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urch at Inner.

ient faith in these rs been so rapid as who have been the arch. Perhaps in the awakening, if ent more feature e heart of every Scotland. Fifty is of that country umber and widely northern parts of b doubt, villages, the faith had been ren through cenat in the capital towns, where a the great majorwere those who shooring island to mselves, and, for nal surroundings. little iron chapel time giving place ailding—for there in Scotland—and ers of Knox and at those they is scarcely a town, otland, from the Frish Channel, ot offered up on On Thursday in ately edifice was the pretty village king the pictur-h of Forth. Some tuart, sister of the eft a considerable

Janette's Hair. BY GEN. CHARLES G. HALPINE.

On, loosen the snood that you wear. Janette, Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet." For the world to me had no daintier sight Than your brown hair veiling your should-ers white, As i tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, may pet-It was brown with a golden gloss, may pet-Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist. "Twes a thing to be braided, and jeweled, and kissed-'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown. Janette. It was sinewy, bristled, and brown, my pet, But wermly and sortly it loved to caress Your round white neck and your wealth of

Your beautifuliplenty of hair, my pet. Your eyes had a swimming giory, Anette, Revealing the old, dear story, my pet-They were gray, with that chastened tinge of the sky. When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fy. And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips-but I have no words, Janette-They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my when the spring is young and the roses are

Wet With the dew-drops in each red bosom set, And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.

Ob, you tangled my life in your bair, Janette. "Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet, But so gentle the bondage, my soul did im-

plore The right to continue your slave evermore, With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were. Janette, With your lips, and your eyes, and your bair, my pet: In the darkness of desolate years I moan. And my tears fall bitterly over the stone That covers your golden hair, my pet.

A CELEBRATED CONVERT.

The Marquis of Ripon, K. G.--The Grand Master of the Masons who Be-came a Catholic.

The Right Honorable George Frederick Samuel Robinson, K. G., P. C., first Mar-quis of Ripon, third Earl de Gray, second Viscount Goderich, and fourth Baron Viscount Goderich, and fourth Baron Grantham, was born in London on the 24th of October, 1827, when his father— commonly known as "Prosperity Robin-son," a soubriquet he earned by the ex-pressions of some exceedingly hopeful views on the material condition of the country, which were terribly falsified by the immediately succeeding monetary the immediately succeeding monetary panic of 1825-was Prime Minister. A descendant of John Hamden on his mother's side, and of Oliver Cronwell on his father's, the boy found, nevertheless, a godfather in King George the Fourth, after whom he was named. He had no companions in the nursery—his only sister having died before his birth. In common if we remember rightly, with the Duke of Argyll, the future Viceroy never went to school, but educated himself with the aid of tutors. A great reader, he has had the regret in taking office of necessarily cur-tailing the time once devoted to books. His mind early took a political bias, and be found bis way into unblic life, in 1846 he found his way into public life in 1846 as Attache to Sir Henry Ellis's special mission to Brussels. Three years later he mission to brussels. Infee years later are entered Parliament for Hull as an advanced Liberal, and afterwards sat for Hudders-field and for the West Riding of York-shire. He first distinguished himself by the admirable manner in which he organized the Volunteer movement when he organ-ized the Volunteer movement when Under Secretary of War, under Lord Pal-merston. Afterwards, while Secretary of State for India, he did equally good work and gained experience of enormous value

charges the duties of life in the great posit is stated that he has entered the Cathcharges the dubes of hie in the great pos-ition he now holds, with a conscientious industry which is the result of pious in-tention. The English laity has long been proud of its priesthood; and the priesthood may well look with pride on a laity that has such a man as the Marquis of Kipon smoore it leaders

among its leaders. It is said that the Viceroy boasts that as a Catholic, he is not less a Liberal than he was as Grand Master of Freemasons ; and it is a striking sign of the times that a great territorial magnate should be found to hold, as Lord Ripon holds, that the law of England ought to favor as much as possible a free and un-fettered use of the land by the present owners : that it ought to promote the distribution, and not the centralization, of property. The lines have fallen to Lord Ripon in pleasant places. Not to speak of his Lincolnshire estates, his Yorkshire

property is a goodly heritage. Early in the last century a Mr. Aislabie, chancel-lor of the Exchequer, had the misfortune to be expelled the House of Commons for dubious South-Sea transactions. His official life being thus cut short, the ex-chan-cellor came to reside at Studley, which he had acquired by marriage with an heiress

