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AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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"Le Canadien."

Le Canadien is doing good work for the Reform party in this Province. Its zeal for the Conservatives leads it into mistakes, which are offensive to good sense and an outrage on decency. Its latest escapade is to make political capital out of the Hon. Mr. Letellier's physical maladies, and it talks about his "guilty head" and "efforts of science" being "hardly sufficient to preserve his existence." This is bad enough, but when it adds—"Let him not die at present; the chastisement of the law comes slowly, but he is seized with apoplexy, that is to say, by the brain; let us wait"—it exhibits a turn of mind which will bear a very coarse name indeed. That the physical infirmities of a political antagonist should be made the medium of a brutal jest, only proves *Le Canadien* to be an unfaithful representative of a people who are supposed to retain some of the virtues of an ancestry who knew how to behave themselves.

The Timber Trade.
Canada depends upon its timber for its commercial success. Unless the timber trade is good business must flag, and no amount of Legislation will bring immediate relief unless there is a revival of the great staple of our industry. But the fact that the timber trade is not in a good condition at present is sufficient to account for the stagnation in trade. The advantages of Protection have not had time to come into play. It will take a couple of years at least before we feel the beneficial result of the policy of a Protective tariff. Meanwhile we must depend on our timber trade, and when that flags, then the country must suffer. But for years past timber has been exported in enormous quantities. The exportation was in excess of the demand, and the result is that the foreign markets are flooded with timber, and there is little demand for the principal article of export on which Canadians depend to bring about good times.

"Fraser the Demagogue."
The Halifax *Herald*, says the *Mail*, replies to the Halifax *Recorder*, and the Montreal *Post* by saying—"If demagogues like this person Fraser & Co., &c., &c., &c. Mr. Fraser resisted a special act of Incorporation for the Orangemen; therefore he is a 'demagogue.' Mr. Fraser had the support of the majority of the Catholics of Ontario and that settled the matter, for no one but a 'demagogue' could rally the majority of the Catholics to his side. Mr. Meredith was supported by the unanimous voice of the Orangemen, but the Halifax *Herald* will not call him a 'demagogue.' If the Orangemen elected to go one way that certainly would be no justification for us to call Mr. Meredith hard names, and if the Catholics elected to go the other way, that is no reason why the Halifax *Herald* should rant about 'demagogues.' Beat your man and you are a 'firebrand,' or a 'demagogue,' or some other hard title, but in the end we find that it is the illiterate and intolerant who shout 'demagogue' at every public man, just as 'Forgiveness to the torrid doth belong. They never forgive who do a wrong.'

Rouville.
If the Reformers are not making much headway in the Province of Quebec, they are at least holding their own. They won Rouville yesterday by the handsome majority of two hundred and fifty-nine, and the Conservatives are naturally disgraced at the result. This is only to be expected. But it is their own fault. The wild attacks of the Conservative press on the Governor-General, and the brutal jests of the *Le Canadien* on the Lieutenant-Governor are of themselves sufficient to make men of no party think twice before they vote the Conservative ticket. Nor is that all. The *Gazette* has of late attempted to play in this Province the role played by the *Mail* in Ontario, with this difference—the *Mail* has been outspoken, while the *Gazette* has been subtle. The *Mail's* equestrian performances on that season's campaign, the Protestant horse, was but feebly attempted by the *Gazette*; but taking the different localities in consideration, the *Mail* was preferable. Let any Catholic in Montreal study the expressions of the

Gazette and of the *Herald*, and if he is a fair-minded man, he will see that a vein of antagonism runs through the *Gazette*, while we, on our reputation to the statement, that the *Herald* is as fair and considerate as it is possible to expect. This is a statement of the truth or falsehood of which anyone can satisfy themselves, and unless the *Gazette* alters its tone, other places as well as Rouville may prove that Sectarianism in Politics cuts both ways.

