

The Domain of Woman.

TALES BY "TERESA."

"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD." The necessity for increased accomodation at Our Lady of Lourdes was strikingly illustrated on Easter Sunday when the church was crammed at both the morning and evening services.

A very interesting discussion is going on in one of the newspapers regarding the system of home lessons for school children. Everyone seems to be agreed that home lessons are a nuisance and ought to be abolished. How far they affect Catholic children I am unable to say, but I suppose they have tasks to prepare at home, since the custom has been almost invariably from the time that schools were first established.

Personally, I cannot see why home lessons should be particularly objectionable. Students at boarding school always have a certain number of tasks to do in the evening in preparation for the morning's studies, but up to the present time no one has come forward and made any complaint in their behalf. And yet if evening studies are undesirable in the case of children at home, they must be equally so in that of pupils residing in colleges.

Children as a rule do not like study, they will do anything to get out of it, and as, in the majority of cases, there is very little discipline in the home, they are allowed to defer doing their lessons until a late hour at night, with the result that they become tired, peevish, and sometimes incapable of coming even to the simplest task.

If parents exercised more authority, and fixed a certain hour in the evening for lessons, say from seven to eight, beyond which they were not to extend, no matter whether they were mastered or not, we should very soon hear fewer complaints about the injury to children's health.

The complaint of some mothers that their children preparing for examinations work until eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and then request to be called in the small hours of the morning for the purpose of resuming study, sounds absurd.

There is no boarding school or college for residential pupils, where children would be permitted to injure themselves in such a manner, and yet dozens of their pupils succeed in passing examinations of the most rigorous kind.

The fact that the studies are regulated to certain times is the whole gist of the matter. At a certain hour preparation begins, at another it is over, and studies, whether completed or not, must be put aside.

The same system should obtain in the home. It is nonsense for mothers to allow their children to ruin their health and eyesight in such a manner, when a little firmness on their own part would put a stop to it.

Let there be a certain hour set apart for lessons, when mother can be at hand to help if necessary. If a certain task is too hard put it aside with a polite note to the teacher that the lesson must be explained to the child before he or she can properly grasp it. If the teacher insists upon keeping the child in, on account of lessons that the parents think are too difficult, or useless, complain about it.

The fact is, we are trying to live at express speed, faster and faster goes the dance, up hill and down dale, hurry, hurry, rush and clutter, and the worst of it is, we are dragging the poor children along with us; by their arms or their cars, or their hair, it matters not how, so that they learn to keep time to the wild jig.

The absurdities that are perpetrated in the name of education are legion, we are practically going education mad.

The latest fad is an educational craze or some similar nonsense, which is to begin teaching the infantile mind as soon as it arrives at the tottering and grabbing stage, though what it can assimilate beyond the fact that it sees things and wants them, is not very clear.

Nur is it easy to see what good our boasted education is doing, beyond putting on a kind of superficial polish. That it is rendering many young men and women inordinately proud, and raising them, in their own estimation at least, above the positions that were good enough for their fathers and mothers is becoming more evident every day.

The next generation will probably see the abolition of domestic servants, the land will grow rank with weeds for want of tillers of the soil, and we shall become a race of learned noodles fit for nothing but poring over root words and derivations from Sanskrit.

How narrow and circumscribed the lives of some of us are. We go to bed, and get up, eat and drink and gossip, with never a thought of the possibilities that lie all around us. We neglect our groves and waste our opportunities and think nothing of it, what does it matter? We felt half inclined to give a couple of cents to that poor old man we passed just now, but it was too much bother to

go back, and besides, we had nothing less than five cents, and so an impulse to extraneous charity was neglected because we were indifferently undecided. We think we ought to go and do some visiting, but then we are so busy, half a dozen things crop up that must be done at once, though they did not seem so urgent half an hour ago, and we plod along in the name humdrum way, week in and week out till, suddenly, some calamity occurs, a loved one is taken dangerously ill, and straightway, all our past wisdom and sin shows up in all its meanness, and we see our lives as they are, and see also what they should be. Sometimes the dark angel on the great white horse swoops down upon the household, and there is a vacant place.

How changed everything is, the world does not seem the same, it all seems strange and unusual, like a dream. He cannot be dead, the brother we loved so much, surely he will wake again and we shall hear his merry voice on the stairs and see his bright face laughing and full of fun, as it was only last week.

Last week! what is last week? what is yesterday or to-day? More commonplace familiar enough in the ordinary round of life, but sounding strange and unreal in the face of the great mystery of death. It is the sudden expansion of heart and mind that gives that strange semblance of unreality to ordinary things. We live so much in the present, we narrow our circles so, that only the things immediately around us seem to be real.

We take no interest in anything outside of ourselves and our immediate surroundings; we live as though we and our friends and the world were to last forever, we put our good resolutions off until to-morrow, and to-morrow may be too late. Let us be up and doing to-day, for "the night cometh, when no man can work."

Those proof readers again! In my remarks last week I am made to say: "A true woman was a gentlewoman, and a gentleman should be modest and reserved." Of course, for "gentleman" read "gentlewoman." I am not supposed to lay down the law of manners for the sterner sex, and I am afraid most of the gentleman would see no particular reason why they should cultivate modesty and reserve, though, certainly, if we intend to claim all their special prerogatives, they will be obliged in self defence to assume some of our discarded virtues, in order to maintain some semblance of difference.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Bevan, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

A War Cloud over Africa.