and with calm wisdom devoted himself to landscape-gardening in the prevailing taste. His Temples of Picty and Honor, his Octagon Tower, and Gothe Tower still remain and the little river Skell still flows through the canals and fills the lakes by which he sought to improve its natural course. Under his hands the property course. Under his hands the property became, according to a contemporary judgment, "one of the most embellished spots in the North of England," and his son still further embellished it by the acquisition of the contiguous Fountains estate. Some twenty years ago the last surviving descendent of Mr. Aislabie, an unmarried lady, passed away, bequeath ing her lands to the late Lord de Grey

one of whose ancestors, a hundred years before, had married the ex-chancellor's sister. Upon his uncle's death Studley Royal passed to its present possessor. Fortunately for him, it is not a show house. Its chief artistic treasures are its numerous portraits, among which is one of Lady Jane Grey by an unknown hand, and one of Dr. Johnson by Reynolds; and its most interesting architectural feature is the pretty little Catholic chapel recently added to it. Other principal attractions to the visitor to Studley Royal, apart from its charms of a social kind, are out of doors. For those who shoot there are the well-stocked covers : there is no better the web-stocked covers; there is no better pheasant-shooting in England than that which they yield. Lord Ripon himself, though he is so near-sighted that he shoots with an eyeglass, is an excellent shot. And for those whose taste leads them to

linger "among the mouldered ruins of the past," there is Fountains Abbey. It is a spot which may well tempt the least med-itative into a reverie, so potent is the spell of its melancholy beauty and ancient still. ness. The magnificent Church is yet al-most entire, little but the roof being wanting to it. The chapter-house and refec-tory are hardly less perfect. It requires little effort of the imagination to people it once more with its former denizers, the monks of St. Bernard's Order, so many generations of whom passed their lives there. Nature has done her best to head havoc which man has wrought. The Skell, from whose waters the Abbey took its name—Sate Meris de Fourilles_still from whose waters the Abbey took its name—Santa Maria de Fontibus—still flows through the valley, clothing it with verdure. Good store of ivy does its office to prevent and beautify decay;" grass and fowers carpet the spaces so long untrodden by the feet of the religious brethren. And in Lord Ripon, the venerable struc-ture has, we need not say, a most appre-ciative and reverential custodian.

Far from his home, Lord Ripon is re-

if is stated that he has entered the call olic Church, of which he intends becoming a minister.—Sussex (Eng.) Daily News. THE INDIANS AND THE JESUITS.

The Mission of St. Ignatius in Montana Unaffected Hospitality - A Glowis g Tribute to the Jesuit Missionaries.

[Montana Oorrespondence Chicago Times.] At the door of the residence building of the mission we were received by a tall, handsome father, of middle age, attired in cossack and beretta, and with the crepe girdle of the order of the Jesuits around his waist. He welcomed us with that

UNAPPECTED HOSPITALITY UNAPPECTED HOSPITALITY which so highly distinguishes the priest-hood, both "secular and "regular," of the Roman Catholic Church, and we were soon quite at home in his plain, but very soon quite at home in his plain, but very comfortable, domicile, from the walls of which the gracious, lovely countenance of Raphael's Madonna smiled upon ns an un-spoken benediction. Father Van Gorp—for it was the chief of the mission who had received us in person—is a Belgian, and it is well known that whe cock with a Furency which he

berson-is a begin, and it is well known that "the cock-pit of Europe" which has witnessed more bloody and celebrated battles than any territory of the same size in all the universe, has also furnished to the church militant of "the Western misthe church militan. sion" the bone and sinew of the fatigable and indomitable order of Jesus fatigable and indomitable order of Jesus from no difficulty, are appalled by no mever forgotten to this day use never forgotten to this day use tones. The wince wild wilderness, amid the painted as heathen, as they are in the halls of the st Escurial or the sacred precincts of the st her oyal pope" himself, have at times sever, indice, what may be called the fanician show uperstition of a predetermined unbe-is one order of Jesus, with attributes that par-take of the lights and shades of romance hand, in its grandest and gloomist forms. The in its grandest and gloomist forms. The hand, is grandest and gloomist forms. The hand is grandest and gloomist forms. The hand is grandest and gloomist forms. The hand them. Sharing about equally the praise or the blame of mankind, and alike in-different to both, the great order has held, different to both, the great order has herd, in spite of all opposition, from the power-ful Pope to the pigmy preacher, it- own in Christendom as in heathendom, and has planted the cross in the desert, before has planted the cross in the desert, before which the Pagan has knelt in worship and beheld himself transfigured in the splen.

