... Monk and His Lord. A leget d of the olden time, When Holy Church was in her prime, Tells of a monk, unknown to fame; No ancient record holds his name: His daily task, the meal to spread On which his holy brothers fed. As in his cell he mused one day, Just as he bowed himself to pray The blessed Saviour from on high Appeared before his wondering eye A gracious smile was on His tace, The monk knelt down in humble prayer, Delighted, for his Lord was there. As thus he worshipped in his cell, High noon had come; he heard the bell That called him forth the meal to spr On which each day his brothers fed. What shall be do? That gracious face, While he is gone may leave the place. He heard the call; to duty went, Released from duty by the bell, Came quickly to his humble cell.

WINNY.

His patient Lord still lingered there, With pleasant smile and gracious air.

Then first His lips the silence broke, These were the words the Master spoke

And he who serves his brother best, Gets nearer God than all the rest.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well. you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready-we dine early in

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the South of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the par-ish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I time she was seven years old and I late in November—an early winter, eleven, she fell down in the dusty and the cold was intense. It blew road outside the carpenter's shop, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscombe,

Madness, you'll say. Well, per-haps so. And yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and loves comes, whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to the boarding school. If Miss Winny had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different, but we were alike in never knowing a woman's care, and the

young lady, all smiles and graces and little lovely ways—then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do?
I just had enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me; and beside the men of her world I suppose I cut rather an astonishing figure: Yet the love of her was so beyond all else in me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself; and the first time I caught her alone in the woods-she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer. She grew scarlet—a rush of color that dyed her fair sweet face -then deathly white.

'Dick,' she said, and she was tremb your madness.' And she ran from that the world held any one out just he would never forgive you. Forget your madness.' And she ran from Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I threw her over my arms and ran carpenter's son, her answer might ladies' cabin. have been different. A great resolve but I stumbled over it as I ran. sprang up in my soul, and I took a snatched it up and carried it with That very night I sold the old shop

bought some land dirty cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my look wonder-ful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil. I bought Indian Creek Farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbours thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and fur-nished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study table, and a work basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all that was finished I took the first ship for Liv-

rpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I had left them, only the people were a little older and a trifle more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Branscombe had been dead six months; died very poor, they told me, there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow from Liverpool. to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Antartic, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant the dinner's ready—we did carry in places. I was as strong as though the these new world parts.

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian captain eyed me rather askance—I Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. places. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and though the All, as far as you can see—grass-land, corn fields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock too—they call it the best-stocked farm in Ontario, I little as she knew it. I saw her the believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada thin that she was like the ghost of twelve years ago, without even the her old self, and yet sweeter to my traditional half crown in my trousers eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome you like to hear the story? There's a little creatures, who worried and good half hour to dinner time yet, and it's a story I'm never tired of telling, them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of

her. We had an awful passage. It was one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken-the screw damaged-and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of her bearings, and at last the fogs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but where, no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it, or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least-and we knew that the Antartic had struck.

It's a fearful thing if you come to old vicar was blind to everything think of it, a great steamer filled with but his theological treatises.

It's a fearful thing if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of Winny and me together, just as we But when she came back from her living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment London boarding-school, a beautiful the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic-cries, terror, confusion agony-O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to

The door opened just as I spoke and she stood just within, ready dressed even to her little black hat, The cabin light had been left burn-'Dick,' she said, and she was tremb ling by the doctor's orders, and it fell tull on me as I stood there in my can never, never be; you know you sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered are wrong even to dream of such a if she would know me. I forgot the thing. Some girls would think it an danger we were in-forgot that death insult—I know you better; but if my was waiting close at hand—forgot father heard of this he would say that the world held any one but just

faint on my shoulder.

Thad been Mr. Loftus, the young for the deck. A great fur lined cloak squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the There was no light,

y soul, and I took a those June woods. me.

