OCTOBER 6, 1900.

FATHER JOGUES AT THE LAKE OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

BY WILLIAM HICKLING.

Laudato si, mi Signare, per sor acqua La quale è multo utile et humele et pretiosa el -St. Francis' Canticle of the Sun.

We take pleasure in copying from the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart the following beautiful poem written by Dr. De Costa (under the nom de plume of Wm. Hickling), a copy of which he had sent to a friend in Ontario : The beautiful inland sea now pop-

ularly known as "Lake George," originally named Lac du S. Sacrament by the great martyr missionary to the Mohawks, the Ray. Isaac Jogues, S. J. On the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, the Father arrived at the outlet or northern end of this most pictur esque water, when on his way to ac complish a mission attended with peril yet nevertheless most dear to his heart. His immediate object was to conclude a peace between the French in Canada under Governor Montmagny and the Mohawk Indians, amongst whom he purposed, later, to take up missionary work. He passed the night where he first reached the lake. The next morning, May 29, 1646, he named the lake while the Church throughout all the world was celebrating the great feast, and then started to travel afoot southward to the Mohawk castles, where councils were held under "the great pine tree." He doubtless followed the known Indian trail, and, getting well into the valley, passed near Johnstown and Fonda, reaching Tribes' Hill, which then must have been a beautiful and romantic situation, and marching on by the way of the present Auriesville; little dreaming that one day his shrine would be set up there, and that thousands of devout Catholics two hundred and fiftyfour years later would be making pil grimages and offering their prayers at this place.

Reaching the Mohawk country in safety, he met the heads of the tribes in council and concluded the peace, the French and the Indians exchanging presents, the latter receiving many strings of enameled porcelain beads,

which they valued highly. Leaving with the people a box con-taining probably small articles for altar use when he should return as a missionary, Father Jogues and his party started on their return June 16, heavy laden, carrying provisions and baggage, the account says, like Arabio horses. Oa their return, they struck the head or south end of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, and there delayed while the Indians built cances. In these they embarked and paddled the entire length of the lake, reaching the outlet, where first they spent the night on the lake. Here they encamped again, and the festival o Here they St. John the Baptist, making the port-age, they re embarked on Lake Cham plain and reached the first French set tlement about the 27th of the same month.

Father Jogues was the first white man and the first Jesuit, then known by the Indians as the "Black Robe," who visited the lake. Champlain in saw the Carrillon, but there is nothing to indicate that he ever viewed this unequalled body of water, which exclusively bore the name given by Father Jogues during one hundred and eleven years, the lake being generally regarded as of high strategic value and the gateway to Canada.

Just one century after it was named by Father Jogues, it was visited by General William Johnson, of Johnson town, who says: "I went on Lake Saint Sacrament

in 1746, when, to show the enemy (the French) the strength of our Indian alliance, I desired each nation to affin their symbol to a tree to alarm the French. The Oneidas put up a stone which they painted red. (Doc. Hist. N Y., Vol. IV., p. 271). August 28, 1753, General Johnston was again at tne lake, with his English army, for a campaign against the French, and changed its name to Lake George, in honor of theking. This is to be deeply regretted, and, upon the whole, it may rhaps be regarded as an act of van perhaps dalism. The water of this mountainborn lake, by its singular purity, has been valued for baptismal use. Also, by its transparent purity, it symbolized the saintly life and stainless character of the martyr. No circumstance, how-ever, could have justified the change name, and, as "The Lake of the Holy Sacrament," this exquisite sheet of crystal, which recalls the Sea of Glass before the Throne, will ever be remembered by truly Catholic souls. The name applied to it by Cooper, "The Horlcon," was an invention, as, later in life the novelist confessed. The piece of verse herewith given is simply a portion of an extended work composed in 1868, devoted to the hislegends and antiquities of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament. The work was submitted at the time to a Protestant friend and critic by whom it was criticised unfavorably. Conse quently it was laid aside, and remained almost forgotten until the pres-ent year; when, on locking through the manuscript, the author was struck by the sacramental character of its teaching, altogether un Protestant, indicating what ap peared to be the tone of his mind at the remote period of 1868 when he was not yet a Catholic. His interest was, there fore, excited afresh ; while the particular portion now submitted also inter ested some of his Catholic friends, who suggested its publication. If he were mpting a similar task at the present time, he would, no doubt, employ more varied measures ; yet he never-theless allows this effort of years long

ago to stand in its original form, think. ing that the reader may bear with the infelicities he is likely to discover for the sake of the subject. Those familiar with the history of the

sainted Jogues will readily perceive where history ends and fancy begins; though, in the exercise of the imagin-ation, the author has kept within the limits prescribed by the character of the martyr.

