

ON HAUNTED HOUSES AND GHOSTS.

BY A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR



This may seem a sensational subject for an ordinary contributor like myself; but certain circumstances have brought it to my special attention, and I thought there would be no harm for me to have my say regarding ghosts and haunted places. In doing so I wish it to be understood that I have no special theory to set forth, nor do I metend giving expression to any primion. We all know how frequent a days gone by were the stories of trange apparitions, of haunted laces, and of such like sect for an ordinary contributor stances have brought it to my spewould be no harm for me to have my say regarding ghosts and haunted places. In doing so I wish it to be understood that I have no speintend giving expression to any opinion. We all know how frequent in days gone by were the stories of strange apparitions, of haunted such like places, and of such like events. Much of the supersti-tious dread of disembodied spirits that swayed the minds and hearts of the older generations has been oversome by the children of a trans-

The pleasant time has vanished our wretched bodings banished All the graceful spirit people, Children of the earth and sea, Whom in days now dim and olden,
When the world was fresh and gold

Each mortal could behold in Each mortal could behold in Haunted rath, and tower, and tree They are banished, they have van-ished; 'Ah! how sad the tale for thee, Lonely Cie-man-eigh!''

I have no desire to enter upon the subject of fairy-lore, nor to tell stories that are calculated to make one shiver, especially on Hallowe'en, but I will relate two incidents, one in connection with a house, the other concerning a dead friend, and will content myself with a cold recital of the facts. So wide and so cital of the facts. So wide and so varied has been the scope of my observations, extending now over three years, that I feel that I am at liberty to touch upon almost any subject and to bring it within the limits of any original plan. In the present instance I do not ask my readers to explain that which I am about to relate; all I ask of them is to be perfectly assured that each circumstance is exactly in accord with the truth, and that I neither add to nor take from what actually occurred.

There stands a quaint old stone building, the one time residence of a well-known physician, on the side of Wellington street, near the corner of Lyon street, in Ottawa. To-day it is there, as it was last year, and the year before, and every year, for at least the quarter, if not the third of a century. It is still unimabited, and probably will remain untenanted as long as it lasts—and, being of the solidest stone construction, it is likely to last many long years to come. There is no need of any mystery about it. It construction, it is likely to last many long years to come. There is no need of any mystery about it. It can be seen any day. A tall, three story, cut-stone dwelling, with a stone stair-way leading from the sidewalk to the front door on the second stork, and with a species of stone basement extension, that might have been used as an office, or laboratory, under the stone stair-way. The shutters are closed, as they have been ever since the last themant attempted to inhabit the house. Within the furniture is still there, as it was away back in the sixties. The external balcony was once modified a little, for the purpose of giving the house a more modern and less forbidding appearance; but the work of reparation, once commenced, has never been completiced at it likely we have to last the last of the la

On two different occasions familics attempted to inhabit the house but, for reasons which they never fully explained, they abandoned the place after a first night's residence therein. A prominent physician of Ottawa, for years and now residing in England, was the last tenant to essay a residence in that stone edi-

other pieces in the rooms of that house. Were I to write down all I have heard, and all that serious people are ready to assert upon oath, I could fill a volume of the nightmare

I will confine my remarks to my own observations. It was a bright night in June, 1888; I was going along Wellington street, on my way to Hull, and was hastening my steps as the hour was advanced and I had an important engagement in the transuontine city. Few people were abroad; some men on-their way to the mills were going along the opposite side of the street; the moon was shining brilliantly, but the to the mills were going along the opposite side of the street; the moon was shining brilliantly, but the south side of the street was in the shadow. Just as I neared the old stone house in question I was met by the late Mr. Kinlock, who was coming from the Chaudiere, and on his way to his rooms in Lower Town. We stopped for a moment to exchange a brief greeting. As we spoke, we were attracted by a peculiar noise coming from the house beside us. It resembled the fuss made by an old woman chasing hens, or a person hurriedly sweeping out a barn. We both looked up, and we both saw the same thing. In the window to the left of the main entrance appeared a face, Mark well! The shutters were apparently closed, yet we both saw the face as distinctly as we saw each other. There was no light in the house, there was no light on the street— save the moon-light that fe'll upon the houses across the way. across the way.

