

The Music of Worship or the Worship of Music

(By Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.)

The above dilemma fairly sums up that perennial source of controversy; and puts the whole matter into the proverbial nutshell. Which is to be paramount? Worship of music or the music of worship? Is music to be the handmaid or the mistress? Let us get things into the right focus; then we may hope to obtain that sense of proportion which is forgotten when men are guided rather by personal likes or dislikes than by other more reasonable principles. We must really get down to some elementary ideas and make sure of our foundation. There is no use in building upon the sand. I want to inquire what are the foundations of worship, what it includes and what it excludes; for I think some of us have somewhat gone off the track. To make regulations about Church music without touching the cause of all the difficulty seems to me like trying to cure symptoms while leaving the disease untouched. Now the disease, I think, we are suffering from is the neglect of the spirit of worship. Certain modern exhibitions of sentimental piety, or rather of pious sentimentalism, have, to a large extent, changed the direction of the spiritual pole. Prayers are now mainly concerned about our own miserable selves; and we weary ourselves with others and with petitions for this or that or the other, always asking and, like Martha, solicitous about many things. Don't let me be misunderstood. The prayer of petition has its place, even prayers for our own petty needs. But this is not all prayer as a modern tendency would suppose. It is only a very small form of it. What about adoration and praise? What about lifting our faculties in adoring Him and praising Him, and, in adoration, deep and tremulous with awe, prostrating ourselves before the Throne of His glory, content to gaze at the vision and to burn with love? Does this sort of prayer enter into the minds of most people? And yet it is the prayer that is utterly unselfish and the prayer that gives its value to petition. It is the prayer of the Church. It is to be found supremely in the Mass wherein our Eucharistic Lord adores, thanks, expiates and glorifies the Father for the human race. Listen to the wide sense of worship in the Gloria in Excelsis. "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory"; or that glorious song heard by the princely prophet when he saw the Lord upon His throne high and lifted up and His train filled the temple; and one seraphim cried unto another saying "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory. We take on the Sunday Vesper psalms. "The Lord is high above all nations and His glory above the Heavens. Who is like unto the Lord Our God who dwelleth on high?" Do you catch my meaning? Do you realize the larger aspect of a worship which lifts us out of ourselves and widens our hearts with the presence of God so that we run and no longer painfully creep along the way of the Commandments? This is eminently the spirit of the Liturgical prayer; and those who neglect the Church's prayer and retreat into themselves and look upon their wants and the wants of others as the one thing necessary are sure to be the losers in the long run. Selfishness never pays. God deals so royally with us; and we have so little of the "princely spirit" in our dealings with Him. We are always beggars, and forget that we have a royal priest-hood. The prayer in the Gloria is not "We thank Thee for giving us so and so"; but "We thank Thee for Thy great glory." God is the true object in prayer, not ourselves. He is to be sought, for this is justice; and once He is obtained, "all things else shall be added to us." Once more, the "Pater Noster" teaches us the order of prayer. First His Kingdom, then His glory, and the accomplishment of His Will; then our wants, and forgiveness and freedom from danger. I have dwelt somewhat at length on this point, for it is unrealized by Catholics at large. The true idea of worship seems to be missed; even the supreme act of worship, the Mass, is not brought home to the conviction as it should. For instance, what idea of worship and of the proper way of assisting at Mass does a child get who goes, say at 10 o'clock, to what is called the Children's Mass, and starts the service singing, "O Mother I," goes on with "Hail, Queen of Heaven," then at "Dear Angel ever at my side," and winds up with "Faith of Our Fathers," or "All Hail to St. Patrick"? I do not say anything about these hymns more than that they do not appear to be appropriate while the Divine Victim of Calvary is being offered to the Eternal Majesty, and the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world, lies in mystic death upon the altar. What idea of worship does the child get, and brought home to his soul by such music or such hymns? Do they teach the child to pray, to enter into the intention of the Divine Victim? Now, I will take another case; the child grows up; and preserves enough of the practice of Catholic life to go to Mass on Sundays. He has never been taught to pray. He hears and likes the music (if he does not find its length with a long sermon added, wearisome), and enjoys it as music. The tenor has a glorious voice, and his mezzo singing is delicious; the boy's voice is clear and silvery and true; the bass is round and full, sonorous and grand. As to the alto, when he is good well, he is passable; but when bad, that's hardly the word for him. Poor altar! The composition is fine. That introduction to the "Kyrie" is solemn and the fugue movement is well worked out; how elegantly the "Christie" is elaborated. What a burst of triumph in the "Gloria"; and for pure melody, can the "Gloria Agnus" be surpassed? The "Credo" is bustling, the "Et Incarnatus" sweet and ingenious with its interwoven melody for the alto. The "Sanctus" is majestic, while the "Benedictus" is simply delightful if rather reminiscent in parts of tambourine effects. The grave "Agnus Dei" prepares us for the brilliant passages of the "Domine" which alternates with drums and trumpets and vocal passages, with cadenzas of marvellous beauty. I wonder how many of my readers will recognize

