

NEW SCOTCH SUITINGS, NEW FALL OVERCOATS, 4 CASES NEW SCARFS.

PETHICK & M'DONALD 303 Richmond St.

C. M. B. A.

Bro. Toney of Montreal has got up a neat circular explaining the objects, benefits, workings, etc., of the C. M. B. A.

Received from the Supreme Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, through John McQuade, Recording Secretary of Branch No. 23, Seaford, Ont.

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The following are the Branches that, up to this date, Sept. 27th, have paid assessments Nos. 11 and 12, with the dates on which the drafts were received at the Grand Secretary's Office:

- Branch No. 39, Neustadt, Sept. 12th. " 25, Cayuga, Sept. 15th. " 46, Walkerton, Sept. 19th. " 23, Seaford, Sept. 21st. " 58, Ottawa, Sept. 21st. (paid No. 11 only) " 57, Orillia, Sept. 21st. " 53, Mount Forest, Sept. 23d. " 20, Galt, Sept. 29th. " 60, Dublin, Sept. 24th. " 9, Kingston, Sept. 26th. " 62, Windsor, Sept. 26th. " 43, Brockville, Sept. 26th.

Mr. George Leithness, of Branch No. 47, Toronto, died on Sept. 15th, cause of death, typhoid fever. Bro. Leithness was formerly a member of Branch 15 and joined Branch 49 on a withdrawal certificate. He was a convert to the church and a highly respected citizen.

Branch Secretaries in sending the Grand Secretary notice of a death, should accompany said notice with "proof" of death, and the deceased brother's Beneficiary certificate. We have forms for notice of death and also for proof of death, and all our Secretaries should keep a few of these forms on hand.

Mr. Kelz, Chancellor of Branch 15, Toronto, with the assistance of Rev. Father Bloem, has a Branch about ready to be organized in North Bay, District of Nipissing. Application for charter has been received, and the medical certificates will be filled out immediately. We are pleased to see the Rev. Parish Priest of North Bay take an interest in C. M. B. A. matters, and we are sure he will never regret having a Branch of our noble Association in his parish. Bro. Kelz, a short time ago paid Rev. Father Bloem a visit, and availed himself of the opportunity of sowing the seed for a C. M. B. A. Branch.

Mr. M. O'Meara of Peterborough has been working hard to have a branch established in Pembroke, his native town. He has also good prospects of a Branch in Mattawa, District of Nipissing, in a short time. Bro. O'Meara is acquainted with nearly every Catholic in those two places, and is very anxious to confer on them the benefit of a C. M. B. A. branch in their midst. We hope he may succeed.

During the past two months there have been a great many suspensions in our branches, so that our present membership is very little more than what it was on the 1st of August. The membership in some of our new branches is increased by "withdrawing" from other branches; hence this increase does not increase our total membership.

As this is the first quarter in which the collection of the Reserve Fund has been in operation, and as we are required to make a quarterly report showing the amount each Branch has contributed to said fund during the quarter, and as it is desirable that said report be prepared and published the first week in October, we request every Branch in our jurisdiction that has not yet paid Nos. 11 and 12 assessments, or that may be in arrears for other assessments, to remit the full amount on those assessments without delay. We would like to publish those Reserve Fund reports in full on the 1st of each quarter, and we can do so if our Branches remit promptly.

Some of our Branches did not pay No. 7 assessments until after July 1st, and on the receipts sent them they were credited with having contributed to the Reserve Fund from said assessments. This was a mistake; the 5 per cent. to be taken from assessments and placed in the Reserve Fund began with the first assessment issued after said date, which was No. 8 assessment. SAMUEL B. BROWN, Grand Secretary.

London, Sept. 10th, 1887. Theophilus, Esq. Dear Sir and Bro.—At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 4, C. M. B. A., the following resolutions of condolence were moved by Bro. F. O'Dwyer, seconded by Bro. F. Cook, and carried unanimously.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by the hand of death Anthony Friend, brother of our 1st vice president. Resolved, That the members of this Branch do tender Bro. F. Friend their heartfelt sympathy in the loss of his affectionate brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Bro. Friend and also published in the CATHOLIC RECORD. Wm. COOBERAN, Rec. Sec.

