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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

The ground flew from under her feet, and yet it seemed to her that years must have passed before she stepped into the boat and began to paddle herself across the lake. Fortunately the broad deep shadow of the mountain was cast upon the water by the moonlight, so that she was not likely to be seen, even if the family in the little cottage above the shore, who kept Bryan's horses and looked after his work, had not been sound asleep since 9 o'clock.

She reached the island, and creeping round the house in the shadows, peered in at the windows. She must, if possible, see Bryan alone and escape observation from every eye but his. Through a chink in Mrs. Kilmartin's shutter, she saw the mother reading in her own room where she had retired for the night. There were lights also in the servants' bed-room windows. The drawing-room windows were open, so was the hall door, but no trace of the master was to be seen. What if he were rambling across the hills and were to meet his pursuers, face to face, unwarned? She hurriedly walked around the little lawns, and among the flower beds and furze bushes.

"Bryan, Bryan! Oh, God, he is not here!" broke from her in tones that came unmistakably from the depths of her heart. And Kilmartin heard her.

The sound came to him like a whisper of the wind before he saw her or heard her step, and strangely enough the voice did not seem to him like that of the young mistress of Crane's Castle. His vibrating accent of tribulation carried him back, startled, to the Liberties of Dublin, and when the slight figure wrapped in dark draperies, and the pale face gleaming out of the folds of the loose shawl passed him the next minute, he believed that it was the girl of the Liberties who appeared before him.

He stepped out of the shadows that had hidden him, and said:

"Does anyone want me? Did I hear my name?"

Then Marcella turned and he recognized her. "Miss O'Kelly, Marcella!" he exclaimed, while the tone and the words still in his ear, and which must have been hers, thrilled again gladly through his memory.

"I have come to tell you something," she said in a whisper. "You must fly from this place at once, and get to Queenstown by to-morrow. You must sail for America. You have not a moment to lose."

"Why?" said Kilmartin, calmly, looking at her eager face raised to his in complete unconsciousness of self. He was thinking not so much of this crisis of his danger as of the delightful though deplorable assurance that he was beloved by her.

"Because—my God, how am I to say it? Because the police will be here directly searching for you. There is some terrible mistake. They are going to seize you for murder, and they must do it."

"But they must do it," he said, in a tone of quiet sadness and without stirring an inch. "I have no intention of flying like a man conscious of guilt. This is a misfortune that must be met in the face."

"No, no, it need not," said Marcella, imploringly. "If enemies have made a case against you, why need you give yourself up into their hands?"

"Has Mike told you so? I dare say he has his news from good authority, but I have long known this without his warnings. I have been well aware that a case was being made up against me, and I have stood my ground. What would life be worth to an exiled man who knew himself to be remembered in his own country as a criminal who had fled from justice? So I have chosen to stay in my place, and this moment does not find me unprepared."

Marcella, listening, had grown cold to the heart. She had no admiration at that moment for his courage, felt no delight in his high resolution. Woman like, she would save him at any cost. A slight breeze stirred the leaves near them, and with a start and a terrified glance towards the lake she put her hand on his arm and drew him deeper behind the screen of the trees.

Kilmartin could then hardly restrain his great longing to take the bold little hand, so strong in its eagerness to protect, and hold it fast in his own, but he controlled the desire as an impulse of madness. How should a man, about to be seized for murder, dare to speak of love to a woman? Let him be brave, in this as well as in that which was less difficult. Without any noticeable change in his manner, he said to her:

"As I live under suspicion I prefer to stand my trial. I want to explain this to you, while I still have time. To fly would be in my eyes equal to a confession of guilt. To submit to trial means, let us hope, to be cleared from the shadow of crime and disgrace. Could any friend"—his voice broke a little—"could you wish to see me dishonored, even if safe?"

A man broke from Marcella, and she covered her face with her hands; then suddenly raised her eyes again full of burning pain.

