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Those who seek a pleasant land, with pure air and beautiful climate, should visit the island. All the pleasures of the seaside may be there enjoyed, with freedom from fog and wind, and numerous other evils which are sometimes found upon the mainland. One will be well treated, thoroughly enjoy himself, and never regret the visit.

MONCTON TO ST. JOHN.
A journey of four hours or less is required to take one from Moncton to the commercial capital of New Brunswick. The greater portion of the distance, through a well settled country, attractive in appearance, but devoid of anything striking in the way of scenery.

The first station of note is Salisbury, where connection is made with the Albert railway, which runs to the village of Albert, a distance of 45 miles. The first part of this distance is through a monotonous wilderness, but when Hillsborough is reached, with the Petitcodiac River flowing by the broad marshes, the beauties of the country are better appreciated. The celebrated Albert Mines were near this place, but they are now abandoned, and no other large deposit of the peculiar "Albertite Coal" has yet been found. The quarrying and manufacturing of plaster is however, still an important industry. As the road nears Hopewell, the country is a fine one, with its mountains in the distance and vast marshes reaching to the shores of Shepody Bay. There are few places where a short time can be better enjoyed in a quiet way than in the vicinity of Albert. It is a rich farming country, and fair to look upon, and the crops are raised and some of the finest bread wheat to be found come from Hopewell and Harvey.

Continuing on the main line, the next station reached is Petitcodiac, a stirring village, from which the Elgin Branch Railway runs to Elgin Corner, in the finest farming district in Albert County. From Petitcodiac until Sussex is reached, the various villages make a fine appearance and give one an excellent impression of New Brunswick as a farming country.

SUSSEX
is one of the places which is rapidly increasing in size and importance, and has the promise of as fair a future as any village in the Lower Provinces. It is situated in the beautiful Valley of the Kennebecasis, and has some of the most famous of the New Brunswick farms. Nature has made all this part of the country surpassingly fair to look upon; and it is just as good as it looks. The earth yields abundantly all kinds of crops, and the dairy products have a most enviable fame. Besides this, the people have push and enterprise and are making rapid strides in all branches of industry.

Some fair trout fishing is to be found in this part of the country. To the east and south are Walton, Grass, Theobald, Bear, White Pine, Echo, Chisholm, and other lakes, all within eighteen miles of the village. Eight pound trout have been caught in Chisholm Lake, though fish of that size are the exception. In Theobald Lake one man has taken ninety trout, averaging a pound each, in two days.

The visitor who is interested in mining should visit the manganese mines, ten miles from the village; and if he would like to see how the best of table salt is obtained, his curiosity may be satisfied by going to the Salt Spring, four miles away. As for views the best to be had is from Blanch's Hill, which overlooks the village and a large portion of the surrounding country.

Geologists tell us that these hills and bold heights seen in the vicinity of Sussex are the effects of a terrific current which once flowed through the valley, when all the country was submerged by a mighty flood. It is thought that this was the cause of the valley of the St. John River, but when that "once" is something as uncertain as the authorship of Ossian's poems. It was a long while ago, at any rate.

From Sussex to St. John, a distance of 44 miles, the country along the line is well settled, and abounds in beautiful villages. Hampton, the shire town of King's County is in great repute as a summer resort for the people of St. John, a number of whom have fine private residences here. From this point the St. Martins and Upland Railways run across the country to the flourishing village of St. Martins, on the Bay shore. Hampton is a very pleasant place, and like Sussex, is making rapid advances year by year. To the west, nine miles from the city, has some handsome villas, the residences of St. John business men and others, who find all the pleasures of rural life within less than a half-an-hour's distance of their offices and counting-rooms. The ornamental trees and carefully arranged grounds have a very pleasing effect. The Kennebecasis River flows close by the track for a distance of several miles, the hills rising to the distant shore in picturesque beauty. As a river-side is reached, one of the finest race-courses on the continent is seen. Here is the scene of some famous aquatic contests by famous oarsmen—Hanan, Ross, and others of lesser note. It was here on a beautiful autumn morning, years ago, that the renowned Paris crew struggled for victory. It was nearly opposite yonder wharf that a man of the English fleet was seen by the excited thousands to fall from his seat, and as the Paris crew shot ahead, what a cheer echoed from the vast crowd of human beings! Yet, how quiet was all in a few minutes later when from the shore beside the wharf the Champion of England, James Renforth, was carried up the hill to die! It was a strange, and sad scene—the most memorable in the annals of this memorable spot.

