

# Northwest Review

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## CURRENT COMMENT

One delectable feature of Henderson's Winnipeg Directory, that unique collection of errors and deficiencies, is the absence of any indication as to the whereabouts of blocks or chambers. You look up a man and find after his name nothing but Sanford Block. The Directory has no list of blocks. Neither Waghorn nor Stovel give Sanford in their list of blocks. What are you to do? Agitate for a better directory.

Broadway east is to be closed. Last Friday the City Council sold it to the Canadian Northern Railway Company for \$30,100, while the same wise council charged Mr. Eaton \$15,500 for closing up some useless lanes. The contrast between the sacrifice of a property worth several hundred thousand dollars and the Timothy Eaton "hold up" for lanes that become useless as soon as the property they traverse is vested in one concern reminds the Tribune of a policeman "allowing the real disturbers of the peace to escape whilst he contents himself with arresting the dog." The Free Press says editorially: "No amount of money can really compensate the city for the permanent closing of such a highway as Broadway east. It will take but a few years to make it quite plain to the public that in wiping this street off the map the city has done itself a very serious injury."

The Tablet, of July 9, commenting upon the House of Lords' refusal to take even the preliminary steps for securing a modification of the terms of the Royal Declaration, says: "We suggest to our Canadian fellow-subjects that it is about time that the protest were renewed, and this time in terms which will compel attention. The outrage affects the Catholics of Canada even more than the Catholics of the United Kingdom—inasmuch as the Catholic population is proportionately greater there than here." This is one of those cases which would soon "compel attention" if it were in the hands of a Catholic Centre Party; but so long as we are ruled by men who are Liberals or Conservatives first, and Catholics afterwards, we have little hope of redress. Party discipline kills all noble initiative.

In the course of the debate on this question in the House of Lords the Bishop of Bristol, while sympathizing "heartily with the noble Duke (of Norfolk) and all of his Communion in the House," and expressing the pleasure it would give him "if in the ripeness of time their lordships could join in getting rid of the objectionable words in the Declaration," still, "as a Bishop and priest of the Church of England," he bitterly resented being "told by the spiritual sovereign of that Communion" (the Catholic Church) "that his orders were invalid, that the members of the Church of England had not been rightly confirmed nor had even received the Holy Eucharist, and from the Sovereign downwards they were all excommunicate. He said that his whole soul revolted against that most terrible statement as being as insulting to him as anything complained of by the noble Duke could be insulting to the members of his faith." The Bishop went so far as to read a phrase printed in a London newspaper at the time of, and in reference to the death of Archbishop Benson, who was therein described as "an old heretic, absolutely hung round with a catena of interdicts, and excommunications, whose sole

hope of salvation rests upon miraculous and invincible ignorance of God's truth." Evidently the Bishop was hit hard. Nothing stings like the unvarnished truth. But there is no similarity at all between the two cases. The Pope never says these solemn things unless he is asked, he does not charge the Emperor of Austria, or the King of Spain to say them when he is crowned; in other words the Holy Father does not wantonly wound Protestants, as the King of England is obliged to wound Catholics. As to that London newspaper, its irresponsibility is sufficiently attested by the fact that the Bishop of Bristol did not even mention its name, but simply said that "he apologized for reading such a sentence from the gutter press of the times."

The Paris "Croix," of July 10, has an interesting interview with Mgr. Magabure, coadjutor of Mgr. Osouf, Archbishop of Tokio. Mgr. Magabure, who is a native of the Basque provinces of France, speaks enthusiastically of the Japanese character. Their patriotism is extraordinary and yet the country remains perfectly calm and quiet. The present struggle is for the whole people a national war. They are ready to sacrifice everything to free their fatherland from the consequences of the treaty of Simonoski. Catholics have complete liberty in Japan. Even the public schools observe a sincere neutrality in religious matters. The chief instrument of Catholic propagandism is the public lecture. A Christian lecture is advertised in the papers, and non-Christian Japanese flock to hear the proofs of the existence of God, of the Spirituality and immortality of the soul. These lectures are often enlivened by magic lantern scenes from the Old and New Testament explained by a catechist. The audience eagerly gazes and listens from eight to eleven at night. Then tracts and booklets carry on the good work, and conversions follow. There are now 70,000 Catholics in Japan. Quite recently the Catholics of Tokio, to the number of about one thousand, might have been seen accompanying the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession through the streets of the capital. It is probable that the Catholics at present in Japan outnumber all the sects taken together, although there are only 110 Catholic missionaries as compared with over a thousand Protestant ones.

Rumors have been rife of late in the newspaper cablegrams to the effect that Cardinal Merry del Val would have to resign because his firm stand towards the French Government was displeasing to his fellow Cardinals. These rumors, which are invariably contradicted by Papal organs the next day, originate very probably in the fertile brains of the anti-Catholic press, which pursues the Papal Secretary of State with especial hatred simply because he is a fearless and faithful servant of the Pope. There is not the slightest danger of the Holy Father spitting himself by dismissing one who merely voices the mind of the Holy See.

Some twenty years ago the Montreal "Etendard," an independent Catholic daily, whose place has unfortunately never been filled, aroused the indignation of many ignorant American Catholics by stating that, were it not for the tremendous leakage in the Catholic body, there would then have been 25 million Catholics in the United States. Now that statistics are more carefully studied, this once apparently exaggerated figure is found to be too small. Bishop McFaul, a patriotic American, said recently, with no one to contradict

him: "If all the descendants of our Catholic forefathers had remained true to their faith there would be more than 40 million Catholics in the United States today, instead of 15 millions."

Anent a remarkable gathering of Catholic educators which we notice more fully on our editorial page, the Western Watchman says:

The success of the late Conference of the Catholic Colleges, Seminaries, and Schools which was held in this city last week was largely due to the hearty and wholesome co-operation of the Jesuits. There was a full representation from their colleges, and their co-operation consisted of most of the hard work and all the expenses. The whole Conference were the guests of the St. Louis university during the three days of their stay, and when the honors were passed around they "passed." The notable feature of the gathering was the marked respect and good will shown to the Catholic University and its rector. This is as it should be.

Another paragraph in the same journal shows how the highly commendable custom of endowing Catholic Colleges is spreading among our American brethren. Wealthy Catholics can make no better use of that surplus which they are in charity bound to use for the good of others.

Father Rogers and the St. Louis University will have to look to their laurels. Father Dowling and Creighton are running them a very close race for university honors. The latter has had a fine medical college for some time, and next September will open its law department in a college specially fitted up and presented to the Creighton University by Count Creighton. Omaha cannot compare with St. Louis as an educational centre, but Omaha and Father Dowling and Count Creighton make a very formidable array of brilliant administrative ability and solid financial strength.

It may be as well to add that the munificent gifts of the Creighton family to the Society of Jesus have earned for them an order from the General of the Society that each of its priests should say three Masses for these princely benefactors, which totals up about eighteen thousand Holy Sacrifices celebrated in every part of the globe.

Our thoughtful contemporary, "The Catholic Columbian," drops this excellent hint, most timely just now:

Don't forget that father needs a vacation more than anyone else, and mother needs it next. The young folks who do not yet earn their own living, can, as a rule, get all the rest they require by going to bed early and getting up late. Give the parents the first chance.

On a subject which we have already had occasion to broach, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester says: "Eventually every one of the fraternal organizations, offering their members insurance on a basis of assessment too low to be just, will be compelled by state enactment to raise the price, or go out of business. The sooner the better. Many are learning this lesson late in the day after sad experience."

Next week is what we have repeatedly called in these columns "Founders' week," so far as the Church's calendar is concerned. The week opens with St. Ignatius Loyola, the truest and greatest reformer the world has ever seen. When he ventured to institute an order that had no habit and no

vocal prayers in common, but that rested its whole strength on meditation and the interior life, the old fogies of the time were profoundly shocked, and even now none of the many congregations that have since imitated the constitutions of the society have dared to go so far in the way of purely interior religion and absence of outward forms. Then on Tuesday we have the feast of St. Alphonsus Liguori, the most popular of all moral theologians, the destroyer of Jansenism, the founder of the Redemptorists, one of the most fervent and successful orders in the Church. On Thursday comes St. Dominic, founder of the great order of Friars Preacher which, laboring hand in hand with the Sons of St. Francis, adjourned for three hundred years the unjustifiable religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Finally the Octave of St. Ignatius' feast, the following Sunday, August 7, recalls the memory of St. Cajetan, the Founder of the Order of Regular Clerks, that is true religious practising the perfection of evangelical poverty even more thoroughly than the Franciscans, yet wearing the common clerical dress and outwardly leading the life of pious parish priests. Ignatius and Cajetan were contemporaries, friends and co-workers in the true reformation, the Catholic revival, of the sixteenth century. Liguori is comparatively modern; he died in 1757. Dominic belongs to the beginning of the thirteenth century which he and his brethren peopled with saints.

