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### GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAW AND THE CHURCH.

It must have been more than a week after this that there pulled up before the the inn door a well-appointed car, from which alighted a dapper, little, well-dressed, elderly man. He dismounted which alighted a dapper, there, were dressed, elderly man. He dismounted slowly with great care, but once on terra firms he dropped his caution and walked into the hall with an exaggeratedly light and jaunty step. Conn met him of course; with a natural affinity for anything of interest that was occurring in his neighborhood, Conn was sure to be on the spot where there was news to be learned or a facet exital withersted.

"Good morning, Mr. Jardine," says Conn. "I hope you're well, sir." "Never mind how I am," returned Mr. Jardine, in a peppery way; he was always short with underlings. "Where is

Mrs. Ennis?"
"I'll bring her to you, Mr. Jardine.
Won't you take a seat in here, sir, if you

please?"
"Bring her to me!" exclaimed Mr.
Jardine, indignantly. "Do you call that
manners? Take me to HEE I tell you."
"Faith I don't know where she is,"
says Conn, cutting short the controversy
by going off in search of his mistress, and
leaving Mr. Jardine to sit or stand as he
might like.

might like.

"Barbarian!" muttered Mr. Jardine, as he turned into the room, the door of which Conn had opened. Going up to the chimney-piece he took off his hat, laid it was the table and surveyed himself in the com had opened.

chimney-piece he took off his hat, laid it on the table, and surveyed himself in the glass. The face the glass reflected was clean-shaved and wax-like, not much wrinkled, nor would it have been suggestive of age but for the light-brown dye in his hair, which was brushed in a very artificial manner up from the sides, where it grew thickly, and over the crown, where there was none otherwise. Its arrangement was a work of art—and of time it may be surmised; and it framed a low, protruding forehead, from under which a pair of bright eyes shot quick glances.

His ears were large; so was his mouth,

His ears were large; so was his mouth, and his nose small and straight. You cr I might have thought some of his features a might have thought some of his features good and some of them commonplace, but Mr. Jardine was very well satisfied with them all; and having reassured himself respecting his appearance, and hearing footsteps approaching, he turned his back to the fire and fixed his eyes steadily upon the door.

upon the door.

Mrs. Ennis hurried to meet her lawyer

Mrs. Ennis hurried to meet her lawyer in some trepidation; Conn had told her that the "old gentleman" was in the devil's own temper, which he assuredly would have been had he heard any one calling him "old."

"Oh, dear me, Mr. Jardine," said the hostess of "The Harp," as she came in, "who would have thought of seeing you so early? And d'ye tell me ye've driven all the way from Lisheen this morning? To be sure I'm very glad to see you, but I To be sure I'm very glad to see you, but I hope, tis nothing the matter that brings

"Sure 'tis nothing of a ride, ma'am, "Sure 'tis nothing of a ride, ma'am, when a man is brisk and vigorous in his health. No, no, there's nothing amiss that I know of. I was just passing, that was all, and I couldn't do that you know without looking in to say how d'ye do. You have no news for me, I suppose?"

"No, then, indeed, Mr. Mr. Jardine. Everything's very quiet entirely. 'Tis the dead season. Mr. Shipley is staying in the house, but we hav'nt seen another strange face these weeks.'

"Mr. Shipley! Oh, yes, I heard he was

"There's little that you don't hear of, "There's little that you don't hear of, Mr. Jardine, I'm thinking."
"Well, well," said the lawyer, reigned to his omniscience, "I hear perhaps many things that it would be pleasanter not to the follow ma'are respuled to "Well, well," said the lawyer, reigned to his omniscience, "I hear perhaps many things that it would be pleasanter not to know. The follies, ma'am, people do be guilty of, you'd hardly believe. And yet the multifarious experience I have become possessed of in the course of a long practice—painful as it may sometimes have been—is not altogether thrown away, "

"Well, well," said the lawyer, reigned fool! But what could the fellows mean by writing to me for the information?"

