

A Wilderness Apostle.

The name of Pere Lacombe, the Oblate missionary of the Canadian forests, is a somewhat familiar one to the readers of Catholic papers, where from time to time mention of his labors has been made, but perhaps not all Catholics are familiar with the really great work which this unassuming priest has accomplished. An appreciative sketch of his labors and successes among the Indians is published in the April number of *Outing*, from the pen of Agnes C. Laut. Allowing for the limitations of a magazine article, it gives a comprehensive account of some of the most dramatic occurrences in the life of Father Lacombe with a sympathetic glimpse of the man himself.

"In the month of September," wrote Miss Laut, "there passed through Montreal, on the way from France to the foothills of the Rockies, a distinguished figure unique for the last three-quarters of a century in the annals of the great Northwest. 'Doers of big things—men who have made history—we still have with us; but not every maker of history has by the mere lifting of a hand prevented massacres that might have wiped out the frontier of half a continent. Few leaders have rallied half a hundred men to victory against a thousand through pitchy darkness, in the confusion of what was worse than darkness—panic. And not every hero of victory can be the hero of defeat, a hero—for instance—to the extent of standing siege by scourge, with three thousand dying and dead of the plague, men fleeing from camp pursued by a phantom death, wolves skulking past the wind-blown tent-flaps unmolested, none remaining to bury the dead but the one man whose hands are over-busy with the dying."

"Two kinds of men make desolating failures in a new land. There is the one who sits moused up in a house, measuring every thing in the new country by the standards of the old; and there is the book-full man who essays the wilds with city theories of how to do everything from handling a bucking broncho to converting a savage, only to learn that he can't keep up with the procession for the simple reason—as the French say—that one has to learn much in the woods not contained in 'le cure's pet-ee cat-ee-cheem.'"

"To neither of these classes did Father Lacombe belong. He realized that one is up against facts in the wilderness, not theories; that to clothe those facts in our Eastern ideas of proprieties, is about as incongruous as to dress an Indian in the cast-off garments of the white man. Instead of expecting the Indian to adopt the white man's mode of life, Father Lacombe adopted the Indian's. He rode to their buffalo hunts with them half a century ago, when the herds roamed from the Missouri to the Saskatchewan in millions; or he broke the way for the dog train over the trackless leagues of snow between the Saskatchewan and Athabaska. Twice he was a peacemaker with the great Confederacy of Blackfeet, Bloods and Pie-gans. Yet when honorable peace could not be won, he won another kind of peace—the peace that is a victory."

Miss Laut gives a dramatic account of the memorable fight between the Blackfeet and Cree Indians in the winter of 1870, between whom there was the bitterest enmity. In those days there were only about half a dozen Oblate missionaries in the far Northwest, and the missions were two, three and four hundred miles apart. Father Lacombe had won the love and respect of the Blackfeet by his heroism during the smallpox scourge, and had taken up winter quarters with the great Sun chief of the tribe. He had warned them to be careful of an attack, but his warning went unheeded, and one bitter cold night in December, the Crees came.

The Crees were also friends of the missionary, but in the darkness he could not make himself known, so as the next best thing he spurred on the Blackfeet to courage, and to keep up the fight, for the sake of their wives and children, all through the long, cold night, with a temperature of forty-three degrees below zero. Then the dawn brought the heroic priest's chance. In Miss Laut's words:

"Bidding the Blackfeet stop firing and hide where the Cree shots could not reach them, Father Lacombe

raised his cross in his right hand, a flag of truce in his left and marched straight out in the face of the firing line, shouting on the Crees to come out and parley. The Blackfeet could hardly believe their eyes when they realized what he was doing—marching straight in the face of certain death. They called to him to come back. They would fight to the end and die together; but he marched straight on. Bullets fell at his feet. Two or three balls sifted past his ears, singeing his hair. Again the Blackfeet shouted for him to come back; but he was beyond call, and the bullets were raining around him like hail.

"If the sun that rises over northern snowfields ever witnessed a more human piece of unconscious heroism than this solitary figure advancing against the firing line—I do not know of it."

