

and he got a good deal of advice and assistance from him, and he read the new agricultural treatises and manured his land, and spent his hard-earned money in the purchase of the best implements and the best seed, till, as he said himself, there wasn't a bonnier farm to be found in Ireland, let alone England, for Tom had a poor opinion of English soil. He was perhaps a little too advanced for his wife, a ruddy, comfortable, bustling house-mother, with none of that distinctiveness from her class which marked the father and daughter. However, she was an excellent farmer's wife, and made the goldenest butter in the county, while she was an authority on all that relates to pigs and poultry, calf-rearing and churning, though in a difficulty she was not averse to calling in the aid of "the fairyman" with his magic spells, a person for whom Tom had the profoundest contempt.

These made up the component parts of the household in which, as the summers went by, Lance Armstrong found himself year after year more warmly regarded. He would sit in the long summer evenings out of doors with the farmer, both men pulling at their pipes, and the elder pouring out stories with which his mind seemed endlessly supplied, now the old bardic stories, again some tragic tale of the Irish Rebellion, which in those hills above had fought out its death-struggle. Or it would be by the warm hearthstone in winter, with the turf fire smouldering, its darkness lit here and there by a little train of red light. And afterwards Armstrong was not too proud to share the family supper of bacon and eggs and floury potatoes, with creamy milk, and a litte whiskey and water for the men. Indeed, no thought of pride ever entered into his intercourse with the Donovans. He grew to have a very warm affection for the old man, and a great belief in his wisdom - a simple wisdom, which sprang as much from single honesty of intention as from clearness of mind. Indeed, very difficult problems of life and conduct would this young university man propound to the old farmer, and he seldom failed to find light from a nature which had no complexities.

As for Sheila, Mr. Armstrong came to be identified with her with all the pleasant things of her growing girlhood. Association with a gentleman, a gentleman at heart as well as outwardly, did much to ripen the work the nuns had begun. And it was easy for little Sheila to be a lady. The daughter and only child of a man whom nature had made gentle, and of a woman who was honest and good and who would not let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on her nestling, the child had known little but gentleness in as much of her life as was not solitary. From Lance Armstrong came the contents of the well-filled book-shelves in her bedroom in the sloping thatch; her writing-desk was his present on one of her birthdays; the photographs and pictures which made her retreat like a lady's room he had brought her from time to time. Her parents had no misgivings at all about the friendship, nor had Father Matt, the parish priest who had christened her, and knew every thought of her innocent heart. Armstrong was able nearly always to impress his own honesty upon the minds of others, he was so trustworthy.

(To be continued.)

A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

In the French Province of Quebec, with a million and a half of population, not less than thirty colleges, seats of classic learning, have just thrown open their doors to seven thousand of the flower of the country's youth. The proportion of girls receiving a refined convent education is much larger, one of the teaching orders of nuns having under its tuition six thousand pupils. And this, forsooth, is the people which excites the *Mail's* spleen for its backwardness and incorrigible stagnancy. If we consider the quality of the training given in the various colleges, it is not a mere business education, nor a one or two year smattering of Latin and less of Greek, sufficient for a Toronto or McGill matriculating examination, but a gradual and well balanced development of the mental faculties extending over a period of six years, by means of grammar, study of the classic authors, prose and rural composition in the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, and eloquence, all crowned by a course of philosophy which will afford a safe and unshifting anchorage for the convictions of

a life time. Forth from the colleges go every year a number of well equipped young men to recruit the ranks of the clergy, liberal professions and administrative service of the country; to become one day their useful members as well as ornaments. Those who have assisted at the Parliamentary sessions at Ottawa have remarked the comparatively large number of French-Canadians who took a prominent part in debates. There was among them no lack of men who were able to seize the strong points of questions that came up for discussion, set them forth with eloquence, expose the sophisms and weak side of arguments. Likewise in the departmental service, in the Cabinet itself, whilst other elements were ever shifting, the French-Canadians stood firm and constant. They were able to grasp the business of their bureau or department, master its every detail and render themselves indispensable in the public administration. What had become of the country without the Cartiers, the Langvins, the Merciers, the Lauriers, and the men trained under them? On the other hand what a few of our home educated English-speaking Canadians ever rise above a third or second-class clerkship. An American has lately attributed the anti-French agitation not to their backwardness or language, but to their intellectual progress as well as natural growth. The "habitant" may be a quaint, priest-riden sort of individual, but his sons fill the professions and civil service departments, of which they become the able occupants and bright ornaments.

The truth is there are two standards by which to judge a nation's progress. There is a material progress and an intellectual progress, there is the money standard and the standard of useful and noble achievement. Progress for the *Mail* means locomotives, electric-lights, telephones, mowing and threshing machines. Its standard is the dollar standard. But there is something mightier than the mighty dollar. Knowledge is power. Not a smattering of knowledge, not the knowledge of newspapers, novels and magazines, but knowledge acquired by serious study and with method; that has been wedged into the expanding faculties, and entering has enlarged them more, and becomes itself deep, broad and penetrating. There is a higher order of knowledge than that derived from the use of the dissecting knife and the observation of fossils and the study of laws which direct the application of steam and electricity. Physical science does not range beyond the confines of sense, but there is an order of knowledge, a science, which reaches beyond to eternal and immutable principles, which grasps the absolute, and from its high and unvarying standpoint investigates facts and the laws which govern them and their application to daily life.

A "priest ridden" people is necessarily an intellectual people, because the truths of religion and faith, which it is the priests' duty to teach, belong to the very highest order of truth. He must dispose the mind for their reception, and the mind in turn is lifted by that very reception to their own high level. There can be no more efficient instrument of early intellectual training than the study of the catechism. It is Cardinal Newman who contrasts the average Irish boy with the English boy, and says whilst the former's mind is open to the comprehension of abstract truths with their relations, the latter is incapable of a reflective thought. He may be the noblest animal on earth, he is after all but an animal. The difference he explains by the intellectual training the Irish boy receives in his course of catechism. The Church herself demands of her priests before they undertake the scientific study of the truths of faith, a full course of Aristotelian philosophy, than which the experience of ages has found no more efficient instrument of intellectual development. Father Barry is wrong in his "Wanted—A New Gospel." It is not a new Gospel that is wanted, but an age capable of understanding the old Gospel. At a time when, as he complains, churchmen's minds were given to subtleties, the Jesuit, De Lugo, composed his treatise on "Justice and Contracts." The truth is, when the human mind, in the Reformation, revolted against the teaching of the Church, it fell from the highest order of truth to the study and observation of matter. It fell down upon earth and became materialized. The nations that shook off the yoke of the Church entered on a new line of material progress. The fruits of it, bitter as well as sweet, we are to-day reaping, though the sweetest