"Goodness knows. Will you give it them?"

"Ill take no notice of them whatever," Meanwhile I was not altogether dependent of the mean of the course of a long practice—painful as it may sometimes have been—is not altogether thrown away."

Mr. Jardine lived at the town of Lishen eleven miles off, and as I seldom went there, and he was much from home, some time elapsed before we met again. Meanwhile I was not altogether dependent of the mean eleven miles off, and as I seldom went there, and he was much from home, some time elapsed before we met again. Meanwhile I was not altogether dependent of the method of th ma'am, not altogether thrown away."
"To be sure, to be sure," assented the

"But for it, ma'am, how could I help

people out of their difficulties?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Or how could I put them on their guard against taking certain courses?"

"Of course not,"

"Ah, ma'am!" said Mr. Jardine, throwing up his eyes and lifting up his hands, "there's a great deal of villainy abroad in the world, ma'am."

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Jardine," said Mrs.

Ennis, emphatically.
"Ah! sure what do you—what can you know about it? No one does any harm

o ye, anyway."
For the matter o' that, sir, I make no omplaint-little or none. Custom is good; oills are paid at going away."
"And you give good vally for the money, ma'am, allow me to remark."
"Well, sir, without boasting, I think I

may say so; and 'tisn't every one can say as much. I could name places I know of wherethe whisky sold is little better than "I can vouch, ma'am, that yours is the

very best."
"You may say that, sir, for I never put anything to it but water, and sure that would never hurt anybody."
"Mrs. Ennis, you're a good woman and deserve to prosper. But let me tell you, there are inquities and schemes

na'am, there are inquities and schemes in the world, that I have to do with, which you know nothing of."

"D'ye tell me so, sir! Well I never!

Well to be sure!"

"At this present moment, ma'am, there's a Publin firm of attorneys—I'll give you the name, Goble and Leud is what they call themselves; may be ye've heard tell of them?"

"Goble and Leud! Never, sir; never to my knowleden."

my knowledge."
"You never heard of the Messrs. Goble "You never heard of the Messrs. Goods and Leud!" repeated the lawyer, slowly, with his eyes fixed keenly on the old lady, "and if ye did, ma'am," he resumed lightly, "if ye did, what harm? A sensible woman like you is not to be caught with chaff. I wish I was as secure about all my clients. At this very moment these men, ma'am, these men are sowing the country broadcast with letters inviting all and sundry (who have anything to lose) to borrow money from them on easy

name no names—farmers, shopkeepers, well-to-do men before the times got so bad; they acted without consulting me, and now they come to me to help them out of the swamp. But 'tis too late; I can do nothing."

"Sure you, as the executor of my husband's will, know that I have only a life-interest."

band's will, know that I have only a life-interest—"

"I know more than that, ma'm. I know that you enjoy the good fortune, exceptional in these days, of being independent of external help; and for that reason probably you'll never hear from these gentlemen. Should you do so, I'd like to see the kind of communication you'd get—just for curiosity. What wouldn't I give to have the hunting of them down, the blood-suckers! As it is I'm exposing their machinations right and left."

"And well you may sir. Only to think

"And well you may, sir. Only to think "And well you may, sir. Only to think of money going abegging as it were! in these times too! Ah, well! it happens to the best off to be hard-driven sometimes for want of money. Only last month I had to turn a deaf ear to George, who's in a bad way, I fear, poor fellow!"

"What! George in trouble again? Well, well, boys will be boys; though, by the way, George must be getting rather an old boy now, eh?"

"Still an' all' tis a hard profession he's chosen and slow to make way in. And 'tis hard if he should have to give up at last for the want of the means to continue, and he with his heart so bent on making a figure at the Bar"—and with

tinue, and he with his heart so bent on making a figure at the Bar''—and with this Mrs. Ennis told her lawyer of George's latest application to her and how she had metit.

