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# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MAY 8, 1909.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

### Spring in the Blood.

If, when spring is in the blood,  
 ("Tis of Irish blood I'm speaking")  
 All the peace of bachelorhood  
 Glad ye'd be to be forsakin'  
 For the hope o' joy that lies  
 In a pair o' sparklin' eyes  
 Wishful to possess ye  
 Take your chance o' paradise  
 An' Heaven bless ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,  
 Grosser appetites awaken,  
 An' ye feel a thirst that could,  
 Maybe, bear a little slakin'—  
 If to clear your throat o' dust  
 Mountain-dew will ease ye, just—  
 Shure, I'd never chide ye,  
 Take your tippie if ye must,  
 An' Wisdom guide ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,  
 Woe on your soul, ye're wishin'  
 You could wander through the wood  
 Where the other lads are fishin';  
 If, when spring is in the blood,  
 Where the Irish rivers flow  
 Waters here can tend ye,  
 Soize your day of pleasure; go,  
 An' luck attend ye!

If, when spring is in the blood,  
 Play-boy pranks nor eyes o' women  
 Stir your heart-strings as they should  
 Faith, ye're somethin' less than human!  
 What ye need's another birth;  
 Though, indeed, 't would not be worth  
 All the trouble to remake ye,  
 Fit for neither heaven nor earth,  
 The Devil take ye!

—T. A. DAY, in a Catholic Standard and Times.

### SOCIALISM AS VIEWED BY FATHER MAECKEL.

SCHOLARLY JESUIT SHOWS FALLACY OF THE PROPOSITION ON A VIOLENT SUBVERSION OF LAWFULLY EXISTING ORDER.

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

Before a house taxed to its utmost capacity, Rev. H. J. Maeckel, S. J., delivered a masterful lecture on "Socialism," at the rooms of the North Buffalo Catholic Association and Library. The lecturer's address was significant for its depth of thought, profound logic and exceptional clearness. He outlined briefly the aims and functions of socialism, its utter impracticability, and then portrayed in exhaustive detail its essential opposition to Christianity, as seen from its nature and its foundations, namely, the materialistic conception of history, the theory of surplus-value, equality of rights, and lastly, its practical demands.

Father Maeckel stated that if socialism as was formerly understood, had for its aim the amelioration of society and especially the elevation of the working class; then it may truly be called Christian; for there is no safer basis on which society may be reformed and its enormous evils remedied than by the great religious truths and moral principles made known by Christian revelation. But in its modern and materialistic form it is not a general term meaning social reform of whatever kind, but social and definite system of collectivism. Whatever, therefore, it may have been formerly used to denote, nowadays common usage has stamped it as signifying a peculiar and comprehensive remedy for social evils which proposes to transform and reform and revolutionize not only the industrial system, but even the entire moral order on which Christian society has hitherto rested.

Various authorities were quoted as regards a proper definition, and briefly stated, the following seems to be the most adequate, viz., that socialism is a system both economic and political which advocates the abolition of private property in the means of production, and the substitution thereof of collective ownership, but even the entire collective control of the production and distribution of the goods produced by the entire people constituted into a democratic commonwealth.

Socialists believe that private property in the means of production, i. e., all lands, mines and mining, raw materials, tools, machinery and means of communication (telegraph, etc.) under free competition has become the source of all our present evils, the dispossessing of farmers, laborers and small merchants, and of making the non-laborers—capitalists and land-owners—the cause of the unhappy split of society into two hostile classes, the oppression of the poor by the rich, the employment of the employer, hence the substitution of collective for private ownership in productive goods, in their estimation, is absolutely necessary to restore peace and happiness to the human race. For the same reason a democratic commonwealth is deemed necessary for the socialist welfare, as it is claimed, a monarchical or aristocratic form of civil government, would necessarily entail the possession of wealth by the few, and exploitation and oppression of the many.

Therefore, if socialism is to triumph, we must expect a gigantic revolution which will shatter the whole society of to-day to its very foundations, which will not only overthrow all thrones and monarchical governments, but also abolish all class distinctions, dismantle all commercial establishments, in short, a revolution, which will be brought about in all countries of the civilized world by armies of workers waging a relentless war against capitalism. Such is the fundamental feature and aim of socialism.

The foundation of modern socialism under the aspect of the materialistic conception of history is the principal dogma of the Marxian socialism. It states briefly, that the entire history of mankind with its political, religious and moral phenomena is but one

grand process of evolution—one constant law of perpetual change—wherein all progress is accomplished only by the formation of economic contrasts and of the class struggles resulting therefrom, and that the whole history of mankind has been a history of class-struggles.

The theory of surplus-value reveals the fact that the social system of any country or of any epoch shows that those who labor are exploited—one class of people live off the labor of others, and, as must be the case, there is always a class who do not get that which their labor produces. The fact always existed but in different forms, viz., from the brutal and offensive slavery to the milder form of serfdom, and then in recent times to the form of wage-earner system, interest, profit, rent, prices, tolls and other charges. It remains for the socialist writers to follow this fight from justice through all its retreats and drag it to the light, which they claim has been done by Karl Marx in his work "A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production."

Another fundamental tenet of socialism is equality of rights. This interesting demand assumes a two-fold nature.—the moderate and the extreme. The exponents of the former are the two luminaries, Marx and Engels, who seek the abolition of all class distinctions, every one to be a laborer and to get his share of the social product according to the measure of his labor. The other prerogative demands perfect or absolute equality of rights, acknowledging no diversity of rights and duties. This demand for equality is taken by the great majority of socialists. According to Liebknecht, Bebel, Stern, Kautsky, there shall be in the state of the future absolute equality of rights, and this equality is to be the only limit of freedom; the disregard of sex (or pedigree) also finds special mention in the Erfurt platform.

To conclude this division the lecturer proved to evidence, therefore, that from the nature, from the foundations and from the demands of modern socialism, it was adequately certain that Socialism and Christianity were as much opposed to each other as darkness is from light, and that whoever knows what Socialism is, and what it aims at, can join only at the sacrifice of Christianity, or religion in general, for from its very nature Socialism is in contradiction with all Christian teaching on the rights of private property, the justice of which Christ clearly acknowledges, also in the materials of labor.

Then Christianity forbids revolution, since it is a violent subversion of the lawfully existing order. Finally, Socialism declares religion to be a private concern, divorcing the socialist state from religion—non-religious and atheistic. Thus many points antagonistic to Christianity can be drawn from their platform, as concluded by the speaker.

The fact that this most instructive lecture met with marked approval and interest, soon manifested itself in the controversial discussions which ensued and the public demands made for similar lectures in the near future.

### RELIGION STILL THRIVES IN FRANCE DESPITE ANTI-CLERICAL CAMPAIGN.

THE FRENCH STILL A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE. APPEARANCES TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING, THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE ARE NOT REALLY HOSTILE TO RELIGION—THE HEART OF THE NATION IS STILL SOUND—THE RURAL POPULATION IS LOYAL TO RELIGION, BUT THE POLITICIANS LEAD IT BY THE NOSE—IT HAS NOT YET LEARNED TO MAKE VOTES TELL.

"In spite of recent laws," said Deputy Maurice Ajan three or four months ago, "Catholicism retains a remarkable prestige. If it were given to some sleeper, after the manner of a hero of Wars, to awake to-day from the sleep of one hundred and fifty years, he would find the churches more spacious and more numerous than they were in his time. He would see as many of the faithful coming out of them and he could count in the streets an equal number of priests."

Whether this statement be true of the large cities or not, it is essentially true of the country districts. The people as a whole have not participated actively or directly in the persecutions of religion. Indeed, the local authorities, if they had been left to themselves, would never have enforced the oppressive laws. These laws would have remained the deadest of dead letters without the presence upon the scene of representatives of the central government at Paris.

Far from wanting to chase from their midst the ministers of Christ and to suppress the manifestations of Christianity, the rural populations remain loyal to the members of the religious orders as well as to their priests and celebrate the purely religious fetes and festivals with as much, if not more, eagerness than before the troubles began. Out-there of certain industrial centres the demand for religious education is as strong as it was before it was officially proscribed. Outside of these same industrial centres it would be difficult to find a person who would so far defy Catholic usage as to eat meat on Good Friday. Rare, indeed, are the parents who do not insist on christening their children and on religious marriages for their sons and daughters. Even the so-called free thinker is pretty sure to demand the rites of the Church for the dying and the dead. Furthermore, this same free thinker is more likely than not to send his offspring to the catechism class along with the other youngsters.

Last summer I sojourned several months in a thrifty Norman village of five hundred odd inhabitants, in which I tried in vain to discover any other centre of social, intellectual and moral activity than the parish Church. In this village all the community life worth mentioning has its beginning, middle and end (as it has had for centuries) in the House of God. And I know from a fairly wide observation that there is nothing exceptional about this village. The same thing is true of the vast majority of the villages and of many of the towns of France.

"Take any train for the east, the west, the north or the south," says a discouraged enemy of the Church who seems to have hoped that a few laws would accomplish the dechristianizing of France, "and drop of a Sunday into no matter what small town at the foot of the Mass. As for its retreats and drag it to the light, which they claim has been done by Karl Marx in his work "A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production."

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### WHAT "EVERYBODY READS."

Can any sane and thoughtful person explain why it is that many people seem to think it incumbent upon them to read the last new books, whatever these books may be, or to become acquainted with the authors that "everybody" is talking about? Who is this imperious, formidable "everybody" thus commanding the literary and social world to strive to imitate her? The saintly virgins of every age have arrived at their sanctity by being faithful in copying her, and all women will find themselves lifted up and ennobled by modeling their lives after hers. This the true child of Mary ever strives to do. She endeavors to mirror her perfections

Look at the young people of our day with "problem novels" in their hands, stories of divorce, or of agnosticism or of evil that should be nameless and utterly unthought of by the innocent mind. Think of the fifth they wade through, in order to "keep up with the times," or to understand the books and authors that "everybody" talks about. But does everybody really read them? No! There are thousands who never read such books; who would not waste their time upon them; and this not only because they think it wrong to read such worse than trash but because they have not time to read all the noble and more beautiful and more keenly intellectual things that lie ready to their hand.

Our young men and women, so anxious to know what "everybody" is reading—this false, deluding mis-called "everybody,"—do they know about the writers of their Church who are giants in the intellectual order? Do they know anything of Chrysostom, "the golden-tongued," or of Basil, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine, Thomas of Aquino, Thomas of Celano, Thomas More? Do they know the annals of the martyrs and the history of the Church? Do they know the lives of Joan of Arc, or Margaret Roper, or Margaret Clitherow, or Frederick Ozanam or Henry Manning or Gaston de Renty? Have they no spark of the faith that fired a Boston woman—half Spanish, to be sure—who cried out that she was so proud of being a Catholic she half thought she ought to make it matter for confession!

What are our young people proud of? To hear a non-Catholic lecturer—to have a non-Catholic friend who is a writer—to discourse of non-Catholic poets fluently, and to discuss the last new play or opera? Not to appear ignorant of what "everybody" knows, when "everybody" means the non-Catholic public? Is this ever true of those who have the magnificent inheritance of the children of the saints, and the Catholic Church that is hoary with the wisdom of the ages?

A cultured, talented woman, a Boston woman who became a Catholic, declared that her introduction then to Catholic literature seemed to place her in the highest intellectual circles; that she moved then in the King's palace among the true nobles of an eternal realm. And yet, round her, were Catholics born and bred, who knew little or nothing of their heritage of intellectual splendor, and who were bowing down at the feet of Boston's idol of culture, so like the statue of King Nabucodonosor, and made of gold and silver, and brass and iron, but the feet "part of iron and part of clay."

Let those of our young people, who have been deluded, turn from the trash and filth, and the smoother hidden evils that "everybody" is reading, to the things that are true and harmless and undeluded and above reproach. Let them unite in learning what St. Jerome taught the noble and extraordinarily wealthy nobility of Rome till in an ecstasy of unworlship they flung all worldly goods away, to feed on the lore divine. Then shall the vision of Nabucodonosor be fulfilled, even in "cultured" Boston.

A stone was cut out of a mountain without hands; and it struck the statue upon the feet that broke them in pieces, and of clay, and broke them in pieces, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of a summer's thrashing floor, and they were carried away by the wind; and there was no place found for them; but the stone that struck the statue, became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. (Daniel II, 34, 35).

Is it not worth our while?—Sacred Heart Review.

### THE TRUE CHILD OF MARY.

Women are by nature pious; they are spiritual in their character, gentle in disposition, patient and peaceful in their relations with society. With all these qualities which nature gives her, these qualities do not make her standard when aided by grace? This we see exemplified in the true child of Mary. The child of Mary consecrates herself to imitate the virtues of her Blessed Mother. She tries to know what were those virtues, that, ever having them before her, she may imitate them. Hence she finds that the virtues of Mary, Mother of God, were all that creature could accept from Creator, since the angel saluted her, "Hail, Mary, full of Grace!" All that nature could give her as a woman, therefore, was by grace raised in Mary to an almost infinite degree. Her piety was tenderest, her spirituality of deepest, her patience and gentleness of the most perfect kind. There is nothing either in nature or grace more pervasive than the ocean and deeper than its depths, and her goodness richer and more abundant than the fruits of the earth. She distances the greatest saints in sanctity as the sun distances all the other planets, and her power to give glory to God and to gain mercy for man are greater than that of all the saints together. Wonderful ideal, therefore, is Mary for women of lofty aspirations, and countless are those who imitate her. All the religious women of the world look to her as their model and strive to imitate her. The saintly virgins of every age have arrived at their sanctity by being faithful in copying her, and all women will find themselves lifted up and ennobled by modeling their lives after hers. This the true child of Mary ever strives to do. She endeavors to mirror her perfections

even if it must be faintly. Hence she is deeply pious and truly spiritual; she tries to be sweet and gentle, patient, amiable and agreeable. All this the child of Mary becomes by grace, for grace perfects nature, and makes God-like and divine those who place themselves under its influence. May we not justly call such the queens of earth, to whom all the rest of women can well look up since by their perfect lives they show that they are true children of Mary, the glorious Queen of Heaven.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

### SAVONAROLA.

REV. DR. HANNA OF ROCHESTER GAVE INTERESTING TALK ON THE ARDENT MONK.