Hamilton, Sept. 19, 1887. At a regular meeting of Branch 37 of the C. M. B. A. at Hamilton, the following resolutions were passed: Whereas, it has been the order of Providence to afflict our honored Brother Wm. Potlter with the death of his son Edward, be it therefore Resolved, That the members of this branch tender their united sympathy to Bro. Potlter and bereaved wife and family in their sad loss. Be it also Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Potlter and family and caused to be inserted in the C. M. B. A. Monthly and CATHOLIC RECORD. Jno. BYRNE, Jos. F. O'BRIEN, President, Rec. Sec., Br. 37.

Hamilton, Sept. 20, 1887. To Bro. James McDougall, Grimsby, Ont.: At the last regular meeting of Branch 37 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Hamilton, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted on motion of Bro. Joseph Paquin, and seconded by Bro. P. Arland. Whereas, our respected Brother James McDougall of Grimsby has met with a sad loss in the death of his son. Be it resolved, That the members of this branch extend to Bro. McDougall their heartfelt regrets, and trust that our Heavenly Father may grant him and his family grace to reconcile themselves to the will of the Almighty in their sad affliction.

It was also resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Bro. McDougall, and sent to the C. M. B. A. Monthly and CATHOLIC RECORD for publication and recorded in the minute book. JOSEPH F. O'BRIEN, Rec. Sec. Branch 37.

Toronto, 21st Sept. 1887. DEAR SIR—At a regular meeting of Branch No. 49, C. M. B. A., Toronto, the following resolutions were moved by Bro. Clancy and seconded by Bro. Girvin, and passed unanimously. Whereas, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has pleased to remove from our midst our late and worthy Brother Geo. McLeithness, who departed this life on Sept. 15th inst.

Therefore, be it resolved that this Branch in the death of Brother Leithness has lost a true and active member of the C. M. B. A., a warm and energetic supporter, and his family an ever kind and affectionate husband and father. Resolved, that the members of this Branch tender our sincere sympathy to his bereaved wife and children in their hour of sorrow and affliction.

Resolved, that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days, that these resolutions be placed on the minutes of our Branch, and that a copy of the same be sent to his bereaved wife and family and also published in our official organ, the CATHOLIC RECORD and the C. M. B. A. Monthly. Yours sincerely, THOS. QUINN, Rec. Sec.

A REMINISCENCE. THE CHARITY WE SHOULD EXTEND TO A FALLEN NEIGHBOR. Way back into the years of childhood my mind is cast to day. These years may seem long to some, but to me they are like the flying clouds of a momentary shadow as it courses its way through the air above us.

It does us good to think of our youth and home. So much did we promise, but so little is done. Years come and go, but still remains prominent in everything we do. By going back to youth and glancing at the years between then and now, we, if honest with ourselves, may know much of the human nature within us, and why life is almost a failure.

It is strange for us to say it, but it is true of almost every one, that too much faith in ourselves and a lack of practical faith in God are the causes of most misdeeds in life. I think of all this while the memory of my native place, erst a sweet town nestled among the mountains of Maryland, now a city of nearly twenty thousand people; its hills and hollows and shady nooks; its sweet springs of crystal waters; and the creeks and rivers fed by them, all are present to the eye of my mind to awaken sweetest memories of the past.

Young boys and girls, associates in the pastimes of youth, abettors at school in tricks that seemed to escape the watchful eye of him that ruled; I think of all these, and could almost call them now as the teacher called them then, to answer "presently." I look back at the simple life which tied us together then, and feel full sorry to think that the thousands of row grown up, though sons and daughters of the same sweet hills, are strangers to each other.

