

as with them." Day should be carefully observed by all, but made no claim to establish it as a new festival.

ST. FRANCIS' METHOD OF PREACHING.

Rev. Leo L. Dubals, S. M., in Donahoe's for October.

St. Francis was a man of heart, and he put all his heart in his sermons, or rather exhortations. There was nothing of the methodical, didactic, formal composition of the sermons of the time. He spoke what the heart prompted him to say. There were no arguments, no proofs to establish doctrines which all believed, but a simple appeal to the hearts and to the wills of his hearers. It was this which made one of Francis' hearers, a learned doctor, say: "I have often remembered whole sermons, but I have never been able to re-compose those of Brother Francis after having heard them. Even when some points had remained in my memory, I did not find any more the beauty which had charmed me." Francis did not wish his hearers to remember a beautifully-composed discourse; he wished them to remember only the lesson which he had inculcated, and to carry it out in their lives. To attain this object he knew well that men of his time needed only to be put on the right track; if he could only make their will to embrace the right cause their natural enthusiasm would do the rest.

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.

(Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. J. E. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Month of St. Joseph," "Belief and Unbelief," etc.)

THE PARENT SIN.

Missing Mass on Sundays is the parent sin. It is the cause of causes when there is a question of defection. Human respect, scandal, bad literature and evil associations have slain their thousands; Mass missing has slain its tens of thousands. The Church has no anxiety about sinners who hear Mass on Sundays; it distrusts the sanctity of every man and woman who holds that duty lightly.

The reasons are plain. The Mass-misser deliberately cuts himself off from the very things which go to keep him faithful. Everything in and around the church reminds him of what he is and what he ought to be. Were it only the nearness, the Divine tenderness and the unspeakable goodness of the Lamb of God in the Eucharistic mystery—that would be the Real Presence, with its pathos and feebleness, is never 1 upon the soul so long as a single particle of faith remains. Add to this the association of the Church, with all that is holiest and best in childhood and youth, the remembrance of the vows and pledges of mature years, as well as the memories of graces resisted and opportunities wasted. Add to all this again a species of priestly participation in the divine ceremony of the Mass, the great sacrifice, in which the Victim lays aside the outward vesture of the divinity, in order that mankind, in union with Him, may have a worship worthy of God. And this is not all. The Mass-misser cuts himself off from the Living Word imparted in the sermons and instructions of the priest. This is almost as necessary for his perseverance as divine grace itself. Man is so constituted that he needs to be frequently reminded of the truth of salvation. Forgetfulness as well as ignorance begets impiety.

Many who were born and brought up Catholics are now lost to the Church, because of their having been placed in circumstances that rendered difficult the fulfillment of the obligation of hearing Mass; but many more were lost because of their failure to realize its gravity. Any priest of experience will tell you that there are two classes of Catholics to whose future he looks forward with much anxiety: one is the offspring of careless parents; the other is the Mass-misser.

A WORLD'S WONDER.

Sunday observance among Catholics astonishes and edifies the people of our day. Empty churches are not Catholics. Without any attempt at sensationalism or the modern methods of pious advertising, the Mass continues to fill our churches. Outsiders, not understanding the Mass, cannot understand why this should be so. Some call it superstition, and let it go at that. Others look deeper, but deem the doctrine of the Mass too incredible for belief, and shrined in the Mass too incredible for human belief. The Mass-misser is an object of scandal. His negligence is ever to their minds an evidence of disbelief. No man, they rightly argue, can believe in so wonderful a doctrine and act as he does; and hence it is that scarcely any one can culpably omit hearing Mass on Sunday without giving grave scandal, whether to the members of his own household or to others within and without the fold who are witnesses of his example.

One of the greatest victories the devil ever achieved in the world was when he deprived poor heretics of the Holy Sacrifice. Catholics of the above class relieve the devil of much anxiety in their regard. He looks upon them in the same light as he does upon those who are not devout to the Blessed Virgin. They offer excellent material for future heretics.

LARGELY PRETEXTS.

