

forth his pure soul into the hands of Him who has said : " You who have left all things and followed me shall receive an hundredfold and possess life everlasting." And then, with holy rite, and pious prayer, the good monks placed in its narrow grave the coffinless body of the Father whom they loved so well, and who had been to them so bright an example on the perfect way. Over the earthly remains of the poor Trappist a handsome monument has been erected by the people for whom he spent himself in loving, faithful service; and often in the shadow of this testimony of his flock's affection, numbers kneel and pray to him in heaven to make intercession, many, we are assured, thus obtaining the grant of their petitions. . . . Father Vincent's life was a strange alternative of active toilsome service in the world, and no less toilsome, prayerful service in his beloved cloister; but the same heavenly peace pervaded his life, and lit up his countenance with a holy brightness, which stole into the heart of the beholder like balm from heaven. His only aim was to do God's holy will faithfully, lovingly, that he might, when life's rugged way was ended, hear the Master say, " Well done." Whether in the world or in the monastery, he ever walked close to God in prayer, not in wordy orisons, but in a continual uplifting of the heart, and an endless yearning for the other and the better life, where all is peace and joy perpetual. This was the secret of his life; this it was that brought him peace and solace in trials and difficulties, made him bright when others were saddened, and inspirited him when nature was overtaxed and the weak flesh weary; for by such prayer

" More things are wrought
Than this world dreams of."

James A. J. McKenna, in Ave Maria.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

THE modern press is so often referred to by its lovers as the great educator, the mighty engine which moulds the public mind, that I have taken the liberty of synopsisizing it utterances in this religious city of ours for one day, a recent Saturday, to wit. I have chosen a day when all the papers double their sheets, and all the sheets are supposed to double their interest in favour of the crowds which throng our city. And I submit their manifests for cool inspection.

EXHIBIT C.

To prove that Real Estate values are no better than they ought to be, in fact that they ought to be much better.

To prove that the Scott Act didn't act.

To prove—nothing in particular, except that a woman who dies aged 105 years was an old woman, and must have been contemporary of many startling things.

A long notice of a certain Church's work for the past year.

A dissertation on the legal status of prostitution.

EXHIBIT M.

A very cranky piece of political shystering.

EXHIBIT N.

On the elegancies of the United States constitution. (Of course).

On Anticosti as a colonist-burster.

On a bad subject for the Mayoralty.

On the iniquity of cash compensations to Registrars for having less work to do.

On the heroic effort of Mrs. Parans Stevens to snuff out Newport in favour of an English light (moraled nobleman).

EXHIBIT W.

Commercial Union.

Fish.

Scott Act detectives disguised in love and liquor.

More Commercial Union.

Some more.

Some etiquette.

Sugar.
Com. Un.
Com. Un.
Fish.
Com. Un.

(I will say frankly that this is the most business-like exhibit of the lot.)

EXHIBIT T.

Something on the National Prison Association (to catch the Methodist crowd).

A C. P. R. ad. which ends with the news that the road may eventually be a good property for military purposes.

A memoir on antimacassars, abnormal pumpkins and obese pigs.

An interrogation point four sticks long, " Why don't Chicagoans hang their Socialists?"

A kick at Wm. O'Brien and the Irish priesthood.

A dissertation on the Peace Society and the amount of gunpowder its methods would save.

Why don't Gladstone come to America? with an insinuation that he is no good for not trying, since De Lesseps is constantly ripping o'er the Atlantic, though much his senior.

" The balm of sympathy." This, I confess, staggers me. I can't be flippant enough for even a summary of the twaddle which is therein paraded as sympathetic condolence in the distressing case alluded to.

Finally, the longest article of the day on the question, Whether Venusites who wear tight boots have corns; whether the ladies decorate their heads with defunct fowl, and whether, up there, milk turns hot in sour weather.

N. D. F.

Toronto, 13th Sept., 1887.

Current Catholic Thought.

THE " DOOK " AT NEWPORT.

The Duke of Marlborough, whom some of the vulgar rich of Newport have been lionizing, is angry because the papers have talked as freely about him as they would about any other notorious scamp. He has issued a card in which he threatens to collect a few of the free remarks that have been made about him with a view to framing the same and placing them in his ducal mansion at home, where American visitors may be made duly ashamed of their country. As no decent Americans would be likely to visit Mr. Marlborough at home or abroad, we need not care whether the other kind would be ashamed or not at anything they might see in his habitation. They could not possibly see anything more disgraceful than its owner. —*Boston Pilot.*

THE CHURCH AND ART.

There can be no doubt but that Catholic artists, when well versed in their profession, are preferable to any others for work in our churches and religious institutions. It was the genuine faith and devotion of Catholic artists that produced in Europe those masterpieces of architecture, painting and sculpture which attract the admiration of the world. The inspiration and insight which Faith gives enable those who are influenced by that virtue to not only trace out correctly the lines of Catholic thought, but to give to their work that glow of devotion which is the best fruit of the labour of the artist and serves best the highest purpose of art. It is a remarkable fact that where Catholic Faith has declined or disappeared art has been degraded as well. It no longer seems to serve God at all, chooses no elevating subject, but seems entirely devoted to the world and the flesh. The lives of saintly men furnish no inspiration in those countries, the events of sacred history are no longer portrayed; in a word, there is no supernatural life in art any more than in the hearts of the people. We see the natural and the animal in the marble and on the canvas, and nothing else.—*Catholic Universe.*