the Mass which I am here describing? At any rate, our friend has thoroughly enjoyed the Mass; for the church he attends does its music well. He has shuddered over the same composition when it has been executed or mangled by incompetent and ambitious singers. Now, I want to know, where has been the worship of a creature to his Maker in all this music? Has it lifted his soul to the Throne of God, has it united him more closely to the Saving Victim, has it stirred his being to any real thankfulness that God is God and that we are His people? Mind I am speaking of the average man. I do not deny there may be some who, understanding the words as well as the music, come under an influence not altogether unsatisfactory; though I might be inclined to doubt whether emotionalism did not play too great a part. But the generality of people I do not think are so affected. Speaking of my own experience, which at one time was varied and wide, I have often heard persons expressing their delight in the Sunday Mass, and saying how much they enjoyed the Mass; but I never recollect hearing them say that they felt the Divine Presence closer, or that they were lifted to greater personal union with God or realized His Infinite Majesty more clearly. If this be the case (I am only giving my experience, others may perhaps differ from me), I contend that we have gone off the line. Instead of aiming at the music of worship we have put the cart before the horse and have devoted ourselves to the worship of music. This is but the natural result of a loss of the true notion of prayer and the neglect of the Liturgy. The Church sets God before us as the object of prayer; modern degeneracy in pietism puts self first. The Church uses music to help us in our worship; modern pietism worships that which pleases self and demands music that shall please us and make the time of Mass become something less of a compulsory task. This, I think, is the real difficulty. Let us get the real sense of worship; and then the proper kind of music will follow of its own accord. Now I am going to make a little confession. I love and admire Mozart and Haydn, the grandeur of Cherubini and Beethoven appeal to me, and the beauty of Gounod is delightful. I know "the Masses" off by heart. I have sung in them, I have taught them, and conducted them times out of number. They are my earliest recollections, and are bound up with some of my most cherished memories. I have written about them and defended their use. I delight in them now and can hear them with pleasure as ever fresh and charming. There is, however, only one time I do not care to hear them, and that is during the Mass. I have come to the conviction that an orchestra and Calvary are ideas that do not go well together, and that Mozart and Haydn, with the rest of the tuneful choir, are no real help to worship, but a distraction from the higher things. I am led away by the material beauty of the composition, which absorbs me; in fact I am concerned with the worship of the music and not that of God. Am I singular in this? It is that I, with a handful of musicians, are the unfortunate ones, and that Mozart is a great spiritual force who draws the rest of the congregation towards God. Is he a great preacher of righteousness, and convinces the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment? Or is he simply the charming artist, most gifted of melodists, who sets the Mass to music in what was the fashion at a period when religion was at a very low ebb? Having delivered my mind about the masses, I now must come down to the "classes" or to a lower what is called the classical school, i.e., the purely vocal school, of which we may take Palestrina as the supreme example. Taking my principle that the true Church music must be the music of worship, I want to see whether this classical school answers to it. If music is to help the worshipper, it must in some way appeal to him, it must in some way act upon his soul and lift it up towards God. Now, in this purely vocal school, there is at most a subtle melody, or rather I should say an interweaving of melodic phrases managed with consummate art. The effect is undefinable, intangible, ethereal. One voice follows another and a hint is caught up, developed, lengthened, or shortened, turned up side down, inside out, with all the mechanical devices of the contrapuntal art. A musician skilled in such art is ravished at the effect and is delighted with the life and movement of the composition. But here to the musician is not this kind of music exposed to the same danger as the other? Does it not tend equally to be the worship of music? Then, I ask, does it, moreover, mean anything at all to the ordinary hearer? Does he really appreciate it and find it a help in devotion? Or does he follow the current fashion and pretend to admire what is entirely beyond his comprehension? One good thing about the purely vocal school, I am speaking solely from the point of view of worship, is that it does not savor of the world. It is quite unlike secular music of the present day; and so far it is fitted for Church purposes. But does it influence the worshipper? If it does not appeal to the soul I do not see its use. To the artist it will be an intellectual delight; but then the world is not made up of artists but of poor creatures whose musical sense can be only adequately influenced by the mysterious effects of melody easily felt and recognized. No; as the school of Mozart and Haydn are for the nonworshipper, so the Palestrina school is for the artistic musician who can appreciate it. We want something else for the worshipper of all ages and all ranks. This I can only find in the Plain Song. Here we have, in the purer parts, simple melody, unworlly in form, rhythm, and quality; that leaves the words standing out in prominence, and hearing their own force with just that help which music gives. The words are not lost in the sound, but the sound is well nigh forgotten in the words. It is not the beautiful melody that matters; it is the meaning of the words that sets before us when the worshippers sing the pure Plain Song. Eminently congregational, it sorts well with the act of worship offered by and in the name of all the holy people of God. This is the only true music of worship; the only strain that does not jar on the soul when assisting at Mass. To sing it is to pray; for it is only a simple mu-

