llinoi te has great age of nd the

ENG

Con-

ay be during ls and saints noniza in their names he list es that ps, 50

d their I., the during es there pal pre-ie above Bishops spective he total

ere still

rs of the few res of Lord to 38. d public e chapels ss. The full, but Catholic convents

man in m many and a than agreeable ess of all! s, in his

mulating ed to the

S.

dy's face lef reason

vell if the rightened ful deeds ins whose ky, seem whitened ver which ters have d whitest Catholic

abols will faith has partially God vlo is its or Him; that ving Him; kes it hat and lusts hateful to that it is

that He ction of a emory and forgetful-a roving her name. lesson of the heart s feel that her. The sped, and

flowers of disease, or where the the blight the blight, and dis-bor's fame; who can f others to Those who tampered lied by the unpitying ne has no ever darts ty down, it ers such as Little Titian's Palette.

By Mary J. Preston

High up in the vale of Cadore, Encompassed by mountains as wild As the wildness of gloom and of glory Could make them, dwelt Titian the child.

The snow-covered ridges and ranges,
The gorges as dusky as night,
The cloud-wracks, the shadows, the changes,
All filled him with dreams of delight.

The flush of the summer, the duller White sheen of the winter abroad, Would move him to ecstacy—color To him was a vision of God.

Enraptured his mother would hold him With legends that never sufficed To tire him out, as she told him Of Mary, the Mother of Christ.

"How blue are her eyes?" he would ask her;
"As blue as the harebells, I know?
And her cheek" (it was so, he would task

"Is her cheek like a rose under snow?" So, stirred with the spell of the story, One day as he wandered alone Deep into the vale of Cadore, Where blossoms by thousands were strewn.

He suddenly cried: "I will paint her! The darling 'Madonna;' for, see, These anemone buds are not fainter Than the tint of her temples must be.

'Who ever saw violets bluer?
Their stain is the stain of the skies;
So, what could be sweeter or truer
For tinging the blue of her eyes?

"This rose—why, the sunsets have fed her Till she looks like a rose of the South; I never saw one that was redder— Oh? that I will keep for her mouth.

"You bloodroot, as brown as October; Is just what I want for her hair; And the juice of this gentian shall robe her In garments an angel might wear." Thus the picture was painted. Long after, In Venice, "The Bride of the Sea," When he sat amid feasting and laughter, When guests of the noblest degree—

When his name, and his fame, and his glory To the height of the highest arose, And Titian, the child of Cadore. Was Titian the Master—who knows

If ever his world-widened powers Were touched with so tender a grace As when, from his palette of flowers, He painted that marvellous face?

PROSELYTISM IN IRELAND.

The Nun of Kenmare has sent the following letter to the editor of the London

"Sir—May I be allowed to make a suggestion about Christmus gifts? No doubt there are few readers of your paper who will not wish to present a friend or a near and dear relative with a Christmas gift. and dear relative with a Christmas gift. Now, as there is so much and such general distress, I would venture respectfully to suggest that the money which would be so expended should be given in charity for the intention of the friend to whom in happier times the gift would have been given, and that the friend should be presented on Christmas morning with a little. sented on Christmas morning with a little picture or a little slip of paper, on which would be written that the gift had been given in charity for his or her intention. And what greater kindness could we do to our nearest and dearest than to give alms for them, and to make an act of self-sacrifice? I put in this plea quite as much for the Sisters of Mercy at Clifden as for

ourselves.
"May I venture to add that the Irish poor, in their hour of need, have a very special claim on English Catholics for their patience and firmness under their patience and firmness under constant proselytism of the worst kind. How many poor Irish men and women will be found at the last day to have been enrolled in the glorious army of Christian confessors. The sufferings of our people from proselytizers in Connemara are well known, but proselytism is not confined to the West. One of the best landlords in the South is one of the greatest prose-lytizers in Ireland. Comfort, if not affluence, is at the command of any girl who chooses to renounce the faith of her fathers. For the following fact I can vouch: A respectable Protestant man of violent temper, but no religion, except "hatred of Popery," was married to a Catholic. She, poor woman, managed to give her girls Catholic instruction, and to let them to Mass. Unhappily she died comparatively young and the father was eventually excited by his Protestant friends to keep the girls from Mass and 'make Protestants of them.' The eldest girl persisted in going to Mass. One day his rage could contain itself no longer. He tore the girl's clothes from her, cut them up into pieces, and then took a red hot poker and burned her hand, and to