Saint John.
The man who visits St. John within the next twelve months will doubtless hear a sufficiency of centennial history to satisfy his most ardent desires. A hundred years ago, on the 18th of May, 1783, the American Loyalists landed on the shores of the harbor and laid the foundations of the present city. Their descendants, animated by the centennials held in the United States, propose to celebrate the event in ample form. The occasion will be one of much interest to all who are present, for the people of St. John have never failed to make their celebrations worthy of the name. They are already warming up on the subject, and the day will surpass all other days in the hundred years of the city's history.

The huge, drastic, gripping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by

St. John has, however, a history which extends back for much more than a century—to the days when the land was Acadia and the banner of France waved from the forts of the harbor and river. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. Such a tale—a romance—deserves a better fate than to be presented in a mutilated form; the space at command in these pages would fail to do the narrative justice.

Apart from its Acadian annals, the history of St. John has little to interest the stranger. The city cannot boast of extensive fortifications, no memorial battle-fields, nothing ancient or quaint to fascinate the antiquarian. It is a modern city. Even the best part of its old buildings have been swept away by fire, and new and substantial edifices line the great majority of the streets. St. John is to be seen for what it is—not for what it has been.

The great fire of June 20th, 1877, swept over 200 acres of the business part of the city, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, which occupied nine miles of street, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way between twenty and thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete, and the effects of it will be felt for many years to come. The new city has made rapid progress; and brick and stone have taken the place of the wood so generally in use in former times. To one who knew it in other years, St. John seems another place. Everything has changed, all the old associations are gone. The surroundings of the people are different. It is much like some of our familiar picture galleries where so renovated that all the old light and shades were gone, and the dear old paintings brightened, varnished and set in new and gaudy frames.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Custom House is one of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private, all evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight and crossing each other at right angles. The new part of the city has a gentle slope towards the harbor, and seen from the latter makes a fine appearance. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favorable impression, and St. John is voted a rather nice sort of a place.

Outside of the city are several fine drives. One of these is out to Marsh Road, visiting the beautiful Rural Cemetery. This City of Tombs is situated most admirably for its purpose and none can fail to be struck with the quiet beauty which is everywhere seen throughout its shady walks. Another, and very attractive drive is over the Suspension Bridge. The river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows for 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbor on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over five hundred feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times the wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tides, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was open to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway. Beyond this is the Lunatic Asylum; a little further after passing Fairville, that famous drive, the Manawashish (Macenas) Road, a splendid highway, in full view of the Bay of Fundy, with the line of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives to be had around St. John. Returning, Carleton, which lies across the harbor, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Do not make the same blunder as the gifted Bayard Taylor, and mistake the Martello Tower for this fort. La Tour's stronghold is not so conspicuous, and there is very little to be seen of it. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawn are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decidedly plain odor of fish. Such is Fort La Tour today; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroes—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."

A superior natural bathing place may be found at the Bay Shore, a short distance from Carleton. The situation is excellent, and were the place properly prepared for visitors, it would doubtless be much more extensively patronized than at the present time.

Leaving the city and driving through Portland, a town which may some day be part of the city proper, one may ascend Fort Howe, have a grand view of the harbor and city, and then proceed to the banks of the broad and beautiful Kennebecasis. Or one may go by the way of the Marsh Bridge to Lake Lomond, a famous place for pleasure parties, where fishing, sailing, etc., may be enjoyed to perfection. Should a shorter and still pleasant drive be desired, one may ascend Mount Pleasant, have another magnificent view of the city and vicinity, and proceed to Lily Lake. In fact, it were tedious to enumerate all the pleasant places which may be visited by those having a team at their disposal for a few hours of a summer day.

The harbor of St. John is one of its GENTLEMEN—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering with debility or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them.