sical recitation of the Liturgical text. What I have said about the Plain Song I have limited by certain expressions, for I cannot say it of all that is called Gregorian. I am not going to enter into any controversy on the subject of the Solesmes Chant. We owe much to the labors of the monks of Solesmes, and I should be the last to under-rate their services. The danger, however, is on the other side. I mean that enthusiasts are always liable to over-rate and to stretch conclusions beyond what the premises warrant. Pius X. has not committed himself to the Solesmes Chant, and does not even mention it by name in the late document. I think it is the purest form we have at present of the Plain Song as sung in certain parts after a critical period of change and revision, which influence every side of life, and was then subjected to an inevitable reaction; but that it at all represents, save substantially, in certain parts, the Plain Song as reformed by St. Gregory and brought into England by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, I do not believe. The Pope desires the Music of Worship to be congregational. An elaborate chant, such as we have in the Solesmes Chant, will defeat his intention. If the chant be simple and almost syllabic then there will be a hope of realizing his wishes. To have a whole congregation singing as an act of prayer the Ordinary of the Mass will be a Music of Worship that will be far finer than any other performance to the Worship of Music. To bring this about we need to have the true nature of worship brought home to our hearts. We pray to understand God's idea of prayer that resounds in Heaven and in the Holy Church throughout the world. I do not know whether our present system has made us better Catholics, more spiritual and less worldly; or whether it has not had its influence on what some are bewailing as our losses. I wonder whether our forefathers in the days of the penal laws, when they got the Sacrifice, with as little of the outward beauty of holiness as possible, appreciate Mass more than their descendants to-day who assist at an orchestral Mass performed by a first-rate choir, or a Palestrina Mass vocalized by Catholic boys and Protestant men? To conclude, I must take notice of a common objection - that we must give to God's service the best we have. Of course so. But is not the "best" a relative term after all? What is best in one respect is not always the best in another. Music that is exquisite and appropriate for instance, as dance music and fit for a royal ball, would be out of place at a funeral service. And yet in its own place it may be reckoned among the best. So with sacred music; or rather with music for worship. That is best which answers more perfectly to the end for which music is used in worship, viz., to help us to pray. As I contend that Mozart or Palestrina fail in this respect, so I hold that as far as music for worship is concerned, their compositions are not the best, and therefore should not be used in church. On the other hand, as the Plain Song in itself is admirably adapted, when it is understood, to increase the sense of worship, I hold that it is the best which is claimed as required for the service of God. So I answer the objection. There are many tempting bye-ways of thought suggested by the Pope's late instructive but I have reached the utmost end of my tether. My purpose in this article has been to set out some principles that should rule our views on the subject of Church music and bring them into harmony with the desires of our Holy Father.

