

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE COMPANY OF NEW FRANCE." The next bottle from Montreal brought a large packet of mail which our Sieur withdrew to read in solitude. I was at work in the garden of Pere Constantin, planting the vines I had brought from the forest about the house-door, that at the coming again of summer their beauty might conceal the redness of the little cabin. I had been thus occupied for perhaps half an hour, when Sergeant Jolicoeur passed at the gate, for the house and church were enclosed by a palisade, although the pickets were not so strong nor so high as those of the fort.

"Well, my friend, what is it?" I asked bluntly, impatient of the formality of his military salute. "Le Sieur Commandant prays you to give him your company, monsieur," he answered, and then, sending a degree of his soldierly precision, added with a grim smile.

"It is a wise man that leads anger by the bridle; there is some trouble stirred up by the Red Dwarf, over yonder." As he shot a glance in the direction of the barracks, I frowned and, casting aside my spade (the role of gardener was new to me), prepared to go at once to La Mothe, to whom I had been called in need of my office as amanuensis.

"All news is a nimble messenger, Monsieur Guyon," continued sturdy Jean Joly, whose tongue the arrival of the convoy had loosened like wine. "The bargemen say there are great doings at Fort Frontenac over the claims of the new Fur Company of the Colony. I trust the like may not come to pass here. Not a week since, Sans Remission saw the Nain Rouge prowling about on the edge of the wood; this he swears to!"

"Sans Remission had quaffed too deeply of the juice of the wild grape," I interrupted tersely. "That the Commandant has unwelcome intelligence may be; that there is any connection between his letters from Quebec and the wanderings of an Indian game and the wanderings of an Indian game of the forest, it is absurd to imagine."

"Eh bien, 'An old ape never made a pretty grimace,' and I'll warrant the appearance of the Nain Rouge bodes no good," muttered Jolicoeur, shaking his head. "I wanted to hear no more foolish speech from the brave sergeant, often as I had been wont to humor his loquacity."

Arrived at Cadillac's quarters, I found myself in an atmosphere that was as the state of the air when the roll-tongues play over the summit of the hills, the distant thunder gives warnings of an impending storm. La Mothe was pacing the room like a lion goaded to fury. In his hand was a paper which bore the Governor's seal.

"Read this, my chivalrous secretary, and see how I have been made to eat the bush that others may catch the birds, how I have seen seed in the wilderness that others may reap the harvest," he cried passionately. "I took the document he thrust into my face and hastily ran my eyes over it. Thus it began:

"Be it known that the Governor General and Intendant, in consequence of the orders which they have received from the King, do by these presents from the King, in the name of His Majesty, cede, and do convey to the directors of the Company of New France from Le Detroit and Fort Frontenac, in such condition as they now are, for the Company's use, to traffic in furs, to the exclusion of all other inhabitants of a like country, so long as it shall please His Majesty."

Much more there was, and Monsieur de Cadillac was invited to confer with the directors and the Governor as to the sum to be fixed upon for his salary as Commandant; but the transfer was a severe blow to him, since by it he lost his prestige as sole ruler of the region bordering on the strait, and the permission to trade, which constituted the advantage thereof. A few days later, with the people of the fort, I watched an unexpected cat of cloud gliding up the river, its pennant flying, and its pinnacles sailed with the fresh west wind. As it approached the shore, I perceived there were several passengers, who by their dress I took to be men of note; therefore I slipped away, esteeming the obscure secretary of the Commandant would not be missed when visitors of distinction were to be entertained. On such occasions I was often beset by a morose dissatisfaction with myself, because, still unknown and unappreciated, I cut in glowing colors. Alack, how well I had learned that "golden dreams fill not an empty purse, and he who plants thorns will not cull laurels." Doubtless the strangers were travellers bound for the upper peninsula. The like adventurous spirits sometimes came our way, now that the state of the lake was complete and there was a safe stopping place upon Lake Detroit. Who they were I should have known, had I but been there long, however, Jules, the little Paul slave, came to announce that our Sieur desired my presence.

may furnish a clue to the habit of his mind. Therefore I will set down a description of these worthies as they appeared at first sight to us at Fort Pontchartrain, though I took little account of the details of their vesture until afterwards.

