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CORONATION OF POPE PIUS X.

One of the Grandest and Most Imposing Ceremonies Ever Witnessed by Human Eyes.—Triple Crown Placed on the Supreme Pontiff's Head before a Vast Multitude at St. Peter's.

Free Press.

Rome, Aug. 9.—The ceremony of the coronation of Pius X. took place to-day in the basilica of St. Peter's in the presence of the princes and high dignitaries of the Church, diplomats and Roman nobles, and with all the solemnity and splendor associated with this, the most magnificent rite in the Roman Catholic Church. As Cardinal Macchi, the dean of the Cardinal Deacons, placed the triple crown on the head of the venerable Pontiff, the throng of 70,000 persons gathered within the cathedral, burst into unrestrained acclamations; the choir intoned a hymn and the bells of Rome rang out a joyful peal.

It is 57 years since the Romans and Europe assisted at such a function in St. Peter's. The great basilica, popularly supposed never to have been quite full, was overflowing with humanity. The papal throne, a bewildering mixture of gold, red and silver, occupied the place in front of the high altar. On the altar, which was dressed in white, stood the famous silver gilt candlestick and a magnificent crucifix. All the available standing space within the cathedral was divided into two sections by wooden barriers, which, to a certain extent, kept the vast crowd in order.

Thick Fog in Rome.

In the early hours after sunrise a thick fog hung over Rome. The effect was magnificent on entering the piazza of St. Peter's. At times Michael Angelo's great dome disappeared completely from view, while at others it appeared through the flowing golden mist. As the morning wore on the clouds disappeared and the sun shone with all its southern intensity until it became unbearably hot.

At 6 a.m. the ringing of bells announced the imminent opening of the doors. A gigantic crowd had waited for hours and the police and Italian soldiers had a difficult task to maintain order as the crushing and fatigue had begun to tell on the patience of the people. When the doors were opened the rush was terrific. Many who started from the bottom of the steps outside were lifted off their feet and carried into the cathedral.

A Human Torrent.

It was a great human torrent let loose, thousands of people rushing and crushing, amid screams, protests, gestures and cries for help. Women fainted in comparatively large numbers and even men were overcome by the heat, but no accidents were reported. After their entrance the people had further long hours of waiting and it is computed that the majority were on their feet altogether ten hours, five before the ceremony, and five hours while it lasted.

Pius Was Tranquil.

The Pope seemed to be the only tranquil among them all. He rose early and took a few turns in the vatican garden, then he allowed himself to be dressed by the Cardinals. He evinced no nervousness and even said jokingly to the master of the ceremonies: "We feel very well this morning, but it may be different on returning from our coronation." He asked for his spectacles, and when the master of the ceremonies discreetly hinted that His Holiness would look better without them, he said: "I have no desire to appear what I am not," and in fact he wore them during the entire ceremony.

The central figure in the long cortege was Pius X. borne in the Sedia Gestatoria. His heavy white robes and the red and gold mitre were worn without an effort. Over the Pontiff's head a canopy was held by eight men, while the historic ostrich feather fans, with peacock tips, gave a touch of barbaric splendor to western eyes.

Surrounding Pope Pius X. was the Noble Guard in new red uniforms and gleaming helmets and carrying drawn swords, while in

presented in a firm voice the wishes and greetings of the chapter of St. Peter. The Pontiff, answering in a trembling voice, warmly thanked the chapter for their well wishes. The procession then reformed and proceeded to the door of the basilica, through which Pius X. cast a terror-stricken glance, whispering to Dr. Lapponi, "Shall I ever be able to go through with it?"

When the gleaming cross which preceded the cortege was seen, it was greeted with great applause. On the appearance of the Pontiff himself it seemed as though the people would take him in their arms, so great was their enthusiasm.

Cries of "Pius our Pope, our father," and "Long live Pius X." were raised, notwithstanding the large placards posted all over the basilica saying acclamations were forbidden. The cries continued until the Pontiff was compelled to rise and bless the multitude, and at

he officiated at a mass. Then all the Cardinals donned their silver copes and white mitres and the Pope was borne to the throne amid renewed acclamations and waving of handkerchiefs, fans and hats.

The scene presented by his mounting the throne formed a magnificent picture, to which no pen could do justice. From the throne Pius X., surrounded by his suite, walked to the high altar, standing over the crypt of St. Peter, into which meanwhile Cardinal Macchi descended to pray. The appearance of the Pope in that elevated position called for another burst of enthusiasm.

