

white, carrying theirs, and the little girls of the first Communion, in white and with wreaths and veils, strewing flowers in front of the Blessed Sacrament. Then across the bridge, and past God's acre, the silent abode of our dear dead, and we prayed for them as we passed, and I think they knew that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and that He gave rest to their souls; then on to Mr. Robinson's house, where another tasteful altar had been erected by the Misses Houde, where we again had Benediction; then back to the church, still singing the beautiful hymns of the liturgy and canticles to Our Lady, and begging Our Dear Lord's blessing on our fields through which five hundred people in the procession, including Father Bastien, the parish priest of Ste. Amelie, with his congregation, and many persons from other adjoining parishes. When Our Lord passed away from each out-door altar you might see the mothers with young babies in their arms hasten to place each one for a moment on the spot where He had rested, a custom brought hither from ancient France, to have His blessing on the little ones He loved, and that they might be brought to touch, as it were, the hem of his garment.

There is to be a clothing at the convent on Friday, feast of the Sacred Heart, when two young ladies will receive the religious habit, one of whom is Miss Bertha Ramsay, daughter of our esteemed reeve.

### Young Woman's Corner.

#### THE LAND OF DREAMS.

O Spirit-land, thou land of dreams!  
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,  
Of startling voices and sounds at strife,  
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,  
When the wavy shadows float by and part;  
Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,  
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,  
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,  
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play  
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth  
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—  
All the sere flowers of our days gone by,  
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,  
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!  
And the shapes through thy mysteries that come and go  
Are of beauty and terror, of power and of woe.

But for me, O thou picture-land of sleep!  
Thou art all one world of affections deep,—  
And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,  
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And they bowers are fair—even as Eden fair:  
All the beloved of my soul are there!  
The forms my spirit most pines to see,  
The eyes whose love hath been life to me.

They are there; and each blessed voice I hear,  
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;  
But undertones are in each, that say—  
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow;  
I listen to music of long ago;

But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay—  
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

I sit by the hearth of my early days;  
All the home-faces are met by the blaze,—  
And the eyes of the Mother shine soft, yet say,  
"It is but a dream; it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,  
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!  
Oh, a haunted heart is a weight to bear,—  
Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams,  
The past as it fled by my own blue streams;  
Make not my spirit within me burn  
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return!

Call out from the future my visions bright,  
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn light,  
And oh with the loved whom no more I see,  
Show me my home, as it may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,  
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;  
So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,  
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

—Mrs. Hemans.

#### MOODS.

"How do you like Kathleen Blank?" Any one of us is liable to be asked this question any time. Kathleen Blank represents perhaps half the girls in the circle that we move in. One of us will answer: "I think she is charming." Another: "She is too moody." Yet another: "I agree with you both. Sometimes I find her delightfully original, and at other times uncomfortably distant in manner."

Then Margaret Blank is brought up for discussion, and from one person we hear: "Oh yes, I like her. She is always the same." From another: "So exactly and monotonously the same that after three encounters one would walk half a mile out of one's way to avoid meeting her."

Have you thought, girls, that there might be a happy medium between Kathleen's evident carelessness about pleasing those whom she meets and Margaret's over-anxiety to please?

Kathleen is especially gracious to-day and will hold herself decidedly aloof to-morrow most likely. She has no mannerisms; she acts perfectly naturally. Unfortunately to the extent of giving in to her moods. There are a number of women who have cured themselves of moodiness who can sympathize with Kathleen. They remember how they used to cover themselves up in a cloak of aloofness to avoid the tiresome chit-chat of some frivolous girl, or worse yet, the malicious gossip of some woman old enough to have better sense. Now they are women and have had much experience, which has taught them that it is thoughtless and unkind to indulge their moods. While on the other hand, it is tiresome and dull to be "always the same."