The 69th.
The *Gazette* says that the government have revoked the order which gave permission to the 69th to come to Canada with arms. It publishes a telegram which, it is alleged, was sent from Mr. McNamee, and which we report on our third page. We have the authority of Mr. McNamee for contradicting the statement. No such telegram was sent; the permission has not been revoked, and Mr. McNamee says that the report, as it appears in the *Gazette*, is not correct. How the rumor got into press, we cannot conjecture. It was manufactured somewhere, perhaps with the same object as the telegram from Halifax which the *Gazette* published when the Marquis of Lorne first landed in Canada. But with whatever object the telegram was concocted, it is not true. It was neither sent nor received, and the 69th are at liberty to come if they please. The facts of the case are these: A deputation from St. Patrick's Society went to New York, had an interview with the officers, and the officers decided not to come to Canada this year. We believe there is some chance of Colonel Kavanagh and some members of his staff being present at the picnic on Dominion Day; but the proposed visit of the 69th, or any portion of them, has been postponed. These are the facts of the case as we have been informed, and as we believe.

"The Nobodies."
The United Irish Catholic Societies of Montreal have sustained St. Patrick's Society. They have joined in the invitation extended to the 69th New York State Militia, and they have rebuked the *Star* for its "unjustifiable slanders and altogether uncalled for" personal attack on the President of the Society. The few "nobodies" have been supported by the voice of the chosen representatives of Irish Catholic public opinion of the city, and the *Star* has once more in its history, proved itself in direct antagonism to the Irish Catholic population. The question is no longer a personal one, for the meeting last night was representative in the highest degree, and the *Star* must now see, what we yesterday predicted, that if St. Patrick's Society had only its name left, yet the Irish Catholics of Montreal would sustain it against the slanders and slanders of a paper that represents no one. The only objection we see to the proceedings is that too much was made of the *Star* by officially noticing it at all. The Irish Catholics have no confidence in it, and never had. The Protestants know that the *Star* is not with them, and they infer that it is against them. The French Canadians, the other day, experienced the fact that it could stab at them in the Manitoba affair, and so the *Star* is simply a newspaper, and nothing more. It is not even independent in politics, and its opinions are of no more value than are the opinions of Joe Beel.

Sectarianism in Politics.
It is our turn to advise the party press not to be introducing Sectarianism into politics. The *Herald* and the *Gazette* are discussing the merits of the Hon. Mr. Joly's Protestantism, something the *Herald* and *Gazette* can do, but something that the Post must not dream of attempting. The Hon. Mr. Joly is not Protestant enough for the *Gazette* and the Reformers, Laurier and others, say naughty things about the Orangemen! And the *Herald* does not say that those naughty things are wrong. Really, it looks as if sides were being taken, but then is this not introducing Sectarianism into politics, and this is wrong, very wrong! As for the Hon. Mr. Joly's Protestantism we do not care the value of a pinch of snuff. He has a perfect right to be anything he pleases. He is said to be a liberal man, free from prejudices, and by the way the *Gazette* is attacking him it would look as if the report was true. But let us look at the situation clear in the face. The *Gazette* attacks the Hon. Mr. Joly because that gentleman is said to be tolerant in his religious views. Now, the only object the *Gazette* can have in this is to win over the Protestant vote to the Conservative side. It is well known that the Hon. Mr. Joly was supported by the Protestant vote at the last election, and if the *Gazette* can weaken the confidence of the Protestants in the Hon. Mr. Joly's Protestantism, then some of the Protestants might go with the Conservatives. Well, what will be the other side of the question? Put it on that ground, and then some more of the Catholics will go with the Reformers! Make it a religious issue, and it will cut both ways. But then it is wrong—very wrong—to introduce Sectarianism into politics.

The Late Prince Imperial.
The accounts to hand of how the Prince Imperial came by his death bear an ugly look about them. We are told that he was "sent forward to sketch the site for the next campaign ground." That is a duty that falls to lot of all staff officers, and no doubt the Prince Imperial enjoyed the task entrusted to him. But there is one phase of this business that we cannot close our eyes to. Where are our own princes? How is it that none of the members of the Royal Family have volunteered for service in the Cape? And suppose that some of them were engaged in the Zulu War, would they have been "sent forward" to sketch the site of the next campaign, only attended by four or five troopers and a couple of officers? These questions naturally occur to the minds of people who think that princes of the blood should, at least, show themselves to the soldiers who fight the battles. It may not be desirable that they should encounter all the danger of warfare, but no war should pass without a royal prince being on the staff of the troops engaged. It is so in all European armies, and we cannot see why it should not be so in England. It will not do to be playing at soldiers for ever, and we may be sure that a time will come when the princes of the blood must face the music as well as their subjects.

