

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

A masterly sermon on "Catholic Education" was preached by Archbishop Ireland at the celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Charles Academy, Simaisawa, Wis., the mother house of the Dominican Sisters, which took place recently.

Education! How noble is the work, how supreme its value! The child is remitted to the teacher to be formed and fashioned into the fulness of God's design—image and likeness of God.

The work of education is the complement of the work of creation: the teacher is a co-worker with Almighty God. The vocation of teacher is divine. To enter upon the work of the teacher without the intention of working with God, in obedience to the laws of God, imbedded in the primordial elements of the life of the child, is profanation and sacrilege.

The life of the soul consists of intelligence and will; the more it has of life, the more God-like it is. God is supreme intelligence and will, inasmuch as He grasps in their entirety truth and goodness; the more of truth and goodness the soul in its turn takes into its embrace, the higher it is to God—the more vividly does it reflect the image of God.

Teacher, open the mind of your pupil to truth; draw it nearer to truth; awaken in it the passion of truth; and as truth, particle after particle, enters into it, each one glowing with light, each one bearing life and power, see it taking upon itself the brilliancy of the Divine, and raising by its own impulse toward the throne of the Infinite—the home of truth, the home of the mind.

Truth is reality, and every reality is divine; for there is no other reality except God's essence and the things that God's laws have brought into existence. Wherever, then, there is reality, wherever there is truth, turn thither the mind of the child. Teach it the things of earth and the things of the skies; teach it the things of its personal life and the things of its collective life of the great humanity of which it is part. Hold back no knowledge which the mind of your pupil is able to grasp. Above all hold not back from it the knowledge of Him who is the plenitude of truth, God Himself.

How incomplete, how insufficient is the knowledge of the creature without that of the Creator—of the finite without that of the Infinite? Why limit the range of the eye to the mere ray without bidding it contemplate the planet of light? Why confine the mind to the transient and accidental without leading it to the permanent and eternal? Since the soul is to be made, through the possession of truth, the image and likeness of God, why not show to it God, that it may directly draw into itself the light and beauty of His countenance, the power of His infinite and eternal being?

Yes, teacher, open to the truth the mind of your pupil; and then train her will to love goodness to embrace it, to cling to it so steadfastly that no violence of passion can ever turn her from it. Goodness is taught else than sweetness, the attractiveness of truth, in whatever order of being truth exhibits itself. Evil is the negation of truth—physical evil, the negation of truth in the moral order; moral evil, the negation of truth in the moral order.

Constantly hold before the eyes of your pupil the mirror of goodness, that her thoughts, her affections, her acts be modeled upon the divine ideal. Constantly tell her of the loveliness of virtue, of the happiness that comes from it. Spare no effort to awaken within her soul the echo of God's voice—conscience. Strengthen her conscience by argument, strengthen it by persuasion and example. It is religion, the appeal to the Lord of righteousness, that tells what righteousness means, and what are the supreme reasons inducing us to tread its pathway. Let religion so dominate the classroom that its precepts and practices permeate the child's soul, as the air she breathes permeates her body, and become in her a very nature, throbbing with every throbbing of her heart, thinking with every thought of her mind. Only religion engrained into her very being, will enable your pupil to hold herself through life firm in the pathway of duty, however fierce the storm she may encounter.

Schools and colleges where the mind solely is cared for cannot suffice for the education of the children of the land. For the masses of those children, the home and the Sunday School do not supply the moral training refused to them in the schools and colleges. The problem facing the country is awful in its portents—what is to happen as the result of the lack of moral training in the schools and colleges frequented by the multitude of its children? They who give thought to the problem are affrighted; and well they may be. Remedies are proposed; but the sole remedy that is effective is feared and shunned—the inculcation of religion in schools and colleges. Moral training, it is admitted, should be sought; but it must be such that religion be not evoked to define and enforce its teachings. But morality without God is void of force, as it is void of sanction.

The peril of the age, the peril of America, is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the peril; how it is to be removed the people of the land will some day declare when the harsh lesson of facts will have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation.

To Catholics I can speak with special insistence of the necessity of religion in education. With Catholics all hopes for weal and happiness, in time and eternity are wrapped up in religion—in religion as expounded and practiced by the Catholic Church. The religious faith is the treasure, precious above all others, which they covet for themselves; the legacy, precious above all others, which they wish to dower their children.

