

## BLESSED DE LA SALLE.

To train the mind and fashion, too, the soul,  
To take it in the halycon spring of life,  
When freed from lustful thoughts and passions,  
Ere sin and danger strive for its control,  
And lead it, step by step, to its true goal;  
To careful till its rich, luxuriant soil,  
Allowing God to plant therein the tree  
Of heavenly virtue; oh! what greater bliss!  
What nobler sacrifice on earth than this!  
To scorn the world to lead a life of toil  
For God. This is the height of chivalry,  
Surpassing far the deeds of martial men  
Hungry for fame. They battle fearlessly  
For something far beyond our mortal ken.

Oh! great La Salle, though humbly thou didst  
plod,  
And work and strive with earnestness and zeal  
To bring the youthful mind to love and feel  
And taste the sweetness of the true God;  
Unknown to men thou labored, yet thy deed,  
Sublimely great, has wrung from this our age,  
Of admiration deep, the highest meed.  
Thy sons inherit all thy zeal. Each land  
Surprised beholds thy works. Our history's  
page

Will chronicle their greatness and their fame.  
Men voice their praises, land that loyal band,  
And shower blessings on their founder's name,  
Who came to aid us in our greatest need.  
De La Salle! we thank thee for thy generous  
deed.

JOSEPH NOONAN.

—Allegany Seminary, N. Y.

## AFRICAN MISSIONS.

FATHER KENELM VAUGHAN'S  
SKETCH.

Of the Work Done by the Catholic  
Church in South Africa—A Bird's  
Eye View of the Transvaal.

Before the *Methren Castle* heaves anchor, and I lose sight of the green hills of the beautiful shores of Natal, allow me through your columns to express my heartfelt thanks to all those who, during my three months "trekking" through South Africa to visit the Catholic missionary stations, have kindly shown me friendly hospitality.

My debt of gratitude is first due to the veteran pioneers in these regions, the Right Reverend Bishop Leonard, Bishop Richards and Bishop Jolivet, and to their colleagues who are treading in their footsteps, the Right Rev. Bishop Gaughran, Bishop Rooney and Bishop Strobino. Besides offering me generous hospitality, and storing me with valuable information regarding their missionary experiences, and the difficulties and perils they encountered in planting the Gospel in these pagan lands, their lordships most kindly facilitated my visiting their chief centres of missionary labors. To the clergy also, whose energy in the cause of God and the salvation of souls I have learnt to know and to admire, is due my heartiest thanks for the brotherly reception they everywhere gave me. During the pleasant days spent in the Clergy House in Cape Town special thanks I owe to Dr. McCarthy, who recalled vividly to my mind the happy day of my ordination long ago, at which ceremony he assisted as a choir lad in the sanctuary of Plymouth Cathedral.

Leaving the Cape I journeyed over the Karoo plains to Kimberly, the home of the diamonds. A few years ago Holy Mass was said there in a wagon, and the priest lived under a tent on the veld. Now in the midst of that busy city there is a flourishing Catholic mission. The popular Father Ogle kindly took me the rounds of the school, the convents, the orphanage, and over the De Beers diamond fields, and showed me the whole process by which they are worked.

My next move was to the captain of the Orange Free State. There, in Bloemfontein, the wisely known missionary, Pere Bompert, kindly received me as his guest, and greatly entertained me by a thrilling account of his adventurous journey on foot from Durban to Delagoa Bay, where he was sent by the Holy Father on a special mission. If Pere Bompert ever publishes the romantic history of that wonderful journey, in which he met with peril of all sorts, and hairbreadth escapes from wild native tribes, fever and starvation, his book will be one of the most remarkable, in the missionary line, that has ever been written.

Being determined to visit the Catholic Missions in the pagan country of the great Mosesh, and nothing daunted by an alarming telegram received from the Bishop in Kimberly that there was war in Basutoland, started in the mail coach, for Ladybrand, where Bishop Gaughran's Cape Cart from St. Leo's College awaited me to take me into the land of the Basutos, the Switzerland of South Africa. After leaving Ladybrand we halted at Mesara, where Sir Marshall and Lady Clarke gave me a hearty wel-

come and a refreshing meal. Then after a journey through magnificent and grand rugged scenery, and after a narrow escape of being drowned in attempting to cross the flooded river of the "Little Caledon," we reached next morning the splendid mission of Roma, the central station of the Basuto missions, numbering twelve in all. Here Pere Heltowe, the director of this mission, and Pere Auffrey, who almost lives on horseback, gave me a hearty welcome, and showed me the flourishing convents, schools and industrial school of the mission. The practical results of the system of their labors among the Basutos is most surprising. The convents, even among the royal families of the chiefs, are numerous, and the fervent piety of the converts reminds me of what we read in the faith of the early Christians. Before leaving Lesuto, as the natives call their land, we rode on horseback over a magnificent hilly country to visit the kraals of two of the leading chiefs, Masupo and Maama Letsea, whom I interviewed at length.

