

THE LAND QUESTION IN IRELAND.

ABLE ADDRESS BY MR. D'ARCY SCOTT OF OTTAWA.

"The Irish Land Question," was the subject of a very interesting lecture by Mr. D'Arcy Scott in St. Patrick's hall, Ottawa, Thursday evening, March 12, under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society. The attendance was very fair. Dr. Freeman occupied the chair.

Mr. Scott pointed out the wonderful incident witnessed recently in Dublin when the landlord and tenant, the Nationalist and Unionist, the Catholic and Protestant sat down side by side and came to an agreement, which, if given the force of law by the British Parliament would forever establish peace in Ireland and heal up the sores of the past. Prior to 1809 the landlords were masters of Church and State, and the tenants were their slaves, and subject to be turned out of their holding whether they were in arrears of rent or not, and had to pay the landlord what he demanded. Mr. Gladstone's bill of 1881 established a system of tenure, fair rents and free sales. He practically said to the landlords: "You have been treating the tenants so shamefully in the past that Parliament is going to step in and see in future what rent you shall receive, and that rent will only be paid upon your interests in the land and will not include the tenant's improvements."

NEITHER PARTY SATISFIED.

But while the dual ownership established by Mr. Gladstone's bill did much to relieve the tenants and made their condition far superior to what it was before, still the principle of dual ownership between landlord and tenant who had been historic enemies satisfied neither party. The landlord felt that the Land Commission which was the body established by Mr. Gladstone to revise the rents did not allow them enough, and the tenants on the other hand thought that the rents were based too high. For a few years following the Gladstone Act strife in Ireland was at its height with the Land League and Parnell. It was clearly established that dual ownership was not a success and a Conservative government in 1885 who were kept in power by the Irish vote introduced a great land act called the Ashburton Act which endeavored to bring about single ownership by assisting the tenants to buy out their landlords. This was only done where the landlords consented to sell.

Under the Ashburton Act a department of the Land Commission called the Land Purchase Department was established. Where a landlord and tenant came to terms the department would see that the tenants were getting fair value for the money, and then the government would advance the money to the tenants to enable them to pay the landlord his interest, and the tenants would pay back this amount in annual instalments to the state. This policy of land purchase worked wonders wherever the tenant was allowed to purchase and become a land owner. He became happy and contented and with that the Irish people soon succeeded in making himself comfortable on his holding. To-day nearly seventy thousand tenants have been made happy through the system of land purchase, and the Imperial Parliament has already set aside over £50,000,000 for the purpose of assisting land purchase. But land purchase can only be brought into effect where the landlord consents to sell, and very naturally it has been the aim and ambition of hundreds of thousands of tenants, whose landlords will not sell, to make their landlords change his mind, by means which are not always the most pleasant to the landlord. Therefore the strife that has been going on in Ireland is brought about by the success of the Unionist Government policy of land purchase. When the landlord agrees to sell the Government came forward to assist the tenants to purchase, and where the landlord refuses to sell the Government sends their constabulary to assist the landlord to collect his rents.

FAVORS REDISTRIBUTION.

There is another phase of the land question which he found in what is called the congested districts, that is in places where the tenants have been driven off the good lands by their landlords, and have been compelled to take up small holdings on poor lands. These tenants cannot earn a living off the property they occupy, and it has been the policy of Mr. T. W. Russell and the United Irish League to effect a redistribution of the land among the tenants, so that each one would have sufficient acreage of good land to support himself by.

Where the landlord agrees to sell in the congested districts the Government have a board known as the Districts Board who attend to the redistribution of the land among the tenants. In the County Mayo Lord Dillon was compelled to sell to his tenants after long years of strife. The tenants have been made happy and contented by land purchase and by a redistribution of the land. Adjoining the Dillon Estate is the De Freyne Estate where the landlord refused to sell, and where the tenants are miserable and wretched. If the policy of compulsory purchase which has been advocated by the United Irish League were to be made law, the landlords who would not sell—such as Lord De Freyne—would be bought out at a fair valuation and their estates sold to their tenants. If Mr. Gladstone fixed rents by compulsion in 1881, there is no reason why the present Government should not fix principal out of which the income is to be derived by compulsion.