her death she will bear the fearful scar. "A time will come ere long when the named of Catholic will be the bond of union between those of whatever nationality who will be compelled to stand to gether to resist the powers of darkness. For the present the world may be too indolent or too indifferent to persecute. But all the history of the Church shows how little confidence is to be placed in these de-ceitful calms. We know not how soon and how suddenly a tempest may burst over our heads, and compel us to cherish that unity of feeling and fraternal love for each other which the devil does his best to destroy. We are so largely indebted to destroy. We are so largely independ to English friends here that it is not diffi-cult for us to instil kindly feelings here amongst those with whom we have to do, and we feel it to be a sacred duty to en-courage and foster such feelings in every

way. "With regard to the distress here I will only add one word. Our people are no beggars, they would rather cover their dis-tress than proclaim it; but cases come be-fore us constantly which could scarcely fore us constantly when could scarcely be credited. Last night a poor but respectable man came to ask help. The Sister who went to see him came in crying. She said, 'He looked as if he could have eaten the candle in my hand.'

"With grateful thanks, and praying God to bless and regard the benefactors of

our poor,
"Sister Mary Francis Clare. "The Convent, Kenmare, county Clare."

THOSE AWFUL JESUITS!

Jesuits have found their way to the Island of Madagascar, and are at their old tricks, stirring up strife, flogging Protestant teachers, interrupting Sabbath working supply great up the ship, causing great excitment among the people. This they do under the plea of people. This they do under the plea of claiming valuable property as granted to them. What a relentless, vindictive disposition that order has always shown, whenever it had the power. We are not sure that Froude is far wrong when he

pointed out the dangers from Catholicism

in this country.—Central Baptist.
Why does not our neighbor lay its grievance before our government? It is a case which clearly calls for national interference. Our government should be stronger than the Jesuits.—Watchman.

REGRETTABLE IGNORANCE.

There is an almost incredible degree of ignorance existing among our non-Cath-olic citizens, respecting the claims and doctrines of the Catholic Church. There are hundrehs of thousands of respectable and otherwise fairly-educated families in this country, who know absolutely nothing of the real character of the Cath-olic Church. Hundreds of thousands of pure-minded American women and of otherwise intelligent American men believe that we worship images, pay our priests for absolving us from our sins, buy indulgences to commit sin, and are the willing tools of a certain, or uncertain, conspiracy which has for its object the overthrow of our Republican institutions overthrow of our Republican institutions and the enthronement of the Pope in the White House. These delusions are far more common in the rural districts than they are in the large cities, but they exist to no small extent even in the metropolis. A very learned and eminent English Catholic once said to the writer of these lines that he believed that the first provided the property of the provided that the state of the provided that the provided that the provided the provided that th lieved that if every English man and woman clearly understood what the Catholic Church was and what it taught, all England would in six months become as Catholic as it was in the centuries before Henry VIII. and Elizabeth drove the Henry VIII. and Elizabeth drove the people from the faith. So we believe it to be here. The Americans, as a rule, are a religious people. Avowed infidelity has made very little progress here, although no legal obstacles stood in the way of its dissemination, and the vagaries of the Protestant sects appearently prepaged the dissemination, and the vagaries of the Protestant sects apparently prepared the way for its spread. But the ordinary American has a strong religious tendency, he has a respect for religion, and a wish —often expressed, or expressed with awkward diffidence—to lead a religious life. It is only the ignorance which prevails concerning Catholic truth which prevents m ny of these people from seeking admission to the Catholic Church. How can this ignorance be dispelled? Best of all, no doubt, would be the adoption of means which would induce them to go to Catholic churches, to hear Catholic sermons, and to read Catholic catholic churches, to hear Catholic sermons, and to read Catholic books. But ignorant prejudices have to be removed or shaken ere these means will be accepted; and probably the most effectual engine for the dissipation of sincere but ignorant prejudices against the Church is a good Catholic newspaper. All Americans who can read at all read news-Americans who can read at an read news-papers. Let them be induced to read Cath-olic newspapers. "Here a little; there a little; line upon line; precept upon precept." No one can tell how great results might flow from such causes. An error of fact exposed; a slander refuted; a clear and simple definition of what this or that feast commemorates-all these, and a thousand commemorates—all these, and a thousand other things possible in the columns of a paper, might and would be the means, with God's blessing, of saving many a soul from death. How many of our Catholic readers are acquainted with some good non-Catholic man or woman, whose education or lack of education has led them into become but who if they know the truth heresy, but who, if they knew the truth, would gladly embrace it? If such men and women were to read a good Catholic