The Pope then blessed the altar, and after saying the "Indulgentiam" the maniple, a symbol of the cord with which Christ was bound, was placed with great ceremony upon the Pope's arm. At the same time prayers for the coronation were recited by Cardinals Vannutelli, Mocenni, Agliardi and Sattoli. Returning from the crypt Car-

for the culminating ceremony, the whole sacred college gathered about the Pope, singing Palestrina's "Corona Aurea Super Caput Ejus," while the choir burst forth into song, giving the dramatic touch. Cardinal Macchi then recited the "Pater Noster" and offered the following prayer: "Omnipotent and ever eternal God, dignity of the clergy, and author of sovereignty, grant thy servant, Pius X., grace to fruitfully govern Thy church so that he, who by Thy clemency, becomes and is crowned as father of kings and of all the faithful, by Thy wise disposition may govern well." "Amen," rang out from all corners of the cathedral.

Joyful Acclamations.

Degcon Segna then raised the Pontiff's mitre and Senior Cardinal Deacon Macchi placed on the venerable white head the triple crown. At this moment the church was filled with the ringing bells, the blowing of silver trumpets, the triumphant strains of the choir and the acclamation of the multitude which could no longer be repressed.

When comparative silence had been restored Cardinal Macchi addressed the Pope in Latin as follows: "Receive the tiara ornamented with three crowns, remember thou art the father of princes and kings, the rector of the world; the vicar on earth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is the honor and glory of all centuries." "Amen," burst forth from the concourse.

The Pope Fatigued.

Pope Pius was quite overcome, and had scarcely strength left to impart the apostolic benediction. Cardinal Macchi, granted a plenary indulgence to all present, and the procession then reformed and left the basilica in the same form as it came. The Pope was visibly fatigued and his right hand shook as he raised it time after time to bestow his blessing.

When the ceremony was over all the exits to the basilica were opened, and within less than an hour the vast cathedral was empty.

Strong as Pius X. is physically, he supported the ordeal of his coronation to-day perhaps with less fortitude than Leo XIII. when he was crowned, although the latter was merely a shadow of a man.

The Venetians at Rome.

Rome, August 8.—After receiving several Cardinals, Pius X. this morning admitted to a private audience. Signor Andre Azza, Mayor of Riese, the Pontiff's birthplace, and some of the municipal authorities.

The meeting was full of interest, as Andre Azza knew the Pope familiarly years ago. The mayor and his companions are little better than peasants and presented a most incongruous group in the gorgeous setting of the Vatican. They were bewildered and evidently too timid to ask where they should go, so they stood huddled together, twirling their hats in their hands, until a guard set them on the right way. The Pope soon put them at ease, saying: "Come here and sit next to me."

From that moment Pius spoke in the Venetian dialect. He inquired after various people in the village, recalling with evident satisfaction his personal intercourse with them, saying, "Throughout my career, and even now, I remember with joy and emotion my youthful days among you, which were also my happiest."

The mayor and the villagers tried to express their gratification at the great honor accruing to their small village from Sarto's election, and also what a great triumph it was for him personally.

Can Hardly Realize It.

The Pontiff answered: "I cannot yet realize it. On coming to Rome I was so sure of peacefully returning to my patriarchate at Venice that I am entirely unprepared for



POPE PIUS X., FORMERLY CARDINAL GIUSEPPE SARTEO.

Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, now Pope Pius X., is sixty-eight years of age. At the time of his elevation to the papacy he was the patriarch of Venice and one of the most unassuming prelates in the Catholic church. In which most of his work was done as a lowly parish priest. He is strongly liberal in his views as to the proper relations of church and state. Pope Pius X. was born in the little town of Riese, in northern Italy, and was created a cardinal ten years ago. In April, 1902, Pope Leo predicted that Cardinal Sarto would be his successor.

front marched the Cardinals, the Cardinal Bishops, the Cardinal Princes and the Cardinal Deacons. The Chaplain bore the cushion on which reposed the famous triple crown. He was accompanied by the pontifical jeweller and by a special guard composed of Swiss guards, and was followed by the choir of the Sistine chapel, which sang as it went along.

Before leaving the vatican the Pope went to the Sistine chapel to worship before the sacrament exposed therein, and thence passed through the Sala Regina into the portico of the basilica. The Pontiff was pale but composed. The low ceiling sent back an exquisite echo of the "Tu es Petrus," sang by the Sistine choir, whose voices were heard outside of the piazza of St. Peter's.

Cardinal Rampolla advanced, and with dignity, knelt and kissed the foot of the Pontiff. He then

the same time he made a sign for more reverential behavior. Silence was obtained when the choir announced itself with the resounding notes of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," which were accompanied by the sweet notes of the silver trumpets.

A Quaint Ceremony.