dor of salvation. And those thoughts crowded upon me as Fathers Van Gorp and Gredi, having done all that hospitality called for, led us, their visitors, THROUGH PLACES OF INTERES

THROTOG FLACES OF INTEREST on their premi-res. It was explained that a majority of the young Indians were out with their families in the mountains, fish-ing and berrying, as the summer vacation had come, but there were enough in the school-room of Father Foulque—I think that is how the name is spelled—to show what progress had been made in Indian education. The youth and boys spelled and read with a facility that would have done credit, as a general thing, to white pupils, but were much more bashful and nervous than the latter would have been under similar circumstances. We are subwhat progress had been made in Indian education. The youth and boys spelled and read with a facility that would have done credit, as a general thing, to white pupils, but were much more bashful and nervous than the latter would have been under similar circumstances. We are sub-sequently as a special favor all-well to visit the female school, governed by the Sisters. There we found a very large class of Indian girls, ranging from 17 to 5 years of age. They zead with greater freedom t an the boys and some some

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE CATHOLIG RECORD.

We take the following from the current number of "Celebrities of the Day ?" On a summer afternoon of 1.50, the number of "Celebrities of the Day (" On a summer afternoon of 1550, the London Oratory at King William Street, Strand, was filled from end to end with a vast and varied assemblage. There were gathered together priests of the Catholic Church and Anglican dergymen, repre-sentatives of literature, like Thackeray and Dickens, of the Law, of Art, members of Parliament, men of hich learning, and and Dickens, of the Law, of Art, members of Parliament, men of high learning, and men of humble piety, listening with kushed and intense eagerness to a lec-turer who was expounding the difficulties of Anglicans in regard to the Catholio Church, and exposing, in his inimitable way, the vagaries of Protestant prejudice towards "Papel perverts." The voice of the preacher with its quiet tones and musical cadences, now quivering with suppressed emotion at the spiritual peace and joy which he had found, now touched with unspeakable pathos at the record of friends lost, and of a forsken home, strangely excited both those who heard it for the first time, and those who of old remembered but too well its once familiar tones. The writer of these pages has never forgotten to this day the thrill of emotion which passed like an electric shock through that crowded assemblage, as the lecturer touched, now and again, of Parliament, men of high learning, and

countenance to the Anginean Curren, to compassionate her in her hour of peril, 'and spare the meek usurper's hoary head.' Well, and I do not know what natural in-ducement there is to urge me to be harsh with her in this her hour : I have only pleasant associations of those many years when 1 was within her pale; I have no theory to put forward, nor position to maintain; and I am come to a time of life when men desire to be quiet and at peace. Moreover, I am in a communion which satisfies its members, and draws them into itself, and, by the objects which it presents to faith, and the influences

which it exerts over the neart, leads them to forget the external world, and look for-ward more steadily to the future. No, my dear brethren, there is but one thing forces me to speak, and it is my intimate sense that the Catholic Church is the one ark of salvation, and my love for your souls-it is my fear lest you ought to submit yourselves to her, and do not-my fear lest I may, perchance, be able to pe

most to a unit, and they hold the Jesnits in such esteem that no power on earth, short of physical force, could take them from them influence. This, more than anything, speaks volume for the efforts of the Society of Jesus in bringing the savages out of heathen darkness.

deriving a better hope for the future of recognition and reward it has now received.
John Henry Newnan, as we perhaps ought already to have stated, xas born in London on the 21st of February, 1801.
His father, who had descended from a good old English stock, was a partner in a London tanking hoase; to his mother's memory, who died in 1830, and was builted in St. Mary's, Oxford, a handcome monument was erected at Littlemore by her most loving son. In early youth he was brought up in ultra-Protestantism; his opening mind was very retentive as well as very reserve. In this "Apologia" he says of himself: "As a boy of liften Lindon. As regards my reason, I began in 1833 to form theories upon the subject, which tended to oblicate it; yet, by 1838, I had got no further than to condisider Antichrist as, not the Church of Some but the solut to oblicate it; yet, by a state a to compare the subject, which tended to oblicate it; yet, by a state of the subject is a state of the subject.
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1838, I had got no further than to con-sider Antichrist as, not the Church of Rome, but the spirit of the old Pagan city, the fourth monastery of Damel, which was still alive, and which had cor-rupted the Church which was planted there. . . I had a great and growing dis-like, after the summer of 1839, to speak against the Roman Church itself, or her formal doctrines."

by the rich in-gathering and lavish distri-bution of the abundant fruits of his gifts and labors.

