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Maud Gong gives a pleasing description, in the New York Evening Post of a trip down the St. Lawrence to Berthier en haut. She says:

"The tourist who has done Montreal about to undertake Outcome."

and is about to undertake Quebec travels down the St. Lawrence by night boat, and in memory's record of his itinerary the intervening river shores are as vague as the sources of the Nile in a map fifty years old. If he is in a hurry, or if he merely visits places in order to 'have been there' he does well. But he misses an interesting region full of genre pictures and local color, by taking a ship that passes in

"The tourist, with time, discretion, and curiosity, might rather choose to bard what Montreal knows as the market boat ' for Berthier en haut. This sails at 1 o'clock every Tuesday and Friday afternoon from a wharf near the old church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, which all conscientious tourists see. At Berthier he can lodge

'market boat' the traveler leaves all that is English behind him. His fellow-passengers are French 'habitans' who have been to Montreal market with the produce of their little farms, and are produce of their little farms, and are its parish church with one or two tall spires sheathed in copper. In this great expanse of shinmering water and level land these uplifted, gleaming spires are visible for many miles. However humble the houses of the village; the parish church is a large and substantial structure of gray stone. The dwellings are mostly two-story structures of stone or stucco, with thick walls to keep out the winter's cold, and high pitched roofs to shed the snow. Just above the broadly preject-ing eaves there is a sudden outward ourse which gives the descending avalanche a final toss, and sends it well away from door and windows. Here and there, beside the river road, stands a tall wayside cross. And before the market boat makes its first stop at St. Sulpice, the tourist will see two stone windmills of picturesque and obsolete

"When the encompassing waters are frozen, Isle des Pois and Isle St. Ignace become part of the great world. At other seasons they are connected with civilization only by these wire ferries and by casual rowboats. Their popular excitements are a saint's festiin the St. Ignace Parish Church, or val in the St. Ignace Parish Church, of Saturday morning market, when gossip greets gossip all up and down a line of beached boats on Berthier strand. "One rises betimes to see this mar-

ket at its climax, but early rising at Berthier is its own reward. Every-where are the indefinable tints one sees in the lining of a shell. The cattle on the nearest island come lowing to meet the milking boats through pastures gray with dew. The ribbons of water farther away reflect the saffron and rose in the flushing sky. The sunrise wind stirs in the great balsam poplars which shade the river road, and their quivery glossy leaves glance in the light. The oriole that nests among them trills forth a few rich notes, and in the tower of the parish church the Angelus begins to ring. It will ring again at high noon, and once more when the setting sun throws the shadows of the poplars far out across the water. At these times, if the day be still, one will hear other faint and far off peals from the tower of the island church, re-

minding its people also to pray.
"To-night the Berthier bels, after a short pause, resume their tolling, and ring on and on. There is to be Bene diction in the venerable parish church and presently the village popula-tion, chatting volubly in French, troops by. The river road is alive. Little among the churchgoers. and men who lean on their staff for very age . . . The service is but short, and while belated bobolinks are still tinkling in the fields the congregation will troop home again. And when the country silence begins to reassert itself, there falters homeward through the afterglow Berthier's oldest inhabitant. is reported to be ninety seven years old, and she goes to a domicile as age-worn as herself. The moss grows deep on its curving roof and dormer and here she lives alone And yet she is not afraid. But no madame! She has her scapular around her neck. She says her prayers. And she lies down to sleep—trusting in the good God."

SUN TALKS OF GOLDWIN SMITH

It is strange that a scholar and philosopher like Goldwin Smith should make use of such an agnostic and unscientific term as "unthinkable." In a recent letter to the New York

un a recent letter to the New York
Sun he writes: "Immortality in the
strict sense is unthinkable."
Now if immortality in "the strict
sense" be unthinkable how can Goldwin Smith think enough about it to affirm or deny anything about it? Does he not have to think about it before he can think or say that it is unthinkable? And how can he talk about that which he cannot and therefore does not think about? A somnambulist or a parrot might talk without thicking and not surprise any one who thinks. But when Gold win Smith talks about that which he declares he cannot think, that which is unthinkable, he gives reason for

staring eyed astonishment.

