

ing that the office of the ministry may be assumed by any man who feels himself moved by the spirit or divine grace to take it upon himself. These sects necessarily take this view, as they would otherwise be without a ministry, whereas if we go back but a short period we find that many of their clergy had not even undergone the form of ordination which they have since adopted. With the Anglicans, however, the case is somewhat different. The ordinal in use among Anglicans prescribes that none shall be admitted to the ministry without Episcopal ordination, and this Episcopal ordination is traced back to Matthew Parker, the first Archbishop of the Church of England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

How it is that with this requirement in view Low Church Anglicans can maintain that the clergy of the other denominations stand on the footing of a validly-ordained ministry, it is some what difficult to understand, but a show of consistency is kept through maintaining that the directions of the ordinal constitute merely a private Church rule of administration, and not an essential law of the Church of Christ. It is, nevertheless, indubitable that the authorities of the Church maintain the essential character of Episcopal ordination, as far as they have pronounced upon the matter at all, and it is to this fact is attributable that negotiations between Anglicans and Presbyterians for the union of the two Churches have been so unceremoniously broken off. At Lambeth the Anglican Bishops pronounced definitely that the "historic Episcopate" is so essential to the Church that no union can be brought about unless the episcopate be recognized by the other party to the compact. The Episcopalians of the United States have followed the same views.

It, therefore, appears to us that Dr. Langtry's action was more in accordance with the spirit of the Church of England's authoritative utterances than is the course recommended by the *Evangelical Churchman* and the ecclesiastical party for which it speaks. It is a curious view which the *Churchman* takes regarding the meaning of catholicity as a mark and title of the Church of Christ. Its words imply that real catholicity means a readiness to admit to the Church members of all sects, on an equal footing with those of the Church itself. This was certainly not St. Paul's view of the case when in his epistle to the Galatians he pronounced anathema to all who preached any other gospel than that which he had preached, and elsewhere enumerated the makers of schisms among those who stand condemned by God.

It appears to us that it is not by lowering the Church to the level of a sect which has no real ministry that the catholicity of the Church is to be maintained, but by the preaching of the doctrines of the one true Church everywhere, and by preserving the union of the Church everywhere with its one Supreme Head. This is certainly what Christ inculcated on His Apostles when He made Peter the foundation on which He built the Church, and commanded the Apostles to teach everywhere all things which He had commanded. It is by this commission of Christ that the meaning of the catholicity of the Church is to be determined, and not by the fanciful theories of Low Churchism. Dr. Langtry's view of the nature of the Church, as being one body, instituted by Christ, and not open to admit fanciful opinions and a man-made ministry, is by far more correct than the views of the *Churchman*. But taking Dr. Langtry's views as far as they are correct, the Church of England is surely just as guilty of schism for abandoning the Catholic Church as the non-Conformists were in abandoning her.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

FRANCE is getting ready for the commemoration of the baptism of Clovis. Persons from all quarters of the globe will assist. France is making the ceremony as imposing as possible.

AUREY DE VERE, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, on Cardinal Manning, quotes the following saying of the deceased prelate: "A child's needless tear is a blood-blot on the earth."

It would require a Daniel to know just what Mr. Gladstone wishes Pope Leo XIII. to do concerning Anglican Orders. It has been said of him "that though old he has young ideas," and we believe it.

The *New York Nation* has some very

pointed remarks on the so-called "literary crisis." It protests against puffery, interviewing, the hollow publicity that surround the budding genius. But the fault lies with the genius. Well balanced, and with an appreciation of his gift and its responsibilities, he can withstand the temptations of the crowd. Now and then a star shoots across the literary firmament, and men wonder at its brilliancy; but little by little its splendor wanes and it dies out. We may not assign the cause, but perchance the epitaph on the tomb stone of a lost genius might be: "Dissipation."

ON Wednesday, July 13, the announcement was made in St. Alphonsus' church, Windsor, that the pastor, Rev. Dean Wagner, who went to Germany some months ago for the benefit of his health, was in a dying condition. His Lordship the Bishop of London had received a cablegram to that effect. The news created the most profound grief among the people of Windsor. Father Wagner is one of the most saintly priests in Ontario, and sentiments of the deepest affection were entertained for him among all classes. While there is life there is hope, and sincerely do we pray that the good Dean may yet be able to return and continue his labors in Windsor parish.