At D'Youville college last Monday Rev. E. J. Hanna, D. D., professor of special dogmatic theology, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, delivered a most interesting lecture on Savonarola. The lecturer was introduced by Prof. Wm. Martin and won his audience the moment he began his address. Having made extensive researches in the Florentine archives and among the personal papers and documents of Savonarola, Dr. Hanna was peculiarly qualified to speak with authority of the friar of Florence and gave a scholarly and eloquent account of his life and times. He outlined the life of his subject, spoke briefly of his writings and of his family. Savonarola's father, he said, was a rather negative character, while his mother was a woman of great intelligence and strong personality. As a child, the monk was quiet, bookish and fond of dreaming.

"It is said by the French," said Dr. Hanna, "that no great man's life is allowed to pass by without a woman crossing it and that in true of the man of whom I am speaking to-night. There was a woman in Savonarola's life—the daughter of a noble martial family. She was reported as very beautiful and of rare intelligence. Of course you and I never heard of any woman who played the leading part in a great man's love affair, who was not singularly beautiful and rarely intelligent. This is part of the story. Savonarola's suit was rejected at the girl's family and she passed out of his life."

Had she accepted him as her husband, history would have been greatly changed and, perhaps, this man, so harsh and stern with all the world, himself included, might not have experienced so much bitter suffering.

Dr. Hanna then took his audience back to Florence during the latter half of the fifteenth century. He described vividly the vice and licentiousness prevalent at the time, the sordid, material manner of living, the excessive corruptions, and the unnatural and wicked ideals, which the people had erected for their moral code.

He described Savonarola, stern and relentless, filled with hatred of anything unchaste, treacherous in his efforts against the vice and licentiousness prevalent at the time, the sordid, material manner of living, the excessive corruptions, and the unnatural and wicked ideals, which the people had erected for their moral code.

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Just as he was entering the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor in East Seventieth street, New York, where he was to say Mass, on the 11th, Rev. Joseph H. Slinger, one of the oldest members of the Dominican order in America, dropped dead.

One hundred and three Bishops and sixteen thousand and ninety-three priests now have spiritual jurisdiction over the more than fifteen million Catholic laymen and religious of the United States.

Newfoundland has a new Catholic premier in the person of Sir Edward Patrick Morris. He is a native of the island, and has been a member of the Newfoundland Parliament for almost twenty-five years.

The province of Westminister, which embraces the whole of England and Wales, has sustained a serious loss by the death, on March 27, at the archiepiscopal residence in London, of Right Rev. William Anthony Johnson, D. D., Titular Bishop of Arindela.

It is not generally known that there is a boat called St. Francis D'Assisi, which plies along the coast of Iceland and Newfoundland, giving help, temporal and spiritual, to the fisher folk for the three months that they are practically at sea, following their dangerous calling.

Mr. James J. McCann, gold medalist in medicine, and winner of Chancellor Fleming's general proficiency scholarships of Queen's University, is a son of John McCann, ex-licensing inspector of Perth, Ont. Dr. McCann received his early education in the Perth Separate school and Perth Collegiate Institute.

Sunday entertainments at which an admission fee is charged, can no longer be held in the Diocese of Fall River, Mass., under Catholic auspices. Bishop Feehan has forbidden them, because, as he says in a circular to his priests, he is "desirous that the Church shall present a united front against this attack upon the sanctity of the Sabbath."

The Rev. Father A. Hubert, in charge of St. Agnes Indian Missions, Antlers, Okla., delivered a series of six lectures at the Protestant Union Church at Garvin. The church was crowded each night with non-Catholics. The people have requested Father Hubert to return at an early date and continue his course of instructions on Catholic doctrine.

The Laetare Medal, which is annually given by the University of Notre Dame to some lay member of the Church in the United States for specially distinguished service in art, literature, science or philanthropy was conferred this year on Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, the novelist, better known in the literary world by her pen name, Christian Reid.

Bishop Verduguer is the Vicar Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, probably the poorest vicariate in America. There are 8,197 Catholics, but of this number 78,000 are poor Mexicans, and the English-speaking Catholics are far from rich. The missionaries under the Vicar Apostolic receive salary of \$10 a month. Bishop Verduguer himself practically subsists on charity.

On his seventy-third birthday, which occurred a few days ago, Gen. Matthew C. Butler of Columbia, S. C., received the sacrament of confirmation, Bishop Northrop officiating. Gen. Butler has for years been a great admirer of the Catholic Church. When he was United States Senator he served on a special committee which visited the various homes in Washington, and he was much impressed with the work that was done by the Sisters of the Poor.

From the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times we learn that Dr. Eugene Wasdin, of Charleston, S. C., a surgeon major of the United States army, and formerly a Methodist, was received into the Catholic Church at St. James', that city, on Thursday last week by Rev. George P. Degan. Dr. Wasdin is head of the Government Hospital at Memphis, Tenn., and was selected by President Roosevelt to make researches in regard to yellow fever. Because of the ability shown in this field he has been decorated by the King of Italy.

Prof. Ed. Klyde, M. A., of Toronto University, a few days ago gave a very interesting lecture in the Rideau Street Convent, Ottawa, his subject being "St. Boniface." He gave a comprehensive history of the "life and work of the apostle of Germany. A religious life appealed to him and he began as a missionary, doing good throughout nearly the whole of Germany and carrying his work into England. In the end he was martyred by the heathen in Holland." The lecturer is a native of Lindsay. There is abundant evidence that he will ere long take rank as a lecturer of the highest order.

Miss May Probyn, a distinguished English Catholic poet, passed away on March 29 at the age of fifty-three. By her death Catholics in England have lost a graceful writer and poet of real distinction. Received into the Catholic Church twenty-six years ago—we believe by the late Father Galloway, S. J.—in 1895 Miss Probyn published a volume of verse, "Pansies," which was received with great enthusiasm by the critics of every literary journal, and immediately won for her a high place among nineteenth-century singers. Since that time, if her output has been comparatively small, it has had considerable value. It has never lost the individual note which is so marked a feature in "Pansies." Always profoundly religious in tone, in much of her work the element of mysticism is very prominent.

Look at the young people of our day with "problem novels" in their hands, stories of divorce, or of agnosticism or of evil that should be nameless and utterly unthought of by the innocent mind. Think of the fifth they wade through, in order to "keep up with the times," or to understand the books and authors that "everybody" talks about. But does everybody really read them? No! There are thousands who never read such books; who would not waste their time upon them; and this not only because they think it wrong to read such worse than trash but because they have not time to read all the noble and more beautiful and more keenly intellectual things that lie ready to their hand.

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Can any sane and thoughtful person explain why it is that many people seem to think it incumbent upon them to read the last new books, whatever these books may be, or to become acquainted with the authors that "everybody" is talking about? Who is this imperious, formidable "everybody" thus commanding the literary and social world to strive to imitate her? The saintly virgins of every age have arrived at their sanctity by being faithful in copying her, and all women will find themselves lifted up and ennobled by modeling their lives after hers. This the true child of Mary ever strives to do. She endeavors to mirror her perfections

### SAVONAROLA.

REV. DR. HANNA OF ROCHESTER GAVE INTERESTING TALK ON THE ARDENT MONK.

At D'Youville college last Monday Rev. E. J. Hanna, D. D., professor of special dogmatic theology, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, delivered a most interesting lecture on Savonarola. The lecturer was introduced by Prof. Wm. Martin and won his audience the moment he began his address. Having made extensive researches in the Florentine archives and among the personal papers and documents of Savonarola, Dr. Hanna was peculiarly qualified to speak with authority of the friar of Florence and gave a scholarly and eloquent account of his life and times. He outlined the life of his subject, spoke briefly of his writings and of his family. Savonarola's father, he said, was a rather negative character, while his mother was a woman of great intelligence and strong personality. As a child, the monk was quiet, bookish and fond of dreaming.

"It is said by the French," said Dr. Hanna, "that no great man's life is allowed to pass by without a woman crossing it and that in true of the man of whom I am speaking to-night. There was a woman in Savonarola's life—the daughter of a noble martial family. She was reported as very beautiful and of rare intelligence. Of course you and I never heard of any woman who played the leading part in a great man's love affair, who was not singularly beautiful and rarely intelligent. This is part of the story. Savonarola's suit was rejected at the girl's family and she passed out of his life."

Had she accepted him as her husband, history would have been greatly changed and, perhaps, this man, so harsh and stern with all the world, himself included, might not have experienced so much bitter suffering.

Dr. Hanna then took his audience back to Florence during the latter half of the fifteenth century. He described vividly the vice and licentiousness prevalent at the time, the sordid, material manner of living, the excessive corruptions, and the unnatural and wicked ideals, which the people had erected for their moral code.

He described Savonarola, stern and relentless, filled with hatred of anything unchaste, treacherous in his efforts against the vice and licentiousness prevalent at the time, the sordid, material manner of living, the excessive corruptions, and the unnatural and wicked ideals, which the people had erected for their moral code.

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THE EXODUS.

FRANCIS W. GREY, LITT. D., AUTHOR OF "The Cure of St. Philippe," "Gilbert Franklin, Curate," etc. CHAPTER III. THE GROWTH OF AN IDEA.

It was two days later, on a strangely mild evening of early spring, that Pierre Martin got off the train at Port aux Marais, and made his way up the familiar street towards his home. Neighbors nodded welcomes to him as he passed, cheery greetings came from those he met. Presently, near the church he was stopped by Monsieur le Curé.

"So you have come home," said he, kindly, "I thought Monsieur Demers would counsel you to do so."

"He did, Monsieur le Curé," answered Pierre. Then anxiously: "How is my father?" he asked. "Madeleine did not say much in her letter, and these others," meaning the neighbors, "have told me nothing."

"Bad, mon cher, I fear, very bad," returned the priest, gravely; "not long for this world, Doctor Gingras tells me; it is well you should make up your mind to it. It is for the worst we say, but Dieu sait for him it is for the best."

"On, mon père," Pierre spoke quietly, but the Curé felt sure that he was who felt deeply, though he said little. What, indeed, was there that either of them could say? "What caused it, Monsieur le Curé—my father's stroke, I mean?" the lad resumed after a momentary pause.

"Well, I suppose I had better tell you," said the Curé, thoughtfully; "you will have to know. Lawyer Desaulniers threatened to foreclose the mortgage, he explained briefly, coming to the point at once, as was his way on all occasions. "Then my fees—"

steady wages, than casual labor in the slums of their own cities.

"Matthias comes to-morrow," said Madeleine, after a while, meaning her eldest married brother, who with Jean, also married, and Pierre, were the only three sons left of six. The others, and two girls had died in infancy, or childhood, during the year when smallpox ravaged the land, and deaths were counted daily, by the hundred.

"And Jean?" Pierre enquired, French Canadian habits, and, indeed peasants and agriculturalists everywhere, are not addicted to much letter-writing, so that Pierre was ignorant of recent home news.

"He has sold his farm and gone to Middlehampton in the States," answered Madeleine. "He wants us to go there too," she added, "if, when," her eyes filled with tears at the thought of "when" meant, and she could say no more. "Yes," said Pierre, gently, "I understand." So this, then, was also come into his own life, as it had come into the life of many others he had known. Hard times, mortgage, exile, it seemed to be the inevitable, irresistible sequence of events, one which must, apparently, continue indefinitely, or until some adequate remedy should be found. Yet, who was there to find it, where should any one discover it?

Was exile, in very deed, to be forever the sole escape from debt and penury, exile or the cities, banishment in either case from all that the habitant held dearest, that made his life worth living? And all in a moment the thought—instinctively banished as presumptuous folly—passed through his mind, leaving, in spite of him, an indelible impression, sowing a seed that should yet take root and bear fruit. Could it be that he, Pierre Martin, was to find the true remedy, the true answer to his latter-day question of the industrial sphinx? Was this the work he was to wait for, many years if he need be, toiling, meanwhile, in the New England factories as his master had toiled in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth?

Presently they reverted to the mortgage, and Madeleine told him how hard they had tried to pay the interest on it. Monsieur le Curé spoke to Monsieur Desaulniers about it," she explained, "and Monsieur l'Avocat has promised not to foreclose for six months yet, though he really needs the money very badly, Monsieur le Curé says."

"It is very good of him," Pierre returned. When was the last interest paid?" he asked; "two years ago, was it not?"

"Eighteen months," his sister answered, "these six more, that Monsieur Desaulniers has so kindly granted, will make two years. But I don't see," she added, sadly, "how we can pay it, even then."

"Nor do I," Pierre admitted, reluctantly. Then, bracing himself to face that which they knew to be inevitable, and nearer than either dared to think; "Dieu merci," he said, fervently, "le bon pere will be spared that, at least."

"Dieu merci," Madeleine repeated, "it is better so."

