NOV 12, 1887.

The Weary World.

Far down the winding late of years
The weary world is slowly wending;
Grim walls of fats and gates of tears
To trembling prayers no answer sending
Yet through it all sweet spirite call,
hrough locally days of grief and aching;
Hope's reas blussem on the wall.
To keep the world's great heart from
breaking."

gloom,

to so no sign of rest or rifting,

t, angels bright, from some far beight

ppar through hours of weary waking

pe's starlight shines through dark

O'er troubled waves, by paths of rue; Faint souls pressed toward the land of pa don, tardened with crosses, wet with dew From chill Getheemane's lone garden, to the and Iru, now loud, no low. A voice in sweetest muse making—Iupe, doging on through pain and woe. To keep the world's great heart fibreating

breasing rence Urmey, in N. Y. Mail and Express

OBLATES OF MARY.

IN THE BLEAK NORTHWEST WITH THE SAVAGES.

Father Lucombe having spent some months at St. Albert's, set out again to visit the Crees tribe. Finding that they had not returned to St. Paul's mission, he went to set them in the buffslo hunting grounds. They received him with great manifestations of joy. He then commenced a mission amongst them, the exercises of which he thus describes:

"In the morning, after my private devotions, I assembled the women in the middle of the camp. I taught them their prayers and several hymns, I afterwards gave them an instruction; they then returned to their occupations, and I proceeded to visit the sick; after which work of charity I visited those who were unwilling to come to the instructions, or in other words, who were unwilling to pray. I listened to the different objections they had to offer, and answered them. I afterwards had to act as justice of the peace to arrange their differences and disputes with one another. About noon I rang my little bell to bring the children together. Their esgerness to come to my instructions consoled me very much. In a few mements I was surrounded by crowds of little Indians, who loved me as their father, and who joined with me in singing hymns with all the vigour of ther lungs. After this exercise I withdrew into a neighboring wood to enjoy a little quiet, and to have an opportunity of per lungs. After this exercise I withdrew into a neighboring wood to enjoy a little quiet, and to have an opportunity of per forming my private devotions. I then resumed my round of visits to those poor savsges that I had failed to see in the morning. In the evening I brought the men together and preached to them, after which I entered into conversation with them, and each one addressed whatever questions he pleased with reference to our holy religion, whilst leisurely smoking his 'calumet,' or long Indian pipe. On Sun days all assisted together at the holy maes, the resary, and other exercises of piety. It was thus that day after day was spent during the six weeks I remained there. In the meantime the crops ripened at St. In the meantime the crops ripened at St. Paul's, and the Indians on their return from their hunting fields, were delighted with the success of their first agricultural enterprise, and encouraged to renew the

experiment"
Father Lacombe, in obedience to the

and in a third there were sixty lodges. I give you these details in order that you may be the better able to picture to your-self the frightful scene which I am now

"On the day of my arrival, I earnestly urged the Backfeet to unite the three camps into one, as a precaution against an attack, that might be made upon them, by some hostile tribe. My advice, however, was not followed. On the evening of the 4th of December, having finished the re-4th of December, having finished the re-ligious service for the men, night prayers having been said, and the usual hymna sung, each one withdrew to his own lodge for the night. I remained alone with the chieftain and his family in their lodge.

"I lay down on my humble couch to take the repose I needed. Alas! I had no idea that at that hour a host of enemies were lying in ambush all around us, con-cessed in the wood, who were only wait-ing for our fires to be extinguished to rush upon us in the darkness. They were about a thousand in all, and were comed of the A-siniboines, of the Sauteaux

posed of the A-sinibolnes, of the Sauteaux, and of the Crees, "We were all buried in profound sleep; suddenly Natous sprang from his bed, and in a lugubrious tone cried out— Assinan, Assinan—the Crees; the Crees He had scarcely uttered these words when a sudden discharge of musketry took place, and showers of balls pierced our lodges from every side. The lodge in which I was, being the chieftain's, was more conspicuous and exposed to the fire than any other; but, I must say, that the attacking tribes were quite ignorant of the fact of my being in the camp of the Blackfeet at the time, for our Indians (even though pagans) would never dare attack a camp, if they knew a priest to