It is a sign of the times that the *Boston Daily Standard* has passed into bankruptcy and suspended publication. The *Standard* was the chief organ of the A. P. A. and other so-called patriotic organizations of the United States, but the Americans have no use for such societies, and will not support their papers. It is a good sign, too, that even in Ontario papers of this class are usually in a sickly or half-dying condition. They are always miserably conducted, relying solely on their fecundity in the production of lies, and people usually get tired of them and they succumb to their innate unhealthiness after a few years' precarious existence.

PREPARATIONS for the coming Irish convention are nearly completed. The Gael is going to resuscitate the defunct cause of Home Rule and to show by his obedience that he has acquired the talent to govern. The demon of internal dissension will be banished and once more Irishmen will be in line for Ireland and not for themselves. If the representative Irishmen of Canada and the United States can find no friendly ears to listen to their words of counsel and warning they can at least show that they are opposed to wrangling and squabbling and that the party that endeavors to sacrifice the cause and hopes of the old land on the altar of personal greed and ambition will have no support from them.

WE always like to quote from the works of Bishop Spalding. He is the Catholic Emerson, but with more insight and breadth and clearer and deeper thought than he. He is always suggestive. Now and then an abruptness mars the beauty of the style, but the myriad phrases as sweet in the ears of a scholar as the preludes in the ears of a musician amply compensate this defect, which occurs but rarely. Speaking of the indifference regarding the phenomena of nature, he rebukes it in his eloquent way and then quotes Spencer as follows:

"Sad, indeed, is it to see how men occupy themselves with trivialities and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena—care not to understand the architecture of the heavens—but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary Queen of Scots, are learnedly critical over a Greek ode and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God on the strata of the earth."

THERE is a strong probability that the convention of the Irish race which is to take place in Dublin will have good practical results. All the Irish National parties have signified their approval of the proposed plan to bring about unity, and will send delegates. It is to be hoped that they will honestly accept the conclusions arrived at, and the indications are that this will be the case. The Tories, who have hitherto been flattering themselves that the Home Rule cause is dead, are beginning to recognize that there is still much life in it, and that the problem of autonomy for Ireland is still before them and must be solved. The policy of oppression, which has impoverished the country and expropriated the people, must be atoned for, and the wrongs inflicted on Ireland redressed. The factional contentions among Irishmen have delayed this result, but only for a time. If the unity of the Irish people be secured by the coming convention, the people of England will soon discover that the de-

mand of the Irish nation for justice cannot be indefinitely delayed.

THE Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Union of Christendom bears witness to his burning desire to see before the tomb closes over him but one fold, and it shows plainly and conclusively how this can be effected. He cites Scripture to prove that in the visible society founded by Christ there must necessarily be unity of Faith and that this unity cannot be obtained without a visible head. He proves that Christ placed this visible authority in His Church, not only for the days of Peter but to all time. The only basis of union, therefore, is the recognition of the authority wielded by Leo XIII. as the successor to St. Peter. This will be easy to all men of good-will. The discussion on this question is providential. It will induce those who are seeking the truth to devote some study to it, which may be the means of clearing away misconception and preparing their minds to exercise what St. Paul calls the "rationable obsequium" of faith.

HENRY BOLLA, the defaulting A. P. A. ex-treasurer of Omaha, has at length been brought to task for his deeds. He has been sentenced to a term of nineteen years in the penitentiary and to a fine of \$211,000. The Omaha people are now tired of A. P. A. rule, but their eyes were not opened through dislike of intolerance and fanaticism, but only when their pockets were emptied by the A. P. A. ex-treasurer and his backers in the city council. The citizens brought their trouble upon themselves, and they have well earned the severe lesson they got.

CONGRESSMAN RICHARD BLAND was one of the possible candidates for the Presidency of the United States whose names were prominently before the Democratic Convention at Chicago. He received the largest number of votes on the first and second ballots, and would probably have been the choice of the Convention if the eloquence of Mr. Bryan of Nebraska had not carried it by storm. Some of Mr. Bland's Populist opponents, to injure his prospects in the canvass, said he should not be selected because his wife is a Catholic, and the fact being telegraphed to Mr. Bland, he immediately sent the reply:

"Religion is not the issue. I am a Methodist and have always been one; always will be. If I was half as good as my Catholic wife I would not worry about getting into heaven. This is the sentiment I expressed in a previous emergency, when her religion was criticised. I stand by it now."