A quaint ceremony was then carried on. The master of ceremonies knelt three times before the Pontiff, each time lighting a handful of hemp which surrounded a silver torch, and as the flame flashed and then died out he chanted in Latin "Holy Father, thus passeth away the world's glory." The procession then proceeded, the Pope's face meanwhile illuminated by a smile. At the chapel of the Sacrament there was another halt and His Holiness left the Sedia Gestatoria and prayed awhile at the altar. On re-entering the chair he was carried to the chapel of St. Gregory, where

dinal Macchi placed upon the shoulders of the Pope the pontifical pallium and attached it with three golden jewelled pins, saying, "receive this sacred emblem as a symbol of the pontifical office in honor of Almighty God, the most glorious Virgin Mary, the blessed apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Holy Roman Catholic Church."

Mass was then celebrated with pomp. Following this, Cardinal Macchi performed the rite of incensing the Pope, whom he subsequently kissed three times on the cheeks and chest, as did Cardinals Sogni and Vannutelli. Upon the Pope's ascension to the throne the Cardinals offered their task of obligation to the Pontiff, kissing his hand and feet and being embraced by him twice in turn. The Bishops and Archbishops kissed his foot and knee, while the Abbot kissed only his foot. The Holy Father then walked to the shrine of St. Peter

the position forced upon me. I am working very hard, but it will take some time before I shall feel fit to thoroughly accomplish it.

St. Peter's Gorgeous.

By special permission the representative of the Associated Press was allowed to enter St. Peter's to-night to observe the preparations for the coronation to-morrow. In the central aisle a wide space has been fenced off for the passage of the cortege. The chapels, including that of St. Gregory, where the Pope pauses, have been richly decorated with red damask fringed with gold. The papal throne rises majestically at the farther end of the great building, being a bewildering mixture of gold, red and silver, and appearing altogether too gorgeous to be sat upon.

On the right a space has been reserved for the diplomatic body, the Knights of Malta, and special representatives and envoys; and on the left another space has been reserved for the Roman aristocracy. Close at hand stands the bronze statue of St. Peter, dressed in full pontifical robes, and looking strange to profane eyes, the great toe worn away by much kissing of the faithful. There are 12 retreats, to which persons who happen to be taken sick may be transferred. The portico of St. Peter's has been closed by immense curtains to prevent any one from looking in as the Pope passes, which would seem to confirm the statement that Pope Pius X. will not bless the people from an outside balcony as was half expected.

Pope Upsetting All Customs.

The new Pope has been upsetting all customs at the vatican when courtiers thought to-day to give him pleasure by saying that he would have a tremendous reception at St. Peter's on Sunday. The Pope, to their surprise, was much displeased, and absolutely forbade anything of the kind. He called his major-domo, who thereupon issued the following proclamation, which was distributed as widely as possible.

"It is the warm desire of His Holiness to have no acclamation at the vatican, or basilica, and that the most devout and most religious silence will be maintained."

His Kindly Nature.

Another innovation at the vatican is the Pope's refusal to permit everybody to be sent away when he appears. A gendarme had ordered away some masons, who were working about the grounds, because the Pope was about to come forth. The Pope himself witnessed this action, and had the gendarme severely reprimanded. The masons were recalled and the Pope spoke to each, laying his hand on their heads.

The Pope also insists on continuing his habit of accompanying all persons whom he has received to the door, no matter how humble, notwithstanding efforts to have him abandon the custom.

Rev. Father Lee, of Oakwood, N. Dakota, and Brother Ambrose, of Laprairie, P.Q., were visiting at St. Boniface and Winnipeg last Tuesday and Wednesday. Winnipeg in their estimation is a really modern and promising city.

Mr. Alp. Picard, of the C. P. R. stores, left last Sunday on a well earned vacation trip. He will meet his wife and children, who are waiting for him in Montreal. After visiting his numerous friends and relatives of the Province of Quebec, he will be pleased to see Winnipeg again and return to his post of labor, where in the meantime his absence will no doubt be felt by all who are under his congenial command. Mr. Alp. Picard has been now 18 years in the employ of the C.P.R.

The many friends of Miss Albina Lauzon, a daughter of Mr. J. Bte. Lauzon of the Immaculate Conception, will be sorry to hear that she met with a serious accident. On Monday she broke a glass, of which some pieces entered the flesh of her hand. She had to undergo a surgical operation to clear the wounded limb from all bits that might have lodged in it. The last news received from the St. Boniface hospital, where she went for treatment, were most encouraging. There is every hope that she will soon be able to return home.

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The Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., is expected to be back at St. Boniface next Sunday.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface has resumed his pastoral visit out West. He will be absent for a couple of weeks.

The Rev. Father Jubinville will also soon begin the work of erection of a church at Dunrea, a railway station nat far from the chapel house of St. Felix.

