The Leaf and the Book.

Across the meadow-land together A youth and merry maiden stray'd. Where grasses grew, and purple heather 'Midst checkered peeps of sun and sha At last beside the river seated, He took her book—this lover sage—

Next year the maiden; slowly strolling Alone beside the river's brim, aw Summer time to Winter rolling, And rested there to think of him. And rested there to think of him. Her eyes with sorrow's tints were shaded, Her book still pictured youth and age— The fallen willow-leaf had faded Where he had folded down the page.

Years after by the stream forsaken, In Winter time she wandered forth

ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

A Christmas Reminiscence of Nearly Forty Years in the Northwest

AS RELATED TO A WINNIPEG "SUN" RE-

"An article on my Christmas reminis-censes in the Northwest for half a cen-tury!" laughingly exclaimed His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface to a Sun reporter. "I should be delighted to write one, but I'm not much more than half a century old myself, and I have only been in the Northwest thirty-eight years. You can therefore see the inconvenience it would be to give you the reminiscenses of fifty years. My time is very much occupied, and while I should be delighted to contribute anything to the Sun that would be of interest to its readers I am afraid I would not have time to write such an article as you ask me by the day you would want it. But sit down and I will reply to such questions as you may ask. My first Christmas in the Northwest? Yes, it was in 1845—just 38 years ago. There were then about fifteen houses in what is the Winnipeg of to-day. Some of them were comfortable dwellings. One of them were comfortable is still the work of the still th Some of them were comfortable dwellings. One of them—a log house—is still standing. It was the McDermott homestead, and is located opposite the McDermott House on Post Office street. It is a storey and a half high. At the Christ mas time I speak of it was occupied by Mr. McDermott and his family. Wha was Fort Garry like? The wooden buildings existed; but the government house did not, nor had the wooden wall been erected. Alexander Christie, sr., was in charge of the fort. He was also the governor of the district of Assiniboia. Mr. Black was the accountant of the Hudson Bay Company—the position now filled by Mr. J. J. Hargrave. He was afterwards Judge Black, and in 1870 was one of the three delegates to Ottawa to confer with the Dominion Government for the creation of Manitoba. He die in Scotland a year or two later. M Alexander Ross, in later years the author of the History of the Red River settlement, then lived on what is now known as the William Ross estate. He was Sheriff of Winnipeg. Another of the residents whom I well remember was James Sinclair, father of Mrs. Dr. Cowan, a merchant who carried on business on site of the old Bannatyne house. There were some half-dozen houses on Point Douglas. The only stores were those kept by the Hudson's Bay people. McDermott and Sinclair. Yes, the Church of St. John's was then in exist-ence. So was the ladies' college. Rev. Mr. Cochran, whose history was recently described in the Sun by Ven. Archdeacon Pinkham, was the clergyman in charge. Four or five years later Bishop Anderson was appointed to the charge of this dio-cese. There was no Presbyterian church, nor, of course, a church of any other dissenting denomination. No, there were no lawyers here in those days. There was a doctor, a Mr. Bunn, who died in Fort Garry some years ago. There had been an architect, a Mr. Morin, who came

moved to Quebec, where he still lives. ON THE ST. BONIFACE SIDE were a number of buildings, the most prominent of which was, of course, the cathedral and Bishop's palace. The cathedral was then in course of construc-tion. There was also a good sized school nouse, attended by over 100 childrengirls and boys; the sexes were co-edu-eated at that time. The younger chil-dren were taught by the Sisters of Char-ity, and the elder ones by the Bishop and his priests. I was very much struck when visiting the school on the day I arrived here to hear a promising young pupil giving his lesson in Latin granmar. That pupil was Roger Goulet, well known in recent years as surveyor in the land office. He was just commencing his classical studies at the time I speak of. classical studies at the time I speak of. The first missionary in the great lone land after the English conquest was Father Provencher. He was also the first Bishop of St. Boniface. Weighing 300 lbs., over six feet high and stout in proportion, he was the most handsome proportion, he was the most handsome man I ever saw; and a most excellent man he was. When dressed in his pontifical robes, with the mitre on his head, he pre-sented a really magnificent appearance. Shortly after this, while on a visit t England, he was recognized as one of th most handsome men of his time. to his personal appearance and magnetism was a sweet, sonorous voice, which while preaching or singing completely captiva-ted the listener. The other priests here at that Xmas besides myself were Father Aubert, in whose honor Aubert street, Aubert, in whose nonor Aubert street, St. Boniface, was named, and Father Lafleche, the present Bishop of Three Rivers, Quebec, for whom a street was also named in this municipality. The cathedral stood just in front of the pres-ent building. It had two stages towers ent building. It had two stone towers, with a tin belfry. As I before told you, it was then in course of construction.
There was nothing inside but the bare walls, and they were not even plastered. It was as large as the present building.