KNOWING ONES.

At the recent Wesleyan meeting in Bathurst on the education question, one of the speakers is reported to have said that "in England Public Schools had to be erected to supply the deficiency of denominationalism." Granting that such been the fact, what is the result? English writer, who has been sharply criticizing the management of the London public schools, produces the following specimens of the written examinations of some of the boys:—
"What do you know of the patriarch
Abraham?"
"H.

"He was the father of Lot, and ad tew

wives—wun was called Hishmale and t'other Haygur. He kept wun at home, and he turn'd t'other into the desert, where she became a pillow of salt in the day-time, and pillow of fire in the nite." "What do you know of Joseph?"
"Hee wore a koat of many garments.
Hee were a chief butler to Faro and told his dreams. He married Potiffer's dortar and he led the Gypshans out of bondage

to Kana, in Galilee, and then fell on his sword and died in sight of the promised land. Another boy, giving his impressions in regard to Moses, wrote as follows: "He was an Egypshun. He lived in a bark made of bullrushes, and het nuthing but kwales and manner for forty years He was kot by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absolon, as he was ahang-ing from the bow. His end was peas."—

ing from the bow. His end Bathurst, N. S. W., Record. ----A recent number of the London Times contains notices of hunting appointments of one hundred and twenty packs of hounds in England and Wales. This represents in one way or another, an expenditure of at least \$6,000,000. Nearly all

packs are now more or less supported by combined subscription. The cost of effi-ciently keeping up a first-class pack is estimated at \$20,000 to \$30,000 a year. -- Ex-This sort of thing, on a small scale, has This sort of thing, on a small scale, has been introduced in America by a lot of young snobs, chiefly New-Yorkers, who would be much happier, no doubt, were they English born. But fox hunting and other such sports don't prosper over here. The farmers sometimes hunt the hunters, and we have heard of farmers' wives occasionally making forway on them with casionally making forays on them with brooms and other convenient household implements; and it rather detracts from the glory of galloping on the trail of an aniseed bag that has been dragged across the fields, to be chased off the potato patch by an infuriated woman with a broom-stick. From present indications, it will probably be some time before hunting

each .- Pilot.

INTERESTING ANECDOTES BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE ZULU WAR.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent of the Daily News, iately lectured in Dublin on the English invasion of Zululand. The lecture contained several

stirringly-described episodes. Mr. Forbes said in the winter interval of hostilities in Afghanistan he had betaken himself to Burmah, and at Mandalay he worshipped the golden feet of the young monarch, Theebaw. At the frontier station of Burmah he found waiting for him a curt telegram—"Go, and do the Zulu war," and the same day he saw a long war, and the same day he saw a long telegraphic account of the ghastly tragedy of Isandlwana. He at once headed for Durban, and by tryst, made by telegram, his dear friend and gallant comrade, Lord William Beresford, met him at Aden. Mr. Forbes having devoted a complimentary paragraph to "Bill Beresford," as he termed him, said he reached Durban on April 16, just after the relief of Ekowe. By post cart the lecturer went to General Wood's camp at Kambula; he had had experience of various kinds of conveyance in Arabia and Bulgaria, and on the Dublin Arabia and Bulgaria, and on the Duolin and Kingstown Railway, but for aggres-sive discomfort and mandening joltiness and the craziest insecurity, he unhesita-tingly gave the palm to the South African