I sold the old shop Up above all was in the wildest boats over-filled, and my father was dead and I had chaos; the boats overfilled, and waken to the business), and with the pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; money I bought an outfit, and started people shouting, crying, swearing. Straight for Canada. It was pretty One hears tales of calmness and tough work at first, but I worked courage often enough at such times, like a galley-slave—staryed, and which makes one's heart glow as one pinched and saved, and never spent reads them; but there was not much a penny on myself except for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is passengers, but the majority of them sure to get on; and I had a mighty and the crew were mad with terror, purpose in my head. By and by a I and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was not a chance for THE CANADIAN GLENGARRY OVER and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down, just her decks above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had

loose spars were picked up after-ward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like

some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell. The yards were slippery with ice, I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place from the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drown-ing or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. stared us in the face, we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows, after all

those ten long and weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last. She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her) and her hand ay there with it-it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak -and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the pray ers she was muttering for us both, and knew that life was there still, and hope lived too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired, and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea and landed were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, not for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask I can't remember that I ever did, That seemed utterly unnecessary somehow. Caste distinctions looked small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours; and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me, in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the richest man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and a position higher than Mr. Loftus, the youn; squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night; she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montreal-the captain of the Antartic gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking-chair, and the work-basket and the thimble Heaven bless her !

There she comes, with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; the girl I won amid the ocean surges,—Bright Days,

A STINGING SENSATION IN THROAT AND PALATE called heartburn, and AND PALATE called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach after eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkaline salts like carbonate of soda may relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Those associate organs, the liver and bowels, benefit in common with their ally, the stomach, by the use of this benign and blood purifying remedy. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggista, Dundas St.

THE CANADIAN GLENGARRY OVER
FORTY YEARS AGO.

John Frazer, in Montrai True Witness,
December 2.

Glengarry! Home of fair women and of brave men! Home of Canada's fairest and bravest! This is their memorial for all time. They may have been poor, so far as the world's wealth goes; but they were not wanting in that dignity of character which marks the Scotch Highlander, meet him where you may, no matter is what position of life. He is dignified and soldier-like in his bearing. He prides him what position of life. He is dignified and soldier-like in his bearing. He prides him where you may, no matter is what position of life. He is dignified and soldier-like in his bearing. He prides him self on belonging to a nation of soldiers, and that he can claim as his own those stern Scottish highlands, behind whose mountain barrier Roman eegies till found unconquered foes.

At the time of which we write the old martial feeling prevailed and predominated in Glengarry; both old and young took more delight in recounting or listening to the stories and the glories of past wars than in "venerating the plough," and many a young Norval then lived in those backwoods of Canada ready to follow to the field some warlike lord, but fortune or misfortune forbade.

It is now a little over forty years sincour first visit. This happened a few years after the troubles of 1837 and 1838. We had seen a good deal of the Glengarry Highlanders before that visit, but we were ignorant of the homes in which they lived. The writer, as a boy, had ridden among the staff officers of the lat Regiment (Colonel Fraser's) in February, 1838, on their entrance to Montreal, preparatory to their being sent to the frontier. That was a grand reception and enrance; there were over one hundred double sleighs converties to a part of the same kindred ties to you as was this dear of the glengary log house to the writer! What spot on earth could be more sacred? The writer, as a boy, had ridden among the staff officers of the lat Regiment (Colonel Fraser's) in February,

the field some warlike lord, but fortune or misfortune forbade.

It is now a little over forty years since our first visit. This happened a few years after the troubles of 1837 and 1838. We had seen a good deal of the Glengarry Highlanders before that visit, but we were ignorant of the homes in which they lived. To tell the truth we had formed very curious notions of them.

The writer, as a boy, had ridden among the staff officers of the 1st Regiment (Colonel Fraser's) in February, 1838, on their entrance to Montreal, preparatory to their being sent to the frontier. That was a grand reception and enrance; there

was a grand reception and enrance; there were over one hundred double sleighs conveying the regiment. It was a perfect jam all the way from the Tanneries where Major—now Colonel David—met them with a guard of honor and escorted them down to their temporary harracks in second

Msjor—now Colonel David—met them with a guard of honor and escorted them down to their temporary barracks in some old warehouses then standing near the present Custom House. We again met the same regiment at Beauharnois in November, 1838. Therefore we knew a little of what manner of men they were.

But, to our visit: It was early in the month of March. The winter roads were in good condition for sleighing. There were no railways in those early days in Canada, except that short line between Laprairie and St. John's. Our conveyance was a single cutter and a smart horse. There were two of us; the distance was about eighty miles, which took two days to perform by easy stages, halting the first night at the old stage-house at the Cedars.

In the early afternoon of the second day we reached the old inn at Lancaster, and informed the host that we were on a visit to Fraserville, the residence of Colonel Fraser, and obtained from him all information as to the roads. The country was then new to us. We followed his directions and reached our destination, about three miles above Williamstown, a little after dusk.