To think is to have and compare ideas. To say that a thing is unthink able is the exact equivalent of saying that we cannot have an idea of that thing, that the idea of it is impossible. He, therefore, who talks of what is unthinkable talks of that of which he and can have no idea. Will Goldwin Smith admit that his mental operations concerning immortality are conducted

idea, of that which he knows not and cannot know?

Again, what does he mean by immortality "in the strict sense?"
There are no degrees in immortality; no greater or less. Whatever is, is immortal or it is not. That which is not immortal is not immortal in any sense strict or otherwise. That which is immortal is immortal in every sense, worthy of the consideration of theologian and the metaphysician,

Why then the phrase, "in the strict sense?" It is the result of careless thinking, or careless writing? Or was it used to confuse the mental vision by throwing dust?

Here is another example of Goldwin

Smith's slipshod way of talking: "The frank abandonment of that which reason, our only guide, as Bishop Potter says, has disproved is the first step to-ward the attainment of truth."

ward the stainment of truth.
Will the philosopher of Toronto tell
us what it is that Bishop Potter says
or what he says Bishop Potter says?
But this is not the important point
in the above quotation. What does he in the above quotation. mean by "reason?" Does he mean by in a clean little French hotel, reputed it his own individual intelligence, the to be the best between Montreal and faculty of comparing data and drawing

now returning to their homes down the St. Lawrence. Long villages with sweet sounding old world names fringe the river's brink. Dominating each is its parish church with one or two tall may think false may be false and what it may think false may be true. It is not the ultimate criterion of the true and the false, and therefore, what it accepts or rejects is not of great value to the world in the search after truth.

If by "reason" he means the com-bined intelligence of the world, we must have some reliable authority, as to what that combined intelligence of the world affirms or denies. His personal judgment on that very important question is not a sufficient basis on which to rest in the search after the truth.

If by "reason" he means reason in the abstract, we object, that a mere abstraction can have no authority as a teacher, or guide to the truth.

If by "reason" he means the Supreme

wisdom of God, we accept it as authority when it reveals, and in whatever it reveals, but we deny that Goldwin Smith is reliable authority as to what it has revealed, until he proves he has a divine commission as interpreter of

the revelation.

Before wec an find anytangible sense in his proposition quoted above we must know which of the four possible senses of "reason" he intended us to understand as his. Without this knowledge his proposition is void of sense. It im-

parts no information.

"Free though;" is another agnostic and senseless catchwood used by Mr. Goldwin Smith. The mind is not free to think as it pleases. It cannot think, for instance, that a part is greater than the whole, or that a circle can be at the whole, or that a circle can be at the same time a square and a circle, or that two sides of a triangle are to-gether less than the third. A truth, known as such, deprives the mind of the liberty of thinking it to be false.

Freedom is not in the thinking or logical faculty, but in the will. You can will to possess the millionaire's can will to possess the millionaire's wealth, but you are not free, while you are sane, to think it true that it is yours and in your possession.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

REMARKABLE ARTICLE FROM PROTEST-ANT EPISCOPAL NEWSPAPER — THE CHIEF MARKS OF THE DEVIL'S HANDI-WORK - HONOR TO BLESSED VIRGIN

The Lamp Garrison, N. Y.