Dominion Day.
It looks as if Dominion Day is to pass this year, as it has passed on all previous years, in sectional rather than national display. The different elements of which the community is made up will hold different celebrations, and the Shamrock, Rose, Thistle and the Maple Leaf will each celebrate the birthday of the Confederation in their own fashion. This is perhaps all right, so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough for us. It is quite right that charitable societies should take advantage of the day, and it is quite right for the people to support these societies in every way in their power. It is quite right for the various na-

tional societies to go in different directions, and to "enjoy" the day after a fashion all their own. But yet there is something left undone. We are not in Great Britain or Ireland, but in Canada, and much as we owe to the old country, and loud as we may sing its praises, yet we owe some respect to the country in which we live. We profess to be proud of our adopted land, and yet we do little to prove it. Dominion Day was made a statutory holiday, not for sectional, but for national display. It was intended to be a day on which all men could join hands and learn to know each other better. But this is just what Dominion Day, this year at least, will, we fear, not accomplish. Why could there not be something done to bring the representatives of the different societies, and other gentlemen, together in the evening? Can nothing be done to make the day close in a becoming manner, and to place on record the commencement of an era of *Concordia Salus*. It can be done if the proper people take a hold of it and try.

Tolerance.
The man who will unnecessarily offend his neighbour is not a good citizen; the fellow who will coolly take such an offence, is not a man at all. We oppose an Orange procession in the streets of Montreal because it is offensive; we would not be men unless we did so. But if we are careful not to take offence, we must be doubly careful not to give it. Others have feelings as well as we, and the true man is he, who will be as careful not to wound the feelings of his fellow citizens, as he is quick to resent an insult to himself. If an Orange procession is objectionable to the Catholics of this city we must remember that other displays may be objectionable to the Protestants. As for the Orangemen we care not what they think, but we at least can never be a party to wound the feelings of our Protestant friends amongst whom we are anxious to live on terms of peace and good will. We must yield to their wishes if we expect them to yield to ours. On all questions outside of faith and morals, the Catholics of Montreal must be, and we hope ever will be, as tolerant of the feelings of others as they expect these others to be tolerant to them. This eternal trailing of the coat tail can only end in trouble for all concerned. Where the Catholics are strong to yield a point is to gain a victory: where the Protestants are strong to give way is to triumph. We do not expect, nor is it desirable, that any man should abandon Principle, but where Principle is not at stake, all good citizens will yield an inch of triumph to gain an ell of peace and good-will. We must too remember what one side may regard as a triumph in Montreal, may rebound to their disadvantage over the rest of the Dominion, nay, perhaps, in Montreal itself, for the triumph of one party only leads to the annoyance of the other. As for our part, we do not want to triumph over our fellow-citizens, and we would yield a point any day rather than give them unnecessary offence.

The Zulu War.
The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* has an article on the Zulu war in which it sums up the campaign as "a disgrace to England." It commences by quoting one of the correspondents of the *Standard*, now at the seat of war, in which he said that "irresolution, vacillation and confusion are rampant at headquarters." Cutaway is pictured by the *Daily Telegraph* as "a bloodthirsty and barbarous savage," and the fact that such a man should hold England in check, no doubt, looks odd as the *Freeman* says. But let us look at all the facts, not at a part of them. Savages never fought before as the Zulus have fought in this war. Never before have savages shown so much heroism as have the Zulus. Stanley with a few followers, as marched through the heart of Africa surrounded by millions of savages, often attacked by thousands of sable warriors, and yet he made his way through them all. Before Isandula no officer in the British army would, we believe, have hesitated, with one thousand men armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and supported by artillery, to go anywhere in Africa, and to face fifty thousand savages. Lord Chelmsford is blamed for acting as we believe the whole army thought at that time proper, but which the heroism of the Zulus proved to be a miscalculation. The fact is that it is the Zulus who have upset all previous calculations, and it is not that the British troops have failed. With any other savage force the fighting would have been of another nature, but it is Zulu valor that has, we think, been the cause of the "indiscipline," and in face of such an enemy as the Zulus have proved themselves to be, what is called "indiscipline," may be a soldierly virtue. Mistakes may have been made and weakness exhibited, but we should not lose sight of the fact that the gallantry of the foe has had a good deal to do with the disasters of the war. Much as all British subjects must wish the overthrow of the Zulu chief, yet fair-minded men must give him his due.