THE SCHOLAR-POPE.

Incidents of Leo's School Days and Points in His Policy.

Leo XIII. is a crowned scholar. From a child he took to his book and the Jesuits turned him into one of the first Latinists of the age. The one result was pretty certain to follow from the other, as the key to the educational success of the Jesuits is to be found in their principle of first accertaining a pupil's aptitude and then cultivating them to the best of their power. Joachim Pecci's youth was a eries of academical triumphs, each

would, at least in an external sense, have would, at least in an external sense, have recognition and reward it has now re-

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"What do you want for dinner ?" "O please don't ask me—just have any-thing. I don't feel a bit like eating." "But remember, my child, there are four hours till dinner time."

"Are there l?" with a yawn, "Let's have some bread and milk." "Nonsense, child. I know your needs better than you do yourself. When the time comes you want your dinner. What do you think of a chicken ?" "All right," said Molly, nodding her

pretty head.

pretty head. "And pancakes?" "O, mother, if you will ! Your pancakes are the nicest things in the world. I be-lieve I could eat them now." "Well, dear, you shall have them ; but you can't always have mother, and no cook can suit you as nother does. Why not learn how to make them for mouroff. learn how to make them for yourself Then when you are married—" Molly throws aside her book.

"Mamma! how can you } when you know I never intend to marry a man for whom I shall be obliged to cater. The very thought is abhorrent. I hate the whole thing. I hope I am pretty and accomplished enough to make my for-

tune." "My love, you are lovely enough for a

"My love, you are lovely enough for a prince, if the prince will only come, but somehow, for your own confort, I feel as if you ought to learn something about cooking, for instance. Enter a small boy with a screaming chicken fluttering from his hand, head down. Molly hides her eyes and her mother hastens along with the grinning urchin into the kitchen. "Couldn't you bring a dressed fowl?" she asks the boy.

"Undressed, you mean, ma'am, don't you?" responds the small boy, with a

larger grin. "You will at least chop its head off."

"O, mamma, don't. I won't eat one mouthful," screams Molly flying up the

stairs. "I could wish," murmurs Molly's mother, "that either chickens had fewer mother, "that either chickens had fewer feathers or that Molly knew enough to help me, but then the poor beauty; the thing would sicken her, as it does me; she would't be able to eat any dinner— she is so delicate. I do hope Providence will provide, so that she never need work as here done?

as I have done." Such mothers, I have noticed, seem to possess unlimited faith in Providence, a sort of specific for laziness and moral de-bility. Meanwhile, Molly has a beautysleep, then plays her exercises, reads a page in French, talks German to her canary, dresses, powders, bangs, and concludes that she is sufficiently killing, and then waits complacently for the dinner signal "Why, mamma, dear," she says, when at last the bell rings, "you look tired to death, and your cap is half off, and you have forgotten your collar. How red your face is! Couldn't you possibly manage not to hang over the fire. You might wear gloves. Don't let's have dinner; but then the fried chicken is delicious, and the pancakes light and crisp; and altogether the nicest things in the and the poor silly mother is so charmed at her artless delight and the flattery of her beautiful child, that she feels repaid for all her trouble. Well, her child marries rich, but could her mother look in upon the "beauty" a few years later, while she herself is lying in her narrow bed where toil and care have laid her before the time—could she see the pretty, accomplished daughter, harased by a thousand cares of which she was never old and never dreamed, with sickly child ren hanging on her skirts, she herself fret ful and discouraged, the once rich husband a poor man, cursing his ill-luck in having a wife who knows nothing besides making herself agreeable, and cannot do even that now, who will not event herself at this late day to learn how to make home tolerable ont to say comfortable, she would weep tears of blood over her own fatal lack of energy. She would not say "will you?" but "you must". Not "energy" but "you must." Not "can you" but "you shall," and all with such sweetness and firmness that the child would see it but was no tyranny, but done to prepare her not only to help herself, but others. · · · · · · ·

nt in building and schools for the use naerleithen. Th hat known as sh Gothie, and in th the building is measurement ; in the point of the The opening ser-ay of the ritual of Archbishop Strain ng assisted by the J. Clapperton and Donlevy, of the gh, acted as mas re were also pres-y Fathers Morrer, Tickell, Pittan Fay, Hare, and ing almost every rn district of Scot-Mass was Haydn's Mass was Chorus" being choir of the St. Edinburgh, sang hip of Mr. eadership of Mr. presided at the rmon, appropriate ached by the Very r-General of th

on was served to he usual congratu-

REAM THAT HE D POPE.