Since the outset of the Oxford Movement in nothing have Anglo Catholics been more backward than in the efforts they have made to re instate the Immaculate Mother of God in the place of honor which she held in the English Church prior to the Erastian Captivity. The trail of the serpent across the English Reformation is indicated mos

clearly by three chief marks of the devil's handiwork, viz., the abolition of objective worship offered to Jesus Christ present in Mass; devotion to the Mother of God throned beside her Son in Heaven; and obedience to Christ's Vicar throned in the Chair of Peter on earth.

re is no lie forged in hell more in conflict with the will of God expressed in Scripture and Catholic tradition than the Protestant conceit that they honor Christ best Who most ignore the ex

istence of His mother. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and there is no divorce more borrible as a flagrant violation of the flat of Almighty God than the divorce made by the Protestant reformer between Christ and the Blessed The fruit of such violence to Virgin. evealed truth must of necessity be all sorts and kinds of heresy and goes far to explain the skepticism and unbelief honeycombs the Church of Eng-

land to day.

Once again we repeat, "What God hath joined together let no man put

How is it possible to keep alive within us any vital sense of the incar-nation, "the Word was made flesh and asunder.' nation, "the Word was made fiesh and dwelt among us," if we deliberately shut out of our minds and hearts all thought and devotion to Mary the mother who conceived "the Word made flesh" in her womb, nursed Him as a babs at her breast, lived with Him as a babs at her womb, manually for thirty His constant companion for thirty years at Nazareth, stood by Him while He was crucified, received into her arms His body taken down from the cross, and after her glorious [assumption was seen by St. John enthroned in heaven the consort of Christ?

The fault with Anglo Catholics is not approximately appro

so much in their theology with regard t) the Blessed Virgin as in their failure concerning immortality are conducted without any idea of what the term immortality means?

How can one with any show of reason or common sense affirm or deny anything about that of which he has no

lives, but when it comes to saying the Hail Mary and employing the Rosary as a means of personal address to the Holy Mother of God, the Anglo Catholic who does this is a rara avis among his fellows. "The Communion of Saints" as a matter of actual, everyday intercourse between the members of the Church on earth and the saints who reign with Christ in heaven, is a

sealed book to nire tenths of those Anglicans who love to call themselves Catholics. It makes us bow our heads in shame and blush for our co religion ists when we make this confession, but it is good to own our faults and shortomings and bewail our ignorances, for in doing so we are taking the first step toward reform. What English and American Church-

men need to realize, in order to become the same zealous lovers of Mary that our forefathers were, is that in Mary we have a Mother, who like her Divine Son, "can be foretold with the feeling of our infirmities," and by the side of our great High Priest ever stands "to make intercession for us."

We need to know that her knowledge is great enough, her love is boundless in welcome, the hands pierced in warning.

A vast yellow brick building of imembrace us every one, so that whosoever among us cries to us sets reverber ating the heart strings of a maternal love that has at its command the in- darker shade; the fourth, above the

gin to hear and answer prayers the testimony to be derived from the actual experience of the faithful from time noise. Here, where the loudest shout creditable witnesses could be brought into court than the men and women court that the men and women co who in their several generations and secures homage; here at least is a stained to a pre eminence over all others for sanctity; and if one takes the trouble to study the lives of the greatest Catholic saints they will find must adorn, and these yellow cliffs are saints were the recipients of personal visits from the Blessed Virgin, as they themselves have attested. When St. Paul on shipboard assures his fellow passengers that there stood by him in ight the angel of the Lord and said:

"Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Caesar, and God hath given thee all that sail with thee," he shows thee all that sail with thee," he shows his own faith in the reality of the angel's visit by saying: "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me," and what subsequently happened to the ship and its crew proved that his faith was well grounded. So in regard to the appropriations of Our Lady to the saints. apparitions of Our Lady to the saints. They believed and acted on their belief and when the Catholic Church saw the tulfilment of the alleged vision in after events, the Church herself believed.