There was silence after that for several minutes, broken only by the crackling of the logs in the old-fashioned box stove, and the insistent ticking of the tall clock in a shadowy corner of the room, measuring out, as each felt, the moments of a life that was drawing very near to its end. Dieu merci, he at all events would not have to leave the home he had built to which he had brought his bride, where their children had been born, to go into exile. He was leaving it all, indeed, but it was to go home. Dieu merci, Dieu merci.

Presently, Madeleine returned more calmly to a subject already spoken of, a matter which must, also, be inevitably faced before very long. "Jean wants us to go to Middlehampton, to the factories—after—you know."

"Yes, I know," gravely. "But I don't like the factories," he went on; "it is no life for a habitant." All that he had spoken of at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie was coming to pass in his own case; how little had he dreamed, then, that it could ever be so. "Yet what can we do?" he proceeded, sadly; "there is New Quebec, to be sure, but that means money. And Manitoba—but that needs more money. There seems no help for it," he concluded, not complainingly, but as simply stating an incontrovertible fact. In his heart he added, reverently, "Fiat Voluntas Tua." That lesson he had learned thoroughly, as he honestly, yet humbly believed, nor was he likely to forget it, now that he needed it most.

"No," returned Madeleine, as she rose to bid him good-night, "there seems to be no help for it, as you say, but we will hear what Matthias thinks, when he comes to-morrow."

And Pierre, for his night prayers, could only say, over and over again, "Fiat Voluntas Tua;" though none, surely, could have been more fitting or more helpful. But, before putting out his light, he opened the imitation that Monsieur Demers had given him, and read a certain chapter which, also, seemed to apply to his case. Then slept, as youth will and must, to gain strength for what the coming day might bring.

It brought Matthias, his eldest brother as they all expected, a very tower of strength to his mother and to these two younger ones; the best of sons, "who never shamed his mother's kiss," the best of brothers; best of husbands, as his wife would tell you, and the neighbours witness, to say nothing of Monsieur le Curé of Saint Marie de Mornoir, where he lived, and who was, or should have been, a good judge of such matters, after forty years of priestly life; the best authority possible. What Matthias was to his own little ones, you may guess from all this. Briefly, a habitant of the old, honest, noble type, of whom there are more in French Quebec than their fellow-citizens of other speech and creed seem to be aware. The fact is, one to be regretted; all the more that it lies at the very root of the eternal, still unsolved race question, on the solution of which hangs the very existence of Canadian nationhood.

It is a question, moreover, if such a digression may be permitted at this point, which by no means admits of an easy or speedy solution, least of all of

what may be termed an official one.

There are many, of course, who claim to speak for the great, voiceless mass of French Canadians, but the wise man is he who listens to the priest, rather than to the statesman, since their faith, to an immeasurably greater degree than politics, is of the very warp and woof of their character. A man must, in fact, be of their faith, at least, if not of their speech in order to know them as they are, and, though even to this rule there has been one striking exception, even he being of another creed, stood, to that extent, outside the innermost centre and secret of their lives. Apart, however, from some such approximate understanding, there can be no solution of the race question, nor will even the angel of peace on the Plains of Abraham symbolize, much less effect the end so greatly desired until each race learns that only on the basis of a citizenship higher than that of any earthly empire can we hope to attain to it. There must, in a word, be the tolerance, the mutual understanding of those who share a common heritage, a common destiny, not only here, but in the city of God. Other than that, there is no bond as there is no outward token, no matter how venerable or sacred it may be, which can unite the two races, French, and Anglo-Celtic, with whom rest the hopes and the future of Canada.

Wherever, the present chronicler makes his apology for a perhaps not wholly unwarrantable intrusion on the course of the narrative. None, indeed, has a more genuine dislike of moralizing, or of digressions, than has he. So much, however, it seemed permissible to say, on introducing Matthias Martin to the reader, not less because the vates sacer of the habitant has passed to where he will understand his friends even more fully and lovingly than he did here; "honor hath gone, and left his wages." The rest may well be left to be inferred from the events themselves, hereafter to be recorded.

"Jean is right, ma mère," said Matthias, decidedly, speaking of the proposed move to the States, "when the time, which was in all their minds, should have come for leaving home. Me, I like not the factories, nor strange places"—he meant foreign parts in the peasant's sense of all unknown localities—"and Dieu sait, I would gladly pay the mortgage, if I could. But—well, I shall be chauceux if I don't have to mortgage myself. Or sell," he added, after a momentary pause, "and go to Manitoba."

"But," Pierre interposed, thoughtfully, "it costs money, en masse, to go to Manitoba. We could never get there, now."

"C'est vrai," returned the elder brother, "and that is why I say that Jean is right, and you must go to Middlehampton—some day. But see you, Pierre," he went on, hurriedly, wishing to get away from the thought involved, "may be, if le Bon Dieu pleases, you shall make enough, in a few years, to come to Manitoba as well."

It was a natural remark enough, under the circumstances, and kindly if not very seriously meant. Those to whom Matthias was speaking must, he feared, inevitably go to the New England factories, for a while at all events. He did not approve of factories, nor of New England; but, since these dear ones of his seemed to have no other choice, it was but simple kindness to speak as encouragingly as possible, to Pierre, especially, for whom he knew it would in some way be harder than for his mother and sister.

Simple as the remark was, it may nevertheless be counted as marking the first practical beginning of Pierre's life work, of his part in the Great Exodus, as it has since come to be known. It is true that the lad had, previously, as has been said, indulged in visionary dreams and aspirations, wherein the Egypt of the factories had ever stood in sombre contrast with the glorious Land of Promise, the rightful heritage of his race above all others, in the Great Northwest, but from this moment may be dated his serious consideration of the possibility of his having a share in the return of the exiles, however humble. It was the very vision, indeed, on which he had dwelt with an eloquence rare in one so young, and of so meagre an experience.

Just now, however, he was listening to his brother's words, which, for him, had an import that, for all his dreams and visions, he could not even guess at. "It is this maudit even of money," Matthias was saying, "which has driven thousands of our habitants to the New England factories, who should have gone to farms in the North-west. And they have told us," he continued, with a bitterness strangely foreign to his sunny, charitable nature, "that it was 'our duty to stay here, in Quebec. Bien, we have stayed—till the bad harvests and the mortgages have driven us to the factories. They should be content, ces messieurs-là, who would not let us go to Manitoba."

And, once more Pierre wondered to hear his own thoughts put into words by one who must, he felt, not quite as well as Monsieur le Curé, or Monsieur le Ministre, who was one of those to whom Matthias was evidently referring, could he know, who had never toiled early and late on the farm, never seen his crops perish by storms or early frosts, never pinched and scraped to pay off the accumulating interest on a mortgage? What, indeed, but merely that which those about him, those who sought his favours, his good will, and humoured his pet theories, chose that he should know? One must be of the people, Pierre concluded, or in close touch with them, like Monsieur le Curé in order to get at the truth of things.

"Jean says the wages at the factories are good," put in Madeleine, gently, astonished at her brother's vehemence, "better, that is," she corrected, "than any we can make here."

"That depends," said Pierre, who had talked the matter over time and again with one of his professors, a priest who had lived in the States, and had a very firm grasp of the complex subject. "If wages are high, so is the cost of living. Still," he added, with a good sense beyond his years, "if we must go, we must make the best of it."

"It will only be for a few years, mon cher," said his elder brother encouragingly, as the two walked that afternoon to the train that was to take Matthias back to Sainte Marie de Mornoir. And this, as already said, was the real beginning of the work Pierre was to do.

The lad himself was, of course, even yet but dimly conscious of the effect which his brother's words had produced in him; of how they had made the Land of Promise—so to his mind the North-west always presented itself—more clearly, more distinctly than before, the goal, the object of his hopes, his desires and his aspirations. To Monsieur le Curé only, falling Monsieur Demers, who had always encouraged him to speak freely and openly, could he so speak now, and Monsieur le Curé, he was glad to find, took much the same view of the matter as Matthias had done.

"Go you to the factories," said the priest kindly, "since you must, but trust God, mon cher, and His dear Mother to bring you out of Egypt when the right time comes. Maybe," he added, looking at Pierre's earnest face, "did you bring others out of the land of bondage into the Land of Promise?"

And Monsieur le Curé's words, though the speaker might not have found it easy to say just why he had uttered them, marked the next stage in the growth of Pierre's life-idea.

CHAPTER IV. THE END AND THE BEGINNING OF A PILGRIMAGE.

In the life of such a one as Pierre Martin, as in the life of his people, faith must, necessarily, have an influence not easily to be measured, and even less easily to be expressed. If it be true that the shorter catechism has left an indelible impress on Scottish life and character, it is equally true that, to his Church, the French Canadian habitant owes the qualities which distinguish him from the great mass of modern Frenchmen, in which, in a word, he made him what he is. The present chronicler, therefore, if it seem to dwell unduly on such matters, must be taken as picturing the forces which went to mould one whose part in the history of his race was of no little importance. The whole story, indeed, must in a sense be a mere record of his life's growth, as well as of his work, since the latter was as ever simply the outcome of the former.

This as it seemed was no more than the reader has a right to expect, by way of apology for a narrative not perhaps as rich in incident as the writer could have wished it to be. It does however deal or attempt to deal with one aspect of the problem of immigration, on the solution whereof the future development of Canadian nationhood so largely depends. It is in this respect that the writer hopes it may prove of some interest to those who take the problem and its solution into serious account.

So much having been said, the narrative may resume its course. Easter came and went but still the paralyzed house-father Paul Martin lingered on. He should see one more Fete Dieu—Feast of Corpus Christi—he would say over and over again, with that same strange pre-eminence as to the end of his pilgrimage, common to those at the going down to the Valley of the Shadow, which he had already shown as to his speedy reunion with her he loved best, in the Land of the Living. Monsieur le Curé promised that when the feast came round, an altar of repose, a station in the procession, should be placed just across the road, where by sitting up in bed, he could set it, and get one more blessing from le cher Jesus before he closed his eyes in his last sleep? Monsieur le Curé had promised and Monsieur le Curé would not fall of his word. He must wait till the Fete Dieu; he was convinced that le Bon Dieu would set him on his feet.

With such a conviction and with such a hope to keep him here, it is no wonder that he lingered on, as he hoped and prayed. And yet by Whitsuntide, he had grown so weak that it seemed impossible his flickering flame of life should burn for twelve days longer. But hope and faith were strong in him, and love strong as death. Stronger, indeed; so strong that even Monsieur le Curé marvelled, and to the doctor, his end, once seemed little less than miraculous.

That was a Fete Dieu which Pierre, and those dear to him, were little likely to forget, least of all, during the years spent in exile, where in the toil and hurry to make money, faith with so many seemed to become a secondary thing, with no real place in daily life. A perfect day of early June, Nature appeared to have decked herself in festive splendor to do honor to her Lord. Mass over the procession started and in due course came to the altar opposite Paul Martin's house. Within propped upon pillows, with his wife's hand in his, the dying man waited for his Master's coming, that for the last time on earth, he might do Him fitting reverence. It was but the day previous that Monsieur le Curé, convinced that the end was very near, had fed him with the Bread of Life, his food for the journey "to the mountain of God."

To-day he was to receive a final blessing from the Lord he had loved so truly and served so faithfully.

On either side of the bed knelt Matthias and his wife, Pierre and Madeleine, waiting. And Pierre, as he knelt and waited, as the sound of singing and of many footsteps drew nearer and nearer, not only knew that this was the end of his father's pilgrimage, and the beginning of his own, but heard in the approaching sounds, the tramp and the singing of the countless exiles who should some day come out of bondage into their own land again. More in that moment when the veil between flesh and spirit seemed attenuated into transparency and presences felt but unseen, were about him he knew by a consciousness as strange

and clear as that of the dying man himself, that it was he and no other who should lead his people in that Exodus which was surely at hand.

It was the beginning of his life's pilgrimage, it was under such influences and under such conditions that he set out on it. The influences and the conditions must therefore, be clearly understood, if the task for which they were preparing him is to be viewed in its true light, not merely as a racial but as a religious movement. It was an aspect of which Alphonse Bloudeau, at least, never forgot for a moment lost sight, to forget it might seem to him however. He knew as has been said that on the faith of the exiled French Canadians, the whole success of the movement he looked forward to must to all intents and purposes depend. And, prepared as he was to assist it by all the means, political, social or financial at his command he had not only read in Pierre Martin's face and words the enthusiasm that was indispensable in one who should initiate such a movement, but had instinctively and unerringly picked him out as the destined Moses of this new Exodus. Nor would Pierre's present mood, could he have known of it, have seemed to the Senator anything but an inevitable phase of the preparation which a leader of others must, all things and persons being as they were, necessarily undergo.

Presently the sound of singing grew distinct and clear. "Lauda, San Salvatore," and as the procession halted outside the house, and acolytes, choristers and people knelt as Monsieur le Curé mounted the altar steps, the words, by some strange coincidence—no strange when you think of it—were reached:

"Tu nos bona fac videre In terra viventium."

"I shall see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living." The sick man's face, as Pierre and the others remembered ever after, was as one transfixed. By an effort, seemingly impossible to one in his condition, he raised himself yet higher on the pillow, and gazed at the Host, as the priest raised it high above the kneeling people, gazed, Pierre thought, as one looks in the face of a friend long waited for and come at last. The others in that silent room gazed too, then bowed their heads in reverent adoration. So bowed they were unconscious of another presence—Death. He, too, was there and worshipping his Conqueror; he, too, it would seem, waited till the last blessing should have been given. Then he fulfilled his errand; gave release and rest to one grown weary of life's pilgrimage. For when the wife and children raised their heads, they realized in one first glance that all was over. Paul Martin, strengthened by His Master's presence, had set out on his last journey; or rather had reached the end of it. Truly he had not been disappointed of his hope.