be in it.
"My beloved Father, I cannot tell you all I suffered that terrible night. I seized my cassock, and dressed quickly, I kissed my crucifix, and made an offer I kneed my crucifix, and made an offering of my life to God. I then hung at my side the bag that contained the holy oils, in order to be prepared to give ex treme unction to the dying. All the time bullets were whizzing through the air. I advanced in front of the enemy's lines, boping to be recognized; but my as, boping to be recognized; but my as, efforts to attract their attention were fruitless. The din and confusion that fruitless. The din and confusion that prevailed prevented them noticing me of that come The night was pitch dark; the lurid flashes of the musketry were he only lights visible. The war shouts of

the contending tribes, and the rallying voices of their chieftains, raingled in frightful discord with the crice of despair of the wounded and dying, with the wailing of women and the screams of terrified children, who knew not waither to fly for safety. Added to these horrible noises were the loud neighing of the horses and the wild howlings of the dogs. To in crease our misery, we had only a few men to defend us, as the greater number had gone to the nunting plains.

"If God had not, in an especial manner, protected us, not one would have escaped with his life. When I found that it was impossible to make known to the assail ants the fact of my being present, and thereby stopping the carnarge, I urged the chiefs of the Blackfeet courageously to defend their people, even though it might cost them their lives. For my own part I hastened to attend to the wounded and dying. As I passed near these poor tallen and bleeding Indians, they grasped at my cassock, or seized my hand in theirs, unwilling to lose their hold of me, crying out at the same time, 'Kimmo, Kioae, dgimo hekkat!' 'Have pity upon us! Pray for us!'

"The first victim whom I met was a young woman; she fell mortally wounded at my feet, at the moment she was leaving her lodge. I stooped down at once and asked her if she wished to die a Christian, and she answered in the affirmative. By the flashes of musketry I was fortunately able to see near me a vessel filled full of water, a portion of which I poured upon her head and baptized her. In a few moments after the enemy rushed into her lodge and mercilessly scalped her as she lay dying.

"I'wenty five lodges in all were destroped, I lost everything with the exception of my breviary. In the mean time the fighting men of the other camps of the Blackfeet hearing of the attack, came to our help. Thus reinforced, we repelled three attempts of the enemy to capture our camp. I awaited daybreak with impatience; I felt that dread ull night at the painfally long. The next morning I vested myself in surplice and sto to a thick mist which hid me from them, continued still to discharge their weapons. Whilst I was vainly seeking to attract their notice, bullets were falling like hall around me. At last a bullet, which most likely had rebounded from the ground, struck me, first on the shoulder and then on the forehead I staggered under the shock, but did not fall. A cry was raised by the Blackfeet. staggered under the shock, but did not fall. A cry was raised by the Blackfeet, 'You have wounded a priest,' which, when the Crees heard, they immediately answered, 'We did not know the priest was with you; as he is with you we will cease fighting.' Nearly one hundred fell that night killed and wounded.

"After the battle, the Blackfeet came in crowds to embrace and to thank me They said there must be something more than human about me, as the bullets seemed to have no cover of hurting me

than human about me, as the bullets seemed to have no power of burting me Ah! perhaps God wished to make manitest to those poor pagans His power and His goodness towards those who put their trust in Him, and to show them the their trust in thin, and to show them the fulfilment of those words of the Psalmist, 'His truth will comp as thee with a shield. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror of the night, or of the arrow that

reaching that point was not one of easy accomplishment. I was poorly clad, the cold was intense, and the snow was very deep. During the six days the journey lasted, I suffered in turn from hunger, cold and fatigue. When I reached the fort, Mr. Hardisty, the representative of the Hudson Bay Company, and his family came to meet me. This gentleman could not help shedding tears on witnessing my wretched and impoverished condition. He supplied me with clothes, and provided me with the best and most nutritious food he could procure. He and provided me with the best and most nutritious food he could procure. He treated me as kindly as if I were his own father. Under the cheering influence of a hospitality so kind and generous, I soon forgot the severe mental and bodily sufferings through which I had lately passed."

A few months later on we find Father A few months later on we find Father Lacombe rendering to a forlorn band of Indians, whom he met near the river Saskatchewan, services still more striking than those we have just spoken of, as having been rendered to himself. They belonged to a nation of the Blackfeet. They were the remnant of a tribe that had being overpowered by the superior numbers of a hostile band. They had been robbed of everything, and when he met them they had been without food for three days, and were almost naked. Some had been severely wounded, and their wounds were still undressed. Father Lacombe's compassionate heart was deeply moved at the undressed. Father Lacombe's compassionate heart was deeply moved at the sight of all this misery, and he could not refrain from tears. He gave them all his provisions—he washed and bound up their wounds—he clad those that were most naked in his own warm clothing, reducing himself to a condition almost reducing himself to a condition almos as wretched as that in which he found them. Moreover he lent them his two

horses, and continued his journey on foot to St. Albert's.