Ah, busy, too busy life has done this! The strife of a city's thousands for wealth and position makes man forget God's law of charity—that he has a neighbor who craves his sympathy and needs his consolation. Small places like the heart of an infant are easily touched by the sorrows of others. But when these grow big with the whirl of life, like the full-grown strong man, toughened by his battles with the world, they are deaf to full many a cry of distress, many a moan of pain, many a sigh from a heart broken neighbor, whose troubled eyes say: "Pity, help." Bright dollars often cause black lives!

Old hand-marks are being destroyed, and we call this blotting out the testi-

monies of a simple life "advances in civilization." We say that progress demands a departure from the ways of our parents, and that improvement is the watchword of the day.

With this growing new order of things there is a selfishness of greed, which in days gone by was seldom seen, and always condemned. The heart of man should remain flesh and blood, but progress, improvement and riches often change it into a stone. The two-score years ago knew a social intercourse which may, even now, be woven into a story of the past, as good thoughts to entertain the sympathizing hearts of our little folks.

This is unfortunately the fact, the life, acts and sayings of our grandfathers, and even some parents are looked upon as somewhat puerile. They are considered good enough for the ages in which our sires lived, but behind our present electric times. We have fewer examples of family life clinging together. This does not suit our youth. Visions of wealth and freedom from parental control early in life, vices for home.

It is sad, but there seems to be no stemming the current of these thoughts. The rising generation build houses to eat and sleep in, but make their homes on the street. When will this state of things cease? Just when families look first to God; obey His commandments and walk in His Church, hence be led to value a virtuous life more than the riches and pleasures of the world.

The good name of a parent should be sweeter to the child than all the wealth that could be left to it. Riches are, at best, very changeable accidentals, but a good name becomes more golden with the perpetuity of years. An example of a good parent who loved the practice of virtue, comes now fresh into my mind. I will give it. It took place years ago, in the times of which sweet recollection prompts me to write. Over the Alleghenies, in a city nestled at the foot of the mountains which will it be, there lived a father of a family. It is many years since he was laid to rest beneath the shadow of the Church, where he daily, with his family about him, assisted at the Holy Sacrifice.

Thirty years and more have gone by, yet his memory is green. The rising generation greet the mention of his name with the exclamation "An honest man!" He was always noted for being a humble, though unflinching child of the Church, yet, his bitter enemies in the place he dwelt, bore testimony to the truly Christian character of this Catholic parent.

He was generous to a fault, if fault there be in generosity. He was just and forgiving, too, and many are the things recorded of him in the hearts of the congregation of which he was considered the model. And now and then some grateful heart unfolds from its memories of the past, a leaflet on which is imprinted from a scene in his life, an exhibition of charity consonant with the first ages of faith.

Five and forty years ago, this city was startled by an unusual event. Things then went on smoothly, with scarcely a rumor of evil to rustle the even regular course of life. Of course, this made such a thing as a sudden death terribly the whole community. But outside thrills with horror the pulse of our large cities, events in our progressive times; and the reader may imagine the great commotion caused by the report that a prominent man had blown out his brains with a rifle in front of the court house.

I well remember the day; together with some boys I went in. We were near the court house when the event took place, and we saw stretched out on a bench the lifeless remains of Mr. B. There was an ugly hole in his forehead, where the bullet had entered. It was the first case of suicide most of us had seen, and we looked and shuddered, and were pale with fright as we looked at each other.

This poor unfortunate man had alienated many of his friends. He did not have a cheerful temper, and was an incessant, hence, attributed most likely a sort of discontent and unhappiness of life to meanness of character. The whole town was shocked, and many were the remarks that were made, and some uncharitable, of course, concerning the life, character and death of Mr. B.

On one of the main streets and in one of the principal stores were collected to gether a company of gentlemen. Most of the business men had been boys together, therefore, when occasion offered dropped in to see and have a good word with each other. While these were chatting and among them the Catholic gentlemen, of whom we are writing, news came in of the suicide of Mr. B.

There was a momentary hush which such intelligence brings with it, and then our Catholic friend said, "Gentlemen, there was something in the character of Mr. B. which I always admired. What a pity! what a pity!" He said no more, but was so distressed that he left immediately. His companions looked at each other and said, "How great charity that man has!"