Are We Pagans Yet, or Christian?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Look conditions in the face; Mars, the god whom still we worship? Mammon in our Ruler's place? After all our boasted progress, have we reached the nobler race?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we use as shibboleth The vulgar vocal school, or of Him of Nazareth? Do we preach love's law of mercy or the leaden law of death?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Answer by the higher light; Let the test be by the standards of unchanging truth and right.

Do we worship toward the morning, or the past's war-clouded night? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we reach and overreach? Do we worship and slay our brothers 'neath the mask of godly speech? Sow we seeds of love or hatred? Do we practise what we preach?

Are we pagans yet, or Christians? Tell the truth what'er betide; By our lust, our greed, our conquest, is our Saviour still denied? By the murder of His brethren is our Lord yet crucified?

—The Denver News.

King Will Pass by Trinity

The official programme of the approaching visit of the King to Ireland is marked by one notable "new departure." On every other occasion of a Royal visit to Ireland, and on every occasion on which the King has ever been in Dublin, a visit to Trinity College was a leading incident. Trinity College will not on the approaching Royal visit be similarly favored. When it is remembered that the King in July, last, in reply to an address from the authorities of Trinity College, expressed the hope that the College would adapt itself to the requirements of the age, and made special allusion to Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke and Grattan, its distinguished sons, who were all identified with the advancement of popular rights and liberties, and the extension of the blessings of a liberal education to their Catholic fellow-countrymen, the reception of the King by Dr. Traill, whom the King, by improper advice of the Prime Minister, has appointed to the Provostry, must have struck the persons in charge of the arrangement of the Royal Itinerary as rather too glaring even for the meridian of Ireland under Castle rule. Where is he to whom nothing is wanting? All is wanting to him who believes nothing is wanting. We must not be even a little evil in order to do even a great possible good.

Pope Pius Through His Sisters' Eyes

(Written for The Register.)