The priests and sisters toiled with that devotedness, that is a matter of course with them; nursed the sick, shrived the dying, and gathered many of the orphans into their house. The scourge passed away, but the infant settlement had received a severe blow from which it is only beginning to recover. Many are the discouragements, material and moral, of the Fathers, in their labors, as they frankly confessed. Their congregation is migratory, spends half the year at home and the other half on the plains. Their children are only sent to school when there is no buffalo to hunt, no

pemmican to make, or no work of greater importance than education to set them to. The Sisters took us to their orphanage; they have twenty four children in it, chilfy girls, two thirds of the number half-breeds, the rest Blackfeet or Crees, who have been picked up in tents beside their dead parents, abandoned by the tribe when smitten by small pox. The gentle christian courtery, and lady-like manners of the Sisters at the mission, charmed us, while the knowledge of the devoted lives they lead, must impress with profound respect Protestant and Roman Catholic slike. Each one would have adorned a home of her own, but she had given up all for the sake of her Lord and His little ones. After being entertained by the bishop to an excellent supper, and hearing the orphansing, we were obliged to hurry away in order to camp before dark."

CHAPTER XVI.

Henry Grollier, of whom mention has just been made, was the first Oblate of Mry Immaculate to make the sacrifice of life to God in the diooses of St Boniface. From the earliest stages of his ecclesiastical life, he manifested an ardent thirst to gain souls to Ged Durigh heard to exclaim: "Da mishi anion the sake complete want of the orphane of the complete want of the happiness of making on the occasion of that devoted missionary's visit to Europe, after his residence of nearly a quarter of a century amidst the Red ludians of North America.

On a subsequent occasion, as he was journeying alone in the wildernees, he wild make he wild have a pagan. Father Lacombe himself, whose acquastrative to be surprised at the holy sway he exercised in their midst.

On a subsequent occasion, as he was journeying alone in the wildernees, he wild wild have a pagan. Father Lacombe himself, whose appair to the sake of him: "Do you love God?" The dylog flate.

CHAPTER XVI.

Henry Grollier, of whom mention has just been made, was the first Oblate of the choice one spoken by St. Augustin: "O Beauty, ever ancient and ever new, too late have I known Thee, too late have I known Thee, too late have

CHAPTER XVI.

Henry Grollier, of whom mention has just been made, was the first Oblate of Mary Immaculate to make the sacrifice of life to God in the diocese of St Boniface. From the earliest stages of his ecclesiastical life, he manifested an ardent thirst to gain souls to God During his novitate, which he made at Notre Dame de l'Osier, in Dauphiny, he was often heard to exclaim: "Da mihi animas"—"Give me sulls." He entered the society of the Oblates of Mary, with the hope of being one day chosen society of the Oblates of Mary, with the hope of being one day chosen for their Indian missions in North America. He completed his theological studies in the Seminary of Mar seilles, where for three years he had the happiness of being near to the holy founder of the Oblates of Mary, and of imbibing his spirit. He was ordained priest by Moneeigneur de Mazenod, who selected him to be the companion of Moneeigneur Tache, on his return to St. Boniseigneur Tache, on his return to St. Bonise seigneur Tache, on his return to St Boniface, after his consecration. On Father Grollier's arrival at the Red River, he was appointed missionary in the distant region of Arthabaska. Here his prodigious zeal soon began to manifest itself. His holy ambition was to evang lize tribes, to whom the tidings of salvation had not yet been communicated He pushed his missionary expeditions far into the arctic circle. There expeditions far into the arctic circle. There he met tribes of Esquimanx and Blackfeet, and other tribes also, to whom he was the first to speak of G d and His Divine Son He quickly mastered their languages, and brought his missionary influence to bear on their benighted souls. A blessing, like to that which fe l on the preaching of the apostles on the day of Pentecost, seemed to accompany his labors. A few weeks spent by him in the midst of a pagan tribe, sufficed to prepare it for the blessing of Christianity.

Christianity.