On Wednesday evening the Dominion Educational Association witnessed a clash of minds which was as interesting as it was academic. A full report of this remarkable meeting will appear in our next. Meanwhile, we shall merely say that Prof. Locke, dean of the school of education of Chicago University, opened the ball with a farrago of unproved assumptions that give a poor idea of that university's achievements; that Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick pleaded most pathetically for national religious education and bewailed the difficulty of the problem; and that Father Drummond's paper on "First Principles in Education" turned the tables on Professor Locke by showing that the newest theories in education are not necessarily the best, that the mania for making study easy paralyzes the strength of the will, and that independent morality, that is, morality without an Almighty and just God, is ineffectual against the great temptations of life.

## Persons and Facts

In many of the comments upon the results of the Belgian elections it has been assumed that the Catholics have suffered something of a check. In reality they have strengthened their position. For this reason—that though they have lost a few seats their total poll has been higher than it was in 1900, and the true losers have been their only formidable opponents the Socialists. The Liberals have had some gains, but at the expense of the Socialists, who have come out of the political fray with seven seats less than they had when they entered it. There has been a considerable falling off in the Socialist vote almost in every district.

Wednesday being the first anniversary of Pope Leo's death, a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cleveland Cathedral, Rev. Dr. Farrell officiating. Fathers Fahy and Duffy assisted, and Bishop Horstmann was present in the sanctuary.

The Canada Gazette records the appointment of Edward O'Connor, Esq., barrister, to be Surrogate Judge in Admiralty of the Exchequer Court for the Provisional District of Algoma.

The recent census of India shows that 75 per cent. of the Christian natives of that country are Catholics.

An enterprising journalist of Berlin is about to issue the cheapest newspaper in the world. It will be sold at one piennig—a quarter of one cent—per copy.

Last Sunday's weather report shows that on that day Medicine Hat was the hottest place in Canada and the United States. The thermometer registered 96 in the shade; here it was only 76.

Edmund Drury, of Rapid City, a successful competitor at former fairs, has come in to the Dominion exhibition to see what his rivals can do now.—Winnipeg Tribune, July 26.

On July 22, in the parish of St. Charles, near the city, a binder started cutting a field of barley on Mr. Alexander Murray's farm. The grain was sown May 10, was well matured and will go 60 bushels an acre.

A new concordat with the Spanish government was lately signed by the Pope and his secretary of state for the regulation of church affairs in Spain. The principal points of treaty have reference to the religious order, and provide that such orders and congregations as are in existence at the time of the signing of the concordat shall be recognized by the state. They are to pay taxes on their properties and industries like all other Spanish subjects, but the government promises that it will not impose upon them any special taxes as religious. The concordat further provides that in order to establish a new convent or monastery it will hereafter be necessary to secure the sanction of a royal decree. No foreign monks or nuns will be allowed to settle in Spain unless they secure naturalization papers. In this Concordat the Vatican made many concessions to the Spanish government in order that the fate which has befallen the religious orders in France may be avoided in Spain.

On Tuesday there arrived here from France Captain de Beudrap, Adjutant-Major of the 116th Regiment, one of those valiant officers who were court martialed for refusing to expel nuns. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Paul de Beudrap. They both go to the Calgary district to choose land, and will immigrate with their families next year.

## Clerical News.

Rev. L. Cote, S.J., left on Thursday for Sudbury, where he will engage in mission and parochial work.

His Lordship Bishop Grouard, O.M.I., passed through Winnipeg on the 21st inst., stopping over for the day and visiting St. Mary's and the Cathedral. He is on his way to the Oblate General Chapter at Liege.

Rev. Father Melleux returned to Rainy River last Saturday.

Rev. Edward O'Reilly, who preached the St. Patrick's day sermon at St. Mary's last March, has been transferred from the Sacred Heart Church, Superior, to Rising Sun, Wis. Father O'Reilly had just placed his valuable library in the

Union Railway station at Superior to have it forwarded to his new destination when fire broke out in the station, which was completely destroyed with all its contents. It is some comfort, however, to learn that on his departure the parishioners presented him with three hundred dollars. Father Haas, lately of Marshfield, succeeds Father O'Reilly as assistant to Father Farady, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Almost all the Fathers and Brothers of St. Boniface College are making their annual retreat under Father Chossegros, S.J. The exercises will end on Sunday morning, the feast of St. Ignatius, Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus.

Rev. E. C. Fournier, of Wild Rice, N. Dakota, was here on Tuesday, returning on Wednesday.

The Very Rev. Stephen Kealy, provincial of the Passionists in the United States, died suddenly in the Mother house of his order at Hoboken, N.Y., on the 17th inst. His first assistant, Rev. Felix Ward, succeeds him.

Rev. Louis F. Hagus, recently ordained by Bishop Matz at Denver was the first native born Coloradoan to be raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Father Hagus was born in Leadville in the boom days of that camp.

Dean Lenihan of Marshalltown, Ia., who has been chosen to be bishop of the newly erected diocese of Great Falls, Mont., was born in Dubuque. He will be 25 years in the priesthood next December. Seventeen of these have been spent at Marshalltown, where his work has been on a broad scale. He built a fine church, school and convent, together with a fine hospital just completed at a cost of \$40,000, built in memory of his brother, the late Bishop Lenihan of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Very Rev. Hyacinth Cormier, Master General of the Dominican Order, whose headquarters are in Rome, is coming to the United States early next year to visit and inspect the various houses of the Order, in the American jurisdiction.

Last Monday witnessed the consecration of Mgr. John Joseph Fox as bishop of Green Bay, Wis. It took place in St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, Green Bay, Archbishop Messmer officiating. Mgr. Fox was ordained in 1870, and was Vicar-General of the diocese since 1894. He was made a domestic Prelate by Pope Leo XIII., in 1898, and had been, since Archbishop Messmer's promotion, administrator of the diocese. His mother is still living and he has a sister who is assistant superior in St. Catherine's Academy, at Racine. Another sister, Mrs. Wink, resides in Milwaukee.

Very Rev. Father Bunoz, O.M.I., pastor of the Catholic Church at Dawson, and Vicar General of the Yukon, spent a few hours with the Fathers of St. Mary's Presbytery last Sunday on his way to the General Chapter of the Oblates at Liege.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Augustine Dottenwill, O. M. I., Bishop of New Westminster, went east via an American railway, and leaves New York for Belgium this week.

Rev. J. C. Sinnett, of Prince Arthur, reached here on Wednesday morning, proceeding east that same evening. He was a guest of the Oblate Fathers of St. Mary's.

Rev. Father Cordes, O.M.I., went last Monday to Chicago on business connected with the new German Church in the city, which is now being roofed. He will return next week.

#### St. Pie Letellier Notes.

The Rev. Father Hartman preached a most successful mission here. All the services were well attended, despite the bad roads at the beginning of the week. Father

Jutras expressed himself delighted at the result. There were six hundred communions during the mission, in a parish of perhaps three hundred communicants.

The Rev. Father complimented the choir on their singing, encouraging all the young men who had musical talent to join the choir and swell the plain chant.

The following week the Rev. parish priest attended the retreat for the secular priests at St. Boniface.

Mr. Nausse who has been visiting at the Presbytery and Mr. M. Jutras' for some time past has returned to his home in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Wilfrid Tucker, of Ste. Rose du Lac, is visiting with his sister at St. Pie, and will attend the Dominion Exhibition on his way home.

Mr. Cadieux has raised his house and built a new kitchen, which improves his home much.

Mr. Maus, our late butcher, has gone away, left no address.

Grain is looking well, except where drowned out. Mr. Forest has the finest piece of wheat in head.