J. C. STROZEL, 683 Falton St. Chicago, Ill.

great features. Deep and capacious, its swift currents and high tides render it free from ice during the most severe seasons. Ships of any size can lie safely at its wharves, or anchor in the stream, well sheltered from the storms which rage without. At the entrance is Partridge Island, light, signal, and quarantine station; and the opposite shore of the mainland, no hostile fleet could hope to gain the harbor without a desperate struggle. The harbor bounds the city on the west and south; to the east is Courtenay Bay, which becomes a plain of mud when the tide is out. Some fine vessels have been built on this Bay, and it has excellent water fisheries. The fisheries of this and other parts of the harbor are prosecuted with excellent success and give employment to a large number of men. It is from these fishermen that such oarsmen as the Paris crew, Ross, Brayley and others have risen to be famous.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is indeed the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

The commercial outlook in St. John is most encouraging. The citizens have rallied from the terrible blow dealt them by the fire, and industries of all kinds are increasing in number and importance. They have much of their old-hand frankness and cordiality. Little attention is paid to caste in this democratic city, and the best society has only those barriers which sound common sense render necessary. The men who occupy the highest positions in the city to-day have worked hard to gain a living; and they are not ashamed to own it, or to be the friends of other workers who are still at the foot of the ladder.

The sympathies of the people are always with the stranger. They like to see visitors. Years ago, when there was no railway to Bangor, and but two trips a week were made by the steamer to Boston, the arrival and departure of the "Yankee Boat" were events of great local interest. About noon on the days the boat was expected, people began to inquire at the express office to learn the hour of her arrival at Eastport. So soon as the expected telegram came, the agent, in order to have time to attend to his business, put out a large sign, announcing the hour the steamer would reach St. John. Men read the words, glanced at the steamer, and regulated their business so as to be on hand at the proper time. Ladies hurried their shopping so as not to be late on the great occasion. Everyone looked pleased. Shortly before the hour named, large numbers would gather around Reed's Point, and secure the most eligible places for the show. At length the long, low, white would be heard down the harbor, and at the sound coaches, express wagons, and private teams all came tearing down town, while on the sidewalks men, women and children hastened with joyful feet to the scene of action. The ceremony over, the people quietly dispersed, and strangers who had seen the crowd on the wharf, asked each other what they supposed to be other crowds walking the streets, were most favorably impressed with the life so apparent among the people. If this account be just a little overdrawn, the writer has no fear. St. John's people are not "thin-skinned," and can enjoy a joke at their expense, on any fair subject. The most caustic allusions to the fog cannot disturb their good nature, and altogether they can give and take to any extent, provided the shaft be not tipped with downright malice.

The ascent of the river to Fredericton is a very enjoyable trip. Steamers leave every morning during the summer. Steamers also cross the Bay of Digby and Annapolis; and three regular trips a week are made by the International Line to Eastport, Portland and Boston. The St. John & Maine Railway runs daily trains to Fredericton and Bangor, and from the latter place to Boston and other parts of the Union. The Grand Southern, a new line, runs to St. George and St. Stephen every alternate day. It will be seen that there are excellent facilities for reaching St. John.

The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors, easily dyed, fast and beautiful. 10 cents a package for any color.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes: I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery.

Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bethwell, says that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters did him more good, for a bad case of Salt Rheum, than \$500 worth of other medicine.

It is a singular fact that the cheapness of an article should even temporarily reduce its sale, and yet that was the experience of Messrs. Tuckett & Son in the introduction of their now celebrated "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. People who had been in the habit of smoking the finest Virginia tobacco, could not for a time be made to believe that they were offered the same article about one half the old price, and it was only by slow degrees that they were induced to put the question to the test of an actual trial. When they did adopt that test, however, it never failed to satisfy them.

CATHOLICITY IN EUROPE.
VIEWS OF A CATHOLIC THEOLOGIAN RESPECTING THE FORCES NOW UNDERMINING THE CHURCH.
(Correspondence N. Y. Sun.)
Vigo, Spain, April 21.—It may have surprised some of your readers that I should, in a recent letter, have laid so much stress on catechetical instruction and careful home-education as one of the most effective preventives against the spreading contagion of infidelity as the best means of reforming our youth against the hostile doctrinal and socialistic tendencies now prevailing in Europe, and, to a great extent, in America.