One of the most difficult passions to master in savage breasts, is the spirit of revenge. Terrible are the outbreaks of that passion, e-pecially when hostile tibes eccounter one another in the solitude of the desert. Woe then to the weaker-ide. That solitary missionary, with his uplifted cross, had the marvelous power of holling back, again and again, armed wariors rushing to their revenge, and of casing rival and hostile tribes to cast down their

became the bond of fraternal union be tween me, who was born on the shores of the Mediterranean, and these poor inhabitants of the desolate coasts of the Polar sea. I presented the chieftain of the Esquimaux with an image of Our the earth have seen the salvation of our God.'
And to the chieftain of the Loucheux I gave a picture of the Blessed Virgin, on which I wrote: Behold from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed. That day I had the happiness of baptizing my first neophyte from the great nation of

"I returned to Fort Good Hope before the Mackensie became frozen. My lit-tle cance was constructed of whale skin During this voyage I had an opportunity of experiencing with what loving care Divine Providence watches over the lives of missionaries. Three days before we arrived at the fort, we consumed our last morsel of food. The two Indians who conducted the cance informed me that we had nothing more to eat. It was the eve of the Feast of the Holy Angels. In reciting Vespers, these words of the divine office struck me forcibly: 'He has given His angels charge over thee.' I thought then within myself, that I was the servant of Him who once suffered hunger in the desert, and that I also should be succored by the Holy Angels. My hope was not disappointed. The next morning we perceived traces of blood on the banks of the river. Behold! I exclaimed 'our breakfast.'
It was so, Following those traces, we discovered two quarters of a reindeer, which must have been killed on the which must have been killed on the previous day by some passing Indians, who taking the portion they required, left the remainder to fall into our

Father Grollier established a mission at the northern extremity of the lake Atha baska, which he dedicated to Our Lady of the Seven Dolours. He founded a mission at Fort Rae, which he dedicated to St. Michael, and also a mission to the Esclaves of the Great Island, which he dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, and a mission at Fort Norman dedicated to St.

One of the chief difficulties experienced by the Oblate missionaries among the Rad Indian tribes, was the complete want of books of any sort to help in learning their languages. Father Lucombe directed his great literary capabilities to the remedying of this want. He composed a great dictionary and grammar of the Crees language, which is spoken by several large tribes.

For twenty years he labored at these works, having no materials to draw from but the sounds of the words as he heard them spoken in the Crees tribes.

but the sounds of the words as he heard them spoken in the Crees tribes.

Father Lacombe, during his long missionary career amids the tribes of British North America, had two leading objects ever before his mind; first, their introduction into such habits of civilized life as they were capable of adopting. To each of these great objects he devoted himself with the zeal or an apostle. We have given some pages of his missionary life in the desert. These, we would say, were only fragments of a great circle of labours and privations, embracing a period exceeding a quarter of a century. We are glad to have the following independent testimony at hand, in support of our statements, relative to Father Lacombe's intelligent and energetic efforts in sowing the seeds of civilization among the Indian tribes which he evangelized.

the seeds of civilization among the Indian tribes which he evangelized.

Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, in their joint work, "North West Passage by Land," speak thus of Father Lacombe:

"We found a little colony of some twenty houses, built on the rising ground near a small lake and river. A substantial wooden bridge spanned the latter, the only structure of the kind we had seen in the Hudson Bay territory. The priest's house was a pretty white building, with gaiden round it, and adjoining it the chapal, school, and nunnery. The worthy father, M. Lacombe, was standing in front of his dwelling as we came up, and we at once introduced ourselves.

rival and hostile tribes to cast down their weapons of war, and to embrace one an other as brothers. In a letter to a brither missionary, dated from the banks of the Mackenzie, he writes thus:

"Last sutumn I met, for the first time, at the Peel river, the tribes of the Loucheux and the Esquimaux. They had already been at war with one another, and the thirst of vengeance was still fierce in their breasts. On the morning of the 14th of September, the Feast of the Excitation of the Holy Cross, I planted a cross in a prominent place, and invited the Indians of both camps to assemble around it, I then requested the chiefiain of each tribe to come forward and join hands at the foot of the cross, in sign of their mutual reconciliation. My hands presed theirs to come forward and join bands at the foot of the cross, in sign of their mutual reconciliation. My hands presed theirs to the foot of the cross, in sign of the cross the foot of the cross, in sign of the cross the foot of the cross, in sign of their mutual reconciliation. My hands presed theirs experiment "
Father Lecombe, in obedience to the wishes of Moneigneur Tache, renewed his visit to the tribe of the Blackfeet. On the occasion of that visit, the life of this apostolic priest was exposed to eminent danger, from which the hand of God slone "The day following the battle, notwith this own story:

"In the passed, clothes, blankets, my borses — everything. I had not wherewith to cover my head, or to protect myself from the intense cold of the season.