"It was an end," as Monsieur le Curé said the following Sunday in his sermon, "that all should pray for." Briefly he spoke of what Paul Martin's life had been as they all knew. "Holy Church," he said, "bids us pray for his soul, since none may know its present state but God alone. Yet for myself," he added, "I shall ask with confidence this faithful servant to intercede for me, when he stands in the presence of his Lord."

And that was Paul Martin's panegyric. That those he left grieved for themselves, not for him, there is no need to say. Not that to Pierre the memory of his father's life and of his passing hence was a heritage above all others, an influence that should mould his whole life and character. But life, in the meantime, for him and for those dear to him, held problems which must be faced, and a decision which left little leisure even for tears. Monsieur Desaulniers, hard as he was thought to be, had waited eighteen months, and more, for his not unreasonable interest, and was willing, even now, to let the full two years elapse before foreclosing the mortgage which he held on house and farm.

But Pierre who had been to Saint Marie de Mornoir to see Matthias, and who had written more than once to Jean, in Middlehampton, would not hear of waiting. "What use to wait?" he asked almost impatiently for him, but Madeleine and his mother guessed how grief and his new heavy responsibility had worn him out and made allowances, as women spend their lives in doing. "It is the same in the end," he continued, more composedly, after a glance at the two quiet, loving faces. "Monsieur Desaulniers has been very good, but Monsieur de Saulniers must be paid. We cannot pay three months, three years from now . . . let him have the farm. Oh yes, ma mère—this very gently—it is hard, I know . . . but what can we do?"

"Not till the three months end," the mother pleaded earnestly. "Pierre, cher garcon, wait till the three months end, pour l'amour du Bon Dieu, wait till then. It is only a little while. Her pleading was strangely persistent. What did it mean? Pierre wondered. But Madeleine, with a woman's keener, quicker instinct, guessed, nay, understood. Her mother, she felt sure, would have joined her dear one ere the time of exile came.

And Madeleine had guessed rightly. Day by day, the bonne mère, so good, so tender, so loving as she had always been, seemed to fade away before their eyes, of no ailment that the doctor could specify, though perhaps, he also guessed at the cause which Monsieur le Curé had been asked, could have told easily. She had, simply, he would have said, no desire to live longer, not from any want of love to her children, but because the call of the first greater love was stronger, so strong, she could not have resisted it, even had she tried to do so. And so, before the three months were over, before the home she loved was taken from her, she had passed to that in which her husband was awaiting her arrival.

Those she left behind did not grudge her going, since they knew how strong must be the claim of that one all-absorbing love of hers and his which had lasted unchanged, yet ever deeper and fuller, for thirty years and more. But their lives seemed very empty without

her, very lonely, so empty and so lonely that they were almost grateful when the lawyer's letter came, notifying them not unkindly, that the debt must be paid or the farm sold.

Yet even this fresh sorrow, as Pierre tried to realize, and as he saw clearly, in due course was part of his preparation. He had been his mother's boy all his life, had leaned on her, and clung to her with a devotion that no words could give utterance to. Between them there had been no secrets, no misunderstanding. In these last three months especially, he had talked more openly with her than ever before, dimly conscious it may be that he would not enjoy this intercourse for very long; anxious therefore, to make the most of such a privilege while it remained to him. He may be said, indeed, to have laid his inmost soul bare to her, though in truth she read it, with the eyes of a mother's love, in his young, innocent face. He spoke of the exile of their people, of the coming Exodus, of the part which he dreamed he should play in it. And to all that he said, she listened, smiling, saying a word now and then of encouragement, stroking his strong, nervous hand, the hand of a poet, an enthusiast, with her own, thin fingers. She, too, knew with the insight of those whose eyes are turned homewards, who await "permission" as the Mahometans say, that these were no empty dreams, nor mere reveries of vanity. She read clearly the signs of his vocation, his choosing to be deeply even so great, so seemingly impossible a task as that of which he spoke. She knew, And Monsieur le Curé coming in on them, sitting and talking thus, was reminded, doubtless, of two who had talked in the Home at Nazareth, in just such a tender intimacy, and saw that whatever it might be of which Pierre spoke, which, he did not seem to guess, after his own talks with the lad, the mother knew. For Monsieur le Curé had learned many lessons from his parishioners, most of all from those whom he had prepared for their last journey.

But his mother's death had fresh lessons for Pierre, rather, perhaps, the one lesson which needed to be learned over and over again, that, namely, of the inevitable loneliness of those who are called to some great task for their fellow-men. He realized that, had his mother lived, he might have leaned too much on her, whereas he must, he knew, detach himself so far as might be possible, from all dependence on others, and learn to put his trust wholly and solely in Him for Whom this, his life-work, was to be done. It was Madeleine who leaned on him, not he on her, as to Jean, his attitude in regard to the Exodus was yet to be ascertained. In the meantime, he was learning what it meant to stand alone, face to face with a task, the vastness of which he was only beginning dimly to realize.

Monsieur le Curé was, of course, their chief friend and counsellor at this difficult time, for Matthias had his own farm to attend to, and it cost money to go from Port aux Marais to Sainte Marie de Mornoir, money that could ill be spared. It was Monsieur le Curé's brother, from Richelieu, who was auctioneer, at the sale and who would not charge them anything; neighbors and friends bought willingly, not knowing but that they also might have to sell and emigrate some day. It was but one more phase of the tragedy of his people, Pierre thought, as he watched the various household treasures bought in, one by one; the tragedy which ends in exile. For him, personally, it was but the severing of the last links that bound him to his old life, he should step out, on the morrow, a free man ready for what should befall him in the land of bondage. It was God's mercy, he said to himself, that spared him his sister, and was sending them to their brother, at Middlehampton. Their exile was being made far less hard for them than that of many others they had known.

Thus it came about that, after Monsieur Desaulniers had been paid in full, principal and interest, there was enough money left to pay Pierre's and Madeleine's fare to Middlehampton, and to keep them, in a economy, for a week or two. There is no need to dwell on their

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departure fr that is, th friends and would speak the little, would go on sight, they w except, of Curé and p So many fro the states of these two, t their pare ably, have tion to th of their ra too commo a passing no become as n none knew Hence the r and women, disposition, under consi to engender "See the sieur le Cu da previous ny. "Let had added, and call ou at Middleh "He will be assured him to Monsi two had go word of th and possib Not that h not only r frequent m land facto was, he r symptom of pended, and more consi had the re Monsieur and consue undemonst mage, the departure, ced. "Thy "You con when the t lower rate all the tim "You de cordially. "And I added, as Monsieur Desaulniers, ced. If Monsieur Desaulniers, the North-sieur l'Ab "No, e was as re "No. Bu have to an and to our "They lawyer Curé, our gros boutr fault. It the State Paul, tou— "Dieu! I they woul of South thes. "He Monsieur priest, gr stly, mo think of "This wa had help and whic the land speedily a able, the the sea filled up, by right possession. Monsieur grounds a possibil thing to matter, t things, lest the forming th that is to no living as life. In Pierre a experie in due c with his the w of Pierre welcome grateful just at grati kindly There them. "You cordiall form th new-crowd cher," board, Make here." And own wa "We a the ba the ba his ba the m children and tinued childre no wo says, is for a m fear th is wh Curé these people Jean me, and t yet." "Bu billi but w you, "W was th

departure from the village, from all that had been dear to them, hitherto. For a while, at least, the friends and neighbors were leaving word speak of them. Then the life of the little, self-contained community would go on as before, and being out of sight, they would be out of mind as well, except, of course, with Monsieur le Curé and possibly one or two others. So many from the village had gone on the states "from just the same cause as these two, but for the recent death of their parents the village would, probably, have paid even less attention to their going. The tragedy of their race had, in a word, grown too common to attract more than a passing notice. Such migrations had become as inevitable as death itself, and none knew whose turn might come next. Hence the seeming indifference of men and women, kindly and neighborly by disposition, and a strange cheerfulness under conditions which might well tend to engender a despondent fatalism.

"See that you write to me," Monsieur le Curé had said to Pierre, the previous to that set for their journey. "Let me know how you fare," he had added, and had hidden him be sure and call on Father Gagnon, the priest at Middlehampton, as soon as possible. "He will be very kind to you," he had assured him. And Pierre had promised.

To Monsieur Desaulniers after these two had gone, Monsieur le Curé had a word of thanks for his consolation, and possibly a word of counsel as well. Not that he held the lawyer even remotely responsible for the gradual depopulation of the village, or the all too frequent migrations to the New England factories. Monsieur Desaulniers was, he readily admitted, merely the symptom of a condition, as it happened, and as he had lately shown, much more considerable and kindly than he had the reputation of being.

Monsieur Desaulniers accepted thanks and counsel with his customary dry, undemonstrative manner. "C'est dommage," he said, referring to the latest departure, and to others which had preceded it, "but, what would you do? They come to me to borrow money, when the times are bad; I lend it at a lower rate than the bank and give them all the time I can."

"You do" the priest acknowledged, cordially.

"And I must live, me," the lawyer added, as if it were necessary to call Monsieur le Curé's attention to the fact. Monsieur le Curé agreed to this, also.

"If they will go to the States," Monsieur Desaulniers resumed, "instead of the Northwest, is that my fault, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"No, evidently not," the admission was as ready and as cordial as before.

"No. But the fault of some who will have to answer for it some day: to God, and to our people."

"They surely will," assented the lawyer; "but, even so, Monsieur le Curé, our people are foolish, too, if the great honets, the government are at fault. It is easy to make money 'on the States,' they will tell you, Jean, Paul, tous ces gens là are doing well there—so they say, why not we? Dieu!" he added, thoughtfully, "if they would only go Northwest instead of Southeast, it would change many things."

"It would indeed," returned the priest, gravely. "But I fear," he added, still more seriously, "they will not think of going till it is too late."

This was indeed a thought which he had helped to impress on Pierre's mind, and which the lad took with him into the land of exile, the nearest that is of speedy action, if any should prove possible, the hastening of the return of their people before the West should be filled up, and the land which was theirs by right should have passed into the possession of others.

Monsieur le Curé, moreover had other grounds for anxiety, in connexion with a possible exodus of which he said nothing to Pierre Martin, nor, for that matter, to anyone, for the reason that things dreaded are best not spoken of lest they become realities by being formulated in words. Monsieur le Curé that is to say, trusted his secret far to no living soul, and thought of it, himself as little as might be.

In the meantime Madeleine and Pierre after a journey which to their experience seemed interminable, arrived in due course at Middlehampton. Jean with his wife met them at the station, their welcome proving just such mitigation of the bitterness of their exile as Pierre had felt it must be. It was a welcome for which they were not a little grateful though they found it difficult just at first, to give expression to their gratitude. But Jean Martin and his kindly wife doubtless understood. There had been no one to welcome them.

"You must stay with us," said Jean cordially, to Pierre, as they made their way through the streets, which to the newcomers, seemed so noisy and so crowded. "When you get work, mon cher," he added, "you can pay your board. But, till then, don't worry. Make yourself at home, as they say here," he concluded, laughing.

And Marie, the sister-in-law, in her own way, said as much to Madeleine. "We all work here," she explained. "In the mills, you know, I worked, till the babies came. Once when Jean hurt his back, and was laid up, I had to go to the mills again, and he took care of the children. But he said it was 'dreadful,' and he is so good, my Jean," she continued, proudly, lovingly, "and the children love him so. But the house is no work for a man, and the mill, Jean says, is no place for a woman, least of all for a mother. She should stay at home, Jean says, and find her children; that is what Saint Paul said, Monsieur le Curé told me. But they laugh at us, these Americans, and some of our own people, too, more shame to them. But Jean is right, all the same. I know, me. It is the children I must think of, and those le Bon Dieu may give us, yet."

"But I shall have to work in the mills," said Madeleine, a little sadly, but with resolution. "I cannot live with you, and do nothing."

"We shall see, cherie, we shall see," was the answer, as they neared the little

house in the narrow, airless street, that was yet, unmistakably, a French Canadian home. And with that, Madeleine for the present at all events was forced to rest content. But her determination none the less, remained as firm as ever.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RACHEL AND THE JUDGE

Rachel had been preserving straw-berries. She pasted the last little slip of white on the last small jar with a vigorous pat, dropped her hands in her lap and let her gaze wander for a moment out through the wide kitchen window to the wheat field that stretched beyond the orchard. There was a pensile look in her grey eyes, and when a gentle voice called her by name the girl started.

"What is it, mother?" she answered, as the delicate little lady who paused in the doorway leading from the dining-room repeated her name a second time.

"Your father said that he would like you to bring out a pitcher of lemonade to the stile. Judge Weldon has just driven over to talk a little business, and there is a lady in the carriage with him."

A crimson wave swept over Rachel's face. Hastily she stood up, pulled down her sleeves and buttoned them about her wrists. "Yes, mother, I will right away," she said as she untied her gingham apron and hung it on a peg behind the door. Very quickly a clear glass pitcher was filled with an icy drink and ready to serve.