As a modern instance take the ap parition of the Blessed Virgin to the peasant girl at Lourdes. The hundreds upon hundreds of well authenticated miracles of healing which have taken place at Lourdes and are still of constant occurrence have been enough to confirm the faith of Catholics the world over in the reality of what the peasant girl reported: and it is no proof of our superior order as rational beings, if we, professing and calling ourselves Anglo-Catholics, re-fuse to accept such evidence as is thus

afforded. The great Jesuit Society which for the mentality and scholarship of its members probably has no equal in the world, had for a founder a hard headed, strong-minded soldier, whom it would be absurd to style a rattle-brained visionary, and yet whosoever is at all familiar with the history of Ignatius Loyola must know how firmly he believed that he was visited by the Mother of God and that he was immensely helped by her in all he under-took ad majorem Dei Gloriam. Just within the gates of St. Andrew's no-vitiate at Poughxeepsie where hun-dieds of Jesuits receive their magnificent training, is a beautiful stone chapel which is dedicated to Our Lady of the Wayside and stands there monument in stone in the unquestioning faith of every Jesuit in a certain apearance of the Mother of God to St. Ignatius, as he knelt at a wayside shrine erected to the Holy Virgin's honor. Were all the proofs which the nonor. Were all the proofs which the archives of the Church contain of the active part which the Mother of Jesus has, since her assumption into heaven, taken in the affairs of Catholic believers on earth, a volume would have to be compiled much larger than the

To reject all this testimony and hold oneself superior to the combined wis-dom and experience of the Catholic faithful since primitive times, is not to give evidence of a finer intelligence than a Bonaventure or a Thomas Aquinas possessed but rather of an ir rational unbelief. There may be hun-dreds of legends extant in Catholic literature unworthy of credence; but to reject because of these, the whole mass of testimony concerning Our Lady's ability to hear and answer prayers is to cast discredit on all testiprayers is to cast discretif of air testi-mony in every age and by every author to the miraculous and supernatural. And this surely no one who is Catholic enough to believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is itself the most supendous of miracles would wish to do. If we accept the witness of the Cath-

olic Church in regard to other matters of faith there can be no valid reason for rejecting what she bids us believe about the efficacy of prayer addressed to Our Lady and Mother in heaven. There is no better way to realize the truth of the Catholic religion all the way through than to practice it, and if our Angli-can brethren would know for themselves the reality of Mary's love for them personally and her personally and her readiness to help and intercede with God on their behalf, let them test it by calling upon her devoutly in every hour of need, and just take it for granted that the Catholic Church knows what she is talking about when she affirms and reiterates so continually that Christ, in addressing St. John on the cross, in reality addressed us all saying, "Behold thy Mother,"

Christ, her Son, and giving her com-mand over a great retinue of minister-ing spirits, to do her bidding in ministering to those who look up to her from every part of our far-off world and who never cease to cry, "Holy Mary, Mother of God spray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." and at the hour of our death.

A WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL.

JOURNALIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE GREAT AND STILL UNFINISHED BASILICA AT WESTMINSTER.

A contributor to The London Daily News who has been writing a series of sketches entitled "Sunday Mornings in Londor," thus describes his impressions the impressions of a tolerant unbe ever with an eye for the picturesque-of High Mass in Westminster Cathe liever with

* * I enter the porch, and my eye is held, not by the mighty buildig, but by the great golden crucifix which hangs suspended from the chancel arch, as if the Man of Sorrows would welcome and warn every crosser of the threshold—the arms outstretched

mense proportions, with four mighty domes the westermost in strong light, the next in shadow, the third in still exhaustible resources of heaven.

As to the ability of the Blessed Virdows. The size is impressive, overimmemorial is limitless. What more would be dashed by its littleness, the builders have builded, but the believers them teeming with testimony to the lively interest taken by the Mother of God in the affairs of men. Many of the completed, no pious priest see the travail of his soul and be satisfied; masons, priests, worshippers will long have been dust ere the last stone is encrusted with gems, the last brick covered with gold. But the present is profuse. Already marble columns, rich and rare, the votive offerings of benefactors, support the vaulting of aisles and arches. To walk round the Cathedral is a pilgrimage through Europe. Monoliths from the ancient classical quarries of Thessaly and Euboca stand beside Verona's grey and purple treasures. Norway bends her crimson granite to wear the white crown of Carrara's famous mines. The chapels are fair with delicate stones and intricate mosaics; marbles green and translucent as the sea, marbles black and impenetrable as the tempest; marbles violet, and marbles rose-red, with jasper and lapis lazuli, and

mother of pearl and poryhry.

