

As to the ballot for the negro, it seems to be the opinion of all well informed people that the present disfranchisement is only temporary. Those negroes who by their intelligence, their industry and thrift have gained the respect and confidence of the whites are never refused the right to register and vote. Many even hold office. Our missionaries are on the whole agreed on this question. In a few places where white Catholic churches were erected, a certain amount of restiveness was shown by the whites on account of the unhindered admission of the colored members of the parish to the Church. The influences of Protestantism in this respect were, of course, apparent, but the priests had little difficulty in allaying what little friction was created, by explaining the position of the Catholic Church on this question.

The Southern people can be trusted to solve whatever problem there may be in the future. The people of the North do not understand the negro as a race or as an individual, and it would be as profitable to go to them for accurate information on this subject, as it would be to go to a Protestant for a correct exposition of the Catholic faith.

Home Column

MY MOTHER.

Often have I seen my mother,
Steal into the shadowed room;
Where her little ones were sleeping,
And amid the twilight gloom,
Breathe a prayer that God would bless
And guard them with His tenderness.

All the children now are scattered;
Mother sleeps beneath the sod;
Her sweet eyes are closed forever,
Her pure spirit is with God;
Yet methinks she still is pleading
For her darlings, interceding.

Whether this be so I know not,
This, at least, I sweetly know;
That she moves, a guardian angel
Mid the shadows here below;
And doth still her vigil keep
O'er us, when we wake or sleep.

CHERISH THAT MOTHER.

It is only when patient, skilful hands have been folded over a heart that has ceased to beat, and when the dropped tasks, hitherto always faithfully performed, are perforce taken up by some unaccustomed worker, that real appreciation of the value of loving service begins to dawn in the hearts of the sorrowing survivors. The duties that had been so quietly and, as it seemed, pleasantly performed by the one just passed away, now suddenly assume dimensions so formidable that no one is found with sufficient courage or ability to undertake them single-handed. Often an entire household is disorganized, a whole family disbanded, because of the dropping out of one life, which no one had suspected to be of such importance.

In the place of the loving, uncomplaining mother and home-maker, who was never weary of providing for all possible contingencies affecting the welfare of her dear ones, you may introduce the most competent housekeeper, the most unselfish relative; yet with an equal endowment of health and domestic experience, the substitute fails utterly to retain the old, serene order of things which insured perfect happiness for each individual member of the family. It is not from a defect of good-will, nor capacity, that failure springs in such a case. It is because the full tide of love which kept the family life at the high-water mark of contentment has ebbed away to rise no more. An uncommon degree of vision is needed to perceive the nature and extent of the difficulties being constantly met, and grappled with by persons whose successes in a chosen walk of life make their achievements appear easy—the real work is easy. No truly great task, nor even ordinarily useful achievement, is performed without strenuous effort and thought. The mind may be trained, the fingers become more supple with constant practice in one direction, so that a certain facility and rapidity of execution are acquired, but there is none the less a

large demand on the worker's energy, attention and perseverance. The love that guides the skilful hand makes light of difficulties, it is true, and laughs at hardships, but all its magic is not powerful enough to remove the one or the other. It can but conquer and endure them. It behooves us, therefore, to be careful how we lightly describe the life-work of any man or woman as "easy" till we personally make the experiment of doing as much with equally good results. And when we are too ready to admit that certain tasks are beyond our own strength and skill let us not forget that we at the same time make tacit confession of a lack of love for the work in question, or for the persons to be benefited thereby. The greatest love is that which deliberately chooses the most difficult things to do in order to prove itself in the eyes of the beloved one. But self-love, which is far more common, ever seeks its own ease first, and counts it a sore grievance to be compelled to sacrifice comfort, pleasure, or substance for the benefit of a fellow-creature, however near and dear.—Ex.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus!
All the long, unending strife,
All the soul's deep conviction,
All the weariness of life.

Regina Notes

Copious rains have made the crops in this district present a most promising aspect. Merchants report a flourishing business and Regina certainly bids fair to have and to hold its place as the city of the Territories. Buildings are going up at an astonishing rate, not only in one part of the town, but north, south, east and west the carpenters are as busy as they can be—German town not excluded.

We sincerely hope ere long to see some more striking signs of the long-talked of new church, for with the present influx of settlers, Catholics as well as others, our present church, not large enough five years ago to accommodate the congregation, must surely be a great inconvenience.