That face was distinctly a wo-man's. It was neither old, nor young; it might have been that of a confirmed invalid, or it might have been that of some demented creature; it might have been the face of that of some demented creature; it might have been the face of a person suffering from acute deliming the saving the tortures of the savage stake. Such an expression of ageony, of terror, of horror, and of madness combined I never before beheld, nor do I deem it possible to ever imagine its like again. That the owner of the face saw us; recognized us, or, at least, knew that we saw her, there could be no room for doubt. The apparition lasted a second or two—not more—but it seemed to us an hour. We had ample time to take in every feature, every trait, every line, every expression—even as, on a dark night, when sion—even as, on a dark night, wher the tempest is abroad. a sudder flash of lightning illumines for ar instant the whole landscape, and then leaves it immediately plunged in utter blackness. As the face in utter blackness. As the face vanished, we both heard a rushing noise like as if a number of owls, or other large birds had rapidly taken wing and swept past us. We gazed in utter astonishment at each other; and saw in each other's faces the efforts of what had taken place. When we parted I hastened still more to catch up to the mill men who had gained a couple of blocks on me, for I confess that I felt too uncomfort-I confess that I felt too uncomfortable to proceed alone. I admit that a chill seized me; I felt a creeping sensation that can scarcely be described. I imagined that the face was looking over my shoulder and the form to which it belonged at my heels. The incident may bear an easy explanation; but I, for one, cannot and never could explain it. confess that I felt too uncomfort

cident that I intend relating. At Laval University, in Quebec, the students at law and in medicine, occupied rooms in the large building adjoining Ste. Famille street. In my second year I had two rooms on the third story. Directly opposite mine were two rooms occupied by a medical student from Rimouski — a fine, jovial, yet studious lad, of some twenty-three summers, named G—He used to lend me books of French literature, and I returned the compliment by lending him books of English literature. One day he loaned me two works by Lammartine—one in verse, the other in prose. I had placed them, with one of Scott's novels and a Civil Code, on a small table near the head of my bed in the inside or sleeping room. It was my custom—a very injurious one—after studying for a couple of hours, to rest myself by lying down and reading some light literature. A few days after he head passad me, the rest myself by lying down and reading some light literature. A few
days after he had passed me the
books, G— fell ill, and was removed to the Marine Hospital. No person imagined that he was dangerously sick, so we expected him back
at any hour.

> One evening I commenced to study for a special examination. I was seated at my desk in the outer room, and was very busy with Pothier and other authorities, when the door softly opened—it was then about 9.30 p.m.—and c saw G—coming in. He did not speak to me, but glided past me, and entered the bed-room. A moment later he came out, carrying his two volumes, and pussed into the corridor as noisepassed into the corridor as noise-lessly as he had entered. In this I saw nothing surprising, because strict silence was enjoined after nine strict silence was enjoined after nine o'clock, and it was forbidden to frequent each other's rooms, except with the permission of the director, or the sub-director. As the latter had his rooms in the same hall, and his door was usually wide open, I could readily understand that G—di-l not want it to be known that he had come into my place. The only thing remarkable was the fact that he never looked at me, as he passed in and out, nor even made a sign of recognition. On account of his recent illness and absence I thought for a moment, but only for a moment, that this was peculiar on his part. At ten o'clock I put out the gas in my front room, locked the door, retired to my bed-room, and, finding that Lamartine was gone, I took up "Guy Mannering" and amused myself for a short time with a o'clock, and it was forbidden to fre used myself for a short time with a few chapters of that novel, Finally, I felt drowsy, and soon I was sound