"The day following the battle, notwith the samp of the Blackfeet I was lodged in the tent of the great chieftain of the tribe. His name was Natous, which slamings the Sun. The tribe was divided into three camps. The camp in which I was located was composed of forty-five lodges, in a second camp there were fity, and in a third there were sixty lodges. I was poorly clad, the herds of fat cattle. He had devoted himself to the work of improving the condition of his flock, had brought out, at great expense, ploughs and other farming implements for their use, and was at present completing a corn mill, to be worked by horse power. He had built a chapel, and established schools for the half-breed children. The substantial bridge we had crossed was the result of his exertions. Altogether this little settlement was the most flourishing community we had seen since leaving Red River. They have established stations at L'Ile a la Crosse, St. Alban's, St. Ann's and other places, far out in the wilds, undeterred by danger and hardship, and gathering helf breeds and Indians around them, have taught with considerable success the elements of civilization as well as of religion."

The Esrl of Southesk, in his work, "Saskatchewan and the Rocky Moun tains," published in Edinburgh in 1875, speaks in the following terms of his visit to Father Lacombe, at St. Ann's, Maniton Lake:

Lake:
"On our arrival at St. Ann's, we proceeded to the mission, where we met with a most cordial reception. We had the pleasure of dining with Peres Lacombe and La Fraine, at the Roman Catholic mission house; agreeable men and perfect gentlemen. What an advantage Rome has in this respect * * * She sends polished, highly educated men to supply her missions. On the pressing invitation of missions. On the pressing invitation of my kind host, I remained for the night at the mission house. Everything wonderfully neat and flourishing; the cows fat and fine—the horses the same—the dogs the same—the very cats the same, A well arranged and well kept garden, gay with many flowers, some of the commonest flowers of the woods brought to perfection by care and labor. The house beautifully man's dining room. Everything made use

of and turned to account,"

A few years previously that spot was a howing wilderness, the Red man's hunting ground. Now it is the site of a model farm and of a model habitation. We use here the word model in its fullest and most practical sense. Father Lacombe intended that his house and farm should life, for the tribes that traversed the sur-He was the first who evangelized the tribes of the Peaux de Lievre, a tribe which frequents Fort Good Hope. He dedicated that mission to Our Lady of Good Hope. Finally he advanced northwards as far as Peel's river, among the life, in the tribes that they should also serve as a model, to that they should also serve as a model, to who, renouncing the nomad life, would and soul; and, inast has borrowed many from love divine—

of the Mackenzie, Saskatchewan presents, in some districts, vast plains of extraordinary fertility which, by cultivation, might become one of the granaries of the world. Father Lacombe's hand was the first that guided a plough share through the plains of Saskatchewan. Through his exertions was the first bridge constructed, and the first mill erected in that vast district. But commerce and civilization are indebted to him for a work of greater magnitude than any yet named.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF A Weekly Review. From time to time there seethes up, from unknown depths of corruption, some fresh and startling symptoms of the profound alienation of the heart of man from fresh and startling symptoms of the profound alienation of the heart of man from the supernatural. It usually takes one of three forms. It is a plain, bold assertion of materialistic and renaual views, in speech or writing, as though to affirm that man is merely man, and therefore merely the highest form of animal, were a proposition of self evident, axiomatic. Or, it assumes a polemical attitude, and by a gravely studied denial of Christian purity of soul in its very principle, or by quiet epicurean contempt, or light-hearted Horatian banter, would pull down the bulwarks which a divine hand has built up for the protection of a frail creature from countless moral foes. Or again, not content with affirmation or denial in the abstract, it fastens on some individual character, especially on some one supposed incapable, from death or distance, of any self-defence. Keeping safely to generalities, skillful to distort, subtle to impute, ingenious to dovetail, reckless to suppress—or, perhaps, not careful to do even half as much as thie, but with broader brush, with drip and dash of foul aspersion, the materialist or the slauderer does his evil work, and goes on his way. It is sion, the materialist or the slauderer does his evil work, and goes on his way. It is with this last form of the basely calum-nious that we deal to-day. If, among the saints of the Church's calendar was one who might be thought pre eminent for the union of sweetness of heart with personal union or sweetness of heart with personal purity, of gentle, even tender consideration, with an un-baken fortitude of self watchfulness, that one might surely be the canonized Bishop of Geneva. St. Francis of Sales is allied in our thoughts with St. Bernard, St. Thomas of Aquin, and others, of whom it is recorded that early in life they underwent the ordeal, underspecially trying circumstances, of such personal solicitation to the primrose path of dalliance as awakened Ophelia's sisterly anxieties on behalf of Liertes. Nay, of St. Francis it is known that twice at different