It could not, however, be expected that at the recent convention the landlords would agree to compulsory purchase. Therefore it was agreed at the conference that a Government bonus should be given to the landlords as an inducement to get them to sell. This Government bonus would not be large. It would amount to the cost of the South American war for about a week and would in a few years be entirely saved

by reduction in the expense of Irish government. Apart altogether from this, the British Parliament owes it to the Irish people to assist them in getting rid of the landlord octopus. It is the landlord system of course that the Nationalists desire to be rid of, not the landlord personally, and this is made quite clear in the conference report. By a royal commission which recently examined into the amount of taxes of these settlements. Our animal is usually at times; never treacherous. Not even the experienced Northernmen ever succeed in fully training the reindeer. They must frequently depend upon their dogs and small bears to assist them in subduing the proverbial reindeer temper.

HOME RULE NEXT.

Mr. Scott stated that he believed Home Rule would undoubtedly follow a settlement of the land question, but it would have none of its old enemies in its opponents in Ireland, and would come without agitation or strife, and by consent of all parties when the land question was settled. The settlement of the land question means changing the disloyal, dissatisfied people of Ireland into happy well-wishers of the British Empire.

In conclusion Mr. Scott said the Irish people stand before the British parliament and say you have in the past, for conquered us, you have tyrannized over us, you have confiscated our land, closed our homes and driven sons and daughters away as exiles. You have allowed our people to starve by artificial famine by your misgovernment, and have cast our leaders into prison for daring to preach that same liberty of which your empire boasts, but all this will be forgotten, all will be forgiven, if you will but give us back our land. Mr. Scott hoped the settlement would go through for Ireland's sake for England's sake, for the sake of the Empire, but above all for justice's sake.

VOLE OF THANKS.

Mr. McKenna moved, seconded by Mr. Stockley, a very hearty vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening for the scholarly and lucid manner in which the subject was treated. Mr. McKenna said the question, to students of history, had always been a very dry one, but Mr. Scott had succeeded in making it most interesting. Dr. Freeman said it afforded him much pleasure to convey the thanks of the audience to the speaker. Mr. Scott thanked the audience for their kindness and said he was very grateful for the support he had received from the Irish gentlemen and Irish ladies of Ottawa (applause). The subject was one especially dear to him and to all loyal Irishmen, and if he had succeeded in elucidating the question any he was doubly grateful.

THE FIGHTING SAINT.

Recently Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, received a delegation of the County Donegal Association of that city, who presented him a handsome archiepiscopal cross and a bunch of American Beauty roses. In response the Archbishop said:

"Saints of Donegal! I hold in my hands your archiepiscopal cross and hope some inspiration will come from its presence. I am delighted with the address, and especially with the reference to Columbkille, who was in a manner a symbolic saint exhibiting Irish characteristics. He was a man of great piety, devoted to the faith, and of great learning. The island was distinguished for its learning, being, as it were, the university of Europe. To it went, as the Venerable (now Saint) Bede testified, scholars from every country seeking knowledge, and where they were poor they were supported by the inhabitants of the island. King Alfred sent to the island for teachers. St. Columbkille possessed great sanctity, great faith, great learning and great courage. He might be called the fighting saint. Hence he is an excellent model for those who maintain the standard of faith amidst opposition and persecution."

"As the spiritual chief of your great clan I am glad to appear before you. I know your attachment to the country of your birth will never interfere with your duty to your adopted country. There is hope for better things in the old country. This will come with the settlement of the land question, and afterward, what is of even more importance, Home Rule."

A LAPLAND MISSION.