Father Blais, O.M.I., who is visiting Father Jutras gave us a very interesting account of the death of the two Oblate Fathers, killed in the Rebellion of '85.

Mr. Lauzon, Jr., was visiting at his uncle's Mr. J. Parent, last week, and combining business with pleasure, buying a car of fat cattle in this neighborhood.

Mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock on the 26, the feast of St. Anne, when the ladies of the congregation received Holy Communion.

After Mass the directeur, Rev. Father Jutras preached an appropriate sermon on the day, and then received about a dozen more ladies into the congregation. Those entering the congregation were: Mdes. J. Laurence, A. Cadieux, Aikens, P. Saurette, H. Bouchard, P. Duval, P. Frazer, J. Dumont, Gentes, Plante, Thout, and C. C. Dumautier.

#### A RECENT CURE AT ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The New Freeman, of St. John, New Brunswick, vouches for the authenticity of another remarkable cure at the shrine of St. Anne de Beupre. It says that John Hays, a much respected resident of 107 Westmoreland Road, that city, was a cripple two weeks ago. He had been so for three years. Ten months in the public hospital, confined to his bed resulted in his being told that his case was hopeless. Saturday, June 25, he met with an accident, which made him unable to walk. Then he resolved to visit the shrine. He mustered all his energy and was taken. He was cured. On his return he was seen by the New Freeman and this is the story he told:

"Yes, I am thankful to say that I am cured. No human agency could have done for me what the good St. Anne has done. I was told by doctors that my case was almost a hopeless one, and so decided to go to St. Anne de Beupre, feeling that she through whose intercession so many ailing ones have been cured would intercede for me. On the first day after my arrival there I went up the Scala Sancta, but with great difficulty, and only by aiding myself with my crutches. On the next day I went up with more ease, and on the next, the ascent was little harder for me than for those of strong limb. After going up this time I laid my crutches at the shrine of the great saint, and moved around unaided. You can perhaps imagine how joyful I was and how grateful I feel for this benefit. Before I went, if I walked a very short distance I would become greatly fatigued, and almost exhausted. With a slender cane I made my way around Quebec city and on arriving at Levis, on the return trip, I walked all through the streets of that place without any signs of fatigue. I could not bend my knee at all before going to St. Anne. Now you see (suating the action to the word), I can bend it easily. In a very short time I will be as well as ever, thanks to the good St. Anne." Such is the story of one of the cures effected at St. Anne.

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Several Protestant clergymen met a few days ago in New York to form a league for the defence of the Bible. It is not the wicked Catholics now who are trying to chain the good book, but on the contrary, the enemy is in the Protestant household. Certain people called the "Higher Critics" have been saying that the Bible is full of contradictions, fables and what not, whereupon the American Bible League meets in convention and smites them hip and thigh.

At the opening session the Rev. David J. Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, spoke on the "Practical Consequences of the Attacks on the Bible." Among other things he said:

"It is indeed true that there is sore danger from this critical movement, but it is not the Bible that stands so much in danger—it can take care of itself—as it is the dictionary that is assailed. Words that have a specific and clear meaning to us, used by the exponents of the critical propaganda, have a different meaning entirely. It is one of the calamitous consequences of this criticism. It means a complete overturning of definitions, as we understand them. And to coin a spurious word is worse than to issue a spurious coin.

"Men preach from the pulpit and talk with you and me about the inspiration. Their terms, to them, have not the dictionary definition which they know you put on them. I won't mince words, for I know friends of mine who do this. It's not honest. We are fighting for Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, just as we are fighting for God Almighty in this contest.

"There are men preaching the Gospel of Christ who do not know what the little word 'is' means, using it instead in the most outre and outlandish way. I know a man who will say, 'The Bible is the Word of God,' yet he doesn't mean what people think him to mean. 'Is' to him means 'is not.'"

We have no doubt that the Higher Critics are very bad men, because the Rev. Dr. Burrell and the Rev. Dr. Booth say so. But men are to be judged by their environment. Where did these higher Critics see the example of corrupting the dictionary, misinterpreting formulas, and stealing endowments. Dr. Burrell cites the sad instance of a Critic who cannot be trusted even with the little word "is." When he says "The Bible is the Word of God" he means "The Bible is not the Word of God." But is not Dr. Burrell his guide, philosopher and friend in this sort of exegesis? Our Lord at his last supper took bread into His hands, and blest and brake it and said: "This is my Body." Dr. Burrell and all Dr. Burrell's ancestors in his faith hold that Christ meant, "This is Not My Body." The whole Protestant world, indeed, is committed to this interpretation of the little word "is." Why, then, should the Conservatives rage at the Higher Critics when they merely apply to the Bible what the Reformers applied to the words of Christ? If "This is My Body" means "This is Not My Body," why should not "The Bible is the Word of God" mean "The Bible is Not the Word of God?"—The Leader.

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**MEXICAN MORALITY.**

In an account of a mission to non-Catholics at Dunkirk, Ind., written for the "Catholic Universe," by Rev. W. S. Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate band, we find the following:

"Comparing Mexican morality with that of American Protestants some one quoted official statistics to show that an enormous number of the former were living in concubinage and that the number of illegitimate children is greatest in the most Catholic of the Mexican States. The quotation is correct, but the inference deduced from the statistics is altogether false. A Mexican law requires civil marriage, but the bulk of the people look upon this law as a bit of impertinence, holding that their pastor alone, or his accredited representative, can validly solemnize their marriage. When Catholics go to the magistrate at all they look upon their civil marriage as a betrothal merely. Where, because of the Catholicity of the State, there is no danger of prosecution, Catholics are apt to ignore the civil marriage entirely; yet all the children born to these parents, who are truly married, are classed as illegitimate by government statistics. When we know this we can form an idea of the dishonesty of the Protestant missionary, who sends home such statistics on illegitimacy without a hint as to what illegitimacy means to the government statistician. This whole matter was set forth plainly by a statistician in the employ of our own department of labor. His article appeared in one of the Bulletins of Labor a year or two ago."—Standard and Times.

**THE LATE FATHER MALO.**

A picturesque and venerable figure has lately disappeared from the Northwest. On Sunday, June 19, Rev. J. F. Malo, who had been a missionary among Indians and whites just south of the line for the last forty years, died at St. Alexius Hospital, Bismarck, N.D. His illness began last spring by a severe cold which he caught while on a begging tour in the eastern states in favor of his dear Indians.

Father Malo was born in Montreal, in 1828, and was ordained in the same city in 1854. Several years later he began missionary work among the Indians in Oregon and Washington. About 1879 he was sent to the Turtle mountain country in the (then) territory of Dakota, now the state of North Dakota, where he won the esteem and love of all his fellow priests, who were all much younger than himself. He remained at or near St. John, N.D. until he was sent to Elbow Woods, on the Fort Berthold reserve for the Gros Ventre and Mandan Indians, about two years ago. The aged priest was well and favorably known in nearly all parts of the union, having travelled extensively to solicit funds with which to carry on his work among the Indians.

The funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church in Bismarck on Tuesday, June 21, 1904, and the large congregation comprised friends from different parts of the states, as well as from Bismarck. Final absolution was pronounced by Rev. Father Egan, vicar-general of the diocese of Fargo, and the funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. E. J. Conaty of Grand Forks.

**AN INCIDENT OF A MISSION.**

By Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I. in July Donahoe's.

Another mission in County Wexford was that of Newtonbarry. There was a wealthy Protestant gentleman living near that town, who was so liberal in his sentiments that he ordered his dinner to be at an hour earlier than usual so that his servants, who were numerous and exclusively Catholic, might be able to attend the mission devotions every morning. His son, who was of a wild and reckless disposition, was riding on horseback with another gentleman one afternoon, and having to pass by the chapel, outside of which were a certain number of stalls for the sale of objects of piety, he saw

numerous scapulars of different orders and colors, and he asked his companion what was the meaning of all these little flags. On being informed that they were he alighted from his horse, saying that he would buy some of them, his friend cautioning him to say nothing offensive about them. Putting what he had purchased into his pocket he rode to his father's house, and after dinner he tied all the scapulars around a little dog's neck. He then carried the dog to the hall where the servants were taking their supper preparatory to going to the mission. Opening the door he threw the dog among them. Before he had time to retreat, the housekeeper, who was a privileged domestic, and had nursed him when he was a baby cried out: "Master William, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. It would be no wonder if God Himself should punish you for that insult to our holy religion." This was the last time any of them saw him alive, for in the morning, when some one went to his room to call him, he was found stiff and cold in his bed, having evidently been dead for some hours. This story, which was noised abroad, created a great sensation among persons of all creeds, and we were informed that it brought up some laggards to the reception of the sacraments.