periods of his untired youthful days, a power not his own enabled him to bear away the palm of self-victory; hard won, it may be, and amid such urgency as greatly to tend to a confirmation in grace. it may be, and amid such urgency as greatly to tend to a confirmation in grace. "To all mental gifth," says a German encyclopæ list, very devoid of an enthusiasm which would here be out of place, "St. Francis of Sales united a purity of heart which he had preserved throughout, and had guarded against the seductions of the worldly life by a vow of perpetual chastity, which he had made in the Church of Stephen, in Paris." As a young student at Padus, he already wrote down for himself a rule of life, which has happily survived him. "It chiefly shows," asy Alban Butler, "his perpetual attention to the presence of God, his care to offer up every action to Him and implore His aid at the beginning of each." As was the commencement, so was the after course; and as the personal life, so the precious treatises that emanated from that soul. If we desire to see the character of the saint of Geneva reproduced as in a His aid at the beginning of each." As was the commencement, so was the after course; and as the personal life, so the precious treatises that emanated from that soul. If we desire to see the character of the saint of Geneva reproduced as in a mirror, we need but to turn to that of his faithful disciple, St. Jane Frances de Chantal. The young widow, beautiful, wealthy, solicited to second nupttils as advantageous in the world's eyes as her former, takes a hot iron engraven with the sacred name of one to whom she thenceforward gave all her love, and stamps it on her breast, the indelible token of a halocaust as changeless as it was free. We do not say that the act had the cogniof a halocaust as changeless as it was free. We do not say that the act had the cognizance of her director; for he, like all the saints, was gentle to others, while severe to himself. It formed, however, a very practical outcome of the teaching of the cross, which he knew how to render so attractive by word and example.

When, therefore, an anonymous writer in the Pall Mall Gazette announces to us that St. Francis' standard treatise on the

that St. Francis' standard treatise on the

in the Pall Mall Gazette announces to us that St. Francis' standard treatise on the "Devout Life" is a "shameful thing," that she wonders how any man—that is, "any good man led by God"—could allow "this abominable book to be touched," with other expressions of the same tendency, we simply listen, as to something not new, and we abstain from all indignation, as from all wonder. If a blind man knocks against us in the street, the first moment might be resentful; but if the second moment shows that he is blind, there is an end of the matter. If a Mohawk, or Cherokee were to sit down in his wampum and war paint to criticise a passage in "Hamlet," we hardly think we should be much affected by any verdict he might pronounce. The only difference of which we are conscious between the Mohawk and the Pall Mall correspondent is, that in the case of the savage, some amuse ment would result from his procedure. that in the case of the savage, some amuse ment would result from his procedure, which is certainly absent from the other. If men are conscious of only one mean-ing attached to a given word, and take up a book in which that word is used through out in another sense, a sense quite as primary and as wide spread, some con-fusion will doubtless result. Half the international sarcasms between ourselves and our neighbors across the channel are winged by such frequent misinterpretations of speech. When St. Ignatius determined to learn Latin, for the greater glory of God, he sat himself down on a benc with little boys, who were learning it to escape the master's ferule. They conjugated the verb Amo—"I love." So did the Bucayan gentleman at their side. But while they attached no distinct meaning to the word, or merely one that gravitated down upon the lollipops and holidays then usual in Spain, Ignatius knew very distinctly what he meaut, and, adding the distinctly what he meant, and, adding the substantive—rightly so named—conjugated his verb, Amo Deum—'I love God.'' So, too, the author of "Philothea." He loved God with all his heart and soul; and, inasmuch as human love has borrowed many of its expressions from love divine—else what becomes of