There are circumstances which render the fulfillment of this obligation physically impossible, or so difficult as to be considered morally so. Physical inability, a grave or urgent necessity, the duty of one's office and the claims of just obedience are universally regarded as exempting more fully into this matter. The legislation of the Church is applied to common sense, and never demands the unreasonable or the impossible. The excuses of the Mass-missers, however, are frequently pretexts. It is hot or it is cold; it is wet or it is dry. The heat prostrates them, the cold benumbs them, the rain dampens their ardor and the snows of

winter chill their fervor. There are children to take care of and household duties to perform. There are excursions for pleasure and business trips for profit. There is physical indisposition, which unites for duty but never interferes with pleasure. There is sloth, which is dignified with the name of rest, and greed, which is dignified with the name of necessity. There are Saturday night revels and Sunday amusements which are frequently far from being innocent, but they are all sufficient to serve as pretexts for the careless and negligent.

There is the old excuse, too, that the church is afar off, even though the same distance be regarded as nothing when it is a matter of business. Distance is of little consequence when it is a question of pleasure or profit. It is a grievous matter, when it is a question of saving one's immortal soul.

The campaign to reclaim the thoughtless must begin right here. Get them to go to church on Sunday and the rest is easy. They must return along the same road by which they left. Hear and there a conversion is miraculously made, but ordinarily the process resembles that by which the sinner fell from grace.

The Mass is the sun and centre of Catholic faith and Catholic life. Men cannot draw close to its mysteries without renewing their allegiance to Him Who is the victim and the High Priest of the sacrifice.

THE "NON-SECTARIAN" PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Gretina, Man., Oct. 9th, 1905.

Dear Sir.—Here is the milestone the non-sectarian schools of Manitoba have now reached, as witness the following report of the laying of the corner stone of the new Public School in Melita, published in the Morning Telegram, of Winnipeg, Oct. 4, 1905:

CORNER STONE IS LAID AT MELITA. Missions Office at Founding of New School—Large Audience Attends Ceremony.

Melita, Man., Oct. 3.—(Special).—The ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new school here was performed to-day by J. A. Macdonald, Esq., assisted by other grand lodge officers and brethren. After the stone was well and truly laid, the Grand Master made a very appropriate and instructive address on the occasion which drew such a large crowd together and beautifully illustrated the symbolic significance of the ceremony, which was that of character building, every person who endeavored to leave some lasting monument of his being of value to the world.

The choir, under the leadership of Miss Smith, received well-deserved praise for the numerous songs they rendered. The Rev. Canon Macdonald, who presided at the ceremony, said that it was done with the consent of the trustees board, as the after act of presenting the Grand Master Mason with a silver trowel goes to show. "Well! what of this?" says the bigots of the Rev. McBeth and McMillan stripes, "there is no religion in the act. There was only an address from the Grand Master Mason, in which he elaborated on the principal object in life of every person, being that of character building, and leaving some lasting monument of value to the world." People may conscientiously differ in what they consider of value to the world, but a Catholic is taught that his principal object in life is to know God, to love and serve Him in this world, and that his soul must take more care of his body, because in losing his soul he loses God and everlasting happiness. That is faith. When will bigots recognize the Catholic position? For Catholics to be expected to trust the spiritual lives of their children to teachers of such schools is practically impossible. To force them, as some would do, is tyranny in the truest and broadest meaning of the word, a tyranny that places over the power in its hands, that compels the ratepayers to pay taxes for the support of Godless schools, and at the same time has no compunction in banding over ceremonies attending the laying of a corner stone to the auspices of a secret society of Free Masons.

This is the crop growing from the feed trough of the disgustingly coarse caricatures on the Catholic hierarchy and the educational clause in the act of the province of Alberta and Saskatchewan, so predominant in the pages of the Toronto News, Winnipeg Telegram and Tribune.

Those who are preaching and trumpeting so loudly the Provincial Rights cry in the West, in order to influence the elections, do so to conceal their own practices of Provincial Wrong. They have been many a time committed in the name of Liberty, and Provincial Rights appears to be another good name to enable and juggle with by the politicians in Western Canada just now.

LUDWIG ERK.

CONCERNING THE ANGELS.

It is little wonder when writers soar to realms far beyond their understanding that they effect nothing more than a display of their own ignorance. In such cases precisely we have the spectacle of mountains in labor and the birth of a miserable mouse. An essay on the angels, for instance, might have raked the brains of St. Thomas Aquinas. Great theologians certainly found much difficulty in trying to tell us what angels are. The editor of the Providence Journal, however, or one of his assistants has no hesitation in assuring us that the angels are "in a sense sexless," that to represent them "in the guise of fair women is a theological error;" that it is very natural "the desire to humanize these shining beings;" and that the popular confusion between saints and angels is "an error absolutely without authority."