**RECEIVES ENGLISH SAILORS.**

Four hundred English sailors belonging to the Mediterranean squadron were received by Pope Pius X. in private audience the first week in July. The Pope read an address in Italian, which was translated into English, by Monsignor Prior Archbishop Stoner.

On receiving Monsignor Falconio, immediately after the sailor's reception, Pius X. expressed his gratitude to Admiral Domville for having permitted the sailors to come to Rome, and sent his thanks to the King and the British Government for having appointed Catholic Chaplains on board their men of war.

**ANECDOTE OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.**

During a visit to the late lamented Archbishop Corrigan, His Grace related the following conversation which was repeated to him by the late Dr. Metcalf, of Boston.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, on the occasion of a call upon his friend Dr. Metcalf was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who had some words with Metcalf and hurriedly retired. His words, which were distinctly audible and related to some message from a priest, arrested Dr. Holmes' attention, and when they were alone he said in a startled manner: "Metcalf you are not a Catholic?" "Oh yes," replied Dr. Metcalf, "and have been in the Church for two years."

Dr. Holmes, astonished, looked at his friend during a long pause, and then leaning forward, placed his hand upon his knee, "And you are right, Metcalf, you are safely on the other side. The old hulk is covered with barnacles, but 'twill take you safe into port—I'm on the high seas."—From the Catholic Review of Reviews.

**If You Have a Bad Cold**

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**HIS TWO LOVELY ACQUAINTANCES.**

Dear Editor of Chats: I'm in a dilemma. Here is the trouble: I'm old enough to get married, and able to support a wife. But I have no betrothed. Instead, I know two of the sweetest, brightest, best prettiest and most amiable Catholic young ladies that you can find in a month of Sundays, and for the life of me I don't know which one of them to make love to and ask to become my wife, if, after awhile I thought that she reciprocated my affection and esteem. Mind you, I don't dare say that say that either one of them will have me. And I'm not yet, what might be called, "in love" with them. The plain fact is I'm afraid of myself, afraid to visit them often, afraid to let myself become attached to either one of them, lest I should choose the wrong one and afterward have a life-long regret. Was ever man before in such a fix? I can only repeat the words of the poet: "How happy could I be with either, if the other dear charmer were away!"

What shall I do? What shall I do?

AMO.

Do? Why, ask the advice of the most prudent married woman of your acquaintance who knows both. If she does not know them already, introduce them to her, let her study their characters, dispositions and traits intimately for three months and then give you her opinion. A disinterested, quick-witted, sympathetic woman can judge members of her own sex far better than a man can.

Meanwhile pray for the guidance of Heaven on your choice.

Then having considered the matter yourself, having sought council having prayed for guidance, make your selection. Then press your clothes, and, if successful, have no second thoughts, no vain regrets. Into the happiest of lives, some trouble will come. Even the best-mated pair have their little differences. Thank God for the possession of an exceptionally fine wife, and seek, with a full heart, to make her life one grand sweet song.—Chats with Young Men in Catholic Columbian.

High-pitched voice of boy at telephone—Hello! That you mamma?"

Response by low, soft voice—Yes, Tommy. Where are you?

"I'm over here at cousin Dick's. Say mamma, can't I stay here all night?"

"I suppose so, if they ask you to stay."

"Dick she says if you ask me I can stay. Ask me . . . They've asked me, mamma. Good bye."—Chicago Tribune.

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# Northwest Review

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REV. A. A. CHERRIER,  
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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904.

## Calendar for Next Week.

JULY.

31—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.  
St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder  
of the Society of Jesus.

AUGUST.

- 1—Monday—St. Peter in Chains.
- 2—Tuesday—St. Alphonsus Liguori. Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.
- 3—Wednesday—Finding of St. Stephen.
- 4—Thursday—St. Dominic, Founder of the Order of Preachers.
- 5—Friday—Our Lady of Snows.
- 6—Saturday—The Transfiguration of Our Lord.

## CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC EDUCATORS.

This week has witnessed a great gathering of the Dominion Educational Association in this city. It was the first time all Canada was represented in Winnipeg by these solemn assizes of pedagogy. The week before last a similar gathering took place at St. Louis the city which is just now the Mecca of all who love great shows but in St. Louis it was a conference of Catholic Colleges, while here it was a convention of non-Catholic schools. Both gatherings had much in common to the superficial glance; they both aimed at mutual improvement, they were both crowded with earnest, hard working teachers. But in first principles they were as the poles asunder. Here there was no unity of design, because there was no oneness of underlying faith, in fact the religious aspect of education, the very corner stone of it all, was overlooked completely, except in the case of two clerical spokesmen. There all shared and gloried in the possession of the fulness of religious truth. Here, to a careful observer, first principles were slowly and laboriously and often erroneously evolved from below by men and women who had no traditions and who, for the most part, were out of touch with that classical and philosophical training which begets the aristocracy of culture. There that aristocracy was supreme as it ought to be, for, as the Western Watchman says so truly, in the article we are about to quote from its editorial page, "education is one of those movements that must begin at the top. The foundation of the child must be reached by infiltration from above."

Our St. Louis contemporary writes:

"For three days of the past week the heads of Catholic Colleges and seminaries have met with the parish priests of the country, largely identified with parochial education, in conference at the St. Louis University in this city to consider measures for the improvement of our educational service and means of extending its sphere of usefulness. The meetings were largely attended, and among those present were all the more noted Catholic educators in the country, representing nearly all the larger institutions of Catholic learning. It was the third annual conference, and in numbers and importance of the questions discussed it

was by far the greatest of the three. It was a representative gathering of the foremost minds in the Catholic Church. A short stay in the hall of conference any day would convince anyone of the deep earnestness and thorough devotion of those men of our colleges and schools; and we feel sure that the work they have in hand will be greatly prospered by those annual gatherings.

It is a great thing to get these Catholic educators together. The encouragement they receive from the clergy at large and the great Catholic public is as nothing compared with that they can give each other. Coming from all parts of this broad land and representing the widest differences of manners and material interest they all could heartily unite on a common platform of Catholic educational progress. We can do nothing without co-operation of our educational energies; with co-operation everything is possible. We need a strong active body of Catholic educators; men who in their own lives and character represent what is best in Catholic teaching. Education is one of those movements that must begin at the top. The foundation of the child must be reached by infiltration from above. Some one has said the world will have to look out when God sends a thinker into it. It will have to mend its ways when God sends a saint into it. The work of Christian civilization will have been accomplished when God vouchsafes his people a goodly number of saintly and scholarly priests, to be their comfort and model.

There must be co-operation between the educating and the ministering clergy. Heretofore there has been friction; but it was unavoidable. The teaching orders had to first establish themselves by caring for souls as parochial clergy. That necessity is passing away, and we are all drifting to our proper places. We are of help to each other only when we respect each other's sphere of influence. But we are learning how helpful we can be to each other, and there is growing up among all branches of the Church's great service an esprit de corps, and a mutual admiration and affection that must work for vast good in the future.

There must be co-operation between the parochial schools and the schools of higher Catholic education. They have not worked together in the past, because the great mass of our people were too poor to provide college education for their boys, and those who could afford such luxury were likely to follow the prevailing fashion of the hour in the choice of a school. And there has been a fashion in education as in other things. Catholics have had few high schools, and those few were little known. All that has been changed in the last twenty-five years. Now we have many and excellent schools of higher education and they are turning out young men of whom no college in the land would feel ashamed. We are pressing the great universities for first honors and it will not be long before we shall leave them behind in all that pertains to real education. We can give our young men what the great universities no longer attempt; and that is, a Christian character to supplement a Christian education."

## DEATH OF A GREAT GERMAN CONVERT.

The Western Watchman, of St. Louis, July 21, pays the following manly and generous tribute to a great German convert, Dr. Edward Preuss, the father of Mr. Arthur Preuss, founder and editor of the "Review," that uncompromising champion of undiluted Catholicism. While offering our warmest sympathy to the son in his bitter bereavement, we feel that the example of his father's life will ever abide with him as a consolation and a guiding star.