the Hagiorapha of the Old Testament ?—has used such terms as inspiration has not been afraid of. He wrote for the pure of heart, or for those who were aiming at purity with no common aim Forasmuch, too, as black is not white, nor light darkness, he hated with proportionate intensity, not indeed sinners, but sin. Surely, it is a phenomenon, that with St. Francis' life-long campaign against sin, and the marvelous success attending it, the correspondent should be able to discover—for has she not read it?—that "this saint had been a man of loose life, noted for indecent talk:" words that are transcribed with difficulty, from which any reader my turn, congratulating himself on his ignorance of the line habitual with the Pall Mall's caterers of newr. He may find this sort of thing any day in Voltaire, and in other authors whom we leave as annonymous as the correspondent herself. For we should fear, even as she fears about "Philothea," that "only to name the book would send up the sale, which ought to be suppressed, for it is a work of the evil one." "If some able writer could but unmask him!" are her pathetic words, the interjection being our own. Let him wait a brief moment of time. At the final award, among other unmaskings and surprises, will be manifested the great multitude, which no man can number, of the souls that have been fed, sustained, animated in their conflict by the multitude, which no man can number, of the souls that have been fed, sustained, animated in their conflict by the highest of all motives that animate the soul of man, set winningly before them by the gentle apostle of divine love whom this scribe has slandered on some unquoted hearsay. There will be other unmaskings in the same great hour—that of nameless correspondents, among the rest, together with the blind repositories whence they have drawn the cloak, the mask, the poisoned dagger. No Mohawk of them all, let him paint an inch thick, but will be manifested in the blaze of day.

SERVERS AT MASS.

By a Secular Priest in the Weekly Register. There is one kind of co-operation into which the Church has from oldest times

which the Unurch has from oldest times called the laity. It is the serving of Mass. A splendid co-operation, which would ennoble kings.

Now since the much talk which we have heard of the desire of laymen to help the clergy, I have wickedly watched to see what advantage is taken of this more than permission and more than in the interior. than permission and more than invitation which the Caurch has for centuries given to her lay children to share in her royal

don—in the provinces, even in larger towns, churches which boast an educated and cultured congregation, the spirit of and cultured congregation, the spirit of co-operation is manifested thus. The servers are boys of the humblest class, who come because come they must, as still belonging to the Mission school; or, if we grant in some cases their willingness, they yet can hardly serve with full understand-ing of their noblest work, or with any great devation. great devotion.

great devotion.

Many a morning the server is late. From the warm bed he has guessed badly at the time, or he has been lighting the fire for mother; the priest must stand vested, watting for lay help. The puzzed sacristan, who has other priests, it may be, needing his attention, goes round the church to all the lay men who are there, arresting that thay will amble the priest. plore entreating that they will enable the priest to do the grandest work done on earth;

or how could it be done by coaly John, nor a laborious work, requiring strength, nor an unworthy work demeaning the gently born. They do not know how to serve Mass! For what time would the educated be withheld from their ride, or their lawn tennia, or their business if they set themselves to learn the "how?"

May one word be added as to the effect upon coaly John and his brethren? Is it good that they should grow up looking forward to the time when they will be "too old" to serve Mass, and when they will leave it, with other school exercises, to "little Dick?" Is it good that they should serve—as sometimes, at least, the best of them must—with unwilling, discontented hearts? They have not even the encouragement of reward. The reward of heaven is so far away to the young, and such a long time to wait; and but few priests give any kind of present reward to the serving boys, as distinct from their other school children. Honor, no doubt, they feel it to be when they begin; but the sense of honor is soon lost when they find the dignity entailing wearissme obligation, and sometimes rebuke and fault finding. The end is with some that the altar boy, grown to maturer years, does not even hear the Mass at which he once served.

All this would be changed if coaly John had to contend for the honor, occasionally

which he once served.

All this would be changed if coaly John had to contend for the honor, occasionally at least, with his elders and his betters in earthly rank, and if he found that they looked on it as something high and great, and that his place was filled at once by eager helpers if he lingered to light the fire.

Worth Your Attention. Worth Your Attention.

Mark this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something hew, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of life long value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. \$5 a day and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars per month. You can do it. No special ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away, than anything else in the world. Any one anything else in the world. Any one anything thing else in the world. Any one any-where can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Phantoms.

They come from a land where our dear selves sleep In the dust of the vanished years; Their faces bring back life's summer time When the days flowed on in a low swee And the eyes were undimmed by tears.

There's a beautiful s'rain of a sweet refrair Floats out on the tremulous air; There's a kiss on my brow—the sign and th of a love and a trust unbetrayed; and I fee Their shadowy hands on my hair.