So many startling conclusions would be apt to give us a high regard of the writer's scholarship provided we had no means of knowing from what premises the deductions were drawn. But here are the premises before us now; and we find loose logic that most characteristic feature of the editorial on the angels. It is not hot or it is cold; it is wet or it is dry. The heat prostrates them, the cold benumbs them, the rain dampens their ardor and the snows of

very first paragraph where we read: "the medieval dispute as to the number of angels who could stand on the point of a cambric needle implies that they are bodiless though sometimes appearing to terrestrial eyes in human form." Just where the word "cambric" appears in any of the medieval disputes regarding the angels would be hard to say. We have no quarrel with the Journal on this account. The editor is at liberty, beyond a doubt, to use any adjective he pleases to bring out clearly the niceties of a scholastic distinction. But we are entirely at sea to understand how the dispute as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle implies that they sometimes appear to terrestrial eyes in human form.

The editor of the Journal is sadly in error, also, who imagines that the medieval dispute as to human beings simply because the desire to humanize them is very natural. Angels are not "humanized" for this reason at all. There is a deeper psychological reason for clothing the celestial spirits with the bodies of men. It is because of our inability to imagine them otherwise. From faith we know that angels have no bodies, that they are pure spirit and likeness of God than we are. But as all our knowledge is essentially conditioned by sense relations it is impossible for us to picture to our minds an angel without the accoutrements of space. For that reason we endow them with bodies just as we represent the Holy Ghost as a dove.

The sculptor who fashioned the angels of the Cathedral in New York, was not, therefore, misled by "that ditty of our childhood which represented us as wanting to be angels." He is doubtless as old and intelligent as the editor of the Providence Journal, and certainly more famous. He betrayed no lack of mature sense in carving the angels as human beings though he may have departed from tradition in making them "fair women." Nor have we heard of any one even a child who had come to the use of reason who expected to become an angel after death. Catholics, at any rate, know their religion too well to mistake the difference between saints and angels. We are exhorted, it is true, to become as far as we can like the angels, especially in the matter of purity. No, because to want to be like an angel is "to set up an unattainable ideal," are we departing from common sense in trying to fashion our lives according to that ideal. We are just as sane in doing so as the Journal is in trying to be like great daily newspapers in other large cities. —Providence Visitor.

CREEDS IN ROME.

A very interesting chapter of the last Italian census is that which contains the religious statistics of Rome. The total population of the Eternal City, says the London Tablet, is given as 442,783, and about a tenth of these are of foreigners residing here; the population has doubled in the last thirty years. The number of Catholics in Rome is given as 422,494 or 95.5 per cent. of the whole. The Jews come next longo intervallo, for the number according to the official returns is only 7,121, or 1.5 per cent.; their own authorities assign to them about one thousand more, and probably with reason for many Roman Jews are reluctant to admit that they belong to the "chosen people." Their numbers during the last century, as we find that in 1871 they represented about 2 per cent. of the entire population, in 1882, 2.15 per cent., and in 1892, 3.13 per cent.

The number of Protestants is 5,993, or 1.1 per cent. Thirty years ago they numbered about 4,000. It is quite certain that the great mass of these 6,000 Protestants belonged to be in Rome at the time of the census; a considerable portion of them is furnished by the Waldensian colony in Rome. It is a pity that we have no means of judging the exact number of "Roman Protestants" living under the shadow of St. Peter's, or of the number of good English sovereigns and American dollars that have been expended in "converting."

Convert Becomes a Nun.

Solemn and impressive were the ceremonies which marked the taking of the veil as a novice by Miss Grace Medford, of New York, in the Chapel of the Dominican Nuns, Thirteenth avenue and South Ninth street, Newark, N. J., on Sept. 8. Miss Medford was a convert from Protestantism, having been a Catholic a year ago and among the guests assembled to see her publicly renounce the world were many Protestants.