We had often heard that Fraserfield was one of the finest country residences in Upper Canada, but, really, we had no idea

We had often heard that Fraserfield was one of the finest country residences in Upper Canada, but, really, we had no idea that so grand a building was to be found in the wilds of Glengarry as the one before which we drew up. It was a large two-story cut stone double house, situated in the centre of a block of land of 1,000 the centre of land the centre of a block of land of 1,000 acres, and on our arrival was all ablaze—
lighted up from "top to bottom;" evilighted up from "top to bottom;" evil dently a gay party was there assembled. We feared we might be looked upon as unwelcome guests, as we had not announced our intended visit.

A large party had just seated themselves

and give the names of the assembled guests as correctly as we can.

There were the Hon. George McTavish, of the H. B. Co., and Miss Cameron, afterwards Mrs. McTavish; old Dr. Grant, father, we believe, of Dr. Grant, of Ottawa; Dr. McIntyre, now Sheriff at Cornwall; Col. Carmichael, of the Regular Army, then commanding on particular service at the Old Fort at the Coteau; old Hugh McGillis, of Williamstown, uncle of John McGillis, of this city; old Mr. McGillivary, father of Dumnagles; the two McDonnells (Greenfield and Miles), we believe, were there, at least the two McDonnells (Greenfield and Miles), we believe, were there, at least some members of these two families were present, and if we mistake not, old Captain Cattanach was present, and several other gentlemen, not forgetting the ladies of the different families

of the different families.

Every Glengarrian will recall and bring to mind those old names, and, if they were not personally known to him, still he will recognize them as landmarks of his native

county of a past generation.

The ravages of forty years have left but few remaining of the old or even of the young who had joined in that merrymaking! The writer can only call to mind three living heades himself

Colonel Fraser. We saw her old spinning-wheel, one of those grand old spinning-wheels of early Canadian days, and the knitting needles with which she had knit-ted pair after pair of warm stockings and woolen gloves for her two soldier boys while they were doing battle on the Niagara frontier for their king and their country during the war of 1812. The same might be said of hundreds of other Glengarry mothers. Many of those Glengarry mothers. same might be said of nundreds of other Glengarry mothers. Many of those Glengarry boys were laid low on Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, Chippews, and at the evacuation of old Fort George and other lesser fights in 1812.

This short sketch of a visit may prove interesting to many young Glengarians.

interesting to many young Glengarrians, who have come to the front within the

who have come to the front within the past forty years, to read of a social gathering of a past generation in their native county, and they may recall the scenes which gladdened their young days.

Old Montrealers will remember the return of the Glengarries from the frontier in the spring of 1838, and to have seen that "big Glengarry Highlander" shoulder the cannon of the regiment and present arms with it while passing in present arms with it while passing in review before Sir John Colborne.

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE

A Unitarian minister, the Rev. Charles A. Allen, after tracing the beneficient influence of the Church and the Papacy in past ages, renders this glowing tribute to the Church of to-day:

"The greatest peril that threatens our modern civilization is the selfish, willful individual in the selfish of t

modern civilization is the selfish, willful individualism, which has no respect for the rights of others or for the laws of duty, and which makes a god of its own pleasure and caprice. It is the inevitable tendency of Protestantism when left to itself. And against this lawless liberty the Catholic Church bears its steadfast witness even though it he with much that witness, even though it be with much that

in mwelcome guests, as we had not an nonnected with the catholic Church bears its steadfast witness, even though it be with much that witness, which soon made us feel at home, the feel with developing the control of the catholic church to that democratic splitting as which soon made us feel at home. They were all Highland regionalizing the ladies) seated around that festive board, the control of the catholic Church to that democratic splitting the ladies) seated around that festive board, the control of the con mess still, and without which our Protestant civilization is destined to perish in a worse catastrophe than that which befell the civilization of the ancient world!"

A PROTESTANT VIEW OF THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

As we go to press we receive the full text of Leo XIII's encyclical "Concerning the Christian Constitution of States," on which we commented last week. Our understanding of it was correct. It is an excellent and sensible pastoral. Some of excellent and sensible pastoral. Some of our very Protestant contemporaries are aghast over it (they are in the habit of etting up their aghastness whenever the Pope opens his mouth), and think it awful that the Pope should tell Catholics to take their part in political government. But we should be ashamed of any Proing! The writer can only call to mind three living besides himself, namely: Sheriff McIntyre and his wife and Mrs. Pringle, wife of Judge Pringle, of Cornwall. These two were daughters of Colonel Fraser, being the only living members of his family. There may possibly be some of the younger members of the other families still living who were in that company but the writer is not aware of such.

