

GLIMPSSES OF CANADA AND ITS SUPERB SCENERY ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. One of the many desires of my life was this summer gratified by a most delightful trip through the Thousand Islands, down the beautiful St. Lawrence, a visit to some of the lower Canadian cities and a sail up the Saguenay river.

The party of which I was one consisted of four, three residents of Upper Canada and myself from the States. Our object was to cast aside the cares of busy, city life and enjoy for a while that perfect rest to be had only by excluding from one's mind the happenings of the social world.

We left Toronto on Friday afternoon, August 10, on board the "Passport," and the remainder of that day was passed uneventfully on deck enjoying the cool breezes of Lake Ontario, so refreshing after July's almost unbearable weather.

The next morning on looking out of my state room window I discovered that we were in among the Thousand Islands on the clear waters of the St. Lawrence, and hastened down to breakfast so as to get on deck early and not miss any of the charming scenery. Indeed it well deserves the highest terms of praise, for one could really fancy himself in fairyland, so picturesque are the surroundings.

Towards noon the captain told us to be on the lookout for the Rapids, and the first one, or Blue Rapids, was reached just as we were eating dinner. He was a personal acquaintance of one of our party (Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Ontario), and so very kindly allowed us to go on the upper deck the rest of the afternoon while we went down the Long Sault, Coteau, Split Rock, Cedar and Cascade Rapids, much to the envy of the rest on board, as this was quite a privilege.

The most exciting of these was the Long Sault, where the boat rocked like a cradle. There was a space of about two hours after leaving the Cascade Rapid before we would reach the Lachine, during which time the Captain pointed out to us all the places of interest to be seen. For a long while we were bordered on one side by New York State and on the other by Canada; but later left New York behind and were entirely in Canada.

Greatly to our disappointment, when nearing the Lachine Rapids it was announced that the water had been very shallow there for a few days previous, and as the rocks were considerably exposed, it would be unsafe for the boat to shoot these. Therefore on arriving at Lachine, late in the afternoon, all were transferred to a train in waiting and reached Montreal that evening just in time to make connection with another steamer for Quebec. We did not remain over there going down, but left that for the return trip.

Our second night on water going from Montreal to Quebec was extremely pleasant. As the boat left the wharf the lights of the city appeared like so many stars, growing fainter and fainter as we glided away, until at last they were lost in the distance. We sat out on deck quite late listening to enchanting music furnished by an orchestra inside, and when it had ceased, retired to our apartments and were soon in the land of nod.

Sunday morning brought us into Quebec, where we were greeted by a throng of hack men yelling at the top of their voices, and each trying to secure passengers for his vehicle. We were soon safely landed in a carriage and driven to the Chateau Frontenac, which is the best hotel there, and located on Dufferin Terrace, overlooking and commanding an excellent view of the river. High Mass was attended at the Basilica, a large French church elaborately decorated on the interior with white and gold; and the services were all in French.

British at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775—in fact everything of interest there. It was our good fortune during our stay in Quebec to see six British men of war enter the harbor and anchor a short distance from shore.

Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a little village about forty-five minutes ride from Quebec, was the next place visited. There is to be found the Shrine of Ste. Anne, where so many miraculous cures have been and continue to be effected. No miracle, however, happened in our presence, but we saw crutches and canes without number, besides several valuable gifts, such as gold hearts, articles of jewelry, etc., left by those who had been cured, as tokens of gratitude; also costly vestments made and donated by Queen Anne of Austria.

The church containing the Shrine is a very handsome one inside. Its floor is of marble, and the walls are beautifully painted, and it has fourteen chapels, seven on each side, where Mass can be celebrated. It is no uncommon occurrence for three or four Masses to be going on there at the one time. The main altar is of white marble, richly carved, and cost eighteen thousand dollars.

On the sides of it were placed pots of rare white and purple flowers, called the Cathedral Bell, forming an arch, and the effect was very pretty. We were told that slips of the flower had often been taken away and planted by visitors, but would not thrive in any other place than Ste. Anne. Their choir is composed entirely of male voices, and I was very much impressed with the singing of those Frenchmen, so rich was the tone. By the way I should have stated that the majority of the people in Lower Canada are French, and if one of our party had not been thoroughly familiar with the language, I don't know what we should have done.

After hearing Mass, said by Bishop Dowling, praying at the Shrine and kissing the relics of the saint, we looked about in search of more objects of interest besides those contained in the church. A very old and much smaller church, and the one that formerly held the Shrine, still stands and is diagonally across from the other. A short distance from it is a model of the "Scala Sancta," or Holy Stairs, in Rome ascended by our Lord to be judged by Pontius Pilate. This stairs, twenty-eight in number, is never ascended except on the knees, and being told that we would gain a great indulgence by doing this, we climbed up stair after stair on our knees, saying a prayer on each, and finally completed our task. We then purchased a few souvenirs and got some of the water from the natural spring to bring home with us,—which completed our day there.