out here from France, but business was not of such a promising character as to

induce him to remain. He therefore

MIDNIGHT MASS
on Christmas night. I remember it well.
It was a beautiful, bright, clear, regular
Manitoba night, with the thermometer
down to 30. There were no stoves in the church, and very few in the country. I also remember that some seven or eight panes of glass were broken, and there was spectators. It was a grand demonstration.

assembled evidenced their deep piety. We found it necessary to discontinue celebrating midnight masses a few years ago, owing to the fact that the cathedral was too small to held the people who thronged to the service, and we had to shut the doors in the faces of large numbers—a very unpleasant act. My next Christmas; It was at the Isle a la Crosse, in 1846. Father Lefleche and I arrived there in September and became guests of Roderick McKenzie, Hudson Bay chief factor. The population of the place was 60, of whom five or six were English and French. At Christmas time the Indians were scattered through the woods hunting. A year before Father Thibault had visited the place. He stayed two weeks, and found the Indians well disposed. He at once sent word to Bishop Provencher, who sent Father Lafleche and myself to the place. We found about 1,000 Indians there—200 Cree and 800 Tchipeeweyans. Were they savages? No, not exactly, but they were all European and Oriental languages; not a single American Indian languages; not a single America there—200 Cree and 800 Tchipeeweyans. Were they savages? No, not exactly, but they were very nearly so. They were, however, willing to become Christians, and anxious to have their children baptised. I suppose they were the most honest and quiet people on the face of the world—even in their semi-savage state. Father Lafleche and I were learning the Cree language that Christmas and Mrs. and Miss McKenzie were our teachers. By the Cree we reached the Tchipeweans through a blind interpreter, who knew both languages, and unable to follow the hunters, remained in the fort. We supported him during the rest of his life. That Christmas we held midnight mass in

to receive the truth. At Xmas, 1848, of the while Europe was convulsed with excitement and a reign of terror prevailed in many countries, I was away up at Arthabasca, thousands of miles from the borders of civilization, celebrating the first Christope II bastical thirty provests. of civilization, celebrating the first Christian Christmas. I baptised thirty persons on that occasion, mostly Indians. One incident may be well worth relating: One One of the old Canadian voyageurs who accom-panied Sir Alexander McKenzie in his exploration of the McKenzie and Fraser rivers was named Beaulieu. He settled down at Arthabasca and married an Indian, by whom he had a son. When the son grew up he, too, married an Indian, and lived with her for many years. In 1848 that man and the woman he had been living with for a quarter of a century were living with for a quarter of a century were each about fifty years of age. But they were not man and wife. Marriage was unknown to them, they became convinced of the truth, and that Christmas walked nearly 100 miles to Arthabasca, and were baptized and married by me. On the second day of the new year I started for Isle a la Crosse on snow shoes, and accom-plished the journey of four hurdred miles ithin fifteen days, the thermometer rangwithin fitteen days, the tief more trees ing from thirty to forty-five below zero during the whole journey. The next Christmas I again spent at Isle a la Crosse, Christmas I again sp where a chapel had been erected. I was surprised on Christmas eve by the arrival of a band of Indians, including several women, who had walked 100 miles to celebrate midnight mass. They were semi-savages, but the influence of the truth over them had been so great that they made that journey of 100 miles on foot, commemoration of the birth of the Lord who died even for the savages. Did I ever spend

A CHRISTMAS IN ROME? Yes. It was in 1851. In the November previous I had been consecrated Bishop in France, and then went to Rome. Pius IX. had reigned as Pope five years. The troubles of '48 had passed away; quietness prevailed on the Tiber. The Eternal City was held by the French troops. That Xmas I witnessed midnight mass in the famous St. Marie Majeur—one of the largest buildings in Rome, and only rivalled in architectural beauty by the amous St. Peter's itself. I should judge that there were 30,000 people in attendance. The Pope himself officiated. The Princes of the Church and the Ambassadors of the nations took part or were