Father Jogues was pre-eminently a lover of nature, and must have been profoundly impressed by the un-equalled beauty of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, as he paddled in his light canoe over its entire extent, from Diamond Island to the Rapids and the sounding Carrillon, where the waters make their splendid plunge, escaping into Lake Champlain. At the Lake the visitor often recalls the lines of

The throne is spread; its pure, still glass Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass;" And exclaims with St. Francis of Assisi: 'By Sister Water. O my Lord! Thou art praised.'"

In his first captivity among the Mo hawks, Father Jogues compared him-self to "St. Bernard, a disciple of the trees of the forest," saying : "I had formed a large Cross on a majestic tree, by stripping off the bark, and at its foot I spent almost the whole day with my God." (N. Y. Hist. Coll., 1857, p. 195) In acknowledging the benefits de

rived from the splendid American forests, which spoke to his soul with many voices, he could say his experto crede with Bernard. Like one also in the Forest of Arden, Father Jogues in the wilderness of Lake Saint Sacrament found " sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything." On the Lake the Can-ticle of the Sun is always timely, its spirit being in entire harmony with the genius of this rare body of crystal. Where springs the Hudson 'midst a tranquil vale,

vale, vale, Its current dreaming of the distant see, Though still soft lapsing past the inland lea : And where, empurpled, in the evening skies, The Adirondaxis in their grandeur rise. In that fair region where no rude alarm Disturbs the magic of the syivan charm, A deep lake shimmers whose word beauty

seems The grand creation of bright Summer dreams

The grand creation of bright summer dreams, A sky-born water fed by sparkling rills, It lies encradied imid the ancient hills, Whose verdant summits, clear reflected, rest Long ages perished ere a human eye Surveyed the mountain in its majesty. Or human bosom feit a kindred glow With morning blushing on the wave below. The bear in silence took his sullen way. And stealthy panthers watched the antiered stag.

stag, Or drove him headlong from the cruel crag.

The wolf's fierce challenge rang around the shore, In echoed answer to the torrent's roar. And eagles wheeling o'er the cliffs on high, Screamed weird responses to the loon's long

cry. Thus years rolled onward, sunsets died away, In regal glory on each cove and bay, And untaimed nature reigned along the strand Where silver ripples play on golden sand.

At last, established in his lordly hall. Quebec strong basiloned, sate from fear or fall, And nobly mirrored on St. Lawrence's tide, A glowing picture of old Gallie pride— Brave Lord Montmagny would with Mohawk treat, And peace, long purposed, in good faith com-plete.

plete, While far the banners of the Cross advance With glowing ensigns of imperial France.

With glowing ensigns of imperial France. But who the peril of the task might dare. And 'mid deep forests and strange waters fare, To meet the Mohawk 'neath '' The Great Pine Tree.'' Where rolls the river to the distant sea? A Father gentle, yet above all fear. The mission ventures as to Christ most dear. And Jogues the holy, in His Name, leads forth A peace empassage from the warlike North. With good Jean Bourdon, skilled in useful art, And strong Algonquins brave to act their part, The Father journeys on his devious way. Now west, now southward as the rude course lay. Mid moor and mountain, flood and forest dim, Each labor light 'ning with some holy hymn. And fresh strength gaining by his humble Brayer

Borne up by angels on the trembling air.

Adoring, chaliced, Christ's dear blood once shed. And 'neath the wafer of unleavened bread The Body broken on the cruel tree. To save frail mortals from the Law's decree. As in his boyhood, 'nid the rev'rent throng. He hears the organ and the swelling song. And bows adoring as the sacring bell Sheds through the minister its sweet mysti-apell.

Sheds through the industrial state industrial spell. Not doubte the Presence that the rites imply, And shadow broadly to believing eye: Again, low kneeling, as the rubric saith, He sees the symbol of the Holy Faith, And where the Cure with the morstrance trod He marks the Presence of the very God.

Thus mused the Father till his weary brows Sink rudely pillowed on a bed of boughs. Then 'neath the roof-tree of the star-gemmed sky: Whence bright Arcturus casts a warder's eye He knew the solace of that tranquil sleep By king ne'er tasted in his moated keep.