A church will soon be erected at Alma by the R.R. Fathers of N.D. de la Salette, and there is a talk of a convent school being built also at the same place by the S.S. of N.D. des Missions.

Thirty-six members of the secular clergy attended the annual ecclesiastical retreat, which was brought to a close Saturday, the 8th inst. Fourteen were prevented from attending by unavoidable circumstances. There are therefore actually fifty secular priests in the diocese, two more are expected to be here soon, and four Seminarists are preparing for the sacred orders, which in all likelihood they will receive before long.

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CURRENT COMMENT

Justice Dubuc is now Chief Justice of Manitoba, his appointment was made on the 8th inst. Whilst extending our most sincere congratulations to the new chief justice of Manitoba we feel that honor is simply given to whom honor is due. Why our local press has not said more about this elevation is a cause of surprise to us, except perhaps that Justice Dubuc, being a French-Canadian, our English citizens can ill bear that such a high position become the lot of a French Canadian. Still it must be admitted that from all points of view no better appointment could be made. Besides that, Chief Justice Dubuc speaks both English and French, and is the personification of the righteous man, his learning and long years of experience on the bench make him most fitted for the elevated position which he is now called upon to fill.

Judge Dubuc was born at St. Martine, P.Q., Dec. 26, 1840; made his classical studies at Montreal College, and graduated B.C.L. at McGill University, 1869. In 1870 he took up his residence in Manitoba, and was here called to the bar in 1871. From Dec. 1870, when he was returned to the first Legislature of Manitoba, he continued to hold a seat in that body until 1878, when he was returned by acclamation to the House of Commons for Provencher. After occupying various positions of honor and confidence, either as a politician, an educationist or a jurist, he was appointed a puisne judge of the Court of Q. B. Man., Nov. 13, 1879. He had become a member of the Council of Manitoba University since its foundation, 1877, and has been its Chancellor ever since 1888.

In religion a Roman Catholic, he married, June, 1872, Maria Anna, third daughter of the late H. B. Henault, of St. Cuthbert, P.Q., and was made by her the father of a large family of both sons and daughters. Some of these are already occupying promising positions as lawyers or doctors, the rest will no doubt come to the front also as years permit them to do so. Two of the daughters are married, and well to do at this. The College of St. Boniface boasts of having given a classical training with B.A.'s to four of the sons, whilst the Grey Nuns and the Sisters of the Holy Names share the glory of the educational formation of the daughters.

May the Hon. Chief Justice and Madam Dubuc live many more years to enjoy the glory of the high honor bestowed upon them by the latest appointment of Justice Dubuc, and the happiness of being surrounded by a large family of children, the union and high behaviour of whom constitute the most precious crown of their matrimonial union.

OBITUARY.

Death of Mgr. I. Clut, O.M.I.
(Translated from Les Cloches of St. Boniface.)
It was only the 29th of July that the following note was received by His Grace—
"Mission of St. Bernard, Lesser Slave Lake, 9th July, 1902.
"Your Grace,—This morning at 4.30, Mgr. Clut breathed his last. He was sick only fifteen days.
"Yours truly,
"A. Desmarais, O.M.I."
The sad intelligence conveyed by the newspapers is but too certain, and the shortness of the above note gives us to understand the deep grief which that unexpected demise has created among our dear missionary Fathers of St. Bernard. The many friends and benefactors of the dear departed bishop will share with us in that great sorrow, but they will find consolation in the thought that they have one more friend and protector near the throne of God.
The apostolic labors of the lamented prelate could fill many interesting volumes, and there are such narratives of hardship during voyages in the far north, particularly in Alaska, that would seem to pertain more to the domain of

legends than to real facts for those that have not, as we did, heard them from the lips of the great missionary himself, who died an auxiliary bishop of Mgr. Grouard, and bishop "in partibus" of Arindel.

All who have known him have learned also to love that kind and meek aged bishop, with his gleaming countenance encircled by locks of white hair, with manners so dignified and amiable at the same time, devoted to heroism in his increasing preaching in behalf of his missions, mingling his appealing words with such an accent of sincerity that all hearts were moved and purses wide opened to give him the required alms.

Mgr. Clut has assuredly been one of the most illustrious apostles of the Indians of North America. Born in 1832 at Rambert, diocese of Valence, France, Br. Clut came to St. Boniface in 1857, in the beginning of August, as a brother scholastic subdeacon.

Mgr. Clut was therefore 71 years of age when he died. He had labored 46 years in the Canadian West. It was Mgr. Tache who ordained Father Clut, the 20th of Dec., 1857, in the cathedral of St. Boniface. That was his first ordination.