After leaving Ste. Anne we sailed still farther down the St. Lawrence to Murray Bay, where the water is quite salt, being mingled with that of the ocean. The chief sports of the summer resort are meeting the boats as they land every day, bathing and driving. It is very hilly there, and they have the most peculiar, high, little carts called caïches, specially adapted for driving in such a place. These are drawn by French-Canadian ponies, well accustomed to the hills.

A week at Murray Bay was quite sufficient; and hearing a great deal about the scenery of the Saguenay River, and being desirous of seeing it, we set out again in that direction. In order to reach this river it was necessary to go still farther north on the St. Lawrence along the coast of Maine as far as Tadoussac before branching off. Immediately on entering the Saguenay our gaze was met with jagged rocks and mountains of tremendous height, and the cold was so severe that it became necessary for all on board to wrap themselves in blankets. I imagine we must have resembled Indians anywhere. The most interesting things up in that wilderness to me were Capes Trinity and Eternity. The former has three rocks, representing the Three Divine Persons, from which it derived its name, and is eighteen hundred feet high. On top of one rock is a statue of the Blessed Virgin and on another a cross; both presumably erected by some Catholic explorer. It was very consoling to think that though in a very remote spot, yet Christianity was not forgotten, and that we were watched over by the Mother of God. Cape Eternity is only a short distance from the other, and is two thousand feet high. After going as far north as Chicoutimi the boat turned around and we retraced our steps to the St. Lawrence again, stopping over at Tadoussac and Riviere du Loup for a few hours. At Tadoussac we saw a church two hundred and forty-seven years old; and purchased some fancy baskets from the Indians at Riviere du Loup.

Montreal was at last reached on the return trip, and as our stay there was limited to five hours in order to make connection with another boat for Toronto, we hired a carriage and drove around to see as much as possible in that time. The churches and a view of the city from the mountain seem to be the main attractions to visitors, so we also followed suit. St. Peter's, the Notre Dame, St. Patrick's and Jesuit churches were inspected. The first mentioned has been building for the last thirty years and is a fac-simile, except as to size, of St. Peter's in Rome. Its seating capacity is only about ten thousand, while the one in Rome is said to contain one hundred thousand people. The altar is situated under the dome, and is so placed that a priest can say Mass on either side of it. There are

pews in front, behind, and on both sides of the altar. Up in the dome, written in Latin, are the words, "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The Notre Dame is a very fine, large French church, and although very old is well preserved. There is a chapel at the rear of the same which is a perfect little gem. On the walls are beautifully painted scenes in the time of our Lord on earth, such as "The Changing of the Water Into Wine at the Wedding of Cana," etc.; and over the altar is a magnificent representation of the Transfiguration. After seeing the churches and viewing the city from the mountain for a while the time for leaving had arrived and we were soon aboard the "Algerian," sailing back in the direction of Toronto. Going through the locks was slow and tiresome work, and it seemed as though we would never come to the end of them. The return trip would have been pleasant enough if it were not for an accident occurring. At Brockville the shaft broke and all were transferred to cars for their destinations; and we were soon back at "Home, Sweet Home."

I must not neglect to mention that the weather was exceptionally pleasant all through, and that the folk met while away were very agreeable. A great many of the same crowd who were with us on the "Passport" were also with us away up on the Saguenay River. Well everything must have an end, and so, after two weeks of enjoyment, did our trip; but it will ever be to me a bright page in life's history. MAUD COLEMAN.

A DUKE'S BROTHER.

Remarkable Story of an English Convert Who Maintains a Charity School in Kentucky.

A correspondent of the Church Progress writing from Louisville, Ky., tells a remarkable story of the benefactions of a wealthy Englishman, a brother of the Duke of Beaufort, who for ten months has lived with the Trappist monks at Getsemane, near Bardstown. Three years ago, so the story runs, the ten years' old son of Darnley Beaufort, died in the magnificent ancestral home of the family in the north of England. The little fellow was heir to a fortune equal to a quarter of a million dollars, and in dying besought his father, who had nursed him tenderly through a long illness, to go out and distribute his wealth "to the poor little boys of the world."