Suddenly the priest fell, struck by a glancing bullet, and this was the signal for a still more furious onslaught by the Blackfeet, enraged to find their heroic friend injured, so that victory was soon theirs. "When the battle was over, the Blackfeet turned to Lacombe. A more haughty tribe never existed among North American Indians. They had no words now to express their pent-up feelings. They threw their arms about him like children, sobbing out gratitude. They prostrated themselves at his feet. They declared that he was divine, or the bullets that rained round him would surely have killed him; but he only told them that that was the way his God took care of men who would risk their lives for His sake; and no doubt the Blackfeet did what the Indians call some 'long thinking.'"

Father Lacombe, we learn, was born of habitant parents on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and there he learned those lessons of sense and fortitude that stood him in good stead in the life-work which he adopted. It was the kind act of his parish priest—(it is a pity that his name is not given)—who furnished him with money to complete his education, burdening the gift with only one admonition, that young Lacombe "be good." So he decided to consecrate his life to religion.

"He at once went to the House of the Oblates, Montreal. The Oblates were preparing to capture this field. (The great up-country of the Northwest.) A curious old pile of unpretentious gray stone is this house of dreams, that has sent so many brave men to heroism and death in the Northwest! It is a house of poverty and ideals as well as dreams. Perhaps they go together. Vespers were ringing as I drove up to the door; and I could not but think as I listened to the lilt of the chimes how many young mystics had dreamed of the white-robed victory to the sound of those bells, only to go forth to life-long exile, to death by famine or cold, or the assassin hand, like young Fafard and Marchand at Frog Lake."

Here, presently, in the "parlour" of the famous old monastery, Miss Laut met Father Lacombe, "a muscularly built, close-knit man, who looks more as if he were in the sixties than in the seventies, with hands that could take a bulldog grasp of difficulties, shoulders broad to carry the heaviest weights unbent, and on his face a kindness inexpressible."

Fifty years ago, nearly, the young missionary went into the Up-Country, where he celebrated his earliest services under the blue vault of heaven.

"Space fails," concludes the narrator, "to tell of the days when the West held its breath lest the Blackfeet should join Riel in the Metis rebellion, and Father Lacombe had the fate of the frontier in the hollow of his hand; or of the old Indian sage, who sent his son to Lacombe to learn if there were no Better Way than the Wolf Code of Brute Existence."

"All night the two men sat talking, the wise man of the Indians and the wise man of the whites; comparing the wisdom of all that each knew about a Better Way, and when the fevered eyes of the dying Indian turned to watch his last sunrise, there was on his face the light that is neither of land nor sea. What his mystic visions had told him might be true, the white man had confirmed."

"These are but a few episodes in the life of a man whom the West venerates and the Indians almost worship. A secular friend has built for him a home called 'The Hermitage,' among the foothills of the Rockies; and, in the shadow of the mountains of the setting sun, he has decided to pass the evening of his life."

Montreal, where he was organizing a colony of half-breeds for settlement on the Saskatchewan, a hundred miles north of Edmonton. It was said then that over one hundred families were preparing to go north in the spring.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, a variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale, pasty complexion. These are certain signs that the blood is out of order. The only sure way to get new blood and fresh energy is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich blood—they are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills clear the skin, drive out disease, and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mr. Neil H. McDonald, Estmere, N.B., says: "It gives me great satisfaction to state that I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that is claimed for them. I was completely run down, my appetite was poor and I suffered much from severe headaches. Doctors' medicine did not give me the needed relief, so I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used only a few boxes when my former health returned, and now I feel like a new man."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only the best spring tonic, but are a cure for all troubles due to poor blood or shattered nerves. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism, anaemia, kidney and liver troubles, and the special secret ailments of women and growing girls. But you must get the genuine, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Large Gathering at Funeral of Late James Morley.

The funeral of the late Mr. James Morley, J.P., took place from his late residence to St. Mary's Church, and thence to Cote des Neiges cemetery at 8.30 a.m. Wednesday, and was attended by a large number of personal friends and acquaintances. At the church Rev. Father Cullinan was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Rev. Father O'Meara, of St. Gabriel's Church, as deacon, and Rev. Father Malone, S.J., of Loyola College, as sub-deacon.

The chief mourners were Mr. Chas. Morley, son of deceased; Mr. Friel, father-in-law, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., and Messrs. J. D'Mon, J. Bracken, Thomas Phelan, J. Logan, J. Friel and Roland Friel, brothers-in-law; Messrs. Joseph Dillon, G. Dillon, F. Dillon and T. Dillon, J. Phelan, F. Phelan, Arthur Phelan, J. Bracken, James Bracken and T. Gallery, nephews.