On Sunday last in this city died a man of a very distinguished past, a man who trod the wine press of conversion, and trod it alone. Dr. Edward Preuss

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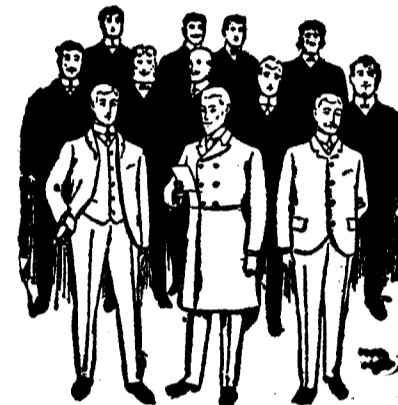
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was a Protestant of the Protestants. He was a leader in the most exclusive university set in Berlin. He was a young, but a brilliant and steadily growing light in the Lutheran Church. He was a University Professor, with all the actual and prospective honors that haughty title usually brings. He was a champion of Lutheran orthodoxy against the formidable encroachments of Rome in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He had broken a sword or two with Rome's toughest defenders. All this was calculated to dazzle the eyes of the Lutheran world and encircle the brow of the sprouting protagonist with a halo of popular heroism, and in an age dominated by the odium theologum might have opened the door to honors and preferments in the state church. But like many a brave and brainy man before him, Dr. Preuss fought himself into the Church. He came like a Goliath to blasphemy; but he remained like a Nicodemus to pray.

Dr. Preuss wrote several books against the Church before he gave a thought to the defences of his own faith. When he returned from the foray he discovered that the Roman theologians had been playing havoc with his "Feste Burg," so that an entire rebuilding of the citadel seemed imperative in his eyes. He first discovered that Protestantism was not much of a religion, but very much of a national and political caste. The mighty monument of Gospel, freedom, he discovered to his horror, had a pedestal of clay. He directed his attention to the weak points of Lutheranism, to find himself suddenly the object of a combined attack of his former colleagues. He became an outcast in his own church, and nation, and emigrated to the United States. He became professor of the greatest seminary in the land. But those feet of clay he had seen at home reappeared from under the flowing robe of Lutheran orthodoxy, with the additional horror that they were now cloven. He decided to become a Catholic.

Since his admission into the Church Dr. Preuss has been editor of the "Amerika," a position created for him by the appreciative and sympathetic German clergy and people of St. Louis. They honored the man and formed high hopes of a grand career in journalism. They were not disappointed. For twenty years Dr. Preuss has been a tower of strength for religion in this country, and he will be long remembered as the modest and mild champion of the Church and all who honor her.

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Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m.

Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m.

On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A.

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**AWAKENING OF THE ORIENTAL GIANT.**

Mr. James R. Randall, a famous southern convert, author of that once familiar and soul stirring song, "Maryland, My Maryland!" contributes every week remarkably thoughtful and able letters on current events to the Catholic Columbian. His latest contains the following passage which, albeit perhaps underestimating the preventive and most effective organization of British rule in India, affords matter for serious anxiety.

"Ament the Russo-Japanese war, it would be profitable to read the famous essays of Macaulay on "Clive" and "Warren Hastings." That a mere handful of British in India could conquer so mighty an empire and hold it is a marvel, but it will be a greater wonder if they hold it in case the Oriental giant awakens from slumber, armed with modern weapons and leadership in the art of war. Lord Curzon sees the "yellow peril" and admitted it before retiring from Calcutta. Japanese success means eventually the eruption of China and Hindoo revolt. England, by pushing Japan into war with Russia, will probably lose her Indian empire before the close of this century. Russian success will only postpone Albion's day of doom in that quarter. The Japanese have demonstrated that an Oriental army is not a flock of sheep, when instinct with Western "civilization" and equipped with the latest weapons of death. This has astonished Russia and is amazing England. The British judges and lawyers were as terrible to the Hindoos in the time of Hastings, as the military arm. An organized Orient, under Japanese leadership and tuition, would sweep the whole fabric of Western domination into the sea. Strange and startling results will come from the war in the east, and the ghost of Napoleon may well hover o'er the scene with his famous admonition so perilously disregarded. But, come what will, it need not disturb the true Christian. Out of the apparent chaos, God will shape events to suit Himself, and here we may rest secure."

**FREEMASON CONVERTED IN BUENOS AYRES.**

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

We quote the following from a letter lately received from South America:

"A remarkable conversion took place in Buenos Ayres towards the end of last year. The brother of the president of the Republic, General Rudecindo Roca, father of one of our pupils, had been for many years Grand Master of the Freemasons and a practical infidel, but he fell dangerously ill, and it was then seen that the faith was not dead within him, but only sleeping to be roused by the fear of the judgment of God. When death seemed to be approaching he sent for the Archbishop, made his general confession, and then asked to have as many persons as possible present at his solemn retraction, not only to make it as public as possible, but that there might be many witnesses to the fact that he made it in his sound mind and with the deepest humility and submission to our Holy Mother the Church, for he knew well the Freemasons would be capable of saying that he had been influenced, and was not in full possession of his mental faculties. Our dear Lord seemed to second his upright intentions by giving him some weeks more of life, during which he gave example of heroic patience and resignation, and even when a slight improvement in his state gave hopes of a return to health, his perfect abandonment to the will of God and his perseverance in his good disposition gave proof of his sincerity in his return to God. He received Holy Communion several times. The Archbishop and the Nuncio and different members of the clergy visited him often. The former assisted him to the last. His death was holy and

peaceful, and his conversion has done a great deal of good, I have no doubt, as he was well known all over the country, having held several high offices in the government during his lifetime. On this last account, he had a magnificent funeral, and as he had been a general in the army, the troops assisted. Consequently, many of his former Freemason friends were there in their military capacity. What gave greater publicity still to his conversion were the telegrams exchanged between the Archbishop of Santiago and President Roca, and published in the Argentine and Chilean papers—the former of condolence with a promise to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the soul of the deceased, and the latter of thanks, adding that his brother had died as a Christian, fortified by the sacraments of our Holy Mother the Church. It is a good sign of the progress of religious influence here that this did not raise a cry of 'clericalism,' not that there are not plenty to raise it, as they would surely have done ten years ago, but they do not feel quite so strong now. Besides, the moral courage of the President seems to be gaining him, more and more, the respect of his opponents. His term of office expires soon. God grant that we may have another as good; if not, there is danger of an attempt, at least, to imitate France."

**MISSIONARY OBEDIENCE, True Witness.**

It is only the other day, that we read of the head of one of our Catholic Universities leaving his high post as an education and going back to missionary work. Some years ago the late Father McGuckin, O.M.I., who had been long years a missionary in British Columbia, in the days when the task was a rude one, was called from the field of his labors to assume the rectorship of the University of Ottawa. A few years later, after performing the noble task of carrying on the affairs of such an important institution, he returned to the equally noble but less attractive labor of a missionary. Not long since we saw one of our most popular Montreal priests, Rev. Father Devine, S.J., leave at the voice of obedience the circles of a great centre in which he was doing so much, to bury himself in the far off mission of Nome, on the confines of the Arctic Circle. Such is the discipline that the Church ordains. The mission of Father Devine and these different examples of this kind, come back to our mind as we read, in an American Catholic paper, of the departure of Rev. Raphael Crimont from the Presidency at a great college to a distant Alaskan mission. The account is most interesting and runs thus:

"Leaving his present career as president of Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash., Rev. Raphael Crimont left last Sunday night for Alaska, to bury himself in the mysterious north in mission work among the Esquimaux and Indians. He has just received an appointment from Rome as Prefect Apostolic for Alaska, and he plunges into the land of the midnight sun in obedience to orders. This gentle Frenchman, now in his 45th year, has received so liberal an education and so fine a culture as to fit him admirably for the direction of Gonzaga. Under his scholarly touch it has grown until it aims to be nothing less than the university of the Northwest. During his stay here for three years funds have been raised and work started on the quarter of a million dollar addition which is to be another link in a magnificent chain of college structures. There could hardly be a greater contrast between his work here and the career which he will enter upon in Alaska. His field will be the whole of the vast peninsula far north to Point Barrow, in the Arctic Ocean. Alone, except for the Indian guide, he will cover this whole field by dog sled, canoe, or on foot, to reach the remotest corner where the Jesuits have set up a school and a church for teaching the natives the way of the cross. It is perhaps the most difficult and arduous field that is



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reached anywhere in the world-wide ramifications of the Jesuit Order. Father Crimont's headquarters will be somewhere in the interior, probably on the Yukon, but he will spend a large part of his time in travel to get over such a tremendous territory. The work, however, is an old story to him. For seven years he was stationed at the Holy Cross Mission, on the Yukon. He was transferred to Spokane for the benefit of his health. Now, with renewed vitality, he gets orders to plunge again into the north.