He spoke to prevent us from making uncharitable remarks of poor Mr. B. Yet, we all know that if there were one in this town who should think and speak ill of poor Mr. B., that one is the man who has just left us, and who by his charity has checked us from speaking ill of the unfortunate suicide.

It was many years after this occurred, and many miles from the mountains of home that a gentleman, since dead, the parish priest of that congregation, told me of this incident in the well known good life of our Catholic parent.

Are not the works of such a parent more dear to his children than all the wealth the world could give them? Do not such words and words flow only from a life dear to God? The names of such children of the Church live when the riches and honor and glory of the world are forgotten. God keeps their memory green to encourage us to live according to His commands.—S. S. M. in Catholic Col. Unionist.

Something intensely human, and narrow, pierces to the seat of our sensibilities and positions in the world, and deridedly catastrophe. A nail will pick a lock that defies hatchet and hammer. "The Royal George" went down with all her crew, and Cowper wrote an exquisitely simple poem about it; but the least which holds it is smooth, while that bearing the lines on his mother's portrait is blithered with tears.—D. W. Holmes.

FROM ORILLIA.

CHURCH DECORATION.—We omitted in our issue of last week to mention the decorating and other embellishments which were being going on at the Church of the Angels Guardian during the past month. We do not know who the artists were. It is said they were brought from Montreal and are professionals in church decorations. The work is now completed, and is a credit to Father Campbell and his congregation. Indeed it would well repay a visit from any person having a taste for the fine arts to inspect the work, because such workmanship is not often seen outside the large cities of the Dominion. We congratulate Father Campbell on his fine taste and enterprise. We understand it is the reverend gentleman's intention to have the church heated by hot air as early as possible. And we just heard a private whisper that there will soon be a bell on the tower from a distant American city to crown the spire of the Angels Guardian on the hill top, whose sound some of these fine days will awake all the sleeping babies in town and reverberate from Ont. chiding to Simcoe. Then will be an awakening up of Sunday morning sluggards in town and country. We tell those people to take timely warning. When Father Campbell puts his shoulder to the wheel it revolves.—New Letter, Orillia.

NEW BOOKS. We have received from the publishing house of Messrs. Beniger Bros., New York, a most little work entitled "The Most Holy Rosary," in thirty one meditations, prayers and examples. Suitable for the months of May and October. With Prayers at Mass, Devotions for Confession and Communion and other prayers. Translated from the German of Rev. W. Cramer, by Rev. Eugene Cramer, C. S. S. R., 32 mo., cloth, 50 cts.; marquette, 35 cts.

Also, sermons, moral and dogmatic, on the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. Translated from the German of Rev. Matthew Joseph Frings, by J. R. Robinson, 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.00.

OBITUARY. Mr. Andrew Murray, St. Thomas. We regret to announce the death of Mr. Andrew Murray, which occurred at St. Thomas on the 8th September. Mr. Murray was for some time a resident of London and was well known and highly respected. He was brother of Mr. T. Murray, G. T. R. agent at Lawrence station. The deceased leaves a wife and four children. He was a member of St. Thomas branch of the C. M. B. A. We extend to his surviving relatives our most heartfelt condolences in their sad loss. May his soul rest in peace.

John O'Donohue. We regret to announce the death of Mr. John O'Donohue, youngest son of the late John O'Donohue. The deceased had been ailing for some time and on Saturday breathed his last at his mother's residence, York Street. The funeral took place on Monday, at St. Peter's Cathedral, a requiem high mass was offered up for the repose of his soul. The funeral cortege was a very large one, and testified to the esteem in which the young man was held. We offer his mother and surviving relatives our hearty sympathy in this sad bereavement. May the soul of the deceased rest in peace.

LOCAL NOTICES. For the best photos made in the city go to E. W. 350 Dundas street. He has examined every stock of frames and apparatuses, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures a specialty.