"A Respectable Journal."
In a garret born;
In a kitchen bred;
The _____ bears upon its presence all the evidence of low birth and iron fortune. In early life it did defiance to the moral law as it revelled in coarse invective and double entendre. It was read in the alleys of vice, for it was the companion of the criminal, the associate of the fallen woman, and the chronicle of sine, which St. Paul tells us we must not even mention. It was banned from the social circle; ladies heard of it with a blush; gentlemen knew of it with disgust; and it was read in stealth by the fast young men of the day. It had not even the merit of making sin lose half its vice by denuding it of its coarseness. It was the *City Life* of its day, and it lived by adopting the policy of the footpad, substituting for "Your money or your life" the more treacherous demand of "Your money or your good name." But it lived on, although it did not prosper, for like that special class, in whose interest it was started, all its worldly goods were worn upon its presence. It became larger, but not better. As the wardrobes of certain people are said not to be their own, so it was with the _____. Its increase of columns was purchased by the sin of the youth, and at the expense of the morality of the people. But it lived on still, and now that it has retired from its career of vice, it drives a carriage and dub itself "a respectable journal." Yes, it is "a respectable journal" for all those who know nothing of its history, and who acknowledge that crime is diametric, and that all is gold that glitters. It has certainly done little of late to atone for its early sins, but there still always remains the danger of "what was bred in the bone coming out in the flesh." True, it has retired from its original line of business, but the wages of its sins have been the moral death of thousands, and its early crimes will follow it to its grave. It implies that it is a commercial success; well, time will tell; meanwhile our contemporary can reflect upon that shade of "respectability" associated with its name.

When a man comes to Canada, in order to make it his home, his first duty is to shake the dust of old country feuds off his feet. He has no right to import difficulties, or an outside character, into a new land, and if he wishes to be regarded as a good citizen he must conform to the customs of the people among whom he has elected to live. Canadians have nothing to do with the distracting importations which set men at each other's throats. Some men come here as parasites, mocking the meat they feed upon. They live on the land, and yet they do not belong to it, and they place the gratification of their passion for faction above the interest of the State. Every unnecessary "ism" that is imported into Canada, whether it be on one side or on the other, helps to plant the seeds of social strife and political decay. Orangemen and Fenians are alike unnecessary in this young Dominion, and we wish the former was as dead as we believe the latter to be. The one is not necessary for the Protection of Protestant liberties; the other is not necessary for the survival of Irish National thought. We opposed an Orange procession in the streets of Montreal, as we would to-morrow oppose a Fenian display. To be consistent we could not do otherwise, and to be just we could not do less. We value our rights as British subjects too much to favor the one; and we value our manhood too much to tolerate the other. Fortunately for us all Fenianism has, we firmly believe, no sympathizers in this country, and if all the friends of Canada took the same liberal view of those "isms" that we do, Orangemen would soon have no sympathizers either. We want to see a spirit of Canadian Nationality taking root in the land; we want to see loyal citizens discourage factious displays; we want to see men of old country birth bring here all the good, and leave the bad behind them, and while they may ring the changes in singing the glories of their native land, yet, let neither parade their blighting bigotry on the one hand, nor countenance the zeal of misdirected patriotism on the other. Happily Fenianism in this country does not exist, for the Irishmen of Canada value the liberties they enjoy too much to look with favor upon a policy which would, in this country, aim a blow at their own existence. We can be Irish, Scotch, English, or what we like, but we cannot be demagogues in policy, or factious loving "isms" in our acts, unless we are prepared to sacrifice all that a citizen holds dear, the good esteem of his neighbours.

