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i," he writes, "ind become of me, note, that at all ve only felt happy fields, under the waters' edge. To lently upon some been my deepest

been my deepest ary pleasures. It when after heap-

ing sin upon sin I have fied to a spot so retired that the pack of my passions could scarcely be let loose on me."

It was to seek the distraction of the woods that he went, one June morning in 1905, into the forest after a week of frightful dissipation. He carried with him the Divine Comedy to while away the time. He had always regarded it as a beautiful fairy tale, set into poetry by the genius of Dante. He began to read the second canto of the Purgatorio, where the poet sings of the advent of the angel's boat to the shore of Purgatory—drifting without cars to wards the place of purification.

Upon the stem stood the Celestial pilot, Beatlude seem ed written in his face: And more than a hundred spirits sat within in exitu Israel de Egypto!"

They chanted all together with one voice. And whatso in that pasim is after written.

The word; came to him as a message

And whatso in that psalm is after written.

The word, came to him as a message of grace. As he read them a shudder passed over him. He trembled from head to foot. Remorse and unspeakable joy overflowed into his soul. The faith of Dante was challenging him to lay down the weight of his sins and to begin with aweat and labor, yet, with desire, to climb the terraces of purification.

desire, to climb the terraces of purification.

The impression of grace, vivid as it was, quickly faded. That very aftermoon one of his literary friends called on him and proposed a walk round the chateau. During the course of their conversation, this friend confided to Retté his dissatisfaction with the scientific irreligion that was beginning to lose his adhesion. Christianity had presented itself to his mind as a possible solution of his doubts and disturbance. Rette was astounded. It was as if this man was a living replica of his own troubled self. Here was a great opportunity. But the evil spirit rose in him, and he answered the doubts of his friend by a litany of cultured blasphemy, a panegyric of Greek polytheism, and an outrageous quotation from one of his own poems, in which the Blessed Virgin was reviled.

His friend was shaken by this torrent the first had been been to be first the first had been the first had been the first had been the left. Better but the season of the same profession as himself, is made his confidant. His self-revelation was by no means complete, even now he was held back from making a full discount of his own poems, in which the self-revelation was by no means complete, even now he was held back from making a full discount of the same profession as himself, is made his confidant. His self-revelation was by no means complete, even now he was held back from making a full discount of the same profession as himself, is made his confidant. His self-revelation was by no means complete, even now he was held back from making a full discount of the same profession as himself, is made his confidant. His self-revelation was by no means complete, even now he was held back from making a full discount of the same profession as himself, is made himself, is mad

His friend was shaken by this torrent of words, and before he left, Rette had supplied him with a list of books which were calculated to counteract his ris-ing Christian tendencies. From this ing Christian tendencies. From this time, however, it is evident that the struggle which was being enacted in his soul, entered upon a more definite stage. Dante had given him a glimpse, not only of Christian penance, but also

not only of Christian penance, but also of Catholic Faith.

He perce ved that the path of his salvation lay in the direction of the Catholic Church. Soon we find this thought taking form in his meditations. He went early one morning to his beloved forest to think out his position, and this was the form in which his hithorto yague groning towards the hitherto vague groping towards the good took coherent shape: From the day when men first asked

from the day when men first asked themselves the question why were we put into the world, a hundred religious and as many philosophies have attempted to answer it. Their solutions have been various, according to the surroundings, the circumstances, the fashions, and above all the caprices of the human mind. Beliefs have been barn, have developed, and have perborn, have developed, and have perished. Reason and science have exerted themselves to give an explanation of the universe. Never have they succeeded in establishing anything, since a theory that was held yesterday since a theory that was held yesterday as a truth is replaced by a new hypothesis to-day, and this will be ousted to-morrow by another conjecture. That is the experience of all time. But it must be acknowledged that in the midst of this perpetual flux, the Catholic Church alone remains immovable. Its dogmas have existed since its foundation. They can be found in substance in the Gospels. Since them the Apostles and the Fathers have done nothing more than develop and strengthen them, framing out of them a liturgy and a discipline. Meanwhile, scholars and philo-ophers have given themselves over to continual disputes, and heretics have never ceased to rend themselves into a multitude of sects, in which each interprets God in his own fashion. For nineteen centuries this has been going on. The God in his own fashion. For nineteen centuries this has been going on. The Church maintains its belief intact, while around it doctrines and theories whirl like dead leaves blown about by