publishes a letter of an amusing ley once told. ean Stanley told The great ques take. I decided tion occurred that and VIths. were ated in my dream: tus Pius (I have e line), sub sextis it.' I went to the Are you quite Paul V.?' e. Are you I was Paul vho always knew not take Guliel I walked int Way. As usual hes on. I snatched ped myself up in the Pope's white s came out to mee know by my blan nat will the Time the secret first? t thought I woke.'

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Gladstone's administration from 1868 to 1873. Lord Ripon's mission to Washington on the Alabama dispute during that period will be well remembered. It not thought at the moment that the It wa gain struck with the United States Government was one very favorable to this but, as time has proved, it has country. bound England and America together in bonds of amity, which a pact more stat-tering to ourselves might have failed to

to him in the post he now holds. He served as President of the Council in Mr.

Lord Ripon, though the heir to splendid titles and broad lands, was always proud of his position as a representative of the people; and when he was summoned to the Upper House as Earl of Ripon, on people; and when he was summoned to the Upper House as Earl of Ripon, on the death of his father in 1859, he play-fully complained that he had been dis-franchised. In the same year he suc-ceeded his uncle as Earl de Grey and bere the double title of Earl de Grey and Ripon till he earned his Marquisate in 1874. At that date he had been married exactly twenty years—his wife being Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry, Vyeer. While in office Lord Ripon has been not a little aided in making his party popular by Lady Ripon, who was always a favorite with society, and few recent re-ceptions have been more crowded with sympathetic guests than hers. Their only Earl de Grey, M. P., was born in

From 1870 till 1574 Lord Ripon was the Grand Master of the English Freemasons, and it was to his connections with the craft that he owed, humanly speaking, his con-version to the Catholic Church. Earnest and conscientious in this as in all else, took pains to examine the objection raised by Rome against secret societies. In the course of his reading he came to very unexpected conclusions; having heard his cousin, Lady Amabel Kerr (already a convert), speak of father Dalgairns of the Brompton Oratory, he put himself into communication with that learned and lamented priest, and, after several months of controversy, consideration, and correspondence, he finally made his submission to the church, a submission, which, despite all the abuse it brought on him from the Protestant press-notably, to its lasting shame, from The Times-it may be confidently said he has never, for one moment, had reason to regret. It is known to all how zealously he has laboured in the great cause, giving, ungrudgingly, time and trouble to a variety of movements which have for their end the Glory of God. It is known also, though of course only in part, how freely he has opened his purse for charities, the pile of begging letters on his tables being a convincing proof, as he cannot help thinking, of the universality of the church. But it is not publicly known, nor need it be, how interior is the life he leads, with what frequency he approaches the altar of God, or how he dis-

membered by his tenantry with singular affectior. Their address to him when he left them, and kis touching and Heaven-dependent reply to it, will be recollected by our readers, as will the letter also in which Colonel Gordon, on resigning his Secretaryship to the Viceroy, spoke of Lord Ripon's appointment as a special fa-vor from God. And indeed he possesses qualifications which must tend to make Ca

duantications which must tend to shake his rule in India of benefit to our great dependencies. He is remarkably free from prejudice, with a sense of justice and duty so strong that neither party feeling nor religious bias could ever induce him, for the sake of expediency, to consent to measures that his conscience disapproved. An evening newspaper in London has long been determined that Lord Hipon shall leave Indiz. It has announced again and again that his resignation of the Vice-Royalty has been sent in, that it is about to be sent in, or that it ought to be sent in; and in other quarters there have been rumors that the Governor-General will bid farewell to India at the close of the year. These rumors are, we believe, absolutely devoid of foundation. The Viceroy's health is now happily restored, and he has no immediate intention of retiring from that post, the burdens of which may, we trust, be lightened for him by the knowledge that his absence does not lessen the affection and respect with which he is