The first, a swarthy man of some thirty years of age, wore a suit of lawn cloth faced with red and ornamented with gold and silver buttons. The short cape that hung over his shoulders, was edged with a broad gold galloon, and wound jauntily around his hat was a scarlet riband.

His companion to the right was a handsome fellow of a fresh, rosy complexion, merry blue eyes, and an easy, happy-go-lucky manner. The somberness of his coat of brown was relieved by facings of silks, having peacotinted flowers and green leaves upon a buff ground. The waistcoat was of the same silk, but the breeches and stockings were of brown, and upon his finger he idly turned a cap of blue plush that was laced down the seams with gold.

The third was a quiet gentleman, older than the others and more dignified in his bearing. His habit was all of gray, laced with silver; the quarters of his shoes were more than an inch of broad, and his three-cornered hat had no feather.

The two younger men were "Des Blancs." Little Jules had told me that, as they were powdered perukes, from which their shoulders were white as is the coat of the mule when he returns from the mill. The queue of their associate in gray was neatly enclosed in an esleka bag. These perukes, attired as they were in the newest fashions of the Colony, and affecting in the texture of their garb the fine cloth that had begun to supersede the rich brocades and satins of a decade past, seemed to flaunt their modishness before us whose raiment was grown somewhat shabby in the wilderness; for, despite the skillful needle of Therese, even the grand court apparel of Cadillac began to show some slight signs of wear.

When I appeared at the door, the Commandant made me a sign to take a place at the writing table near to him, that I might set down notes of what ever might occur. As I did so, he said to me in a low tone wherein was a ring of irony: "These gentlemen are Messieurs Radisson, Arnaud, and Nolan, commissioners of the Company of New France." Then turning toward the newcomers with a courtesy so elaborate as to have in it a degree of sarcasm, he continued:

"Monsieur Arnaud, I will ask you to state more clearly what you have just said in part, that it may be duly recorded." Monsieur Arnaud, the man in fawn color, made a step in advance of his colleagues. "Monsieur de Cadillac," he said with a profound bow, "at the same time awkwardly saving the air with his chapman, in accordance with the request granted to the Company of New France, as set forth in the documents lately forwarded to you, we come, as commissioners of the company, to take charge of the trade of Fort Pontchartrain; and we respectfully demand that you turn the same over to us without delay, in compliance with the order of the Governor and Intendant, and in obedience to the will of the King."

"Stealth!" I heard Cadillac mutter under his breath, and the veins in his forehead grew purple. Howbeit he held his indignation in check as a master hand controls a fiery charger. He was saved from the necessity of replying immediately by Monsieur de Radisson, the man in gray, who interposed amicably:

"Be pleased to understand, Monsieur de La Mothe, the company undertakes to keep this fort and all its buildings in as good repair as they now are, thus relieving you of all expense for the maintenance of the same." "Hence, Monsieur de La Mothe," added Nolan, the young macaroni in brown, who must needs have his voice in the matter—"hence my colleagues and myself are not appointed overseers in the storehouses, but are charged with the care of any advances in moneys and goods made by the King for this post."

"His Majesty has never made any advances of moneys nor goods for Fort Pontchartrain," responded Cadillac, proudly. Nolan stared at him in blank astonishment, scarce crediting, I dare say, that our Sieur had been so foolish as to maintain the post out of his private means. "But his Majesty will make advances," he said, after a moment of hesitation. La Mothe smiled sardonically. "Like enough," he rejoined with emphasis; whereat Nolan grew less self-assertive.