**RUSSIANS ADMIRE CATHOLIC JAPS.**

The Russian press is full of admiration of the splendid manner in which two Japanese officers of the general staff, Col. Jokoka and Capt. Jokki, recently met death at Harbin, where they were shot after having been caught as spies. Col. Jokoka, who was a Roman Catholic, insisted on leaving a roll of several thousand rubles of Russian money to the Russian Red Cross, to be distributed among the poor wounded, saying that he hoped by this act to fulfil the commandment of Christ to love his enemies. He confessed to a Greek Church priest, no Catholic clergyman being present.

The Russian officers asked him if his wife and children were well provided for and if it would not be better to send this money to them, but the colonel replied that he was perfectly satisfied that the Mikado would see that his widow and children were given anything they needed.

The Russian officer in command of the squad had tears in his eyes when he shook the hands of his Japanese enemies to bid them a final good-bye and ordered his men to aim carefully at the heart of the two Japanese officers that they might die as quickly as possible. A squad of twelve men then fired at each of the two officers, and an examination showed that every bullet had pierced their hearts, so that death had been absolutely instantaneous.

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AN AID TO RELIGION.

A Catholic paper in a parish is, as an aid to religion, next in importance to the parochial school. Look at the people in a congregation who subscribe for a Catholic paper. As a rule they are practical Catholics—they frequent the Sacraments, they send their children to church schools, they belong to pious societies, and they co-operate with the priest in his pastoral labors. They know their religion, they can give reasons for it, and they can defend the church against its traducers.

But look at the folk who do not have a Catholic paper enter their homes. They are not interested in the news of the Church. They cannot reply to objections made against their religion. They are inclined to criticize the pastor for this and to find fault with the Church for that. They do not perceive the harm in mixed marriages, or in a non-religious education, or in societies that are under ecclesiastical ban. The daily journals have all the news they want. They are disposed to think that one religion is as good as another and that it does not matter what a person believes so long as he "acts on the square." They cannot understand why the Church objects to divorce, to cremation, etc., and for the life of them they cannot see what the Pope wants any temporal power for.

The Catholic paper is a frequent force for instruction, correction, edification and encouragement in the Christian life, and the parish in which it has a large circulation is sure to have a large number of members who prize the gift of faith and who live up to its requirements.—Catholic Columbian.

PIUS ON JOURNALISM.

The present writer in the interview with the Pontiff already referred to was particularly struck with the earnestness with which Pope Pius X. spoke to him of the very great power and influence he attributed to the press. His whole face lighted up and his eyes shone, as if, in a vision, he beheld the happy consequences to civilization of the press, the ideal of which was present to his mind. "It is a greater force than the sword," he said, "but in a wholly different way. The individual who uses this power with wisdom and discretion, with charity and justice, is more powerful than a king." He insisted however on the exercise of the most careful judgment; the writer in the press should ever be on the alert to avoid personalities or phrases that would wound individuals; but he should be eager and eloquent for a true and just cause. The brief discourse addressed then to the present writer, accompanied as it was with solemn gesture and occasional appeal to the agreement of the listener, was most impressive. It was evident that Pius X. had the keenest appreciation of the vast influence for good that is inherent in honest and upright journalism.—Rome Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

BY EASY STAGES.

When she was introduced to him she called him "Mister Gildersleeve."

After she was well acquainted with him "Charles" was the usual term.

When they became engaged she addressed him as "Charlie."

As the engagement progressed he became "dear."

Just before the wedding she called him "dearest."

During the honeymoon she called him "darling."

To her friends she alluded to him as "Mr. Gildersleeve."

One year after marriage she called him "Say, you," while in speaking of him he was "That husband of mine."

Uncle George—Well, Willie, you are about the worst speller I ever encountered. Doesn't the teacher tell you you're a bad speller?

Willie—Our teacher would never indulge in such language as that, Uncle George. She has often said, however, that my orthography was utterly at variance with the lexicon.

TRAPPED IN ARMOR.

Trying on ancient armor is not always an agreeable experiment, judging from the experience of a French artist. He had bought a quaint old helmet and put it on his own head to judge the effect. Unfortunately he touched a spring, the visor shut down suddenly, and, being alone in the studio, he could not free himself from the mediaeval head covering without help. At last he ran into the street, where his appearance created considerable amusement till a charitable passer by managed to set him free.—Hour Glass.

A NICE SEAT.

The sedate "Public Ledger" tells a good story of Senator Fairbank's of Indiana, one of the most reserved and dignified of our law makers. He had been induced to attend an ice cream festival for same charitable object and was seated soberly surveying the scene when a small boy came up, stopped in front of him, stared wildly at him and burst out into a shriek that brought a crowd around him. "What's the matter, boy?" asked the Senator, uneasily.

"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!" screamed the child.

"You!" yelled the boy.

"Me!" said the astonished Senator.

"Yes, you! you!"

"But how? What have I done?"

"You're settin' on my ice-cream," howled the boy.

And the Senator's dignity faded through the nearest door.

MICHAEL OBEYED.

It was the busiest part of the day at the railway station, and Michael Flynn, the newest porter, rushed up to the incoming train. "Change here!" he cried. "Change for—Limerickgalwayanmayo."

But the lynx eyed station master was at hand, and he descended upon Michael.

"Haven't I told you before," he cried, "to sing out the names of the stations clearly and distinctly? Bear it in mind, sing 'em out. Do you hear?"

"I will, sir," said Michael.

But when the next train came in the passengers were considerably astonished to hear Michael sing:

"Sweet dreamland faces, passing to and fro; change here for Limerick, Galway and Mayo."

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

"Talk about your Yankee shrewdness," said the travelling man, "I was in a little tavern up in Connecticut not long ago, and a farmer came in with eggs to sell. The transaction took place in the barroom of the establishment. The proprietor agreed to take two dozen, and when the farmer came to count over the contents of his basket he found that he had twenty-five eggs. The proprietor wanted the extra egg thrown in for good measure. The farmer didn't see it that way, and they argued the matter. At last the proprietor said he'd take the twenty-five eggs give the man a drink and call it square. The farmer agreed and pocketed his money.

"Now, what'll you have," asked the proprietor.

"The Yankee farmer was ready with his reply."

"'Sherry and egg,' said he."—Washington Post.

ABSENT MINDED.

One day a professor of mathematics at O. University prepared to set out on a short journey on horseback. He was an absent minded person and while saddling the animal, was thinking out some intricate problem. Some students stood near and watched him abstractedly place the saddle on hind part before.

"Oh, Professor," exclaimed one of the group, "you are putting the wrong end of your saddle foremost."

"Young man, replied the professor with some tartness, "you are entirely too smart. How do you know it is wrong, when I have not yet told you in which direction I intend to go?"

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Aunt Mary—Nora, you're a cruel child. Let that cat go at once.

Nora (banging the cat).—But she's been naughty, Aunty, an' I'm punishin' her. I told her it was for her own good; an' it hurt me mor'n it hurt her.—Brooklyn Life.

"And did you learn something worth knowing at school today?" asked the prim old aunt of the angel child.

"Yes indeed," replied the A. C. "Mary Talkalot told me their cook was going to leave, and mother is going right over this afternoon and hire her."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Towne—De Riter has a novel published, I hear.

Browne.—Yes, it's called "Pygmalion," and its having quite a sale in Chicago.

Browne.—Yes, I believe the people there were misled by the first syllable. They thought the book had something to do with their great home industry.—Philadelphia Press.

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# DION AND THE SIBYLS.