regarded by his co-religionists at house. ... CONVERSION OF ANOTHER MIN-

ISTER. It is stated that the Rev. John B. Eskrigge, who was some time assistant curate at the Church of the Annunciation, Brighat the United of the Annunciation, Birgh-ton, has been received into the Church by Cardinal Manning. Mr. E-krigge be-longed to one of the most highly respected families in Stockport. His family were Nonconformists, Independents, but at an early period he associated himself with the Church of England, and soon became an ardent worker in that body. He was first a Sunday school teacher at St. Matthew's, Stockport. As he grew older, he became a more prominent official in the church, and as a lav-deacon read the lessons at the services. At the first he evinced decided Ritualistic tendencies, but instead of time moderating his views, as his friends hoped, they became more developed. He was engaged in business as a cotton manufacturer, and within the last five years was a member of the Manchester Exchange. Eventually he entered the Chichester Theological College as a student, under the late Canon Ashwell. Having completed his course there, he was about two years ago ordained by the Bis-hop of Chichester to the curacy of the Church of the Annunciation. Recently to the curacy of the nnunciation. Recently Mr. Eskrigge resigned his curacy, and now,

freedom t an the boys, and sang some hymns in excellent voice and spirit. The handwriting of the elder girls was marvellously good and ene young lady, "Sophie Elizabeth,"-who had the face of "dark Alforata" herself,-would shame by her calligraphy, and even composition, many of the accomplished graduates of aucasian academies. I hope it will not be deemed ungodly

in such to forget the dignity and the drap-ery that doth hedge around the sweet face of the Sister of Mercy, but I can not refixin from saying that a youthful num of that particular sisterhood was about the most charming specimen of woman-hood I have seen for many a long day. And it was the universal verdict of the visitors, which they were discreet enough to keep to themselves until they were homeward bound. St. Cecilia was never beautiful than was, and is, that angel nun. The officers were delighted with this

saintly vision-for where was a soldier, married or single, ever known to be in-sensible to female charms.

THE EYES OF THE LOVELY SISTER were, therefore, beacon lights on the capes of Paradise : and, for the eyes of "tempting rays," pointing in an opposite direction, we must look among the fair daughters of the world who are not selected to be "the brides of heaven. The evening was well advanced

when we returned to St. Ronan's Wells,-a name well merited from the abundance of springs that surround the place, -- and the nountains looked gigantic in the deep shadow of the dying day. We met upon the road large bands of well-mounted Indians, all driving well fed pony herds and making for the mission to go to confession. Mass, and communion on Sunday, something they never fail to do, accord-ing to the commandments of the Catholic Church, at least once a year. The Jesuits have established an indus

trial system at the mission which, in flouring and in sawing wood, gives a vast deal employment to the aborigines, who love to build their log-house as close to St. Ignatius as possible. The fathers also raise a large herd of horses, the proceeds of the sale of which go toward the un-avoidable expenses of the mission. No one, unless he or she be old or helpless, is permitted to eat the bread of idlenes Promises made to the Indians are sacredly Promises mode to the industry accelly kept. Unchastity is punished with sever-ity and is held to be the most disgraceful of crimes. Theft is held in abborrence, and both the adulterer and the thief are and own the adulterer and the thief are arrested by the Indian police, tried before a native tribunal, and made to suffer penalty to the extent of the tribal law, which is based nearly upon the common which is based nearly upon the common law of the United States. The Flathead people are, of course, Roman Catholic al-

bring you to land from off your wreck, who have thrown yourselves from it upon the waves or are clinging to its rigging, or are sitting in heaviness and despair apon its side. For this is the truth : the E-tablishment, whatever it be in the eyes of men, whatever its temporal greatne and its secular prospects, in the eyes of faith it is a mere wreck. We must not indulge our imagination, we must not dream: we must look at things as they are; we must not confound the past with the present, or what is substantial with what is the accident of a period. Ridding our minds of these illusions, we shall see that the Established Church has no claims whatever on us, whether in memory or in hope; that they only have claims upon our commiseration and our charity whom she holds in bondage—separated from that faith and that Church in which alone is salvation. If I can do aught towards breaking their chains and bring them into the truth, it will be an act of love towards their souls, and of piety towards God ("Lectures on Anglican Difficulties."

