

blush, appears very plausible; but, at best, it is only a diluted Rousseauism; a sophism of the first water. As good Bishop Hedley in his "Religion for Children" puts it, "It is like saying, don't take the trouble to plant trees; only let us have plenty of wood, bright leaves and sweet fruit. But you must plant the tree, if you want the fruit. No you must instruct children, if you want them to be religious." You must teach them, ground them well in the solids of religion. Let the fancy, the ornamental, the ceremonial parts rest meanwhile in abeyance. Planting is always better, surer, and more natural than grafting. What is taught in youth like what is planted in the Spring, is sure to grow and flourish. But above all, let it be sound, full Christian doctrine, with as little admixture of forms, symbols or ceremonies as possible. Young folks need no spur to their imaginations. That we are not oversteering the practical need of a sound, thorough, dogmatical instruction for the young, no one, we opine, who closely watches and studies the system pursued with regard to the Christian teaching of children in Lower Canada, and its consequent legitimate fruits in the conduct of the same persons in Chicago, Boston or New York, will at all deny. How or why it is that these same persons who, we might say, have always been brought up in the very lap of the Church cannot withstand the contact, the influence, the tear and wear of non-Catholic society beyond two or three months, without making a complete shipwreck of their faith? Or how is it that poor Bluenose on the other hand who has never had the like advantages, who possibly cannot distinguish between an A and the gable-end of a house, or, ten to one does not know on which knee to genuflect, will yet manage to rough it out, thro' thick and thin, with his Church's banner, torn and tattered it may be, but still untaken? Such, however, is the fact; and no one who has travelled in the States can deny it. Now, does it not all come of ill, inadequate, superficial and too exterior an education in matters of relig-

ion? The young are taught by parents, pastors, teachers, society and public opinion in Lower Canada and, perhaps, we should add in France also, to set to great a store by exterior accomplishments in matters of religion. And what is the result? Why, in almost ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, among the foolish boys, the shell of the nut is preferred to the kernel—the shadow to the substance of faith. Then these same boys go, let us suppose, to the States. They don't see religion carried out as at home; their favorite ceremonies are at sad discount; or what is oftener the case, there are no ceremonies at all. What are they to do? Why, fall back on the dry, bare bones of faith, you will say. But how can they?

A SERMON

On the Immaculate Conception was kindly sent us by its author, Rev. A. McGillivray, P. P., Charlottetown, of which we have only to say that it is as eloquent as it is original.

"PEACE! IT IS I."

(Translation, Hymn of St. Anatolus.)

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Ours labored heavily,
Foam glittered white;
Mariners trembled,
Peril was nigh,
Then said the God of gods,
"Peace! It is I."

Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest!
Well of Euroclydus;
Be thou at rest,
Peril can none be
Sorrow must fly,
Then saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I."

JESUS! Diverger,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea.
Then when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, Truth of truth,
"Peace! It is I."

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