Mr. Jardine, who listened with apparent indifference, but with real attention, only pooh-poohed when she came to a full store.

full stop. "Never fear for George," said he "Never fear for George," said he, "George'll drop on his feet sure enough sooner or later. He's better without the money, ma'am. You did wisely. A little privation is good for the young fellows at starting. Be perfectly easy in your mind. And now, Mrs. Innis, to be candid with you, I'm hungry after my ride, and should not object to some luncteon."

luncteon."
"I ought to have thought of it before, sir," said the hospitable old lady, much lightened by her lawyer's kind and removed reaspecting George and assuring words respecting George and her own treatment of him. "There's ner own treatment of him. There's a piece of bacon and some cabbage nearly ready, and I'll go and tell them to hurry on with it," and she went away to give

directions.

"Egad! this is a pretty business," said Jardine as soon as Mrs. Ennis was gone. His face, hitherto reflectly impassive, fell into thoughtful lines. He pulled out of his pocket a letter he had read many times already, and proceeded to read it afresh, stopping every now and again to repeat some of its expressions aloud, and to reflect upon such words as "in confidence," "the yearly incomelof, the inn in question," "the conditions under which it is held, whether in virtue of absolute rights or subject to reversionary interests, rights or subject to reversionary interests, and if so in what manner," "an early answer will be appreciated by Your obedient servants, Goble and Leud."

"Egad!" said Mr. Jardine to me an hour lettered.

ent servants, Goble and Leud."

"Egad!" said Mr. Jardine to me an hour later as we were finishing luncheon, "no wonder I was puzzled. The fellows have worded this letter in such a way that I was fairly at a loss what to make of it; and I was not at all sure on second thought but that the widow in her ignorance of affairs was trying to raise money for building purposes or goodness knows what; as if the inn had not grown too large already. For you never can tell people in this country have such a lighthearted way of getting themselves into difficulties. But my first impression turned out the right one after all. Mrs. Ennis is as innocent in the matter as the turned out the right one after all. Mrs. Ennis is as innocent in the matter as the child unborn. 'Tis Master George is at the bottom of the business—the young fool! But what could the fellows mean by writing to me for the information?'

"Goodness knows. Will you give it them?"

to what 'tis he's doing. Mind, Mr. Ship-ley, what I have said is in confidence.' I assured Mr. Jardine that I never

meddled in other people's business, and that I was not likely to do so in a case o such delicacy; and as Mrs. Ennis hersel such delicacy; and as Mrs. Ennis herself joined us almost immediately after, our conversation had to be suddenly diverted into some other channel—a feat which presented no difficulty to the adroit Mr. Jardine. He rallied me on my repeated choice of Glencoonoge for winter-quarters; speculated on what the secret attraction could be which I was keeping so close; and appealed to Mrs. Ennis for enlightenment. Mrs. Ennis was not slow at hexarding surgestions, which, though at hazarding suggestions, which, though far-fetched enough in all conscience, were capped in every instance by Mr. Jardine; so that we became all of a sud-den very lively, even Dan Hoolahan. den very lively; even Dan Hoolahan, who was waiting on us, made no conceal-ment of the interest and amazement with which he listened to our conversation in

which he instened to our conversation in
the background.
"For my part," said Mr. Jardine byand-bye more seriously, when we had all
laughed sufficiently at my expense,
"give me foreign travel and adventure.
Were you ever in Switzerland? Ah!
that's the place for the beautiful scenery.

But I'd a very recommend any one to you But I'd never recommend any one to go alone. In this country you might go from one end of it to the other and com to no harm—sure don't you remember the song, 'Rich and rare were the gems

she wore; but I wouldn't be so in Switzerland." "No?"
"No, indeed. And you'd be of my way of thinking if you had experienced what happened to myself in the very first day's walk I took—the first, and for the matter of that, the last. Before starting, a lady I well knew, who was going the same way herself, offered me a spare seat in box experience. But 'no 'I said. 'They

"Well, as I said, all went well for a time; until a long way ahead of me—for in that air you can see a mighty long way entirely—what should I see sitting on the parapet of a bridge across a torrent but two men in cloaks and tall hats—in England you call them Alpine hats, but they're the very things that are worn there by the brigands. Now I'd never seen a brigand before in my life; but it flashed across me like lightning that these were brigands, and that they were there for no good purpose. What did I do, but I walked on determined to let them see I wasn't afraid of them."