The worshippers stream in, men and women, poor and rich, hale and infirm, old and young. Each as he or she old and young. Each as he or she enters sinks on one knee to the temporary high altar, which stands before a green curtain stretched across the Cathedral, above which scaffolding can be seen, stands in lonely simplicity beneath its green canopy, bearing six giant candlesticks, three on either side of a crucifix. A green carpet leads down from the altar to the base of the altar steps. To right and left sits the choir. The congregation increases until the Cathedral is well filled. The six lighted candles burn steadily at the end of what, from where I sit, is a dim vista. The chanting of the priest reaches me as from across a valley; the sound ebbs and flows, now swelling high, rushing against the arches and roof to be sucked back in echoes and tossed to and fro, now sinking to a suspiration, the murmur of a summer sea. From time to time the organ is heard, but it never becomes more than a background for the voices, deep, sonorous voices, which roll their syllables richly forth. To and fro in front of the altar move the white fig-ures, advancing, retreating, bowing, kneeling, weaving the, to me, compli-cated pattern with infinite ease and dignity. The smoke of the incense floats up, thinly veiling the bleak scaffold poles, the great congregation silent and still watches the white figures, rises as one man kneels with a like unanimity, the bell rings, with bowed head the priest uplifts the Host, the climax is reached, the tension re

A few yards away from me is a man of about thirty five. Where of about thirty five, whose coat itightly buttoned to conceal his lack of a shirt, the coat itself is torn and ragged, and as he kneels I see the soles of his boots are almost gone. The face is a sad, weary face, tanned by exposure, lined by anxiety, the features are small and refined. No one is more devout. He sets me musing. Into how many of our churches could you have wandered, my brother, without being stared at with eyes not altogether friendly—supposing, indeed, you had been admitted and given a seat. But here thou canst sit beside ladies in dresses the most exquisite brains can devise or money purchase without a single curious glance to make thee feel thy lack!

THE LITHUANIANS AND THE BIBLE.

TAKING A SLAP AT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, "THE LUTHERAN" FALLS

INTO A CURIOUS BLUNDER. The Lithuanians are found in large The Lithuanians are found in large numbers in the United States and Canada. We have many of them in Pennsylvania. Shenandoah, Schuylkill county, now a town of more than 20 000 inhabitants, includes so many Lithuanians that they begin to outnumber the native Americans, Germans and Irishmen combined. Their church is seen from a distance, an inchurch is seen from a distance, an imposing structure. Most of them are Roman Catholics. This accounts for the fact that they have no complete Bible in their tongue. The one in ex-istence is printed in Gothic characters which only the priests can read. The British and Foreign Bible Society intends to print the Lithuanian Bible in Roman type. The priests did not ask for it, but the people need it

At druggists—50e. a box. Mrs. L. DAVY, Prescott, Ont. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa. eran, which vies with its colleague, the too late to hear the sermons of His eran, which vies with its colleague, the Lutheran Observer, in the effort to win the championship for picayune flings at the Catholic Church The subject of the above alleged editorial suggested an investigation that might prove of interest to the readers of the Catholic Standard and Times. A representa-

Fruit with tonics. Try them for cobiliousness, skin and kidney diseases.

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

"I am taking Pruit-a-tives, and find them all right. The easiest take and the most effective laxative I have ever used."