This was a scathing rebuke to bigotry for which Mr. Bland deserves the greatest credit, though he did not secure the nomination.

MR. HUGH O'LEARY, of Lindsay, writes a letter to the *Globe* in reference to statements made in that journal to the effect that the Catholic clergy had exerted themselves actively in favor of Conservative candidates in many constituencies, and that, according to a private letter, in one Western constituency 75 per cent. of the Catholic vote had changed to the Conservative party within 48 hours before the election owing to these influences. Mr. O'Leary sends back the shot with telling effect, stating that "Two ministers of the Methodist Church in Mariposa used their pulpits to bring their people to support the Conservative candidate, Dr. Vrooman, in South Victoria, simply because the doctor is a Methodist and his opponent, Mr. George McHugh, the Liberal candidate, a Catholic. Dr. Vrooman told the people 'he belonged to their Church, and he wanted them to vote for him, for he had taught their little ones in the Sunday school and had healed their sick. Therefore they should vote for him and against a Roman Catholic who could go to confession to his priest and get rid of all his obligations and promises to them as a man and a citizen.' It was this religious cry which caused the Protestant Reform Township of Mariposa to give Mr. McHugh the paltry majority of 68, whereas the average Reform majority is 250. Mr. McHugh's statements are much more to the point and more definite than vague assertions made by an anonymous writer from an unknown constituency."

A GRAND LITANY.

Messrs. Whalley, Rogers & Co., Maple Publishers, Toronto, have just published a most beautiful Litany of the Blessed Virgin, in C, composed by Miss Adèle Lemaitre, which must become very popular in our Churches both in Canada and the United States. This Litany is arranged in five parts, and being sung exactly as recited without repetition of words, is entirely free from a faint sobriety, as in the past litanyes ordinarily sung. Adèle's Litany is a most solemn and beautiful litany. The work is dedicated to the Rev. Father Krein, C. S. S. R., the much respected former director of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, with whom, as organizer of the same church, the author was for several years most pleasantly associated.

INDIAN MISSIONS IN THE FAR NORTH.

Notes taken by Mr. A. McGillis, of a sermon delivered in St. Mary's church, Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Sunday, July 22, 1906, by the venerable Father Lacombe, O. M. I., the great Indian missionary.

The Rev. Father took his text from the Epistle of the day 2 Cor. vi., 1-10, "As sorrowful yet always rejoicing"—which he proceeded to illustrate by relating some thrilling reminiscences of his forty-four years of missionary life among the Indians of the Canadian North-West, showing what sorrowful incidents often happen to the devoted missionary, but in the end turn out to be cause for rejoicing. On one occasion while staying at a camp of the Crees, on the great Saskatchewan, about thirty years ago, who were all friendly and Christian, he proposed to visit another camp of Crees about a hundred miles distant, but his friends tried to dissuade him from going by telling him that they would not receive him; that would insult and reject him; their chief, or medicine man, was very hostile to the "black robes," etc.; but he would not be persuaded from his purpose. So, with two faithful attendants, he set out and arrived at the camp, which, on first coming into view, was a grand sight, with herds of Buffalo everywhere about. The tents were pitched in a circle, the diameter of which was about a quarter of a mile. At first he was undecided as to whether he should camp within the area, or on the outside, but finally decided to go inside, which they did and dismounted in the middle of the circle. No one took the slightest notice of them, but went on talking and smoking as if they did not see him. He inquired for the chief, and an old, white-haired man was pointed out. He went to him and asked permission to pitch his tent within the enclosure. The answer he received was, "That is your own business." So the attendants put up the tent and set things in order. It was a lovely afternoon in July, and towards sun-down he went around the circle and spoke to them all, saying he had come from their friends the Crees; that he was one of themselves, as he could speak their language as well as his own, which was a sign of his nationality as an adopted member of their tribe; that he had a great deal to tell them about their friends and others; that he did not come to make them give up their own ways but to tell them about his ways, and asked them to come over to his tent and he would talk and tell them what he had to say. So they all came—men, women and children—and sat down on the grass, the old chief at their head. It is the rule among those Indians that when a man is making a speech or an address he is never interrupted, but listened to attentively as long as he continues his discourse. So he was listened to while he spoke, which was about an hour and a half—just giving them an interesting account of other Cree tribes, then he gradually drifted into his missionary duties, explaining the Christian religion to them and pointing out its advantages over their pagan ways.