Before being consecrated a bishop in 1867, Father Clut had been a missionary at the mission of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours (Fond du lac, Athabaska), which became to him a footstool to ascend to episcopacy, since many other Oblate Bishops had had charge of the same mission before being called to the episcopal consecration.

May the good Master receive him in the mansions of bliss, where light and peace shall be the reward of him who has labored so perseveringly for the glory of God in the most difficult missions of the world during nearly half a century. R.I.P.

We are sorry to have to record the rather sudden death of Frank J. Connell, which occurred on the 9th inst., at Kalispell, Montana. Mr. Connell was born in 1848, at Bathurst, N.B. He had been at one time a contractor in Manitoba, but of late years had worked out West, whilst his family remained in Winnipeg. It was a painful shock for Mrs. Connell and her three daughters to receive the sad intelligence, as a letter, written not long ago by Mr. Connell had conveyed fairly good news of him. Even as we are writing this obituary we are informed that another short note written on the 6th inst., which reached Mrs. Connell after the telegram announcing the death of her husband, contained most pleasing news regarding Mr. Connell's health. But this is a proof among thousands that we know neither the hour nor the day when the supreme call may come. Happily Mr. Connell was too sincere and earnest a Christian to neglect his religious duties; he may have been called at the unexpected hour, but we hope not unprepared.

The body will be brought to Winnipeg for interment and the funeral service will take place at the Immaculate Conception church at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, the 16th inst. As Mr. Connell was a member in good standing of Branch 163 of the C.M. B.A., his brother members will attend in a body. The members of the sister branches of Winnipeg and St. Boniface are requested to take part in the funeral procession.

The Review extends its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved widow and daughters.

STE. ROSE DU LAC.

On Friday evening, as she was sitting on her door-step, Mrs. Marshall, wife of our counsellor, Mr. J. Marshall, suddenly fell across her threshold. Mr. Marshall ran to her assistance, but when he reached her she was already dead, or he thought so, he rushed from the house, calling for assistance. Mr. H. Houde immediately ran for the priest, who hurried to the spot. She was still lying where she had fallen, he stooped down and put his hand over her heart. He thought he still felt some slight movement, so he gave her conditional absolution. Such a sudden death without a moment for preparation was very sad indeed, but the family have the consolation of knowing that she was always a good Christian, who went regularly to her duties, and was a devoted wife and mother.

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Mrs. Marshall had been suffering for years from heart disease.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Four of her sons bore the coffin, and the fifth, accompanied by his father, walked just behind in quality of chief mourners. The funeral was largely attended, if we take into consideration the inconvenient hour at which it was held, for it was impossible for people who lived at a distance from church to return in time.

The funeral service was sung by Father Hogue on the following morning at nine o'clock. Everybody made an effort to be there, which resulted in nearly all the families of the place being represented.

Mrs. Marshall's death plunges Ste. Rose into mourning, for a great many of the inhabitants were related to her. We all feel deep sympathy for the family in their great loss. May she rest in peace.

Father Hogue, who was recently ordained in St. Boniface Cathedral, has been spending the last week at Ste. Rose. He has been replacing Father Lecoq, who is away. Father Hogue has gone to Makinak, where he will stay for about a month during Father Beauregard's absence. Father Beauregard has gone to Montreal to see his mother, who is dangerously ill. Father Bastien returned from the retreat on Monday and he will serve Ste. Rose as well as Ste. Amelie until Father Lecoq returns.

This recent wet weather is interfering with haying, if it continues most of the campers will have to come home. The rain and dull weather are also bad for the crops. We hope it will soon clear off and be fine again.

The Rev. A. Bouregard, who has not yet seen his aged mother since he was ordained a priest at Lorette, is gone to the Province of Quebec to accomplish a duty of filial love. He will be away about one month.

The Rev. Father Campeau, of St. Eustache, has his hands quite full just at present, as he has to superintend the construction of two churches, and a convent school besides. He is a pushing and energetic builder, his success in the past is a guarantee of the success of his present undertakings.

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PASSIVE RESISTANCE IN ENGLAND.

Under the above heading, the "Literary Digest," of New York, has a long article conveying to its readers the position taken by the Non-conformists against the members of the English Church in England in educational matters. It is claimed by the former that by the Educational Bill of 1902, a new church-rate is being levied, under the guise of an education-rate; because in eight thousand parishes in England and Wales there is only one public elementary school available in each parish, and that school is under Church of England auspices, and all children in the parish are by law compelled to attend it. To understand the intensity of the free-church opposition to the new system, it is said, something must be known of the social and religious conditions which prevail today in many parts of England. The power of the established Church in thousands of parishes is almost absolute.