"It is also submitted to you, Monsieur le Commandant," continued Radisson, taking up again the thread of their discourse, "that the King shall support the garrison of the fort, but the Commandant and one other officer shall be maintained by the company." "Yet neither Commandant nor officers shall trade for furs with the savages nor the French, under pain of confiscation of said furs, and other penalties prescribed by the King," interrupted Arnaud. "Of the gains of the company, however, the Intendant shall deduct annually six thousand livres French money being the gift of his Majesty for the support of honest families in the country who may need assistance," concluded Nolan. Cadillac rose to his feet. "Gentlemen," he said with a calmness that surprised all who knew his impetuosity, although 'twas the calmness of anger at a white heat, "you have come quickly on the heels of the Governor's messenger. The demands of the company are of a surety most sweeping. Not in this manner was Monsieur de La Salle rewarded by the Governor for his foundation in the land of the Illinois; and such restrictions were placed upon Monsieur de Tonty when he would fain have estab-

lished a post on the river of the Miamas." Here I saw De Tonty wince as at a pistol's thrust. "It is generous of the company to take off my shoulders the enormous expense of this colony which I have borne so long," proceeded Cadillac. "Still, I am not altogether minded to give up my rights and privileges, especially when I have a good sword at my hand, faithful fol- lowers,"—here he looked around at his officers, his gaze ignoring De Tonty—"and a well fortified post to aid me in upholding my position."

"Rash Sieur," protested Radisson, while his companion exchanged glances of uneasiness. The Commandant broke into a scornful laugh. "Have you fear, my doctry com- panions?" he said; "it is not my intention to clap you into irons forthwith, even though the company proposes to place galling fetters upon me. However obtained, the order is genuine. My rights have been trampled upon, my possessions taken from me in one stroke. But there are things which La Mothe Cadillac prizes more than his possessions, more even than his honor; and among these things are his honor, and his fidelity to the king. My sword, my possessions, my life, have ever been at the service of his Gracious Majesty; he may do with them according to his pleasure. Until I can state my case to France and receive a reply, I will prove my loyalty by bowing to his Majesty's command. Howbeit, have a care that you en- courage no man in the least degree upon my military prerogative. I am Commandant of Fort Pontchartrain and Seigneur of Le Detroit, and I shall enforce my authority."

Thereupon he strode from the room with the air of an offended prince. Without doubt the commissioners expected no different greeting; for when our Sieur had withdrawn thus in sulen haughtiness, Arnaud deprecatively shrugged his shoulders, and turned to De Tonty; Nolan studied the rafters, and hummed a fragment of a song; only Radisson looked uncomfortable.

Dugue and Chacornac, following the example of their chief, stalked out of the chamber, taking no further notice of the civilians; but Monsieur de Tonty in his most urbane manner now approached, and his reception has been somewhat warm, but I trust there will be no serious clash between the company's commissioners and the military authorities of Fort Pontchartrain. Nay, I feel sure there will not be, since we are all such devoted servants of His Majesty," he said with a sinister suaveness.

I, who had stopped to gather up my papers, glanced at him and tapped my sword. "Monsieur de Cadillac," he said, "but Monsieur Radisson quickly said: "I would fain assure Monsieur de Cadillac of my respect for his position and authority. May I beg of you, Monsieur de Tonty, to convey to him my sentiments?"

His companions appeared surprised, and I read in the lowering visage of De Tonty that he was not like to burden his memory with the commission. "Monsieur de Radisson," I said, addressing that gentleman with a courteous bow, "I will be pleased to carry your message to Monsieur de Cadillac, lest Monsieur de Tonty may forget it."

De Radisson started, and a deep flush dyed his cheek for a moment. But half comprehending that I had meant to be alone, he was not like to burden the Captain of the adjoining room, with a dignified inclination of the head, he replied: "Thank, monsieur, in any event it will bear repetition; I gladly accept the service you offer."