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD'S FIGHT WITH

In most complimentary terms the lecturer spoke of Gen. Wood and Col. Redvers Buller, the latter of whom, he said, never indulged in any camp familiarities; and he continued: Beresford is the kind of fellow whom every one learns to call "Bill;" not so with Buller. Beresford was a son personal state of the buller. ford with him was ever Beresford, save on one occasion when the stiffness thawed. On the day of a reconnoisance before Ulundi, Beresford engaged a stalwart Zulu in single combat. The fight between the assegai and the sword terminated in favor of the latter, and Bill rode back, wiping the good steel that had pierced the savage from chest to spine. Buller for one fleshed out with "Well done, Bill," an the moment after gave the terse order, "Beresford, get the men in hand."

VISIT TO THE DISASTROUS FIELD OF ISANDLWANA.

Describing the visit, on May 21, to the battlefield at Isandlwana, the lecturer said: In a precipitous ravine, at the base of the

slope stretching down from the crest on which stood the abandoned wagons, dead men lay thick; some bones, with tough-ened, discolored skin like leather covering ened, discolored skin like leather covering them, and clinging tight, the flesh all wasted away. Some were almost wholly dismembered, heaps of clammy yellow bones. I forbear to describe the faces, with their blackened features and beards blackened by rain and sun. The clothes had lasted better than the poor bodies they had lasted better than the poor bodies they covered, and helped to keep the skeletons together. All the way up the slope I traced by the gastly token of dead men the pitiful line of fight. It was like a long string with knots in it—the string formed of single corpses, the knots of clusters of dead—where, as it seemed, little parties might have gathered to make a houseless callant stand, and die. Still followed. hopeless, gallant stand, and die. Still fol-lowing the trail of bodies through long rank grass and amid stones, I approached and women were to read a good Canonic newspaper for a year, it might often be the first step towards the opening of their minds to the truth and their happy con-version.—Brooklyn Review. the crest. Here the slaughterod dead lay very thick; so that the string became a broad belt. On the crest itself, among a broad belt. On the crest itself, among the wagons, the dead were less thick; but on the slope beyond, on which from the crest we looked down, the scene was more full of desolation than anything I have ever gazed on. There was none of the stark, blood-curdling horror of the recent battle-field—no pools of yet wet blood, no raw gaping wounds, no torn red flesh that seems yet quivering—nothing of all that makes the scene of yesterday's battle so rampantly ghastly shocked the senses. A strange dead calm reigned in senses. A strange dead calm reigned in this solitude of nature, grain had, grown luxuriantly around the wagons, sprout-ing from the seed that had dropped from wagons, falling in soil fertilized by th blood of gallant men; so long had also grown the grass that it mercifully shrouded the dead, whom for four long months we had left unburied. Here a corpse with a bayonet jammed in the mouth up to the socket, transfixing the nead and mouth a foot into the ground There lay a form that seemed costly curled in calm sleep, turned almost on its face, but several assegai stabs had pierced the but several assegal stabs had pierced the bock. In a patch of long grass near the right flank of the camp lay Col. Drun-ford's body, the long mustache still clinging to the withered skin of the face. Durnford had died hard, the central figure of a lot of brave men who had

ought it out around their chief to the bitter end. FINDING THE BODY OF THE PRINCE IM-