For this reason, they should bend all their energies to give to their children a thorough Catholic education. There is no room for argument—experience teaches too clearly the lesson—nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of faith, and the assiduous breathing of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith, will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it must remain there through life, unaltered and unwavering.

To be a firm and uncompromising Catholic in the midst of prevailing unbelief and indifference, to retain the warmth and ardor of Catholic faith in the trying atmosphere of the irreligious world in which we live, requires the heroism of the martyr, and ardor and enthusiasm of the saint; and it is folly to think that the martyr and the saint are born of the profane and superficial religious instruction which is usually vouchsafed by parent or priest outside the Catholic school.

We can not but look with alarm to the future of religion in America, when we recall what a large fraction of children are excluded from Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious instruction of such children. The losses to the faith will be immense unless much more is done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore we have not been made to feel, as we feel to-day, how vitally important it is to attend to the religious instruction of childhood. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely of a strong inherited faith nor were they heretofore exposed to the perils which now confront them. Conditions and circumstances are altered; our plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If in the past we labored for children and youth, we must in the future labor for them with zeal and energy increased a hundred fold. As never before we must exhort parents to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges. The hope of the Catholic Church in America is in Catholic schools and colleges.

JAMES LOWTHER AND COL. KING-HARMAN

The Isle of Thanet, the constituency which has now become vacant by the death of Mr. James Lowther, was represented by another public man as Mr. Lowther's immediate predecessor, who was equally obnoxious to the Irish people. Mr. Lowther was returned for the Isle of Thanet on the death of the Right Hon. Col. King-Harman in 1888. Colonel King-Harman entered public life as an Irish Protestant landlord, an exponent of the policy of reconciliation of all creeds and classes, and an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. In 1870 he actually contested the representation of the city of Dublin as "a Conservative Home Ruler."

Colonel King-Harman was returned at the general election of 1874 for Sligo in the Home Rule interest. His subsequent history can be briefly told. He was returned for the Isle of Thanet, became a subsequent drudge of the Tory party, was made a Privy Councillor, advised the Ulster Orangemen in their raids on Nationalist meetings to "keep the cartridge in the rifle."

We have reluctantly bidden good-bye to summer, summer with its beauty of bird and flower, and the emerald green of tree and leaf has given place to brilliant autumnal tints. How different are our feelings to those we had when spring was breaking into summer. Then we entertained happy expectations of what was to be when the days, so brimful of every pleasure, would be with us. Those days have come and gone, leaving nothing but a memory of delightful hours spent at seaside and mountain. Still, autumn has its compensations, for it serves as a halting place between the summer season and the braising days of our glorious Canadian winter, with the joys of snowshoeing, tobogganing, etc. As with the advent of the other seasons, fashion seems to be the leading thought, and always of the utmost importance to women. One hears on all sides: "Are you getting a new fall suit?" "How do you like the new coats?" "What way would you remodel your costume if you were me?" Apropos of all this are a few hints.

There is a great increase, this year, in the quantity of material necessary for a gown, for to make one in the latest fashion, nine or ten yards of double width material is necessary, the old-time fullness in the sleeves, skirts and bodices accounting for this.

The coats are of the bolero, the short, or about twenty-seven inches, and the long three-quarter style. The materials are smooth serseys, finely-twilled meltons, Scotch and Irish rough-faced goods, covert cloth, and the double faced materials.

There seem to be but two distinct styles of blouse this season, the fancy ones growing more fanciful and elaborate, and the simple ones becoming more simple and useful. These latter are made with straight, plaited backs, the plaits being of the small size and arranged in clusters which hide the fastening down the centre back. It is really almost impossible to make one of the new shape blouses to look well fastening down the centre front, as the general shape and arrangement of the trimmings needs all the length and breadth possible—which, if the material were cut in the centre for the fastening, would be greatly interfered with. The sleeves of the new blouses are put in very low on the shoulder and are made with the effect of a deep cuff. On the simple blouses the cuffs are not cut in a separate portion, but the deep cuff effect is given by oversewing or taking in, in a close-fitting shape, the entire forearm portion of the sleeve. The tops of the sleeves, even below the long shoulder seams, are usually finished with clusters of tucks and runnings, these clusters being arranged in the immediate centre of the sleeves and gradually tapering off at the sides.

