

The Clerical Snail.

He was one of those gruff and good country cures whose heart beat warmly under a worn soutane and who reminds one of the picture by Andrea del Sarto, touched with gold, but framed in grimy oak. One of those who roar at the very sound of capitulation, whose reasonings are true as steel, and forcible as a cannon ball, and who make known everywhere the flimsy deceits of the Lodges.

The early French had only one fear, that of seeing the sky fall on their heads. The cure, outwardly, had only one also, that the Pope would accept the Law. In reality he was certain that the Pope would not accept it—he could not sell his soul, and when I asked him why, he replied, "The Pope was a country cure; he will see the trap right away—one scent those things in the country."

"And how about those in the city?" I asked.

"They are good, but I don't know why, I am not so sure of them."

As I saw he was teasing, I pressed the point further: "Have you anything besides your nine hundred francs to support you?"

"No, I am the only son of a poor wheelwright."

"Then if the Pope refuses, it is you who will first suffer." He shrugged his shoulders after the manner of Louis XIV. Bah! as if his body were of wood, with no need of worrying about hunger, thirst, heat or cold.

The day the Holy Father with a calm but strong gesture, placed his cross on the earth and said: "My children, there is no going back," there was great joy in the little country presbytery.

The cure lighted the candles and sang High Mass with a full choir—Gloria in excelsis Deo.

At last! he had no more civic shackles. No longer the yoke of Dumay! He had ceased to be the functionary of the Lodges, those who serve behind the window of the tax gatherer. He became simply the servant of his God!

When he went out on the road it is well his old hat did not reach the stars. His shoulders straightened; an air of freedom stirred his silver locks.

Seeing him pass, his parishioners felt there was some change; he was just like the cures of old France; before the age of artful hate, which unconsciously bent the backs of the persecuted, as the evening wind does a multitude of reeds.

"Father, all this is lovely, but how are you going to live?"

"I shall look out for myself."

And he showed me in his "Novum" a phrase underlined by a pressure of the nail, "Le resto par surcroit!" (The remainder by increase).

Et haec omnia adjicientur vobis.

"Have you at last received your last official orders?"

"No, probably because of my Grand Mass—it seems that M. the Prefect was offended."

"What then?"

"I repeat, I shall arrange for myself."

"By neglecting your parish perhaps?"

He straightened up.

"Never—I am a cure—I shall remain cure—my priesthood counts for more than a crust of bread, in my decision. My parishioners shall not lose a minute of my time."

So it was arranged, but in what a manner!

In the rear of the old moss covered presbytery the cure possessed a little swampy meadow beloved by snails. He made a park of it—all very simple—by surrounding it with dull and shabby wire, the points of which are bent inwards towards the centre of the meadow.

"Very well, you understand, my dear, the arrangement of the thing?"

And he poked me in the sides with his thumbs.

"The well meaning snail comes along, attracted by the herbs he loves—climbs up the wires—cannot turn back, and so falls in my meadow and remains there. Behold my treatment over again."

"You can make this help the stomach. I gathered the children for catechism before my park and I explained to them the chapter on temptations. You see those snails—don't do as they—they are caught because they are gourmands. We must not be gourmands!"

"Did they understand?"

"So well that every day they bring me their blouses full of snails. I keep those good breeds and shall have some remarkable cross varieties."

"You will sell them?"

"Never, I shall eat them."

"Every day?"

"Mami! It will have to be often for I have nothing else."

And at the representation of the—Vive la greve, which crowned our superb congress—he was there, in a corner—our cure of the snails, the soutane more worn than before, but with a happy face and interesting himself intensely in social works—applauding with two large hands all the phrases of the principal speech which dealt with all phases of the workman's life.

He put one dollar in the collection, which with his return ticket, represented the wealth of his purse.

"But not it is too much," said I to him.

He smiled pleasantly and whispered in my ear, "My dear, I need not be a miser—the weather is going to be damp—this week I shall have plenty of snails."

Oh, Country cures! Cures with beautiful eyes, hands outstretched, warm hearts like the generous wines of our France, with the faith solid as the flint in our roads, it is you who will bear in the future the brunt of the fight, but in soul and body God has built you for combat, as He made the rocks in the cliffs to protect the earth from the inroads of the ocean.

The city priest is certainly great in the sight of God—with his varied, feverish life—surrounded, overwhelmed, with dangers never dreamed of, showing with determination the pure star in the dulled sky of our modern cities.