At the close of the discourse, which was then about 10 o'clock, the chief got up in a towering passion, and levelled all manner of abuse upon the head of the devoted priest, and, turning to the people, he told them how he had recently crossed the mountains to purchase horses from the Kootenais, whose language he knew well, and while there, their chief, White Eagle, had explained to him how that tribe had gone back to paganism after having been Christians for more than fifty years (having been converted by the Jesuit Fathers). White Eagle had related that he had been sick and the "black robe" came to him and gave him the last rites of the Church and prepared him for death. Then he died, and his spirit arrived at a place where the road divided into two branches—one went to the heaven of the white people, the other to that of the Indians. He was undecided which road to take, but as he had embraced the religion of the white people he chose that road. When he arrived there was great feasting and rejoicing going on—eating and drinking of the best of every thing—but he was met at the door and asked what brought him there. He replied that he had adopted the faith of the white people and wanted to stay there. But they told him to be off, that his skin was not the color of theirs and to go to his own people. So he went to the Indian paradise, but would not be admitted at all. He was told that he had the mark of the white man's religion on his forehead, and to go to them. Being driven away from his own people he went back to the white man's paradise: there God met him in a great rage, asked him how he dared to come there. His voice was like the loudest thunder, and his eyes were like the lightning's flash. White Eagle fell on his face and pleaded that he had been a poor, ignorant Indian—that the missionaries had persuaded him and his people to give up their old ways: that he did so for what he believed to be for the best, and that he was pleasing God in embracing the new religion, and that he should not blame him for doing what he thought was right, and begged forgiveness for what he had done in ignorance. God then told him that in consideration of his ignorance he would restore him to life in order to make his tribe go back to their old pagan ways again. So White Eagle came back to this world, and he and all his tribe left the religion of the "black robes" and went back to their old religion.

"Now," he said, turning to Father Lacombe, "what have you to say? I have given proofs of what I have said; now prove what you have said. Your mouth is now closed, you cannot say anything." Then the people jeered and laughed at the poor priest, and mocked him for what seemed to be his discomfiture.

It being then after midnight the priest told them to retire, that he had no more to say to them just then, so they went to their lodges. Poor Father Lacombe was indeed sorrowful! What was he to do? He could not refute the medicine man's story, for the people could not be made to see the absurdity of it by any means then at his command. He consulted his guides; one of them was well acquainted with the Kootenais and their language; knew where White Eagle's camp was; would he go to the Kootenais and bring White Eagle here, or some one to represent him? The guide hesitated, because he would have to pass through a hostile country where war parties were always on foot, and if he were killed his wife and family would be left unprotected. Father Lacombe guaranteed that they would be attended to in that case. So in the dead silence of the night the faithful Halfbreed stole away from the camp on his long five days' journey across the Rocky Mountains, and it was agreed that he should return and come into camp at the same hour so that the Indians would not know anything about his going or coming. For ten days Father Lacombe and his attendant waited patiently and prayerfully for the return of their companion, the women and children every day laughing and jeering at him, saying, "Your mouth is shut now, you can say no more, the great medicine man you cannot answer."

On the evening of the tenth day the Father was sitting on a knoll some little distance from the camp, when he espied three horsemen descending into a valley in the distance, and recognized one of them as his faithful messenger. But as agreed upon they did not enter the encampment till all the people were asleep. They came in quietly and fell on their knees for the priest's blessing. One was White Eagle's son, the other was White Eagle's brother; and after partaking of refreshments they agreed upon the mode of procedure: the priest was to call the people at dawn to hear his answer to the medicine man, and the two Kootenais were to come upon the scene while he was addressing the people, and he would assume an air of surprise at their sudden appearance, as if he did not know of their presence. At daybreak the priest went round to all the lodges and called the people to his tent to hear his answer to their chief. They all flocked—some half dressed—to the appointed place, and he began to address them, saying that he had really appear to be unable to give an answer to their white-haired old man, but as God worked in His own way and in His own time, he was now able to refute the absurdities he had heard. At this time the two strangers stepped up and were recognized by their dress and features as Kootenais by many of those present, who cried out, "Kootenais!" "Kootenais!" The Father turned to the men and asked, through the interpreter, who they were and where they came from. One replied, "I am the son of the great chief of the Kootenais, White Eagle," the other said, "I am White Eagle's brother." Well, said the priest, you will be able to tell us whether the story told by that white-haired old man is true or not—relating the incident of the death and resurrection of White Eagle. The brother of White Eagle then made a masterly speech, relating how his people had embraced Christianity many years before; how happy they had been since, and that his brother, White Eagle, not only had not died as related by that white-haired liar—pointing to the medicine man—but he has not even been sick, and is even now alive and well. He then exhorted the people to forsake their pagan ways and embrace the teachings of the "Black robes." The son also spoke to the same effect.