If really the Non-conformists in England, a country of free religious creeds, are debarred by the educational bill of 1902 from giving their children the religious education in which they believe, we cannot refuse them our sympathy in their religious struggle for equal rights. Would they, we venture to ask, extend the same sympathy to the Catholics of Manitoba in their struggle for equal rights also? For our case is a parallel one. By the School Acts of 1890, the Catholic schools of Manitoba were wiped out of existence and under the guise of an education-rate, we have ever since been forced to pay what we consider a Protestant, or at best, a godless school-rate. We believe in neither, although for us the school is the church of the young, and it is a crime to close its door to religious teaching.

It may be argued that our public schools as they now exist are not godless schools. Then must we rejoice that if not godless they are Protestant, because books, teachers, atmosphere and everything else is Protestant. If it is argued that they are not Protestant—although we wish to see how it could be otherwise—then must they be godless schools. In both cases we feel in duty bound to enter a solemn protest. The half-hour religious instruction from 3.30 to 4 p.m., is but a decoy to allure and deceive the simpleton. The true state of the case is that the aim pursued by the so-called advocates of public schools as we have them is the uprooting of all religious principles from both the minds and hearts of the growing generation.

If sympathy therefore should be extended to the Non-conformists in England, how much more worthy of the same sympathy are we, Catholics of Manitoba, who have been robbed of our school rights and privileges and are offered in return nothing but Protestant or godless schools, both of which, from a Catholic standpoint, are almost equally objectionable.

NEIGHBORING ECHOES.

Lovers of scenery, wild and romantic, would do well to visit the County of Carillon in the precincts of the quiet little village of St. Malo, where all that is charming in nature captivates the imagination; from the floating clouds which hover about the pinnacle of the gilded cross of the newly erected church to the grotto of Our Lady hid away in the valley of the lowlands and bordering on a placid stream.

The Rev. Father Noret has beautified the spot, and even exercised his ingenuity as to produce miniature falls in the otherwise tranquil waters. He is to be commended on the industry of his own hands, and will leave to his flock a monument of devotedness in the service of the Master.

Rev. Father Joly, of St. Pierre Joly, upon his return to his parish from St. Boniface, where he had attended the annual retreat of the secular clergy, communicated the pleasing news of the recent examinations held in Winnipeg. The pupils of the convent were successful, and a Miss Turrenne in particular obtained high marks in her grade. This speaks well, and shows that in a French centre the English language is thoroughly taught.

THE RELIGIOUS STATE.

General Intention for August Named by the Holy Father.

League of the Sacred Heart.

At the sight of so many religious men and women expelled from their homes and country, seeking all over the globe, refuge and hospitality, we are naturally led to inquire into the Religious State of life. The secular press which not long ago, in the Dreyfus affair, raged and foamed at the pretended injustice done to one man, has not a word of reprobation for the Law of Association nor the Government that has enacted it, thus breaking up some four thousand religious communities, inhabited by 150,000 men and women, with care of about 18,000 establishments, hospitals, schools, asylums, reformatories. In an age of liberty and high civilization, why should it be deemed expedient if not necessary, thus to disband and cast upon the world congregations of men and women representing the elite of a nation that has hitherto held the van in culture and Catholicism?

In Opposition to the World.

If we ask the Jacobin majority of the French Deputies, it will tell us in the cant of hypocrisy that the reason lies in the conflict of ideals, in the incompatibility of the religious life and the character it tends to develop, by its example, its vows, its methods, its ministrations, with that type of character which modern civilization is endeavoring to cast in the mold of Freemasonry and the Revolution. If we ask Truth, it points to the opposition of the world, corrupted by sin, dominated by pride, cupidity and lust, to the kingdom of God and the law of restraint which it imposes, in order to lead man to the highest good and true perfection. "If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you. If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated Me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

This conflict is always going on, but in certain times and places it reaches the acute stage and there is an outburst of rage and persecution. So it was in England, when Henry VIII. plundered the Monasteries after ruthlessly dispersing the monks; in Germany when Bismarck inaugurated the "Kulture Kampf" to nationalize religion and education. So to-day in France when Masonry and Socialism, having got hold of the reins of government, joined hands to de-Christianize the nation. The Priest of Doweraile says: "It is the desire to get back to Pagan license of life that is at the root of all modern irreligion. All that rage against Christianity find their apology in its restraints. Deep down in their hearts is the secret desire of unlimited license. In fact when one comes to consider what is the one doctrine, or rather precept, of the Church against which the Gentiles rage and the people meditate vain things, it is found in that one word, Restraint! Control! It is this cold discipline that exasperates the world, and still more, the felicity of those who in practising discipline have found the secret of all human happiness."