By king no er tasted in his indated weep. At morn, uprising from his bed of larch, He strapped his wallet for his southward march; But first devoutly said an humble prayer. That upward mounted on the sweet June air, While nimble echoes far the suffrage toss. Around the summit of the rustic cross Reared by the Father and a tawng guide, Who kneit all rev'rent by the Black Robe's side.

Around the summers and a tawny mark Robers Reared by the Father and a tawny mark Robers side, a simple savage, yet would gladly pay To Christ due worship on this festal day; To Christ due worship on this festal day; To the sthe Father to his sober sight and thus the Father to his sober sight Brought cup and paten for the sacred rite, Brought cup and paten for the sac

ment." By toilsome stages to the Mohawk land The Father journeyed with his peaceful band; Each wily red man, halled as willing friend, Where firm but stainless his due footsteps tend.

In solemn council the proud Mohawk's meet Montmagry's Envoy at their chosen seat; Jogues' late tormentor framing crafty phrase To blunt remembrance of p. st cruel days; For though implacable and black at heart, The astute savage blandly plays his part: Assuring fleadship, if in time of need A weary Frenchman should demand relief Within the borders of a Mohawk chief; Nor dreamed the Father that himself would be The first great victim of dread treachery. The council ended, the decision learned. With plodge of friendship the doomed Envoy Turned, And marching northward with a high content.

turned, And marching northward with a high content Arrived, full weary, at Saint Sacrament.

Afar now ranging, his Algonquin guide Afar now ranging, his Ancion and goard Finds in the forest, clad in prisine pride, A royal birch tree of superior mark Its huge trunk gleaming in fair silver bark. One long incision with the cruel knife A slender framework next he ordered, like The bons structure of the greedy pike, And defuly toiling on the shining strand, With osite ready for his cunning hand, He binds each stanchion and each knee t

He binds each stanchion and each Knee the fast. The bark then treated with persuasive skill He renders pliant to his subtle will, And slowly yielding to his savage strength. Around the framework it is drawn at length When, chinging firmly to its graceful side. With elm-tree fibre it is firmly tief, Each fissure sealing with gum pure as dew, And thus the red man builds his fair cance. Next, all impatient, he would launch away To test its merits on yon shining bay; Yet ere embarking o'er the lake to dash He carves a paddle from the supple ash.

At length the water wins its new found bride In beauty floating on the brilliant tide. At length the water wins its new found bride, In beauty floating on the brilliant tide. The proud Algonquin stepping safe on board, In conscious power as some feudal lord, And bears him stately with an honest pride, The able builder would not deign to hide :-Poised on his paddle, like some Eastern bonze. But while thus posing, his keen eyes aglow, Caught the bright picture of himself below, Where, full reflected in the orystal wave; With all his trappings stood the splendid brave :-

brave :--Thrilled with a vanity his face confessed, He plunged his paddle in the phantom's breas And, defity balancing the light cance. With graceful motion o'er the water flew.

Man while the Father, who no skilful hand For savage labor could at will command, Mused inid the forest, where the solemn shade With weira enchantment his slow footsteps stayed r read his Office 'neath the oak's gnarled

form, And said his Paters where the summer's storm, storm, Advancing swiftly in its angry march, Smote dead the branches of the graceful larch While lightnings, flashing in the whirlwind'

While igntrings, income in the plumed pine. Consumed the verdure of the plumed pine. But now white cloudlets float in peace at will, That, cautious, ventures from a tinkling nook To join the water of a pearly brook. Which, signing, joyous in its beauty went To lend its crystal to Saint Sacrament.

Thus roaming, pensive, on the Indian trail, He heard the echo of the loon's ione wail, Saw chatting squirrels climb from branch branch.

branch, Or bird like, daring on the air to launch; While mid the thicket rose the antlered deer His soft eye flashing, with a needless fear. And from the eyric, mong the crags on high, Through dizzy tree tops came the eagle's ery. Ag ain, emerging from the sombre shade, He seeks the sunlight of the grassy glade. Where, by the margin, he might clearly view

Where, by the margin, he might clearly view The Indians toiling at the bark cance. Broad scan the waters of the sleeping lake, And mark the mountains where they softly break

Of joyous welcome for the rosy day, The Jesuit rises from his leafy couch And compact buckles his impervious pouch: Then, numby kneiling on the red lipped moss, Beneath the shadow of the greenwood Cross, His simple cortice as accustomed raise Their prayer seat upward with a hymn of praise. of peace and universal brotherhood.