New Fall Dry Goods received at J. J. GIBBONS'.—New Dress Materials and Trimmings, new Flannels, Underclothing, Yarns, new Hosiery, Gloves, Shawls, new Shirt Collars, Ties, Braces.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE. Mr. Charles Baker, of this city, to whom we have previously referred as having made ten thousand dollars in selling books for Lyon, McNeil & Coffey in Australia, has just returned again for that country, under a new engagement, taking with him his brother-in-law, Mr. Webb, and a neighbor, Mr. Wallace, both residents of this city also. There seems to be a great demand in Australia for the books of this reliable firm, whose headquarters are in Guelph, Ont.

PARNELL. Messrs. CALLAHAN & Co., GENTLEMEN.—The Olograph of Mr. Parnell, an excellent likeness, giving as it does the natural expression of the Irish leader. MICHAEL HAYN.

We guarantee our "PARNELL OLOGRAPH," (Copyrighted,) the only correct likeness of the Irish Leader, and in painting. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2. Callahan & Co., Publishers, 315 Fortification St., Montreal.

Agents Wanted. Liberal terms. BIRD SEED. Mark. Cottam's display of Bird Seed Mocking-bird Food and other Bird Supplies in the Western Fair is an attraction of no small importance, and deservedly admired. His Bird Seed is a mixture of the finest Imported Seeds, thoroughly re-cleaned, carefully and properly compounded and put up, FOR THE WHOLESALE TRADE, in neat illuminated tins, containing Outside Fish Bone and the best of advice on "How to keep a bird in health and song." It is strongly recommended. Having made Birds and Bird Food a study for many years, he offers to the bird loving public the benefit of a long experience in this line. Bird fanciers who value the health and song of their pet stock do well to use Cottam's Choice Imported Bird Seeds in preference to inferior brands which are often injurious to birds, and dear at any price.

MARRIED.

HARRINGTON-QUEEN.—On the 2nd inst. in St. Peter's Cathedral, by the Rev. Father Thomas, James Harrington and Margaret Howe Quinn.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. THE SUPERNATURAL AGENCY OF BISHOPS A SERMON PREACHED BY RT. REV. J. VINCENT CLEARY, S.T.D. ON OCCASION OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. J. T. DOWLING, BISHOP OF FETERBOROUGH. May 1st, 1887, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton. PRICE 15 CENTS. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

P. & J. SADIER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers. 115 Church St. TORONTO. 1669 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL. ST. CATHARINE'S. A newly Commercial School. Full courses in Book-binding, Short-hand and Telegraphy. Young men don't waste your time with studies that will do you no good. Prepare for business. Send card for our Catalogue. J. SADIER, B. A., Principal.

THE ABBEY SCHOOL FORT AGUSTUS, SCOTLAND. CONDUCTED BY THE BENEDECTINE FATHERS. THE GENERAL DESIGN OF THIS School is to impart a liberal education on the lines of the English Public Schools, to the sons of gentlemen destined for careers in the world. It comprises a Lower School for younger boys, an Upper School, and a Select Division of Semior students. The Senior Division is intended to meet the wants of youths, from 18 to 20, who desire to pursue the course of study, or to prepare for public examinations. The Semior are allowed the benefit of private tuition, and enjoy the same privileges as the boys. Prospectuses, containing full information, apply to THE REV. THE RECTOR, The Abbey, Fort Augustus, Inverness, Scotland.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE. BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical & Commercial Course. For further particulars apply to REV. L. FURBER, O.R., D.D., President.

NATIONAL LOTTERY. The Monthly Drawings take place on the THIRD WEDNESDAY of each month. The value of the lots that will be drawn on WEDNESDAY, the 21st Day of Sept., 1887, —WILL BE— \$60,000.00. TICKETS—First Series..... \$1.00 Second Series..... 0.25 Ask for the Catalogue and prices of the Secretary, S. E. LEFFEVRE, 19 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

LAW PRACTICE FOR SALE. A CATHOLIC BARRISTER, WITH A large business, practicing for last six years, and possessing a large and profitable practice, desires to dispose of his practice. Satisfactory reasons given. Excellent chance for a Catholic. Address, "BARRISTER," care Catholic Record. 461-47

M. G. PAINÉ HAS OPENED A BOOT AND SHOE STORE AT 174 DUNDAS STREET. Remember the place, first door west of Thea. Seattle & Co's.