Here in the middle west, frequently we think the weather cold and the winter nights long. We have sympathy, too, for the missionaries of old who left home and friends and went among the red men and ministered to them. How deep, however, should be our reverence for one who spend his life in a country where there is practically six months day and six months night! The current Providence Visitor presents a letter written by Father F. Hartmann, who conducts a mission in far off Lapland. The account presented by the missionary is peculiarly graphic, and gives us an insight into a land that is little known and introduces us to a people of whom we virtually know nothing. Says Father Hartmann:

"I write from the icy depths of Lapland. It is winter. Not the winter we have had the past few months here when snow and ice are as common in August as they are in January in the temperate zones, but winter in the true sense of the word. The sun has just set, not to be seen again for many months, and the long 'midnight' with its gruesomeness is on. Snow is falling in columns. A howling, blustering squall seems gaining with every hour to rive and shatter the mountain rocks to their very base."

In the presence of this unearthly cold and darkness, among a starving race of human beings to whom the flashes of the Northern Light are terrifying, not wonderful, the only guide of the devoted missionary is the light of his faith.

"But this is just the acceptable time for the missionary. The powers of the elements are overwhelming in more than one respect. Moreover, immediately

after the winter the Laplanders leave their winter quarters, and, assisted by his reindeer, sleighs off towards the fjords, or the ocean coast, or on a walrus or bear hunt. After the season he returns to his winter roost. For nine months of the year the Laps are nomadic. Our Catholics among them are so different from their countrymen."

"The faithful reindeer is always on hand. Let us take a trip through some of these settlements. Our animal is usually at times; never treacherous. Not even the experienced Northernmen ever succeed in fully training the reindeer. They must frequently depend upon their dogs and small bears to assist them in subduing the proverbial reindeer temper."

"Of course your outfit must be of fur from head to foot, the cold, particularly in the mountain districts, is not to be trifled with. The Lap's sleigh contrasted with the more Southern article looks rather like an improvised device. It is hewn out of a tree trunk, and is never large enough to accommodate more than one person. We must be provided."

"The missionary will need an additional one for his portable altar and another for his baggage. Once seated be sure that the reins are well secured to your person, never under any consideration must you relinquish them, for once beyond your check the poor animal will start into a mad dash always more northward than southward. Weird wilds until you are lost among the most ferocious beasts of the Arctic regions."

"Now ready for the trip. Though 11 a. m. by the clock, the moon is in all her glory. The few patches of plains to the right and the left covered with stumps and stunted shrubs soon disappear to give place to terrible heights and tremendous rocks until your journey is viciously punctuated by thundering cliffs and howling precipices. Ever forward and upward we tear, and ever deeper and more daring the path. On the right the gaping deep of eternal ice; a towering wall of solid granite threatening to the left and overhead. One misstep of our animals and we are lost. But they know neither fear nor danger, and you are as secure as you would be on the sidewalks of Broadway, New York. But the solitude would make you shudder; not a tree in sight, no shrub, nor even the suggestion of a blade of grass, no living being of any description. Nothing save the occasional footprints of the wolf or the fox whose hunger howls may often be heard through the thrilling darkness."

Thus we speed on for hours and days together. Our clothes are in armor of ice and snow. Only with effort can we control our eyes and mouths whose closing may be fatal at any time."

What is the strange sound! A dog! we are nearing a settlement! A little while and we see the anxious Lap waving us a welcome to his little home. He is a Catholic; our messenger has told him of our coming. Greeting and reception is most cordial, but very unlike our experience in Caucasian countries. We do not shake hands—they must not under any consideration be taken from either mutually part the others shudder. This is a la Laps. The Eskimomother also approaches with her husband in dappled silks and furs to greet us."

"We enter the hut and are at once served with coffee. There is no table. The cups are passed around as we sit by the fire place. The sugar follows in strange fashion; the good mistress leads by biting her share from an ungainly looking lump and passes the rest to her neighbors. This is a la Laps. The Eskimomother also approaches with her husband in dappled silks and furs to greet us."

