

## In Glad Weather.

I do not know what sties there were,  
Nor if the wind was high or low;  
I think I heard the branches stir  
A little, when we turned to go.  
I think I saw the grasses sway  
As if they tried to kiss your feet—  
And yet it seems like yesterday,  
That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;  
I think the sunlight must have shone;  
I know a scent of springtime air  
Across the fields; we were alone,  
We went together, you and I;  
How could I look beyond your eyes?  
If you were only standing by,  
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,  
Or noontide heat lay white and still  
Beyond the shadows of the road;  
I only watched your face, until  
I knew it was the gladdest day,  
The sweetest day that summer knew—  
The time when we two stole away  
And I saw only you!

—Charles B. Goring in July Scribner.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS  
FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.  
Preached in their Church of St. Paul the  
Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth  
avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review.  
EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

How much dost thou owe? (Gospel  
of the day, St. Luke xvi. 1-9)

We all love justice, to question our  
love of justice would be a gross insult to  
us. There is no human soul so morally

dead as not to feel the sentiment of  
justice dwelling in within it; and the  
public opinion of mankind has never

failed in the end to condemn manifest  
injustice. But all this is in the abstract!

When we come to examine the matter  
in its concrete and personal aspects we  
at once find good reason to doubt

whether the love of justice is so sincere  
and universal as it seems. For we find  
that in a world which everlastingly

prate about justice there is a vast deal  
of the most crying injustice, and we  
begin to fear that the lofty sentiment so

loudly proclaimed from pole to pole is  
relative rather than absolute. We all

want to have justice done to ourselves  
as we apprehend it, but we are equally  
inclined to do justice to others, accord-

ing to the golden rule! I venture to  
assert that there is not a single person in

the congregation who does not condemn  
the fragment of justice set forth in this

day's Gospel; but how many of us  
are there who look within, who apply

the parable to ourselves, condemn the  
unjust transaction in our own lives, and

resolve to repair them to the best of our  
ability?

"How much dost thou owe?" is a  
mighty awkward question for some of

us to meet, not that there are no honest  
debtors whose debts are their misfor-

tunes, not their faults. Many such there  
undoubtedly are. But are there not

hosts of dishonest debtors whose debts  
are the result of their extravagance or

disipation; and who twist and turn and  
quibble in every possible way in order to

escape their obligations. Yet these  
people, too, take up the cry of justice,

and would fain pass for upright Chris-  
tians and honorable men. Now we

might as well face the certain fact once  
for all. No one can say that the man who

has less a sincere Christian, who does  
not make every reasonable effort to pay

his lawful debt.

The man or the woman who is in debt  
and who does not conscientiously en-

deavor to pay the last farthing is little  
less than a fraud and a hypocrite, and

shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.  
Do you mean to say that the man who

owns his butcher, or his baker, or his  
grocer a bill, and who refuses payment,

when he has money to spend for drinks  
and cigars and excursions and perhaps

a trip to Long Branch or Saratoga, is an  
honest man? Would you consider that

woman honest who constantly buys new  
dresses and bonnets while she is in debt

for her old ones? What sense of justice  
has the person who borrows five or ten

or fifty dollars from a neighbor in a  
pinch and afterwards neglects to pay it

back though requested to do so again  
and again?

But what is one bound to do in order  
to pay one's debts? You are not bound

to stave yourself or your family, but  
you are bound to live on the very verge

of poverty, until your lawful debts are  
paid. The most rigid retrenchment

must be observed and all superfluities  
even the least should be cut off.

"I'll pay you as soon as I am able,"  
said a fashionably dressed man stepping

out of a saloon with an Havana cigar in  
his mouth, to the debt collector who bawled

at him three years before on credit.  
"Yes there are stylish people who owe for

the coffee that are rotting for years in  
Greenwood and Calvary, and there are

mean contemptible men who put fifty  
cents or a dollar's worth of drink in their

stomachs every day in the week and they  
owe for the winding sheets that en-

wrapped their dead.

Justice in the abstract is a grand thing  
to talk about, but common honesty is the

real thing to practice. "How much dost  
thou owe?" and when are you going to pay

are the practical questions that every  
debtor should put to his own conscience.

Remember that there that there is a  
supreme day of reckoning appointed for

all debtors, and if you appear before that  
dread tribunal with the burden of debt

upon your soul "you shall be cast into  
prison," and, in the words of the Lord

Jesus, "Amen, I say to you, thou shalt  
not go out from thence until thou repay

the last farthing."

The vicissitudes of climate are trying  
to most constitutions, especially to

people having impure blood. For all  
such (and they constitute the majority),

the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla,  
the use of which cleanses the blood and

strengthens and invigorates the system.

Only A. S. Sider.

"My sister and I each tried a bottle of  
Burdock Blood Bitters with great success

for bilious headaches. We recommend  
it to all as a specific headache cure."

Mrs. CAROL SCHUBERT, Baden, Ont.

History of 15 Years.

