D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE Ages." The grey stone of which it

Ottawa, Dec. 10, 1904.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held the regular fortnightly meeting on Tuesday evening, the 6th, in the ball of the Rideau street Convent. An interesting review of two recent and very delightful additions to the world of books, namely, "The Ruling Passion," by Henry Van Dyke, and "Kinship of Nature," by our own Canadian poet, Bliss Carmen, constituted the essential part of the wening's work.

A paper written by the Rev. Luan Johnston, of Baltimore, "Kinship of Nature," was read and wery much appreciated. In his reof this work, Father Johnston mid that while the author was good in prose, he was better in poetry, while at his best and strongest in his descriptions of nature, was weakest when essaying the role of philosopher, or theologian. The ar tist who attempts to assume such a role leaves himself open to criticism. While sympathizing with Bliss Carmen in his appreciation of nature few could agree with him on the more serious subjects of conscience and reason. Father Johnston show ed how art had come to be separated from religion. Art is beautiful Religion, too, loves beauty, but from the very nature of her mission, is obliged to deal with what is ugly, with sin and its consequences. She must tread not only the stately aisles of grand cathedrals, but the coal-begrimed tracks of the railway sheds as well. Art could not follow here, and so she goes her own way and religion goes hers, and philosophy hers.

Concerning the worship of nature, the reviewer emphatically denied the claim made by the author that such worship was something new, and characteristic of these times. Worship of nature was not new, but a old as the human race, even if men did not always give expression to their feelings on the subject as they do now. It was not always possible for them to do so. In the Middle Ages men lived very near to nature, because, for one reason, their castles were al odes too gloomy to invite much dwelling therein. The Knights of those days loved flowers and hore them blazoned on their shields and crests, but the imperfect condition of the English language at the time afforded them little freedom in expressing their love. If we read of but one flower mention ed in their poetry, we must not conclude that they knew and loved but There were many others for which names had not yet been found.

A clever little criticism prepared by Miss Edith Marshall, on Henry Van Dyke's latest book, "The Ruling Passion," was also read. This book of short stories, like all that comes from the pen of Mr. Van Dyke, is charming, delightful, restful and conversions, and longed that healthful in tone. It brings us nearer to nature. In most cases, the reviewer explained, mention of "the ruling passion," suggested the love of a man for a woman, but not here. The author has shown us that there are other great and strong motives dominating men and In one instance it is a women. man's love for music; in another, a woman's sense of duty, nerving her to do and dare. The scenes in this book are laid in Canada, but not the Canada of the tourist. The author takes us, not along the beaten tracks, but a thousand miles from everywhere and everyone; up into the Laurentian mountains; off into the solitudes, away among the lakes. A quiet humor runs through all, provoking the thoughtful smile. The characters are delightfully quaint and picturesque.

Comparing Henry Van Dyke with

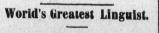
is built, and its Gothic style of ar-chitecture have the effect of making it seem older than it really is. And Oxford is very old indeed, even though the legend that gave Alfred the Great as its founder has gone the way of many another legend. Some good authorities of to-day on Oxford Oxford were mentioned, as Goldwin Smith and Dr. Barry, and a good good ook on the subject is "Modern Oxford," written by "A Mere Don." The study of "The Light of Asia" was continued, and extracts from the second book were read by Mrs. Redmond Quain.

Attention was drawn to a noteworthy book by Abbe Klein, who recently visited America. It is dedicated to President Roosevelt, and is entitled "In the Land of the Strenuous Life." This work has been lately translated into English. Another book, "The Life of St. Eliza beth," by Montilambert, was also noted. This contains a very interesting study of Gothic Cathedrals in Jermany. An excellent article in the December number of Harper's Magazine on Joan of Arc, by Mark Twain, was favorably mentioned. A careful study of this article was recommended as a preparation for ecture on Joan of Arc, to be given by Mr. Waters later in the season. There will be no lecture in Decem ber, and the next meeting will take place on the 20th of this month. MARGUERITE.

Thoughts From Father Faber On the Mystery of this Month.

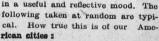
"Who shall dare to guess what Jesus thought with His human thoughts as He lay there," in the cave of Bethlehem on that holy hight ? "He was busy worshipping, He was busy redeeming, He was busy judging at that moment. All hearts of men lay in His heart at that hour. We, too, were there, centered in a little sphere of His loving knowledge and His merciful consideration. We, too, were inmates of the cave of Bethlehem, and of the cave's divinest centre, the heart of the new born Babe. Is not that thought enough to set the rudder of our life heavenward once for all? * * * In their measure these remarks apply also to the mysteries of Mary. * * She began already to fulfil that office with the insignia of which she was publicly invested on Calvary. She offered herself to the new-born Babe for us. She was willing to be our mother. She was ready to endure for us those dolors with which she was to travail with us, her secondborn, so unlike the painless childbirth of that night. She offered us also to Jesus. She offered us to His love. She freighted her prayers with our names. She yearned for our more and more complete might be made part of the happy