Among the large number of others present were Rev. Fathers O'Brien, S.J., of St. Mary's College; Cotter, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception; Brady, St. Mary's; Shea and T. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Kiernan and Callahan, St. Michael's; Casey, St. Agnes, and P. Heffernan, St. Patrick's, and Father Leonardo, of the Italian missions; Aid. Walsh, Messrs. A. Purcell, Thos. Jones, G. Desrosiers, E. Chenier, St. John's, Que.; L. Danofrid, J. Hoolahan, G. Mundy, A. Denis, F. Rousseau, John M. Phelan, P. Flannery, F. C. Lawlor, J. D. Cogan, E. R. Gunning, Chas. Hart, E. Bissonnette, S. Griffin, A. Hinton, John McIlhorne, Joseph Robinson, Michael Dunn, C. Giroux, J. Mullally, J. Phelan, John Moore, T. O'Rourke, James Rafferty, J. Curran, S. Murphy, D. Donnelly, K. Sutherland, M. Sutherland, B. Tansley, P. Kahoe, P. Scullion, J. Carroll, S. Grannell, John O'Neil, J. Larkin, P. Brady, N. Walsh, D. O'Brien, C. Bell, R. Bannerman, J. Glennon, P. Milloy, J. R. Flynn, L. O'Connell, G. Clerk, M. Fitzpatrick, Kernan (representing O'Keefe & Co., Toronto), P. French, F. Casey, T. McDonald, S. Altimas, G. Roach, Governor C. A. Vallee, J. Slattery, John Killeen, P. Kennedy, J. Sheehan, T. Carlin, J. Walker, A. Nugent, J. A. Heffernan, S. R. Cowan, J. E. Rowan, T. Hall, T. Arnold, J. McGoldrick, J. Condon, J. Connolly, H. Butler, J. Mullin, Sub-chief St. Pierre, P. J. Doran, J. Doran, J. Reddy, B. Law, M. Leone,

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM NEW YORK EXCURSION APRIL 20th, 1905.

From Montreal (ROUND TRIP FARES) \$10.65

Going date, April 20th. Return limit, May 1st. Trains leave at 8.45 a.m. and 11.10 a.m. week days, and 7.40 p.m. daily.

EASTER HOLIDAY FARES:

Quebec, \$4.50 Toronto, \$10.00
 Sherbrooke, \$2.35 Hamilton, \$10.50
 Ottawa, \$2.50 London, \$12.00
 Detroit, \$15.00 Ft. Erie, \$14.50

And all other points in Canada, also Messia Springs, N.Y., and intermediate stations and return, at

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going April 20th to 24th, inclusive. Return limit, April 25th, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EASTER!

EXCURSION TICKETS AT ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE

Between stations Fort Arthur and East, Going 20th to 24th April, Return until 25th April, 1905.

CHEAP SECONDO CLASS RATES

TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Until 15th May, 1905

Ticket Offices 129 St. James St., Windsor St. Station, Place Viger St.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

Voile-de-Paris at 33c a Yard

(First Floor.)
 A line of All Wool Voile-de-Paris, in black and all colors, double width. The excellence of the value is revealed in the price, 33c a yard.

White India Lawn at 17c a Yard

600 yards White India Lawn, considered good value at 25c a yard, for 17c a yard.

Redingote Coats at \$16.00

We are going to sell out our 3-4 length Redingote Coats at \$15 each. These were originally priced at \$25.00 each, but because of the increased popularity of the full length coat we have made this reduction.

They are lined with white silk, have the handkerchief cape, nice new sleeves trimmed with lace and are all black.

We need not tell any one of their seasonableness and serviceableness—that goes without saying.

(See Metcalfe Street Window.)

Black Cashmere Hose

(Annex.)
 Our underwear Department has this to offer:

600 pairs Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, double ankle, and soles; soft and elastic—ideal hose for spring wear. Regularly sold at 45c a pair, for 29c a pair.

These are Morley's make, and that means they are the best. Shipped to a firm in Canada unable to foot the bill, we bought them at an unusual advantage, the benefit of which we pass on to our customers.

This Store closes daily at 6.30 p.m.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Ltd.