"How could you do it, sir, at all?" ex-

"How could you do it, sir, at all?" ex-claimed Mrs. Innis.

"How could you do it, sir, at all?" exclaimed Mrs. Innis.

"It certainly was very plucky," I remarked, somewhat sternly.

"Never heard of such a thing in my life before," said Mrs. Ennis, looking from one to the other, without, however, much astonishment in her face.

"I walkod on," continued Mr. Jardine becoming intense "with my eye fixed on them. I never took it off, ma'am, if you'll believe me. And they—they saw the customer they had to deal with. For though they looked at me as if they'd like to throw me down, rob me, and murder me there and then, they never moved from where they sat, and in that way, still riveting them with my eye, I passed by. Now listen to what followed. Most men in that position would have taken to their heels and never stopped until they had reached safety. Not so with me. I determined to show no fear—tis the greatest mistake in the world. Never show fear when you're in desperate straits; but keep your head clear, and depend on it courage will bring you through. With a firm tread, and grasping my stick well, I walked on, without looking behind. I had hardly passed them before they rose and began to walk after me. If they had tried to catch up with me I must have run—for what chance would one man have against two? Butthey saw I wasn't had hardly passed them before they rose and began to walk after me. If they had tried to catch up with me I must have run—for what chance would one man have against two? But they saw I wasn't afraid, and they kept a civil distance, I can tell you. And thus they pursued me until within half a mile of my journey's end, when they all of a sudden disappeared. I promise you I didn't enjoy much of the scenery that day; it was as much as my life was worth to have looked to the right or the left. If I had taken my attention off them for a moment I'd have been a dead man. My friends were at the hotel, looking out for me. And when I told them all—'Egad, Mr. Jardine,' says the lady, 'we saw the two men you speak of, and do you mean to say they were brigands?' says she. 'Nothing else in the world,' ma'an, says. I. 'And that they pursued you like that

say they were brigands? says she. 'Nothing else in the world, ma'am, says I. 'And that they pursued you like that the whole day, and you here and alive this minute? 'Egad, then,' says she, 'egad, Mr. Jardine, ye're the stoutest man ever 'Some day," continued Mr. Jardine to

me, "I must tell you more of my adventures. Indeed, it isn't much encousage ment I get to be leaving my own country where I was born. 'Tis the safest place in the world, when all's said and done while in my travels I've met with nothing but hair-breath escapes, and the most ing but hair-breath escapes, and the most be wildering adventures."

Mrs. Ennis was full of advice to her lawyer not to be so venturesome; I was too much perplexed to hazard any comment. Shortly after, Mr. Jardine took leave of us. He had togo on to Kilmeedy on business; it would be as much as he could do to get there by daylight.

"Come over and see me at Lisheen, Mr. Shipley." ware his parting words, as he

Shipley," were his parting words, as he sat on his car, reins and whip in hand, "and I'll tell you more stories of my

travels." 'The man must be dreaming!" whis-"The man must be dreaming!" whispered Mrs. Ennis, as soon as the car had carried him out of hearing. "Did you ever hear such a story in all your life? And he believes every word of it, which is simply incredible, in a clever man like

Mr. Jardine lived at the town of Liscoonoge, was my nearest neighbor, the rectory and church being not more than three or four hundred yards away. We were perpetually knocking up against one another in the road, and he was never done active. done calling on me at "The Harp;" for he benevolently assumed that my sojourn at Glencoonoge must be extremely dull. But in truth the only time it ever occurred but in truth the only time it ever occurred to me that Glencoonoge might be a trying place to live in was when Mr. Fleming, in the course of our conversations, reminded me of the aspect in which the place and its people presented themselves to his eyes.

