WINTAKEN IDEAS OF SANCTITY.

rendered on that bleak December morning, by the frozen shores of the Great Slave Lake, to two lost wanderers, a holy bishop and his acolyte. Its warmth drove the death chill from their breasts, and its gentle stimulus helped them to endure more easily the pangs of hunger, from which they were suffering.

Leaving them to parake of their spare comforts, let us betake ourselves to St. Joseph's mission, where the arrival of the bishop was expected on the previous day. We will allow Father Petitot to describe the alarm created by the news given by the

We will allow Father Petitot to describe the alarm created by the news given by the bishop's fellow-travellers, of his being left behind by them on the lake;

"An Indian came from the Fort that evening to tell us that the two young officers, who had been expected, had arrived, and that the bishop and his companion not being able to keep pace with them, remained behind them on the lake. This news came upon us like a thunderclap. I was appailed at the thought of his lordship being out upon the lake during such a night, whilst so frightful a storm was raging, and the cold so intense as to be capable of freezing mercury. I knew that the lesat deviation in the track left in the snow by the party in advance knew that the least deviation in the track left in the anow by the party in advance of him might lead to his straying towards the middle of the lake, and thus to his certain death. I had the same evening just returned from a long and painful jurney and was much fatigued. But forgetting all my hardships, I set forth with two companions in search of the lost travellers. We kindled torches, fired shots, and went up and down in all directions, calling out their names at the ections, calling out their names at the ections, calling out their names at the highest pitch of our voices. But it was all to no purpose. After hours of useless search, we returned to our hut, wearled and disheartened. We looked now upon his lordship's escape as an impossibility, unless God worked a miracle in his behalf; unless God worked a miracie in his benair; for according to the opinion of the most experienced ludians, no body could camp on a trozen lake, whilst a cold so intense as that mentioned prevailed, without for-

The next morning Father Petitot sent out another searching Father Patitot sent out another searching party to make a further attempt to find the bishop and rescue him and his companion, if they were still alive. Fortunately they passed near the spot where his lordship and young Beautieu had taken shelter. The meeting was a joyful surprise on both

the Church was about to celebrate the coming of the Holy Kings to Bethlehem, and that they might hope that He, whose star guided the wise men, would become Himself their guide. Whilst speaking thus to them, all of a sudden they came across human foot prints, freshly marked upon the snow. They are saved. Quickly they changed their routs, to follow the track so providentially discovered by them. That evening they reached the Fort of the Big Island. Our readers will be pleased, we are sure, to know that the poor brute that was marked out for slaughter received his reprieve, and was allowed to received his reprise, and was allowed to continue his useful work in the team. The bishop was happily enabled to com-plete in its entirety the whole of the mis-sionary programme he had fixed upon before starting on that difficult expedition.

## CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.

The mission of Providence continued to grow and develop rapidly and solidly. Dr. Grandin decided on establishing there a community of Sisters of Charity. A convent had to be built. Father Grouard and the excellent Brother Alexis took upon themselves the chief labor of the construction. It was a two-storled house, the first of the sort that had ever till then have raised in any part of those wast and the first of the sort that had ever till then been raised in any part of those vast and desolate regions. It excited the surprise of the Indiane, and served as another land mark of civilization in their midst. While the bishop was still at Providence he received the sad news of the death of Father Grollier. This news resched him on the eve of his commencing his journey southwards, towards the well-established mission of St. Albert, where he is to fix his abode. Alluding to this occasion Monseigneur Grandin writes:

"I spent the night in weeping and praying, and in arranging my plans for the future. At four in the morning I commenced my journey. I felt a double adness weighing upon me as I took my

ness weighing upon me as I took my departure. I mourned over the painful news of Father Grollier's death, and was grieved at bidding good bye to the members of the devoted community I was

Quitting."
On the arrival of Bishop Grandin at St. Albert's, he received the following letter from a Protestant gentleman:
"It was with the greatest pleasure I received your lordship's letter, on your

Francis Xavier, he was suffering from chronic asthma, which was to carry him to an early grave.