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"Dinner over, the feast really starts. An animated conversation begins; every imaginable story, true, possible, or probable is hurried into entertainment. Questions without limit are in all sorts of order. Their troubles, hardships, fears and pleasures are freely commented upon. It is only toward the small hours of the morning that our Laps are induced to think of rest. And now the turn for that so far served as seat, in turn serves as a couch. On the morrow the mission begins with the Holy Sacrifice of the altar offered upon the portable altar near the fire. After devotions the family assists at religious instruction, and explanation of the catechism. It is so consoling to see now much of our past visits remains treasured up in the minds of these poor benighted people. Their life puts many even well educated people to shame. Naturally many of the less familiar doctrines are distorted with their own way of grounding explanation. But, everything is considered, their knowledge of essential doctrines is amazing."

Confession follows instruction and on the succeeding morning the entire family approach the Holy Table. Next comes an hour's devotion to the Sacred Heart, to Whom our entire mission is consecrated, and upon Whom we look for grace, strength and blessing. With words of advice and further encouragement we leave them to head for the next station." Rev. F. Hartmann.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus is the life of our comforts and consolations. The sorrowing Catholic heart turns to the Divine Heart for solace, and turns not in vain. Anguish that no earthly balm can soothe finds in His Sacred Heart a divine sympathy and fellowship, and in its deepest sorrow the soul throws itself on His bosom. "The Heart of Sorrows," the weeping, suffering Heart of Jesus is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and the suffering soul finds its best and truest consolation in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

HON. BLOWITZ DEAD.

The late M. de Blowitz, former Paris correspondent of the London Times, had a long audience with Leo XIII. in 1883, and subsequently was wont to say that the only men who had not disappointed him were Bismarck and the Pope. Though he declared that the interview with the Holy Father was of the deepest interest—in fact, the most extraordinary he had ever had—he never disclosed the purport of it. Many papers have described M. de Blowitz as a Jew. A writer in the Manchester Guardian, Mr. Richard Whiteing, who was personally acquainted with him, states that he was a convert to the Catholic Church and that he increased the difficulties of his journalistic position. In its notice of his death, which occupies more than a page of space, the Times leaves no room for doubt as to his creed. As a child he was baptized a Catholic and throughout his whole career he lived as a believing member of the Catholic Church. Amongst the papers which were found accompanying his will was one attesting his Christian baptism at Pilsen, in Austria. Father Columban Tyne, of the church of the English Passionists, Paris, an old friend, who was himself an Irish journalist before he became a priest, administered the last sacraments to M. de Blowitz. The dying journalist edited those who surrounded him by his spirit of piety. He kissed the crucifix several times most devoutly, and, later on, before Father Columban left the house, he drew forth two medals of Our Blessed Lady which were continually suspended around his neck, he likewise kissed them with all possible veneration. Father Columban was again with him shortly before he expired, and a nun was praying by his bedside when he passed away. Over his head in the chamber where he reposed after death and under the crucifix that always hung upon his wall was placed the precious manuscript of the Papal Benediction, signed by Leo XIII., which had been for several years a comfort to him. The obsequies at the Church of St. Honore d'Elyan, were attended by many who have gained the highest distinction in political, literary and artistic spheres.

NOTABLE NON-CATHOLIC TRIBUTE TO POPE LEO XIII.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pontificate of Leo XIII., while eliciting as a matter of course affectionate demonstrations of loyalty to the venerable Pontiff, and of gratitude to God Who has spared him thus long to the needs of the Church, from the faithful world over, has also brought out striking expressions of respect and admiration from non-Catholics.