Two eyes closed upon the world, and a noble little soul had taken its flight. This was the second sorrow that had saddened the elder Darnley Beaufort. His wife was a member of the Church of England, and when he became a convert to catholicity their paths in life parted. When the little Darnley Beaufort died his father's heart was almost broken. The body had not long been cold in the grave when steps were taken to make effective his last request. The estates of father and son were in England, France and Ireland. They were yielding large revenues, and Mr. Beaufort placed them so that they would not be wasted by his absence. In a few months he was on board a ship coming to this country. Two years ago he landed in New York, remaining there until about ten months ago. The Trappist monastery of Getsemane offered a field in which to begin his labors. Soon he was on the way to Nelson county, Ky. Having an education of a superior order he was

ZOLA TO BE PROSECUTED.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Catholic Times, writing under date of Sept. 11, says: A criminal action for libel has been brought against the author of "Lourdes" by M. Bourgeois, the contractor who built the great votive church at the famous sanctuary. The newspaper Gil Blas is also included in the summons for having published the libel in its columns. The case will be heard before the Ninth Correctional Chamber of the Seine on October 24 next. M. Zola has already been shown to have been strikingly inaccurate in many passages of his book, but when he stated that the contractors who built the Church of the Rosary were thieves he somewhat overstepped the mark, as he will probably find to his cost. M. Bourgeois is indignant and declares that the novelist has injured him, both in character and business. M. Zola, who has been interviewed on the subject, says he had no malicious motives in what he wrote, and that in fact he had never heard of M. Bourgeois. If he has given offence, he regrets it very much. But this is all very well. M. Zola seems to think everything is allowable to a writer of fiction. "Lourdes" professes to be something more than a mere romance. Its subject is a luminous fact in the supernatural order, and M. Zola pledged himself to relate the facts in simple truth. Instead of which the story of Bernadette and of Lourdes is turned into a mastery caricature, repulsive to Catholics and attractive only to those who scoff at the manifestations of God to His creatures. Father Marie Antoine, the celebrated Capuchin missionary in the south of France, referred to Zola and his book some days ago in the following language: "Sights capable of melting the rocks into tenderness M. Zola alone has failed to understand. He has sunk into the mire of mud and money. Woe to him who comes to Lourdes without seeking the Lord. I said to Zola one day, close to the grotto, beware of rejecting the grace that is given you; Lourdes is a vision of heaven. There the eye sees what man has never seen, the ear hears what man has never heard, and the heart feels what man has never felt. To come to Lourdes is a grace unto salvation. Take care that this grace does not turn into your own destruction. The rock of Lourdes is one that smites if it does not sanctify. Now is the time for you to rise or to fall. But alas! the unhappy man failed to understand, and he sold himself to the Gil Blas newspaper. Woe, thrice woe, to him who sells his pen to Satan and to men!" These are portentous words, but the curious thing about it all is that no one better than Zola realizes the weighty responsibility of public penmanship. The only occasion I ever met him was at a press banquet here about a year ago. His manner was quiet, reserved, almost gentle, and very thoughtful. He struck me as a person of melancholy temperament. His speech was not long, and the one point he insisted upon was the right use of the power wielded by the press. I remember one sentence: "Gentlemen of the foreign press, you are but a few individuals sitting round this table, but remember the tremendous power which is in your hands. Combined together, you could break the peace of Europe; you could make and unmake nations; you could form public opinion on any subject. Think then how important it is to realize the heavy responsibility which rests upon you of discharging your duty faithfully and conscientiously."

PLACED AT THE HEAD OF THE TRAPPIST SCHOOL. As soon as he had become acquainted he built a large house on a hill near Getsemane and called it Mr. Olivet school; though the people of Nelson county call it the "Charity school." At the beginning of this session one hundred and twenty-four children, the little sons and daughters of poor parents, were enrolled as pupils. Mr. Beaufort pays every expense. Their tuition is free, their meals are given them, and when little Johnny wears a hole in his trousers Mr. Beaufort replaces the garment. When little Mary's bonnet is old and her shoe is torn, it is to Mr. Beaufort that she looks for assistance. The expense of conducting the school is very heavy. It does not bring him one cent of income, and then, besides supporting one hundred and twenty-four children, he otherwise dispenses charity with a lavish hand. The surplus of the large annuity is re-invested, so that his fortune is constantly increasing.

Mr. Beaufort says that nothing could have induced him to give up the home of his nativity, the pleasures that a large fortune and social standing could bring, and, in fact, nearly everything that the world offers, but the dying request of his boy, with the addition of one other circumstance—the scandal in which his family became involved. He told a reporter he was

A BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, one of the best known sporting men in England. Several years ago the duke gained world-wide notoriety by being involved in the Cleveland street scandals in London with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and others. The Duke of Beaufort is a prominent turfman.

Mr. Beaufort is a man not only of striking appearance, but his sole object in life seems to be to make himself agreeable to everybody. He is fond of sports, and nothing seems to delight him more than to watch his one hundred and twenty-four little charges at play. Even on very warm days he wears a heavy white sweater, such as foot-ball players use. Though living in the country, his feet are usually incased in bright patent leather shoes, and these, with the nobby rough English cloth of which his clothes are made, and a handsome light overcoat, give him the appearance of a "swell."

