

than he repelled him with the most ex-

pressive gestures. "—Siachach marabout!" "bad priest!" he repeated several times; then added: "Marabout Sid-nah Issah!" (priest of Lord Jesus). It finally became clear that he wished for the Catholic priest, who accordingly was brought to him.

His coming was a source of great joy to the poor Arab. He stretched out his arms to the clergyman, seized his hands, covered them with kisses, placed them on his head and by his signs convinced all that he desired to become a Christian. The name of Sidnah Issah was reiterated again and again. This expressive invocation was a profession of Faith, the only one that a yet he could make.

The chaplain made haste. After further signs and the exchange of a few words by means of an interpreter

he administered baptism by the simple pouring of water. To state the effect of the sacrament on the young man would be impossible. The convulsionist had been torturing him, ceased to speak and was rapt in the sweetest placidity. It was like a case of one of those possessed who were touched by the hand of Jesus and who at the Divine contact fell peacefully at His feet. The Arara thanked the priest with an eloquent glance, took the latter's crucifix, because it was larger than the Sister's pressed it to his bosom, and, lying down, covered himself with the bed clothes, as if he desired to sleep. He repeated his wish, and he was left undisturbed.

About an hour afterwards, notwithstanding he was quite motionless, the Sister approached his bed, and found that he had given up his soul to God. The crucifix was still pressed to his lips and a medal of the Blessed Virgin that had been given to him was clasped to his bosom.

nessed the young Algerian's birth in the life of grace and that of glory.

THAT DIVORCE CASE.

A good deal of misapprehension has been created in reference to a certain divorce case recently decided by the civil court for such causes in this Province, and we are advised that a few words of explanation in these columns is desirable. The circumstance which so many find it difficult to understand is that the civil divorce was preceded by an ecclesiastical dissolution of the marriage, with permission to the parties, who are Catholics, to re-marry. The whole difficulty arises from the fact that very few, even among Catholics, are aware that, by the law of the

or ecclesiastical, can dissolve a consummated marriage, an unconsummated marriage is not indissoluble, but marriage where grave reasons exist, be dissolved by the Pope. The parties to this marriage never lived together as husband and wife. The wife having desisted and broken her marriage vow, she was taken by the husband to bring the case before the Sacred Congregation at Rome, to which the Holy Father's jurisdiction in regard to marriage, is subject to his ratification, or delegated. The evidence was taken before the Ordinary of the diocese, and learned canonist being appointed to defend the marriage. The facts referred to having been clearly established by the evidence adduced, the inchest marriage was dissolved at Rome. A certain Catholic paper just to hand assumes that this dissolution was simply a declaration that the union never was a marriage at all. This is a mistake, no doubt, to its overlooking the above-mentioned doctrine regarding marriage. It was a valid but incomplete marriage—*matrimonium ratum non consummatum*—which dissolution would have rendered indissoluble; whereas no length of cohabitation can cure an invalid marriage. The case is an exceedingly rare one, at least in America; hence, in part, misapprehension regarding it. Ecclesiastical proceedings took place in Rome. Recently the Pope

husband, to obtain the freedom in the eyes of the civil law which he already possessed in conscience, sought and attained a civil dissolution of the marriage. And this is all there is in the widespread sensation. — Antigone Casket.

Robert Emmet.

So long as the human heart has yearning for an appreciation of what is high and grand, the name of Robert Emmet, the young Irish patriot and martyr, the story of whose life flashes through history like the stormy splendor of a meteor in the midnight sky, will awake the admiration of mankind of every generation. The tragedy of his brief existence was bounded by the birth and bitter years, and has been immortalized in both song and story by Moore, Irving, and many other poets and writers. Distorted by every hand, his biography has been a

To be always intending to live life, but never to find time to see it — this is as if a man should eat and drinking and sleeping one day and night to another, till starved and destroyed. — Tillotson