

weeds, which defy approach to read the lettering on the stones discerned through the tangle of vegetation. Once in the course of years there is a funeral: a corpse comes by train from some far-distant State, that of one who was once a settler and yearned to rest with her kindred. A vanished race: why did they go? Because the pledged word of a British King and the statute enacted by a British Parliament, were broken and set aside by Canadian politicians in obedience to the ecclesiastics who helped them to office. These acres were meant by the King and Parliament of England to be free land: the blight of servitude to a Church in now upon them.

The situation of the few families who cling to a decaying township settlement is painful. They have seen neighbor after neighbor leave, and French families take their place. The people they visited and who visited them are in the United States, for of those who have left the townships the large majority sought the Republic instead of our Northwest, as if from an instinctive fear that no part of Canada is safe from the power that expelled them. The lack of social intercourse presses on the wife and children; the lack of neighborly helpfulness on the father. A feeling of isolation and loneliness creeps upon them. It is with difficulty services in the church are maintained: were it not for help from home mission funds its door would be closed. A day comes when there are too few families to keep up the school. The father sees the new Catholic one within sight of his door. Will he send his children to it? What is the daily routine of that school? Learning the prayers of the Church, so that the children may be able to follow the service on Sunday; learning the catechism, with such questions as these:

“What is the Church Jesus Christ has established?”

“It is the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Church.

“Can one be saved outside of the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Church?”

“No, out of the church there is no salvation.