Very elaborate trimming is noticed on the skirts. There is no limit to ruffles and flounces. The modish skirt is much shorter even for dressy gowns. The short round walking length is very generally noticed. This style will be found exceedingly pretty in a kilted skirt.

A word about the hats. One dainty toque seen was made of ruchings of tulle and velvet, bound with double cording of black velvet. A stunning dress hat was of satin-finished felt in white, with innumerable rows of black ruchings round the crown and black ostrich tips bewitchingly placed underneath the brim. There is no predominating style. This year is a record-breaker for variety.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The close, high cuff is an autumn feature.

Pinked ruchings are one of the trimming items.

The surprise waist is in great favor for misses' dresses.

Toes of shoes are more pointed and heels a little higher.

The high turnover collar of embroidery pleases the women with long necks.

Clever women make very pretty kimonos from their last season's lawn dresses by the addition of white or contrasting bands.

Pretty Hamburg eyelet insertions made especially for the running of ribbons through their openings are used effectively in collars.

"Why will women persist in wearing those horrid sweeping dresses on the street?" This question was asked me the other day by a man friend who had been doing some observing. Well, really it is amusing to watch the struggle of a woman who would just as soon part with her long-tailed garment as a Chinaman with his queue. Long-suffering is very often stamped on her countenance as one sees her returning from a shopping expedition laden with parcels, umbrella, and the ever-present shopping bag, trying to control that unpendant, which proves infrequently fractious. I was an eye-witness, recently, to an incident that might have had a tragic ending. A woman heavily burdened with bundles and a very long skirt attempted to board a car. Although the public grumbles if the street railway does not run on schedule time, this woman intended to be as dainty as possible mounting the awkward car steps, if she delayed the service ten minutes. She struggled with her encumbrances, and as she reached the top step wearing an intensely satisfied smile, the car started. Ye powers that be, look kindly down, for the conductor was gazed upon with all the hypnotism of the evil eye, but this only after a more or less graceful scramble under the car seat for the load of things that might never have suffered an ignominious downfall but for the long skirt which, by the way, through it all, was firmly held in a vise-like grip.

I wonder if parents realize how necessary it is to teach children just as soon as they can speak their name and address. It was only the other day that I fully appreciated this rule adopted by some wise mothers, when I came across a dear little fellow of about five years crying pitifully. Not from the information he gave me, but from his dejected appearance, I concluded he was lost. I asked him his name. He would not speak. I then enquired where he lived. After a long time, and amidst choking sobs he blurted out: "At home." Now, this was vague and the case seemed hopeless. Passers by began to take an interest in the poor little mite, each one trying (and failing) to learn his name and where he lived. I hated to leave him crying and decided to bring him to a police station. On hearing me mention the address I placed his sobs started with renewed vigor, still he confidently walked off by my side, thinking in his little heart, I suppose, that I must be his friend as I was the first to notice his distress. After walking a distance a good fortune brought me to the right street, for on coming up to a crowd of urchins one yelled out: "Baby, your mother is looking for you, and you're going to catch it." In an instant only a pair of heels was visible, for "Baby" evidently knew what "going to catch it" meant. Imagine a mother punishing a child for the consequences of her own laxity in proper training, and, further, how ridiculous are those so-called pet names. H.

Persons to be served. Put into each shell about five oysters, previously dipped in melted butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Divide the reserved juice, among the shells, place on a tin baking sheet and put in a moderately heated oven until the oysters are plump and "ruffled." Serve on dolly-covered plates, with thin brown bread and unsalted butter sandwiches.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Put a pint of cold mashed potatoes in a saucepan; add four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a dash of pepper, a grating of nutmeg, and stir and beat until smooth and hot. Take from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs, and form into cylinder-shaped croquettes. Beat the white of one egg and add to it a tablespoonful of water; roll the croquettes in this, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat. The remaining white of egg may be used for some other dish.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Put a layer of dried bread-blocks in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of stewed tomatoes, or bits of leftover raw tomatoes that are not sufficiently sightly for salads; dust over them a little chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper, another layer of bread-blocks, tomatoes, seasoning, and another layer of bread-blocks; put here and there a bit of butter, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

PUMPKIN FRITTERS.—Take a pint of cooled and mashed pumpkin, add about one cupful of cream or milk, two eggs beaten separately, a little flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop from a spoon into boiling fat.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Mix well one pound of pulverized sugar with the whites of six eggs beaten stiff; add half a pound of sweet chocolate, grated fine, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop in buttered tins and bake in a slow oven.