As soon as the addresses were finished the people embraced the missionary and told him to take their children and baptize them, and to stay with them as long as he wanted to. The good Father handed round the Calumet—the great seal and emblem of peace and goodwill—and he had the happiness afterwards of seeing that hostile camp which had been the abiding place of the devil become followers and faithful children of the only true God; and although he was sorrowful when he came among them, he went away rejoicing and marveling at the mysterious ways of Divine Providence.

WHAT LAYMEN CAN DO.

EL Catholic Record—Dear Sir—As Sec. of the St. Mary's branch (Toronto), of the Catholic Truth Society, I would be recurrent to my duty if I did not make some explanation to "L. K." whose very interesting communication appeared in your issue of the 14th inst. He mentions that several of our correspondents, whilst advocating the dissemination of Catholic literature amongst our non-Catholic friends and neighbors, have not drawn attention to the publications which we have for sale. This may be quite correct, but because of the kindness of the CATHOLIC RECORD, through its columns we have been enabled during the past few months to send quite a number of our publications all over this Dominion and I have it in my right to mention that the RECORD has never failed to advance the interests of our society. For the benefit of those interested I might say that we have for sale the following: "Faith of our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons (150 pp.), price 50c; "Catholic Belief," by Father Bruen (160 pp.), price 50c; "Plain Facts for Fair Minds," by Father Seale (300 pp.), price 15c; and an endless variety of devotional, controversial and biographical pamphlets, ranging from 3c. to 5c. each. We also have a variety of tracts, two to four pages—controversial, most of them—such as "What do Catholics Believe?" It is true the Bible was closed, etc., etc.—price 10c per hundred. The Catholic who has the missionary spirit will find that one or two dollars invested in our literature will yield him not only profitable knowledge but be a means of conveying to his non-Catholic neighbor the information that has been so gladly received by thousands of Protestants who have been in consequence brought into the Church. The prices mentioned above

include postage, and this branch is only too glad of any opportunity to disseminate Catholic truth. Address all communications to W. E. Blake, Sec. C. T. S., 66 Augusta Ave., Toronto.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

To the Editor—When I closed the last letter His Lordship was to leave for the next Indian mission. It was by land to South Bay, by way of Wikwemikonging. I will not attempt to describe the journey—it was too rough. Such roads, such huge rocks I never drove over. It was Monday morning; the rain fell slowly, but in spite of all this the Indians were in good numbers. The buggy had been prepared some time previous, canopied and decorated with all the shawls and the good taste of which the Indian is capable. The driver was a July 2nd fellow, but too easily led. He allowed his neighbor to send us on a new road—that is to say over an open space in the wood where the stumps were cut back of low. However he managed a team well, and landed us safe at Wikwemikonging. We were met by the whole populace, and received with military honors. High Mass was immediately sung by one of the most active and I am sure one of the ablest missionary priests in the world—eighty-six years of age and fifty-four years of missionary life. Then followed the confirmation of eight children.

Here we changed horses to continue our journey to South Bay. The change of horses by no means made the journey easier. But to make bad worse, when leaving the village I was presented with a flag by the chief, a big, burly fellow whom, notwithstanding my unwillingness to hear it, I dare not refuse. We were followed by the *chefs* of the village to South Bay, where we arrived late in the afternoon. While the children were examined and pre-acted, the two villages organized a foot ball match. The game was interesting and well played even scientifically. After the Mass and confirmation of twenty-three children a school meeting was held, our steps over the much-dreaded road to Wikwemikonging.