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Not since we came," said Paulus.

The officer thanked him and trotted back.

Meanwhile Paulus and his mother and the freedman had not been so absorbed in watching the occurrence and scene described as to remove their eyes for more than a moment at a time from their dearly-loved charge, the interesting little mourner who had begged to be allowed to rest under the chestnut trees. It was not so with Agatha herself. The child was at once astonished, bewildered and enraptured. Had the spectacle and review before her been commanded by some monarch, or rather some magician, on purpose to snatch her from the possibility of dwelling longer amid the gloom, the regrets and the terrors under which she had appeared to be sinking, neither the wonder of the spectacle, nor the amenity of the evening when it occurred, nor the loveliness of the landscape which formed its theatre, could have been more opportunely combined. She had not only never beheld anything so magnificent, but her curiosity was violently aroused.

Paulus exchanged with his mother and the old freedman a glance of intelligence and of intense satisfaction, as they both noted the parted lips and dilated eyes with which the child, half an hour ago so alarmingly ill, contemplated the drama at which she was accidentally assisting.

"That's a rare doctor," whispered Philip, pointing to the general of the Praetorian guards.

"No doctor," replied Paulus, in the same low tones, "could have prescribed for our darling better."

"Paulus," said Agatha, "what are these mighty beings? Are these the geni, and the demons of the mistress-land, the Gods of Italy?"

"They are a handful of Italy's troops, dear," he said.

She looked from her brother to the lady and then to the freedman, and this last with a healing instinct which would have done honor to Hippocrates, began to stimulate her interest by the agency of suspense and mystery.

"Master Paulus, and Lady Agathais, and my little one too," he said, in a most impressive and solemn voice, "these be the geni and these be the demons indeed; but I tell you that you have not seen all the secret. Something is going to happen. Attend to me well! You behold a most singular thing! Are you aware of what you behold? Yonder, Master Paulus, is the allotted portion of horse for more than three legions; the justus equitatus, I say for a Roman army of twenty thousand men. Yes, I attest, all the gods," continued Philip in a low voice, but with great earnestness, and glancing from the brother to the sister as if his prospects in life were contingent upon his being believed in this. "I was at the battle of Philippi, and I aver that yonder is more than the right allotment of horse for three legions. Observe the squadrons, the turmae; they do not consist of the same arm; and instead of being distributed in bodies of three or four hundred each to a legion, they are all together before you without their legions. Why is that, master Paulus?"

"I know not," said Paulus.

"Ah!" resumed the freedman, "you know not, but you will know presently. Mark that, little Mistress Agatha, and bear in mind that Philip the freedman has said to your brother that he will know all presently."

The child gazed wonderingly at the troops as she heard these mysterious words. "Who are those?" asked she, pointing to the squadrons of those still in column. "Who are those in leather jerkins, covered with the iron scales, and riding the large, heavy horses?"

answered the freedman, with a mysterious shake of the head.

"And those," pursued she, with increasing interest; "who are those whose faces shine like dusky copper and whose eyes glitter like the eyes of wild animals in the arena, when the proconsul of Greece gives the shows? I mean those who ride the small, long-tailed horses without any ephippia (saddle-cloths), and even without bridles—the soldiers in flowing dress, with rolls of linen round their heads?"

"They are the Numidians," replied Philip. "Ah! Rome dreaded those horsemen once, when Hannibal the Carthaginian and his motley hordes had their will in these fair plains."

As he spoke, a strange movement occurred. The general or legatus dismounted, and, giving the bridle of his horse to a soldier began to walk slowly up and down the side of the road. No sooner had his foot touched the ground than the whole of the Numidian squadron seemed to rise like a covey out of the stubble field; with little clang of arms, but with one sharp, sharp cry, or whoop, it burst from the highroad into the meadow land. There the evolutions which they performed seemed at first to be all confusion, only for the fact that, although the horsemen had the air of riding capriciously in every direction, crossing, intermingling, separating, galloping upon opposite curves, and tracing every figure which the whim and fancy of each might dictate, yet no two of them ever came into collision. Indeed, fantastic and wild as that rhapsody of manoeuvres into which they had broken appeared to be, some principle which was thoroughly understood by every one of them governed their mazy gallop. It was as accurate and exact as some stately dance of slaves at the imperial court. It was, in short, itself a wild dance of the Numidian cavalry, in which their reinless horses, guided only by the flashing blades and the voices of their riders, manifested the most vehement spirit and a sort of sympathetic frenzy. These steeds, which never knew the bridle, and went thus mouth-free even into battle—these horses which their masters turned loose at night into the fields, and which came bounding and neighing at the first call, were now madly plunging, wheeling, racing and charging, like gigantic dogs at sport. Presently they began to play a strange species of leapfrog. A Numidian boy, who carried a trumpet and rode a pony, or at least a horse smaller than the rest of the barbs, ("Berber hoeses"), suddenly halted upon the outside of the mad cavalry whirlpool which had been formed and flung himself flat at full length upon the back of the diminutive animal. Instantly the whirl, as it circled toward him, straightened itself into a column, and every horseman rode full upon the stationery pony, and cleared both steed and rider at a bound, a torrent of cavalry rushing over the obstruction with wild shouts.


"That is Numidian sport, master Paulus," said the freedman; "but there is not a rider among them to be compared to yourself."

"Certainly I can ride," said the youth; "but I pretend not to be superior to these Centaurs."

"Be these, then, the Centaurs I have heard of?" asked Agatha; "be these the wild powers?"

The hubbub had prevented her, and all with her, from noticing something. Before an answer could be given the Numidians had returned to the highway as suddenly as they had quitted it, and the noise of their dance was succeeded by a pause of attention. The general was again on horseback, and our travellers perceived that two litters, one of carved ivory and gold, the other of sculptured bronze, borne on the shoulders of slaves were beside them.

Two gentlemen on foot had arrived with the litters along the broad pathway already noticed, and a group of attendants at a little distance were following.



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rived with the litters along the broad pathway already noticed, and a group of attendants at a little distance were following.

This new party were now halting with our travellers beneath the far-spreading shade of the same trees. In the ivory litter reclined a girl of about seventeen, dressed in a long palla of blue silk, a material then only just introduced from India, through Arabia and Egypt, and so expensive as to be beyond the reach of any but the richest class. Her hair, which was of a bright gold color, was dressed in the fashionable form of a helmet, (galerus), and was enclosed behind in a gauze net. She wore large inaures, or ear-rings, of some jewel, a gold chain, in every ring of which was set a gem, and scarlet shoes embroidered with pearls. The lady in the bronze litter was attired in the stola of a matron, with a cyclas, or circular robe, thrown back from the neck, and a tunic of dark purple which descended to her feet. Her brown hair was restrained by bands, vittae, which had an honorable significance among the Roman ladies, ("Nil mihi cum vitta," says the profligate author of the *Ars Amandi*). She seemed somewhat past thirty years of age; she had a very sweet, calm, and matronly air; her countenance was in beautiful in features and general effect as it was modest in its tone and character.

Her companion in the litter of ivory and gold, was not more than half her age, was even more beautiful, with an immense wreath of golden hair, and with large blue eyes, darkening to the likeness of black as she gazed earnestly upon any object. But she had a less gentle physiognomical expression. Frequently her look was penetrating, brief, impatient, sarcastic, disdainful. She had a bewitching smile however, and her numerous admirers made Italy echo with their ravings.

Lucius Varius, said the fashionable world, was at that very time engaged upon a kind of sapphic ode, of which she was to be the subject.

Scarcely had these litters of palanquins arrived and halted, when the general officer dismounted once more, and walked quietly towards the spot with his helmet in his hand. At a few yards' distance he stopped, and first bowed low to the elder of the two gentlemen who had accompanied the litters on foot, and then, almost entirely disregarding the other gentleman, made an obeisance not quite so long or so deep to the ladies. The man whom so splendid a personage as the legatus, wearing his flaming paludamentum, and at the head of his troops, thus treated with so obsequious a veneration, did not return the salute except by a slight nod and a momentary, absent-minded smile. His gaze had been riveted upon our travellers, and chiefly upon the youth and his young, suffering sister, upon both of whom, after it had quickly taken in Philip, the freedman, the Thracian woman, and the Athenian lady it rested long—longest and last upon Agatha.