You—you have another roll, superb, in its simplicity—you are the rough sentinels of the faith in the desert of our country places, and the old French will recognize you again! You are the sturdy oaks, who resist in silence, all the tempests, and in whose shade both young and old love to rest.

You are the moral health of the country, the reserve fund of good sense, the quiet faith and enthusiasm, where we pale faces of the cities, your successors, grown weak from contact with civilization, love to come to drink, as one loves to drink the limpid waters of fountains which reflect the heavens.

And returning to-night to the empty hall of congress, trying to warm my soul with the thought of your souls, it seemed as if I could again hear, like an echo, your mellow voices acknowledging the episcopacy of the Coadjutor of Paris and above him the supreme Chief of the Church and singing always, "Vivat semper vivat!"—A. M. Reverdy, in remembrance of his toast: adopted from La Croix.

Exhausted Nerves Lead to Insanity

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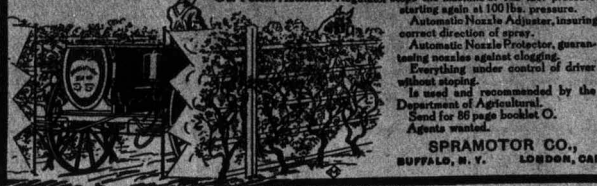
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Horse-Spramotor Power



The Community known under the name of "Les Soeurs Missionnaires de l'Immaculée Conception," of Outremont, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for an act to incorporate the said Community and to authorize them to keep an establishment for the purpose of preparing young ladies for religious life and to devote themselves to teaching as a means of supporting such establishment. Montreal, 24 December, 1906. TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN, 180 St. James street. For the said Community.

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Grave Thoughts of the Sovereign Pontiff.

In spite of sadness and trouble of the time, there was a tone of exultation in the allocution which Pope Pius X. pronounced in the recent Consistory. The occasion was the bestowal of the red hat on Cardinal Samassa, Archbishop of Agria, who was raised to the Cardinalate on the 11th of December, 1905.

Amongst the grave thoughts which preoccupy the Sovereign Pontiff, and which he wished to communicate to the Venerable Brethren present on the occasion, the most prominent was that of the terrible storm and the many vicissitudes by which the Holy Church is so severely afflicted. More than ever may it, at the present time be compared to that barque which is beaten by the waves in mid-ocean. But his faith does not vacillate in the least degree; but the more the persuasion arises in him of the efficacious assistance of Christ, who, when the hour of succor arrives, will arise and command the winds and the sea; then will smile the complete tranquillity so greatly desired.

But the satisfaction of the Pontiff became evident when he said: "Meanwhile, O Venerable Brothers, although oppressed by many afflictions, we have nevertheless a very great and admirable comfort which causes stupor in the very enemies of Catholicity. This is the singular concord which flourishes in the whole episcopate, and which is most fully united with us. Because, being all of one mind and one single heart with the Supreme Pastor, the Vicar of Christ on earth, well do they demonstrate how each of them rejoices to repeat the celebrated phrase of Saint Augustine: 'Roma loquuta est, causa finita est.'"

Pius X. then reminded them that, in some parts through the turbid devices, of adversaries, the Bishops were more bitterly harassed, then immediately in that direction the other Bishops turned their regards affectionately with fraternal hearts to lighten the fraternal misfortunes and to animate these Bishops not to yield before the severe trials and to resist fearlessly even the torments that might come upon them. "O Holy Father," he cried, "who has placed them to rule Thy Church, preserve upright and constant in them such sentiments of their souls!"

And then he prayed that in all places the Catholic people may be in conformity with these luminous examples of their pastors. This is what he desires with his whole heart; this is what he inculcates with all his force—that the faithful may be wholly in concord with their Bishops, nor have anything more deep at heart than in all things to follow their word and direction. Continuing in this strain of paternal advice, he afterwards referred to the nomination of Monsignor Camassol as the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, and spoke words of praise concerning his career in the Prelature and as Rector of the College of Propaganda.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Misses Marie Louise Lacombe, Marie Victorine Lacombe, Marie Anna Lacombe and Dame Marie Rose Lacombe wife of Camille Jérôme Grenier, and by him authorized, daughters of the late Dame Joseph Lacombe (née Marie Louise Durand dit Desmarais) and her universal legatees in ownership, and Simon Lacombe, son and particular legatee of said late Dame Lacombe, in virtue of her will and testament dated the 22nd of May, 1890, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, to obtain from it an act for the purpose of authorizing the petitioners to sell, convey and alienate, wholly or in part, the property left to them in virtue of the said will, and to receive the price thereof, and to give good and valid titles.