The Rev. E. Edward Young, Presbyterian minister of Pittsburgh, Pa., said:

"What more auspicious moment for healing the four-century enmity between Protestant and Roman Catholic than these days of rejoicing over the twenty-five years' Pontificate of Leo XIII? Which non-Catholic shall be so unbrotherly as to throw nettles amongst the flowers Christendom brings to the celebration? Anybody not satisfied with the personal character of Pope XIII. would be hopelessly hard to please. During two full generations he has labored amidst a blaze of publicity, every hostile searchlight turned on his every act; yet who has heard a whisper against his probity and Christ-like life? By choice nearly all of his four score and thirteen years have been passed under ascetic privations, his food costing 25 cents per day, his total daily personal expenditures equal to those of the lowliest peasant, revenues from his private estate given to the poor and the Church, his every day one terrible round of toil burdened by countless details, his greatest papers written after midnight, when others in the Vatican, brotherly as they were, were sleeping."

"Who studying, those who sleep, those who hear that voice, clear as a trumpet, mellow as a flute, pronouncing the Latin Omnia Gentium as if the words were music, and witnessing the frantic love of his flock kneeling to kiss his hand and the golden cross on his slipper and watching his delicate fondness for the children and the humblest—who so seeing can class Pope Leo XIII. elsewhere than among the most remarkable personages of any age? How he manages to believe some things he advocates I cannot understand, but that he does believe them I do not doubt. In his Church I think I see serious flaws; yet that it has rendered and will render humanity untold service of inestimable good I am fully persuaded. Henceforth let us contend with it only in trying, if possible, to surpass it in usefulness."

The Independent, the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D. D., editor, says: "There has never been a man so well now celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election and his surpassing thus the 'years of Peter.' He has proved himself one of the wisest, purest and most statesmanly Pontiffs that have ever worn the tiara. We can ask no better blessing for the largest Church in Christendom than that Leo XIII. may sit upon the Pontifical throne until he reach the century mark and outlive all that have gone before him."

"He has wielded the most powerful personal influence of any man of his time, and he has wielded it for righteousness, or has always intended to do so. The world has never seen a better Pope, and we doubt if it ever does see one. He has lived a life of purity, piety and kindness toward all mankind, yet he has shown in his attitude toward worldly events great wisdom and large liberality. The temporal power of which his office has been shorn has been a small thing compared with the deference paid him and the influence he exerts with regard to the world's temporalities, to say nothing of his far-reaching authority over things spiritual. One beautiful characteristic of his reign is

that his voice has always been for peace, and in this as in many other respects he has been a faithful representative of the Prince of Peace. He has deprecated war whatever the provocation that he has done much toward keeping the passions of nations from reaching the explosive point. He will leave the world his debtor, and will be known to future generations as one of the brightest ornaments of the Papal line."

A discordant note is struck by our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporary, the Churchman—"So near, and yet so far!" In an unsympathetic summary of the first events of the jubilee celebration, the Churchman says: "There was great enthusiasm and the usual seditions hurrahs for the Pope. King from those who like to play with treason when it is safe to do so."

How dull this charge of "treason" would be to the extreme partisans of the Italian Government in Rome! They know that but for the presence of the Pope in Rome the grass would grow in many of its streets.

When King Humbert I. wished to bury his father, Victor Emmanuel, in the Pantheon—which, theoretically, he owns—he sent an embassy to ask the Pope's permission. The plan was to bury the dead King in the centre of the edifice. But the Pope objected to this, and in deference to his wishes, Victor Emmanuel was interred in the usual way, at the side of the edifice, and here his monument is erected. It may be naturally the consciousness of no more than a spoiler's right and of very uncertain tenure.—Boston Pilot.

THE KIND OF MEN WHOM COMBES IS BANISHING FROM FRANCE.