"Sejanus," said he finally, "who are these?"

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The two pictures to be given are typical bits of child life. The prevailing note in each is—as it should be—bubbling enjoyment of the moment, with just a touch of one of the evanescent shadows of childhood to throw the gay colors into relief. They will please and charm upon any wall where they may hang, bringing to one an inner smile of the soul even on the darkest day. For what can shed more happiness abroad than the happiness of children?

One of the pictures is called

## "Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

## "Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

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"I never saw them until just now, my commander and Caesar; they were here when we halted, and while we waited for our master, the favorite of the gods, these travellers seemed to be resting where you beheld them."

"As these gods favor me," said the other, "this is a fine youth. Can we not edit him? And yonder girl—have you ever seen my Sejanus, such eyes? But she is dead—pale. Are you always thus pale, pretty one, or are you merely ill? If but ill, as I guess, Charicles, my Greek physician, shall cure you."

Before the man had even spoken, the moment, indeed, when first his eyes fell upon her, Agatha had sidled close to her mother; and while he was expressing himself in that way to Sejanus, she returned his gaze with panic-stricken, dilated eyes as the South American bird returns that of a reptile; but when he directly questioned her, she, reaching out her hand to Paulus, clutched his arm with a woman's grasp, and said in an affrighted voice,

"My brother, let us go."

Paulus, in a manner naturally easy, and marked by the elegance and grace which the athletic training of Athens had given to one so well endowed physically, first, merely saying to the stranger, "I crave your pardon," (veniam posco), lifted Agatha with one arm and placed her in the travelling carriage. Then, while the freedman and the Thracian slave mounted to their bench, he returned to where his mother stood, signed to her to follow Agatha, and seeing her move calmly but quickly toward the vehicle, he took the broad-rimmed petasus from his head, and bowing slowly and lowly to the stranger, said:

"Powerful sir, for I observe you are a man of great authority, my sister is too ill to converse. You rightly guessed this; permit us to take her to her destination."

The man whom he had thus balked, and to whom he now thus spoke, merits a word of description. He appeared to be more than fifty years old. The mask of his face and the frame of his head were large, but not fat. His complexion was vivid brickred all over the cheeks, with a deeper flush in one spot on each side, just below the outer corners of the eyes. The eyes were blood shot, large, rather prominent, and were closely set together. The nose was large, long bony, somewhat aquiline. The forehead was not high, not low; it was much developed above the eyes and it was broad. A deep and perpetual dint just over the nose reached half way up the forehead. His hair was grizzled and close cut. His lips were full and fleshy, and the mouth was wide; the jaws were large and massive. His face was shaven of all hair. The chin was very handsome and large, and the whole head was set upon a thick, strong throat, not stunted, however, of its proper length. In person this man was far from ungainly, nor yet was he handsome. In carriage and bearing, without much majesty, he had nevertheless something steadfast, weighty, unshrinking, and commanding. His outer garment, not a toga, was all one color and material; it was a long, thick wadded silk mantle, of that purple dye which is nearly black—the hue, indeed, of clotted gore under a strong light. He wore gloves, and instead of the usual short sword of the Romans had a long steel stylus for writing on wax thrust into a black leather belt. This instrument seemed to show that he lived much in Rome, where it was not the custom, when otherwise in civilian dress to go armed.

As the reader will have guessed, this man was to be the next emperor of the Roman world.

"Permit you to take her to her destination?" he repeated slowly. "My Greek physician, I tell you, shall cure her. I will give directions about your destination." A slight pause; then, "Are you a Roman citizen?"

"I am a Roman knight as well as citizen," answered Paulus proudly; "and my family is not only equestrian, but patrician."

"What is your name?"

"Paulus Aemilius Lepidus."

The man in the black or gore-

colored purple glanced at Sejanus, who still unconcerned, stood with his splendid helmet in his left hand while he smoothed his moustache with his right; otherwise perfectly still, his handsome face, cruel mouth and intelligent eyes all alive with the keenest attention.

"And the destination to which you allude is—" pursued the man in black purple.

"Formiae," said Paulus.

"What relation or kinship exists between you and Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, formerly the triumvir, who still enjoys the life which he owes to the clemency of Augustus?"

Paulus hesitated. When he had given his name, the younger of the two ladies had raised herself suddenly in the litter of ivory and gold, and fastened upon him a searching gaze, which she had not since removed. The other lady had also at that instant looked at him fixedly. We have already stated that, when Sejanus approached the group, he had not designed in any very cordial manner to salute or notice the second of the two gentlemen who had accompanied the litters on foot. This gentleman was very fallow, had hollow eyes, and a habit of gnawing his under lip between his teeth. He had unbuckled his sword, and had given it, calling out, "Lygdus, carry this," to a man with an exceedingly sinister and repulsive countenance. The man in question had now taken a step or two forward, and was standing on the left of Paulus, fronting the Caesar his shoulders stooping, his neck bent forward, his eyes without any motion of the head rolling incessantly from person to person and face to face, but at once falling before and avoiding any glance which happened to meet his. He looked askant and furiously at every object with an eager, unhappy, and malign expression. Paulus did not need to turn his head to feel that this man was now peering at him. Behind the two courtly palanquins, and beyond the shade of the trees, was a third litter still more costly, being covered in parts with plate gold. Here sat a woman with a face as white as alabaster, and large, prominent black eyes, watching the scene, and apparently trying to catch every word that was said.

Paulus, as we have observed, hesitated. The training of youth in the days of classic antiquity soon obliterated the inferiority of unreasoning, nervous shyness. But the strange catechism which Paulus was now undergoing, with all this gaze upon him from so many eyes, began to be a nuisance, and to tell upon a spirit singularly high.

"Have you heard my question," inquired Tiberius.

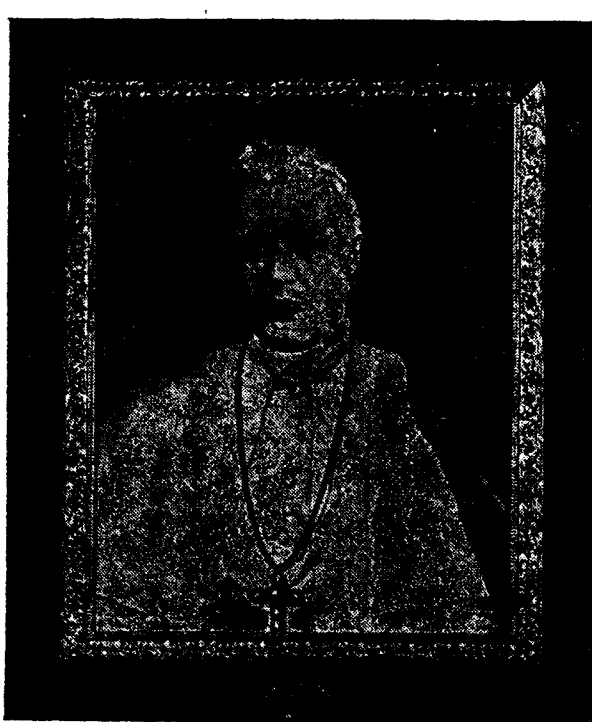
"I have heard it," replied Paulus; "and have heard and answered several others, without knowing who it is that asks them. However, the former triumvir, now living at Circaei, about forty thousand paces from here, is my father's brother." (Circaei, as the reader knows, is now called Monte Circello, a promontory just opposite Gaeta).

When Paulus had given his last answer, the ladies glanced at each other, and the younger looked long and hard at Tiberius. Getting some momentarily signal from him she threw herself back in her palanquin and smiled meaningly at the stooping, sinister-faced man, who had stationed himself in the manner already mentioned near Paulus' left hand.

"Your father," rejoined Tiberius, after a pause, "was a very distinguished soldier, and, as I always heard when a boy, he contributed eminently to the victory of Philippi. But I knew not that he had children; and, moreover, was he not slain, pray, at Philippi, toward the end of the battle, which he certainly helped to gain?"

"I hope," said Paulus, somewhat softened by the praise of his father "I hope that Augustus supposed him to have died of his wounds, and that it was only under this delusion he gave our estates—which were situated somewhere in this very province of Campania, with a noble mansion like the castellum upon the river yonder—to that brave and able soldier Agrippa Vespasianus."

(To be continued).



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