"You are too brave, too bold," she said, "and you exaggerate. Dishonor or disgrace could not touch you. It is utterly impossible. Time will clear up this mystery whatever it may be. No man is bound to act as you are doing. Oh, for God's sake, for—"

"She could not say 'for my sake!' though the appeal was almost on her lips. He seemed to catch the words, though they were not spoken, and yet

it was only her peculiar gesture as she turned away a moment with an impulse of dignity that supplied them to him. As she did so the impetuous motion of her hand, struck him strangely, and he cried:

"Heaven! how you bring another scene before me!"

"Yes," she answered, suddenly aware that it might now be better if all that had ever passed between them were clearly understood. Was not her first interview with him a part of the drama that was now being enacted? She paused, dismayed, and doubtful of how to reveal what she felt she ought to make known. Then, before he had time to speak further, she asked rapidly:

"What is the chief evidence? Who are the false witnesses against you?"

"I suspect the principal will be informers, the creatures of a debased Fenianism which has sworn my destruction as a seceder from its ranks. Unfortunately there is some circumstantial evidence against me, and everything will depend, I imagine, on the weakness or strength of that. There exists one person whose testimony—if she can be found, and should be obliged to give evidence against me—would be more damaging than all the rest, and might ruin me—"

"Who is she?" asked Marcella, in an eager whisper.

Kilmartin passed his hand over his eyes and forehead before he looked again at her white face, upraised as if out of a consuming flame of anguish and tenderness.

"She is the girl whom I have so often told you resembled, whom you look like now; but she had only known me an hour and could not feel for me like this. She saved me once—"

"And now she would save you again. Oh, how strangely you have known me and yet not known me! It was I who opened the door to you that night, I who sent you out again when the danger was past. Look at this ring and see if I do not speak the truth! I have not spoken before, because—I had no right to know your secrets, but now that this moment has come, I must tell you what I am. Marcella Grace was the girl who sheltered you in the Liberties. If she had stayed in her poverty, would never have borne witness against you, not if they had killed her. Do you think she is likely to betray you now?"

She stopped, choked with her passionate utterance. A great joy at the fact that she held the key of the case against him in her own tightly clenched hand had come to her vividly across the misery of her fear for him; and as Kilmartin looked at her face suddenly illumined with smiles, the strangeness of her communication was almost overlooked by him in the peculiar feeling with which he realized that his position had been towards him from the first moment of their meeting. His mind could not now rest on details; he only perceived how her extraordinary statement bound her more and more closely to himself. But in the same moment he decided that he would not take advantage of her pity; he would free himself from first to last. To open his own heart to her now would be to carry hers with him into that prison of which he had to think.

After a few moments of silence, during which he struggled for mastery over his will, he said quietly:

"This is a strange revelation, and yet it does not surprise me as much as it ought. You have always been associated in my mind with my first benefactress. Only for the impossibility as it seemed to me—"

"Yet it was all so simple," broke in Marcella. "Mrs. O'Kelly discovered me only a few days after—after that night. She did not want people to know in what scenes she had found me. Then both she and my father died, and I was transported here, as you know. It has all been extraordinary, but has happened as naturally as could be. And the only matter it makes now is that it is I who hold that link in the false evidence which cowards are patching up against you. And they will never trace me here, and I will never speak."

"I trust you may not be called upon," he said; "we will hope it may be so. And now let me ask you one question. Has no doubt of my part in that night's transaction never crossed your mind? How do you know that I am free from guilt, that I was not blood-stained when I came to you like a thief in the dark?"

"How do I know the sun shines? How do I know that God is good? Why do you ask me so tormenting a question? I saw you as you were that night. I took you to be what you are. And why, oh why, will you not now do as you then did?"

"That is, fly? Because I will not repeat the mistake I then fell into. It seemed right and necessary then. It would be cowardice and folly now. I will not vex your ears with the story here. The world and you will know it soon enough."