Then meditating on his own unhappy country, Rette opened his eyes to the state of misery to which the eighteenth century philosophy, and its practical application during the Revolution, had reduced it. Ideals, religion, the safe guards of civic and family life have been there into the melting not. But been thrown into the melting-pot. But what had taken their place? Anarchy what had taken their place? Anarchy and disruption were rife, and the Age of Gold promised and prophesied by the sentimentalists seemed as far off

as ever it was.
"What did Balzac conclude from it all? Nothing short of this; that the Church, which has remained unshaken, is alone capable of lighting a beacon whose brightness would avail to lead through this fog the strayed and drifted vessels." He was only affirm the church had

drifted vessels." He was only affirming a truth which the Church had never tired of proclaiming from the beginning, that outside of her no salwation could be found.

We find our poet in the March of 1906 leaving his forest retreat for the capital, which, in spite of some compensations, he heartily loathed. He was accompanied thither by "the lady wis accompanied thither by "the lady with dark eyes"—his evil genius. There he was confronted with another set-back to his progress, which might have kept him in his misery for ever. The extremists whom he had served by his pen were in power, and hard at ork at their business of severing the Church from the State. Clemenoeau had recovered his ascendancy. There was question of providing Rette with a reward for faithful service in the past by appointing him to a sinecure in some by appointing him to a sinecure in some department of the State. He had for a long time despised the B oc in his heart, but the evil spirit whispered there were many others who did so, and who yet did not soruple to make a good living out of it for all that. One hypocrite more or less, he reasoned, would make no great difference. He soon felt, however, that too much

AVOIDING STARVATION

rich dioceses amongst the less favored regions, but delays in transmiting the

money and the insufficient amount which will in the end find its way into the pockets of the isolated priests

living in out of the way villages has led a large number of those who officiate at the altar to seek the means of earning a living without compromising their holy profession. Self-help is salways praiseworthy, but there is something and in the browledge that the

tables and chairs to earn the where

ployed in study—especially at a time when attempts are being made to shake

the very foundations of the faith. The fact, however, remains that the number of priests in France who have already

been obliged to turn heir hands to work to avoid starvation is so consider-

its organ of the press, which is called the Trait d'Union. It would be impossible to mention the

Bretenoux, in the Lot, has patented a new incubator for chickens. He has

received warm encouragement from

Mgr. Fuzet, Archbishop of Rouen, who would like to see the poor priests of

THE JESUITS IN CANADA.

By a decree of Very Rev. Father

Vernz, general of the Society of Jesus.

dated August 15, the Canadian mission of the society is erected into a province,

with all the rights, faculties and pri-

vileges of the other New World provinces of New York and Missouri. By the

new province. Hitherto the Canadian Jesuits formed only an "independent"

mission, and were without any direct

The new province, although with that of New Orleans the latest to at-

tain its full development, has nevertheless a glorious history, extending back

eroic labors for the conversion of the

Indians. It is to this period that be-long such men as Boebeuf, the Lale-mant, Daniel, Jogoes, Goupil, Dablon, Chaumonot, Rageneau, Bressani, Le Moyne and many others; examples, all

of them, of the most exalted type of heroism, and some of them, we fondly trust, soon to be declared by the infallible voice of Christ's Vicar, martyrs of Holy Church. In 1635, in spite of the manifold difficulties of the times,

they opened at Quebec the first colle

in North America, which continued its

beneficial work until the suppression of their order—in 1772.