As usual we arose at about 6.30 a.m. At 7 o'clock we always had prayers, down in the billiard room, on the first flat. There was no chapel connected with the boarding house of the university. Rev. Mr. Roussel was then secretary of the university and director of the "pensionat." At the morning prayer he always made any special announcements for the day, and all were expected to be present. That morning, I remember it well, the prayers were read by Dr. Delaney, since member in the Quebec Legislature, for the Magdalen Islands. Defore prayers Rev. Mr. Roussel said:—"I have a painful announcement of make this morning. Your prayers are asked for the repose of the soul of your late fellow-student, Mr. G.—, who died last night at the hospital." This announcement was followed by some words of pratice. Mr. G-, who died last night at the hospital." This announcement was followed by some words of praise of the deceased and the funeral arof the deceased and the funeral arrangements were to be given out that evening. I could scarcely believe what I had heard. On going up stairs I at once went to G's-room, found it open, and saw his books and other things in the exact positions in which he had left them—save the two volumes of Lamartine, and these were upon his trunk. As I stated at the outset, I have no theory to propound, no explanation to give; I merely relate facts as they occurred.

ings. He had provided newspapers and magazines for them and other means of entertainment.

In his last letter Father Jacquet states that he is enjoying excellent health since he arrived in Alaska. Not having a place to lay his head when he got there he was invited to the house of a Dr. Alton. The doctor in extending the invitation said: "You can attend to my spiritual ailments and I will look after your physical defects." On this basis, Father Jacquet says, the two entered into co-partnership, and the result has been mutual satisfaction and happiness.

The new parish at Nome has been named St. Joseph's and the parish here has sent Father Jacquet a beautiful statue of the patron saint of that name, and the Sisters of this city have forwarded vestments and furnishings for the edifice.

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDA

There are too many, unfortunately, who act as if they would like the Church to accommodate them by the gospel-wagon system, by having Mass said in a place, or at a time, to suit their convenience; so many who do not mind coming late to Mass, or hearing it in a distracted way; so many who seize the slightest excuse for remaining away from i -an indisposition which a walk to it—an indisposition which a walk to the Church might relieve; friends whom they wish to entertain, for-getting that frequently the friends would prefer to go to church; dis-tance from the church, frequently a matter of their own choice, especial-ly in this summer season; need of recreation which they imagine they can satisfy in no other way than by a Sunday outling begun too early to a Sunday outing begun too early to permit of their hearing Mass. Then permit of their hearing Mass. Then we have the Sunday newspapers which, with all their poor paper, blurred type, flaring pictures, trashy and sensational, if not positively obscene, reading matter, are preferred to the book of instruction in Christin doctrine, church history, or spiritual reading. How common it is to hear fairly educated Catholics deploring the misrepresentations of our belief and practice they find in these very newspapers, and excusing

these very newspapers, and excusing their own inability to explain points of our doctrine to the men and women they meet the six days of the week, or refute the stale, old calumnies that are, and will be, rehearsed, everywhere and forever, precisely because they will not devote one hour every Sunday to reading something that would confirm their own faith and enable them to satisfy others as to its reasonableness!

But Sunday observance consists in something more than rest from servile labor and hearing Mass. Sanctifying the Sunday means doing some special good works on that day, good reading, for instance, teaching catechism, etc., and it means also some additional acts of piety, such as attending Vespers, Itenediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Sunday weans one thing for all who can possibly do it, viz., assisting at the late Mass, which is properly the Sunday service of the purish. In many parishes in which several of the parishioners receive Holy Communion at earlier Masses, it may not be possible to have a large attendance at the late Mass, nor will it be always convenient to have all the members of each family in the parish assist at it, but it is clear that it is the parochial and in the parish assist at it; but it is clear that it is the parochial and family Mass of the day, and it is worth the effort to have as many of the parish, and as many of each family as possible present at it.

family as possible present at it. There is a distinct Catholic stamp on every parish in which this is customary.