"I do not want to hear it," said Marcella. "Only know one hideous fact; that miscreants have got you into the toils of their vengeance and are trying to destroy you—"

"Hush! hush! And so you have come all this way," he said, his voice softening in spite of himself as he looked at her piteous white face and disordered locks; "you have travelled the road at night to put yourself between me and harm. Oh, my dear, you should not have done. Am I not a man and able to face my trial?"

Here a faint sound made Marcella look round and utter a quick cry. Figures could be seen on the opposite

shore pushing the boat out upon the lake.

"They are coming," she said, hoarsely, "they are coming." She fell on her knees and bent her face almost to his feet. "If you have no pity for yourself," she moaned, "have pity on your mother—have pity on me—"

Then he could bear it no longer. He lifted her in his arms and hid her face on his breast.

"Oh, my darling!" he said, "You ought to have let me go without this. I love you, Marcella, I love you. But how can I dare to speak to you? How can a man under a charge for murder presume to ask a woman to be his wife? As yet I have committed no crime. If I take your promise now I fear I shall indeed be criminal."

"Then you shall be criminal," she said, raising her head, and lowering it again, with tears, "for you cannot refuse to take what I insist on giving to you."

Her excitement was calmed now that she could hold his hand and feel that he was hers, to shield, to battle for, to live or die for. The prison walls could not entirely shut out her who had a right to be near him, as a mother, almost as a wife has a right. She should be close to him in whatever extremity he might be reduced to. Pain or sorrow, mystery or death, could not hinder her from knowing that she belonged to him.

A few more eager words and then, as they stood there hand in hand, with cruel separation, perhaps death, drawing nearer every instant to place an inevitable bar between them, the thoughts of both hurried along too painfully for further utterance. Kilmartin kissed and stroked dumbly the brave, bowed head, and held fast the small strong hand whose fingers were interlaced with his as if they would never let go in time or eternity. It was their one sacred moment overlooked by none of the hard and pitiless eyes which would presently open upon them and stare at their unhappiness. Their joy in each other and the surpassing anguish of their misfortune were both their own, a secret between themselves—only while a boat was crossing the lake under the shadow of yonder mountain and no longer. To-morrow they should stand apart before the world, with the glare of its cruel light in their separate eyes, and the howl of its ready execration in their ears which could be then no longer soothed by each other's voices.

The sound of steps and voices could now be heard quite near, and Kilmartin said softly:

"Dear love, we must go. If you love me, do not unman me. Where is your courage? Is this my Joan of Arc who confronted danger for me when I was no more to her than a stranger out of the streets—"

Marcella answered nothing except by a tighter clasp of the hand she held, but raising her head mechanically, began to move by his side in the direction of the voices, like a woman walking in her sleep. Midway between the house and the rocks they met the party of police who, stepping forward when they saw him, arrested Bryan Kilmartin in the Queen's name for the murder of Gerald French Font, on the 10th of January, in Dublin streets.

Kilmartin received them as calmly as he should have done if they had come to confer a title on him.

"I will give you no trouble, my men," he said, "but I must ask you not to alarm a delicate lady who is within doors," he choked over the words "my mother."

"Never fear, Mister Bryan," said one of the local police who had accompanied the group from Dublin.

"I will be as quiet as mice. And I ask your pardon, sir, for being mixed up with this disgraceful business. Of course we all know it's a mistake."

"Thank you, sergeant," said Bryan, quietly, as having begged Marcella to go before him into the house, he saw her pass over the threshold.

"Now, if you walk about here while I make a few slight arrangements, I will join you again immediately. You needn't be afraid to lose sight of me. I could have kept out of your way if I had wished," he added to the men, who remained standing outside the house while he went in.

He knocked at his mother's bedroom door, entered, and after a few minutes came out again, and passed to his own apartment. Returning quickly, equipped for a journey, he went back to the drawing-room where Marcella stood motionless waiting for him.