The society of Jesus was restored in 1814, and in 1842, at the earnest solicitation of the saintly Bishop Bourget,

business of the order is transacted.

council of conspiring politicians, presided over by a man who was wont, in his speeches and articles, to make a brave parade of his fair sess and toler ance. There were some present at the meeting who, taking him too literally perhaps, were complaining of the delays in forwarding the policy of complete separation of Church and State, with its programme of despoiling the secular clergy and silencing Catholic worship throughout France. "Give us time, we will quietly strangle the priests, without ceasing to talk of liberty, and better than that, we will manage to represent to the country that they were the first to begin the mischief." This cynical avowal of what the world now knows to have been the deliberate policy of the Bloc filled him with loathing. His temptation to sell himself to the party vanished then, and never returned to him. He broke off his connection too at this period with the acti-clerical press. Once indeed he departed from grace in this matter by writing an article holding up to ridicule the calture of council of conspiring politicians, pre-Once indeed he departed from grace in this matter by writing an article holding up to ridicule the cultus of the Biessed Virgin as it appears in Huysmaus' last book, "Les foules de Lourdes." But this fall was occasioned, it would appear, rather by want of money than by an acute return of irreligion. He paid the price of this relance by an angulsh of conscience.

his confidant. His self-revelation was by no means complete, even now he was held back from making a full dis-closure of his religious conflict. Cop-pee was sympathetic with him, "like an indulgent hig brother," and it was to him that he applied before long for a letter of introduction to some priest who should instruct him and receive who should instruct him and receive

who should instruct him and receive him into the Church.

The last phase was upon him. We need not follow its details; for it is the old duel between flesh and spirit which is familiar to us in the ancient

pages of St. Augustin:
I was sick and tormented, reproaching myself more bitterly than ever, rolling and writhing in my chain till it should be utterly broken, for at presented to the state of the sta should be utterly broken, for at present, though it all but snapped, it held me tight. And Thou, O Lord, wast in my ismost heart urging with austere pity, the scourge of fear and shame, lest I should fall once more, and the rest of my worn and slender fetter, instead of breaking, should again grow strong and bind me faster than before. For I kept saying within myself, "Let it be now, let it be now," and as I spoke the word I was on the very verge of resolve: I was about to act, yet I did not act. Still, I did not step back into my former indifference, but stood close my former indifference, but stood close and took fresh breath. I tried again, and came a little and a little closer, I could all but touch and attain to the winning post. Yet I did not quite touch it, or reach it, because I still touch it, or reach it, because I still shrank from dying unto death and living until life, and what was worse in me was stronger because it was ingrained, and what was better in me was yet untrained. And the moment which was to make me different affrighted me more the nearer it drew, but it no longer repelled or daunted me, it only chilled me.

that of the great African's conver-sion. The woman had been dismissed and temptation from that source was removed. Then a spiritual abandon ment settled down upon him like a dark cloud. The vast serenity of the forest now gave him no consolation. The forces of evil gathered for their last assault. Under stress of this terrible melanchely, fatigued as he was by the long continual strain, he listened to the tempter who counselled suicide. He was preparing to make away with him self when the great grace came, this time overpowering, compelling. So plain was its call that he knew that God was saving him from bodily and from spiritual deat. The rest is a familiar tale—edifying, but unexotting. Francois Coppés is the Catholic friend who introduces him to a priest. Retté finds the old Abbe at St. Sulpice very kind and sympathetic. He learns to make the sign of the Cross, and is instructed in the creed. .ie prays in the churches, he makes his confession, and receives his first Communion.