Among the many new arrivals in Regina we were pleased to meet and welcome to our Prairie City Miss Murphy, of Ontario. We trust her example may be followed by more young ladies of that province.

STE. ROSE.

The swallows have come back again and the Whip-poor-Will repeats its plaintive note on peaceful evenings; the wild flowers bloom afar and anear for "tis now the sweet o' the year." Mother Earth renews her youth, blithe and hopeful, and forgets her thousands of winters. Other children now hasten to drink from their springtime's magical fountains, ever freshly flowing, as we did in our dewy dawn, and they shall look back to these days with pitiful tenderness and say, because of the glamour of memory, "Ah we were happy then!" Whilst we—but no—perish the thought—can an immortal soul ever grow old!

Such beautiful weather and the crops green already. We are busy breaking all around, and with a steam engine on Mr. Tholinet's section.

The cheese factories are running and the milky way has commenced every morning, and the whey that is not at all milky returns at noon.

We have any amount of new settlers of a desirable class. The price of land is going up all the time.

Our new church is getting too small for us; it will be to our interest as well as a pleasure to help the people of Ste. Amelie to build theirs, so that we may have room for ourselves.

M. Manoury de la Cour has bought land touching in the village, having for near neighbor, M. Langevin, brother of His Grace, who leaves Laurier in our favor, and who is a great addition to our choir, which up to now, like a good Christian, has principally set its hopes on the future.

We have all been delighted with reading a visit to La Trappe, written in such a bright and persuasive manner. I remember reading in some old chronicles, long years ago, how it was that de Rance instituted this order. He was, as your

charming narrator says, a French nobleman, young and distinguished, and was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl who lived in a neighboring castle. Shortly before the day fixed for his wedding, he was obliged to absent himself for some time; when at length he returned, instead of going to his own home, he rode on to hers, and seeing lights in the drawing-room, he dismounted and, tying up his horse, stepped inside the long French windows, which were standing open, thinking to behold his dearest one. But what a scene met his gaze; she lay dead in her coffin, the yellow wax candles throwing their lustre on her mangled remains; for, as they said in the old chronicles, the coffin had been made too short for her, and according to the barbarous customs of those times, her head had been severed from her body and placed on her breast. This is why de Rance retired from the world and found out another road to Heaven, a silent and straight one, for himself and his followers, going in by the Trappe-door. What a chance they have above others, for he who offends not with the tongue is a perfect man.

THE OLD CAMPER

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A MACHINE FOR COUNTING COINS.

An old treasury employe has just invented an ingenious coin counting machine. It consists of a round metal hopper into which coins are poured. From this the coins are led into an attachment, or head, as it is called, which is kept constantly revolving by a crank operated by hand. Each revolution carries six or more coins through a registering device which keeps track of the exact number.

There is a different sized head for each coin, and the change from nickels to pennies or from dimes to quarters or coins of larger denomination can be made instantly. It is estimated that with one of these machines a strong boy can accurately perform the work of five or six clerks. A device has also been planned which will count the coins in 100 or 200 lots, and by the use of a paper carton they may be done up in packages ready for handling or shipment. By running them consecutively through the various heads, a lot of coins may be separated and counted at the same time. The machine is expected to revolutionize coin counting methods.

John Bright was at one time very ill and near death's door. When he recovered and returned to his old place in Parliament, a young peer made a fierce attack on Bright for his political policy. In the course of his speech he was guilty of saying that Providence had visited Bright with a disease of the brain in punishment for his erratic political views. Bright replied: "The noble lord, making himself the mouthpiece of Providence, has declared that Providence, to punish me for my political conduct, visited me with a disease of the brain. Well, Mr. Speaker, that is a visitation with which even Providence itself can never afflict the noble lord."

GREATEST OCEAN DEPTH EVER DISCOVERED.

The greatest ocean depth ever discovered was sounded only a short time ago, during the recent cruise of the Albatross in the Pacific. Professor Agassiz was in charge of the expedition, and near the island of Guam. There the beam trawl, attached to a steel cable, was lowered to the depth of 28,878 feet, five miles, almost as high as Mount Everest. By means of thermometers attached to the trawl it was found that the water at this depth bore the temperature of only 35 degrees, just a little above freezing point.—The Leader.

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