N. PERODEAU, Attorney for Petitioners. Montreal, 19th December, 1906.

The corporation of the parish of Longue-Pointe will present to the legislature of Quebec, at its next session, a bill entitled "an act erecting into a town corporation the municipality of the parish of Longue-Pointe." The bill will contain dispositions:

To transfer to the new corporation all the rights and obligations of the actual corporation to divide the municipality into wards, to determine the number of aldermen and the eligibility of the members of the council;

Concerning the first general election, the place for the sessions of the council and for the office of the clerk and the posting of municipal notices, the valuation of real estate, the annexation of lands contiguous to the said municipality, the borrowing power;

To declare valid by-laws No. 88, No. 94 and No. 101 relating to the building of a tramway and to the widening of Notre Dame Street, as well as the bonds issued under said by-laws; to confirm the "Suburban Tramway & Power Company" in the possession and enjoyment of the right of way which was granted for its tramway; to authorize the council to prohibit parks and other similar enterprises for the purpose of amusement;

And for other purposes. TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN, For said Corporation. Montreal, 24 Dec. 1906.

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ARTHUR CONTENT, Montreal, December 12, 1906.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO

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When does he go? Inquire via, absent. Nothing much to her in her dull world, and this man's coming going were surely synonymous with her existence until the day when Mrs. Dewbury's little note had asked her to and amuse a really charming dinner who was just out to invitation had asked her to and amuse of her work and

"And so you are a joy said Captain John Danvers intently upon the pale, delicate of the girl he had taken to Mrs. Dewbury's party, given in his honor. know, I do admire a woman works for her living. T something grand, something about her."

"Sometimes necessity m work when we should other lazy," answered Silvia Clara a wistful smile; "and write always such a spontaneous as people imagine it to be night, for instance, when I I shall have to burn the oil for many hours ere I eyes."

John Danvers was looking lous, so the girl nodded with a look of conviction features. "Yes," she continued not to have come night, as I have a story. But dear Mrs. Dewbury ins would take no refusal, so work aside to please her. have to make up for lost the printers will be waiting to-morrow, that's all. Oh mind a bit, really," for Den tered something about a

"And I believe I've got a plot already, and then put story together is only half tie."

"Brave little woman," via's companion, admiringly long have you been doing of work?"

"Since I lost my paren years ago," she answered and there was a touch of her voice. "And although very hard at first to get ac to continued disappointment to be patient and not to lo I am quite successful and c now"—she feared her words had implied a compl was eager to dispel that in—"so please don't pity m have been very lucky on the

"Lucky," repeated Denvers curl of the lip, while it mo undkind to this lonely, beaut Lucky to have to fight her the world without a protect to guard her from its trust and vehement ill! Luc withstanding the daily str keep body and soul to

Lucky! She had said it cheerful, hopeful smile, in the heartache she must und experience at times, when adventures and dishonest failed to keep their faith w He glanced with gentle pity delicate ungloved hand at and longed to take it and tightly in his own.

"It's hard on the little g mused, "and she's awfully too. Why didn't I meet he this? Just as I am leav dia, and the next two y mapped out for me, I meet charming, accomplished, int—yes, by jove! extremely ing—in fact, a woman af heart and taste. She fasci from the moment I set eyes and I feel irresistibly drawn her. She is just the ver could have loved, altho hours ago I wasn't even a her existence. What an a beggar Fate is, to be sure; ways upsetting somebody."

And at that moment the str, and the ladies were from the dinner table and S without a smile, however, a adorable, upturned face, wh a rush of blood to his he made him wish more than e he might have postponed his to India indefinitely. Me Mrs. Dewbury had march into the conservatory, and chaffing her about her eviden guest of Captain Danvers.

"Isn't he nice?" Mrs. I was asking. "What a p that he is obliged to leave soon."

"When does he go?" inq via, absent. Nothing much to her in her dull world, and this man's coming going were surely synonymous with her existence until the day when Mrs. Dewbury's little note had asked her to and amuse a really charming dinner who was just out to invitation had asked her to and amuse of her work and