Then he departs from Paris to Arbonne, in his favorite forest to write his book of thanksgiving and expiation. It is probable we shall hear of him again before long, for it is reported that he intends to publish his first volume of Christian poems. He is anxious to devote his talent to the cause he once attacked, and to aid in bringing back his unhappy country to a better mind. There is no want of scope for his talent, for, Heaven knows, religion in France has urgent need of able and courageous delenders.—Delta in The

Speaking of certain Protestant writers of his day, Cardinal Nawman says that with them "Mistiness" is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen general propositions which escape from estroying one another only by being diluted with truismes, who never enunciates a truth without guarding himself from being society, there were in Canada only

old college at Quebec has three worthy successors in St. Mary's College, Mon treal, for the French speaking students, founded in 1848; St. Boniface Though the reorganization of the French Church is progressing satisfactority, there are, says the Paris corresdondent of the Dablin Irish Catholic, many poor dioceses in which the collection of the Diernier du Culte has failed to produce the sums required for the payment of even the sayli salary dents, founded in 1848; St. Boniface College, Manitoba, for students of both languages, founded in 1885, and Loy-ola College, Montreal, for English-speaking students, founded in 1896.

A METHODIST BISHOP.

the payment of even the sauli salary necessary to enable the parish priests to keep body and soul together. It is true that a couple of weeks ago the interdiocesan committee met in Paris to distribute the surplus funds of the

MISCONSTRUES THE DEVOTION OF CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS.

Toledo, O., Sept. 26.—'4 I want to see every white-veiled Sister of Mercy in the Roman Catholic Church matched by a white tied Descences; in the Mathe by a white tied Deaconess in the Methodist Church," said Bishop Berry, in addressing the Central Ohio Methodist

Conference this morning, on behalf of the Deaconess Home and Hospital. "I am informed that half of the Protestants who go into the Roman Catholic Church go through contact with the Sisters in the Catholic hospitals. To cure the body is not the ultimate object of these women, but to cure the soul, and I am convinced that their hospital is the most powerful propaganda in that church. I do not critise the church for this, but rather

always praiseworthy, but there is something sad in the knowledge that the men who devote their lives to the administration of the sacraments—the baptism of children, the marriage of the adults, the shriving of the dying, the burying of the dead, the offering of spiritual consolation to all, etc.,—should have to mend shoes or make tables and chairs to earn the where honor their sagacity."
Rev. William D. Hickey, Dean of the Dayton, O., district of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, rightfully takes Bishop Berry to task in the following letter to withal to buy bread.

If manual labor is not incompatible with the spiritual ministry of the priest, it must necessarily occupy much time which would be better em-

Berry to task in the following letter to the Dayton Herald:

The daily papers to day quote the following utterance from Bishop Berry's address to the Central Ohio Methodist Conference at Toledo:

"I am informed that half of the Protestants who go into the Roman Cathelic Church go through contact with the Sisters in the Cathelic hospitals. To cure the body is not the ultimate object of these women but to cure the soul, of these women but to cure the soul, able that they have formed a syndi-cate for the defence of their profes-sional interests. The association is called an "alliance," and its president and I am convinced that their hospital is the most powerful propaganda in that church. I do not criticise the Church for is Abbe Leroux, the parish priest of Airvault, in the Deux Sevres, and the secretary Abbe Louis Ballu, the parish priest of Uarnay, in the Mainet et Loire. This "alliance" has created

this, but rather honor their sagacity."
These statements seem to call for some comment, for it is to be regretted that the Bishop in his commendable zeal for the hospital conducted by the Methodist deaconesses lost sight of the obligations of truth and justice. It is quite true that he qualifies his sweep ng statement by saying that he was 'informed," and thus evades a direct names of all the priests we have taken to photography, or of those who have accepted to serve as day laborers. They are too numerous. However, two priests—Abbe Hollebeke, of St. Paul responsibility for words so unjust to the Sisters in charge of hospitals and so craftily calculated to arouse religious

residue against them.

No matter who the informant of the Bishop was, or what were his qualifications for gathering or verifying such information, the statement for which the Bishop stands sponsor is lacking in the example of the company of truth. It is in the Oise, and Abbe Carteau, of Mag-nils Regniers, in the Vendee-are ar tists who hope to earn a living, the former by painting portraits and the latter by handling the sculptor's chisel. Abbe Challong, of Castelnau the essential element of truth. It is not true that one half of those entering the Catholic Church are converted in the hospital. This is a question of fact and in support of it I may appeal to the experience of every priest in this city, and what is true of the Church's work in Dayton applies with equal truth to other parts of the country.