This truth has been clearly expressed by Our Holy Father in his beautiful letter to the Superiors of the French Congregations. "It is in vain to multiply against you those calumnious accusations which seek to dishonor you. The sad reality is flashed only the more timidly on men's eyes, that the true reason, for which you are persecuted, is that deep-seated hatred which the world cherishes against the Catholic Church, the City of God; that the real intention is, if possible, to nullify in society the reparative action of Jesus Christ from which such beneficent and salutary results universally flow. No one is ignorant of the fact that the religious of both sexes form a chosen body in the City of God; that they represent particularly the spirit and mortifications of Jesus Christ; that by the practice of the Evangelical Counsels, they tend to carry Christian virtue to the summit of perfection, and that in a multitude of ways they powerfully second the action of the Church."

To be continued.





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THE COMMON SENSE OF JOHN THOMAS.

The boy, tall as a well-grown man, stood with one foot on the lower front step and with his hat off. The sun, just setting, shone on his reddish hair and lighted up his freckles. His red-brown eyes had a tired look in them, but they were open and frank.

"My name," he said, in answer to the inquiry of the farmer, who stood before him in the open doorway of the house, "is John Thomas."

"What's your last name?"

"That's all of it, first and last."

It was a July day in South Dakota, and the wheat, a golden sea, rolled from sky-line to sky-line. James Svendson, a big man of Norwegian blood, was glad to see the boy. He had one hundred acres of wheat ready for cutting and labor was scarce.

"Come in! Come in!" he said. "Supper's near ready. I've caught three tramps, and I locked 'em up at night. That's the only way I can hold 'em until to-morrow's work. It's queer you have to jail men to get a chance to pay 'em two dollars a day and good board."

John Thomas had no baggage except a bundle carried on a stick. He had walked most of the miles from Indiana, and was, as he said, "flying light." There was no work at home, and he had decided to come West and "grow up with the country." He found a good deal of country to grow up with. He had made for a wheat-belt because he knew work was to be had there.

The farmer's wife, with sleeves rolled above her elbows and her arms white with flour, came to the door.

"Got another hand?" she asked. Svendson nodded.

"Come back here," she said to John Thomas. She led him through the house to the kitchen.

"Supper won't be done for half an hour," she went on. "If you can't wait, you can have one of those pies." He said he could wait.

"You don't tell!" she exclaimed, in wonder. "Well, you're the first one that's ever waited a minute after getting here. Lots of times they eat, and when I go out after an armful of wood and come back they're gone. I can see 'em fifty yards down the road. Most men that come by here ain't afraid of anything in the world except work. You say 'Work!' to 'em right loud and sharp, and they jump as if you had thrown a plate at 'em."

Pleased by her own humor, Mrs. Svendson went on with the supper. John Thomas found a little bench and a tin basin, a bar of yellow soap and a clean roller-towel, and took off the dust of travel. The three tramps, strangely clean, sat with their backs against an out-house and talked of things that had happened to them from Maine to California.

The supper was good, and the farmer and his wife did not seem to notice the strangeness of their company. For all appearances they might have been a party of old friends.

"Reaping begins tomorrow," said Svendson, rising at last and stretching his long arms. "Breakfast at daylight. I don't want to have to come out and wake anybody up, I might pick up a hoe-handle on the way."

The beds in a loft over the stable were hard but smooth, and John Thomas slept without a dream. He was awake when the eastern sky was turning gray, and was prompt at breakfast. A kerosene lamp burned in the centre of the table. One of the tramps was gone.

"There's two of you left," said Svendson, looking hard at the remaining wanderers. "That's a good average, but I ought to have locked that door last night."

The sun had just cleared the horizon when they reached the golden field where the grain-stalks stood as solid as a wall. The wheat-heads made a level, beautiful floor, which swayed slightly under the pressure of the breeze.

"It's so pretty it seems a pity to cut it, doesn't it?" said Svendson, looking at it lovingly. "There's a heap of dollars in there, though. Wads in, boys!"

They "waded in," the broad wales of the reaper whirring in destruction. There was something inspiring in the labor. Even the tramps, with unusual perspiration pouring down, were gay.

At nine o'clock a considerable space had been cleared, only the close-cropped stubble showing above the dark ground. The wind had freshened, and was now blowing a strong breeze from the south-west. Svendson stopped and ran his shirt sleeve across his forehead, leaving a streak of white; the rest of his face was nearly black with dust. He looked at the sky steadily for a moment. Then a pallor showed under the grime.

"Look yonder!" he said, shortly.

John Thomas glanced southwestward in the direction of the pointing hand. He saw a dark line moving upward slowly. It stretched from one end of the horizon to the other. He had never seen a storm-cloud just like it, but he was not uneasy. He thought that the farmer was alarmed because the cut grain would be wet by rain.