Then, with my notes in my hand, I went away, leaving the three newcomers to the society of the Italian. I found Cadillac at the manor. Our Sieur had given orders that he would be alone; nevertheless, braving his displeasure, I made my way to the salon, where he had flung himself into a chair. "Well, Normand," he cried, as I entered, "this is the hour of my humiliation. I must needs be prudent; but, forsooth, weigh my words as in a goldsmith's scales. You remember the prediction of the old hag, La Jongue, that night at the Chateau of St. Louis, is this the first time she has been proved accurate? Father de Carheil is gone from Michilimackinac. Is his prediction come to pass? Is the inheritance I have sought to gather for my children to be scattered like chaff?"

"You take too gloomy a view of the situation, mon chevalier," I protested, for never had I seen him so depressed. "If a cloud for a moment obscures the sun, it will pass, and the future will be all unclouded for the contrast."

"A while longer he sat brooding, then suddenly started to his feet with a new energy. "At least I cannot now turn back," he cried. "But, Normand, I charge you have search made for that diabolical creature, that incarnation of Indian malevolence, the Red Dwarf. We shall have naught but blood and dissension on Le Detroit while he roams abroad. I will dig a prison deeper than the Mamertines for him here within the fort; I will have him cast into the depths of the strait, with the grindstone of my mill which this trading company would take from me—with this grindstone about his neck; I will send him as a gift to the Iroquois."

"The creature will be indeed more than human, he survives this series of indignations to which you condemn him," I responded dryly. Thereat, my brother broke into a boisterous laugh. Now a laugh, even though wrung from an angry heart, clears the air of the spirit, as the report of a powder-charged cannon clears the lowering atmosphere. So, having tired of his artillery both of indignation and of half hearted mirth, La Mothe grimly set himself once more to conquer circumstance. TO BE CONTINUED.

POOR MARY SLOVAK AND HER FIVE BABIES.

A CLAIM AGAINST THE CLEVELAND AND SANDUSKY BREWING COMPANY—APPLICATION BY FATHER CHALOUPEK FOR "BENEFITS" FOR A PATRON'S WIDOW AND ORPHANS.

The Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co., Office of the Secretary, Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 1st, 1905. \$30,000 Bond; Fund, \$30,000.

Parsons to the terms of the benefit fund heretofore established by this company, expectant participants therein are requested to file their claims with the Assistant Secretary on or before Dec. 15th, 1905. Under the provisions of the 1905-1906 establish- ment said Bond Fund, this company will pay the income from Thirty Thousand Dollars (\$30,000) par value, not over one cent within the next preceding Dec. 1st, 1905, to the widow of the deceased member, or if the deceased member was a widow leaving minor children, or a married woman leaving minor children, in equal proportions who were residents of the United States at the time of the customer's death.

The result of the final award will be com- municated by mail to expectant participants, and will also be published in the public print. DANIEL F. SCHROEDER, Assistant Secretary.

In view of the above, I the under- signed do hereby publicly make applica- tion for a just share of this "Benefit Fund" for Mary Slovak and her five little orphans at Marblehead, Ohio. Mary's husband Mike was killed last year in the quarries.

Up to that time he had been a very good customer of the Cleveland Sandusky Brewing Co. We had then ten saloons at Marblehead and eight of them sold that Company's beer. Mike faithfully patronized them all. At first he did it with some reserve, just for a little refreshment; then it became a habit, and finally it seemed to him a duty. In the morning before work, and often till late at night Mike did his best to swell the dividends of the Cleveland-Sandusky Brewing Co. He was paid his wages once a month, and, true to the brewery's interests, his first stop was invariably in the saloon. The saloonkeeper cashed his check—he cashes the checks of most of the quarry- men—discounted what Mike owed him, and handed back the small balance.

There was general hilarity in the saloon on those Sunday nights—there is yet—Mike would not but share his with his fellows. Like all the others, he "set 'em up to the boys." His friend behind the bar patting him on the back and called him a jolly good fellow, and Mike felt at ease with all the world. He watched the boys playing the slot machines at the wall. With every turn of the crank the nickel rattled seductively over the metal tray. Mike could not stand by and see a fellow win in a square deal. And he lost once, twice, three times—a dozen times! The accursed machine seemed always empty when he played it. What's the use? He would rather have a drink. And late at night, with the moon look- ing down reproachfully upon him, Mike tottered along to his dingy rented shack, numbing steps except from their rude cut in the sidewalk to himself.