It would be simple folly to wish to disguise the truth. The struggle in European countries, against religious teaching and influences (or clericalism, as Gambetta terms it) is to give the State the exclusive right to educate—to make of education the work of laymen, to the exclusion of all persons bearing a priestly or a religious character. In France and Italy the men at present in power go farther; they do not all disguise their purpose—or disguise it very faintly—of imbuing the minds of youth in the elementary school and in the university with PRINCIPLES OPENLY AND ABSOLUTELY ADVERSE TO REVEALED RELIGION, to the belief in and worship of a Supreme Being.

The process of extinguishing in the minds and hearts of the youth of a nation the beliefs and sentiments, which have hitherto been the very breath of national life, has begun to be carried out systematically by the vast educational organizations controlled respectively by Paul Bert in France and by Signor Baccelli in Italy. How long the process will last, and how far it will extend, no one can say. But the fact is that during the last few years, men and women, who were once devoted to the cause of the Church, have been gradually turning their backs to it, and their hearts to the cause of the State.

The first example is taken from the early history of Christian Spain, and affords, though in an opposite direction, an equally eloquent lesson. It will be familiar to historical students that the peninsula of Christianity in the Iberian peninsula from the end of the fourth to the sixth century was continually interrupted or marred by the arrival of the Pyrenees of successive waves of barbarian invasion. It is an unquestioned fact that these barbarians, whatever their name, were either heathens or Arians, and as such bitterly hostile to the native Christians. In the year 570 the Goths, under Atanaric, were the prominent power in Spain, ruling with the sword, imposing their rule and their creed on the divided majority, called Catholics in contradistinction to the Arians, who did believe in the separate personality or the divinity of the Son.

But about the same year 570 one of the greatest men of all time, Leander, Bishop of Seville, who had for bosom friend and brother-in-law, the great Pope Gregory the Great, undertook to conquer and convert by the sheer force of education not only the Arian Goths, but the Suevo of Galicia and what remained in Andalusia of the Vandals. Aided by his people, Leander, says later by another and a greater brother, St. Isidore, he established the first university known in Western Christendom—"the School of Seville." The three illustrious brothers and their sister Florentina made it so famous that the youth of all Spain flocked to it, Visigoths, Suevo, Vandals, and the native Hispano-Romans.

From this school—for which Isidore compiled the first encyclopaedia ever published, and in which he and his associates taught every science wrote off—went forth men who in due time became kings of Spain, rulers of provinces, statesmen, and magistrates; men who became Archbishops and Bishops, and who established at Braga, Palencia, Toledo, Saragossa, and Barcelona university schools after the model of their alma mater.

THIS THE CATHOLIC DOCTRINE TAUGHT IN SEVILLE by Leander and his brothers was borne like a fruitful seed, to all the cities of Spain, into the bosom of every family among the leading classes in the dominant and while, the fierce fanaticism of Queen Goswinda, the wife first of Atanaric and then of Leovigild the Great, and the zeal of her Gothic nobles and Arian Bishops, kindled a fearful civil war, in which Leander and Heremengild, the heir to the Gothic throne, were on the side of the national party and orthodox. It is one of the most tragic and romantic stories on record. But the insurrection was quenched in blood, Heremengild perishing in prison. Leander's appeal to the sword failed, manifest as his right to resist a power never accepted by the nation

and a creed imposed by the superior force of the invader.

BUT THE MIGHTY FORCE OF EDUCATION which he had been using for so many years to such good purpose all at once, and when he least expected it, produced the very result which was the aim of all his ambition. Just when the national party was prostrate at the mercy of Leovigild and Goswinda, the King fell sick and on his deathbed, professed himself a Catholic, and died recommending his son and successor, Recaredo, to the fatherly care of Leander. The sequel is well known. Within two years after the death of Leovigild, Recaredo, with the overwhelming majority of the Visigoths, had embraced the creed of Leander. While politicians were seeking the triumph of religious truth and civil freedom by force of arms, the irresistible forces of education were changing men's minds and men's hearts, like the solar light and warmth developing the grain buried in the soil, till, all of a sudden, MEN MARVELLED TO SEE THE FACE OF THE EARTH TRANSFORMED in the beauty of the moral spring tide.