But we should be ashamed of any Protestant minister who would not say as much. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have just issued a similar encyclical to English Churchmen. The present writer has cut a prayer meeting short, telling the people that he must leave to go to a political primary, and advising all other Republican voters present to follow him.—Independent.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A NIGHT.

Marshall, Ill., Church Progress.

In those days of skepticism, caused to a great extent by the sensational tendencies of the pulpit, whence is driven all dogmatic Christianity, and establish in its place a metamorphosis of vain glory and other peculiarities that are calculated to "draw," not to correct vice or lead Christian lives it is difficult to distinguish true Christianity from the clush of the pulpit.

St. Paul preached Christ crudiled and Himalone. Preachers now-a-days preach themselves in the most glowing terms. The terrors or retributions of wickedness are smoothly passed over, and only delights and future happiness are depicted to genteel congregations. Hell and its torments sound too harsh for the general Christian to contemplate. A merciful God is adored and loved, but a just God is no longer known to members calling themselves Christians. The joys of heaven are sought after and believed; but the torments of hell are not considered, and because of their doctrinal existence in the Catholic Church, people would feign pronounce them out of the category of Christian doctrine. Every once in a while we learn of some fallen sinner being resurrected from Satan's bondage, starts out to throw new life into Christianity, not by preaching the doctrine of the Bible, but doctrines of their own manufacture, which for awhile arouse the emotional faculties of communities, and place the name and fame of the preacher above the average Apostle. The doctrines of Holy writ are too old to serve those new evangelists, and they have to pick up some special subject in conson ance with the time and place, and treat is not in accordance with revelation, but according to the whims and fancies of the people. not in accordance with revelation, but according to the whims and fancies of the

according to the whims and fancies of the people.

Who but recollect the astonishing success that greeted Francis Murphy, the reformed penitentiary bird, a few years ago, and the crazy crowds that everywhere assembled to pay him homage. While he remained sober and preached temperance for good pay, all other preachers were left in the shade, and by many Christianity was confined to temperance. All other virtues were forgotten to be acquired or appreciated, while the "red" or "blue" ribbon dangled on the breast of the Murphyite. physite. Soon Francis disappeared from the

Soon Francis disappeared from the arena of public oratory, and the craze of temperance crusaders dies with him. For all we know he may be gone back to his cup to spend the money acquired by the temperance crusade. Another Moses lately appeared by the name of the "boy preacher," who was to lead his people from the bondage of sin to glory and renown. His name and fame were heralded the country over, so much so that many pious Christians thought they could never get to heaven unless aided by the "boy preacher," who, by the way, loved that youthful appelation, while being burdened with a heavy mustache, together with a wife and several children. He kept it, because it was the name and not the doctrines that was "drawing" in the dimes. He, too, has disappeared, and a single monument is not left to tell us what good he did. His religion, of whatever kind it was, has disappeared with him.

monument is not left to tell us what good he did. His religion, of whatever kind it was, has disappeared with him. It was good enough for him, as long as it paid, and perhaps the "boy" is now rejuvenating himself for another campaign to add to his purse.

Moody and Sanky, who revived the Protestant world, and in their time did more than Sts. Peter and Paul, are retired and nothing is left to tell us what good they accomplished, except the folly exhibited in building rinks for the accommodation of their audiences. Another now holds the fort, and from a perusal of the daily papers, one would imaging Christiant and the state of the same and the same and the same area.

While our priests advocate temperance, they do not neglect the necessity of acquiring and preaching other virtues, and are continually maintaining a steady fire on every species of vice that appear in their congregations. They strive to follow the Scriptural advice, "Be as wise as serpents and as simple as doves." Wiedom pents and as simple as doves." to discover the wily snares that the world, the flesh, and the devil creates to capture men's souls; simple in their life, to be true followers of the meek and

Snug Little Fortunes

may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home. The profits of many are immense, and every worker is sure of over \$50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; and particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

Worms often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. destroys and expels Worms effectually

N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

"The subject of the religious training of children is one which must come before all others; but am I to send my children, whom I have no time to teach at hon—to a parochial school, where he were unpleasant companions and inferichildren, who can be of no use to him future life?"