The lecturer next proceeded to speak of the finding of the body of the Prince Im-perial. The emotions throughout the whole force of the night when the news arrived of the death were first stupefaction, next profound sorrow, and finally het, bitwrath and scorn as the miserable details of the tragedy became know. When the body was found the poor lad lay on his back, stripped naked, the face—whose features were no wise distorted, but wore a faint smile that slightly parted the lips

—was smeared with blood from a slight cut on the chin, an assegai stab had des-stroyed the right eye, and on the trunk were eighteen assegai wounds, most mere superficial stabs, but there were two deep ones in the side and two more in the throat. Round his neck his slayers had throat. left a little gold chain, on which were strung a locket, a relic and a few small medals. The incomprehensible error was all but perpetrated of burying Prince Louis' body in Zululand, and the grave was actually dug in the Italisi camp.

THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI. Coming to the scenes immediately preeding the battle of Ulundi, the le described the saving of Sergeant Fitz-maurice hy Lord William Beresford and ergeant O'Toole. On the morning of the battle the English were drawn up in a square in the open ground. Buller's Horse having done their work, galloped back into the shelter of the square, and then the living mass of Zulus were disclosed. These God.

erous enough to represent an expenditure Zulus could dare and die with a valor and of \$6,000,000 and an annual cost of \$30,000 a devotion unsurpassed by the soldiery of Zulus could dare and the with a valor and a devotion unsurpassed by the soldiery of any age or any nationality. They went down in numbers, numbers stood up and pressed swifly and steadily on, and the sharper tones of the musket filled the intervals between the hoarse roar of the can-non and the shells. Still the Zulus would not stay the whirlwind of their converging attack; they fired and rushed on, halted to fire and then rushed on again. For half an hour the square stood grim and purposeful, pouring the rain of death from every face. There was scarcely a word of human speech heard, save the words of the officers, "Fire low, men, get your aim." In the centre the surgeons were playing their duties regard. urgeons were plying their duties regard-ess of the bullets around them. The cavalry were dismounted by orders, but the Lancer officers kept their seats. Col. Drury Lowe was struck down by a bullet in the back; but he came to, shook himself, quickly scrambled back again into his saddle and led his regiment out into his saddle and led his regiment out into the charge. Young Jenkins, of the same regiment, Lady Lovelace's son, was hit by a bullet that broke his lower jaw. He had his wound dressed, and when he came back he insisted on going out with his regiment, and he rode the charge like a Paladin. There was about twenty minutes of hard shooting. The Zulus could not force their way up to arm's could not force their way up to arm's length, simply because of the sheer weight of the rifle fire.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ZULUS AND CHARGE OF

Then the Zulus began to waver, the square gave one cheer, the bayonets waved aloft, and then came down to the charge. The time for the cavalry had at last come. The word came from Lord Chelmsford, "Off with you." Lowe was not the mon to need a command twice on suchan errand. The men of the Ninety-fourth made a gap for the Lancers, and gave them a cheer as they galloped into the open. The Zulus strove to gain the rough ground, but the Lancers were upon them and among them. The blade men turned venomously at bay, but the assegais were too strong for them. The officers used their swords with full vigor, and the glorious old white arm reasserted once again its pristine prestige. The charge had its glory, but also its sorrow. When the retreat was sounded Wy tt-Edgell lay dead on his back, with a bullet through his head. The wounded were going into the field hospital tent, and the pipes of the Twenty-first Regiment were filling the air with the victorious pibroch a he (Mr. Forbes) rode out of the camp into the twilight to ride to the telegraph wire with the glad tidings.

DEFENCE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCA-TION IN THE FRENCH SENATE.