A haggard, sheet-like wife opened the door with a few words of reproach. What, said he? Wasn't he the master in his own home? Didn't the boys say he was all right? And Mike's generous sentiments of love for all the world changed into resentment at this insult to his drunken pride. He struck wildly at his wife, beat her with a beastly frenzy. Several ragged little urchins crept from their rude cot in the adjoining room. But they understood—it was nothing new to them. Little Mary tried to pull her mother away, and she too received her reward. The next-door neighbors heard the uproar, and then slept on again. It was nothing unusual in most of the quarriesmen's homes.

And so it went on and on, from one month to another. One day, it was a cold raw morning, Mike braced himself more than usual against the inclemency of the weather. He stopped a little longer than was his wont in the saloon on the hill. He felt quite strong when he came out, he felt enough to grind the rocks in his hands. But somehow he could not walk very fast, nor run very well, and so it chanced that when a charge of dynamite was fired, and Mike was to run for cover, he could not—well, it wouldn't hurt him any how, but it did! A flying rock struck him on the head—and that was all.

The boss shrugged his shoulders and remarked that "there were other Pollocks in Castle Garden." His countryman buried Mike. Behind the coffin tottered a ragged little woman, leaning on the arm of the "sympathetic" saloon-keeper. Five crows pinched her cheeks and hovered over the grave, and then every one went his way. "The boys" went with the saloon-keeper to drown their sorrow and cheer up a bit, now that it was all over, and very soon echoes of hilarious songs gave indication that their spirits had completely revived. The little woman with her orphan brood ate her morsel of bread in silence, and salted it with the tears of her very soul.

Kind hearts have since helped her to bear her burden, the county gives her a few dollars each month, and she manages to struggle along, but God alone knows how heavily weighs on her the care of to-day and to-morrow. There is no doubt that Mike might still be alive were it not for his "friend" the saloon-keeper, and his widows and orphans might still have a bread-earned and a father, and the community be the rejoicing of it.

And Mike's case is by no means a solitary one. It is an undeniable fact that by far the greatest part of the squalor and misery and wretchedness in the homes of the otherwise honest toilers is traceable directly to the saloon. It is true that the saloon-keeper does not drag them in there, nor force them into the saloons. But the ten saloons that line our village streets are tempta- tions enough for stronger minds than those of ignorant foreigners. They are worse than a temptation, they are a legalized crime. America has opened her gates to these people. They are the force that moves her in- dustrial machinery, and therefore she

owes it to them to protect them against the greed of their fellows and it needs be against their own passions. They cannot be left to choose for themselves, for liberty to them is a thing unknown, and therefore easily abused.

Much is being said and written about proposed new saloon legislation. Let us have it by all means, and let us have it soon, and in such form that this out- rage against humanity will be effectually curbed. In the meantime let the Cleveland-Sandusky Brewing Co. and its fellows support the children of their infamy, rather than place a premium on this form of legalized crime. V. A. CHALOUPEK, Pastor St. Joseph's R. C. church, Marblehead, O.

A FAMOUS APOSTLE.

This week the minds of Irishmen the world over naturally turn to the memory of the famous apostle whose life work was the beginning and foundation of the record of religion, civilization, learning and patriotism, which the Irish race cherishes with pride, and glories in as its most precious national inheritance. And as the years roll by every recurrence of the illustrious Saint's festival is more and more honored, and more and more interest is felt in everything that is known about him or can be ascertained from the ancient archives of the Irish nation.

In this latter connection it is gratify- ing to have occasion to recognize that in the recent and current Irish re- vival much of Ireland's great past that was in a sense buried in oblivion has been revealed and popularized, and Irish history and literature brought to the front, as well as the Irish claim for national political justice. The credit for the work of the revival is in large measure due to the Gaelic League, and especially to its distinguished and de- servedly honored president, the learned Dr. Douglas Hyde.