The Protestant correspondent of a Protestant paper, the Living Church, writing from France, speaks as follows of the religious orders against which the French government is carrying on its infamous campaign:

"The general subject of crusade against the Congregations brings up naturally the merits and services of the different bodies attacked. With the work of most of them, people are generally acquainted broadly. There are, however, some special Congregations of religious—priests and nuns banded together—who fall under the present ban, and with whose exploits none are less conversant. It may interest your readers to learn a few facts of a body of such men, who, from their fulcrum in France, have made the other side of the world especially their field of labor; whose names are indeed much better known in Australia, and the islands of Oceania, than they are in France itself. Such are the Congregation of the Marists. The Marists are a modern body; their work is less often quoted in papers and periodicals than that of others with greater antiquity and more sounding names in the roll. They have, none the less, done devoted and true missionary work in the sense of the very first evangelizers."

"In 1790, a young priest from the Beaujolais named Colin, who, from a child had the fixed idea of founding a new institution for evangelizing, set to work to carry out his determination. His first disciple was his brother. He strove, worked, prayed, and convinced others. The small society grew. It took the name of Marie. In 1882, having put himself into communication with the Holy See, Colin received from Pope Pius VII. a laudatory and permissive 'brief.' After this Pere Colin held the post of director of the seminary of Belley, where instruction became one of his necessary duties."

"Now came the 'occasion' which launched the Marists on their special work. The Holy See asked, in 1839, of the Society of the Propaganda at Lyons whether they had not a man, or men, who could work in Western Oceania, a district that the Congregation at Rome specially desired to be cultivated."

"Colin and his friends were signaled out, and the proposal made to them 'to go.' It was accepted with generous fervor. This was the beginning of a mission that has been actively worked ever since."

"The Marists soon became a household word in that far-off part of the world. In some of the islands where their work lay, the inhabitants were cannibals, so the prospect was not alluring. Certainly several of the number of devoted missionaries suffered martyrdom for their cause. This body especially ministers to the want of New Caledonia, and the convicts sent thither from France. This has, from a kind of unwritten tradition, become their particular task."

"The islands of the archipelagoes of the 'Navigators' and of Tiji have been worked and converted entirely by them."

"New Zealand owes its early Christianizing influences to them. Besides such far-off stations, the Marists have centres of work in London, Dublin, and Louisiana, and a college at Jefferson, as well as several houses in France."

IRISH HUMOR.

"Irish humor" seems to be as eternally green as the Irish shore, says the Macon News. Nothing in the way of misfortune or trouble can wholly destroy it.

A few days ago a typical son of the Emerald Isle, although he had found a hard life, far from his native land, appeared before the anthracite coal commission. Before many minutes had been taken up in examining him the chances came for what he waited, as naturally as a duck waits for the rain. He testified that he had been half killed in the mines twice.

The judge remarked that he must be dead, then.

"But, one side got well before the other was killed," quickly replied the Irishman.

In a minute the commission of staid and dignified men, and the judges and the lawyers were all smiling; like the flash of a sunbeam the mirth went from countenance to countenance, that had all been serious with the weighty problem confronting them; and the weary problem of existence that had cast a

gloom over all gave way before the irresistible humor of the old Irishman. Twice in his life, as he testified, the old fellow had been half killed. For thirty years he had lived in the underworld, always in debt to the company, and only once in seventeen years had he received his wages in actual money. Here was a man over sixty years of age, whose life had run in dark and tragic lines, one who had been a slave to the mines and one in whom it would seem that all joy had been stifled forever. Yet as soon as this old Irish humor appeared before the prosperous and scholarly committee it was not ten minutes before his humor irradiated the dry proceedings and set the table in a roar.

How fragrant and perennial is that flower of Irish humor! exclaims a commentator on this incident. How like a star it is, too, shedding its kindly beams through the darkest night! Indeed, it is both star and flower, diverse as they may be; for could anything be more delightfully wayward, deliciously perverse and serenely inconsistent than this same Irish humor. Being over the twin sister of pathos, one will find it blooming in melancholy sweetness by the new-made grave upon the wind-swept hill. But if we may be pardoned the Irishism, it is also the twin-sister of joy, and so may be found trolicking where the sunshine of life falls brightest.