Burns and Oates). In the life of man there are many strange developments ; but it was hard for England, in the beginning, to con-ceive anything stranger than the develop-ment of John Henry Newman, the fellow of Oriel, first into a priest, then into a as a desirable successor. The courtly and cardinal of the Roman Church. What is cardinal of the Roman Church. What is the clue to the riddle of this eventful life —what the connecting link which binds its discordant parts into one harmonious whole ? His life was, indeed, misunderstood, misjudged, condemned, until, in the "Apologia pro Vita sua"—the most marvellous and the most fascinating and moreover the most convincing autobio-graphy ever written-he threw the pure white light of truth upon the motives of his heart, and the interior hidden work-ings of his mind. In this simple self-re-velation, in which every secret motive of his heart was laid bare, how painful to his proud and sensitive nature few or none but himself could conceive, men understood at once the truth, and discovered the clue to his conduct, from first to last, and recognized its perfect con-sistency. The search after truth, and its sistency. The search after truth, and its gradual but slow discovery—piecemeal as it were—accounted for those sharp contradictions which separated his earlier from his later life. From that day forth the controversy ceased ; about the truth-fulness of Dr. Newman's character, and his straightforwardness, there was no longer question : for everyone in England then knew that he was a man who had never sessor. Even so, authority to decide the for a moment juggled with his convictions. most solemn questions without appeal is Candour and fearless courage are written one which a man who at once an Italian in large letters across the record of his life and a priest, a scholar and a diplomatist,

left for ever, which subdues the recollec-tions of past times, and which makes me do my best, with whatever success, to Odeschalchi it was who renounced the purple to enter the Order of Jesus, and gave innumerable other proofs of Christian humility and devotion to his Master's cause. Among the services he rendered to the Church of Rome not the least was the conversion of Pecci, as one may call it, in the true sense of the word. He turned his mind to a serious though not austere view of religion, and had the happiness of admitting him to hely orders. Pecci was then 27, and already a lay prelate in the household of Gregory XVI

Like every Pope since the Reforma-ion, Leo XIII, is a thoroughly good man. Still, if one may venture to compare his moral standard with that of his immediate predecessor, one would be inclined to state the difference between them as con-sisting in the fact that Leo has more of the wisdom of the serpent, while Pius had more the innocence of the dove. Pius more the innocence of the dove. Pius kept a child-like heart and faith to the last, and the Bishop of Pereugia, knew the world and showed it, who but slowly in his sovereign's confidence. He received the red hat in 1853, but was not appointed Camerlengo till twenty-four years later. The days of Pius were already numbered, and he must have known that in thus singling out Pecci for distinction he was almost designating him his way to the Pontiff's cordial esteem. Pius, too, may have suspected that he had

set too little store by the wisdom of this orld, and that humanly speaking, small share of it would be necessary to the man who was next to steer the bark of St. Peter through the troubled waters. Leo XIII. has now reigned more than

three years, and the broad lines of his polthree years, and the broad lines of his pol-icy are sufficiently defined. His attitude towards the governments of Europe is the wisest, if it be not the only possible one he could have adopted. He stands on the defensive, and bides his time. Two points in the purely spiritual poney of the Poper deserve notice. The second of the Poper XIIII fficially recognized as infallible, he not any more than the first, made the slightest use of the extraordinary powers vested by the last General Council of the Holy See. He has defined no disputed doctrine. In truth, the Council which proclaimed the Pope infallible when eaking ex cathedra had necessarily made the Pope extremely cautious of giving expression to ex cathedra utterances Ab lute power has often been remarked to exercise a sobering influence on its pos-

Peace gives good to the husbandman, even in the midst of rocks; war brings misery to him, even in the most fertile plains .- Menauder.

Though years bring with them wisdom, vet there is one lesson the aged seldom bearn-manuely, the management of youth-ful feelings. Age is all head, youth all head; age reasons, youth is under the do-

minion of hope. We may cultivate the mere externals of good manners without courtesy, we may develop a surface politeness that will look very much like it, and will pass among the undiscerning for genuine, just as gilded biass often passes for solid gold; but real courtesy can only spring from a profound sense of the essential dignity and worth of manhood and womanhood The education of children means their training and formation in the lights and laws of nature, and of the revelation of faith. Nothing less than this is education. Nothing but this can form the intellect heart and conscience and will of max, and thereby, conform it, to the likeness and will of God; and nothing less than this can be called Christian, or Catholic education .- Cardinal Newman.