TACTICS OF INFIDELS

—BY THE— REV. I. A. LAMBERT, —AUTHOR OF— "NOTES ON INGERSOLL."

Price, 30 Cents.

FOR SALE BY THOMAS COFFEY CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

The following is Father Lambert's preface to this excellent work: In 1882 I wrote a series of letters reviewing Ingersoll's tactics and assertions about Christianity and religion in general, as exhibited in two articles published by him in the North American Review. These letters were subsequently collected and published in book form under the title "Notes on Ingersoll." The little book had a large sale and was favorably received by the religious as well as by the secular press. Believing that Ingersoll—who in cunning of force—would take advantage of my obscurity and treat the book with haughty silence, I said in the conclusion of the "Notes"—"Let some of his disciples admirers rehabilitate his smirched character. We hold ourselves responsible to him and to all the glib little whifflers of his shallow school."

My anticipation was justified by the fact, Ingersoll, an alkaliative generally maintained a studied silence, though urged by the press and by interviewers in a way that must have been annoying to him. Two years after the appearance of the "Notes" one of his disciples, urged by "multiple requests and challenges," published a "Reply to Rev. I. A. Lambert's Notes on Ingersoll."

From these "multiple requests" it is natural to infer that some response was considered necessary and that Mr. B. W. Lacy was the man competent to give it. Notwithstanding the title of his book, it is in fact nothing more than an essay towards a defence of Ingersoll. In this "Reply" the author plays the part of the bat in the fabled war of the birds and beasts. He flits back and forth between the two contending parties, excepting as a whole the principles of neither. According to his own account of himself, he is an intellectual fox, in a state of suspension between the two parties, patiently awaiting more light. In the mean time, while in this nebulous condition, he is willing to give to all whom it may concern, the benefit of his advice, correction and information. Whatever may be the lack of his consistency, we cannot but admire his obliging disposition.

In what I have to say of this "Reply" I will follow the same method—that of quotation and comment—which was followed in the "Notes." This method avoids circumlocution, and at the same time gives each party the advantage of speaking for himself, and in his own words. Instead, however, of two parties, as in the "Notes," there will be four in the present discussion—Ingersoll, "Notes," Lacy and Lambert. Without further preface, Mr. Lacy will open the case.

All at once, Rounding a corner, we are halted in France With cries for help. At a terrible quick leap Our hard pressed comrades. They were grandees. A gallant company, but beaten back by pugilists from the raised and flag pavilions. Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks Defending its black domes with stout crowns, The cross in white embroidered on their Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their eyes weapons. Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished Our men went down before them. Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered. This terrible group of heroes, no more so Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done— And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted Under the budding and tall of stalks, to a clow Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps; While the background solemnly the church Loomed up, its doors wide open. We were in a desert. Lighted tapers starred the floor. The lines gleamed with points of gold. The incense. One on the pavement. At the supper and, once on the pavement, as though unconcerned, In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest White-haired and old, stood with a sword Was bringing tranquilly the Mass. Upon my memory is that thrilling scene. That, as I speak, it comes before me now. The convent, the budding and tall of stalks, The huge brown corpses of the monks; the priest Making the red blood on the pavement steam; And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest; And there the altar, brilliant as a shrine And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating. Almost afraid. Was a confirmed blasphemous. His on cord That once, by way of sacrilegious joke, A chaplain being sucked, I lit my pipe. A wax candle burning on the altar, This time, however, I was awed—so blank Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our Captain cried. Not a soul budged. The priest beyond doubt. Heard, but as though he heard not, turned round. He faced us, with the elevated host. When on the period of the service reached. His serene face seemed as the spread wings; And as he raised the pyx, and in the air Trembling. That if before him the devout were rang. But when intoned with clear and mel voice. The world came to us. Deaf Champions! "Yes benedictus!" The Captain's order Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot! Or I shall wear!" Then ours of ours, a rattle. Levelled his gun, and fired. Upraised eyes. The priest changed colour, though we seemed to look Set upward, and indomitable stern, "Father et Filius!"