In glass in the great Lone Land to replace them. It was indeed a bitter, biting Christmas night, but not withstanding this the church was crowded—yes overcrowded. I think there were almost as many Protestants present as Catholics. They came from many miles around. There were as many protestants present as Catholics. They came from many miles around. There were as many protestants present as there are now; the parish of St. Boniface then as there are now; the parish was a great deal larger. A large number of those present came in sleighs, I should think there were 200 of them. Several of them were drawn by oxen; but very funny things happened in those days, you know. The people were very thindy clad. It was a mystery to me then, and has been ever since, how they stood the cold. I could see that they suffered a good deal during the service as they kept moving their feet. But there was very little higner in the country then, and people could stand the cold better than they can now. The mass of that Christmas midnight was celebrated by Bishop Provencher, with Father Aubert as assistant the country was of that Christmas midnight was celebrated by Bishop Provencher, with Father Aubert as assistant.

little liquor in the country then, and people could stand the cold better than they can row. The mass of that Christmas midnight was celebrated by Bishop Provenener, with Father Aubert as assistant priest, Father Lafleche as deacon and myself, being the youngest, as sub deacon. There was no ergan in the church in those days, and previous to the commencement of the service I remember Aubert and Lafleche entertaining the congregation to A SPECIES OF AMATEUR CONCERT on two clarionets, assisted by two half breeds on violins. They played well, the people were delighted, and that was the first time that the music of clarionets and violins was heard in a church in the first time that the music of clarionets and violins was heard in a church in the lone land. The Christmas carols were very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkably sweet voices. The former very sweetly sung by two sisters of charity—sisters Lagrave and Gladu. Both had remarkable instance of memory. When in the Fternal City, on the Sunday after Epiphany. I remained, and at the meeting I heard no less

That Christmas we held midnight mass in Mr. McKenzie's log house. I officiated. Father Lafleche preached, sang, and played a flagiolet, a sweet sounding little instrument made of wood. I have never room, said: 'it is time for us to leave now.' seen one like it since. This was

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CELEBRATION OF became a convert to Catholicism. In

letter from Sir Edward Kenny. time a member of the Dominion Government, which "regretted my absence from St. Boniface and asserted that my presence would be worth more than a regiment of solciers." Bishop Langevin at once telegraphed to his brother that if my presence was necessary I was ready to return. I shortly afterwards received a dispatch from Hon. Mr. Langevin requesting me to return. On the 12th of January I left Rome and was soon again in my beloved Canada. The troubles had all ended before Christmas, 1870. The regular troops under Sir Garnet Wolsely had returned home, and Governor Archibald was successfully administrating the affairs of the Province. Speaking of Governor Archi-bald I would like to say that in my opinion he adopted the policy which could bring the peace and prosperity that has since prevailed in this country. He has since prevailed in this country. He was to my mind a model governor and acted as wisely as possible under the cir-cumstances. This country owes a debt of gratitude to Governor Archibald which it can never repay. Has the growth of Win-nipeg surprised me? Yes, indeed it has. Its growth has been wonderful and surpassed my most sanguine expectations. always believed that when communication and the adjoining country would come into prominence and amount to some-thing. I thought that

ABOUT THE YEAR 1900 Winnipeg might be such a city as we find it to day. While I always had great faith it to day. While I always had great faith in the country around Winnipeg and the upper Saskatchewan and Pease River districts. I must confess that I had not very much faith in the rapid settlement of the prairie. The western march of settle-ment has been simply marvelous. During my first year in this country only two treal, a distance of 1,600 miles, all the way in birch canoes. From Montreal to Thunder Bay the mail was carried in a canoe manned by a crew of sixteen paddlers, and capable of carrying four passengers.

opened up and is being rapidly peopled. The great snow shoe rout with pemmican meals has been replaced by lightning ex The semi-annual mail has been replaced by instantaneous telegraph messages. The trading post has become a city sages. The trading post has become a cry of 20,000 inhabitants, with an assessment of \$30,000,000 and a rate of civil taxation that keeps pace with the most enterpris ing of American western towns, but the religious, educational, and social has not been as great as the material progress, cause we were not then in such a backward state in those respects as the general condition of the country would lead people to expect. Strangers to the place at Christ mas, 1845, were surprised at the intellect ual and religious advancement of the people. Even as long ago as 1859, when people. Even as long ago as Consul Taylor drove across the prairie and visited the place and the institutions and homes of its people, he expressed his surprise at what he saw and at that early day nbibed the enthusiasm, which has in creased year by year since then. Yes, regard Manitoba at this Christmas time a ne of the wonders of modern times. 1845 we had two churches, a bishop, six priests and 12,000 people. At Christmas priests and 12,000 people. At Christmas time, 1882, we have 70 places of worship, 4 bishops, 104 priests and 30,000 people, while other denominations have increased