2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe. Terms Cash. Tel. Up 2740

COWAN'S Chocolate

for Eating, Drinking or Cooking is the purest and best.

A. J. Mooney, M. H. Butler, M. Kavanagh, M. Aubert, Dr. Prendergast, Dr. Finlay, J. B. I. Flynn, S. E. McInery, Capt. M. Keams, Capt. Loye, C. Street, M. Street, J. C. Walsh, B.C.L., and many others.

Many floral tributes were received, and offerings of Masses.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

The Greatest Silk Sale Ever Planned

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YARDS OF LOVELY SILKS

WILL BE OFFERED AT THE LOWEST PRICES EVER HEARD OF IN CANADA.

Thousands of ladies, aye, and men, too, will join Dame Fashion's procession to The Big Store to participate in the greatest Silk Bargain it has ever been our good fortune to offer. The Company has just completed the purchase of three manufacturers' stocks of Fine Silks—probably the largest Silk deal ever brought to such a successful issue in Canada. The price concessions were so liberal that we are enabled to hand the lovely textiles over to our customers at unheard of prices.

THE ENTIRE STOCK DISPLAYED ON SIX COUNTERS.

The Silks will be laid out on separate counters according to quality and price, greatly simplifying the task of choosing among so many. Price helps—

- AT 29c.—WASHING SILKS, with lace open work stripe, 19 inches wide, good shades of sky, pink, helio: a regular 50c quality. Sale Price 29c
- AT 35c.—GEISHA SILKS, plain soft finish, pretty shades of navy, red, sky, brown, and black. Special at 49c. Sale Price 33c
- AT 35c.—CHECK LOUISINE SILKS, maroon and white checks, 5 different size checks, Regular 50c. Sale Price 35c
- AT 48c.—CHECK TAFFETA SILKS, in black and white, and brown and white. 3 sizes of checks. Worth 60c. Sale Price 48c
- AT 57c.—CHIFFON SHOT TAFFETA SILKS, pin check effects, good shades of brown, green, navy, fawn, helio, gray and reseda. Worth 90c. Sale Price 57c
- AT 37c.—BLACK SILK MERVEILLEUX, soft rich black. Regular 50c value. Sale 37c
- AT 41c.—BLACK TAFFETA SILK, 22 inches wide, bright, rustling finish. Good value at 53c. Sale Price 41c
- AT 50c.—LOUISINE SILKS, in elegant plain shades of helio, gray, cream, fawn, pink, sky, navy, Nile, reseda and cardinal. Regular value, 65c. Sale Price 50c
- AT 59c.—BLACK DIAGONAL SILKS, 22 inches wide, a soft bright silk of extra quality. A regular 75c value. Sale price 59c
- AT 84c.—BLACK PANAMA SILK, renowned for its exceptional wearing qualities. Elegant soft finish. Splendid value at \$1 a yard. Sale Price 84c

30 Doz. Ladies' Sample Umbrellas

TO BE SOLD AT GREAT REDUCTIONS

Could any sale be more opportune? Just at a time when umbrellas are going to be absolutely indispensable, a prominent manufacturer offered us a large number of beautiful umbrellas that he wanted to dispose of in a hurry.

Being samples everyone was of top notch quality, materials and workmanship of the best. We bought the lot at figures that allowed us to be generous. We think it will be the best attended umbrella sale ever held in this store. Come early.

\$1.25 Ladies' Umbrellas for 97c.

17 DOZEN LADIES' MERCERIZED UMBRELLAS, best paragon frames and steel rod. This is a splendid lot, with a large variety of handles, straight or fancy, of horn or metal, gilt or silver plated mounts, heavy tassels. Made to sell at \$1.25. Sale Price 97c

\$2.00 Ladies' Umbrellas for \$1.60.

23 DOZEN LADIES' EXTRA QUALITY GLORIA SILK UMBRELLAS, strong 8 ribbed frames, steel rod large variety of wood, horn and gunmetal handles, in elegant designs, two heavy silk tassels, neat, close roll. Regular \$2.00 Sale Price \$1.60

Imported Spring Coats

JUST OFF THE STEAMER.