Altogether, the people of Nelson county are very proud that they have such a man in their midst. Were you to travel from one end of the county to the other you would never hear words other than of the deepest respect and kindness spoken of the man who, with estates in England, France and Ireland valued at half a million, or perhaps more, is

BURYING HIMSELF FROM THE WORLD and worldly pleasures in order "to help poor little boys who have nothing." Though a few, very few, persons take advantage of the rich Englishman's kindness of heart and designedly meet him on the roadside as he drives from Getsemane to Bardstown or some other place, he often slips a dollar, or sometimes five times that much, into the beggar's hand and drives on without a question. But he is a shrewd man, and, of course, would not let imposters go too far. The poor shoemakers of the neighborhood are furnished with their leather by Mr. Beaufort, and many an indigent farmer is given the implements with which to till the soil and harvest its products. A short time ago Mr. Beaufort was riding in his buggy from Bardstown to Getsemane. On the road he met one of the boys of his school staggering like a confirmed inebriate. He reproved the lad, and was rewarded with an attack of abuse and profanity. Under this provocation Beaufort gave

the little ruffian a gentle thrashing. The boy then went home and told his father. In a few days suit was brought against Mr. Beaufort for \$1,000 damages.

The case came to trial last week. Mr. Beaufort was not alone when he entered the court-room. A neatly-dressed man, with a short grey beard sat at his side during the trial and acted as the attorney for the defence. He was a stranger, and there was manifest surprise in the able manner in which he conducted the case. "Who is the little man?" was asked here and there through the crowd. "Never saw him before," was the reply; but no one doubted that the stranger was

A LAWYER OF UNCOMMON ABILITY. No one had seen him come in on the train, so the question was, how did he get there? When the suit was brought against Mr. Beaufort it became quickly known in the Trappist Monastery, and among those there was Father Matthew. As soon as he heard of Mr. Beaufort's trouble he volunteered to defend him in court. Father Matthew had been a monk for two or three years. Previous to that time he was a lawyer of Louisiana, practicing a great deal in the courts of New Orleans and Vicksburg. His worldly name was Matthew Goodwin. Mr. Beaufort was glad to receive his services, and thus the monk left his profession to return for a few hours to the family which he had abandoned.

There was a dozen or more witnesses, and even the relatives of the plaintiff, including his aunt, testified to the many kind acts of Mr. Beaufort, upholding him in the thrashing he gave the boy. But there was no getting round the strict letter of the law, so the jury was bound to grant some damages. When the verdict was returned it found the defendant guilty and gave the plaintiff one cent damages. But Mr. Beaufort will continue to feed, clothe and educate the TEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF HIS DEFEATED ADVERSARY.

When the trial was over last Saturday Mr. E. E. McKay, the well-known Bardstown lawyer, invited Father Matthew and Mr. Beaufort to dine with his family at his elegant residence, a short distance from town. It is nothing more than natural that the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. McKay, their two handsome daughters and son were greatly surprised to find the Trappist monk the life of the crowd. He proved to be a humorist and a talker such as is not met with every day. He is thoroughly educated and the lawyers at the Bardstown bar (who are certainly good ones) have learned a thing or two. Father Matthew told Mr. McKay that the charity school cost Mr. Beaufort from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year including, of course, his gifts to the children. The total amount of his charity each year is said to be \$12,000 or more. Through closely identified with the monastery he has never become a member of the order.

Catholic Missions.

The Rev. Mr. Knox, Presbyterian missionary in Corea and Japan, has contributed to a non-Catholic paper two remarkable articles on the Catholic missions in those far lands. He tells how the Jesuits entered the country a century ago, and after reaping large harvests of souls were cruelly put to death with their native converts, not one of whom quailed before the executioner's sword. Men, women and children were mercilessly but vainly tortured in the hope of inducing them to abjure the Faith—a circumstance which has elicited from this fair-minded Presbyterian divine another addition to the many testimonials to Catholic missionary zeal.

"It is not surprising that the heroic missionaries of the Roman Church win the plaudits of on-lookers who are not impressed by the pleasant home life, with wife and children and abundant comforts, of the Protestant missionary. However out of sympathy with the dogmas of the Roman Church, their poverty, endurance, patience and suffering excite the admiration of us all. Every thoughtful missionary is forced to ask himself whether the Reformation did not go too far; whether the priestly, monastic, militant types are not, after all, more in accord with the missionary spirit."

The Protestant secession unquestionably went too far when it cut itself loose from Catholic unity and from the life-giving and strengthening sacraments of the Church, without which the "priestly, monastic and militant types" would be an impossible dream.—Ave Maria.

If we would keep our faith pure we must study its holy truths.

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