QUINCE CHIPS.—Pare, quarter and core nine ripe quinces; cut each quarter into thin slices; weigh, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar. Put the quince chips in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with boiling water, boil rapidly for ten minutes and drain. This water may be saved for flavoring apple sauce or other dishes. Put the quince-chips back in the porcelain-lined kettle with the sugar, add half a cupful of water, cover the kettle, and stand it on the back part of the stove where the sugar will slowly melt, and then cook the quinces until they are dark red and transparent. Lift each piece with a skimmer and place on a sieve to dry. When dry roll in granulated sugar and put aside to use as a sweet-meat.

GRABAPPLE JELLY.—Wash and core sufficient crabapples to make four pounds; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with two quarts of cold water; bring to boiling point, cook for twenty minutes; drain in the jelly-bag for two or three hours. Measure the liquid; to each pint allow half a pound of sugar. Put the syrup in a porcelain-lined kettle, put the sugar in a pan in the oven; boil the syrup for ten minutes, add the sugar, boil for about two minutes, and it will then be ready to put in jelly-tumblers. Quince, apple, peach and plum jelly may be made in precisely the same way.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Boil a four-pound chicken until tender; when cold remove the skin and cut the flesh into blocks. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour in the chafing dish; mix with one pint of milk; stir until the sauce thickens; add the chicken, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and, if you have it, a teaspoonful of soy; stir until the chicken is thoroughly covered with the sauce. Heat, and serve from the dish.

CREAMED HASHED POTATOES.—Chop cold boiled potatoes rather fine; season them with salt and pepper; fill them in a baking-dish, pour over sufficient good milk or cream to just cover, and put in a quick oven until nicely browned.

It is an easy matter to wash a white sweater if economical reasons prevent the garment from being sent to the cleaners. Make a warm suds with caustic soap shaved fine, or made into a jelly with boiling water and a little borax. Plunge the sweater in and allow it to soak for a few minutes. Squeeze it with the hands under water, but do not rub unless there is an obstinate spot, and, of course, rub no soap directly on the wool. If the sweater is much soiled two soapy waters will be necessary. Have both waters and the rinsing waters exactly the same temperature, using a bath thermometer if there is doubt. Shape the sweater and dry in warm, airy room. Ever-tidy housekeepers, who insist upon a daily airing of their rooms, seldom extend this attention to their closets. Clothes-presses, especially those containing garments but seldom worn, should be visited with light and air daily, if only for five minutes. Instead of inviting the nimble moth to take up its abode therein, it will really aid in the detection and expulsion of such as have already established themselves. To clean windows and mirrors, tie up some finely-powdered whiting in a small piece of muslin. Dab it over the glass thoroughly. Next smear it evenly with a damp rag, and let it remain until perfectly dry, then rub it off with a lather. This is an easy clean and thorough plan. If alcohol is used instead of water, it will dry in much less time and polishes the glass better. The corners of the window-panes should receive particular attention; they are too often left dirty, and spoil the appearance of the window. Squares of heavy white cotton fitted to windows where plants are kept, made long enough to come well above the middle of the sash and extend below the sill, and of sufficient width to cover the side mouldings, are of inestimable service in keeping out the cold of winter nights and the sun of summer days. Before putting plants in a wooden box whitewash the inside of the box. This prevents the box from rotting, keeps the earth sweet, and decreases the probability of insects injuring the plants. Do not use all of your old organdy or Swiss gown for a new set of bureau trimmings, but use the largest pieces of the skirt for a silk-waist protector. These covers or protectors are made like a blouse, several sizes larger than your dress waist, and are splendid to slip over a light-colored waist when you hang it away in your closet.