Longue Pointe Asylum.
The breeze over the Longue Pointe Asylum business is getting brisk. The *Herald* is somewhat angry with the *Gazette* and uses very strong language condemnatory of the "falsehoods" of the *Gazette*, which the *Herald* characterizes as "a miserable conspiracy to effect the Chabmy election now pending." We would not give much weight to the opinions of the *Herald* in this matter, for the *Herald* would necessarily do all in its power to make it appear that the *Gazette* was wrong. Party papers never stop at trifles when their party is at stake. But what is important is that the Lady Superiress is said to have in part denied the story of the dismissals; and more important still, the following letter appears from Dr. Howard, who is the doctor in charge of the Asylum, and not Dr. Roy, as previously stated:—

DISCHARGE OF PATIENTS FROM LONGUE POINTE.

To the Editor of the Montreal *Herald*.
Sir—With respect to the highly sensational report in the *Gazette* of this day, anent the discharge of patients from the Longue Pointe lunatic asylum, I simply desire to state that by an order-in-council of 28th of December last I am authorized to report the first week in each month the names of all government patients in the institution fit to be discharged.

This duty I have regularly performed since then, with the exception of the months of March and April, when I was confined to my house from the effects of an accident. My duty in causing the discharge of patients conflicts with the pecuniary interests of the contractors—"Hinc illa lacrymae." While I consider it unnecessary to make any reply to the report in question further than to give a general and emphatic denial as to the correctness of the statements and insinuations of your morning contemporary, I will not attempt to conceal my surprise that a journal for which I have been a contributor for thirty years past, and always on terms of friendly intimacy with editors and publishers, should give publicity and endorsement to such a story without at least consulting with the only person presumably and actually in a position to give any reliable information on the subject. This treatment is to me as inexplicable as the unprofessional conduct of a brother practitioner who figures as one of the lesser heroes in the *Gazette's* starting disclosures.

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.,
H. HOWARD, M.D.

Montreal, June 21st, 1879.
Now, this is as the question appears on the surface. Let us go down a little and arrive at the truth. The fact is that, unfortunately, religion is at the bottom of the truth or falsehood of the alleged neglect of the lunatics. The Conservatives have for some time past circulated the report that the Hon. Mr. Joly wanted "to get the Nuns out of Longue Pointe Asylum." This may be denied from the house tops; it is yet the truth, and nothing but the truth. Now, why was Dr. Howard's name kept out of the *Gazette* report? Dr. Howard is a Catholic, and he would not lend himself to injure the Nuns. Was that the reason that Dr. Roy was made the figure-head? If it can be proved that the Hon. Mr. Joly "wanted to get the Nuns out," let us all know it, but if it cannot, the men who circulated the rumors stand in an unpleasant position. Whether there have been mistakes made at Longue Pointe or not, we will not say; but the responsibility of making good its statements now rests with the *Gazette*. We must not be understood as implying that the *Gazette* circulated the rumors to which we refer, but its Conservative friends certainly made common property of them in the streets. Anything to injure a political foe.

"The Wonders of Science."
We hear a great deal of talk about the "wonders of science." We see a ship ploughing through the ocean, a railway engine driving over the land, and the mechanics put their arms akimbo and talk about the "wonders of science." We are told when eclipses will take place, when comets will revisit the pale glimpses of those on earth, and astronomers look wise, and talk about the "movements of the universe." Then we are told that animation can be suspended, that the electric light is a reality, and wonderful science. All this, and a thousand times more are told every day, and public opinion accepts it all, and repeats—yes! yes! wonderful science! But the fact is that science is only wonderful in comparison with the little-