In the Spain of the year 1883 there is very much that recalls the Spain which from 570 to 583 was undergoing the creative influences of the education directed by the three immortal Sevillian brothers. More than a century ago Spain, in common with the other Neo-Latin nations and the vast Hispano-Portuguese colonial empire and the sea, was suddenly deprived of the services of some 30,000 men and trained and experienced educators of youth. No teachers equal to them either in acknowledged ability, or in that purity and nobility of life which is the formative power of good education—have ever taken their place in Spain or in Spanish America. We Americans, who are as little afraid of truth as we are of liberty, are free to confess that during the century which has elapsed for Spain down to the present year, political events and the workings of social forces have been fatally hostile to any collective effort of the Spanish clergy and people to promote Christian education, or, indeed, to organize any well-understood system of education at all. Even now, the country has scarcely begun to rest from the theories of the late civil war, and men's souls are sadly divided by the political PARTISANSHIP AND THE BITTER RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIES rising from the dynastic question. During at least seventy-five years of the past century the successive revolutions to which unhappy Spain has been subjected have been more ruinous to the social condition of her clergy and the religion of her people than all the centuries which witnessed the irruptions of the Northern barbarians. The Church has not only been despoiled of the little wealth left to her by the wasteful tyranny of the Hapsburg and Bourbon dynasties, but she has been deprived and degraded in the opinion of the nation by the systematic calumnies of the statesmen who robbed her, and of the irreligious press which hounded them on. It has been the consistent, and not unsuccessful aim of the spoiler and ruler so to impoverish the priest as to make his condition, his life, and his calling, degrading in his own eyes, and in that of the people. LET SERIOUS-MINDED MEN WHICH WELL AND DARE NOT SAY, on this subject.

The position of the Spanish clergy is one deserving of our deepest sympathies. Everything has been done to make them powerless for good. The late Bishop of Tui, in whose diocese I am writing, and who is now the retired Bishop of Ourense, wished, on taking possession of the former see, to raise the standard of education in his diocesan seminaries, and to appoint to the rural parishes none but clergymen of zeal, learning, and blameless lives. Everywhere he urged on pastors and on people the necessity of establishing Sunday schools. Those details I leave to Don Manuel Baronesa, formerly Mayor of Vigo. What he was rewarded for the good Bishop? That he was complained of as being too zealous, a troublesome innovator, who would not let off abuses alone, and the Minister removed him to his present see.

OF THE DANGERS WHICH THE FUTURE OF CHRISTIANITY IS PRESENTLY IN Christian Spain, and to all Christendom as well, I have spoken in my last, and need say no more. I ask myself only this question: Had it been given to any one human being in the year of grace 611 to approach St. Isidore, then gloriously filling, in Seville, the place of the sainted Leander, and to tell him that in Medina, on the shores of the Red Sea, was just beginning to grow the dread Mohammedan power, which a century later, in 731, was to sweep over the Spanish peninsula as restless as the simoon, what would have been the great Archbishop's answer? Not words of reproof to his reformer; NOT TO WHAT HIMSELF OF IN SUGGESTION IN THAT SUMMER TO HIM AND HIS BROTHER BISHOPS, and to redouble their efforts to educate the minds and hearts of the Spanish people in preparation for that terrible trial, which was to last for more than 700 years. I believe that, under God's good providence, the education given to the nation by the school of Seville and its off-shoots kept the faith alive in the land as long as it did. Muslim oppression, and formed that heroic character which struggled for so many centuries against the invader, and at length hurled him back to the shores of Africa.

At present—let me confess it—I am, as a Christian, deeply concerned with the future which I cannot help foreseeing. To counteract all the irreligious agencies which are at work on both sides of the Atlantic; to remedy any intellectual disease which is spreading so rapidly, not only among the Latin and Germanic people, but in the world tenanted by the Anglo-Saxon race—what can, WHAT OUGHT THE RELIGIOUS GUIDES OF THE PEOPLE TO DO?

Remember that the cry is to take out of the hands of the clergy all higher education, and even primary schools, and to deprive them of the right, or even the liberty, of educating candidates for the ministry in separate establishments. More than that, in order to deter young men from thinking of the Church, and to take away from the priestly calling, in the future which the people, as much as possible of its sacred character, theological students, even those in holy orders, are compelled to serve in the army. In but too many

instances parish priests have been torn from their flocks, forced to put on the military uniform and to march in the ranks against the enemy, not as chaplains but as common soldiers.