In the debate on the Budget in the French Senate, M. Chesnelong took the Government to task for their conduct in the Congregational schools, in a speech of great animation and eloquence, which was received with loud and repeated applatuse on the right of the Chamber. He said that he would discuss the proposed new law when it came before the Senate, but claimed and enforced his privilege of criticising on the occasion of the Budget the administrative acts of the Govern-ment in the matter of the schools. Thirtytwo schools had been already closed by the municipality of Paris, and for this he held the Ministry responsible. No provocation had been given by the Brothers who conducted them, nor could Brothers who conducted them, nor could any one deny that they possessed all the qualities requisite for the education of youth; they were the propagators and most zealous apostles of popular education, and their glory was their entire devotion to the work of their lives. All definition devotion to the work of their lives. All the improvements introduced into secular schools had been borrowed from those of the Religious Orders, and their methods of teaching and education had been widely followed. The triumph of those who had caused the Congregational schools to be closed was but a sorry one after all, and they had only succeeded in bringing to the secular schools pupils attracted not by choice but by necessity in the cases where buildings for free schools had not been soon enough provided. Twenty-one free schools had been already opened against the thirty-six communal schools closed in Paris, and were filled with pupils, and anothe significant fact was that, in every instance where it had been practicable to open a free school immediately to replace a communal one which had been made secular, all the old pupils were retained. The number of the Brothers engaged in teaching had risen from 3,000 at the commencement of the century to 9,000 at the present time, a conclusive proof of the confidence reposed in them by heads of families. "Why," said M. de Chesnelong, "do you attack the Brothers! Do they not bear a part in that diffusion of education which you profess to desire! What fault have you to fin! with them? There can be but one. to find with them? There can be and that is that their schools are Christian schools. If that be not so, I challenge you to come to the tribune and declare you to come to the tribune and declare that if you desire secular teaching you desire religious teaching also. You would by so doing, perhaps, risk the stability of your Administration, but you would display a courage worthy of all honor. But you will not do so, and your refusal confirms my conviction that you attack the schools of the Brothers solely because they are Christian. You cannot divide they are Christian. You cannuot divide the soul of a child, treating it one hour as an exclusively religious being, and the next ignoring religion alt Human nature revolts against it. Ged is not, there is no solid foundation for virtue, no motive for duty; and be to France if you enter on such a system. With it you may, perhaps, impart instruc form a man fit to use his reason and his liberty and proof against trials. Such a man as that is only made by Christian education."

The object of God has been to perfect the heart of man rather than his mind. Perfect light would indeed help his mind, but would check his feelings. There is nothing in the world that does not show either the wretchedness of man or the

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY T. O'HAGAN, OF BELLEVILLE. There are few subjects of greater importance than that of history. If the proper study of mankind be man, them it behooves us to pay much attention to the study of history, which has for its object the vindication of man. History means well nigh everything. It is philo-sophy, it is literature. Is not history a record of every subject. Is not the advancement of mathematics a history in itself. That Newton discovered the Benomial Theorem is a fact which comes within the realm of history. History is then a record of all that has transpired in the family of mankind. It is philo sophy teaching by experience. By means of it we pierce our way through the vistas of the past and look up the aisles of the future; we hold communion with the dead and sit in council with an offspring yet buried in the womb of time. How rapid is the winged flight of imagination, yet the foot of history is as fleet. With what celerity does the page of history picture to our minds the sovereignty of the garden of Eden in its primitive greatness. We have scarcely beheld Noah and his family enter the ark until we behold the arc of God's covenant span the heavens. Thus history hurries us along through the different periods of the world's existence. We accompany Moses through the promised land and stand with him upon Mount Sinai as he receives the Divine commands. The spirit of history bears us along through the ages of empires— "Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" Each nation rises before us, then fades