Certainly I would not have cared to change places with Mr. Flaming.

change places with Mr. Fleming. And yet when of a morning, while dressing, I looked out of the side window of my bedlooked out of the side window of my bed-room—not the one which commands the bay, but that which looks westward in the direction of the village—and saw the pretty steeplet of his church, and loved it for the picturesque finish it gave to the changing foliage out of which it rose, my first instinct invariably was to think the rector a lucky man. You could not wish changing foliage out of which it rose, my first instinct invariably was to think the rector a lucky man. You could not wish for a prettier bit of architecture than his church, solidly built of stone, perched in the most engaging way on rising ground. Then there is the ivy-covered rectory adadjoining, and a large garden full of trim walks, and green lawns with long beds in them filled with all sorts of old-fashioned, sweet-smelling shrubs and flowers. I never used to pass the garden without stopping to look over the low hedge that separates it from the road; the place was, and is, a perfect little paradise. Moreover, the rector's income is sufficient and secure; his house is graced by an admiring wife and by a daughter who idolizes her father. Mr. Fleming himself is a gentleman by birth and education. I should imagine that in circumstances which would develop them his intellectual powers would be of no mean order. It is appearance is not against him; his tall, slightly stooped figure and his regular restured disnity. Naverthelass he is a "The Lord save us!"

The Lord save us!

Th

eligible. So that, in a sense, the very things one might be at first inclined to eavy in his lot are those which add poign-ancy to the discontent for which he has

eavy in his lot are those which add poignancy to the discontent for which he has such good cause.

Did I say he is unappreciated? The expression is too mild. The truth is, the rector is positively disliked; and it has come about in this way. The gentry of the neighborhood are mostly absentees, and their Scotch or Euglishgame-keepers, gate-keepers, and caretakers. with their respective wives and children, are the members—almost the only members of the rector's flock. Had but these representatives of Protestantism mustered Sunday in the well-garnished little temple over which the rector persided, with any approach to the unanimity and regularity with which the mere peasantry thronged from miles around to hear Mass in the chapel at the other end of the village, a good many of the seats would have been filled, and the array of worshippers would in itself have been an argument in favor of the existence of a church in that district. But alas! the members of Mr. Fleming's congregation were very rare church-goers. Presumably, it was in the time of his predecessor, the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Fox, that they had become so remiss. He, poor man, had been popular enough with all creeds and classes; but then he had accepted his position, had been as genial and as carcless as those about him; had enjoyed the good things and the easy life which had fallen to his lot, and had let matters take their course. Far be it from me to say that what redounds to his own comfort should be a man's, and especially a clergyman's, first consideration; or that Mr. Fleming, in taking a sterner view of his duties, did not present a nobler example. But there is discretion in all things, and Mr. Fleming, in taking a sterner view of his duties, did not present a nobler example. But there is discretion in all things, and Mr. Fleming. to his lot, and had let matters take their course. Far be it from me to say that what redounds to his own comfort should be a man's, and especially a clergyman's, first consideration; or that Mr. Fleming, in taking a sterner view of his duties, did not present a nobler example. But there is discretion in all things, and Mr. Fleming's stock of discretion and patience was soon exhausted. Shortly after his appointment to the living, he set himself to fill his empty pews. He lectured his audience in church on the iniquity of those who didn't come, in the hope that his words, like seed carried by the wind, might spread far and wide, and bring for the set of the same in the forgets the dignity of his calling. They would rather go to

those who didn't come, in the hope that his words, like seed carried by the wind, it might spread far and wide, and bring forth fruit in season. Finding, however, it that his exhortations had no effect, he called on his people and lectured them in their homes. Still there was no marked difference in the Sunday congregations. Mr. Fleming began now to get coldly angry, and Mrs. Fleming to carry herself with marked hauteur towards those upon whom pastoral admonitions were wasted. Alec Saunders, Lord Lisheen's bailiff, would tell Nathaniel Jenkins, gamekesper to Mr. Stanhope, that the "Rev. Fleming" had taken no notice of his salute one day last week; and David Evans, caretaker of Lady Lisheen's cottage, would relate how his wife lately, when making her "obedience" to the rector's lady, had received by way of acknowledgment a blank stare from head to foot.