Out of the dark and grimy mine came this old son of the night, bringing with him this boon of joy as undying in the Irish heart as the beautiful shamrock is in Irish meadows. Bless God for the poor yet rich old miner, Jim Gallagher! And there's hoping that his Christmas stocking—if he had one—was filled with the good things of this world. He gave the entire country that priceless blessing, a good laugh. So we say, Let 'er go, Gallagher.

OUR RELIGION.

In considering the Eucharist as a sacrament the very first questions which naturally present themselves are, When and by whom was it instituted? As with all the other sacraments, the Eucharist was instituted by none other than Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The time of its institution was the night previous to His Passion. Those who desire may read its history by turning to the first Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The three senior Evangelists have also given an account.

In the Greek the word means thanks. And according to the authorities quoted, on the above occasion Our Lord took bread into His hands, and giving thanks broke it and gave it to His disciples, saying to them, "This is My body which is given for you; this do for a commemoration of Me." In like manner, He took the chalice and said, "This is the blood of the New Testament which is shed for you in the remission of sins."

We have here set forth very clearly what constitutes the matter of the sacrament, namely, bread and wine. But of especial consideration are the words here used. Upon them depends the essential doctrine of the Catholic Church. For it is our essential belief that after the words of consecration have been pronounced by the priest the body and blood, soul and divinity of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ are really, truly, and substantially in the sacrament of the Most Holy Eucharist."

This belief is the essence of our faith. It is the great and all-important fact which has distinguished the Catholic religion from all other professing forms of Christianity. It is the doctrine of the Church since the eventful night previous to the Passion of Our Lord. It is the great dividing line between Catholicity and Protestantism. Failure to properly understand its meaning as enunciated by the Church, or better, perhaps, failure to accept the authority of the Church, gave rise to Zwinglianism and Calvinism and other heretical doctrines.

The Catholic Church teaches and her faithful children believe that Jesus Christ is really and truly present in manner as stated in the Blessed Eucharist. It is a Real Presence. And we have good and powerful reasons to support the doctrine. Some of these we shall briefly review in our next article.—Church Progress.

THE LATE FATHER LEBRET.

Calgary Herald, March 4, 1903. "The Gazette, of Canaduff, Assn., has the following graphic pen picture of the late Father Lebet, a pioneer missionary of the North West, who died recently at the Holy Cross hospital in this city."

"In Macleod last spring we met Father Lebet, and we were proud to make the acquaintance of the grand old missionary, whose devoted life and labors form part of the history of the New West. The Catholic church and parsonage are on the high bank of the river, which was a howling flood, a mile and a half wide. The handsome, big, old Frenchman—he was a Frenchman from France—was pacing slowly up and down at sunset, halting now and again to look at the sunset which held Macleod prisoner. He was a striking figure in that wild scene—the stately dark eyed old priest, bare headed, in the long black robe of his Order, girdle upon his waist, from which, shining in the slanting light of the setting sun, hung a large brass crucifix. The memory of an Indian friend—as we stood together on the brink of that terrible flood—will not soon fade. A kind, gentle, and a strong man withal, he was a good man to talk with, for the parish priest of Macleod, besides knowledge and wisdom, had the saving grace of a gentle and kindly humor. He was good enough to invite the wandering heretic to call and see him again, but we shall never see him more—unless we quit the newspaper business."

After the service at St. Michael's church on Sunday morning, Rev. Father Boutin, on behalf of the congregation, presented Frank W. O'Connor with a handsome gold watch suitably inscribed. Frank, who is in every way an exemplary young man, has served eight years in the sanctuary, and for the past three years has been senior altar assistant. In the past, commending himself to the respect and esteem of the members of the congregation who thus manifested their regard, the Rev. Father Boutin delivered a most appropriate address.—Rideau town Dominion.