For fifteen years we have used Dr.  
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a

family medicine for summer complaints  
and diarrhoea, and we never had anything

to equal it. We highly recommend it.  
SAMUEL WEBB, Corbett, Ont.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

## A BEAUTIFUL FEAST.

AN INDIAN CATHEDRAL THE SCENE  
OF A GRAND RELIGIOUS DEMON-  
STRATION.

This season of the present summer  
marks an important and remarkable event  
and milestone in the growth and progress

of Christian religion among the Indian  
population of the extreme North West.

For a long time a grand religious  
demonstration was contemplated and pre-

pared by the missionaries and the Chris-  
tian people of the children of the forest.

Sechelt, a peninsula on the Pacific coast,  
forty miles north of the town of Vancouver,

was selected as the spot where so many  
wonders of religious faith were to be per-

formed. The principal object of the  
feast was the inauguration and dedication

of the new church, built by the Indians of  
the tribe called "the Sechelt," who are

people of the coast.

This great event, prepared for many  
months by the skillful organization of

Bishop Durien and his missionaries, was  
to be the glorious and successful crown-

ing of many long years of struggle. The  
demonstration of these latter days must

be a source of consolation and satisfac-  
tion to those brave soldiers of the cross

and pioneer missionaries, who have  
labored so faithfully and successfully for

the welfare of those aboriginal tribes.  
The other day we saw our brothers in

Christ, the noble band of the "Oblate  
Fathers," who have

CONQUERED THIS WILD COUNTRY  
to the cross. When sent there first

their general, at their head, the word of  
command was "In hoc signo vinces"

(by this sign thou shalt conquer); and  
they received the cross in their hands,

with the pass word, "Paupers Evangel-  
izantur," the gospel is preached to the

poor, and to-day the poor are en-  
riched with the treasure of Christian

civilization. To-day they can see, on  
this bay of Sechelt, sitting on the great

ocean, the result of their zeal. To-day  
they have viewed the immense concourse

of two thousand, five hundred Indians,  
their devoted spiritual children, sur-

rounding them, vying with each other  
to fulfill every wish of their paternal

benefactors. Having received the per-  
mission of our Bishop, with two other

Fathers, Revs. Doucet, and Legal, I left  
MacLeod and after four days traveling

we were in the progressing city of Van-  
couver. A fine steamer chartered for

the purpose took us on board with many  
other visitors and early next morning

we were facing the poetic village.

In a few minutes the Indians with  
their big canoes rushed to the steambot

and brought us safe to the shore. The  
Bishop of Victoria, Mr. Leggett, and

some of his priests were among the visi-  
tors. What a charming moment when

we met with Bishop Durien and the  
Indian missionaries, running to meet us

and bring us among the different groups  
of the Indian village! When we had

said our Masse, we were hospitably  
entertained by the Indians who gave us

a gracious breakfast, after which we pre-  
pared to take part in the procession of

the Blessed Sacrament, which was to  
take place without delay. But, before

going on with the narration and de-  
tails of the religious ceremonies, I must

tell you how the grand demonstration  
of the religious faith of these ab-

ORIGINALS.

had its starting point. The newspapers  
have published long reports about it. All

are united in saying that it was a great  
success, a glory to "The Church" and to

the "Congregation of the Oblates."  
For more than one year missionaries

with their Bishop have combined their  
zeal and efforts to gather some of their

Indian congregations into one place in  
order to give them, thus assembled, a

series of religious exercises for some days.  
Another object was to give these different

tribes a chance of seeing each other and  
encouraging each other in the way of

Christian civilization. According to what  
one hundred men, women and children

were selected from each tribe of the in-  
terior, to be representatives and deputies

at Sechelt demonstration.

The tribes represented were from  
Thlayamin, Sechelt, Synamis, Stalo,

Douglas Lake, Silloot Sheswau, Thomp-  
son River, Williams Lake, Chalkootin,

Stewart Lake, Shikewan, Yookoolita,  
Cariboo, Chillinash, Vancouver Island,

and those from the north coast came  
down in goodly numbers by canoes.

They were all accompanied by their re-  
spective missionaries, namely: Revs.

Fathers Lejeune, Marichal, Morice,  
Lejeune, Chirouise, Cormier, etc., with

Bishop Durien, the father of all. There  
were some Indians present at the

national feast, who had begun their jour-  
ney from Cariboo on snow shoes. Many

on this occasion had taken their first  
ride upon the train, and for the first time

had seen a city, the sea, or a steambot.

Many white people from Vancouver,  
New Westminster and elsewhere took

advantage, with some reporters, to take  
part in the excursion and see the feast,

with the charming village, and the amiable  
and general gathering. In fact, the

mission village is a most delightful spot,  
with which everyone is charmed, and the

journey to it rewarded by spending some  
time in it. This village is situated on the

southern shore of a peninsula. The land  
slopes gradually to the water's edge, and

the view obtained from the water of the  
little village of neat, white houses, with

the large and handsome church in the  
centre, and the pretty little graveyard at

the eastern end, with the rising ground and  
forest as a background, is pretty in the

extreme. The Indians from the mission  
gather their brethren from the interior a

hearty welcome.