Being a native of Montpellier, in the South of France, it was marvellous how he lived and worked as he did, amidst the terrible rigors of twelve polar winters. When he felt his death illness coming on, he was alone in the far northern wilderness, with his Indians whom he loved so dearly. Hundreds of miles separated him from his nearest brother priest. On that occasion he thus wrote to Monseigneur Grandin:

"If feel that the hand of death is upon me; I hope however that I shall not die without having an opportunity of making my confession; but if I cannot go to confession, I have a peaceful trust in the goodness of God, that He will show me mercy. I am now a useless being. I can no longer be counted among the active workmen in God's vineyard. Nevertheless you must not be too anxious about me. I suffer, it is true, from asthma; but this malady, which is hereditary in my family, has not prevented many of my relatives living to a ripe old age. I think if I were at some post where I could get occasionally a little milk and a few potatoes, I should have a chance of recovering my health."

In a subsequent letter he renounced the thought of seeking for a milder climate, or a place where he could procure that nourishment, and those remedies and helps, which his prostrate condition demanded. He again writes to Monseigneur Grandin:
"I will not quit my present position

schools, and introduced us to the Sisters. The church represents an extraordinary amount of labor and ingenuity, when it is considered that there is not a saw mill in the country, and that every plank had to be made with a hand-saw. The altar is a beautiful piece of wood work in the early Norman style, executed as a labor of love by two of the Fathers. The sacristy behind was the original logchouth, and is till u-ed for service in the winter. The St. Albert mission was formed about alne years ago. It numbered nearly a thousand. Then came the small-pox that raged in every Indian camp, and wherever men were assembled, all came up and down the Saskatchewan. Three hundred died at St. Albert's; men and women fied forgy their nearest and dearest.

Whilst engaged in those wonderful missionary labours, the success and extent of which recall the days of St. Francis Xavier, he was suffering from chronic asthma, which was to carry him to an early grave.

Being a native of Montpellier, in the South of France, it was marvellous how he lived and worked as he did, amidst the terrible rigors of treel're polar winers. When he felt his death illness coming on, he was alone in the far northern wilderness, which his Indians whom he loved so dearly. Hundreds of miles separated him from his nearest brother priest. On that cocasion be thus wrote to Monseig.

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"If feel that the hand of death is upon me; I hope however that I shall not die without having an opportunity of mak. Revertheless you must not be too anxing any confession; but if I cannot go to confessio

death and disaster."
"During the days spent in the mountain house I enjoyed the society of the most enterprising and best informed missionary in the Indian countries—M. Lacombe. This gentleman, a native of Lower Canada, has devoted himself for more than twenty years to the Richtest Lower Canada, has devoted himself for more than twenty years to the Blackfeet and Crees of the far West, sharing their sufferings, their hunts, their summer journeys, and their winter camps—sharing even, unwillingly their war forays and night assaults. The devotion which he has evinced towards these poor wild warriors has not been thrown away upon them, and Pere Lacomb is the only man who can pass and repass from Blackfoot

the fever of life, after wearinesses and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, lan guor and fretfulness, struggling and suc ceeding—after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death; at length the white throne of God; at length the beatific vision."

Newman was, indeed, in one sense—and

Newman was, indeed, in one sense—and a very real sense—a Puritan of the nine-teenth century. He rose in the pulpit of St Mary's, not only to rebuke the worldliness of the world, but to protest against the religion of the day, which had dropped one whole side of the Gospel—its austere character; which included "no true foar of God, no fervent zeal for His honor, no deep hatred of sin, no horror at the sight of sinners, no indignation and compassion at the blasphemies of heretics, no jealous adherence to doctrinal truth, no especial sensitiveness about the particular means of gaining ends, if only the ends be good, no loyalty to the Holy Apostolic Church of which the creed speaks, no sense of the authority of religion as external to the mind—in a word, no seriousness." These are the words of a Puritan—a Puritan who was also a Catholic—and here lay his power with higher minds in an age which had yielded to the sapping-in of material influences, which had grown soft and self-indulgent, and which was bewildered by confused voices that seemed only to announce an intellectual anarchy.