The service always seems better and the sermon likewise: it is worth while to make them both the best they can be, when the congregation is present. The parishioners are more intelligent in religious doctrine, and more spirited and loyal on account of the edification there is in such a regular and numerous attendance at

of the edification there is in such a regular and numerous attendance at the special service of the day.

There is much to be done for the proper observance of the Lord's day. Though intended primarily for His Honor, it is by His mercy a day of rest and of innocent recreation for us. We should, therefore, in gratitude devote part of it to the study of His trutt and pray that men commonly may use this temporal rest as a means of attaining the eternal, which is to know God and Christ Whom He has sent.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

STORY OF A MARTYRDOM.

It was on the 10th of March when being led to the scaffold, a Protest-ant minister came up to him and protesting great affection and con-cern, spoke thus: "My dear Oglibi, I feel forry for you and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death." Father Ogilbi, feigning fear of the gallows, answered: "What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and there-fore I must die."

the scaffold.

The Protestant insisted that the fesuit should consent to live. Father Ogibi replied that he was willing to do so, if his honor would not be contaminated.

or contaminated.
"T told you already," answered
the minister, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."
"Well, then," answered Father
Cgilbi, "repeat your promise before
the crowd."

the crowd."
"With the greatest of pleasure."
"Hear me." shouted Father Ogilbl, turning to the people; "listen to
the proposition made to me." And
the Protestant minister spoke in a

the proposition made to me." And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice:

"I promise to Mr. Ogibi life and the daughter of the archbishop in marriage, with a dowry of a rich prebend, provided he is willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogibi of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogibi made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case, then," continued between the property of the control of the control.

apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case, then," continued Father Ogilbi, "I will not be prosecuted for high treason."

"No," roared the crowd.
"My crime is therefore solely and alone my religion."

"So it is, only your religion."

Father Ogilbi's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said: "Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one, take it; my religion a hundred lives if I had them. have only one, take it; my religion you shall never tear away from

wou shall never tear away from me."

The Catholics on hearing these words rejoiced exultingly, while the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner with tears in his eyes begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied, Father Ogibbi loosened his Rosary and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist who was at that time traveling through Seotland, Baron John Eckersdorff, afterwards Governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by, the Governor of Treves, already a decrepid old man, remarked, "When the Rosary of Father Ogilbi struck my breast and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was even troubled and frequently I asked myself: "Why did those beads strike me and no other person? That thought haunted me for many years, and left me no rest, and I became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to this blessed Rosary which to-day I would buy at any price, and which once in my possession I would not part with for anything on earth.—From the Portugese.

GLEANINGS.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS .- On the occasion of the silver jubilee of the Holy Father's Pontificate it is reported that a representative pilgrimage of English Catholics, headed by Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk, will proceed to Rome to offer their congratulations.

ASSOCIATIONS LAW.—The Minister of Justice has sent a stringent circular to the French law officers instructing them that all orders not authorized on the 30th ult. are dissolved, and their estates must be liquidated. Luymen to whom the orders may have made over their property are not to be recognized as legal owners; and no conveyance perty are not to be recognized as legal owners; and no conveyance subsequent in date to July 20th will be held valid in law.

be held valid in law.

BOER WAR.—According to an American journal, the opening of the third year's campaign is signalized by the publication in both the jingo and the anti-war press of retrospects of the war.

It was first estimated that the cost of the war would be \$50,000,000, with a field force of 47,000 men. which Parliament was assured would complete the conquest of the republics in three months.

To-day it has cost \$700,000,000,000, besides 18,000 lives, the aggregate of casualties being 75,000.

Since Lord Roberts declared the war over, on the eve of the general election last September, it has cost \$850,000,000 in money, 8,000 lives, and 27,000 other casualties.