ness of man. Here we are being eaten up by the potato bug, and science appears powerless to avert the calamity. The North Pole is only a few hundreds of miles beyond civilization, and yet no one has reached it, and while all the world stands aghast at the "wonders of science," there is a hole through the earth, as some geologists contend, or does a veritable pole, with rays and gulls, stand at the summit of the globe awaiting some man with a little knowledge to plant the flag of empire and sing the national anthem of his native land? And the moon. We cannot tell whether the moon is made of green cheese or not, and to this day that "sole arbitress of night" is almost as great a mystery as it was in the twilight of civilization. And yet the moon is only a step into space, and we know little about it, except that it comes and goes, and with its coming and going, the waters rise and fall, and the savages know that centuries ago. And space—what do we know of space? Nothing! One day the sun is the centre of the universe, and another day it is not, and it is a most difficult question at this hour if there is not a hole through it, and that the entire planetary system is on a string, like a lot of beads. Even the air we breathe we cannot travel through, and no man has ever yet solved the problem of aerial navigation, nor accomplished that which a miserable tomtom can do with grace and ease! The fact is that science is regarded as wonderful, because man is a little toy, who, as Newton said, "Is like somebody wandering on the sea-shore, and who picks up a little pebble here and there thrown up by the sea, but before whom the great ocean of knowledge remains a mystery."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and POST.

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue I note your remarks anent the reception of the Marquis of Lorne in this city, in which the Orangemen are represented as being in the procession, as was also his lordship Bishop O'Brien.

Now, sir, the facts are as follows: In the first place, some of the members of the reception committee suggested that addresses should be presented by all the national societies, viz., the St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, St. George's and Irish Protestant; but this suggestion did not meet with much favor, as it was thought it would take up too much time by reading so many addresses. The mayor then proposed that the only way to overcome the difficulty, was to embody them in the address of the city, as they were all national societies, and that the said societies be represented in the procession.

The above proposal was agreed to, but, remember no mention was made of the Orange society to be represented, although two of the leading Orangemen are members of the city council and were on the reception committee, viz., Dr. McCammon and John Garkin, and neither of those gentlemen made any mention of the Orangemen's intention to be represented. The procession took place, and you cannot imagine our surprise, when we read in the *News* that the Orangemen were represented by Bros. McCammon, Garkin, (and some other half-witted fellow whose name I cannot remember now) but who were purple and orange in the button-hole of his coat. I remarked the fellow, as did hundreds of others, but did not know that he represented the Orange society until the *News* informed us such was the case. A great many thought the fellow was under the influence of Bacchus, and went into the carriage to show his loyalty. His lordship and the St. Patrick's society are to be exonerated from all blame, for I am sure they were quite ignorant of the fact that the Orangemen were represented. I need not say that I am sure the above parties were ignorant of the Orangemen being present, for I can assure you I was ignorant myself, as was every Catholic in the city, until we were informed by the *News*. Nor was it known by any one that the Orangemen were to be represented. We were well aware that McCammon and Garkin were members of the city council, and were in one of the carriages occupied by that body, but we did not know that they were there in the double capacity of representing both the city and the Orange order. I will not be surprised if I hear of the *News* trying to make capital out of this latest dodge, for the benefit of the Orange order. You need not be surprised at the *News* attacking the Post.

I remember the stand the *News* took against our people when the Catholic Church was destroyed at Oka; how it patted the young Orangemen on the back during the Montreal troubles, and smiled at the disgraceful conduct of the Orangemen in Derry and Belfast on the 17th of last March. Robinson, the Reform candidate, got defeated here in the late contest. No doubt you were surprised when you heard it. The cause of his defeat is no doubt owing to the Robinson family having a poor record to face the Catholic electors. The defeated member is a brother to Tom the Montreal hero, and being always in the front rank amongst the disturbers of peace in this city, will account for his defeat in the late contest. Thanks to the Catholics of Ontario, the Mowat administration has been triumphantly sustained, and we can look forward to have a good and impartial government for the next four years.

Yours, &c., G.

Kingston, June, 1879.

EVERY MOTHER WHO REGARDS THE LIFE AND HEALTH OF HER CHILD, SHOULD POSSESS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It is an old and well tried remedy. It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and, giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

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BOIS D'HAINÉ.