This superb collection of Ladies' Imported Spring Coats, will undoubtedly attract much attention. They represent the last word in Fashion and are just arrived from their sea voyage. There seems to be no end to the variety, each coat seems to evolve a new style. The showing presents every new idea the season has brought out, from short coats to redingotes. Some brief descriptions follow—

LADIES' HALF LENGTH LOOSE COAT, in Black Peau de Sole, new French back, handsomely embroidered collar and cuffs, loose sleeves, silk lining. Price \$26.25

A FULL LENGTH REDINGOTE, of Black Glace Silk, full sleeves, flat neck design, trimmed fancy silk braid, chic cord buttons. Price \$28.80

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

It Is Important

To Have Your Home Well and Economically Carpeted and Furnished

Our exceptional values and sale discounts afford unusual advantages for complete comforts in Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Beds, Bedding and Furniture. Mail Orders solicited and large Corporations supplied.

THOMAS LIGGET

EMPIRE BUILDING 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolution of condolence was passed by St. Ann's Court, No. 149, Catholic Order of Foresters, on the death of Alexander Francis Kavanagh, brother of the recording secretary:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite goodness, to call to His eternal rest your most beloved and esteemed brother, that we tender to you our most sincere sorrow and sympathy.

Resolved, That while bowing down in humble submission to His divine will, we pray that Almighty God may console his sorrowing family and grant them grace and strength to bear with fortitude the loss they have sustained, and it is our fervent wish that he is now enjoying with His Eternal Father the reward which God gives to those who do their duty.

JAMES L. DEVINE, Chief Ranger. JAMES BROPHY, Fin. Secretary.

AN EPITAPH.

O woman-soul, all flower, and flame, and dew,—
 Through your white life I groped once up to God
 In happier days; you lie beneath His sod,
 And now through Him alone I grope to you.

—Harper's.

Money rules merely because men are for sale. And men are always for sale when they have no object of devotion. The progress of civilization to men that are really of the modern spirit, the supreme object of devotion—the object in dying for which they may truly live. The first class men of history are those that have wrought in the passion of some conception of world order. And the great moments of history have been those in which a whole people has been inspired with a clear vision of a universal society.—Charles Ferguson.



THE POPE AND

Complete Text of the Allocution at the Consistory.

Rome, 31st March.—Consistory which the Pope the Vatican on Sunday night of special importance to the world, inasmuch as it is a occasion to refer to the re-secution which the Government France is waging against in that country. Besides this occasion, he also noted shops for the vacant See parts of the world.

The Pope, turning to the who surrounded him, said "Venerable Brothers,—ing by the duty of our great assembly for the grieves us exceedingly to again to treat of question not bring joy, but confirm It is, however, well known that this is the will of providently disposes that never be wanting to the order that she may be wo Spouse, Who, in order to glorious and immaculate, she should be a sign of con "We lament with you, Brethren, that in France are in agitation supremely religion; we lament the pr only of rescinding that which, towards the beginning past century, the Roman rulers of the French Republic contracted for the common religion and of the State; that of sanctioning in per a law designed for the separation of the State Church. We, indeed, in days, with all thought and possible way, have striven such a disaster, for it is, I desire to continue in the since nothing is farther from the desire of withdrawing facts agreed upon; nevertheless project has been urged for such ardor as to make you fear that it will soon be re are profoundly grieved on the injury which the French which we love with all our will suffer from it; for we experience that whatsoever done to the Church also turt where to the detriment of fairs. Let them have the present before them, not in France who are of the party, for whom it should cred thing to take up the the Church, but also all are lovers of peace and pu quality, in order that in the common action may spare to the country.

"Meantime, Venerable Br soul is saddened also by of the war through which of time already the regions of treme East have been afflictic acres and conflagration causes for tears. Represent on earth Him Who is the the conciliator of peace, of humility, we ardently God that He may bestow to give to princes and counsels that may bring of many and so grave are the evils that everywhere to human race, that there wa to disturb it still! More clash of arms and the cor war!

"How greatly the love should be held in consider recently been keenly felt I who happily hold the supr ement of Brazil, Peru, via. For controversies hav regarding the delimitation rule of the confines betweo silian Federation and both tions—namely, the Peruvia Bolivians—it seemed that concord was in danger. E who preide over public affi wise and salutary counsel resolve the contention by s it to the judgment of othe this object, deeming very that the office of safeguard was, as it were, innate and in the Supreme Pontificat mon consent they proposo etc of this Apostolic See

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