"My mother only knows I am called to Dublin on sudden business. I am forced to leave the rest to you," he said, trying to speak with an air of good cheer; and then they made their farewell, holding each other's hand and looking in each other's eyes across the bitter gulf that had already divided them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GLORIES OF THE CHURCH.

An Inexhaustible Field for the pen of the Catholic Journalist.

From an address delivered before a convocation of young men's societies in Dumfries, in Scotland, by Mr. P. L. Beazley, editor of the Liverpool Catholic Times, we make these extracts showing the part the Church has had in the civilization of the world.

"The spirit that is aroused in favor of virtue and moral purity by a sound Press is a surer obstacle to the progress of immorality than any artificial regulations. In awaking this spirit and keeping it alive the Catholic Press should play an important part. Again, its value as an instrument for the de-

fense of religion cannot, I think, be easily over-estimated. You know how the Catholic Church is assailed. You know how the old fables are made fresh for the credulous by new variations—how we are told that Protestantism spells prosperity and Catholicity decay; that we are narrow-minded persecutors whenever we possess the opportunity; that we are not in touch with science and art, and so on and so on. These fables have long been stale and the statements of the fabulists exploded. They will henceforward cause less and less annoyance; but a glorious work remains for the Catholic Press to accomplish; and that is, as a guide for the polity of the future, to familiarize men's minds with the monuments in the civilization of the past which we owe to the Catholic Church. Of course, I wish to guard against any unfair estimate. I know that there is a grandeur which is natural to the human soul and which found its expression even in pagan productions.

In the cleverness of the Socratic dialogue, in the logic of Aristotle, in the dramas of Eschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, in the comedies of Aristophanes, and in the marvelous sculptured figures of Phidias and Praxiteles. But when you have made allowance for all this, what a noble vista is presented by the triumphs of Catholic thought and Catholic action! They taunt us with being obscurantists from the beginning and opponents of the Press. I go back to the origin of that beneficent art, and I find that whether abroad or at home, the first hands that manipulated the primitive types were the hands of Catholic men—in Germany, Gutenberg and Faust, Anton Cöbner and Johann Matelin, and in England our own Caxton who set up his rude presses in the almonry of Westminster Abbey.

I do not deny to the Protestantism and to the other "isms" of the past or the present day the possession of many treasures and trophies of greatness which will always remain precious to the world. Yet I venture to say that, however sorely we might miss them, the world could bear to be deprived of them. But what, think you, would the world do if it were at one stroke deprived of all the Catholic Church has done for it? Then there would be no more partial eclipse; we should have darkness visible; and the journalist who looked to literature for light and guidance would find himself groping about in helpless despair. He would miss the foundation-stone and the arches in every structure—would miss in early romance the legend of the Niebelungen Treasures and the Holy Grail, and in minstrelsy the blithe songs of the Troubadours and the Minstrelers.

Those magnificent nurseries of learning, the universities of Europe, would practically be non-existent. Robbed of the works of its great fathers and founders, such as St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Suarez, Christian philosophy would be orphaned indeed. How poor would mankind be without the divine halo emanating from those venerable sanctuaries of painting and sculpture, Rome and Florence, into which the convert Winkelmann conducts us with reverence and incomparable ability? Where would be the elements of musical progress without that which a German historian of the art calls its "Mittelpunkt"—its centrepiece—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—where without the results of the formativ-skill of Gregory the Great, Palestrina, and Orlando di Lasso? And passing by other spheres of public utility, such as oratory, diplomacy, and statesmanship, which offer scope for the criticism of the press, what, I ask, would that favorite field of the pressman, the literature of epic poetry and the drama, be without the names and the labors of Catholics: without the writings of Shakespeare—for I hold that Shakespeare was a Catholic—Alfieri, Ariosto, Tasso, Metastasio, Alfieri, the five most celebrated Spanish dramatists, all of whom became monks, De Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Telez and Solis; the Portuguese de Camoens; Racine, Corneille, and Moliere; Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and so many other brilliant luminaries in the literary firmament.