away like the mist before the morning sun. Each sovereign rules his hour and

glistening armour. The sword gleams more brightly in the hour of danger and more brightly in the hour of danger and peace reigns more supremely when it comes. Conquest and loss, hope and fear, joy and mourning ring through the uni-verse, and the heart of mankind beats and throbs to its varied and never ceasing and throes to its varied and never ceasing measure. Yes, the true import of history is found in the government of Thought and Action. He who would tell us only of camps and courts and the drilling and killing of soldiers does not merit the title of historian. He forgets that the great and mighty tide of thought and action is rolling through a world of existence, and it is this thought and action that shapes and influence a nation. There must then be a real spirit in history through which its characters live and move and have their being. "History," says 'arlyle, "is a mighty drama enacted in the the-atre of infinitude with suns for lamps and atre of infinition with suns for lamps and eternity as a background, whose author is God and whose purport and thousand fold moral lead up to the throne of God." Here we have a sublime definition of history. Let us place it side by side with that of Voltaire, who said that history was merely a parcel of tricks that the historians played with the dead. True, how can we expect to understand the characters of those who lived two thousand years ago when many of us are at loss to understand oursely. history to be? He said it was simply, fiction agreed upon. With fiction we always associate the idea of unreality. Now truth is real and real history is truth, therefore history is neither fiction nor undren who are more interested in the adventure of a Robinson Crusoe or the astounding feat of Jack the Giant-Killer than they are in the growth and develop-ment of a nation, but it can never be accepted as the real and true import of the term history. Froude says that history is like a child's box of letters with which we can spell any word we please. We have only, says this historion, to pick out such letters as we want, arrange them as we like, and say nothing about those which do not suit our purpose. It is to be feared that the great English historian has too closely followed his definition. Half of our histories are but mere romances containing neither spirit nor bone. To turn their pages would be but a useless task. They do not speak of the inward life of a nation. The kings pass before you just as in some play distin-guished from each other only by their guissed from each other only by their armour or their mask. Certain it is that history is a book with seven seals, and what we call the spirit of the past ages is but the spirit of this or that worthy gentleman in whose mind those ages are effected. I remember having read some time ago an article in the Cana-dian Monthly entitled "A Quarrel with the Nineteeth Century," in which writer complained of the difficulty reaching truths through the medium of history. Well, it is a task, I must confess. nistory. Like our newspapers on policical subjects, each has a mission to fulfil and it is a question if all our histories together state certain facts intrinsically right. Each historian has his idol before whom he bows down and offers incense. Read one bows down and offers incense. Read one history and you will learn that Queen Elizabeth was a most amiable personage and fully justified in putting her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots to death; while another representsher as a cruel hearted and tyrannical monster. Even Henry the Eighth, ensconced within the circle of his six wives, comes in for a share of fulsome infallible as an historian and could not write partially forsooth, wades knee deep in blood through the massacre of Glencoe in order to exonerate his favorite hero William the Third from all blame in the matter. And thus goes on the warring of historians, with truth and fiction, I suppose, arrayed on both sides. There is

raise at the hands of James Anthony roude, while Macaulay, who was well nigh

alwark of English liberty.

to the welfare of our bodies as the food which we disposed of during the sent. The life blood of a nation is not nourished by dry facts and dates. The inward consider the sent of the constant of the constan dition of life and conscious aim of man-kind, constitute much of the reality of kind, constitute much of the reality of history. It very often happens that we are wont to consider events ushered in by the thundering of cannon, the roar of musketry and the bloody carnage of a battle field as the great landmarks of history. This is a mistake. "When the oak tree is felled," said Carlyle, "the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred accrus are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war tunults, which for breeze. Battles and war tunults, which for the time din every ear, and with joy and terror intoxicate every heart pass away like tavern brawls; and except some few Marathons and Mogartens are remembered by accident not by descert. History has been considered to be the written and verbal message which all mankind delivers to man. It is the communication which the past can have with the present, the distant with what is here. "The perfect man," says Carlyle, "would be he who un-derstood and saw and knew within himself all that the whole family of Adam had hitherto been or done." Such a person we do not expect to find, hence we must bear with the imperfections of history. Let us read the promises of history and draw our own conclusions, not follow the coloring of the historian, but view fact through the lens of our own minds. And now I come to the question, is history a science? My reply is, yes. A subject is said to have entered the scientific stage when phenomena are no longer isolated experiences but appear in connection and order; when after certain connection and order; when after certain antecedents certain consequences are uniformly seen to follow, and when with facts collected we form a basis by which we can in some degree foresee the future. But we must ever rethen departs bequeathing his sceptre to another. There is no interregnum in the great sovereignty of the world. The deeds of warriors are scanned and then surpassed. Each age is arrayed in more member that there is something else in his-tory besides the marvellous and wonderful, that the true purport of history is not to amuse but to instruct. It is the great em-porium of knowledge in which all can be shareholders. We can all sit at the foot-stool of history and become learned. In former days the office of historian belonged a great measure to the minstrel, "The last of all the bards was he Who sung of border chivalry."