in proportion.
WHAT ABOUT XMAS, 1892? Oh, it's not easy to foresee, and I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. But basing the progress of the next ten years on the past decade, I prophesy that at Christmas, 1892, we shall have a population of 100,000 with assessment of \$100, 000,000. We shall have twenty miles of street railways; the whole city will be

lighted by electricity.

There will be ten bridges across the Red and Assiniboine rivers, the banks on either side of which will be lined with railways and dotted with warehouses. will be a great lumbering, manufacturing railway and distributing centre. The banks of the rivers and adjoining bluffs above the Broadway bridge will be covered with villas. It will be the centre of the collegiate and educational life of the whole Northwest. All the leading denomina-tions will be worshipping in \$100,000 sanctuaries. St. Boniface will have a pop-ulation of 10,000 and the Northwest 1,000,-000, with rapidly growing cities on all the principal rivers and railway junctions. There will be a railway in operation from ocean to ocean, of which Winnipeg will be the half-way station, with a net-work of branches to the Saskatchewan, Peace River, Hudson's Bay, Prince Albert, Edmonton and Battleford; and it is my belief that at that Christmas you will see being completed, if not in actual operation, a sec-

ond transcontinental railway, a great competing line with the Canada Pacific. To the east and north will be great mining, the first christian of christians of the first can be came a convert to Catholicism. In 1869 I again spent Christmas in the Eternal City, being present at the Acamenical Council of the Vatican which, commencing on the 8th of December, lasted until the following the day of rest without knowing why.

Both half-breeds and Indians were waiting the reserve the text of the first can be called the first and the first can be called the first and the first can be called the first can be competing in the Eternation of the first can be competing in the Eternation of the first can be competing in the Eternation of the first can be called the first can be cal sanguine expectations, and that we shall then be as much surprised over the progress of the next decade as we are now surprised over the marvellous growth of

> 2,000 People Living on the Charity of one Priest. The Rev. F. W. Gallagher, P. P. of Carrick, Glencolumbkille, County Donegal, writes:—"No charity could possibly be greater than that with which I am engaged at present. Over 2,000 human beings are this moment absolutely depending for their existence on the alms sent me for them. Language could hardly describe the wretchedness of many of them. The two last cases I was called on to relieve this morning before the dawn of day will give you some idea of the unspeakable poverty of the people, alas! in too many instances. One was the case of an old woman over 80 with two idiotic sons hving with her. She was in a dying state, brought on, I believe, by defective nour-ishment. She had literally no bedclothing to cover her, and the little grain of hay upon which she reclined was positivesaturated with rain-drops coming through a sooty, thatchless roof. Her name is Barrett, residing within a short distance of Carrick.

> 'The other is the case of an old man bordering on 80, living with his son, daughter-in-law, and four grand-children. He was dying, I am quite satisfied, from want of proper nourishment, his only food being a limited supply of Indian meal gruel—for months he had not tasted with milk. The other members of the family had to live on the same kind of food, but being stronger it did not affect them so much. Such is the misery I have to en

counter daily." Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto; writes: My little daughter, 7 years of age, has been a terrible sufferer this winter from rheumatism, being for weeks confined to her bed, with limbs drawn up, which could mails arrived here-brought from Mon- not be straightened, and suffering great pain in every joint of limbs, arms and not help her, and we were advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil, which we done, But and the benefit was at once apparent; after such a canoe was too large to pass the port-ages between Thunder Bay and this place, and so the party had to divide and come through in smaller canoes. The journey returned.

CATHOLIC LONDON

From the London Tablet.