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At a moment when the civilized world is contending with the struggle going on in the East, it is a pleasure to recall that the Japanese mission in the past with the Order of the "Missions strangers," sent, in the care of the "Missions strangers," a mission of missionaries who is in Paris, but in the century it was a glorious blood-stained battle-field, and Augustinians, and Dominicans, labored side by side, with equal courage. There are, in the whole of the Catholic Church, few inspiring than those who related the sufferings of the Christians and their past these glorious records of the St. Dominic are worthily Seventeen religious of twelve of whom were priestly-brothers; twenty-two men and women, and six of the Confraternity sary, were beatified by IX, on July 7, 1867, to fifty-five other martyrs, of different Orders.

TIMELY HINTS.

It is an easy matter to wash a white sweater if economical reasons prevent the garment from being sent to the cleaners. Make a warm suds with caustic soap shaved fine, or made into a jelly with boiling water and a little borax. Plunge the sweater in and allow it to soak for a few minutes. Squeeze it with the hands under water, but do not rub unless there is an obstinate spot, and, of course, rub no soap directly on the wool. If the sweater is much soiled two soapy waters will be necessary. Have both waters and the rinsing waters exactly the same temperature, using a bath thermometer if there is doubt. Shape the sweater and dry in warm, airy room. Ever-tidy housekeepers, who insist upon a daily airing of their rooms, seldom extend this attention to their closets. Clothes-presses, especially those containing garments but seldom worn, should be visited with light and air daily, if only for five minutes. Instead of inviting the nimble moth to take up its abode therein, it will really aid in the detection and expulsion of such as have already established themselves. To clean windows and mirrors, tie up some finely-powdered whiting in a small piece of muslin. Dab it over the glass thoroughly. Next smear it evenly with a damp rag, and let it remain until perfectly dry, then rub it off with a lather. This is an easy clean and thorough plan. If alcohol is used instead of water, it will dry in much less time and polishes the glass better. The corners of the window-panes should receive particular attention; they are too often left dirty, and spoil the appearance of the window. Squares of heavy white cotton fitted to windows where plants are kept, made long enough to come well above the middle of the sash and extend below the sill, and of sufficient width to cover the side mouldings, are of inestimable service in keeping out the cold of winter nights and the sun of summer days. Before putting plants in a wooden box whitewash the inside of the box. This prevents the box from rotting, keeps the earth sweet, and decreases the probability of insects injuring the plants. Do not use all of your old organdy or Swiss gown for a new set of bureau trimmings, but use the largest pieces of the skirt for a silk-waist protector. These covers or protectors are made like a blouse, several sizes larger than your dress waist, and are splendid to slip over a light-colored waist when you hang it away in your closet.

As our readers know, of Japan is made up of number of islands; the missionaries first landed on it was divided into six states, governed by rule the title of King. These tentates possessed a certain defence but they were the Emperor whose power gradually increased by the many of the smaller states over his tributary. The Emperor generally inclined to persecute the Christians, the verisigns followed their against their better instincts. The religion of the Japanese, and their bonzes enjoyed considerable influence. The character of the to be, in many ways, Pere Charlevoix, whose Christianity in Japan, work on the subject, intelligence, energy and courage of the natives, fessed the utmost content and suffering; nowhere of more refined barbarity force the Christians to a where, also, did men, even little children meet more joyful enthusiasm. One of the last acts of Xavier was to send a suit missionaries to Japan rapidly did Christianity that, in 1576, not thirty the visit of St. Francis church was opened at allowed in quick succession lege, a university, a nov seminary. In 1582, the princes of Japan sent the Pope, and their envoys whom were of royal birth, received with due honor, of gory XIII., then by Sixty This flourishing state could not last forever; it all the received tradition Catholic Church that the ment of the true faith place without exciting the of the powers of evil, as last nineteen years the martyrs has been the throughout the world, foundations of every new strong and secure. The Emperor, Talco-Su annexing a large number of states, had considered his power, was at her

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AUTUMN.

(John B. Tabb in SS. Times.)

Now that the birds are gone That sang the summer through, And now that, one by one, The leaves are going too, Is all their beauty but a show To fade forever when they go?

Nay, what is heard and seen, In time must pass away. But beauty, born within— The blossom of a day, Unto its hiding-place again Retires, forever to remain.

When thou wish to give thyself delight, think of the excellence of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third.—Marcus Aurelius

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