"What Judge Weldon says as he sat in his carriage on the highway that ran by the farm was a slim, sweet girl in a light cotton frock, with a fair oval face lighted by a pair of expressive eyes and a small head crowned with soft-brown hair, coming down the rose-bordered plait, holding in one strong young hand a pitcher and in the other a small tray with glasses. He leaned back in his seat and watched the girl as she approached. The woman beside him leaned forward. She had heard of Rachel Shelton a good deal of late, and so studied carefully the little figure as it came nearer and nearer. Rachel paid no heed to either the judge or his companion until she directed one swift glance at her father, which showed that his face was troubled. Then Rachel bowed to the judge.

"Here, father," she said as she handed him the pitcher and put the little silver waiter with its burden down on the stile, and was about to turn away.

"Wait a moment, Miss Rachel," called Judge Weldon; "I want to introduce you to Miss Seaton."

Rachel bowed in her queenly little way in acknowledgment of the introduction, and a scornful smile played around the corners of the older woman's mouth, which Rachel would easily have detected had she been looking up. As her father stood quietly by and did not fill the glasses, as Rachel expected him to do, she promptly became the hospitable hostess and took his place.

She handed a brimming glass to the judge, who leaned forward and took it, passing it in to Miss Seaton. That lady held it aloft in her small and shapely hand and waited until the judge was supplied, and then said in a voice that was more tinged with sarcasm than pleasantry, although the quotation was accompanied with a ripple of laughter: "Thanks, said the judge, 'a sweeter draft from father's hand was never quaffed.'"

Rachel smiled a forced little smile, and fancied she saw a shadow of a frown on the judge's face.

"What a beautiful place you have here," said Miss Seaton—an ideal farmhouse, and such lovely roses! I suppose it has taken a great many years to improve a country place so much as this is."

"Yes," Rachel said; "we have lived here many years. It was my grandmother's place."

"Indeed?" And Miss Seaton raised her brows questioning.

Oh, how Rachel disliked the woman. She wondered how Miss Seaton dared to pretend that she was ignorant of the particulars of the place, when it was all due to her persistent efforts to secure the old farm that she and her father were so deeply troubled. The delicate little mother as yet knew nothing of the possibility of their losing all they had because of a flaw in the title and a claim that the land belonged to the heirs of a wealthy old, miserly bachelor, and who had died many years before her grand-father bought the place. Rachel was her father's standby and confidant. It would be time enough to tell the little mother all about it when worse came to the worst.

Judge Weldon represented Miss Seaton in the matter, though he was a fair and generous man and had assured Rachel's father that he would not push the claim of his client unduly.

As the judge drove down the road toward his beautiful country place, a mile or two to the west, Rachel slipped her arm through her father's, and together they walked slowly to the house.

"Well, little girl, we must not worry. Judge Weldon is an honest man, and we may trust him to act fairly."

"But that woman, father; I despise her. And they say that Judge Weldon is to marry her shortly, and, of course, you know he will consider her interests before ours!"

"Tut, tut, child!" said the kindly man beside her. "We must never be too harsh, and we need not believe all we hear, either."

It was tea time next day. Rachel's father stood on the side porch instructing several farmhands in the work he wanted them to do the next day. Rachel sat on the steps at his feet. Coming over the stile just then was the tall, strong and loosely-hung figure of Judge Weldon. At his heels was a graceful young greyhound. Rachel sat still, with her hands tightly clasped. She was sure there was something new to disturb her father.

The judge came toward Rachel with an outstretched hand, and as Rachel put forth hers he helped her to arise with a pleasant little laugh, and there was such a suggestion of strength in his grasp that the girl felt sure at that moment that

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pillows did Rachel dare to ask where Mrs. Weldon was.

"Mrs. Weldon?" echoed the judge. "Why, bless you, child, whom do you mean?"

"Why, of course," Rachel faltered, "Miss Seaton of course."

Then the judge laughed so heartily that the little nurse looked up in surprise, and with a professional manner seemed to note in the strength of the laugh a sure sign of returning health.

"Rachel, child, I did not marry Miss Seaton or anybody else. I made my journey alone. But I will never make another alone unless you force me to. Go to my desk over there. You will find it unlocked, and in the left-hand pigeon-hole you will find a package of papers marked 'Rachel.' Bring them here. See?" said the judge, as he handed them to him. "Here are the deeds to your farm, to be held by you if you please, or given to your father, just as you wish to have it. When I saw that the Seaton heirs had a good claim on the place I offered them a price for it which was accepted. This I did before I went away, so that I might give the papers to you as a wedding gift when I returned, provided—"

And here the judge stretched out his arms to Rachel.

A few hours later the judge's sister kissed Rachel on both cheeks, something she had never been known to do before.—The Morning Star.

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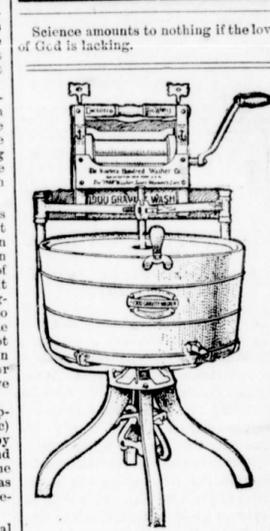
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See the "S" shaped swing links beneath the tub. These links do nearly all the hard work when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

These are slats on the inside bottom of the tub. These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough hot, soapy water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them. This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for quick and easy washing. You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub, and with it you revolve the tub one-third way round.

The machine must have a little help from you at every swing, but the motor links do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

When you revolve the tub the links cause it to move up and down as it swings—the clothes don't move.

But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water through and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot, soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics without any rubbing—without any wear and tear from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty apron with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900 Gravity" Washer. A child can do this in six to ten minutes better than any able washerwoman could do the same clothes in twice the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we say: now, how do you prove it? We send any reliable person our "1900 Gravity" Washer, free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no security. You may use the Washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in four hours as you will wash by hand in eight hours you send it back to the railway station—that's all.

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Then you mail us greens as well it is paid for. Remember that 30 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own or a wash-woman's labor. We intend that the "1900 Gravity" Washer will pay for itself, and cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from last to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month if we did not positively know they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in half the time, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it pay for itself? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it over-crowds our factory.

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"FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

The confessional is a matter which gives our non-Catholic fellow-citizens much thought and not a little worry.

The annexed synopsis of a lecture upon this subject, delivered at the mission recently given in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, by Rev. Father Ryan, S. J., and which we copy from the London Free Press, will be of interest to those who have not the rock of Peter as a foundation for their religious beliefs:

"Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them." (St. John, chapter xx, verse 23) was the subject for an eloquent and forceful sermon delivered in St. Peter's cathedral last evening by Rev. Father Ryan, S. J.

"Go where you will into any part of the world and into any country, and you will find Catholics and when you find Catholics you will find the confessional," said the speaker.

"Many times the laity have been charged with introducing the confessional, but it would be more likely for them to oppose this painful, humiliating rite."

"The priesthood have had it frequently charged against them that they introduced it for their own ends and aims."

"Many times, the preacher said, he had heard that the cunning Catholic priests wanted to pry into the business of their people, to know all about their families, what was in their souls, and therefore it was said that Catholics are superstitious. Men had even said that the priests did it for money, but they could not and would not introduce it."

"The priest, said the preacher, is not so inhuman, unscrupulous, as to impose on his fellow-men."

"Cunning and as keen-sighted as the Catholic priests are accused of being, they would have at least exempted themselves from it. Yet every priest, Bishop, Archbishop and the humblest of laymen, every week His Holiness the Pope kneels to a priest, a man like himself, and confesses his sins; and to the priest, also, nothing is more laborious than for him to sit in the confessional all day and listen to a story of sin, degradation and sorrow."

"A conspiracy of priests throughout the world it had been said started the confessional. That, said the preacher, was also absurd. It would be the same as saying that all the merchants and doctors of the world were leagued together to rob and cheat the people. One idea was just as absurd and impossible as the other."

"Then it was said that the fourth Lateran council of 1215 made the law that all Catholics go to confession. But, said the speaker, their legislation was that every Catholic should go to confession once a year, but that does not say that the Catholics before that time did not go."

"Gregory VII, is blamed by unscrupulous persons for the starting of the confessional, but it would have been impossible for him to do so, at the time he was Pope he had a continued battle with all the 'sovereigns of Europe.'"

"Then history would have had an account of it, and also the time of the founder should it have been begun since the time of the apostles. And so, said the preacher, it could not have been started by man. The speaker then said that confession must then be a divine institution started by Christ while He was on earth."

"A CONTROVERSY DRAWN FROM THE PROTESTANT BIBLE, WHICH, IN PART, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, BROUGHT EXCELLENT RESULTS."

"FISHERIES IN FAITH FORBIDDEN."

"Mark them which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them." (Romans xvi, 17)

Doctrine. How is it that otherwise fair-minded, well-disposed sectarians whose shibboleth is "Search the Scriptures," read Romans xvi, 17, but do not search into this vitally important text or yield compliance therewith, but practically, as a dead letter, from book, heart and mind, expunge the whole idea of oneness of doctrine and the two-fold injunction in behalf of that oneness? This is not all, however. When this essential part of holy revelation is once expunged, it is but the beginning and more follows in quick succession.

Not only then is confusion precipitated, peace disturbed and charity estranged, but the defenders of that doctrine suffer and have suffered for no other reason than they uphold the inspired apostle of the Gentiles and the singleness and unimpairableness of his doctrine.

The scriptures must be fulfilled. "Mark them which cause divisions," etc. "Mark them"—this is what brings us into trouble, but St. Paul knew the difficulties and embarrassing position of the doctrine, and he knew the practical results to follow, namely: affront, resentment, misunderstanding, misrepresentation and worse. But no account is taken of entanglements to ensue, conflicts waged or martyrdoms suffered, the doctrine must be preserved in all its purity, integrity and indivisibility.

Therefore, true to that doctrine, true to her principles and in pursuance of St. Paul's instructions, the Church can not, dare not, recognize or encourage doctrinal divisions or doctrinal offences. Divisions, although making up the aggregation of Protestantism, are not in her fold. She has never countenanced them and never will. This is her history and it covers nineteen centuries.

"AVOID THEM."

Referring to the founders of doctrinal divisions, St. Paul does not alleviate the burden laid on the Church with respect to its attitude toward those teaching doctrines curtailed or reformed. But in furtherance of his denunciation of doctrinal divisions and in terms more searching than the first he charges anew: "Avoid them."

As this command has not been repealed, is not mythical or obsolete, in the name of the Holy Bible what other recourse has the Church but to enforce it? That she acts shows she exists, and that she is as rigorous and vigilant as ever. It is not that she loves her neighbor less, but she loves God first and, as His instrument, has a duty to perform. And this duty was by no means nominal or optional but positive and obligatory upon the Romans; and as God's holy doctrine is unchangeable and universal, the duty of the Church in the United States is as fresh and as clear and as binding as it was in the day of St. Paul.

To possess the sacred doctrine in toto is essential. To safeguard its identity is not less essential; hence, we are commanded to "avoid them which cause divisions," and it follows, not only those which cause divisions, but the divisions themselves and all those who aid or abet them. Therefore, in the sense intended by St. Paul, which is the sense of the Church, we certainly do "avoid" them. No Catholic as is well known is permitted to attend their service or worship.

Do not call him bigoted, please, or brand him narrow and illiberal; for he is a conscientious, consistent follower of St. Paul, and regards him as an inspired authority.

Could the situation be reversed and had sectarians the Christian Doctrine in all its purity and integrity, that could not be so broad and liberal. In such event, they would "mark" and they would "avoid"; but as it is they are sects manifesting and recognizing divisions and contrariety of doctrine.

They cannot both be a division recognizing divisions and at the same time marking them "which cause divisions" and avoiding them.

So the unbiblical, unscriptural stand is the stand of their common adoption, leaving as it does a wide open, unbridgeable gap between them and St. Paul. A SIMILAR AND DISMILAR COMPARISON.

But there is an obverse side to the medal. Many of our sectarian brethren have lived so long and grown so tall that their doctrinal garments have been remodeled. So they say, "We have outgrown dogmas, forms and formulas."

To meet this modern exigency the pulpit thunders and the welkin rings enjoining the "personal acceptance of Christ." The doctrinal acceptance is under an opiate.

If prejudice be not too strong and judgment not too weak, it will be seen that Holy Scriptures, in John the eighth chapter, furnishes a particular instance to fit this case.

Christ had disciples and they walked with Him personally and they accepted of Him personally, until the Lord of Hosts disclosed to them the mighty mystery of giving them His own Body to eat and His own Blood to drink. This was too much for many of them and they returned—too mysterious, supernatural and above all too preposterous.

They wavered, they withdrew, they walked with Him no more.

Church Decoration. This is our speciality. We decorate along modern lines in a manner strictly in keeping with a sacred edifice. We are prepared to meet Church Committees to make suggestions and to submit coloured sketches. Correspondence is invited in regard to all matters pertaining to ecclesiastical work. The THORNTON-SMITH Co., 11 King St. West TORONTO.

Furthermore, they realized they could not deceive the Son of God; that He was not preaching to them the "acceptance of a personal Saviour," but in the most striking and emphatic language, coercive under penalty, the terms laid down for His divine acceptance were unqualifiedly and uncompromisingly doctrinal. Therefore they quit him, cutting off thereby the very means of life He vouchsafed them. To be without the doctrinal acceptance of Christ is to be without the means of "Life."

As doctrine among dividers has largely begun to wane and decline, it follows that its source—the Bible—commands less confidence and recognition. It is not surprising, then, that an Eastern sectarian minister has this to say: "Whilst in a former day the Bible among many of our number was a fetish, it is now a fable."