Each takes his portion of the morning meal When Bourdon enters on the dusky trail. That leads the wanderer ofer the intervale, And winds through mazes past the chimi

Gored in the passage down to proud Cham-plain: While agile red men their light boats upbore, Safe to the margin of the distant shore; Where, re-embarking, they must breast anew The heaving billows in the swift cance. The facher tarried by the camp fire last, And parting glances o'er the fair lake cast. Anocaly pile, it serenely shone. As that John pictured, caim, before the throne, Its wondrous beauty with pure crystal blent To win the guerdon of "Saim Saerament." But, going, kens not that day is nigh. When grander vision will salute his eye, When grander vision will salute his eye, When walks in paradise a martyr crowned— His bark is waiting for Quebec at noon, Urbs Zion mystica will claim him soon.

THE GREATEST STATESMAN.

The Palm is Awarded to the Head of the Catholic Church.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY, M. P. Pope Leo is the last survivor of the great European statesmen of the cen tury. During recent years Gladstone Bismarck and Pope Leo XIII

In recent years, however, Gladstone, Bismarck and Pope Leo XIII, have stood alone.

I desire to judge Leo XIII. only as a statesman, and not as an ecclesiastic. The inception of his whole career may be described as a passion of philanthropy, to adopt the words which Gladstone in my own hearing applied to Dan O'Connell, "to improve the condition of the toiling classes all over the world ; to mitigate the troubles of the overtasked ; to abolish slavery in every form, white and black ; to light en the load of the heavy laden ; to spread the gospel of peace among the nations." These have been the pur-poses of Leo's career. It is doing no more than bare justice to the motives which seem always to have guided him when we say that his ambition has been to make the life of the Pontiff a practical illustration of peace, good will, and more-an intellectual ad-

vancement among men. Leo came to the throne of the Papacy at a time when the worldly conditions of that throne seemed to be hopelessly shaken. The Pope has had no imper ial sovereignty left to him and it must be noted that the sympathy of the civil ized world went, for the most part, with that United Italy to whose political union the Papacy owed the loss of its temporal possessions. Leo's pre-decessor, Pius IX, was a man of pure and exalted purpose, but he was almost altogether an ecclesiastic, and he had few of the qualities of a statesman. He was not a man endowed with the peculiar capacity which might have enabled him to regain for the Papacy that influence arising from new conditions, and the spread of new ideas eemed, at the time, to have been taken from it. However, Leo appears to have from the beginning of his career made up his mind that the position of the Papacy was only to be recovered by a mastery of the new ideas and an acceptance, as far as possible, of the new conditions. The Pope has been a nev student from his earliest years. There is a distinct suffusion of the poetic influence in his nature, which has found expression, indeed, in the composition of many fine pieces of poetry, especialy in Latin, but also has given him in their objects. It is likely enough

I offer my mediation as an agent of peace and of brotherhood in all quarrels where the disputants are willing to receive my counsel and my help." He has had some hard battles to fight, however, for all his sweet, genial, pacific nature. He has fought out his battles to the end where compromise did not seem possible, and by his principle of passive resistance he has generally contrived to come off victori ous. All the world looked on with in terest while he battled for what he be lieved to be the cause of religious liberty against no less an antagonist than Prince Bismarck, the greatest statesman then living on the European continent. Bismarck had loudly proclaimed that, whatever else he and his colleagues might do, they "would not go to Canossa," alluding to the famous castle where Henry IV. of Germany submitted to the penance imposed or him by Gregory VII. But though Bismarck certainly did not go to Canossa, he was undoubtedly not the vic tor in the great Kulturkampf or educational battle which was waged be-tween him and Pope Leo. It is perhaps only fair to say that the heart of the old Emperor William, Bismarck's master, was never thoroughly with his great Minister in this attempt to make he authority of the state overrule the dictates of private conscience. The arbitration of Pope Leo has been accepted more than once by disputing States which acknowledged no suprem acy on the part of the Pope but that given him by the moral influence of

his authority and his career. The Pope has become so popular among certain influential classes of English Protestants that at one time it eemed to many not altogether impos sible that some terms of compromise might be found between the Papacy and the Established Church of Eng land. The Pope, however, could not compromise; Lord Halifax and his English colleagues could not venture to stretch their ideas of compromise too far, and so the world went on revolv-