"There is an interesting article in a recent number of The Ladies' Home Journal entitled, 'The Pope Through His Sisters' Eyes.' Mr. Vance Thompson, the author, is an American journalist who has resided for some years in Paris, and has apparently, a well-developed sympathy for all that is Catholic. A few years ago he wrote an article on 'The Holy Shroud' of Turin. He has also written articles on 'The Pilgrim Train of Lourdes' and 'The Future of the Catholic Church in France,' so that he is fairly well qualified to write on Catholic subjects where the interest is chiefly human. He first had a special audience with His Holiness, when, no doubt, persistence was given to the enquiries that were to be made. Then he visited Salzano, Mantua, Riese, and Venice, where he saw the Pope's sisters and brother. The sisters are humble old women—three of them married to baker, pork-butcher, and tavern-keeper; and three, dim women of the cloister. What of the Pope so they know? Theresa, the eldest of the six sisters, remembers most. She has always kept to the home town Riese, where he was born, where their mother lies buried, where the little peasant cottage that roofed them all still stands. She is now seven years old—was taken away from the parochial school to far-away members when Giuseppe—when only Castelfranco. That was a long journey of fourteen miles, and she remembers how they all kissed the little boy good-bye and watched him go down the dusty road with the priest, who held his hand. "The word as to the sisters: The eldest Theresa is married to a good man, Parolin, who keeps the only inn, joined to a kind of country store, in Riese. No one on earth knows the Pope better, for the brave old mother died in 1894. 'But though she has her mother's knowledge of him she is a vague and timid old woman, not much used to thinking, dazed with what has come upon him, and yet now and then some bright recollection flares up in her. She it was who showed me the yellow paper on which Giuseppe had written out for home eyes the Latin praise bestowed upon him when at fifteen he was proclaimed 'primo' at the seminary in Padua. We read how Giuseppe Sarto of Riese was: in religion eminently distinguished; in philosophy distinguished as a good thinker and for his earnest search for knowledge and the wisdom of his investigations; in the Italian tongue eminent for his facility and correctness of style and acquaintance with classical authors; in the Latin language eminent for the depth of his interpretations and translations and the neatness of his style; in the Greek tongue, distinguished for the soundness of his grammatical knowledge, and so on through history, mathematics and the sciences. Theresa wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. Finally she spoke in a faint, clear, old voice: 'I remember that very well. When he came home from Padua because he had the diligence was gone. I remember he had money and we were very happy. First, though, mother made us all stay back in the garden and she stood in the street and met him alone. He gave her the money and we had a supper that night. Mother got the meat from old Parolin then. We were so poor and Parolin had the store and the inn. At supper mother told us Giuseppe—she paused, crossed herself, looked up, then went on: 'Mother told us all about it, but I am a priest. I remember that I always thought so, because he knew Latin. Mother never had to send any more money and it was better for all of us. He was very kind to me. He was a good brother.' Again it is Theresa speaking: 'We heard him say his first mass in the church—if mother were alive she could tell you. She sobbed all the time. They looked just alike then, but his hair was lighter. They were alone together almost all the time until he went away. Oh, if she had lived—but it is all the same to her. I forgot. She was as beautiful as the saints. Ask Parolin, he saw her die—at least the same day. We were all happy. He has made us all happy ever since that day. All of us. And now—she drew the black shawl across her face and her thin hands touched her beads." It would be interesting to know more of that mother to whom the Pope read aloud in the evening and to whom he told of the things as he had seen it; but it is probable she was just like the ordinary mother, proud of her clever son, and like the average Catholic mother, prouder still that he was to be a priest. There are anecdotes of his life as a priest and bishop. How he fought the cholera in his parish in 1871; he nursed the sick, prepared the dying and buried the dead. His sister, in-toietta tells of the following incident—she is speaking of his daily reception of the poor when Bishop of Salzano: 'Once a poor man dared not approach him and hung back—a very poor man who was weeping. This povero uomo wanted something to make a broth for his sick wife. The Bishop had given everything away—even the fowl for his own dinner. He was greatly troubled. At last a thought came to him and he smiled—I know now he would have been living in a little apartment near by which he provided for her—he always provided for her.' 'Yes,' said Louisa. 'So he told the poor man to wait and he ran across to Louisa's rooms. She was out, but on the fire was a pot with a good piece of beef and good broth simmering for her dinner. He took it up and carried it down and all through the street—his bow and he gave it to the poor man. And he laughed—how he laughed that sweet kind laugh of his when he told us how Luisa lost her dinner.' According to scientific methods of dispensing charity this was all very wrong, but the merely human will condone the fault and admire the gentle kindly nature which prompted the deed. There are lessons to be gained through these anecdotes and others we have read depicting the humble life of Pius X.—a life which he shared with them as a boy. They teach us anew that the Catholic Church is the church of all classes, and that the popes, the first of whom was a poor

J. E. SEAGRAM DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS AND MALT AND FAMILY PROOF WHISKIES, OLD RYE, ETC. WATERLOO, ONTARIO

ignorant fisherman, are yet drawn from the lowest as well as the highest in the social scale. Leo XIII., the son of a nobleman, and Pius X., the son of a peasant, are in turn chosen as the vicar of God upon earth, and no one thinks it strange that there should be such a wide difference in the social position of the families from whence they came. After all the particular individual occupying the position is of small moment when viewed in the light of the fact that two hundred and sixty popes have gone before him, and for aught that we know, the same number may come after him. 'But it is of supreme importance to know that there will be no flaw in the succession of those who are called upon to govern the Church, and that the promise has been made that they will be protected against error so long as the world shall last.

The relatives of Pius X. are common people. They are such as many otherwise good men who have attained a little eminence in the world have striven to forget, and though it makes no particular difference either one way or the other, it is satisfactory to know that the present Pope is a man, and is not ashamed of the humble surroundings of his boyhood and that his sisters are not allowing their heads to be turned by the fact of their brother being raised to such an extraordinary height. Evidently they have settled the matter between themselves, and though it savors somewhat of impertinent curiosity this peering into the private affairs of people who are strangers to us, yet it is very human and assists materially in deciding the question of what manner of man Pius X. is. The last few paragraphs in the article we have been considering throw a good deal of light on the opinion held by the Pope's relatives as to what should be their proper mode of action under the changed circumstances.