Cape Town, April 28.—In the Cape Parliament to-day the debate on the so-called "peace motion," adjourned on April 16, was resumed. The motion referred to urged the adoption of a policy of moderation and conciliation in the settlement of differences, in the interpretation of treaties and conventions. An amendment was introduced to the effect that the ends desired would be best attained by a strict observance of the London convention, and by the redress of the genuine grievances of the Uitlanders. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, the Premier, to-day said to subdue the excitement to redress the grievances of the Uitlanders. He did not believe there would be war, because he could not see how it was going to arise, though he explained that the building of forts and the importing of ammunition and guns was no way to secure peace. Continuing, the Premier asserted that the last thing the Imperial Government desired was war, and if war occurred it would be the fault of the Transvaal. Great Britain was determined to maintain the London convention and her position as the paramount power in Africa. The Transvaal autonomy, he asserted, was not worth a year's purchase without the protection of Great Britain. Mr. Sauer condemned the attitude of the Premier, and suggested that if Great Britain used force it would mean civil war. Mr. M. P. Sobrinier, the former Premier of Cape Colony, said he did not agree with the martial utterances of the Premier. Continuing, Mr. Sobrinier remarked that the situation was full of ominous clouds, and he expressed the hope that the lightning would not strike.

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The Turks Advance on Larissa.

LONDON, April 28.—G. W. Stevens, war correspondent of the London Mail, describing the fighting at Miloussa says: "The Turks have now succeeded in forcing back the Greeks from their position on the heights above Tyrnovo and are preparing for the final advance on Larissa."

About 4 o'clock this afternoon the inhabitants of Tyrnovo had been abandoning the town and retreating in wild confusion along the Larissa road. The Greek troops fell back in good order and occupied with four batteries of artillery the low hills between Tyrnovo and Larissa. There they prepared to offer further resistance. While they were deploying their guns and taking the range several battalions of Turkish infantry with five batteries of artillery moved slowly down the slopes of Miloussa Pass toward the plain. Their object was to support the force of cavalry engaged in making a reconnaissance. Hitherto the round has been too uneven to employ cavalry, but now that we are gaining the famous plains of Thessaly the Turkish mounted men will be kept hard at work. They are well mounted, keen and eager to bear their full share in defence of their country. Indeed, the spirit of our troops is above all reproach. Presently our artillery halted, unlimbered and opened upon the Greeks and a vigorous artillery duel commenced. The spectacle was a magnificent one from the heights, which seemed to have been expressly designed to serve as an amphitheatre. We looked down upon the battle raging at our feet and were close to Marshal Pasha and his staff, while in all directions the hills were crowded with Turkish soldiers gazing wistfully at the fighting. The Marshal and his officers were of the opinion that Larissa had been virtually won, now that Miloussa Pass was in the hands of their men. Edhem Pasha's plans have hitherto been crowned with complete success. Below us were serpentine lines of bayonets glittering in the bright sun and standing out from the deep green of the plains and dull brown of the bare, rocky hillsides. They moved with even cadence towards Tyrnovo. From the mouths of the guns in section below came jets of fire and sprays of white smoke or grey dust as the recoil of the weapons tore up the ground. Here and there shells were bursting. Few reached our men, however, as the distance was too great, and we suffered but little, though I saw a few men knocked over by bursting shrapnel, and there were several very narrow shaves.

"More than once a shell exploded within a few yards of our regiment without doing any harm, but splinters and shrapnel bullets must have come uncomformably near. The hill from which the Greeks are firing lies about half way between this place and Larissa. Soon the Turkish battery lumbered up, finding that the shells dropped short, and moved forward, and then it reopened. Its fire was better directed than that of the Greeks, but against their superior strength it seemed to effect little. Our infantry gave its support and commenced a furious fire, to which the Greeks replied. The aim of Edhem Pasha is not as yet to fight a decisive battle. He has gained a strategic success of the utmost importance by holding the Greeks in front while, in lines parallel to our advance, his other columns move forward by Damasi on Tyrnovo. He has also ascertained the strength of the Greeks. Our troops are now fast converging on Tyrnovo, and we shall probably occupy the town to-night. From the position which we now occupy, Larissa, with its white houses, is embosomed amidst green trees and glistening in the sun as I send off this message."

London, April 7.—Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the well-known artist and litterateur has just been received into the Church by Father Beane, S.J., of the Oratory of the Sacred Heart. Mr. Beardsley, who has spent the winter at Bournemouth, is about to leave for Mentone.

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MAGAZINES

The May St. Nicholas opens with a frontispiece, "The May-Pole Dance," by C. R. Ives, illustrating a poem with the same title by Thomas Walter Moberly. "How Cousin Marion Helped" is a story for girls by Alice Balch Abbot. Dr. Emily G. Hunt describes an odd part of some of her young friends in "New Jersey." "A White Head Squire," by George B. Smith, in a paper entitled "General Grant's White Mountain Rule," is of a remarkable coach trip made by the president from the village of Bethlehem to the Profile House. The distance was eleven miles and the road was rough and mountainous, but there were eight excellent horses attached to the coach and the trip was made in record-breaking time—less than one hour.

The May number of the Atlantic Monthly takes up the problems of rural now England in two articles which present a study of country life in two different communities in two different states. These descriptions of the present life and ways of the rural population throw light on such problems as those: whether the rush to the cities is likely to leave the country barren of men; whether the falling away from old-time religious beliefs is causing a deterioration of character; whether the civic pride of the country town is decaying; and whether the staunch and homely virtues of preceding generations is maintained. These two articles have been prepared for the Atlantic by two writers of experience, who have made special studies on the ground for this purpose. In contrast to these appears a paper by Mr. William E. Smith explaining the new country life in the arid West by a picture of the prosperous civilization that has grown up at Riverside, California, and Greeley, Colorado, and the new institutions of moderate communism which irrigation has made possible.

An Artist's Conversion.

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If?

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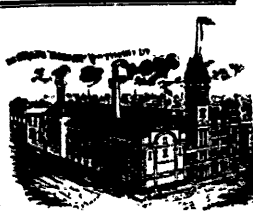
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