What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks. Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done. The monk, with the one hand on the altar ledge Held himself up; and, strenuous to complete his benediction, in the other raised. The consecrated host. For the third time Tracing in the air the symbol of forgiveness With eyes closed, and in tones of sweet low. But in the general hush distinctly heard "Et Sanctus Spiritus!" He said; and, ending His service, fell down dead.

Rolling bounding on the floor. Then, a stoop. Even the old troopers, with our muskets rounded. And choking horror in our hearts at such Of such a shameless murder and at sight Of such a martyr, with a chuckling in "Amen!" Drawled out a drummer-boy.

Don't Blame the School. The neglected lessons of the first of a school session are seldom, if ever, learned. The careless and idle student imagines that there will be plenty of time during the year to make up all deficiencies, but that time never comes. The sequence is that valuable time is wasted, parents are deceived and offended, and student ends the school year as he begins it, knowing very little or nothing at all. Indulgent parents will not fail to blame the school for these results, and direct the old and wearied accusation: "The brothers and sisters only know how to teach children their prayers, and our children could not learn anything from them."

THE BENEDECTINE. From the French of Francois Coppee, Macmillan's Magazine. It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine. That I met Saragane. When a day Of untold horrors I was Sergeant then. The city carried, we laid siege to houses. All sleep in close and with a teacher's look Raining down shots upon us from the window. "Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed round, So that although since daybreak and arms— Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths Bitter with kissing cartridge ends—puff pe. Entering the masonry with ready aim, If should-last and long black cloak we were seen. Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street My company worked on. I kept an eye on every house-top right and left, and as From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth. "Colour the sky, as from the chimney-top. Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped. Entering the low-pitched eaves. When the came out. With bayonets dripping red, their blood on their faces. In such a dangerous defile not to leave. Foes lurking in our rear. There was drum-beat. No ordered march. Our officers look grave. The sea and fire uneasy, joggling elbow. As do recruits when flinching.

All at once, Rounding a corner, we are halted in France With cries for help. At a terrible quick leap Our hard pressed comrades. They were grandees. A gallant company, but beaten back by pugilists from the raised and flag pavilions. Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks Defending its black domes with stout crowns, The cross in white embroidered on their Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their eyes weapons. Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished Our men went down before them. Firing, we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered. This terrible group of heroes, no more so Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done— And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted Under the budding and tall of stalks, to a clow Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps; While the background solemnly the church Loomed up, its doors wide open. We were in a desert. Lighted tapers starred the floor. The lines gleamed with points of gold. The incense. One on the pavement. At the supper and, once on the pavement, as though unconcerned, In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest White-haired and old, stood with a sword Was bringing tranquilly the Mass. Upon my memory is that thrilling scene. That, as I speak, it comes before me now. The convent, the budding and tall of stalks, The huge brown corpses of the monks; the priest Making the red blood on the pavement steam; And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest; And there the altar, brilliant as a shrine And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating. Almost afraid. Was a confirmed blasphemous. His on cord That once, by way of sacrilegious joke, A chaplain being sucked, I lit my pipe. A wax candle burning on the altar, This time, however, I was awed—so blank Was that old man!

"Shoot him!" our Captain cried. Not a soul budged. The priest beyond doubt. Heard, but as though he heard not, turned round. He faced us, with the elevated host. When on the period of the service reached. His serene face seemed as the spread wings; And as he raised the pyx, and in the air Trembling. That if before him the devout were rang. But when intoned with clear and mel voice. The world came to us. Deaf Champions! "Yes benedictus!" The Captain's order Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot! Or I shall wear!" Then ours of ours, a rattle. Levelled his gun, and fired. Upraised eyes. The priest changed colour, though we seemed to look Set upward, and indomitable stern, "Father et Filius!"