The next morning we set out by boat to West Bay. Sailing north we rounded Lennox Pt., west of Burnt Island, through the O'Connor pass, escaping Casey Island; then south by west passing Goat Island, Strawberry Island and Little Current to West Bay. What fun it is to ride on board of the *Santa Maria*! It is the personal property of the Rev. Father Paulin, S. J., and suitably named after the great *Santa Maria*. It is the only Indian of Manitoulin as the *Santa Maria* was to the *Carib*. It brings the glad tidings of Christ crucified to these poor and much degraded Indians.

We arrived at West Bay early in the evening on Wednesday. His Lordship gave confirmation to twenty-two children the following day, after which we set out for Shishicaming. This is a desolate, crambled village, the most backward of all the missions. Here His Lordship again gave confirmation on Friday morning and immediately set sail for Algoma, to catch the train for Garden River. Garden River is among the best, if not the best, of the Indian missions. It is a town of five or six hundred inhabitants, and nicely situated on the banks of the Garden River. It possesses a high school, a school where it is hoped will bring the children to some knowledge of the nineteenth century; although it is extremely difficult to get a school to flourish with success. Indian children. They need the discipline of a boarding school to rid them of their rude and crude habits and to instill in them habits of foresight and industry.

After High Mass on Sunday forty children were confirmed who were carefully prepared by their zealous pastor, Father Arns. Then His Lordship took the train to South Bay, where he left me till he would return from the North Shore missions. So you will permit me to say a word on the 8th as I have found it. I would say first that after a storm comes a calm. The *Carib* just concluded their demonstrations on Monday. What a difference in the air of *Santa Maria* this week and last! Last week the venting of fire, the beating of drums, the clanging of bells, the tramp of feet hurrying on to do honor to the celebration of the Battle of the Bayne, disturbed the air and brought into the town that turmoil which is so contrary to the reign of God. But on the contrary this week, that peace which suffices in us the reign of God; that peace which disposes us for divine communications; that peace which is so necessary to discern the movements of God; that peace which is a strong aid against temptations; that peace which we know ourselves in a word that true interior peace which is so necessary to all returns to *Santa Maria*. Truly one who has been in the town the closing part of last week, and compare it with the closing of this, can say to the people: God visits this week, the devil fast. Why is this? Because it is the week of First Communion and confirmation for the children and adults. The children, possessing that peace which I spoke of above and full of that joy which is good and laudable, which is so necessary and useful to man—that joy which God wishes us to have and the saints possess—approached the Holy Table and received the important sacrament of confirmation.

His Lordship begins from here his return tour, visiting missions on his way home, where he will arrive early in August. Assist.

OUR SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

As the results of the school examinations throughout the Province are being made known we are deluged with reasons for being proud of our separate schools. From all quarters comes abundant evidence of progress, and well may the Catholic parents of this province rejoice that they are in possession of schools in which, besides obtaining a training in the doctrines and practices of their religion, their children are enabled to take a position equal, and in many cases superior, to the position taken by the children from the much-boasted Public schools, in all the branches of secular education.

Our latest report comes from the Pembroke Separate school, which is under the principalship of our genial friend, Mr. F. E. Goodwin, who is ably assisted by three female teachers in the boys' department and five Grey Nuns who attend to the girls with great care and ability. From this school there were twenty pupils who tried the high school entrance examination at Pembroke, thirteen of whom were boys and seven girls, of this number ten boys and four girls succeeded in passing most creditable examinations, showing that 70 per cent. of the candidates were successful.

The Catholics of Pembroke are justly proud of their school and are anxious that in course of time it shall take a position second to none in the province. They feel that the school is in the hands of honest, conscientious and capable workers who will obtain the best results possible from several hundred bright and intelligent boys and girls.

It remains for us to commend the good work already done and we earnestly hope to see the ambition of the Catholics of Pembroke gratified by having their school figure in the top notch of the schools of the Province. Being assured that the present harmony and enthusiasm on the part of both teachers and parents will continue to prevail, we have no hesitation in stating that the institution will make steady advance till the goal of ambition is reached.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every moment of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow!—Thomas Hardy.

The Congress, held in Rheims, by the Catholic Young Men, was a most brilliant gathering. The distinguished Catholic orator, Monsignor d'Huist, Monsieur Jacquier, Monsieur d'Ann, were particularly eloquent, and their addresses were warmly applauded.