WE VALUE A MAN not altogether or the monuments he has left, but of the obstacles he has overcome to know that he is subject to his entry we helical that there is no better the best of the contract we helical that there is no better the contract we have the contract to t

RELICS.—In the cathedral church of Cologne is a large purple shrine, spotted with gold, and set upon a pedestal of brass, in the middle of a square mausoleum, faced both within and without with lasper. This shrine contains the remains of the "Three Wise Men" who went to Bethlehem in order to worship the Messiah, and who are said to have been removed from Constantinople to Milan and finally to Cologne. They are generally called the three Kings of Cologne, and their names are Casper, Melchior and Balthasar, which are written in purple characters on a little panel, which is adorned with diamonds and precious stones. Over against the shrine are six large branches, perpetually illuminated with wax candles. This celebrated shrine is opened every morning from 9 to half-past, when the wise men are seen at full length, each having on his head an elegant crown of gold, richly garnished with jewels.

HER FATHER.—She kissed the old man; she showered upon him kisses and tears. She told all the people in the room how good he was. If she had only given half a dozen of these kisses a year for the last ten years, how the tender-hearted old man would have smiled through his tears. But now he took it all very coolly. He was dead. He was old and poor and she was young and rich. She had ten rooms, but no room for father. Yet he had made room for her when he had only two. The old man wasn't educated. She was—at his expense. He had fed and clothed her for twenty years at home and at college until HER FATHER .- She kissed the cated. She was—at his expense. He had fed and clothed her for twenty years at home and at college until she had rison into more refined and cultured society and married among new friends. The old father's address and dialect were too coarse. She kissed him and buried him in a beautiful coffin. Fear father is to have a costly marble monument. A warm kiss while living is better than cold marble when dead.—From an exchange.

MARBLE ALTARS. -The dedica MARBLE ALTARS.—The dedication of five new marble altars and the unveiling of a new marble pulpit at the Church of Notre Dame, Sibley and Vernon park, Sunday, by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, was one of the most imposing church events among the French people in years. The Rev. A. L. Bergeran foundary The Rev. A. L. Bergeron, founder of the Church of Notre Dame and its present rector, was honored by the attendance of fifty out-of-town priests.

attendance of fifty out-of-town priests.

The altars and pulpit dedicated cost \$35,000, and were in course of construction for two years in the work shops of local sculptors. They were placed in the Church of Notre Dame about two weeks ago, but have been kept from view of the public by special coverings and were unveiled during the dedication Sunday morning. The main altar is the largest marble altar in the United States, is thirty-five feet wide and thirty-five feet high, with a large gilded bronze baldaquino supported on four large marble columns in the gilded bronze baldaquino supported on four large marble columns in the centre. On one side of the main al-tar is a statue of the Blessed Vir-gin, while on the other is that of St. Anthony. The marble used in the main altar is imported Carrara.

BARVIS ILLS

Every Mother Should be in a Position to Promptly Relieve the Minor Ailments of Her Little Ones.

meats of Her Little Ones.

The baby who is always plump always has a good appetite, always has a ctear eye and a rosy check, and is always active and playful, is the choicest treasure this life affords. The medicine which keeps babies in such a condition or which restores them to it when they are ill is certainly a priceless boon to humanity. There are many medicines humanity. There are many medicines which produce sleep, but their action upon the child is similar to that which whiskey or opium has upon a full grown man. They deaden and stupefy and are the most injurious things which can be given to chil-

stupefy and are the most injurious things which can be given to children.

The only safe course is to use nature's remedies. Nature has provided a vegetable cure for every ill, and her remedies for children's disorders are scientifically compounded in Baby's Own Tablets. For diarrhoea, constipation, colic, simple fever, croup, irritation when teething, indigestion and all the disorders of children so familiar to mothers, this remedy is conceded by the medical profession to be without an equal. Its effect is gentle, soothing, promptly curative and never falling. It will save pain, anxiety, doctor bills and perhaps a life. All mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their little ones speak of them in terms of warmest praise. Mrs. Ben. Seward, Forfar, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and can highly recommend them to all mothers. My baby was cutting his teeth, and was very cross when I first gave them to him. They acted like magic, he cut his teeth almost without my knowing it, and gave him such ease that they proved a blessing both to the child and myself. He has not been sick since I gave them to him, and I would not be without them in the house." Baby's Own Tablets can be procured at Jany druggist's, or will be sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A PRIEST MAKES GOOD USE OF A PENNY.