To an extent, the doctrine of commercial, social and elite prominence has supplanted St. Paul's stern and inexorable doctrine of no divisions.

Note the hue and cry raised, in certain instances, if a man be morally run down; but if he be doctrinally a knave, it is a pardonable offence. It is a mark of sane intelligence.

CONCLUSION.

"Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you." (I Cor. 1:10)

God is perfect, He "is not the author of confusion," therefore He is not the author of "variance, heresy," sects or denominations "and such like," which are divisions and offences contrary to doctrine.

When divisions broke out in heaven as a penalty those who caused them as well as their adherents were cast out of heaven. Thus, they were marked and avoided, too.

On earth as a penalty those who cause divisions and offences contrary to doctrine are not only marked and avoided, but, according to Galatians v, 20-21, they are bracketed with other capital offences under the head of "variance, sedition, strife, heresy and such like" and "shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

From all this it follows that, God being a God of supreme order and perfect system, there must be, is and has been, but one, common Christian Doctrine, irrefutable and unalterable, taught by one infallible Church containing no sect, variance or division and recognizing none.

And it follows, also, that this one, infallible Church as "the pillar and ground of truth" is permanently founded and divinely commissioned by Christ; that her exalted mission is and has been to teach both the personal and the whole doctrinal acceptance of Christ; that she recognizes no branches, except they be unsevered, organic and constituent living in intimate union and communion with her; and, finally, that she owes her long continued, integral existence and entire absence of divisions and contrariety of doctrine to the divine protection and abiding assurances of Jesus.

Her name the world over is the Catholic Church.—F. J. F.

the occasionally unkind words about the race to which the great majority of them belong. The diocese of Antigonish is thoroughly Scotch. Of the seventy-nine priests in the diocese fifty-five are of Scotch descent and all these fluently speak Gaelic, the language of their forefathers. The first bishop of the diocese, the late Bishop Fraser, was born in Scotland; his successor, the late Archbishop McKinnon was of Scotch descent, and so is our present venerable Bishop, Right Rev. John Cameron, D. D., who is a thorough master of the Highland tongue and has written in that language a beautiful work on Christian doctrine. The recently appointed Bishop of Victoria, B. C., Rev. Dr. McDonald and Archbishop McDonald, who a few years ago retired from the See of Harbour Grace, both natives of this diocese, are also of Scotch descent. Our forefathers came from several parts of Scotland, more particularly the western isles and the mainland of Invernesshire, where they suffered many cruel persecutions for their faith, and were as much downtrodden as were the Catholics in any part of Ireland. To-day we love and cherish the memory of our faithful Scotch forefathers, who preserved for us the true faith taught them by the great St. Columba, as we love the Irish race for their fidelity to the faith given them by St. Patrick. When the seventeenth of March comes around every year the Scotch Catholics of this diocese are just as demonstrative in their religious celebration of the memory of St. Patrick as their Irish neighbors, not because there are those who, through historical research, put forth the claim that St. Patrick was born in Scotland, but because, with a true Catholic spirit, they venerate the memory of one of the greatest saints of the Church, wherever he may have been born. They read, therefore, with much surprise the unkind words in your issue of March 27th, last: "If Irishmen in this country are now-a-days less demonstrative in their celebration of their national feast our Scotch and other neighbors are doing their best to rise up from apathy. Their best is poor, insulting in their endeavors to be funny and vulgar in their attempts to be witty." The Scotch Catholics of this diocese (which is included in the phrase "this country") put forth "their best" to assist their Irish neighbors in religiously honoring the memory of St. Patrick, and you are so unkind as to tell us that "our best" is "poor," insulting and "vulgar." 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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

Brethren, I fancy if St. James were addressing the Christians of our day he would be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the hearing of the word; for whatever may be said about the "doers of the Word" it cannot be denied that the number of those who hear God's Word with advantage might be increased. Indeed, there are many for whom a High Mass sermon, in view of its rarity, would be a luxury, and for whom even a five-minute sermon is long and wearisome. In addressing you, dear brethren, it seems hardly necessary to dwell long upon the importance of hearing God's holy Word, for we have reason to believe you value it most highly. But there are none of us who know too much; we are born in ignorance, and as long as we live we must feel the need of instructions and exhortations on the great questions of the soul—how to live and how to die well. This the Word of God supplies, for, as St. John Chrysostom says: "What food is to the body, the Word of God is to the soul," and if we neglect to nourish our souls with the food, we shall eventually grow weary and cold in God's service, and die through want of strength.

But the important question is this: how can I hear the Word of God? Oul how many Christians have listened to the Word of God, which He Himself declares to be "words of fire," and have profited nothing, have remained cold and indifferent to warnings of that voice that "breathes where it listeth"—Christians who fancy they are wise enough and experienced enough, and who never think of applying these burning words to themselves.

How can I hear the Word of God with profit to my soul? "With meekness," says St. James, "receive the engrafted Word, which is able to save your soul." Our Lord frequently likens the Word to the seed which the tiller sows in the field. Now, he who sows the seed must first carefully prepare the ground, for the harvest will be in proportion to the care he bestows in the preparation of the ground. The seed is the Word of God; and, dear brethren, your hearts, not your ears, are the ground, and therefore you must prepare your hearts. And how? Just as we must cleanse the ground from all that would prevent the seed from bringing forth good fruit, so must it be with the heart. Is mortal sin there? Turn it out, for it is mortal sin which, like thorns, will choke and destroy the good seed. Receive the Word of God with docility and meekness, with a longing desire to learn from Him through His ministers how to lead a life worthy of our calling. "He who has ears to hear let him hear," says our Lord. Indeed, brethren, we all have ears, and why is it, then, that we do not hear? I will tell you why we do not hear, why the voice of God does not penetrate into our hearts. It is because the soil is not prepared: it is because we come to hear the Word with hearts filled with worldly cares or even evil desires, with deep-rooted attachments to things unlawful, with no intention of learning how to lead better lives. If it were only something new we had to learn, some new doctrine, some new and fanciful creed; but no, it is the same Word that was spoken to the early Christians, only new by its practical application to our hearts.

But now, brethren, mark how St. James would have us not deceive ourselves. It is not enough, he tells us, to come here Sunday after Sunday and listen to the Word of God, but we must be doers of the Word; that is to say, we must carry out practically in our everyday life the lessons and inspirations which have been offered us through the ministry of preaching. For if a man, says he, shall be a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his natural countenance in a glass; for he beheld himself and went his way, and presently forgot what manner of a man he was. Be not like this man, brethren, if you would save your souls. When listening to the Word of God, wherein the wants, the failings, the defects of your soul are mirrored, do not go not your way forgetful of what, through God's grace, has been revealed to you, but with meekness receive the engrafted Word, which is able to save your souls, and blessed will you be if you hear the Word of God and keep it.

SCOTCH MINISTER'S WIFE EXPLAINS HER CONVERSION.

I was brought up in an Episcopalian, and when of an age to understand, I joined the High Church party, believing that the English Church had come down from the Apostles and having been taught that the Church of Rome was as much a schismatic Church as any of the dissenting bodies. True, I did wonder and enquire (of a Protestant) the meaning of our Lord's words to St. Peter, when he said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock will I build My Church," etc., but I was put off for a time by being told that the rock meant Our Lord's doctrine. Then of course, I was always brought up to look upon the Catholic Church as something quite outside our own religion, as something dangerous and not to be enquired into; as one that worshipped images, placed the Blessed Virgin on a level with Christ, and altogether taught very false and erroneous doctrines. Such a thing as enquiring of a Catholic what their belief really was never entered my head. Finally I married a Presbyterian minister, and lived in a place where there was not even an Episcopal Church nothing but three small bodies of Presbyterians, all quarrelling with one another. This state of things went on for nearly eight years; but last summer, in the good providence of God, I went on a visit to England, and the very first Sunday, hearing there was to be a grand service in the Roman Catholic Church, I thought perhaps there would be no great harm if I went in the evening after so much Presbyterianism, and especially as there were only very few English Churches in that town. It was a grand service, being the Sunday in

the octave of Corpus Christi; but more than that the sermon was preached by one of the Redemptorist Fathers, the beginning of a course of sermons to Protestants to explain the Catholic Faith. It was a sermon showing how the Catholic Church was that one which came straight down from St. Peter through the Popes to the present day; the English Church having its beginning only with Henry VIII. In fact, the sermon explained instead of explaining away our Lord's words to St. Peter. (Matt. xvi. 18). Coming out of the church the Rev. Father spoke to me, and asked me if I was a Catholic, to which I promptly replied: "Yes, an English Catholic." He then showed me that one could not be English Church and Catholic at the same time; the words were a contradiction of one another, as Catholic meant world-wide. I went to see him next day, firmly convinced I should never become a Catholic but thinking it was only fair to hear both sides. The Rev. Father continued his Mission for a week, and to make a long story short by the end of a month I was admitted into the Catholic Church having discovered that it was that Church the keys of which Christ had given to St. Peter, and through him to all the Popes in succession down to the present day, and the Church of which He said: "He that heareth you heareth Me."

There were terrible difficulties to be faced and I knew it would probably mean either the breaking up of our home life, or the loss of my husband's position. It seemed a cruel thing to him after having married him as a Protestant; and withal I was a moral coward. But, thank God, He gave me strength sufficient for the day, and the reward has been even now as our Lord promised, a hundred fold.

When one sees the true Church, there is only one thing to be done. Christ has left one Church, not many churches, and if we love our Master, we must follow whithersoever He leads us, and we must unite ourselves to His Body, "the fullness of Him who filleth all in all." People do call us idolaters; and let us glory in the name if by that idolatry is meant the adoration and worship of Our Saviour, the Incarnate Son of God. They tell us when He said: "This is My Body." He meant, "This is not do what He will with His own? Can He not turn bread into Flesh, and wine into Blood. Who being God from all eternity became Man, and at His first miracle turned water into wine? He can do as great miracles of grace now in enlightening the darkness of those who know not the truth of the Catholic Faith, and in giving them strength to take up their cross and follow Him, when they feel their conscience bidding them do so. And let me here say a word to any one who are not yet Catholics, and who may chance to read these lines. Do make quite sure, before it is too late, that you are in the Church of Christ left. Do not postpone your conversion by telling up in a certain Church that must be the right one. If we were brought up as Jews or Mohammedans, we should naturally think we were right but God has given to each of us our intellect and reason, and we must make use of these gifts, as no one of us can answer for another; for "we must all stand before the Judgment seat of Christ."

And above all do go for your information about the Catholic religion to a Catholic priest, and not to a Protestant, who cannot from the very nature of things, know what our religion really is, and from whom one generally hears anything but the truth about it. It is with the hope of encouraging and cheering any who are facing perhaps as great as I had to face myself, that I pen these few lines. Since becoming a Catholic, I have met some who have given up everything of this world's goods for the sake of obeying Our Master's voice, and joining His Church, and they count it all well lost for what they have gained: "The Pearl of Great Price." Our Lord in His Holy Catholic Church. The best I can wish for others is that they may be led into the peace and truth of the One true Church, and then they will never cease thanking Our good Lord for His mercy, and they will make their very own the words of the Queen of Sheba, after visiting Solomon and seeing his glory: "I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the half was not told me."—E. G. in Glasgow Observer.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

The following is no fancy sketch but a scene from real life. It is the New York Sun's account of an incident in a police court in that city, March 8: Magistrate Joseph P. Fitch sent Jacob Decker, fifty-eight years old, one of his boyhood school chums, to jail yesterday for two months. He was sitting in the Flushing police court yesterday morning when a bedraggled individual with flowing side whiskers and tattered garments entered unannounced. Court attendants sought to intercept the intruder, but he brushed them aside and standing before the magistrate's desk said: "Say, Joe, don't you know me? I'm Jake Decker. Remember when we went to school and snow-balled each other. That's a long time ago. You're a Judge now, but luck has always been against me and I want you to send me to jail for thirty days so that I can get straightened out. Wish I could go back to the

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TOASTED CORN FLAKES

old schooldays before I knew anything about the booze. It's the stuff, Joe, that's been my undoing. Yes, the 'good old stuff' that's put me on a greased plank and is sending me tobogganing straight to hell.

"Don't be offended with me, Joe. I just got out of the hospital, where I made a fight to shake the stuff, but I'm too weak and no match for old John Barleycorn. He threw me without half trying, and here I am shaking as if I had the ague, without friends, food or place to sleep. 'Drunk as Jake Decker' is what they call me now; yes, 'Drunk as Jake Decker'."

Don't lecture me or give me any advice or waste any words on me, for you can't feel half as bad about my condition as I do myself. You don't know my degradation and I do. Just send me to jail."

An interval of silence followed. Culprits in the pen leaned forward with eyes fastened on the magistrate and the pitiful delinquent before him. Decker nervously fumbled an old hat he held in his hands while Magistrate Fitch once or twice ventured to speak, but was unable to control his voice.

"Yes, I recognize you now," he finally said. "I shall heed your request and you nothing concerning your condition. You want to go to jail. Don't you think I had better send you away for three months?"

"That's too long, Joe," returned Decker pleadingly. "That too long. Why, spring will be here in another month; and you remember how we went trout fishing early in the spring when the grass was green. Don't make it three months."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I'll make it two months and then the weather will be better and you may have a chance to find employment."

"Thank you, Joe," and Decker took his place with the prisoners in the pen. Decker was born in Flushing and had a fine business when he was a young man. Bad investments and drink wiped out his savings and his wife finally was compelled to leave him. For the last few years he has been gradually getting worse, and he has already served several short terms in jail for drunkenness.