ing upon its own axis just as before. Pope Leo always watches with a close and attentive eye every movement, political, social and religious, that takes place in America. He has the fullest and deepest sympathy with the peaceful progress of the Republic, and is especially proud of the position which civic equality and religious freedom have enabled its co-religion ists to take in the United States. Some of Pope Leo's recent days have been occupied in the consideration of certain tendencies which have been represented to him as making them selves apparent in American Catholicism-tendencies which some of his advisers believed to indicate a great form of religious independence, not unlike that which is set down as Gallicism in Europe. It is impossible for any impartial reader not to sympathise with the spirit which pervades the Pope's Encyclical issued in August 1898, a protest against the extraordin ary suppression of Catholic associations carried out by the Italian Government These suppressions, it will be remem-bered, took place after the riots which had lately broken out throughout al most all Italy, riots which impartial observers for the most part believed to have been caused by the pressure of famine, the famine itself coming in from over - taxagreat measure which the expenditure on and navy had brought. The Italian Government ion army about. thought fit to see in these riots the evidence of a Papal conspiracy against the monarchy, and it therefore suppressed by wholesale decree more than one thousand six hundred Catholic associa tions which were for the most part purely social, economical or religious

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The Matins ended with a simple zeal,

fall, Below whose rapids the wild surges braw. And 'mid huge bowlders, hoarsely voiced,

plain, Gored in the passage down to proud Cham While sile red man the tasks

high above all other living statesmen of Europe. A little further back we come to such men as Count Cavour and Theirs and Guizot ; further back still, to such men as Channing, and then we are among the great names that be-long to the earlier part of the century.

Borne up by angels on the trembing and
At last they paddle in their swift cance
O'er Champian, shining a fair sea of blue,
Till, giadly landing on its southern marge,
They leave behind them their light, birchen barge.
Then, marching cautious on the Indian trail
Through dusky wildwood and stern, rugged dale.
They view the ledges where, as years advance,
A fowning fortress rising o'er the plain,
That Abercrombie, strong, assaults in vain;
And hear Carrillon, a resonding chime,
That woke the forest in primeval time.

The work over in summer, e'en the spiendid eve of Corpus Christi, when at last they leave The tangled forest, and exhausted reach A cliff o'erchanging a bright golden beach, and view before them the enchanting scene That shone respiendent in the sunset sheen. They mark the water with its emeraid marke Each island crimson as some blood-stained target:

targe; They scan the cedars, now tall burnished spirce, Aflame, yet scatheless, wrapped in verdant

spires, Aflame, yet scatheless, wrapped in ver fires : While ev'ry object round the lake below Reveals the spiendor of the evening glow.

Then first these waters met the white man'

Their crystal flashing in the golden rays: And while the Father scanned the glassy lake, Its face unrulled by the loon's long wake, He bade the savage say what name their

tongue Gave to this wonder, all unknown, unsung ; No answer pulsates on the evening air, No name Algonquin had for scene so fair.

Soon fades the splendor of departing day, Retreating softly on its western way, Yet Jogues stands gazing, by a sweet bound. oftly on its western way, stands gazing, by a sweet spell

The togethese stands grange by a spontaneous of the bound of the second stands of the second

Calm by the camp-fire, when long fast was

Camp by the camp-fire, when long fast was over the father lingered in deep thought to pore His sacred missal with illumined page. Well worn by service and bedimmed by age, Each ruddy rubric, erst is rich attine, Now pale and ashen like his dying fire, At last the Envoy closed the treasured tome. In thought revering to his childhood's home. 'Mid vine-clad valleys of dear, sunny France, Where on the green sward, with a merry dance

dance The peasant closes the departing day, Or gives the twilight to some rustic play, 'fill from tall towers of quant Norman time The sweet bells sounding their clear, silver

chimes, Invite the aged with the young and fair To intone Augelus or Compline prayer; Which service rendered with a holy zest, The happy village sinks in peace to rest.

Thus mused the Father, and anon he sees Old Orleans' minister 'mong its ancient tr Again the choir in grand billows heave Exultant anthems for this honored eve Of Onrpus Christi, when the canons call The joyous faithful to the festival;

break In surried order 'gainst the azure sky. Or veil their summits from the wishful eye,

At last a third day to its end has run, And, with the rising of the morrow's sun, Embarking, thankful, they glide smoo

Embarking, thankful, they know showing forth O'er caim Saint Sacrament and journey north. Thus first a Black Robe his lithe paddle laves Beneath the surface of these crystal waves. Sails past the border of each verdant isle. Or seeks the shelter of some cliffs tail pile; And all the windings of the lake explores Free ranging safely to its farthest shores.