Almost every week in the year, priests are engaged at their residences would like to see the poor priests of ins diocese devote their spare moments to agriculture. Abbe Bois, of Channay, in Vienne, breeds rabbits; Abbe Paille of Celon, in the Indre, cultivates snailes; Abbe Bondou, of La Bournade, in the Tarn et aronae, is already

priests are engaged at their residences in giving instructions to individuals seeking admission into the Catholic fold. These persons are led to this step by a serious realization of their duty to God and by a conscientious conviction of the truth of the Church's claims. Not five per cent. of them have had any experience in a Catholic hospital. I appeal furthermore to the experience of hundreds of our separated brethren, who have found shelter and nade, in the Tarn et aronae, is already renowned for his jellies and jame; Abbe Launay, of Averden, sells bicyclettes, motor cyclettes and sewing machines of his own manufacture; Abbe Barres is a turner, whose legs of tables and chairs are highly appreciated in all the country round his village oi Rocomadour in the Lot, etc.

Watch and clock making is a favorite calling among the parish priests, for more than a dozen of them have already adorted it. Some few priests have brethren, who have found shelter and nursing care within the walls of St. Elizabeth hospital, and ask them if the adopted it. Some few priests have turned their hand to tailoring and others have consented to knit socks Sisters ever engaged in the proselyting work Bishop Berry accuses them of, or if any effort was made to thrust the Catholic religion on them or weaken their adherence to their own Church. and stockings. Several have established small printing presses in their presby-teries and run off visiting cards, pro-grammes, prospectuses, etc. Abbe Gadel, of Poncieux, in the Ain, has Every year far more Protestants are cared for at St. Elizabeth Hospital than members of the Catholic Church; and patented a liquid for removing stains from cloth, and Abbe Tartus, of Meriof the thousands who have in the past year sought this haven of refuge, but a gnas, in the Gironde, has invented a new and, it is said, delicious perfume. very small proportion have been re-ceived into the Catholic Church. Protestant ministers are frequent visit ors to the hospital, called there by the members of their churches and every facility is accorded them.

It is quite true that a small propor-tion of patients join the Catholic Church, but is this to be wondered at when they are brought into close contact with the holy lives of these good Sisters, who have left home and friends and consecrated themselves forever same decree the North Alaska mission of the society is detached from the province of Turin and joined to the more to the service of the poor and the Men naturally judge a religion by its results, and in this busy age they seek a religion that does things, and a Church that accomplishes as much as representation in the general congrega-tions, in which all the more important the Catholic Church in her many-sided charity will always gain adherents. The whitetied deaconesses will do more to win followers of the Methodist Church than their Bishop who sneers some three hundred years, while its roster contains some of the most illus-trious names in the annals of the Society of Jesus. The first Jesuits to at the Hospital Sisters. How unworthy of a man of God is the assertion that all the laborious work of the Sisters is Society of Jesus. The first Jesuits to set foot on Canadian soil, were Fathers Biard and Masse, who landed at Port Royal in 1611. Then followed for the space of half a century an era of the most

but a sham and a subterfuge for entic-ing people into the Church. The first aim of the Sisters is to relieve human suffering, to soothe the fever-agonized brow, and to win weakened and exhausted natures back to health; and if in addition to this, they can be of aid in bringing the peace of God to sin-burdened souls as they draw nigh the awful shore of eternity they will not deny to those who seek it from them the religious comfort of member-ship in the great mother Church, that has brought such peace and tranquility

into their own lives.

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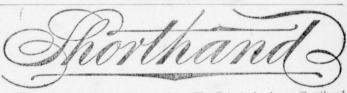
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efforts of those who differ with him or other questions, but any weak character is always ready with a sneer, and one would like to see Bishop Berry in the midst of the saintly assembly at Toledo looming up as a stronger char-

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