If the Church with its past were completely blotted out, what would be the condition of England? "Its most venerated institutions, its purest and most popular glories, are," says Montalembert, "connected with Catholicity. The jury, the Parliament, the universities, date from the time when England was the docile daughter of the Holy See. It was Catholic barons who wrested the Great Charter from King John; it was Irish Catholics who constituted the principal force of the English armies in the Peninsula and the Crimea. With the exception of Queen Elizabeth, the only sovereign whose memory has been preserved by the people are the Catholic Kings Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Richard Cour de Lion, Edward III. and Henry V. The cathedrals, the churches, the castles, all those ecclesiastical and feudal buildings of which England was so proud before our day, and which she guards and restores with such pious care, are exclusively the work of Catholic generations. The fervid devotion of modern Catholics finds the heavens peopled with English saints—from St. Wilfrid and St. Boniface to St. Thomas of Canterbury. All this is the patrimony, the treasure of the English Catholic and Catholics everywhere."

It is largely the province of the Catholic journalist to familiarize men's minds with the source of such treasures as these, and to show how closely Catholic thought is interwoven with the life, not of one race—Celt or Saxon, Dane or Norman—but of all races and

nations throughout Christendom, and to unite the links of the present and the past.

As a necessary condition of its perpetuity, the Church, with astonishing flexibility, adapts itself to the institutions, manners and ideas of every age and every country—to every movement that is not incompatible with Christian faith and virtue; and in discharging the responsible duties of his calling the Catholic journalist who is true to its principles and traditions can therefore look to the coming time without fear, and deal with the questions of the hour in a spirit of confidence, whether on the one hand the extension of popular rights affords a cheering prospect, or, on the other, to use the language of Cardinal Manning, "materialists and doctrinaires, sceptics and positivists, and the school men of profit and loss, and the ignominious science, have dwarfed statesmen into politicians." With so many religious sects parting into minute fragments and dissipating the heritage of Christian civilization, I fear we must expect that as time elapses the work of the Catholic journalist in combating sheer unbelief will become more and more exacting; but everything tends to prove that as an auxiliary of the clergy his hands will be greatly strengthened and his influence will increase.

In my concluding words I would plead for him with both priests and laymen. Be kindly and helpful to him, and above all give him that boon which he prizes so highly, and without which he is a mere piece of ineffective mechanism—give him ample liberty. In his charming comedy, "Die Journalisten," Gustav Freitag represents the pressman as he usually is—free and careless in many things, but passionately devoted to the cause in the promotion of which he is engaged. Let the Catholic journalist have his freedom, together with your earnest sympathy, and you may rely upon his zeal and the issue of his struggles; for, as Milton says, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misbound her strength. Let her and Falshood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

Church Music.

From Mozart to Gounod, all authorities have taught that we possess the noblest music and that best adapted for public worship in the Gregorian Chant. A few days after the funeral of Gounod, at which by the deceased master's express wish, no music was heard save the beautiful and plaintive Plain Chant Requiem. Monsieur Boyer d'Agen published in the Paris papers the following anecdote to show how complete was Gounod's somewhat tardy conversion to an enthusiastic love for the music of the liturgy. These are his words:

"I had long been aware of the intense admiration which Gounod entertained for the Gregorian melodies as revealed and interpreted in all their rhythmic beauty by the Benedictine monks of Solesmes; in a style as unlike the distracting devotion expelling music too commonly heard in our churches as it is possible to conceive. Twelve years ago the illustrious composer honored me with an interview and spoke with his well-known charm and enthusiasm of 'this marvellous music which a monk has just revealed to me.' Then seating himself at his organ he played and sang the Alleluia for the feast of Martyrs: 'Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus, Domine.' Is it not beautiful?" he said; "it is like a flame of melody rising like a cloud of incense to the heavens." Then giving free play to his talent, he held me during a whole hour a willing captive to the charms of the melodies which flowed from the keys of the organ, convincing me in turn that in the music of the Church rightly executed there is an art full of freshness and of grace, though profound and austere, which our singers know not of, and in their complacent ignorance despised, to the utter undoing of the chant which they in a very true sense are called upon to execute."