A penny contribution by a little ithe "capitalist" or "the richest Jeirl at the Catholic fair given in suit in San Jose" because he could claim one whole cent as his own to dispose of according to his own to dispose of according to his own sweet will. girl at the Catholic fair given in Turn Verein Hall in St. Jose last formed the nucleus of a fund that has erected a church and parish house in Nome, Alaska. With this cent as a starter several thou-

heuse in Nome, Alaska. With this one cent as a starter several thousand dollars have been raised and a large and imposing edifice is being erected. A few months ago Father Jacquet left to work in the Alaska missions, and letters received from him by the Rev. Father Gleason of St. Jose tell the story of the building of the Nome Church.

While Father Jacquet was connected with St. Joseph's parish he attended the fair. A little girl approached him during the progress of the fair one evening, and handing him a penny, said she had found it on the floor of the hall. She asked that the coin be kept by the Father for some good purpose. Father Jacquet put the copper coin carefully away. When the fair's balances were struck it was found that more than \$12,000 had been cleared for St. Joseph's parish, and, as Father Jacquet jocularly remarked, a penny from a little child was what the priests got out of it.

Father Jacquet asked the permission of his superior to keep the penny as a souvenir. The permission was granted, the story because public and Father Jacquet was styled

dispose of according to his own dispose of according to his own sweet will.

When Father Jacquet started for Nome he announced his intention of taking the little girl's penny with him, for, said he, "With this I will build a church in Alaska."

Last May Father Jacquet left San Jose bound for Cape Nome. He had at that time only recently recovered from a severe illness which he had contracted while pursuing his noble profession and saving souls in the far north. The northland was the home of the good priest for many years, and he had done missionary work among the natives and residents of the frigid north so long that he deemed it his duty to go back to that section when his health returned.

The steamer bearing the missionary arrived at Cape Nome on the fourth of July. It was midsummer in this section of the world, but on the shores of Behring Sea it was almost midwinter. The steamer carrying Father Jacquet was stuck in the ice off Nome City for many days, but finally landed her passengers in safety. Father Jacquet wites that the town was celebrating the glorious anniversary of independence in the real old fashioned way so dear to the heart of every American. But once assione Father Jacquet began to think of other things then cele-

brations. Nome at that time had no Catholic Church and Father Jacquet decided then and there that the town's people and the little girl's penny must build one. He had hardly got settled in the bustling mining camp when the Sabbath day rolled around. Father Jacquet decided that his first Sunday in Nome should not be spent in idleness, but he would preach to the people.

He states it was impossible to get any advertising matter, and he did the next best thing—engaged the licensed town crier and sent him upon the streets to proclaim the church services to the people. A public hall was secured and on Sunday, July 7th, Father Jacquet celebrated the first Catholic Mass ever held in Nome City. Next day he was congratulated by people of all denominations for his energy and practicability.

During the course of his sermon

ations for his energy and practicability.

During the course of his sermon Father Jacquet told the people of Nome that he proposed to build a church in their community; that he already had a contribution of one cent, but they must come forward with more money and that if they did not come forward with it he would go forward to meet them. This statement received hearty support, and contributions toward the parish fund began to come in. In a remarkably short time Father Jacquet had erected and paid for a parish house. This house Father Jacquet used as a chapel, and is still using if the church building has not been completed. Last reports from Nome was to the effect that ground

a religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. great crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged to the Pope and not to the King, who at

viewing cert rale. I do u marks "a re do not reall a mere appr on the prese pamphlet th tice—it compages, of whalf consist ies. The titl

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