if he does not know that he is in this life to do good, serve and love God, his knowledge of the most abstruse points in science or art will prove of no account. All this knowledge is good, but in subordination to that learning which finds its due expression in practical morality; to love God, a man must keep the commandments of God, and of the Church. Therefore, no acquisition in the purely mental field excuses him from going to confession and communion once a year. If he could the right ascendant of a fixed body in the heavens, and does not obey the Church in respect of her commandments, he is simply a heathen or a publican. Nor is it he who cries out Lord, Lord, that will enter the Kingdom of heaven, it is the simple, obedient soul, who does what the Church prescribes.

Many fasts and abstinences; in this they are doing what they are bound to do. Why do they not go to confession; to this they are also bound! Is the answer—because they dare not look at themselves, dare not gaze at the skeleton in the closet? But they must look at themselves. They must be quiet but all-powerful voice of the conscience summons the sinner to the bar, and if he does not appear in the wedding garb, the judgment that will go against him is that which will attend his career in the final passage. But let him approach the tribunal of penance, and his sins, if like scum, shall become white as the snow, and the judgment that awaits the sinner will have wisely been frustrated. Now, during Lent, is the acceptable time, the time of salvation.—Colorado Catholic.

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CHRONIC DERMATITIS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD.

are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. These Pills act speedily on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. This is the great secret of the popularity of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills.

A VALUABLE WORK.

We have received from the celebrated publishing house of Messrs. Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard street, London, W., England, a new and valuable addition to Catholic literature, bearing the title of "A Treatise on Prayer," by the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop and Martyr. The scope of the work may be judged from the author's preface, which is as follows:—

This little work of the Blessed John Fisher was written in Latin about the year 1520; that is to say, about fifteen years before his death, and when he was sixty years of age.

The teaching of Luther had already taken hold in England; for in 1521 the holy Bishop preached at St. Paul's Cross on the occasion when the heretic's writings were publicly committed to the flames; but as yet, in spite of the abuses which were rampant around him, the future martyr had not been forced into that conflict with the last of Henry VIII, which finally won him his crown. He was still living a life of quiet retirement and fulfillment of his episcopal duties in the comparative obscurity of Rochester, wherein was nurtured and strengthened the sanctity which later enabled him to take his bold stand in England, for the defense of the Queen's marriage, and in opposition to the King's demand for divorce. His later works, with the exception of what he wrote when prisoner in the Tower in 1534, were controversial and polemical, called forth by the spread of Lutheran doctrine, or the progress of the Royal divorce, as they are the present book we have the last utterance of the peaceful days of—practically—the last of the old English hierarchy.

It is significant that such an utterance should treat of prayer, for prayer was soon to be the only heritage, as it was the only refuge and strength, of the faithful remnant whom he was soon to leave behind him in his native land. As he himself says (page 2): "And at this present time we have most need to pray, seeing the times be such, and so dangerous as they now be, sinners being now so multiplied upon the earth, and sin itself so daily increased as we see it is."

Moreover, the manner in which the subject is treated, giving us, as it does, an insight into the author's own habits of prayer, is a testimony to his holiness that should be peculiarly grateful to his fellow-countrymen at a time when the Holy See has so recently declared his worthiness of a contemplative soul, taught by the Holy Spirit to understand and appreciate the full depth and breadth of the simple truths and maxims of the Gospel, and finding all its energy and comfort in the presence of God.

The present publication should merit a further mention from the fact that it is a reprint of a translation made a century after the author's death by a member of the English Congregation of the Order of St. Benedict, at a time when, among others, his own religious brethren were still suffering torture and death for the same Catholic unity to which the saintly Cardinal, in a contemplative soul, taught by the Holy Spirit to understand and appreciate the full depth and breadth of the simple truths and maxims of the Gospel, and finding all its energy and comfort in the presence of God.

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MONSIEUR DE LA VAL MONTMORENCY.

THE FIRST AMERICAN BISHOP.

BY THE REV. JERAS M'DONNELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S., &c.

What a change has come over this continent since the appointment of its first Bishop! There was, indeed, some civilization when Mgr. De La Val arrived in Canada; but it was confined almost exclusively to the Governor and other officials who represented the French King, known in history as the "Grand Monarque."