From Basutoland my way lay "across the Vaal" river to the hill-girded town of Pretoria, in the Transvaal. The road was rough and lay along bushy veld and high grazing land, with here and there patches of arable land farmed by Boers. My journey for ten days was made after the old pioneering style, in an ox waggon, the monotony of which journey was enlivened by many a stirring incident. One a hungry lion—a stray one probably, for few of such wild animals are to be met now in those parts—attacked us in search of prey, and would have made minced meat of us had not my men scared the animal back into the bushwood by their shouts and shots from their rifles. The finest situated buildings in Pretoria are the Missionary Church and Convent, and like all Bishop Jolivet's architectural designs, they are very artistic and ornamental to the town. Here Pere Treband loaded me with kind attentions, and so did the Rev. Mother Joseph Colahan. From this capital of the Transvaal, the mail coach conveyed me to the Golden City, the Eldorado of the world, Johannesburg, the city of to-day, where Mr. Carr, the most prominent and influential Catholic of the town, kindly received me as his guest. Having shown me the flourishing mission church, schools, convents and City Hospital, of which the nuns have the care, we visited Robinson's gold mine, the largest and most gold-productive of the Transvaal mining companies that are now in working order. We were accompanied by the newly appointed Prefect Apostolic of the Transvaal—a man full of life and energy, the Very Rev. Father Schoch, whose kindness to me could not be surpassed.

Bidding adieu to the Transvaal Republic, the coach brought me to Kroonstad. The train there, after puffing along for a day and a night over a country full of wild and varied scenery, landed me in the eastern province of Cape Colony. There I visited the flourishing missions in Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth and King William's Town. "King," indeed, contains the largest and finest stone-built (Catholic) church in South Africa—the creation of the indefatigable Mgr. Fagan, whose large and warm Irish heart overwhelmed me with kind attentions. From E. St. London, where Father Kelly's hospitality was as generous as it was hearty, the Dane took me up the coast to Durban, where the refreshing sight of the orange groves, the pine apple gardens, the tea and sugar plantations, made me realize that I was in the delightfully tropical country of Natal. As elsewhere, so in Natal a generous hospitality was accorded me—in Durban by the zealous Fathers Bantury and Murray, at Maritzburg by Fathers Barrett and Kelly, at Oakland by Father Mathien (the pioneer amongst the Kaffirs), and at Mariannhill by the Abbot of the Trappist Monastery, who, with his army of 250 monks and 200 missionary nuns, has transformed that heathen country into "the garden of the Lord." There in very deed is being fulfilled these words spoken of our Lord by his Prophet: "He will make her desert as a place of pleasure, and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of praise." (Is. v. 3)

My sincere thanks are also due to Sir Charles and Lady Mitchell for the kindly way they received me at the Government House in Maritzburg. May God reward with an eternal recompense the kindness of all my South African friends, for which I shall always be deeply sensible and grateful.

My unlooked for visit to South Africa,

which ill health compelled me to undertake, has not been without its use in more ways than one. For besides regarding health and strength, it has opened my eyes. This pagan Kaffir country, which I pictured to myself as dark as the sky on a stormy night, is, I now see, set with many brilliant stars, which are casting their light everywhere and driving away the darkness around. In a word, here and there, throughout these heathen countries of South Africa, Catholic missions, with their churches of the Blessed Sacrament, their Christian schools, convents, seminaries and colleges, are springing up everywhere, conveying the light of the Gospel of Salvation to the black races. And what, I ask myself, is the cause of the wonderful spread of the faith, for there are few laborers in the field—no immigration to augment or form new missions—no flow of money from Europe to depend upon. The secret of the marvelous success of Catholic Missions in South Africa is, it seems to me, the self-sacrificing spirit and high motive of action that fills the heart of the missionary. His love of God, in a word, and his love and thirst for souls! This, and this alone, it is that causes the word of God that falls from his lips to penetrate the heart of the pagan Kaffir, letting into his dark soul the light of God's saving truth which is leading him to heaven.

Would it were in my power to second by personal service the heroic efforts made by my brother priests to dispel the darkness of heathenism from this land and to spread the knowledge and love of our Lord among those who know him not! But as this cannot be, my endeavor will be, on my return to the Old Country, if life, health, strength and opportunity are given me, to make the Vicariates and Prefectures more generally known, and the missionary work that is so successfully carried on in them. For I am sure that a further knowledge of these pagan countries and their missionary wants will arouse the zeal of many at home, and move them to send help to the South African missionaries so as to enable them to increase their staff of men, to open out, new Kaffir mission stations in the interior of Zululand, Bechuanaland, and the Zambesi, and so to spread the light of faith in the heart of those heathen countries where still there are more than two millions of souls sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.—*South African Catholic Magazine.*

## A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S PROTESTANT PEERS GOES OVER TO ROME.

LONDON, October 4.—Lord Donington has furnished the religious world here with its second sensation this week. He has abandoned Protestantism and become a member of the Catholic Church. He is one of the richest men in England, and master of the famous castle and estates called Donington Park, Leicestershire. After the death of Lady Loudoun, who was like her husband a rigid Protestant, her son, Lord Loudoun, married a Catholic lady. Lord Donington was furious. He threatened to disinherit the young man unless he left his bride. The young man was obdurate, and in time his father relented sufficiently to receive the young couple in Donington Castle. Now that the old gentleman has also embraced the faith taught in Rome, he seems determined to make the fact impressive by announcing that he will build a cathedral in London for the glory of the Pope and also in honor of the election of a Roman Catholic Lord Mayor of London, which he regards as the greatest triumph Rome has had in a century.

THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE.—There is, probably, no family medicine so favorably and so widely known as DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER. It is extensively used in India, China, Turkey—and, in every civilized country on earth, not only to counteract the climatic influences, but for the cure of bowel troubles, Cholera and Fevers. It is used internally for all diseases of the bowels, and externally for wounds, burns, bruises, &c. Sold by druggists generally. 25 cents for a big bottle.

Gighamp—"Why does Rowley always keep his mouth screwed up in that way?" Surface—"He got into the habit while trying to pronounce his words so that he can get them in edgewise when talking to his wife."

NOTHING tends to affect one's personal appearance more than a few straggling gray hairs. Now, Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer, employed but a few times as an ordinary hair dressing, will restore them to their natural color, and is a most delightful article for the toilet table. It can be had at all druggists, in large-sized bottles, only 50 cents each.

## DEATH OF CARDINAL HOWARD.

We regret to record the death on Friday evening at Brighton of Cardinal Howard, whose long illness ended fatally in an attack of pneumonia. He had for some time past lived in almost complete retirement. His Eminence Edward Henry Howard, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Archbishop of St. Peter's, came of the ducal and illustrious house of Norfolk. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Gyles Howard, and was born at Nottingham February 13, 1829, and was educated at Oscott College. In his youth he held a commission in the 2nd Life Guards, and it is said that he rode at the head of the military procession on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852. Shortly after that date he quitted the army and went to Rome, where he entered holy orders. He attached himself entirely to the service of Pius IX. and speedily gained the confidence and affection of His Holiness. As a proof of the reliance placed upon his diplomatic ability and judgment, he was dispatched to India in order to allay the religious schism which had broken out at Goa. After his return from Goa, the rest of Monsignor Howard's ecclesiastical career was spent in Italy. Visitors to St. Peter's were familiar with the graceful and dignified bearing of the courtly ecclesiastic. In the Basilica of St. Peter's he held for some years the office of arch-priest's vicar. In 1872 Monsignor Howard was consecrated Archbishop of Neo-Cesarea, in *partibus infidelium*. He was also made Coadjutor-Bishop of Frascati, but this appointment he held only for a few weeks.

The Cardinal Howard, ancestor to the lamented ecclesiastic who has just expired, was already famous at Rome, seeing that the first Cardinal of his distinguished race, who was Great Almoner of England, and grandson to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, died in the Eternal City of 1694, and was buried in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, where his grave-stone has long been an object of interest to English travellers. The late Cardinal Howard was an accomplished linguist, and one of the few Englishmen who could speak the Arabic and Russian languages fluently.—*London Universe.*

## READING.

VERY PERTINENT REMARKS ON THIS IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

No one natural influence you can name exercises a greater power in forming the character of the young, than that of reading. Yet, while parents are generally, and very properly anxious about the character of their children's associates, they seldom inquire about the character of the book or paper which the child reads. Surely the parent's oversight ought to extend to books as well as to companions. This is the more necessary when we remember that the habits formed in youth not only exercise a powerful influence on the mind, but become, as it were, a second nature, and unerringly foreshadow the character of the man or woman. Among the healthiest and most beneficial influences of the home is that which gives intelligent direction to the inquisitive mind of youth. Parents who are indifferent to their great responsibility in this matter can hardly hope to be able to give one day a satisfactory account of their stewardship.

How many parents may we not find who, though anxious, we might even say over anxious, for the bodily health, comfort and worldly prosperity of their children, scarcely ever take trouble to heart over the great and difficult task of planting in the minds of their children correct notions of duty, or of cultivating the affections, and wisely directing or restraining the longings of the young heart. Here, however, is the great work committed into the hands of parents—a work which will bear abundant fruit in time and eternity. One of the most potent agencies that parents may use in prosecuting successfully this difficult work, is furnished by healthy reading. This reading should have its own time in the family circle. Children will judge of its importance and usefulness by the care and solicitude of parents. It should be made pleasure, not a task, and thus children will find in it not only profit but employment.

According to St. Basil, a book may be compared to meat. "It is," he says, "the food of the mind—that is to say, the substance of every book which one reads with pleasure, enters the mind and becomes a part of it, somewhat as the meat which we eat is changed into our blood. If the book is good," he goes on, "the correct ideas, the just and laudable sentiments of the writer are communicated to the mind of the reader; is, however, the book is bad, the mind of the reader is impregnated with false principles, impure images, and wrong notions of duty, and this effect is the more readily and certainly produced because there is in the heart of man, even from his very youth, a strong inclination to evil."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

## BETTER THAN GOLD.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaint and can say there is no other remedy as good. MRS. JAMES DENNISON, Lake Dora, Ont.

The terminal facilities of the wasp are not large, but they are ample for their purpose.

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.