triumph of His Passion * * * "Thus was completed the mystery of Bethlehem. Thus were we present there in our Mother's hands and in our Saviour's heart * * * "Listen ! the last strip of cloud has floated down under the horizon. The stars burn brightly in the cold air. The night wind, sighing over the pastoral slopes, falls suddenly, floats by, and carries its murmuring train out of hearing. The heaven of the angels opens for one glad moment, and the midnight skies are overflowed with melody, so beautiful that it ravishes the hearts of those who hear, and yet so soft that it. troubles not the light slumbers the restless sheep."-Father Faber's "Bethlehem."



No writer in recent years h us such a true, clear and beautiful insight into Irish life and character, and especially into the charmin sonality of the Irish priesthoo han. Rev. P. A. Sh as he has been commonly known, was created a Doctor of Divinity by the late Leo XIII., in recog his valuable contributions to literature. His name, therefore, star out in the world of letters as the leading modern Irish writer. His wonderfully vivid descriptions once attract our sympathies by their realistic portrayal of all that is best and noblest in Irish character. "Geoffry Austin," "My New Curate," and "Luke Delmege" he pictures the peace and purity of home life in Ire-land, while at the same time not overlooking the weaknesses of his countrymen. Prejudiced writers have frequently displayed a lamentable degree of ignorance by holding up the Irish priest as an object of ridicule; and such writers delight in calling Ireland a "priest-ridden" country. But Dr. Sheehan's descriptions of the sincerity, devotion, sor row, loneliness and longings of th Irish priest are without doubt true and beyond comparison. Every chapter of his writings shows tk "Soggarth Aroon" intimately bound by the closest bonds of affection to his people. The very reading "My New Curate" or "Luke Delmege" lingers long in the memory and leaves a lasting impression Though these two volumes are teem ing with the brightest Irish humor they are also touched by a deep underlying vein of pathos. In "Geoffry Austin," who could forget Geoffry's account of the departure of the priest to another parish. "I was a mere child, and was standing at a window overlooking the main street of our town when a strange proces-sion passed by. A few loads of hay and straw and turf, one solitary cart filled with rough furniture such as a laborer might have, and the priest trudging along the pavement, his aged mother on one side, and his orphaned niece on the other, holding his hand as he proceeded from one scene of wretchedness to another from the barren solitude of a moun tain at one end of the diocese, forover wrapped in mists and black and stubborn even in summer, when the fields were laughing with their harvests, and the trees were gray in their feathery robes, to a dismal swamp where two of his predecessors had perished from the vapors and slime that dropped from the clouds above and sweated from the marches below." During the past year Dr. Sheehan has published a volume entitled, "Under the Cedars and the Stars." This is rather a series of poetical re-

veries or reflections on men, on na ture, and on things in general. They are the thoughts of a deep thinker, gathered during quiet wanderings in the secluded garden of a little Irish village. In the first of these reveries Dr. Sheehan tells us that his garden is something more than a garden of sycamore, and pines, and firs, and aburnum, and laurel, and lime, and lilac," "buried beneath dusky walls of forest trees, beeches and elms and paks," but he says, "my garden is something more to me. It is my porch where some unseen teacher ever speaks." This volume of Dr. Sheehan's has found a large circle of readers, who have been delighted JOHN MURPHY COMPANY with the multitude and variety of beautiful thoughts on philosophy, science, art, literature, and religion. One may take it and open it at any page and find much to put the mind in a useful and reflective mood. The





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ed," said Mr. Cockran, shores of Galilee, when t proclaimed that all men a the sight of God. Whil and autocracy are based frailty, the essence of den belief in human virtues an city of man for almost in fectability. Neither desp servitude could survive ar ple trying to follow the ample, for justice and equi nevitable fruits of Chris a democracy cannot sur these fruits of Christianit public education must in knowledge of the moral 1 which the government is f NOT COMPLETE TEA "The present system is to the necessities of the S cation of the intellect alon cient to cultivate loyal to the will of the majori instruction removes the to infringe the rights of don't want the State to s burdens of a religious p because to do so would the selection of the best re those who think as I do

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PUBLIC

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MORALITY AND

Bourke Cockran and

Schurman Debate t

Before the People's For

Rochelle on Sunday after

Bourke Cockran assailed

school system. It was President Jacob Goold S

Cornell University. The

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Cockran denounced the pu

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both points of view.

the first to oppose such a efficiency of both Church is increased by separation State has no right to pena instruction or to devote of those who believe in m struction to the support of which are agnostic, and

The present system is dis all sides, and every man o sequence sends his children vate schools. The public becoming, as it is in Eng poor school."