A Visit to Louise Latéau, the Stigmatiser.

The following account of a recent visit made by a correspondent of the London *Weekly Register* to Louise Latéau, at her home in Bois d'Haine, will be read with interest.

Four Catholics can desire to leave Belgium without visiting Bois d'Haine and witnessing the mysterious manifestation of God's power and grace in the person of Louise Latéau. It was only on Friday, the 25th of April, that the opportunity offered itself of going there, as I wished to go. I had frequently, indeed, resolved to undertake the short journey, but somehow I had always postponed it. In company with one of the most distinguished priests of Brussels, who had kindly obtained for me the necessary permission, I left the South Railway station at 10 a.m., and by a slow train reached Manage about 11.30, having had to change carriages at Braine. Manage is just somewhat larger than a village. There is an air of industry about the place, but of industry suffering much from the present depression of trade. It seems to be on the confines of the "Black Country" of Belgium, and looks as if it were likely to be soon engulfed in a region delivered over to coal-pits and clouds of smoke, and cut up by truck tramways in all directions. We saw how much reason we had to be thankful for the beautiful weather with which we were favored—splendid enough to make us almost forget the severe winter which we have left behind. Having asked all the information about the route thought necessary, we dispensed with the services of an old man and some boys and girls who eagerly offered to guide us across the country, and took our way up to the chief street of Manage. A few minutes brought us to the outskirts of the place and to a wayside chapel on our right, where we had been told to look for the country lanes or by-paths that lead across the valley to Bois d'Haine. The chapel is probably one of those where the procession halts on Corpus Christi day and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given to the people. No one, however, need have any difficulty about the general direction he ought to take, as Bois d'Haine and its newly-restored church are distinctly visible to one looking across the valley. Before long we found ourselves rejoining the causeway that leads

into the valley of Bois d'Haine, and in front of a little cottage surrounded by a small hedge and garden, and somewhat raised above the level of the roadway. A photograph of the little house occupied by Louise and her sisters had been shown to us at Manage, and my companion—as great a stranger to the locality as myself—at once identified it. I objected that the photograph showed only two windows in front, whereas the cottage before us had three. We found afterwards that recently an addition had been made to the poor and modest dwelling, or, to speak more correctly, that the house had a short time ago received a sort of finish by the addition of another small room and another gable. We went on to the village, and after examining the church for a little time we paid our respects to M. Niels, the parish priest. He was surrounded by a number of people who had come on the same errand of edification as ourselves. M. Niels has the appearance of a man of good, sound, common sense. I have seldom seen features that indicate less enthusiasm. I would take him to be one of those many country cures in Flanders and Brabant who are well-informed in theology, who know their duties perfectly and fulfil them without a shadow of reproach, but who are utterly innocent of imagination, who spurn everything in the shape of poetry, and cleave to the soberest prose of every-day life. He leans forward a little as he stands or walks, and looks generally downward, as if anxious to be away and to be occupied with his own thoughts. His gaze is almost that of a man who halted a little without being really lame. He appears to be wearied by all these visits for so many years, by listening by the same endless round of questions, and having always to give the same answers. Yet he received us kindly, and without loss of time let us off.

TO THE COTTAGE OF LOUISE.
where I, and I suppose those who accompanied me, have received one of those extraordinary impressions that mark an era in life. We were standing close by the door when it was opened by M. le Cure. On entering we found ourselves in a plain room, sufficiently large to be kitchen and parlor, differing in nothing from what may be seen any day on opening the door of any crofter or farm servant's house in the Low Countries. The furniture was scanty, but everything was clean. There was Scotch sense of the word. All appearances bespoke poverty patiently borne, and in despite of effort to gain a somewhat difficult livelihood. One or two girls were busily engaged with sewing machines, and scarcely turned to look at the strangers. We had long ago heard that the sisters of Louise Latéau were in a plain room, sufficiently large to be kitchen and parlor, differing in nothing from what may be seen any day on opening the door of any crofter or farm servant's house in the Low Countries. 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