These measures not producing the desired effect, the attendances at church becoming if possible more scanty, the rector played his last card, and reported becoming if possible more scanty, the rector played his last card, and reported the recusants to their absent employers, the recusants to their absent employers, or to their employers' agents—a step which led in one way or another to results disastrous to the rector's design. None indeed of those so reported lost their places; but the proceeding made the rector very unpopular, and blew to the winds any chance of his ever having much influence with his parishioners. Poor man!

any chance of his ever having much influence with his parishioners. Poor man! he felt his isolation keenly. His wife repeatedly told him that he was suffering for justice sake; and I doubt if it ever occurred to him that part at least of his failure was due to a certain restless, querulous element in his character which set him in antagonism to everybody, not only within his flock, but outside of it. The landowners and their agents became the objects of his incautious complaints, because they had not supported him sufficiently in his quarrel with their servants; and he alienated the sympathy of the Catholic farmers and peasantry by ants; and he amenated the sympathy of the Catholic farmers and peasantry by gratuitous denunciations of their charact-ers and of their creed. What folly it was! His parishioners and their employers were the merest handful compared with ers and of their creed. Whatfolly it was!
His parishioners and their employers
were the merest handful compared with
his Catholic neighbors, whom he would
have found friendly enough had he but
abstained from insulting them; for no
people are most tolerant than they of the
Protestantism which has been born with
a man. But Mr. Flaming made an after the results of the state of the s people are most tolerant than they of the people are most tolerant than they of the a man. But Mr. Fleming made no effort to hide the contempt in which he held it them, and with which he sought to incoulate such strangers as he could gain the ear of. My acquaintance with Gleniconoge dated farther back than the rector's—he had been stationed there some nine years only—and enamoured as it was with the archaic simplicity of these peasants, with their kindliness, and their fancies, seen through which the world became a weirder place and one more full of the marvellous, I used to be very angry at first when the rector talked in his disparaging way, and would wrangle with him hotly. But I grew tired of this, finding how powerless my arguments were to alter his dislike. So now seeing his prejudice injured no one but himself, I could listen without demurt to the oft-told history of his hopes, intentions, and disillusionment in regard to the inhabitants of the district; listen to it with even some degree of interest to see how much or how little even the

it with even some degree of interest to see how much or how little even the wording of his narrative varied from the wording of his narrative varied from the version I had heard many times before. We had got in a wonderfully short space of time upon this very topic on the afternoon when I was making my long-deferred call upon Mrs. Fleming.

Do not imagine," I can hear the rector saying, "that I came to the task with a biassed mind. I knew the misfortunes of these wretched people. I knew

"Do not imagine," I can hear the rector saying, "that I came to the task with a biassed mind. I knew the misfortunes of these wretched people. I knew what their failings and their prejudices were, and I was prepared to regard the one with pity and the other turned to work such gradual reform as my poor efforts might be permitted to bring about. Yet after all this, and after intendity what do I find? I own, my dear friend, to a feeling of the deepest disappointment. One does not expect, it would be useless to expect, great things; but so obstinate are these people in attachment to their dirt, their squalor, their abject wretchedness, that they resist, nay, they are offended by the smallest content to inculcate, if only by the force of example, practices that might lead to their social regeneration. To eillustrate what I mean: I train ivy plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque, plants and graceful creepers about my house, and I give an air of picturesque held, by means of patient cultivation and the employment of a taste I had acquired even as a boy, I keep filled with a profision of beautiful, sweet-smelling, old-