And our face glows with a sweeter grace, And the slips have a smile more rare; For the light that glows in her starry ey, Was cought from the sunlight of Paradis That threaded the gold in her hair.

Their faces are pages whereon I read What passed in those olden times; w nat passed in those olden times;
An episode haunting the weary years,
And the mockery of wedding chimes. Sweet day-dreams of youth that were never fulfilled;
Gord counsel a mother gave:
A prayer of faitn and a whispered vow;
A ring, and a kisson a stain/e-a brow;
A tear, and an ivy-grown grave.

But the vision is fading; the angel stands
With the hand on Memory's door;
I stretch out my arms for a last caress—
I fold to my be east but the corpliness
of shadows that fail on the floor. - Jean Ingleside, in Boston Transcript

MARGARET.

New O.leans has the credit of erecti New Oleans has the creat of erect the first open air statue to a woman America. And that statue, that of t good Margaret—in another land and the it might have been St. Margaret—is r to celebrate beauty or intellect, but simp goodness, practical charity, the charact people, great in her divine sympathy with people.

There is a great kinship among status by the grace of God, a monument brotherhood of grantte, marble, brom and wood. When we come across there and there dotting the highwof the world, and examine them, we fithat the enduring block that perpetually in the properties in only the counterpart. that the enduring block that perpetua their memories is only the counterpar-the enduring virtue that perpetuated it characters. Both form the build material of humanity. The mere mate itself may differ in value, the exter polish and finish may vary, the art workmanship may do his concept grievous wrong, but the grand lesson the lives they commemorate must not lost in trivial carping and useless com-ison. These men and women were ison. These men and women were themselves, in their flesh and ble unblemished creations. God sent deed alone perfect into their hearts, they have halted through life with it, stooped awkwardly under it, and he dropped into ungraceful postures worn bideous clothes (not only in physical but in the moral sense al until, with their statues after them, t

bave often seemed a travesty of the purpose which transfigured them a death. world, not what the artists have not din the statues, is the supreme consid

The statue of Margaret represen

The statue of Margaret represent middle aged, homely woman, short statue, clumsy of proportion, with a as far removed from the ideal of the as her life was from the ideal of the as her life was from the ideal of the bottomed" chair, in the only position was ever seen to assume when see before no matter whom. She is drin a gown and sacque of some comaterial, the only costume she was material, the only costume she was seen to wear, in wealth as in pow Her peculiar old "scoop" bonnet has laid aside that her features might be vis ernament of a crochet cape, the hi work and gift of the orphans in the as behind her. As her living arm had marble arm clasps a ragged orphan—r monument of white marble, and a p one. In the green spot named after in the centre of a great city, at the po down on the passing and repassing c ss her spirit might still love to do, ling out the poor who needed her ch and the rich who needed her solicita

She was always known as simply garet." her surname of Haughery

generally ignored by that fine compli-of the populace, the facit refusal to to one family those born to a commu Her parents came from Ireland in an grant ship, landed in Baltimore, and in a prevalent epidemic of yellow-i A good woman of the Baptist persu who had suffered bereavement in the epideroic, took the little orphen is cared for her. By rearing her lintle Catholic faith of her deceased p the Protestant Christian unconscious a practical example of religious tole and liberality of spirit to a future p tropist, and prepared a benefactre the poor of all charches in a distant Margaret grew, and served her p tress faithfully, and earned herrecon dation of being a good, reliable girl. simple but comprehensive recommands the many the only capital, the only in trade, she possessed. Out of it she asylums, fed the poor, succored the treesed, supported the aged and it built up a trale, gained recognit exclusive business and official circle secured a mosument. She was first l secured a monument. She was urely in New Orleans in 1836, a widow, ing as laundress in the St. Charles noted in her minial circles for her work and honesty, and possessed confidence of her employers. Aboves same time the Sisters of St. Vince Paul commenced gathering in the Paul commenced gathering in the the destitute orphans of the city, garet came to the Sisters in charoffered her assistance—such assistant poor washer wounn might vent offer. It was sceepted. In the struggles, and privations that follow the moving fromone temporary sh another, with means insufficient increasing charges, the woman Margaret proved a gods them, with her adomitable or practical commonsuse, and ut devotion. Supplementing her own tres by the donations she mans extract from others, many a time at the wolf from the dor by he exertions alone. Braving every never submitting to a refusal, atories are told of herencounters ungracious merchants. Once a