THE INDIAN BRASS BAND  
was stationed on the steps of the new

church, and, as the steamer lay to, struck  
up a lively air. The different tribes had

their own brass bands with them, which  
gave promptly the answer. Each band

had its distinctive uniform, which is a  
great credit to their skill and intellect.

The Indian visitors or pilgrims began  
at once to pitch their white tents along

the shore, which made a fine contrast  
with the houses. Surely the view of the

village from the sea is exquisite and  
would form a subject well worthy the

attention and  
BEST WORK OF THE CLEVEREST ARTIST  
IN THE WORLD!

The new church is of a very handsome  
design, having a gay and cheerful ap-

pearance, with elaborate and tasteful  
decorations. The building can accom-  
modate four hundred persons with ease,  
comfortably, and it is arranged in the

modern style.

This new Indian Cathedral, which cost  
\$10,000, was erected at the expense, and

is the work of the Indians of Sechelt,  
without counting the fine supply of

sacred vestments, vessels and pictures.

The church is built in the form of a  
Cross, and is crowned by two large towers

and spires, after the oriental style.

Although large, the church was not able  
to contain the great number of worship-

pers. Therefore for the occasion two  
immense tents, with improvised altars,

were erected at each side of the church,  
well decorated inside with evergreen

branches, pictures, banners, etc. Bishop  
Durien was the great leader and manager

of the religious exercises. One of the  
most affecting spectacles was witnessed as

the venerable prelate went from one  
place to another, through a long double

line of chiefs, and princes of the tribes,  
each of whom

DEVOTEDLY KISSED THE BISHOP'S HAND  
and humbly bowed their heads as the holy

man passed through the ranks. O how  
could we read on all the faces of all

those good people, their joy, their reli-  
gious satisfaction, their signs and marks of

sympathy and gratitude, for the attention  
they were receiving from the white visi-

tors. For my part, I must declare that  
although I have seen in Europe and

America many grand religious demon-  
strations, supplied with all the riches of the

civilized world, I never witnessed one  
more calculated to move and fill the heart

of a missionary or philanthropist with  
more religious consolation.

The ninth day and the last of the  
demonstration, the closing day, was at

hand. The day opened fine and fresh to  
suit the designs of the Indian population.

After the morning exercises in the Cath-  
edral and in the chapel-tents, the grand

display of the procession of the Blessed  
Sacrament, was announced, by the magis-  
trates of five cannons. Now every-

one occupied his place in the ranks—the  
band of musketeers, the long columns of

men on one side, and women on the  
other.

The Bishop of Victoria carried the  
monstrance twenty times, with their

smoking turbans, wafted clouds of in-  
cense, forming different figures, while the

flower-bearers covered the way with heaps  
of forest flowers.

"BUT, BEHOLD THE SOLEMN MOMENT!"

The clergy then appeared at the prin-  
cipal entrance of the church. A profound

silence of adoration ensued, then begins  
the sound of the cannon. The glorious

*Pange Lingua* is intoned and taken up by  
thousands of voices sustained by the sym-

phonies of this new Israelite Camp and re-  
echoes in the air. The God of armies

advances in the midst of His chosen peo-  
ple. How beautiful it was to see and

contemplate this spectacle, the joy of  
angels and men! How consoling to ad-

mitte the faith, this simple plety, and  
these bursts of filial devotion towards the

hidden God!

Two repositories, tastefully decorated,  
had been erected at the two extremities

of the village. Finally, after a march of  
three hours, the procession wound itself

towards the church, near which a "tableau  
vivant," perfectly devised, was exhibited

to the gaze of the pious multitude. It  
was the crucifixion. A magnificent cru-

ifix, suffering and bleeding, surrounded  
by the principal persons of the dolorous

scene, was in view. The Mother of Sor-  
rows, Magdalene, with her long flowing

hair, embracing the cross. The beloved  
disciple, the soldiers, everyone performed

his and her part admirably. In the even-  
ing came

THE PROCESSION WITH TORCH LIGHTS  
in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary,

Mother of Jesus. The Indians, with their  
devotion to their Spiritual Mother, could

not close their feast and separate, without  
proving their love and gratitude to the

one who is called "the help of the  
suffering." The poor children of the

woods, for years on a far away shore, were  
calling for help. At last the messengers

and ambassadors of Heaven had come to  
the rescue, and now, reader, of this

report, contemplate the change. At the  
falling of the night, favored by darkness

and calm, broken only at intervals by the  
voice of the ocean, the illumination began.

Nothing so delights the Indians as a dis-  
play of fireworks, and full provision was

made for that department; the feast of  
the procession started from the church

and followed the same direction as in the  
morning. Viewed from the steambot it

was magic, quite fairy-like. The repul-  
sories were like hills of flame, the Venetian

lanterns of different colors, the people  
and the clergy, moving on like a stream

of fire, with lights in their hands, the  
thundering of cannons at intervals, the

music, the hymns, the prayers, the joyful  
"Ave Maria Stella," in fact, the whole

village dancing in the midst of flames,  
the Bengal fires of various colors