fashioned garden flowers. Does one single cottager follow my example? How much might not the woe-begone appear, ance of many of the vile habitations that we see around us be improved were it covered up with a mass of foliage! How much cheerfulness might not be added to the lives of these miserable people could they be persuaded to grow trimly-clipped hedges in front of their filthy home; or to construct wicker porches over their doors, and weave them in and out with climbing rose, clematis, or sweetbriar! It would be cheap enough! Don't tell me, sir, it is poverty prevents Don't tell me, sir, it is poverty prevents their doing these things! It is the absence of all taste: it is the want of an

absence of all taste: it is the want of an aspiration after anything higher than their present squalor which is one of the results of their enervating religious system; a system never stamped out unfortunately at the proper time, and from which I fear it will be impossible now ever to wean its victims."

"That's the secret of it," said Mrs. Eleming compressing her line. "We Fleming, compressing her lips. "We might just as well not be here, for all the good our presence does. What is the might just as well not be here, for all the good our presence does. What is the use of services punctually given and faultlessly intoned, if the people are not present to benefit by them? In the summer, with the visitors, the church is often full; and I am sure it is most consoling. But at this time of the year, Mr. Shiples. full; and I am sure it is most consoling.

But at this time of the year, Mr. Shipley,
I can assure you that Sunday after Sunday my husband delivers those solemn
lessons with a perfection of accent and an elecution that brings out all their beauty,
I this support of the price of the support man' in his face if ever a man did, and who rever shows by the negligence of his dress that he forgets the dignity of his calling. They would rather go to that barn in the village which they call a chapel, and which is in such a disgraceful state of repair that the tiles on the roof have slipped down in many places, and the ivy is hanging through the holes and climbing after the rafters inside—at least I am told so," she added parenthetically with a slight shudder, "for nothing shall ever induce me to cuter the place. They prefer it, I say, to our dear little place of worship so well built, so well kept, so regularly washed.

built, so well kept, so regularly washed. It is all part of the degraded nature of

the people."

"Still, my dear, we must not despair nor give up our task, though I own it is up-hill work."

"The people are so deceitful," continued Mrs. Fleming. "Their furtive looks as they pass you on the road tell you at once they are not to be trusted."

"Unhappily too true," said the parson.

"They have an ingrained habit of lying, and until Thar is eradicated I am afraid weshall not do much good."

weshall not do much good."
"What can you expect?" said Mrs.
Fleming with a shrug; "look at the instruction and example they get from their priest."
"What! Father John!" I cried. "I hope you have nothing to say against

hope you have nothing to say against him. He is a man whose friendship I value; his threadbare coat fills me with "I hope Mr. Shipley," said the rector's
"I hope Mr. Shipley," said the rector's
wife after a moment's pause, "he has not
got you in his toils, too. My dear," she
continued turning to her husband, "you continued training to the state of the have often had misgivings about your conduct to that person in the first instance. But the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that you were right more I am convinced many you way to him from the outset. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and I wish. Mr. Shipley would lay that maxim to heart.' she added slowly and with great

"Perhaps you are not aware that that the priest whom you condescend to speak of by his Christian name, and of the danger of whose society you do not seem to be sufficiently on your guard has seduced her into the bosom of his Church."

"My dear!" cried the rector, alarmed, "Mr. Shipley will misunderstand you.

My wife means," he added, turning to the sound has lately be-

My wife means," he added, turning to me, "that Miss Johnson has lately be-come a pervert to the Church of Rome." "Is it possible!" "It is indeed too true," said the return.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK ) THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SAMOA.

A few days later a pagan chief named

the wh

Australasian Catholic Record.