Look and Live!

Look and Live!

My lady reader, don't pass me by with the unkind remark, "Only an advertisement." I may do you good. I may unfold to your view the "pearl of great price." I may be the means of reatoring to you health and happiness. I surely will it you are suffering from any form of nervousness or female weakness, and will act upon my suggestion. I bring to your notice, with every confidence in its merits, a remedy especially compounded to meet just the requirements of your case. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, bidding you look and live! Ladies everywhere, who have used it, speak volumes in its praise!

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: I was in

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Edectric Odfor a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blassing to me.

PATRIE TON BURKE.

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spoke of the beauty and purity and perfection of a religious life; he showed how it tended to raise man, even in the life below, almost to a lavel with the angels; he expounded with marvelous lucidity the meaning of the vows religious take, and expained their bearing on the holy state; and with a fervid peroration that carried his hearers away from earthly things, left them in earnest contemplation of a glorious future. It was no mere effort of polished rhetoric, no skillful weaving of brilliant phrases into rounded sentences, such as may gratify the ear without ever reaching the heart. It was the full flow of an apostolic soul that came down on the congregation then assembled, and swept everything away on its irresistible tide. There were worldly men present, but the worldliness among them went along in silenca, pondering upon the nothingness of his own pursuits. It was a sermon to make a scoffer stand self condemned. It was a discourse that, being heard, must be imbedded in memory for a lifetime."

At the age of thirty four Burke was made Prior of San Clemente in Rome, but after a few years found his way back to Irelaud. The annals of the post Apostolic Church contain, we suppose, few instances of sacred oratory so continuous, and, judged at least by material tests, so successful. When the new Cathedral at Armagh was opened Father Burke preached. The offertory was £8,000! During 1871-2 he delivered in eight months four hundred lectures, besides sermons, and collected eighty thousand pounds. After a most painful internal disease had set in he preached without intermission, and sought his best anodyne in a noble cell forgetfulness, full of passionate appeal to the souls of sinners. He was too brave in bodily anguish, too tensely strung up to slak on the pulpit steps. Between the forty fifth and fifty-fifth year of his age his record of work never fell below five hundred sermons a year, and sometimes ran up to a thousand. In presiding over retreats he constantly deliverei three, sometimes four lengthened address

M. J. in Catholic Mirror Many persons imagine that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to acquire sanctity, and are frightened at the mere thought of underteking a work of such great magnitude. They are mistaken in their conception of true sanctity, in what it consists, and the means of continuit. The task is however. acquiring it. The task is by no means as difficult of accomplishment as they suppose; and, were they to make the trial for themselves, they would soon become convinced of the truth of this statement convinced of the truth of this statement When our Lord said, "Bo ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," He did not use these words in an exclusive or limited sense. He addressed them to us all; for he willed the salvation of all. "This is the will of God, your sanctification." True, He did not expect that we should succeed in reaching, even in a small degree, the infinite perfection of the Model proposed for our imitation. He simply intended to impress upon our minds the necessity of having lofty aims and doing all in our power to attain the highest possible standard of moral excellence. When we do this He is satis fied, and will supply the deficiencies on our part.

highest possible standard of moral ex cellence. When we do this He is satisfied, and will supply the deficiencies on our part.