The young woman is the daughter of a broker of New York. She is well educated and has travelled abroad extensively. Of her family there was present at the services only her sister, Miss Elith Medford. Her new name is Sister Mary Aloysius of the Blessed Sacrament. The address to the young novice was made by the Rev. John B. Young, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's, New York. Several other clergymen took part.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

A well sky of London lay And earth so still and gray, Without God's sunshine it had been A melancholy day. But with the sunshine a dreamy gold Two happy ways were laid, And all the long and silent hours With sweet content were filled. 'Tis thus the life: when care surround And all the days seem gray, May gleams of summer sunshine come Like this September day. —MARY COFFEY.

There are no people so much to be pitied as rich men who do not love God. There are people who do not love God, the good God, who never pray to Him, and yet who prosper. It is a bad sign. They have done some little good and a great deal of evil, and God is repaying them for it in this life. —Cure of Ars.

AUTUMN'S THOUGHTS.

All Nature is replete with lessons. Spring tells of Nature's birth, summer its life; autumn tells of its decline, and winter of Nature's death. There is something beautifully sad and touching about autumn, for day by day we see so many changes coming over Nature. The harvest is gathered in by the busy farmer, and soon the fields are laid bare; the trees put on varied tints of sober, quiet hue, and change and change till with a weird and faded look they yield to the surging winds and fall dead to the ground, and in a few days become as ashes of their former selves and crumble into dust.

No one can look at these rapid changes but what he will feel moved by them; for they bear a striking resemblance to one's life. If there is, as has been said, a sermon in every blade of grass, how many sermons there must be in every tree! Let us review the sermon the trees now preach to us, for it is reasonable. It is the sermon of the autumn leaves. Do they not tell us of the vanity of things of this earth, and that they soon must fade away and vanish in the dust? These leaves were in the springtime the joy of all as they shot forth from the branches and grew larger day by day; and then, when summer came, they made a cooling shade for the tired and overheated traveler by the beautiful dew with which they were laden. But now they seem to lose their former life and vigor, and day by day pass from hectic flush to saffron hue, and finally, wan and pale, drop lifeless to the ground.

It is with all earthly things the same way when they are earthly and nothing more. They are vanishing, about lived and about to die. Thus pleasure soon vanishes and often leaves pain in its train. Thus go idle thoughts and thoughtless deeds—they leave no trace behind; and such, alas! make up a large part of the life of many persons in this world.

But how different life can be and is as we see it practiced by the wise and good who strive to turn to good and lasting account everything they think and do. Their thoughts are not concerned with the fleeting moments of time, but look beyond this world to the endless years of eternity. The same with their deeds—they respect not themselves alone nor the concerns of their fellowmen, but are always directed at the same time to God. The eternal good that men should seek in all things, that in their immortality they may reap an undying harvest, the fruit of their mortal years. All earthly things must perish, for God Who made them has made them only for a time. They come and go with the seasons and the years. They live for their time and then pass away, but man, for whose use all these things are made, lives forever. His is finally withdrawn from earthly things by the sleep of death which God sends over him at His own appointed time, and he passes into the realms of eternity. The shortness of time during which earth's productions last, teaches all a lesson. They come and go with the seasons. They fulfill their purpose and quickly give way to the things coming after them, and thus the years repeat themselves. The buds of spring bring the flowers of summer, then follow autumn's fruits and winter wraps all in its winding sheet of death, only to shoot forth new life again in the coming years. But all is short and fleeting, to tell mankind that he is not to put his hopes in things of earth, nor to seek joys in them, but to have his hopes in heaven and to strive for its joys which will never end. Man's life is like Nature's; in its morning, summer is noon, autumn its declining years, and winter its death. Youth and manhood, maturity and old age are the counterpart of the four seasons and mark life's stages on the journey to death and eternity.

Nature gives its goodly harvest in autumn that serves for the rest of the year. Does man's decline always bring with it the harvest for eternity? Alas! in all cases. Some fail to improve their opportunities, and life passes to them with little or no fruit to show for it. It is as the barren fig tree, and the Divine Husbandman at last orders it to be cut down, saying: "Why should it longer encumber the earth?" Some fail to sow and hence they cannot reap. The springtime of youth is neglected and the summertime of life is passed idly away. Autumn comes and there is only barrenness, and despair ends with death.