LAUGHABLE BLUNDERS.

The blunders of the unsophisticated scribe still furnish Catholics with food for mirth.

The New Zealand Tablet gathers together a number of reporters' blunders, which it finds amusing enough. It speaks of the reporter who faithfully described an evening Mass when he meant vespers, but this is a blunder common enough in the United States. The Sydney Morning Herald spoke of Bishop Higgins as "administering high Mass," but it was in our own country that a daily paper told how a priest prevented a panic in his church by boldly throwing a "blazing sacrilege" into the street. It was an American newspaper also which described the entrance of Bishops and clergy to the sanctuary in these words: "They wore long flowing stoles and birettas, with cassocks on their heads, which they removed as they advanced to the altar." A historic instance of the blundering that is a joy forever was that of a reporter on an English daily paper, who in his description of the new Westminster cathedral, avowed that he had "several thurifers suspended from the ceiling"—forgetting, poor fellow, that the thurifer is the person who carries the thurible or censer.

A Scottish Catholic paper tells about a description which appeared in a Glasgow secular paper of the consecration of a Bishop in St. Andrew's cathedral. The vesting of the consecrating Archbishop was summed up in this phrase: "His Grace was adorned with the amice," and all that was said of the long and solemn function was that "the Archbishop engaged at Mass at the foot of the altar." The same paper tells of a reporter of a Highland paper who, describing a High Mass celebrated at the Fort Augustine Benedictine monastery by the late prior, the Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, penned this inimitable sentence: At this point of the proceedings the very reverend gentleman turned round and observed in stentorian tones, "Dominus vobiscum!" "It was an Edinburgh paper," adds our Glasgow contemporary, "which gravely stated that 'the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles sang Haydn's Sixteenth Mass,' and it

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supplemented this remarkable item with the statement that "the thurifer was swung gently to and fro in front of the altar."

"A poet," writes Father Russell, "was gazing one day at a beautiful rose tree. 'What a pity,' said he, 'that these roses have thorns!' A man who was passing by said to him: 'Let us rather thank our good God for having allowed these thorns to have roses.' Ah! how ought we also to thank Him for so many joys that He grants to us in spite of our sins, instead of complaining about the slight trouble He sends us!"

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Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Who is a Gentleman?

The Baltimore Sun is conducting a little public inquiry as to "What is a gentleman?"

Why is a gentleman? Some of the answers are very interesting, showing how diversified are the ideas on this mooted question.

Here is a good answer: "A gentleman is a manly man, with at least a reasonable degree of intelligence, who lives as nearly as possible a truly Christian life."

And this: "A gentleman is one who is as gentle as a woman and as manly as a man."

"Several years ago I read in a book of an old lady, who said: 'The word gentleman comprises all of morality and a great deal of religion.'"

A longer one goes more into detail: "A gentleman is he who is never mean or little in his disputes."

"He guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which irritate. He never speaks of himself except when compelled and never defends himself by a mere retort."

"The gentleman in rhyme" has it thus: "Takes heed of many a bow to any; Is every where reserved; Talks out of any, dainties; many; Let it not be observed."

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He measured them by their ability to advance him.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A Newsboy's Bank.

He was very little and his clothes were ragged and his hands were red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way.

"It's terribly cold," I began. "Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse," was the answer.

"But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?" I continued. "Yes, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can, nodding at the house across the way."

"Why do you papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?" "No," with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; "scarce ever sell one here."

"Why do you come then?" "Do you want to know the real reason?" "Yes, indeed," I replied earnestly. "Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for, couldn't sell any papers and was about broke, and if I'd known any place to go, I would have crawled off somewhere, and give it all up."

"If you'll believe it, I began to get along right away. I'm saving money now to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over and say, 'Pluck and the grace of God' over to myself a few times. Then I go back, and you wouldn't believe how fast the papers sell after that."

He rose, shook himself together like a big dog, and said: "I must hustle along and get rid of my papers, but I'll be round whenever I'm down in the mouth, for that house is my bank, and I come to draw on it when I'm hard up. I expect it's a deal more comfort to me than the man that built it."

And a moment later the youth's philosopher was shouting: "Hear ye our mornin' papers!" "Tribune," "Herald," and "Record" were!"—True Voice.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, SS. LUCAS COUNTY. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State above said, and that said firm will pay to any and every creditor of said deceased the full amount of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catholic that can not be cured by the use of O'Halloran's Cure.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.

had the good luck to escape your share of it you are very fortunate. But do not on that account allow yourself to grow cold hearted and unsympathetic to others.

Remember that we all look at life from different standpoints and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path for you, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister.

They were isolated cases in a great hospital; men doomed—for the "White Plague" had marked them for its prey. One was naturally a money, light hearted fellow, a Catholic; in him the progress of the disease was more rapid; the other, was born of Catholic parents, had been reared in the faith, but had fallen away from his religion, and had not entered a church for fifteen years.

They had met in the hospital, and because they were consumptives, had fraternized, so to say, and when they were removed from the other patients, were satisfied in each other's company. The non-Catholic man seemed interested in everything he saw in the hospital, and even accompanied the patients to the chapel for Mass, but the man who was reared a Catholic, who had made his first Communion, suddenly refused every opportunity of grace. His isolation from the other patients made him irritable at first, and his fellow-sufferer had a hard time to make him satisfied with the necessity. This man, Cox, forced a smile from his room-mate, many a time, and I saw a gradual softening of heart, and a lessening of the bitter rebellion which possessed him.

"Mr. Cox," I said, "were you reared in any religion?" "No, sir," said Cox, "I don't know anything about religion, but I had a mother, who never refused a hungry man a meal, nor a poor man the best she could give him. Her religion was kindness, and that has been mine, to the best of my power."

"Was your mother ever baptised in any Church?" I continued. "She used to say she thought she was christened in the old country. She was an Anglican."

"Well," said I, "I am very sure you have Catholic blood in you; and to meet your dear mother in heaven, you must be christened too. Did she never speak of your being baptised?" "No, she said my father told her to wait till I was of age, and then I could choose my own religion, but I never went to church, and when she died, I was too broken up to care about it. But let me tell you, sir, there must be a lot of good in a religion, that makes people as kind as these Sisters are."

"Would you like to read something about their religion?" "Sure! What will I get?" "Why I have a book just here, that I will give you, and it will tell you the whole story, and I drew out of my pocket a copy of 'Faith of Our Fathers,' by Cardinal Gibbons, which I happened to have with me that day. He was pleased with the offer and thanked me warmly. Illness makes a man grateful for any kindness shown him by his fellowman."



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I did not return for a few days, but I was told that Cox began at once to read the book, and now and then referred to Smith for explanations. Smith seemed embarrassed, but gave some answers from time to time, which caused Cox to say to him one day: "Why Smith, I believe you are a Catholic yourself?"

"I was once," said Smith, "but I have forgotten all about it." "Was it the right thing?" "Well, Coxie, I won't interfere; you read the priest's book, and judge for yourself; I can't deny it, it seemed the right thing, but that was fifteen years ago."

"And what have you been since?" "Nothing," said Smith, "it's the Catholic Church or nothing." "Cox did not reply. The next time I went, this conversation was repeated to me before I entered the room, but I did not intend to show I had heard it."

"How are you getting on with the book?" I said pleasantly, after I had shaken hands with the two men, and lighted a cigar, as I was advised by the doctors to do when I was in the room. Both the men were smoking.

"I will, so help me God!" "That's right," said the Sister, "wait a minute," and quickly she went and got a prayer-book and some works of instruction, then she marked the place and with some encouraging and consoling words, left him to his own thoughts.

My story is told. Smith was instructed again—made his confession and received Holy Communion. It took days for him to get ready—but he was a changed man. He seemed braver, happier and even so much improved in health that he was advised to go West, that at least a few more years of life, might be added to him.

When she entered the room, Smith with his arms on the table and his face buried in them, was shaking with sobs. "My poor, poor fellow," she said, in a low, tender voice, "how my heart aches for you!"

He lifted his head quickly and dashed away the tears, he looked earnestly at the Sister. The voice seemed to awaken echoes of long ago. He said: "I haven't heard a voice like that, since I was a boy. Aren't you Sister Ruth?"

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Homeseekers' Excursions. Special Trains from Toronto April 20th and every 2nd Tuesday until Sept. 21st. Low Round-Trip Rates. Collect and Tourist Sleeping Cars. For copy of Homeseekers' Pamphlet, Rates and full information, apply to Nearest C. P. R. Agent or R. L. Thompson, D. P. A., Toronto.

authority on blue paper, the necessary credentials from the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum, they shoved policemen aside and invaded the coach that brought the little ones South. Only forty-eight of the children, ranging in age from three to six years, were distributed in New Orleans. The remaining eighteen went to other points in Southwest Louisiana. The husband of one woman who obtained a foudling is rated in Bradstreet's at \$200,000. Another is a hard working but well-to-do man who is the father of seven sons but whose ambition was to have a daughter. He got one four years old.

When the last of the forty-eight was handed out of the car there was still a mad crowd waiting in mud ankle deep around the track. "That's all," announced Joseph C. Butler, in charge of the traveling kindergarten. "All!" gasped the discomfited women. "Where's mine?" they chorused. "We couldn't bring any more this trip," explained Butler soothingly. "Give me what's left over," cried a woman clad in costly furs. "We have no children in our home."

"You will come on the next trip," advised Butler as the woman clambered into the car with her robes trailing in mud. "We will bring some in February."—Catholic Universe.

Whatever you are by nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sydney Smith.

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Orange Meat Compared With Bread

BREAD and milk make a good food, but usually bread is not baked enough to get the best results. By chemical analysis there is found a great difference between the bread crumb and bread crust. Owing to the action of heat the bread crust contains about one-third less moisture than the crumb, six times more fat, 40 per cent. more protein, twice the quantity of soluble matter, 60 per cent. more maltose and three times more dextrine, all due to heat action.

HELL OF TORTURE NOT OF PLEASURE.

IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY REV. FATHER DONAHER.

London Advertiser, April 29.

St. Peter's Cathedral was crowded to the doors with men last evening, at the services in connection with the mission, conducted by Father Ryan and Father Donaher, two noted Jesuit priests.

The instruction which was given by Father Donaher was a forceful, thoughtful exposition, and created a deep impression. His subject was based on the words, "I believe in life everlasting."

He pointed out that man, after standing by the open grave and watching the earth close about the mortal remains of one he loved, was borne up in the days following when sorrow and loneliness and disaster surrounded him by the thought, "I believe in life everlasting."

When a man's reputation is destroyed by the calumny, the backbiting, the insinuations of a scoundrel, and he is outlawed by the tongue of the calumniator, what is it saves him from dread reprisals, from dealing the calumniator a death blow for his crimes? Nothing but the fact, "I believe in life everlasting."

Human language has failed to depict the sorrow of soul over the loss of a good name. It is priceless beyond all human value, and it is the thought of everlasting life that alone prevents men from wreaking vengeance on their calumniators.

What is it that holds the gamblers, the drunkards, when conscious of their sins, after some awful debauch, they would destroy themselves? The words of the creed, "I believe in everlasting life."

There was a consciousness in mankind that they will not live, that they must live forever. This is the truth, men, and when conscience-stricken it becomes an awful thought to them.

To gain everlasting life, the Commandments of God must be kept. Father Donaher quoted the story of the rich young man who came to Jesus asking what must he do to inherit everlasting life. The answer was "Keep the Commandments."

"There is a courage you do not read of in the daily papers," said the speaker, "there is a bravery not written on the pages of history, there is a heroism not depicted on marble shaft or bronze statue, the courage, the bravery, the heroism of a child of God, who in the face of a scoffing world, has the courage, the bravery and the heroism to keep the ten commandments of God. The man who scruples to do right may be a fool in the eyes of the world, but he is a dauntless hero in the eyes of God."

A HELL FOR THE WICKED. Father Donaher firmly believed that there was a heaven for the blessed and a hell for the wicked.

The idea of hell was considered old fogey, he said, but it was taught by Jesus in the Scripture, and he believed that.

There were two classes of people who did not believe in hell. One class were those who loved their body above all things else, who lived to gratify their sensuality by drink and licentiousness—the impure, who feared death and the judgment.

The other class were those who held other people's property, those who had stolen property, burned their property. These did not believe in hell, because they feared the place of torment.

Jesus taught that there was a place called hell, that it was a place of torment not pleasure, that the torment was caused by fire, and that life in hell was everlasting, and it is for those who have disobeyed the ten commandments.

Father Donaher quoted the story of Lazarus and the rich man, showing that the rich man went to hell, that he was tormented by fire, and that he was there forever, there being a great chaos between heaven and hell.

"I may be a back number when compared with advanced religion," said Father Donaher. "I may be an old fogey in the eyes of the higher critics and the modern interpretation, but I hold to this teaching now, 2,000 years old, taught by Jesus himself, and by the best and purest men and women through the ages."

The modern upstarts stand before the cross as they did twenty centuries ago, and say, 'If thou be the Christ, come down from the cross.' The belief in hell, taught by the Church throughout the centuries still stands, and I accept it."

THE MODERN THEATRE.

Father Donaher spoke pointedly about the modern theatre. Men, he said, would go to a theatre, where religion was scoffed at, and gave an instance of a certain performance in Chicago where the death of Christ on the Cross was ridiculed and men applauded the blasphemous exhibition. In every city there were theatres for men only, and men who could know better crowd to see the exhibition of filth. They would scorn to take their sisters or mothers to such places. Men had no right to go where they could not take their sisters or mothers. He also condemned the splay literature of the present day, and said it was a shame to read such stuff.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER COLLINS.