Standard and Times. A representa-tive of this paper, therefore called on Rev. Joseph Kaulakis, rector of St. Anthony's Lithuanian Church, who vouchsa'ed the following information: The Lithuanians were about the last of the European peoples to become Christians. The first step in this direction resulted from the marriage of a Lithuanian ruler and a Polish princess the latter a Catholic. A political union was formed with Poland as a kingdom and Lithuania as a dukedom. The first Lithuanians were converted late in the fifteenth century and the whole nation finally won to Christian ity by Polish Jesuits. After the parti tion of Poland a portion of Lithuania fell to Germany, and this part at the time of the so-called Reformation be came largely Lutheran. It is true that the population of Shenar doah is largely of Lithuanian Catholies, and Father Kaulakis estimates that in Philadelphia there are about twenty-five hurdred souls of that nationality who are Cath-olics and about fifty Lutherans.

The Catholics bore unflinchingly Rus

Standard and Times. A representa-

sian persecution for years, and the efforts of that government to suppress the use of the language, the difficulties its translation presents and the persecution of the Church accounts for the fact that there is no complete Bible in the language.
But there have been for about a cen

tury copies of various books of the Old and New Testament in the language. All of the books of the New Testament have been published and the Epistles and Gospels are read at every Sunday Mass in the language of the people, as in all other Catholic churches.

From what Father Kaulakis says the

Lutheran evidently does not its own when it sees it—at least in Lithuanian. The German Lutheran Lithuanians, he says, use the (German) Gothic characters in such books of the Bible as they have, and that few Lithuanian Catholics, priests or not, can read the German characters. He him-self can, but he never yet saw a Lithuanian Catholic publication in Gotbic characters. They use the Roman type, which the Lutheran states the Protestant Bible Societies are about to do. The essential portions of the Scripture have been translated, and Bishop Bara nowski, of Sein who died two years ago and who was a noted poet and linguist, had almost the entire Bible translated when he died. Others are engaged in completing this work. While the educated are encouraged to read the authorized translations of the Scriptures, with due regard to the scriptures, with the regard of the church, yet with St. Peter (II. iii., 16) the priests warn "the unlearned" and "the unstable" from "wresting" the Scriptures "to their own destruction," "knowing this scriptures "to their own destruction," "knowing this scriptures" the Scriptures "to their own destruction," "knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Script ure is of any private interpretation." (II. Peter i., 20), and that now, as in (II. Peter i., 20), and that now, as in the days of the Chief of the Apostles and since, there are "false teachers," who bring "in damnable heresies," even denying the Lord that bought them" (II. Peter ii., 1).

Therefore the Lithuanian pastors warn their congregations against unauthorized, incorrect and cheap translations of the Senithures and of Proposition of Proposition of the senithures and proposition of Proposition of Proposition of Proposition

lations of the Scriptures and of Protestant inducements to make higher critics of untrained minds and to sow the seeds of unfaith by private inter-pretation. The Church is the inter-preter left by Christ, and not each mind that may read what it pleases for itself into the texts of Scripture. However, the Lutheran can rest easy. The Lithuanian Catholics are already reading the Scriptures in Roman type and neglecting the Gothic. When the Lutheran again attempts to account for facts it had better be sure of the Gothic is Lutheran and Roman facts. Gothic is Lutheran and Roman is Catholic when it is a matter of Lithu anian books of the Bible.

PROTESTANT CANADIAN PRAISES HIS FRENCH FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.

When the new church of St. Charles, Winnipeg, Canada, was blessed the other day, there was a banquet in the atternoon in honor of Archbishop to promote its circulation. A Catholic periodical circulating in his parish, and considers it an obligation atternoon in honor of Archbishop Langevin and the visiting clergy, at which some excellent speeches were guide, a mentor, a stimulator, a reflector made. Perhaps the most interesting guide, a mentor, a stimulator, a reflector of its from one viewpoint was that of Mr. Parker, a Protestant farmer who has been living in the neighborhood for nearly thirty years, and who, when called upon to speak, complained that his tongue did not respond to his feelings in church matters. He wished, however, to say that the Protestants of the district had always highly appreciated their French countrymen. They have never had, in public or private matters, any disagreement worth men-tioning. Far from being an unpro-gressive people, the French were the irst to build a church there, although the Protestants preceded them in district by fifteen years. Mr. Parker had already attended one dedication of a French church; it was at Lasalle, and he never heard a more liberal sermon than was preached on that day by the late lamented Archbishop Tache. In a word, the Protestants of the dis-trict had received the most valuable trict had received the most valuable and kindly help from their French neighbors. He regretted that he had been informed of the day's cerem my

Grace and Father Drummond, but he was glad to hear Archbishop Langevin speak so eloquently of the greatness of Canada. He was glad to hear those sentiments from the French people who were the pioneers there.