STATE'S SOLE DU In opening, President raised a laugh by remarking spite of the fact that "even any consequence sends his to private schools," he alr four in the public schools a were coming.

"Religion and virtue are est concerns," said he, "bu n't follow that government warrant to interfere with t of individuals. Our educat tem must confine itself to i the things we believe in com it must be left to the pare the churches to make of r vital matter. The State is only educational agency. "In religoon some final o appeals is necessary, different having different courts, and cally follows that if the St impart religious instruction determine the kind of religio to be taught, which would court passing on the orthod Dubli school instruction. Y give religious instruction i schools without invading the which the modern State h

be alike in their love for nature, even amid the turmoil of a busy city life, but while Bliss Carmen was frankly and genuinely Bohemian, an avowed dweller in "Vagabondia," Henry tal and inclined perilously near the resides in Bologna, Italy, and who verge of the sensual. Such books as is declared by competent judges to ship of Nature," are indicative of the reaction that has seized the people of to-day, the desire for greater dialect of which Trombetti has freedom from worldly cares, the at least the rudiments-and he has longing for the pure fresh air of the never been out of Italy and is only

Oxford, which, with the great movement connected with it, will be one of the special studies for year, was lightly touched upon. Only the outside appearance of the wonderful university, with its buildings meeting, more detailed study to fol- | scholar. low later. Even the exterior of Oxford is most interesting to contem- fessor Trombetti learned all his lanplate. Its peculiar charm lies in guages without instruction. He

Bliss Carmen, both were found to In view of the many aspersions frequently cast at the "effete" nations of the old world, it is interesting to note the many instances when men across the seas demonstrate their mental virility. One of the latest Van Dyke was more sentimen- of these is Alfredo Trombetti, who Ruling Passion," and "Kin- know more languages than any other man in the world. It is said that there is not a spoken language or

38 years old.

He was little known until recently when he wrote a book entitled "Conthe nections Between the Languages of the Old World," which was awarded a prize of \$2000 by the Italian Academy of Science. The next day all and colleges, was considered at this Europe was talking of the new

With the exception of Latin, Proits mediaeval aspect. It appears to coming to America next year "stand with one foot in the Middle study the Indian dialects. to

"The pathos of great cities is overbehold the faces at the windows, or whelming. The submerged shuffling take his seat without a certain exalong the pavements, side by side, citement, or nervous thrill that. is with their brothers and sisters who utterly unknown to the experienced float just now with the tide, but traveller. The comfortable cushion some of whom are certainly destined ed seat, the electric light overhead, themselves to be submerged; the anxthe mirrors all around him, the new iety of the young to attain to posistrange faces, each with its secret tion and wealth; the anxiety of the soul looking out, anxious, hopeful or middle-aged to reatin these slippery perplexed. treasures; the loungers in the parks Of the power of priesthood he writes : "The Catholic priesthood not knowing well how to kill time, the ministers to human vanity knows not its power. If it did, all the shops; the stricken ones, wearily forms of error should go down before plodding along with mothers or sis-ters to seek help in the back parlor it. The concentrated force of

many thousand intellects, the pick of some noted physician; the many and choice of each nation under heacolossal and forbidding mansions of ven, the very flower of civilization disease, or sin, or death; the alarm emancipated too from all domestic cares * * * should bear down bell of the ambulance, with its horrible freight of wrecked and broken with its energy and impetuosity the humanity: the courts of justice and tottering fabrics of human ingenuity condemned cells-all is melancholy or folly" On the whole, "Under the Cedars and the Stars" is a lite

and overpowering." How realistic is this word-picture of a railroad train: "There is a romance and even poetry in railways. At least to one style. inaccustomed to leave home a rail-

Besides the works just referred to, road journay is a rare enjoyment. Doctor Sheehan has in the past year

richest treat of the Holiday Season!

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into the platform

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varied form by the thousand at

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also produced a drama entitled "The peruse one of Dr. Sheehan's novels, Lost Angel of Paradise." At the may do so with the assurance that present moment his latest story, "Glenanaar," is appearing in the pages of the Dolphin. And from into some of the most beautiful to be will have become more enlightened into some of the most beautiful the press there will be issued shortly traits of Irish character. It will another new Irish story, "The Spoil- also give him a keener appreciation another new frian story, "The Spoil-d Priest," which will, no doubt, add further honor to the name of the au-thor of "My New Curate." The rea-der unacquainted with Ireland, and Atlantic, -Victor, T. Noonan, in the rary treasure of rich thought, possessing an elegant and attractive the character of the Celt, who will New World.

NOT ANTI-CHRISTIA "All the moral virtues are prometed by the public scho day that they are agnostic Christian. They are only no tian. They exert an elevation influence without any talk influence without any talk a If you want the catechism ta