Totalia is one paragraph for the state of the stat This is one paragraph from a lett which comes from Washington. T

A FASTIDIOUS PERSON.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Tais is one paragraph from a lett which comes from Washington. T lady writing it continues:

"In the public schools here one fin the nicest possible children. Many of t teachers are Catholics, and the parents the children are often people in the b Catholic and Protestant society here. T public schools are not now looked do on as they were by persons of social staning. I fear, too, that in the paroch schools prayer sometimes takes the ple of study."

of study."

Naturally, these words are on he pressed paper, with ragged edges, and it seal bears a crest—all of which shows the our correspondent is a person of a highest Washington respectability, a impresses us greatly, and makes us fithat some rude or unchastened word mescape from us on a subject which is a Great one of the present time—Cathodonestion.

If our aristocratic correspondent we of the male sex, we might say that s writes like a fool; but there are no foo of the fairer sex. "The fool saith in leart there is no God." But our corre

heart there is no God." But our correpondent comes as near to saying the saithing as any woman can.

She puts things of this world—and ved oubtful things—before that God in whe she professes to believe. She admits this he has "no time" to teach her children to principles and practices of the Christicality of the company of the christical principles and practices for certain teligion, or anything else, but she is willing to sacrifice such practices for certain very imaginary social advantages. Swill not even get, her mess of pottage, affall. But she will have to swallow the bitter pill of knowing that she has put he children in the way of damnation without devil.

Public schools in Washington are ve much like public schools everywhere el They are—as to the buildings—large aclean; as to teachers, respectable so far they go; as to the pupils, promiscuor miscellaneous, mixed. The child of thonest man sits on the same bench as the honest man sits on the same bench as tabilid of the thief, the equality of the bodies of the pupils being supposed to as perfect as the equality of the min. Where the "niceness" of this arrangeme comes in we find it hard to see. Perha our aristocratic correspondent's perception its "niceness" may be heightened the fact that she is not called on to p for the privileges of public school eduction. However, the peculiar social a vantages offered by the public schools Washington are no better and no worthan those of the public schools element.

As to the parochial schools, we adn that our correspondent will find the much frequented by the children of t "Irish," or, as our refined corresponde would doubtless say, of the "low Irish But we may remind her that, even fro But we may remind her that, even fre her point of view, these schools have certain adventage on that account. This hare possessing the land, and even Washington, where, as we all know, so ety is so exclusive that nobody less that lobbyist is ever admitted, she may occionally meet persons with Irish name. As a social investment for the future, so will find the parochial school persons with Irish name. will find the parochial school perha

better than the public school.

But, apart from this, which she w probably regard as uncalled-for persilla or, in English, "chaff," the paroch school has one great advantage: it founded to teach children that there God and the Church; it is founded perpetuate the work for which Our Lo died. It is a school for Christians. In the child learns to look on Christ's Chur by every breath he draws in a Cathoschool. The Canalia school. The Crucifix is befo him. He is reminded of the Annunc tion when the Angelus strikes. He canot forget for a moment that he is a Chritian. Our correspondent translates t tian. Our correspondent translates tinto: "I fear, too, that in the paroch schools prayers sometimes take the plant translates the plant translates to the plant translates the plant translates the plant translates translates the plant translates transla

of study."

And why not? What comes of the fi
seven years' study in public school
Only that the pupil has learned the the
R's more or less, and that, although
has a smattering of various things, he j
yet to learn the practical lessons of li
and to get rid of his "education" so far
possible.

Admitting, for the sake of our amia correspondent, that there are managed jackets and poorer children in p ragged jackets and poorer children in p ochial schools: is contact with ragg jackets and poverty the worst things has to fear for her child, or even a lit

rudeness or uncouthness?

Is not doubt, or hardness of heart ward God, or ignorance of Christian d trine, worse than these things? A lift carelessness in dress, or even a touch the brogue—which some inhabitants the brogue—which some inhabitants the United States, like our corresponde seem to fear worse than hell—can overcome. But how can the seeds of a belief be kept from germinating in as so congenial to them? If our corresponent was a St. Monica, she could scarc hope to bring her son back to the Chuster of the country of the after having submitted him to the dan of losing his Faith. If she admits h estly that "the subject of religious tra-ing should come before all others," has no choice but to send her child t parochial school, even at the risk of losing the "whole world" in the futu But people who understand the pres world know well that the risk is appar to her, because she wants to find an ex-for refusing to follow her plain duty God and her children.

There are many like her, both men

women. For their benefit, we answer

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