The vast majority of persons content themselves by pursuing the ordinary course, never striving to advance beyond a certain point already fixed as the limit of their aspirations. This is why so few succeed in acquiring exalted virtue, which cannot be attained without the exercise of generosity. Such persons are impressed with the conviction that any effort on their part, beyond the ordicary perform anse of what is strictly obligatory, is unnecessary and uncalled for. They say that the greater perfection belongs to the saints, who are differently constituted, and whose example they are not called upon to imitate. Herein lies a serious mistake; for it is precisely for imitation that God has furnished the heroic examples of His chosen servants. The glorification of God and the edification of men are the chief ends for which His saint lived and labored; and these objects are promoted by us only in so far as we follow in their blessed footsteps.

Some say that we must not attempt to pattern our lives after those of saints and holy persons, since to do so would be extremely hazardous—would be aiming a singularity. Whilst this course may be asfely followed in certain cases, it can scarcely be considered as of general application; for, if so regarded, there would be no incentive to spiritual progress. There is more danger to be apprehended from spiritual apathy than from a gener our resolve to go forward on the path the perfection, upon which the saints have trodden. The term "singularity" may be very good when its meaning is defined and properly understood; but it may leas us astray unless its meaning is restricted and clearly comprehended. If by singularity is meant a certain strangeness on manner assumed simply for the purpos of appearing odd without regard to the opinions of others, and in order to be a variance with the approved conduct of those possessed of good sense and soun judgment, intended to imply that we must not account our own judgment in matters of conscientious duty, however well matured i may be, when it conflicts with the opin ions and imperious dictates of our neigh ions and imperious dictates of our neighbors, it becomes not only our right but our duty to set aside such dictation and follow the judgment which we have formed at the wants and spiritual necessities of our soul. Of course it will be understoothat before entering upon a strict line of duty wise counsel will be sought; for n man is a safe guide unto himself, however wise and learned he may be considered What is herein stated is in the nature of suggestion, it being intended only to atting what is never stated is in the nature of suggestion, it being intended only te stin ulate to more earnest endeavors in the service of God by holding up the sain as models for imitation.

The saints were not constituted difference of the saints were not

The saints were not constituted differently from ourselves; nor were they from the trials and temptations incident to our lives. They were confronted with and harassed by tribulations far great than any which we are called upon to edure. It was their loving submission at patient endurance of those trials the rendered them so pleasing to God an merited the sustaining grace by which they triumphed over all their difficulties. Had they been less humble they wou have grown tired and murmured again the divine will. By such felly and wite edness they would have become a prey the enemy of salvation, whose object as constant effort it is to thus ruin souls. It is respect their example is of incalculable benefit to us in the warfare in whit we are engaged.

able benefit to us in the warfare in whi
we are engaged.

Sanctity does not, as many support
consist in the performence of great dee
which win the praises of men and excite
certain feeling of pleasure or satisfactiv
in our own hearts. It consists simp
in the faithful and conscientious dischaof the duties of our station in life, kee
ing before us constantly the desire
pleasing fod and a willingnees to corre
pend as far as possible with the grac
which He may be pleased to vouchasfe
us. If we view and perform our du
from this standpoint, we are on the way
perfection whether our station in life
an exalted one or our lot is cast among
the humble.

Among the obstacles to acquiring san
tity or perfection the most serious, pu

Among the obstacles to acquiring and tity or perfection the most serious. Per haps, is that of discouragement. We as a constituted by nature that we caunendure the thought of failure in an enterprise which we undertake. It is no flattering to our pride to know that of afforts have been purposeeful. for flattering to our pride to know that of afforts have been unsuccessful; for would have people think highly of of skill and wisdom. In spiritual affa this same quality predominates. We anxious to succeed—according to fancy—and every failure discourages a humiliates us We think we are not p gressing; and in this, as in all things el our jugment must prevail. We app more anxious to satisfy ourselves than please God; and hence the more we contemplate and mourn over our failures template and mourn over our failures think of Him and the slower is a progress towards Him. The remedy is less we think of Him and the slower is of progress towards Him. The remedy is forget curnelves as far as possible; a fix our gaze steadfastly upon the obj before us—God, in whose service we employed. If we do this we shall be couraged to go forward with confident for God looks upon us lovingly as we