Such men as Depretis, the present Prime Minister of Italy, and MM. Paul Bert and Jules Ferry openly avow their objects in enacting and enforcing such laws.

THEY WISH TO DEGRADE RELIGION IN THE PERSON OF THE PRIEST.

They mean to make religious education and clerical training an impossibility. This is not the worst danger. I ask myself what are the clergy and good men to do, not only where the public schools, high and low, are secularized and dechristianized, but where the tendency of ideas and political passions manifestly points to a like contingency in the near future? Surely they should at once combine and make the most serious efforts to render the pulpit and the Sunday-school the most effective channels of popular instruction. The pulpit, and in saying this I have in my mind's eye the priest in every land as in Spain, the pulpit in the hands of a well educated and zealous teacher, WHO IS CAREFUL, TO DISCHARGE BRITANNIC or allusions; to avoid the threshing of old straw in mere controversy; to expose the sublime truths of religion in all their own beautiful simplicity, and to set forth the morality of the Gospel in its native attractiveness, will soon educate all his grown-up people, his fathers and mothers, especially, in a thorough knowledge of revealed religion and its duties. Parents thus instructed, Sunday after Sunday, will inevitably become in their homes the intelligent teachers and educators of their little ones.

The dangers which threaten Christendom are, moreover, from the clergy—the higher clergy—a special solicitude regarding the education of women. One of my chief hopes for the maintenance of religion in France, in the face of mighty array of anti-Christian forces, lies in the SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, THE SOLID FIDELITY AND BRAVE SPIRIT of French women. In Italy and Spain, in the latter portions of the world, where women are far from being educated up to the same high standard, the chances in favor of home education, of the rearing of true Christian men, are fearfully lessened. Two things, as I reflect on these matters beneath the all-seeing Eye, appear to me of vital importance and extreme urgency: 1. To raise the standard of education in all female schools and academies, so as to prepare for the coming need, enlightened and practical mothers of families, capable of thoroughly instructing and educating their sons and daughters. 2. To organize in the most efficient manner Christian doctrine or Sunday-school societies on the admirable plan followed in Lombardy 300 years ago by the saintly cousins Archbishops Charles and Frederick Borromeo. Let me not, AFTER MORE THAN FORTY YEARS SPENT IN THE PRIESTHOOD, BE DEEMED inopportune if I press these considerations on men of all creeds in our own great country. While the old world is rocked to its foundations by forces more potent than dynamite, we are revelling in all the blessings of material prosperity and peace. Let us not wrap ourselves up in fatal security. The first mutterings of the storm, the first faint oscillations of the approaching earth-quake, may be felt by the wise and wary among us.

In a letter addressed to a friend in Tours, the captain of the French ship Falcon recounts how he was miraculously preserved from shipwreck on the open sea, finding a haven at last on the coast of England.

"A thousand thanks for your good prayers! I have been exposed to a terrible death, but my confidence in the Blessed Virgin has saved me. In that terrific hurricane, which has made so many victims, my vessel was very near being wrecked. The waves rose more than thirty feet above us. Suddenly the coast, with its seething breakers, appeared only two miles from our starboard, and the fury of the storm was driving us onward to certain destruction. Inevitable death stared us in the face. We could do nothing at all for the fury of the wind forced us to hold to the gunwale with both hands. "I called my crew together, and began a solemn prayer. There was no check that was not bedewed with tears at the thought of our dear ones whose loving faces we should never behold again in this life. We promised the Blessed Virgin that, in case we should be saved, we would have a Solemn High Mass, in her honor, at which all officers and crew, would be present. We vowed, also, to walk to the church in procession, with bare heads and feet, and clothed in a garment of penance. Five minutes after this vow was pronounced, the wind turned westward, and thus we kept clear of the coast. Our ships quite near us were wrecked; but we felt that Heaven was protecting us. My poor vessel was terribly shattered, the sails torn to ribbons, the rigging parted everywhere, and the masts broken.

"Thus we were driven about for eleven days, drenched to the skin, having nothing to eat but moistened biscuit, and unable to get a wink of sleep. At last we were able to make land here on the coast of England. I feel completely broken down, though I am not really ill.

"Thank our Blessed Mother for me. The escape was truly miraculous.

"Thus we see how courage and confidence in Mary, Star of the Sea and Patroness of sailors, was gloriously rewarded.

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