A tew days ago another vestige of old Catholic London came to light, when, during the demolition of some baildings in White friars Street, the workmen uncovered thirty feet of the masonry that gave its name to the spot. We must go back a long way, to far different times, to speak of the great city as Catholic London; after the storm of persecution and bloodshed that swept over it, and after the immense alteration wrought by three centuries, any remnant is precious that represents what it was in the days when it was Catholic, a wooden-built gabled city among green country, a city where small churches were to be found at every turn, and where the monasti. Order clustered in the centre of England's life. Arnold's Chronicle gives a glimpse of that time by enumerating in the list of London churches—"the charturhous, Saynt Barthu pryory, Clerkenwelle nonry, Holywell nonry, Saynt Helens nonry, menures (Minories) nonry, the crouched fryers, the Savnt Helens nonry, menures fryers augustynes, the fryers mynors, the fryers prychars, the whyt fryers, Saynt Peter at Westm' Abbey, Barmondsey abbey, Saynt Mary anerey pryory" (over-the-ree, i. e., over the river), and others. And his list of churches, with the old names which quaintly hint their situation with regard to modern streets and parishes, is in itself a proof of the vigor of religious life and the generosity in alms and endowments which marked the Cathand endowments which marked the Cair-olic city of bygone times. In 1521, there were 118 parish churches and 36 other churches and religious houses. Many of these showed the devotion of the citizens by their dedication to "Saynt Mary," but the title was dropped and the name alone kept with some distinctive additions. There was Mary Adermanbury (the oldest of the churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin), Mary Stanying (or stone-built), Mary Wolnore (near the wool-market), and many more. Eight churches were dedicated to "Milhallys," each again having its distinctive name; St. Peter had several churches besides Westminster Abbey. St. Botolf was honored in four, all near the same quarter of the city, where the name is still preserved; St. Michael and St. Martyn were London patrons with even a greater number of shrines; and others too numerous to count, had not one but many churches. It is hard to imagine now the old Catholic homes of the Real Pres ence, wood-built or stone built, all beautiful with the gifts of generations, and clus tered, wedged in among the houses as the empty city churches are clustered nowadays. Harder still is it to recall in fancy the aspect of London streets when the Madonna looked down from the corners o from above the gateways, and when the more thoughtful and devout of the crowds below bowed the head with a passing glance at the statue, or doffed a hat at sight of the cross in the middle of the sight of the cross in the middle of the roadway upon which the houses of the "Chepe" looked down with their gabled overhanging storeys. We read of Father Campion that, as he was being drawn on the hurdle to Tyburn, he tried the best he could to move his head in reverent salutation when the hurdle was passing under the arch that spanned the street outside oil Newgate, when he saw the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which still remained in its niche above the gate. On his right, at the same moment, was Christ's Hos-pital, where he had worn as a boy the Bluecoat costume still familiar to us. But

realized.

The time has come when the first of ome of the old mistakes and slanders, as when after 300 years the glorious story of the English martyrs and their times, in the very words of their contemporaries, is illustrating more the former Catholic condition of London, its trial and struggle, its defection and apostasy. The time has come, too, when once again, after the long silence of three centuries, the Angelus bell rings thrice daily, even in the very midst of the London traffic, close behind the Strand, and, but for the noise of the thoroughfare, within hearing of the sites where the ancient monasteries have given place to shop and office, and warehouse. It is time for us all to hear the story of Catholic London, and to be given in col-lected form all that is known of what it was in the days of Faith, and where are to be traced the few remnants of the city that has passed away. Its "sacred way" is familiar to most of us—the old Oxford Road, that once led by hedgerows and green lanes such as St. Martin's Lane to Tyburn among the elms at the juncture with the Edgeware Road. But besides this line of streets, so hallowed as the path to martyrdom, there are many other spots where death took place for consc sake; and the prisons of that period have in themselves a history of faith and fortiin themselves a history of faith and fortitude sufficient to cancel their chronicles of disgrace. Again, the Strand, Holborn, Gray's Inn, were noted as abounding with Catholic houses, and as haunts of "recusants." The documents of that time are full of tales referring to particular streets and districts of London; and the spoliation have none. and districts of London; and the spoliation | bave none of the monasteries is a page of London history as glorious as it is sad. It is true, of the monasteries is a page of London history as glorious as it is sad. It is true, the great city, with its tremendous spread and its restlessness in the race for wealth has changed far more than continental cities; while the Great Fire alone was sufficient to alter it forever. But its Catholic names have survived; it has even its Ave Maria Lane, and its riverside districts called after the monasteries. However much London is altered, its history retains intense interest; and now that our Angelus bells may ring fin peace, and

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats, and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discov-states that he met with an accident some ery" is specific. By druggists.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE EOPLE

Some Big Truths

Is it true that we are nothing but animals? Some time ago a good hearted man, a big farmer, had listened to the docman, a big farmer, had listened to the doc-trine of a certain Freemason, continual reader of infidel papers and enthusiastic follower of socialism. One night, after his day's labor the farmer began to reflect

That his thoughts might be a little clearer, he placed his head on his hands, and then, reflecting and reasoning in his fashion, of course, he asked himself, if there was an essential, an out and out difference between himself and his dog, his dark per which the state of the st

difference between himself and his dog, his donkey or his ox.

