

erals will do us justice. Catholics cave fought for them all along the line. Even in Conservative Preston they voted for Mr. Cox, who was for years secretary to the Cobden Club, and won most remarkable victories for Liberalism and Labor. Secondly, a large number of Liberal candidates have pledged themselves to fair play. Thirdly, we have for us the Irish party and the bulk of the Labor representatives, who will form, when combined, an irresistible phalanx, and who will use Parliamentary resources with skill. Finally, we have Catholic Passive Resistance. In our opinion Liberals are not likely to drive us to this last resort.

The very interesting debate, on the 1st inst., in the University Council elicited a strong profession of faith from the Rev. Dr. Sparling, principal of Wesley College. Speaking after several members who had discoursed vaguely on high ideals and unattainable endowments for the University, he stoutly defended the religious side of college education. Without religion you have no morality. If you do not form a moral student, all your labor is lost. He would not hear of the colleges becoming mere nursing mothers to the University. The colleges must complete their curriculum, or the denominations would not confide their sons and daughters to them, for religious-minded parents wanted the religious college to watch over their students till the end of their course. The Rev. Dr. Duval, a representative of Manitoba (Presbyterian) College, spoke with even more than his usual vehemence. He quoted the testimonies of distinguished University professors in the United States, who acknowledged the failure of their highly endowed universities to form great men, owing to the absence of a religious atmosphere. This was all very edifying and all very true; but we Catholics cannot help wondering why our good and earnest brethren without the Fold do not apply these principles to the education of children in the schools. If a college or university student needs religion to keep him straight, how much more do the younger pupils of the elementary grades? If the children are not trained in a religious atmosphere, how will they take kindly to its influence when their passions rise and grow?

Rev. Dr. Duval, a man of transparent sincerity, has been won over to the common sense view that Sunday cars will be a great boon to churchgoers and laboring men. What will the Rev. C. W. Gordon say to this? Some time ago he averred that he had not yet heard of any influential and righteous person advocating Sunday cars, although, before he thus loftily expressed himself, Venerable Archdeacon Fortin and Father Drummond had come out strongly in favor of Sunday cars. Lately Father Frigon has forcibly recommended Sunday cars. Ralph Connor, whose books canonize none but Presbyterians, may, of course ignore these non-Presbyterian authorities; but what will he do with the eminent Presbyterian clergyman, the influential, the transparently sincere Dr. Duval?

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THE LOSS OF THE FAITH IN WALES

By Very Rev. Canon Richards

When at the Reformation the old clergy were dispossessed to make way for strangers, the Welsh people clung to the old faith and the old tradition with tenacity like to that with which they still cling to the old language. In their churches they no longer heard the familiar voices of the old pastors speaking to them the old truths in the old tongues; they missed them at the altar, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in their homes, in their schools; and repelled by the cold formality, the want of sympathy, the unintelligible speech of the men who had replaced them, abandoned the churches and held meetings in their homes, reciting the old prayers, singing the old hymns, cherishing the old belief, and thus the earliest form of dissent in Wales was a protest of the people in favor of the old faith against the new; and thus the first dissenters were Roman Catholics. And so they remained for generations, and they would have remained to this day, like their Celtic cousins in Ireland, Roman Catholic, but for one cause, viz., the priesthood were exterminated by the rack and the gibbet till at length the Welsh mountains and valleys knew their footprints no more, and sacrifice ceased from the impoverished altar and there were none to break the Bread of Life and the word of truth to them. And thus the old faith died.

But it lingered long in men's hearts and memories, nor was the chasm that separated the Welsh people from the old Church ever bridged over by the new. When at length, at the beginning of the last century, men of new-born zeal and love for souls came and stirred up the land by the vigor and earnestness of their preaching, they found an ignorant, but a religious-minded people, ready to embrace any doctrine which came on persuasive lips, clothed in their own speech. And yet, even at that date two hundred years after the Reformation, the new preachers found a people that still retained many of the practices of the old religion—a people that sealed on their foreheads the sign of the cross, that still sang the legend in honor of the Virgin Mother of God; that knelt on the fresh sod of a lost one's grave to breathe a prayer for the departed soul, aye, and most touching of all, that bent the knee in the churches in reverence of a Sacred Presence that once had dwelt on the dismantled altars. Review Rept Loss of Faith end in days when they were in very deed the houses of God. These were but empty forms that had lost for the most part their true meaning, but they betokened a religious sentiment which soon passed into new forms and new beliefs, till at length dissent assumed the aspect and grew into the vast proportions of to-day.