Of industrious settlers there were few indeed. The sword and the tomahawk had not yet given place to the plowshare, wild and nomad tribes roamed over the continent, disputing with civilized man every inch of ground. In 1674-5 it would have been difficult to divine where or how the apostolic Bishop was to find a flock, or become anything more than domestic chaplain in the household of the King's representative. His aims were higher. It appeared to him that a faith was not before him, but a wilderness of the first that had enjoyed the fruitful soil of Christ's Apostles, when they were sent, as it were, to the ends of the earth, as lambs among devouring wolves.

The whole continent was a waste in which the savage shared with the wolf and the bear a scant subsistence. The Church was yet to be created, and like the church of the early ages, it sprang at once into vigorous life. It needed all its power, and it is known to have related unto blood. But without allying more to length to the heroic missionaries and martyrs of America's early church, let us consider the present state of religion with that which prevailed, or rather, did not prevail, when Mgr. De La Val first set foot upon the shores of La Nouvelle France with the title and office of Vicar Apostolic. The labors of this distinguished prelate, together with those of the zealous missionary priests who co-operated with him, wrought a mighty change. In British America there is nothing more flourishing than the religion which they preached. Its influence is felt in every province. In one particularly, Quebec, or Eastern Canada, it is the religion of the land, possessing an overwhelming majority. Its priests are numerous. The membership of the church is estimated at eight millions; and it enjoys the signal honor of beholding at the head of its hierarchy a Prince of the Universal Church.

In that portion of America known as the "United States," the days of early struggle have succeeded by unparalleled prosperity. In this year, grace, 1888, the membership of the church is estimated at eight millions; and it enjoys the signal honor of beholding at the head of its hierarchy a Prince of the Universal Church.

At the beginning, no doubt, there were powerful elements of greatness and renown, the zeal and devotedness of pastors. But who could have dared to foretell that they were destined, in a comparatively short time, to be so grandly developed? The first two centuries of the American church may be likened to the early times of Christian labor. The church, an obscure "sect" as it was called at first, in less than two centuries, had more members than were left worshippers of the gods and adherents of Imperial Caesar. It was everywhere in the Roman Empire permanently established in nations that knew not the Rule of ancient Rome.

The Church of "La Nouvelle France" had equally small and no less hard beginnings. It was a small party, in a remote and desolate spot, which a great people and a powerful monarch could afford. But they could give no protection against the heathen and savage hordes that apostolic men so ardently desired to bring into the Christian fold. The state of these savages was apparently as hopeless as that of the unbelieving Gentile and the stubborn Jew. Even as these related, so did they. They set upon the meek and charitable missionaries who came to bear unto them the divine message of peace, with all the fury peculiar to their fierce and unbridled nature; but it availed not to stay the course of truth, which was almost all comprised, as it had its centre, in the Diocese of Quebec, has widely "enlarged the place of its tent," and glories in its many millions of devoted adherents. It now extends over all the continent of North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and the islands adjacent to either coast. It has many bishops and archbishops for its government, and at the head of its hierarchy a Prince of the universal Church. The dignity of Cardinal was first conferred on the Archbishop of that rich, populous and influential city, New York. Baltimore now enjoys the honor, and does also the still more ancient city of Quebec.

It has been said at Rome that there is no country where the Holy Father can exercise his office as chief pastor with such complete freedom as in the American Union (the United States of North America). What of Canada? Do they at Rome, as in London, name only the United States when they wish speak of North America? The same policy as regards religion that was inaugurated under French rule is continued under the government which has succeeded, and the children of the Church, whether of the European or the aboriginal race, enjoy such liberty of conscience which is right and which, in our day, can only be curtailed or abused by an injudicious and perverse use of the great privilege of possessing a government that truly represents the national will.

To return to Monsiegnor de La Val, what strikes us more particularly in his most interesting biography, is his truly pastoral and paternal care of the Indian people who were confided to his Episcopal solicitude. His labor in organizing

It has been said that the first Bishop was to be created to be called "Montmorency." It is true the main line of the illustrious House of Montmorency had failed. But, the Bishop being the chief, or eldest, of the next collateral branch, had surely a right to the name of Montmorency.

FROM THE IRISH BENCH.

United Ireland. House of Commons, Wednesday.

Once again amid those scenes which grieved ceilings and stained glass, dimmed and darkened the floor below the glare of a host of stick-exchanges. Those scenes which the British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scene of British politics seem but to revolve in satellite capacity. The British title permits in gazing at the apple of the Constitution eye, and around which a lather scene of British politics seem but to revolve in satellite capacity.

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