But the history doled out by the minstrel was only the history of song. We feel, however, that we are now touching greater years, and as this enquiring nineteenth century speeds on its way, we begin to study more and more the true philosophy of history. Gibbon believed that the era of conquerors had gone, but could be have communed with the spirit which has cried "havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," durable to the country of the country ing the past ten or lifteen years, he would have believed that such an era was only being inaugurated. The blood-stained clouds which floated above Sadowa and Worth have scarcely passed away ere the heart of the whole Christian world mourns for a royal death in Zululand.
And now a word touching the true spirit
of listory. To me it would appear that
this is often lost sight of. Instead of
counting the followers of Mahomet we should rather enquire what was in the character of the people which enabled Mahomet to work upon them: their existing beliefs, their existing moral and political condition. It is not enough that when many of usare at loss to understand ourselves. This, however, need not imply that the historian should be a character trickster. And what did Napoleon define history to be? He said it was simply fiction agreed upon. With fiction we fiction agreed upon. With fiction we fiction agreed upon of unreality. movement of the crusades; the effect of this great military expedition upon European civilization and commerce is of far more paramount importance to the student of real history. With respect to methods of teaching history let us take a lesson from the pioneers of Can-adian civilization who are piercing the virgin forest of the land. They first the virgin forest of the land. They have blazed a large tree here and there in order that they might not lose their way in the interminable mazes of the forest. In like manner let us be guided through the great labyrinth of history by great and leading facts, for we are indeed pioneers pushing our way through the remote ages of the past and our destination is that era coeval with creation when the garden of Eden formed the great sovereignty of the world and the divine right of kings belonged to the great first subject and king Adam. We should also remember that the reality of history consists in the essence of biographies which contain all the greatness of mankind -a greatness worthy young men and women who have for their object nobility of character and a desire to lead great and good lives.

CATHOLICITY WHERE THE SUN IS NOT SEEN FOR MONTHS.

Hammerfest is a place in the extreme north of Norway, and it forms the central resort of three distinct nationalities, viz.: the Norse, the Finns and the Laps. Hither most of the people of the district had either remained heathens or else borne allegiance to that of Protestantism which is called Lutheranism. Of late, however, Father Hagemann, a courageous German priest, has caried his missionary efforts into that hyperborean region, where the sun is often-times not to be seen for five months totimes not to be seen for five months to-gether. He has shed the light of the Catholic faith upon the natural darkness of that land, and has inaugurated the first Catholic church ever erected so for north. It is called St. Michael's Church, and, though built only out of rough timber, it forms a solid fabric capable of accommodating from three hundred and fifty to four hundred people. In this church Father agemann is now preaching Catholic truth in three languages, viz: Danish, Finnian and Lapdonian, at a temperature decend-ing as far down as twenty degrees below All honor to this brave champion of Catholicity, who has achieved single-handed what all the generations that lived in Norway, prior to the so-called Refor-mation, had not been able to accomplish.

A beautiful story is told of a poor crazy man who was in the habit of following St. suppose, arrayed on both sides. There is one thing certain, that we look for something better in histories than the mere chronicling of events. It is of little importance to know that the Magna Charta was signed by King John at Runnymead, A. D. 1215, if we do not know that it was down from the pulpit, and gave it to him. The | The man kissed it, and put it on. And as mere fact that we dined yesterday at pre-cisely twelve o'clock is not so important to him. he did so, his reason was fully restored