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OLD HOUSES I HAVE KNOWN

By M. Tucker, Ste. Rose Correspondent

CHANTMERLE

The name of this place means Song of Blackbird, and in visiting it once more I seem to hear again the morning music of life in happy childhood. The house is of gray stone, very old, very grey, with mullioned windows extremely high up, more picturesque than cosy. On the lawn in front stands a stone statue of St. Peter with a bunch of keys in his hand; he rests on a pile of stones, he and they being some of the debris of the old monastery, of which indeed the house itself is a part. May—she is my eldest sister—told me the hobgoblins come in after night-fall and take the coats and hats in the entrance lobby; that is tall for disembodied spirits. But all the same the place is haunted. We have Lady Ann's chamber, which we kindly keep as a guest room. Every night at twelve o'clock precisely the door of that room mysteriously opens—it makes my blood run cold to think of it,—not the door you enter by, but another at the far end, leading, I can't tell you where, up a steep, dark staircase. I think it was a way to the old chapel now in ruins. If you were in this house at night you would hear awful sounds, as of barrels bursting in the old monks' cellars underneath. We children were just as happy for all this. We had a beautiful garden with two entrances; one covered in the spring time with lilac in flower and the other with laburnum. How we rioted and racketed all summer! not only there, but a little way beyond, where the abbot had his fish ponds, and beyond they had left a stone coffin unfilled, with just a stone pillow for the head; we were always fitting ourselves into this, and in and out of the ruined walls we found grand hiding places. And do you think we slept one whit the less soundly because when the wind was from the west and sighed along the corridors you could hear all night the pitter patter on the priest's walk? That is where Father Francis tells his beads year in, year out. What delightful walks we took over the hills and far away and through the deep woods where grew anemones, blue hyacinths, and primroses. Set in the midst of these was a chapel—much more beautiful than any I have seen since. I never hear rooks cawing or peacocks screaming without thinking of that chapel in the woods. There were statues and pictures there, and my sister, who was very little, said she did not fancy the saints, who were so fine, would think much of her in her cotton gown, but my little brother said: "Why do they put the saints like that? They don't look so in heaven; they have got their bodies on." The same little boy would not go out of doors when the stars were shining because he thought the great bear would eat him. When first he remarked the stars he said he knew heaven was up there all right, for there were little chinks in the floor and the light showed through. We thought our Lord was born again every Christmas night, and that we had presents at Christmas time, because the three kings brought some to the dear Infant Jesus and we had to be like him. Is this the same world that we live in now? The same blue sea and sky? The same sweet flowers and sun? Oh! no! childhood is fairyland and the golden gates are bolted if once you step outside. Our happy little band was a chain with broken links; there were three small green graves which nestled near the old church by the castle; and our fond mother, when her living child-



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ren slept, those who were still left to her, and she had tucked them in and sat beside them in the shadowy room, oh! then, she opened wide her tender arms and gathered to her her angel children, those who had flown heavenward at their early dawn of time, caressed them, wept over them sweetest of good-nights—to those who had no night but day for evermore. She taught us in a hundred ways always to remember them. We used to find their likenesses in pictures of angels: "This is Ally's likeness, mamma; and this one little Willie's; and here is Julie, dear little Julie!" Our mother kept us close together in her heart, and now is gone to see those other little ones; she had not to go with them when they went; they had no fear in going, even in going alone; it was not far, and the road was not dark. Children are so near heaven; but the longer we live the further off, alas! we seem to get. I know that the childhood we had and the childhood we remember are not the same, yet when all is said and done methinks it is the bluest bit in our earthly sky.

TEMPLE MUNGRET

When my sister May was nineteen, and I—Monica—four years younger, we went for a time to Ireland and stayed with her godmother, who lived at Temple Mungret. I shall never forget the first time we rode on an outside car. I said to the coachman, "Don't people ever fall off these things?" "I s'pose they do, miss," he said quaintly. This place is situated on a slight eminence east of the Shannon, which it overlooks two or three miles distant from Limerick. The very spot on which the house stands was once the site of a building used by the Knights Templars as a hospital for their sick, their castle being near at hand. Some few hundred yards south of Temple Mungret stands the ruin of the ancient Abbey of Mungret, at one time said to contain fifteen hundred monks. It is related that Alfred the Great received in part his education in this monastery. There is a funny little story told of the learning of these monks, who were of the Order of St. Augustine. The religious of another monastery, also famed for erudition, were anxious to know if the reports of their science which had reached them were well founded; they therefore sent some of their brethren to visit them to see if their knowledge equalled their own. The monks of Mungret, instructed of their proceedings and not knowing if they should be able to stand the contest with honor, disguised some of their novices as washerwomen and sent them to wash in a stream over which the monks had to pass. When they drew near and saw the women they began inquiring of them the way to the abbey, and asked them many questions to all of which the apparent washerwomen answered in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, old French, etc. Immediately the travellers began to consult among themselves and decided it would be better not to continue their journey, for said they: "If the common people of this country are so learned, what must the monks be?" I almost love that old abbey and the silent dead who sleep so peacefully beneath. It is a beautiful relic of past ages of devotion and very sad and ghostly it looks of evenings. Two tall trees have struggled through the east window where the holy altar once stood. A

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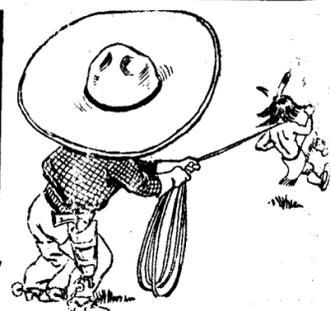
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A Japanese fisherman has caught at Honolulu a new and strange fish, which, so far as is known, is unique. The fish is called the frog fish, because of the fact that besides fins and gills it has four well developed legs and feet, the feet being even provided with toe-nails.