Soua welcomed them at Salevalu. Every sort of pressure was brought to bear on him by Rev. Mr. Pratt, and a whole host of preachers, to induce him not to accept the lotou of the Catholic missionaries. After a time he yielded to their entreaties. "It is strange," he said ; "for years you have been asking me to become a Christian, and now when I was pleased with the Catholic lotou you beseech me to remain a Well, to avoid further trouble pagan. Well, to avoid further trouble I will send away the Catholic missionaries, but you must never more ask me to become a Christian." Another chief named Moe, brother of Soua, now entered on the scene. He had hither-to been carefully observing the pro-ceedings of the missionary Fathers and of their opponents, and he clearly saw that the former were harshly dealt with. He accordingly invited them to take up their quarters with himself. The storm that had assailed Sous now began to rage with redoubled fury around Moe; but he was immovable in his resolve to show friendship to the missionaries. He was noted as a brave warrior, and when several deputations, stirred up by the preachers, called on him to upbraid him as a renegade, he set a formidable weapon, called the skull-cracker, at the door of his house, and he notified his resolve that the first who would again come to trouble him on this subject would experience its full weight. No further deputations came to disturb him. He proved him self in after times a firm and devoted friend to the Catholic cause.

On the 29th of September, 1845, the devoted missionaries landed at Apia They received a friendly welcome from the American consul, Mr. Williams. He was son of the Rev. John Williams, who had given proof of the most embittered hostility to the Catholic mis sionaries, and who till his career was cut short by his tragic death at Erromarga, in the New Hebrides, was most active in circulating every vilest calumny against them. Residing in the same house with Mr. Williams was Mr. Pritchard, formerly an envenomed Protestant minister at Tahiti, now the English Consul at Apia. It was solely as a matter of civility that this kindness was extended to the missionaries, but it was well repaid. This act of kindness led to friendly intercourse which broke down the anti-Catholic prejudices of former days. The one ho most terrified at the advent of the Catholic missionaries was Mrs Pritchard, yet she, after a few years, became a fervent Catholic; her daughters followed her example, and the eldest of them embraced a religious

life in the Ursuline community in

All this, however, was a matter of time. On the arrival of the mission-

England.

aries in Apia, every house of the natives was closed against them. They were invited by some Wallis friends to Faleyta, a few miles distant, but no sooner had they proceeded thither than a Fono of the chieftains was held, and it was decreed that they should not be allowed to remain. It is instructive to lock back on the calumies by which the Protestant preachers obtained this momentary triumph. Those Papists, they said, are wolves in sheep's cleth They desire to enslave the people and to consume all the substance of the they will ring a big bell three time every day, at morning, noon, and evening. The first bell will be a summons for the natives to bring to the priests all the taros that they have gathered; at the second bell, all the cocanuts and bananas are to be brought; and at the third an abun dant supply of fresh fish must be pro cured. Twice a week also, the pig (the great treasure of the natives) were to be brought and cooked, and thus in a little while the natives would be re duced to starvation and utter misery It was even set forth in detail, that, to attain their ends, 700 Frenchmen had already landed in the island of Savai and that 25 French ships were only awaiting the signal to enter the por of Apia. For a few days these lies an calumnies attained their purpose, an it seemed as if nothing would remai for the devoted missionaries but t shake the dust from their sandals an

to quit those inhospitable shores.

It was then that Mataafa, senior

entered on the scene. He was decended from the old kings of Samos himself a renowned warrior, and hes chieftain of a considerable portion the island of Upolu, of which Apia w the capital. He was known as "the King of birds," probably from the swiftness of his movements, and headquarters were at Mulinu, a probably the state of the stat montory stretching into the ocean little to the west of Apia. It w mainly through his valour that Sam had been preserved from Tongan ru and it was at his invitation that t ministers of the London Missiona Society had settled amongst them a extended their influence through all the islands. An incident of early life, however, predisposed him now offer hospitality to the Mar Fathers. Many years before, he v at sea in his state-boat paying a vi to friendly chiefs in the neighbori island of Tutuila, when a hurrica arose, and he was driven in a sh wrecked condition on the coast of W lis. The island was as yet pagan, its king, Lavelua, showed an unpected kindness to him and his co panions, gave him many presents, d him with a large new for his safe return to Upolu. In meantime, Lavelua and his people