"In Riese the Pope's niece, Amalia, daughter of Theresa, was washing with a long-handled mop the back floor of the inn hall. She is a good and simple girl. I praised the work to Theresa, standing by—she, too, making ready for the work. I said: 'Signora Parolin, even among the sovereigns of the earth your brother is a great sovereign, and you—' In the gentle homely dialect of her Venetian province she answered: 'El Papa el vol che lavoremo, perche el dice che chi no labora no manduca. Elo el ga da plusar ai poaretti del tuto el mondo!' These are very beautiful words. May I change them from her peasant's poetry into plain English? Here then: 'The Pope wants us to work, because he says that who will not work shall not eat. And then—now he has to think of the poor of the whole world!'

W. O'CONNOR.

PALE WEAK AND LAUGID GIRLS

It is to Your Best Interests to Know About the Extraordinary Restorative Powers of DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

There are hosts of girls in this city who are in need of just such a medicine as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. By monotonous work in factories, stores or offices they have exhausted their nervous systems, and suffer from nervous, sick headaches, loss of appetite, energy and ambition, and weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to their sex. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood, creates new nerve force and actually adds new flesh and weight. When you have read the letter quoted below we believe that you will be satisfied that this is the very treatment you need. Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament street, Toronto, states: 'My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous. Her appetite was poor and changeable. She could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement. 'As she was growing weaker and weaker I became alarmed, and obtained a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for several weeks, and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she gradually became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter.' Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box. When the secret of a blessed life is made plain to us, we see that each one must learn it for himself. Let a man have an aim, a purpose, and opportunities to attain his end shall start forth like buds at the kiss of spring. Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will come with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Educational St. Michael's College IN AFFILIATION WITH TORONTO UNIVERSITY Under the special patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and directed by the Basilian Fathers. Full Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses Special courses for students preparing for University Matriculation and Non-Professional Certificates. TERMS, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE: Board and Tuition, per year.....\$160 Day Pupils..... 30 For further particulars apply to REV. J. R. TEEPLY, President.

Loretto Abbey.. WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, ONT. This fine Institution recently enlarged to over twice its former size is situated conveniently close to the business part of the city, and yet sufficiently remote to secure the quiet and seclusion so congenial to study. The course of instruction comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Circular with full information as to uniform terms, &c., may be had by addressing LADY SUPERIOR, WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO.

School of Practical Science ESTABLISHED 1878 TORONTO The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto. Departments of Instruction. 1-Civil Engineering. 2-Mining Engineering. 3-Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. 4-Architecture. 5-Analytical and Applied Chemistry. Laboratories. 1-Chemical. 2-Assaying. 3-Milling. 4-Steam. 5-Metallurgical. 6-Electrical. 7-Testing. Calendar with full information may be had on application. A. T. LAING, Registrar.

ST. JOSEPH'S Academy St. Alban Street, TORONTO. The Course of Instruction in this Academy includes every branch suitable to the education of Young Ladies in the Academy Department special attention is paid to MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, PLAIN and FANCY needlework. Pupils on completing the NORMAL COURSE and passing a successful EXAMINATION, conducted by professors, are awarded Teachers' Certificate and Diploma. In this Department pupils are prepared for the Degree of Bachelor of Music of Toronto University. The Studio is affiliated with the Government Art School and awards Teachers' Certificate. In the COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT pupils are prepared for the University, also for Senior and Junior Year long, Primary and Commercial Courses. Diplomas awarded for proficiency in Photography and Typewriting. For Prospectus address: MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Household Helps Meat Cutters Raisin Seeders Bread Graters Washers Wringers Mangles Carpet Sweepers Hot Water Dishes Etc. RICE LEWIS & SON LIMITED COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS Toronto IF YOU ARE RENTING or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your own in NEW ONTARIO For Particulars Write to HON. E. J. DAVIS Commissioner of Crown Lands TORONTO, ONT. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Send for our new book, "Patents Taken through MUNN & CO. receive special and, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated journal. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. "Success, 25 a year. MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.