Missions to Non-Catholics.

The movement toward missions for non-Catholics has taken strong hold of the English mind. Not only are many of the ablest and most eloquent priests in England engaged in this work, but an admirable series of lectures by Catholic laymen has been begun. The lecturers are men of the highest repute, and most of them are drawn from the legal or journalistic profession. It has often been said of recent years that the need of the hour, in religious work, is lay zeal. These English gentlemen seem to have recognized their opportunity, and are profiting by it. Whether many conversions ensue or not, the effect of these eminent laymen pleading for the Church in the public squares and halls of London must have a wholesome effect on both Catholics and Protestants.—Ave Maria.

September 27th will be the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Great preparations are being made by the Redemptorists here to celebrate adequately the second centenary of their illustrious founder.

Learn, at present, to suffer in little things that then (in the next world) thou mayest be delivered from more grievous suffering.—The Imitation.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

LEAGUE OF THE HEART.

General Intention for September.

SPIRITUAL RETREAT.

Messenger of the Sacred.

Among the various new and sanctification Wisdom has suggested to single out one other which would produce more abundant fruit greater prodigies of grace Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, in his name of Spiritual Retreat.

The word retreat implies a withdrawal to a distant matters of the soul, the word is identical. It is from the turmoil of life in order to meditate on the things of God.

St. Ignatius, in his exercises, does not understand. So, from the outset, of his order have always to hold in readiness such for the convenience of a wish to devote a few days of the great truth.

Retreats thus made in houses expressly set apart, are the only one wholly deserving of the name, indeed, we separate from family, friends and every kind, in order to be in holy solitude on the earth, and on the way to heaven.

It might seem, at first, that these souls only, who, vocation, are called to from the daily intercourse with the world, and from the testimony of experience, powerful efficacy for the classes of Christian society, subsequently with such of a whole, who are engaged in the great I marked that these retreats are for just such classes in fact, for them "it is necessary."

So much so, that in 1548, III. published in 1548 Pastoralis officii, in which so much praise on the exercises, he did not content himself with a declaration that he was pious and that he was helpful and most salutary of souls and the vocation; "but he added to the august testis bore:

"Considering, mon ought to do, the abundance of Ignatius and the soul, him, have produced in God throughout the world, which these same Exercises contributed to the present Bull, that I prove of the said Exercises, and all and each, which they contain: 'hort the faithful of both sexes to be able to make use of those pious devotions to regulate their (of illis instrui deo).'

It is well known, we need, until the Society suppressed, all classes responded to the appeal. A great number of boys were immediately four-flocked in turn the chant and the tradeswomen, of every rank, betook themselves to and, in company with own class and sex, spent for a season at least, listen to God's voice within their hearts, to serve Him.

In our own day, it is the work has been taken with such initial brightness hopes are excited there is an art full of freshness and of grace, though profound and austere, which our singers know not of, and in their complacent ignorance despised, to the utter undoing of the chant which they in a very true sense are called upon to execute."

Would we fully a portance of the world the old axiom fas est From the enemies of can learn the good Take France as at pious work had secret societies was a event in the Chamber exasperation of the no bounds, and for pious work of Retreat with every excess of some new and power already at the gates.

Hatred is not less love. Of this no say than this sense of the Spiritual Exercises absurdly individualities of free-thought, the lead, some no of the arch-enemy.

Assuredly, it is not that Satan and his him daily witness to his ranks, brought might call cloistered snatch one by one from burning so many son to feed the unquenchable fire.

And who will ever of souls saved, from first written, by the class? During the Ignatius, the results manifestly as extr Calvinists of the powerless either their way, spread