Among the many services to the good cause of "Irish Ireland" rendered that great Irishman, his excellent "Literary History of Ireland" must be assigned, if not the first, certainly a foremost place. A better book could hardly be chosen for good matter about St. Patrick, who, it is interesting to know, as Dr. Hyde tells us, though essentially a man of work and not of letters, "was nevertheless the earliest Irish writer of whom we can say with confidence that what is ascribed to him is really his." The principal writing here referred to is that known as "St. Patrick's Confession" in the Book of Armagh, the authenticity of which as the production of the Saint's own pen Dr. Hyde demonstrates that the evidence is overwhelming and conclu- sive. As the title indicates, the "Confession" is in the nature of an autobiographical sketch, the general character of which may be inferred from the description of some of its contents thus given by Dr. Hyde:

"He (St. Patrick) begins by telling us that his object in writing this Con- fession in his old age was to defend himself from the charge of presumption- ness in undertaking the work he had to perform amongst the Irish. He tells us that he had many tolls and perils to surmount and much to endure while on- dering for all his preaching and teach- ing. The people, indeed, were gener- ous and offered many gifts, and cast precious things upon the altar; but he would not receive them lest he might afford the unrighteous an occasion to cavil. He was still uncom- passed about with dangers; but he heeded them not, looking to the suc- cess which had attended his efforts; and dangers of their princes became monks and virgins of Christ, and the number of holy widows and of contin- ental maidens was countless." It would be tedious were he to recount even a portion of what he had gone through. Twelve times had his life been endan- gered; but God had rescued him, and brought him safe from all plots and am- buscades, and rewarded him for leaving his parents and friends and country, teaching neither their prayers nor their tears, that he might preach the gospel in Ireland. He appeals to all he had converted, and to all who knew him, to say whether he had not refused all gifts—nay, it was he himself who gave the gifts to the kings and to their sons, and oftentimes was he robbed and plundered of everything, and once had been bound in fetters of iron for fourteen days until God had delivered him, and even still while writing this Confession he was living in poverty and misery, ex- pecting death or slavery or other evil. He prayed earnestly for one thing only that he may persevere, and not lose the people whom God had given to him at the very extremity of the world."

How this prayer was heard and grant- ed by God is attested in the unshaken devotion of the Irish race, even through ages of persecution, to the teachings of Patrick and in the Catholic faith of the Irish to day; and it is attested this week in the celebrations of the Saint's festival wherever throughout the world an Irish community is to be found. Truly Patrick has not lost the people given to him by God fourteen centuries ago. Dr. Hyde gives many details derived from other authoritative sources illustrating the great apostle's missionary life and methods. Here are some interesting passages:

St. Patrick did not work alone, nor did he come to Ireland as a solitary pioneer of a new religion. He was accompanied, as we learn from his life in the Book of Armagh, by a multitude of Bishops, priests, deacons, readers and others who had crossed over along with him for the service. Several were his own blood relations; one was his sister's son. Many likely youths, whom he met on his missionary travels, he converted to Christianity, taught to read, tonsured and afterward ordained. These new priests thus appointed worked in all directions, establishing churches and getting together congregations from among the neighboring heathen. Unable to give proper attention to the teaching of the youths whom he elected as his helpers, so long as he himself was en-

gaged in journeying through Ireland from point to point, he, after about twenty years of peripatetic teaching, established at Armagh about the year 450 the first Christian school ever founded in Ireland, the progenitor of that long line of colleges which made Ireland famous throughout Europe, and to which, two hundred years later, he Anglo-Saxon neighbors flocked in thou- sands."