The tolling of the bell of St. Joseph's church, Brantford, on Monday forenoon, the 13th inst., about 11 o'clock, announced the sad news that the beloved pastor, Rev. Father Collins was dead. His falling health was visible for the last few months, but he hopefully felt that after a little rest from work he would become quite strong again. But it was not to be. His condition grew worse, and after a careful diagnosis the doctors pronounced him incurable. He then realized that his life's work in the ministry would soon be at an end and in peaceful resignation—non mea sed fati donatus—to the dread summons he calmly prepared his soul to meet his God, and received the last rites of holy Church. As the end was drawing near he was visited by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor and his brother Bishop John of Detroit, his aged father of Lindsay and brothers came to wish him a last

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St. Mary's, St. Francis', St. Joseph's TORONTO
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farewell. His last visit to the church was on Good Friday when he came with the faithful to kiss the cross, the image of Him he so soon was to meet in judgment. His last walk down town was in company with the writer of these few lines—a feeble effort of a fond tribute to his memory—to visit a parishioner who was very ill. The man died and a week from his death the pastor followed him to meet him again, we fondly hope, never to be separated in the bosom of God. It may be truly said that he died in harness. For eleven years and more he faithfully labored in a large and scattered portion of the vineyard, which in pursuing his sacred duties entailed many hardships and sacrifices, and like the good faithful servant that he was, he loved his Master's work and diligently applied himself to his Master's business. Naturally kind, with a loving heart and charitably disposed, dear "Father Tim" as he was fondly called by those of us who knew him best, has left behind him something more enduring than tablets of brass or marble to perpetuate his memory—the deep affection of loving hearts. Cold words on paper are at best but feeble instruments to portray the thoughts of the mind and feelings of the human heart, so I have to stop, and do not blush to say, drop a silent tear to his memory.

The Rev. Timothy Francis Collins was born in the township of Caven, near Lindsay, Ont., fifty-three years ago last August. He received his early education in the Separate school at Lindsay, and then took up a Classical Course at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and a Theological Course at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. After staying a year in England, in September, 1881, he was ordained, and spent three years at Peterborough. He was then given charge at Brighton, from which he came to Brantford over eleven years ago.

All day Tuesday as the body lay in state in the church, it was visited by hundreds of people, many of other denominations among the number who held him in the highest esteem. On Wednesday a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in presence of the Bishop of the diocese by Rev. J. B. Collins, brother of the deceased priest, with Rev. Father McGuire, P. P., Downeyville, as deacon, and Rev. Father Kelly, P. P., Trout Creek, as sub-deacon and Rev. Father O'Brien, North Bay, as master of ceremonies. The Rev. Father Walsh, St. Michael's College, Toronto, delivered a masterly and eloquent sermon fitting the sad occasion.

After the absolution was given by the Bishop, the body was taken to the station followed by the chief pastor of the diocese and the following priests:—Rev. Father Collins, Detroit; Dean McMann, Port Huron; Father McGuire, P. P., Downeyville; Father Kelly, P. P., Trout Creek; Father Walsh, St. Michael's College, Toronto; Father O'Brien, North Bay; Father O'Leary, Trout Creek and Father Fleming, Kearney. A large gathering of people followed in the procession. The body was then enshrined for Lindsay and was met at the station by the Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey and a number of priests, and a large contingent from the C. O. F. and C. M. B. A. On arrival at the Church where the body lay in state all night, the office of the dead was chanted by the priests. Next morning at 9:30 the Bishop officiated at a Solemn Requiem Mass for the dead. The Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey delivered a very touching discourse to a large congregation that filled the church. The body was then taken to the cemetery followed by the Bishop and priests and a large congregation of people where the last prayers of the Church were read over the body by Rev. J. B. Collins and all that is mortal of the dear departed priest was laid to rest. Requiescat in pace.

To Home Seekers.

One of the very best sections of the country in the North-West is Red Deer, Alberta. Those who are seeking homes in that end of the Dominion could not do better than write Rev. Father H. Voisin, O. M. L., Box 341, Red Deer, Alberta, 1592-4.

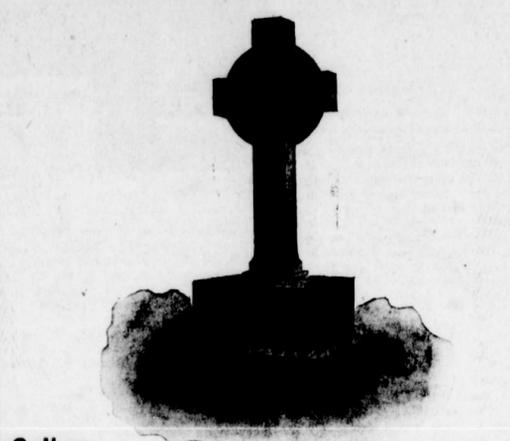
List of Prize Winners in Aid of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph.

The drawing of prizes in aid of St. Patrick's Church, Biddulph, Ont., took place on Monday, 23rd inst. The effort was a grand success in every respect. Following is the result of drawing, giving the names of lucky winners:—James E. Reynolds, Linton; Rev. Mother Angela, London; Miss Mary Flood, Sackatchewan; John Reider, Biddulph; Arthur O'Neil, Mooreville; Orla, Orla; Mrs. Joseph Kelly, Biddulph; M. Hamilton, Luce; L. H. Dickson, Exeter; R. Morrow, Reynston P. O., Ont.; A. McIlhargie, Biddulph; Miss M. M. McCarty, Biddulph; Mrs. Leo Tisdley, Biddulph; Senator Coffey, London; Miss M. Harrigan, Luce; P. F. Downing, Luce; A. N. Lusk, Luce.

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In Memoriam.

(Lines on the tragic death of Rev. James Kelly, Rector of St. Agnes' Church, St. Catharines, N. J., who, on the morning of the 17th December, 1900, was carried overboard from the Arctic in crossing the Atlantic by the glistering peaks and rainbow-colored shells. Naturally kind, with a loving heart and charitably disposed, dear "Father Tim" as he was fondly called by those of us who knew him best, has left behind him something more enduring than tablets of brass or marble to perpetuate his memory—the deep affection of loving hearts. Cold words on paper are at best but feeble instruments to portray the thoughts of the mind and feelings of the human heart, so I have to stop, and do not blush to say, drop a silent tear to his memory.

Oh! cruel, murmuring, hollow-sounding sea! How can'st thou dare to lift thy chilling wave, And sobbing low in fabled sympathy, Presume to chant a dirge around his grave, Who plucked from out my bleeding breast, And stole upon my sorry crest, The jewel of my soul.

Could'st thou not well to soft contentment yield, O'er all that deep within thy caves and cells, The treasures vast thou hast secure concealed?—With the glistering peaks and rainbow-colored shells, The starry gems and burning gold, Torn from nations young and old, By wild and voracious main.

And why not vent upon the rocks and shore, That potent power whose kindled rage can make, The heavens re-echo to its angry roar, And the solid earth's eternal fires shake, And leave to me my cherished friend, Whom heaven in kindness deigned to send, As my solace and my guide?

The thousand lonely ships that restless roam, Neglected and abandoned, along the lonely sea, Or that weltering struggle thro' thy splashing foam, Be by thy right, I claim thee not of thee. —With the cities of a world gone by, With the scenes and halls of revelry, Thy waves triumphant hide.

But, why my life of all it prized despoil? Why quench the light that lit my dreary way? But light the hopes that cheered my lonely days? By an act of ruthless sport for thee, But taught with me, who grieve for me, Rejuvenation and dejection.

Together we were reared, together grew, By similar tastes attracted and allied, And like two apples gilt with silver dew, And two young ones, now as a boy, But thy rude hand hath made us part, And now I bleed, and thou art free, Drooping bleeding from the wound.

As even now, see! Herod's jealous slaughter, Poor Rachel weeps and will not be consoled, So my grieving heart heaves, moaning like the wail, And his wailing face and raven with around unfold, And bending o'er his watery bier, I pour the soothing tribute of a tear, On his cold and aching brow.

All day within my aching heart it seems, As if the hope, he lives, should conquer a stride, And all night he wanders thro' my feverish dreams, In all the forms I knew him during life. Now, I weep, now as a boy, Redolent of hope and joy, Now in his manhood's prime.

Again I see his blithe and jaunty air, Swearing his scotch on his way to school? And his waddy face and raven with around unfold, Bathed in the Autumn breezes fresh and cool, As from Fort Hill, he plies his oars, Or meets the flying ball.

Then by two lowly, far-divided hills, In Columbia's land and Erin's sainted isle, Waiting and watching till passed that "little white", Our Master Shepherd we should see, And now, now as a boy, And take us to Himself.

Alas, I see him pace the trembling deck, Washed now and then by thy white setting foam; Of thy dread intent how little does he care, As his winged thoughts are fixed on those at home, Who, gazing on their watery fire, Count the lonely hours expectant.

Then he bless them with his sight! In a moment of Cammerian darkness, caught On his beam-ends, by thy wanion wildness brought, And when she rises, leans with sadness and afflict, Dangling him in their arms about, As they bear her Trust away.

As while upon thy crested wave he rides, And sweetly forth his hapless arms he flings, Then slowly down thy yielding slope he glides Into a fretting, seething watery glide; A moment to and fro is tossed, And then, alas! is quickly lost, To my tear bedimmed eyes.

But soon, dear methinks I see him rise, Calmly reclining on thy rolling billow, Drowsy death hath quenched the lustre in his eyes, And laid him nerveless on his watery pillow. Then softly he is drawn into thy deep, And tracked into a waveless sleep, Within thy cold embrace.

All the day comes aye when the silver coast is broke, When the golden rillet shrinks upon the brow, And when the pitcher at the fountain's caused by haze and stroke, And the dead returns to its mother earth below, When the Spirit loosed ascends above, Borne on wings of radiant love, To the God Who gave her life.

The hope was mine that when our day was done, I should be with thee, O my dear, And giving calmly on the setting sun, Or wailing speak of the triumphant Dome, Whence issues that celestial light, Which ne'er shall be obscured by night, Or setting know no more.

But now before the noontide of our day, And when the sun is high, and the sky is blue, And I sit Heaven dearest that I should stay To guard and watch my flock till evening, When my evening star's pale glimmering light

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A CATHOLIC SCHOOL WANTED FOR R. C. Separate school section No. 5, Sombra, Holding first or second class professional certificate. Duties to commence after Easter. Apply stating salary, qualification and experience to Michael Conlon, Port Lambton, Ont. 1891-4

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CATHOLIC CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION.

A NUMBER OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN OF both sexes and of different ages are seeking homes. Any one desirous of adopting a child will kindly write for particulars to C. R. Miller, 10 Otto St., Berlin, Ont. 1891-3

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WESTERN CASH REGISTER, GOOD AS NEW Used six months. Registers from one cent to \$1000, also Charges, Received on Account, No Sale Paid out, Cost \$7500. Will sell for \$2500. Address A. B. C., CATHOLIC RECORD, London, 1891-3

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

RHODE ISLAND RED EGGS \$100 AND \$200 per setting. See Canadian Poultry Review for my winnings and premiums, or write me for list. S. Clouston, proprietor, Red Feather Yard, London, Canada. 1891-4

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR THE BRISH—

For sale, golden, silver, partridge and white Wyandottes. Golden bred direct from the famous Gold-Bug cock bird and Lady Golden that won the President's Cup three times in succession at Madison Square Garden. Cockerels of this description for sale from all my varieties. Equally as good. Birds sold on approval. Eggs \$100 per 13. Write for particulars. R. J. Lambert, Essex. 1891-4

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A Handsome Stool Accompanies Each Instrument

Bell A small 5 octave Parlor Organ in walnut case with low top. Has 8 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, knee swell and octave coupler. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$29

Williams A 5 octave Parlor Organ in walnut case with extended top. Has 9 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 knee swells, octave coupler. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$32

Dominion A 5 octave Parlor Organ by the Dominion Organ Co., in handsome dark solid walnut case with high top, has 6 stops, 2 sets of reeds in the treble, 1 set in the bass, knee swells, etc. An attractive organ. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$34

Dominion A 5 octave Walnut Organ by the Dominion Organ Co., Bowmanville, with resonant ends and high back. Has built walnut panels, 8 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$39

Bell A 5 octave Parlor Organ by W. Bell & Co., Guelph, in handsome solid walnut case with extended top. Has 10 stops, 2 sets of reeds in the treble, 1 set in the bass, 2 knee swells, mousetrap pedals, etc. A fine instrument. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$42

Karn A 5 octave Parlor Organ by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in attractive walnut case with extended top, containing music rack, Has cylinder fall, 10 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers and 2 knee swells. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$43

Sherlock-Manning An almost new 5 octave Chapel Organ, by the Sherlock-Manning Co., London, in handsome oak case with rail top and finished back. Has 13 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mousetrap pedals, etc. Used only six months. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$56

Dominion A 6 octave Piano Case Organ by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in mahogany finished case without rail top. Has 13 stops, 3 sets of reeds in the treble, 2 in the bass, mousetrap pedals, etc. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$59

Berlin A 6 octave Piano Case Organ by the Berlin Organ Co., in handsome solid walnut case, without mirror top. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, mousetrap pedals, etc. A fine modern instrument in perfect order. SPECIAL SALE PRICE \$73

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