To be "always the same" is to brand one's self fatuous and uninteresting. Kathleen is not positively unkind. She simply acts independently. As she grows in wisdom, she will learn the impossibility of complete isolation from her kind, and so become more adaptable and more universally congenial.

Moodiness is not a very bad sign in a young girl. The mellowing process of time is likely to ripen it into rich and glowing cheerfulness of manner, which is healthfully charming. AMICA.

### Regina Notes

The deadly level crossing has now claimed its victim in Regina. At the Albert street crossing a German man from Springdale Colony was killed, and a boy who was with him was badly injured; in fact,

for a time, thought to be dead, and the pair of fine horses killed. The boy was taken immediately to the hospital, where to-day hopes are entertained of his recovery. Rev. Father Van Heertum was on the scene as soon as possible, but the poor man was gone to his long home. May God have mercy on his soul. His death must have been instantaneous. Dear readers, remember him in your prayers.

The Doukhobors who are at the barracks are a very troublesome lot and persist in eating grass and adhering to many of their outlandish notions. Two of the most troublesome have been sent to Brandon asylum.

The music in St. Mary's church on Sunday was exceptionally fine. Rev. Father Van Heertum presided at the organ, while the choir, which has been re-inforced with several new singers, excelled itself.

Regina has passed the status of a town and now holds the exalted standing of a city. The event was duly celebrated on Friday, the 19th, at 3 p.m. His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Forget arrived at the city hall, escorted by a detachment of N. W. M. police. All the school children were there, each carrying a large Union Jack. His Honor was met by the mayor and aldermen and council of board of trade. He formally proclaimed Regina a city and hoisted the flag over the city amidst great enthusiasm, singing and cheering. Locomotives and traction engines whistled, bells, horns, and hundreds of voices greeted the newly proclaimed city. At 7.30 a concert was given by Regina City band on the band stand in Stanley park. Speeches were made by leading men. At 9 o'clock there was a grand display of fireworks and torch light procession of the fire brigade, and at 10 a.m. a smoking concert in the city hall to members of Legislative Assembly ended a day never to be forgotten in Regina. (ENA MACFARLANE.

#### MRS. FREMONT'S REPORTEE.

Editor Citigraph—The recent death of Mrs. Fremont, in Los Angeles, recalls an incident in the life of that gifted woman, that occurred during the civil war, when General Fremont was commander of the Department of Missouri.

The department at Washington considered him rash, headstrong, and somewhat inordinate; and for these or other reasons, withheld from him supplies of men, provisions and munitions of war that he regarded as necessary for a successful prosecution of his campaigns. After long and unavailing importunity, Mrs. Fremont, who idolized her husband, and was ambitious for his success, determined to visit the capital and brave the lion in his den.

On her arrival at Washington, a special cabinet meeting was called to listen to her grievances. These she stated in a clear and forcible manner, without mincing matters in the least.

Montgomery Blair, son of Francis P. Blair, the veteran publisher of the Congressional Globe, was a member of the cabinet—Postmaster General. He having inherited a dislike for Colonel Benton, Mrs. Fremont's father, stoutly objected to voting any relief, and prodded Mrs. Fremont with irrelevant and, what she considered, impertinent questions, eliciting caustic replies.

The interview being ended, Mrs. Fremont rose to leave the room. On reaching the door, the elder Blair, who was present by courtesy, addressed her, saying, "It would be well for you, Mrs. Fremont, to remember where you are—that this is the seat of the supreme power of the nation—that here in Washington we make men and unmake men." Mrs. Fremont, with her hand on the door knob, turned to Mr. Blair and replied, "I am aware that here in Washington, power is absolute and supreme, that here you make men and you unmake them, and I perceive, Mr. Blair," pointing to his son, who was rather diminutive in size, and not overly prepossessing in appearance, "that you, in your day, have done a very small business in that line." And with a merry twinkle in her eye, and a polite "Good morning, gentlemen," she swept majestically from the room, leaving the Blairs to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" in silence.



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