Thus fared they onward till the day was done And purple glories from the setting sun, Flashed through the gorges of the mountain

chain, While, 'midst the gloaming of the haze, they strein

while, 'midst the gloaming of the haze, they strain strain The weary paddle on the lake's last reach, To gain the margin of the golden beach, And build the camp-fire ere again they leave The spot selected Corpus Christi Eve; Illuming wooldand with the festal light The faithful kinkle for midsummer night. Here while the evening hastens swiftly by, And night bejeweis the blue summer sky; Once more the Father stays beneath the ledge Which rose in mid air near the water's edge. Close by the hillock whence at first he saw These waters ripping on the circling shore : And, whence, far southward, heavy laden went

Around the border of Saint Sacrament.

Around the border of Saint Sacrament. Around the border of Saint Sacrament. Again his lodging he prepares for night, And, thoughiful, muses by the fire's red light, Talks of the journey with his savage guide. Whose skill the forest has so often tried. Lists to the legends that the red men tell. Of sprites that linger round eack rock and fell. Or haunt the recess of the wood and take Their merry pastime on the sparkling lake. He hears Jean Bourdon, whose straketic eye Ranged o'er the region both afar and nigh. Discerning stations with a soldier's glance For future castles of imperial France. Long with the savant the good priest con-ferred. With pious patience each opinion heard ; How, 'gainst the English, these fair waters held. The French possessions would to oneness weld, And close all access to an open door The foe might enter in a time of war; Till growing wears, as the hour grew late. Of treaty, fortress and affair of state. He sprend his blanket, then low breathed a prayer.

prayer, Reposing calmly in the summer air.

Swift flew the night-watch as the Frenchmer While red flames slowly 'mong' the firelogs

crept; Nought broke the stillness of the lake or hill, Save the lone wailing of the whippoorwill, Whose notes so plaintive, as the calm nigh

wore, Slow floated, dying, to the farthest shore,

At last the fire fly folds its phospher wing And Saturn, paing, hides his mighty ring, While starry watchers of the radiant skies In slow succession veil their holy eyes. Then morn in beauty soft begins to break, In sweet effulgence over the glassy lake, While, fresh from covert, larks begin their lay,

that which has been of far greater imthat the riots were at least in part pr portance to his career, that quality of dramatic instinct which enables a man to enter into the nature and feelings of other men, and without which there

can be no creative statesmanship. Pope Leo XIII. has seen a good deal in life beside the Papal city. He has been Papal nuncio at Brussels where been Papal nuncio at Distance in the head the opportunity of conversing he had the opportunity from all countries. He with statesmen from all countries. He visited Paris, he visited London and vas presented to Queen Victoria. When he became Pope he set about what he conceived to be the work of the Papacy just as if nothing had hap interfere with its progress paned to He resolved, apparently, to make the

Papacy an example to the Christian world instead of wasting bis strength and his influence by trying to contend against the physical conditions which had left to the Pope but the Vatican and its gardens as his worldly domain. Of course, he surrendered nothing of the claims of the Papacy, and he refused, as his predecessor had done, to recognize the King of Italy's title to the ownership of Rome. But he spent little of his time in futile efforts to resist the physical mastery of the new conditions, and he made it his task, above all things, to prove that the moral influence of the Papacy was not to be circumscribed by the limitations of the Pope's earthly possessions. It must be owned that during his time the progress made by United Italy has not altogether satisfied the hopes of all those who rejoiced over the expulsion of the Austrians and the Bourbons and the abolition of the petty sovereignty and the union of Italy under one crown. Italy has her destiny yet to make, but for the present we have to see in her a country terribly overtaxed, with a population crushed to an almost unexampled degree by the expenditure necessary to convert Italy into the semblance of a great European

power. Pope Leo has seemed to say to all the world: "My business in life is the welfare of humanity; I am the apostle

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moted by republican, socialist and anarchist agitators, but, as everybody knows, Pope Leo has always used his influence for the discouragement of socialism and anarchism in their varthe French Republic just as he recognized nized the American Republic and the Republic of Switzerland, he can hardly be suspected of any designs for the setting up of a republic in Italy.

The Pope's abstemious habits have, of course, had much to do with pro longing that physical vigor which enables him to continue so unrelaxing a worker at the age of eighty-nine. In conclusion I may say that Pope Leo XIII. is the greatest Pontiff seen on earth for many a century.

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