In a note to this last sentence Dr. Hyde says that "So many English were attracted to Armagh in the seventh century that the city was divided into three wards, or thirds one of which was called the Saxon Third. And those 8 x 100 students in Ireland more than a thousand years ago were not only educated but board- ed free of charge by the Irish, and so when Ireland was a nation ruled by her own people she was famous for her educational institutions, which were open free to all. This was in accordance with the spirit of St. Patrick, who, as we have seen, would accept no money for his preaching and teaching. Never- theless, of course, his personal needs and the needs of his helpers, as well as the material requirements of his churches, had to be somehow provided for. Dr. Hyde thus tells about this important department of the great work:

"A good-sized retinue followed Patrick in all his journeyings, ready to supply with their own hands all things necessary for the new churches estab- lished by the Saint, as well as to minister to his own wants. He traveled with his episcopal crozier, his palm-singer, his assistant priest, his judge—originally a Breton by profession whom he found most useful in adjudicating on disputed questions—a personal cham- pion to protect him from sudden attack and to carry him through floods and other obstacles, an attendant on him- self, a bell ringer, a cook, a chaplain who provided food and accommodation for himself and his household. He had in his company three smiths, three artificers and three ladies who em- broidered. His smiths and artificers made altars, book-covers, bells and helped to erect his wooden churches; the ladies, one of them his own sister, made vestments and altar linens.

Thus it was that the illustrious Patrick carried out his great mission in Ireland. He did his work well, for his heart was in it. For sixty years he taught and toiled and prayed; and then at the ripe age of one hundred and twenty in the year of our Lord 492, he "went to his rest on the 17th of March," as the old Annalist tells us. Ever since that first St. Patrick's Day in 492 the anniversary has been honored and celebrated by the Irish people; and so it will continue to be honored and celebrated as long as the race endures.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ROME SPEAKS.

Pius X. has at last broken the silence he has maintained in regard to the abrogation of the Concordat, which radically changed France's attitude towards the Holy See. In an Encyclical, which was published last Saturday, he solemnly protests against the promulgation of the separation law, and promises to instruct the clergy in regard to their conduct amid the difficulties created by the new situation. The message of the cable dispatch renders it impos- sible to grasp the outlines of this latest Encyclical, but as it is given in its en- tirety in the Universe, we, in a few days, shall be able to know exactly what the Holy Father has written.

In the meantime, his views on the general situation may be gathered from a published interview with him which appears in the London Express, and which has been cabled over to the New York Sun. After referring to the rest- lessness manifested by French Catho- lics on account of his silence, the Pope is reported as saying: "I myself chose to wait. I shall certainly speak, but in my own good time. That time is not yet. The separation law is a treacherous one, full of snares and pitfalls. Some of these are al- ready apparent. Others will be dis- covered later.

"The passage of a law is not every- thing. We must wait until it is ap- plied. When the exact position of our adversaries is ascertained we will dis- close ours. We are ready. At present I am willing to be called passive and inert, but I am inert in the hands of Him Who upholds me, and by Whom and for Whom I will be strongly alive when the day for action comes."

As to the future of France, the Holy Father is represented as making con- dent that that country will never finally separate itself from the church. "Catholics," he is reported as saying, "are about to suffer persecution for their faith which it behooves them to confess and vindicate. France will never finally separate from the church, to which she has always remained loy- al, nor will the church forsake her. There are still many just souls in France. I give all my blessing. Let them pray."

It is well known that Pius X. bears a special love for the church in France. With her glorious record in the past spread out before him he is justified in believing that she will be able to over- come the trials that are in store for her in the coming years. When he deems the time opportune he will point out to her clergy the course for them to adopt in order to advance the best interests of the church.

The Encyclical published a week ago prepares the way for further action on the part of the Holy See. When Rome speaks the Catholics of France will know better how to defend themselves against their enemies, who would if they could de-Christianize France.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Ten cents for a drink goes freely. So does 100 cents for a shine, and 10 cents for a waiter's tip. But 10 cents at church. Ah—how grudgingly it is often given.—Catholic Columbian.

If you can give, give; if you can not give, be kind; for God accepts the good will when He sees that you can give nothing.—St. Augustine.