Alas! this is the history of too many lives. Whence comes this? It comes from men living life independently of God. Who has said so truly, "He that soweth not with Me shall not reap." And as we sow, so we reap. If one sows of earth he reaps of earth and his harvest is only its follies; if he sows of him, and his life is to be of him, but if one sows the things of eternity, or, in other words, sows with God the seeds of eternal life, he will reap the fruit thereof in the endless happiness of heaven.

Let us, realizing the shortness of life, make haste to improve its opportunities. Our Lord has told us to not seek the things of this life, but to seek the things of heaven: "For what would it profit a man if he gained the whole world and lost his soul, or 'What should a man take in exchange for his soul?' And thus he counsels us to lay up our treasures in heaven, where the moth doth not enter nor the rust consume, and where thieves do not break in and steal.

So let us live and do, that when the autumn of our years comes we shall have a full harvest of good things to bring with us, that our death may usher us into eternal life and the fullness of the joys of heaven.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

In a Christian, everything ought to carry him toward that perfection which the sanctity of his state requires; and every desire of his soul, every action of his life, should be a step advancing to this in a direct line. Do not climb the hill before you come to it; if you do, you may have to climb it twice.

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EXCLUSIVE SALVATION.

On many occasions we have explained what is meant by saying "Out of the Church there is no salvation," but at the request of one of our readers we shall do so again. Since there is one reader who has either not seen or not remembered our previous explanations, it is likely that there are others in the same position. When we speak of any one as being out of the Church, we mean that he is guilty of the sin of heresy. Now a heretic, as defined in the catechism of the Council of Trent, is "One who despising the authority of the Church which he has sufficient reason to believe to be the true Church of Christ, contrary to its decision obstinately adheres to false and impious opinions." In other words, a heretic is one who, through his own fault, is not in visible communion with the Church which is Apostolic, Catholic and Roman.

Such a one, in the language of theologians, is a formal heretic; if he be outside the Church, but not through his own fault, he is a material heretic. A formal heretic, then, means a real heretic; a material heretic, an apparent heretic. Who are the one and who are the other, is something which only He Who reads the human heart can know; and therefore we can never pronounce upon an individual case and say that such a person is lost.

But as regards the sin of heresy, as in regard to other sins, we are prone to speculate as to who are guilty and who are innocent. We set up our personal tribunals and pass judgment on those we see around us with more or less reason. A man who outwardly conforms to the laws of the Church we call a good Catholic; yet that man may be guilty of grievous sins of dishonesty or uncharitableness; which he refuses to believe are sins even when the teaching of the Church is specifically laid before him. Such a man is really a heretic, for "in spite of the decision of the Church he obstinately adheres to false and impious opinions."

On the other hand, a baptized non-Catholic who is devotedly attached to one of the Protestant sects, may be thoroughly convinced that this sect is the true Church of Christ, and equally convinced that the Pope of Rome is anti-Christ, as he has been taught from his childhood. Such a man, remaining firm in this conviction, cannot in good conscience become a member of the Church of Rome; yet he is not really a heretic at all; he is of the soul of the Church though not of the body; and if he dies with perfect contrition in his heart for all the sins whereby he has offended God mortally, he is saved. It would be unreasonable to doubt that Newman and Manning were in good faith during their Anglican years, and yet what a weary length of time they took to reach the haven in which at last they found rest for their souls.

But there are other cases where we are strongly tempted to doubt the good faith of non-Catholics. At times it seems as though human respect which keeps them from entering the Church. Brownson told Bishop Fitzpatrick that he would have been a Catholic twenty-five years sooner if for this; he believed he would have to associate with a class of people whom he did not like: Catholic meant Irish in the Eastern States at that time, and Brownson was never particularly fond of the Irish.

Another case where we are tempted to doubt the good faith of non-Catholics is when we see a man who has been a Catholic for many years, and who has been a member of the Church in which he really believed, he was depriving himself of the privilege of good faith; but it may be doubted whether he saw this as distinctly at the time as he saw it afterwards. Even Newman did not care much for the Catholics he knew before he entered the Church. Still we have known some people, and have read of others, who since as far as we could learn from their own statement of the case, nothing but worldly motives hindered them from becoming Catholics.