"My dog, it is true," said he, "has four legs and I have only two. He has a head, so have I. He eats and I eat. He drinks, so do I. He sleeps, he is hot or cold, he hears, he sees, he breathes, and so led I. he is year, intelligent, and I am not do I; he is very intelligent and I am not o stupid; he lives, he is sick, he dies, and live as he does and some day I'll die too. it not exactly the same ?"

Meanwhile a neighbor came in. He was a doctor very skilled in his profession (even if he was a country doctor), and what is better, a good man and very intelligent.

telligent.
After mutual greetings:—
"What is the matter with you, neigh

bor," said the doctor; "you seem to be entirely topsy-turvy." "It is because I am thinking," said our farmer; "and it seems to me that there is hardly any difference between us and the

And he began to unfold his ideas on the question.

The doctor bit his lips not to laugh, and let him spin his yarn. When he was

through:
"Look here, my friend," says he, seriously, "you are a beast, a brute, an animal all through."

The farmer looks at him, gets up, contracts his eyebrows, and clenching his fists.

fists:
"Look out," said he, choking with rage.

"What is that you are telling me! You insult me, sir!"
"Not in the least," answers the other, calmly. "I only say as you do; I tell you that you are what you think yourself to

And talking seriously with the

ignorant man, he proved him what those reasonings amount to, and where those doctrines would lead a man.
That farmer was right when he got mad at being called a beast, a brute, an animal. And I tell you if a comrade, in hearing you talk would appear to the world appear to the company to the you talk, would come and, for answer, tell you: "You are nothing but a beast, a brute, a thorough animal," I guess you would get raving mad, and you would reply by first reasoning; and you would be right, too. Why? Because to confound be right, too. Why? Because to confound man with a beast is insulting him grossly is taking away his honor and his noblest attribute.

Yes, even with the infidel and atheist

ood common sense clamors and cries to s: Man is not an animal; man is above the animal, as far above it as his reason, his conscience and his soul stretch. The brute has not, as we have, a reason-

able and immortal soul; the brute acts with instinct only, without being capable of any greater perfection, and without being capable of doing either good or evil; but man has a soul immortal, reasonable free, capable of reflection and judgment, capable of obtaining merit or demerit, these things are little known, and seldom

according as it performs good or evil.

What thinks in us is our soul; what in us is generous, devoted, loving, good, patient, and charitable is our soul; and The time has come when the first of the churches torn from Catholic hands has come back to its rightful possessors again. The time has come, too, when English history in the sixteenth century is at last being told aright, when the sheer force of truth is winning a hearing from proverbial English honesty, and rectifying some of the old mixtakes and slanders and the body like a mechanic in the midst of the old mixtakes and slanders and but to work he need his tools.

Man, therefore, is composed of a body and soul; the brute has nothing but a body, with instincts which God has given it for the preservation and well being of that body. Those instincts are blind agents, irresistible attractions which the brute follows without knowing the reason why. The animal has not, as we have, a soul reasonable and free, able to know the truth, to love and to will good. In this distinction lies the vast difference between man and beast. Man is a per-son, whilst the beast is nothing but a

men, even pagans and idolators, are unanimous on that point.

Do you know what kind of people

doubt of the reality of their soul? They are those who live like brutes.

Some time ago, in Paris, a young apprentice, fifteen or sixteen years old, who, by his bad conduct, was the cross and shame of his parents, was brought before a saintly religious.

The father, trying to bring him back

and to inspire him with some sentiments of repentance, spoke to him kindly but firmly. All in vain; in a husky, sullen tone, the wretch answered: "I wish I

Angelus bells may ring fin peace, and our monks are come back fast building for themselves new homes amongst us, we may well desire some competent pen to tell the history of Catholic London as brightly as its history as a city has been already told.

Eur weak lungs switting of blood week to be a superscript of the control of the price remains the same as formerly. Don't buy or use worthless stuff or imitative because the price is less.

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