Try them for constipation, headaches

EVANGELIZING ON PRACTICAL LINES.

It is a disagreeable surprise to learn that the Church is wholly unknown or her doctrines so little appreciated in most parts of the South. There are in the more remote mountain towns who have never heard of her teachings and to whom the word "Catholic," when heard for the first time, is associated with the idea of some new religious institution. The Roman collar is often supposed to be the distinctive dress of a railroad prospector.

This ignorance is often excusable, for these people have lived in the same locality for years. The country in in which they were born is their little world, and beyond it they have never gone. The Catholic priest is a stranger to them and whatever knowledge they may have of Catholic doctrine and practices they were dependent upon ignorant or unprinciple t cross road preachers, who have reviled the Church, mis-interpreted her teachings and attribujed to her practices which are ab-horrent to a Catholic mind. Living amidst such surr undings, in an atmophere of prejudice and bigotry, far from Catholic influence, with no one to teach them the truth and open to their inspection the teachings of Holy Church, they have grown up in ignor the teachings of Holy ance of the true doctrine and look with suspicion upon her ministers. Litera-ture antagonistic to Catholic belief has been widely circulated and has done much to poison the minds and hearts of a people who are deeply religious.

There has been a campaign of Missionary work carried on all through the summer in many places in the South. In Tennessee the Paulists and the ecclesiastical students associated with them have done most excellent work. In the mountain regions of Kentucky In the mountain regions of Kentucky Fathers Punch and Cooney of the Covington Diocesan Band, have preached to thousands. In North Carolina Father Price and his associates have evangelized in and about Nazareth. In other places splendid work has been done.—The Missionary.

WOMEN DEFEND CROSS.

WITH PITCHFORKS THEY ROUT FRENCH ICONOCLASTS.

A French contemporary, the "Croix de l'Allier," gives a description of a live y encounter which has taken place at Lachamp between anti-Christian iconoclasts and a number of Catholic women. The enemies of the Church at Nades had resolved to destroy the crucifixes which stood on the route to be followed by religious processions.

The profanity was to be indulged in during the night. Two crosses were successfully overthrown; a third, in

women of the village, and they all hid behind the hedges, each armed with a seel pitchfork. They were de-termined, one and all, to defend their cross, were they to shed their blood for it. Some men also watched to help their valiant companions in case of

need.
The cross breakers arrived, and were met with vigorous blows from the forks. Surprised at this reception, they made use of their revolvers, for the scoundrels were armed. None of the women fled. The blows from the forks fell thick and fast. The iconoclasts took to flight, and disappeared in the congenial darkness, true children of darkness as they were. the forks. Surprised at this reception,

What the Catholic Paper Does.

Father Hudson says: A devoted parish priest of our acquaintance declares he fluds his ablest assistant in the Catholic periodical circulating in to promote its circulation. A Catholic journal worthy of the name is an educator in sound opinions of all sorts, a of Catholic faith. The effect of its reading is to make Catholics proud of their religion, zealous for its progress, earnest in their endeavors to live up to its teachings.

HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU?

It seems to me I'd like to go Where bells don't ring, nor whishes blow, Nor clocks don't strike, nor g mga don't+ound, And I'd have stillness all around—

Not real still stillness, but just 'he trees' Low whisperings or the hum of bees, Or brooks' faint babbling over stones In strangely, softly taugled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid, Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid, Or just some sweet sounds as these To ill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell I'd like a city pretty well; But when it comes to getting rest, I like the country lots the best,