Again, there are those who are victims of religious indifference. They frankly declare that the Catholic Church is the only one worthy a man's allegiance, but they do not think it necessary to be a member of any of them. So long as a man does his duty by his fellow-men, they say, he is all right. The situation of such people as these is exceedingly perilous. They are stilling the aspirations of what Tertullian called "the naturally Christian mind." Their conscience must tell them that they have duties to God as well as to their fellow men, and that the man who prays, never joins in any form of public worship, is not fulfilling the purpose for which he was placed in this world, no matter how good a parent or citizen he may be.

the Pharisees of His time: "You shut the kingdom of heaven against men; for you yourselves do not enter in and those that are going in you suffer not to enter." And we regard the salvation of such people as being as hopeless as that of those who merit that scathing rebuke from the Master's lips. Of course we do not pronounce on any individual case; we can not say that even those Pharisees are enduring eternal torment, for they may have repented in the end. But if they are lost, we tremble for their modern imitators.

But even if we could, by a great effort of goodwill, find an excuse for the latter-day Pharisees in the possibility that they may really believe themselves the off-delivered fables which they give to the people as the truth about the "Popery," we cannot do anything of the sort for the Catholic who, born and brought up in the Church, and to all appearances possessing the gift of faith deliberately cuts himself off from the Catholic communion and joins the ranks of Protestantism, indifferentism or agnosticism. If he be not a formal heretic then the phrase seems to have no meaning whatever. Faith is a gift of God and necessary for salvation. This being so, a man who has once received it cannot lose it except through his own fault; the justice of God forbids us to think otherwise. What the fault has been which has involved the loss of faith, it may be that God alone can tell. In many cases, however, there is strong reason for believing that it is laxity of morals. At any rate, once a Catholic leaves the Church he is treated by her in her external relations with him as a formal heretic. Thus did she treat all heretics in the beginning, since they had all gone out from her. It is otherwise with those who are born in heresy. For their benefit she has inserted in the form of absolution to be used when they are received into the Church, the word "perhaps."—"I absolve thee from the bond of excommunication which perhaps thou hast incurred." Such a word would never be used in receiving the submission of an apostate. Nevertheless, even an apostate, dying in the faith, and with the Church, and refused Christian burial by her, may have asked and received pardon in his last hour, with the desire but not the opportunity to call for the ministry of a priest. And, therefore, not even of such a one do we dare to say: "He is damned."—Antigonish Casket.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE."

Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, Ireland, is such an interesting personage to so many Americans that everything printed about him is eagerly read on this side of the Atlantic. Every reader of "My New Curate," "Lake Delmege," "Glenannar," and his other books, is desirous of knowing as much as possible about their author. We are glad to be able to present from the pen of Mrs. Augustine J. Daly (wife of Mayor Daly of Cambridge) who was recently in Ireland, and who visited Father Sheehan, a charming picture of the famous but modest priest. Mrs. Daly writes:

"The Canon came in from his garden to receive us. His welcome was quiet, graceful, cordial; and made us feel perfectly at ease before him. We talked about the far-reaching means of Catholic action, but when I spoke of his achievements in that line he blushed like a girl, declaring that his success had been a great surprise to him; that Americans had been most noticed very flatteringly. Some one had sent him the Review's notice of 'Glenannar,' and he was highly pleased with it."

"He took us into his study, which is also his library and dining room, a spacious apartment, book-lined with a quiet, warm end. Here at this desk was written most of 'My New Curate,' and here he sat to write for us his autograph on his photograph. From here we went into his garden, of which I suspect him to be more proud than he is of his fame. The wall that shut it in from curious eyes are covered with ivy, and with climbing roses which he regretted were not in bloom just then, but of whose past beauty he could not refrain from boasting. His garden and begoniae flamed up from the corners and centre of the soft, thick sward which had been, till his coming but a few years before, a mere potato patch. Here and there were charming vine covered shelters in which he wrote; and here was a rough table and chair, uncovered by any arbor. On this table, he told us, he wrote most of 'Under the Cedars and Stars.'"

"He is a tall spare man, with the slightest possible stoop in his shoulders. He has a handsome head, with his broad, high forehead, projecting much above the eyes which are brown, keen, kind and humorous. His nose, large but beautifully aquiline, indicates strength and refinement, while his mouth betrays his wonderfully keen sense of humor. It reminded me of that of Holmes."

"He is scrupulously, tastefully neat in his attire, and in the arrangement of his surroundings, and he speaks modestly with the accent (or non-accent) that indicates a high culture."—Sacred Heart Review.