"Going to have a shower, may be?" he said.

Svendson scowled at him. "Shower! Don't you know what that is? But of course you don't; you're a tenderfoot! That's grasshoppers!"

The boy was impressed somewhat because he had read of the devastation sometimes caused by the pests but he was still far from realizing the import of the farmer's words.

"What'll they do?" he asked.

"Do?" Svendson shouted, furiously tossing both arms up. "Do? They'll eat up every living green thing in a swath as wide as they are. They won't leave a grain of wheat in this field by night. Tomorrow there won't be a leaf in the country. It's a whole year's work gone and I'm in debt!"

He took to crying, his breast heaving hard—and the tears made white channels down his grimy cheeks. The tramp stood by in dull indifference.

The line of cloud had now assumed a light dun hue, and hid the sky from up from the earth-line. Borne on the breeze the insects were coming fast. It was a strange scene, the ill assorted men, the wide beautiful fruitful field the sun of summer shining on it, and that threatening, silent force of destruction bearing down on them swift and terrible, relentless as fate.

Once before the farmer had been through a thing like this, and the memory of it paralyzed him. He did not even turn towards the house, in which he knew his wife, too was crying. He simply stood and waited for disaster to fall and crush him.

This was horrible to John Thomas. He wanted to do something, to be moving, to fight. Supine inertness did not belong to him. His red hair and red brown eyes were against it. He had a quick brain, and it was working fast. Words fell from him slowly:

"My mother—we had a big peach orchard back in Indiana—father was away—there was a big frost coming that night to kill the blooms—my mother built fires north of the trees, and the breeze blew the heat through them—everybody lost their peaches but us. Mosquitoes and gnats hate smoke, maybe grasshoppers—Say," turned excitedly to Svendson, "build fires along the edge of that field!"

"What for? 'Twont do any good!"

"Fight them with smoke! Try it! Try it!"

He grasped the farmer by the arm and shook him. The horde of insects was plainly in sight now, a vast fog of them.

"All right!" said Svendson. "All right! But there aint anything to it. You can't fight the plague of Egypt—the plague of Egypt."

Fifty yards away was a big haystack, fresh made. The boy assumed command instinctively, and led the way to it. He knew just what he wanted to do.

The men grasped great armfuls of the hay, and returning to the southern edge of the field piled it up. Then they made another pile on the edge, fifty yards distant, and another and another, and so on until there was a pile of hay as high as a man's head, and ten feet through, for each fifty yards of that hundred-acre field—fifteen piles in all. They picked up water-buckets and ran to the creek, and coming back drenched the piles one after another.

It was hard, desperate panting work to build those piles along a line of seven hundred yards, and then dampen them, but it was done in an hour, and at no minute

of it did the pace of the men decrease to a walk. The tramps without protest did their best.

The grasshoppers were almost above them now. Some had fallen upon the field, coming down singly, just like the first drops of a shower.

The men and the boy taking matches, hurried from heap to heap and touched the flame to them. The piles caught fire, but the water made them burn slowly. At once columns of thick smoke rose, and widening as they soared, blended into a great arch. The men could not see the sky for it, but they could see the advance guard of the insects darting through it. Then they could see no more insects.

Svendson had his wagon and horses by this time. He put a full barrel of water on the wagon, and taking one of the tramps, went to the stack and got a load of hay. Then he drove from pile to pile, throwing off the wet hay; so the great columns of smoke were kept up.

Left to himself, John Thomas saw a sight he will never forget. A half mile to the southward the wall of grasshoppers, glinting white in the sunshine, rose at a sharp angle. They went up until they reached an altitude where the smoke was thin, and passed on. A mile to the northward the insects sought and found their proper level. Some of them came down through the smoke, but these were few; not enough, in fact, to do any damage that could be seen.

The flight lasted for two hours, and during that time the farmer and the tramps burned hay but the wheat was saved. Mrs. Svendson had come to them and worked hard, moaning now and then about the fate of her orchard and garden, and when it was over she kissed John Thomas with a red face, and told him he must never leave them.

"We've done enough for to-day," said Svendson, laughing heartily. "We've beat the plague of Egypt. We're the only folks that ever did it. We'll eat now."

They went home and ate a cold dinner. It was past two o'clock in the afternoon.

John Thomas borrowed a horse and rode through the countryside. Into his boyish mind came a knowledge of what the plague of locusts meant to the agricultural people of the Nile Valley thousands of years ago. He had passed on foot only yesterday down a road which ran between smiling farms that spoke of peace and plenty. Now he saw only desolation. Sad, weeping women looked at him from the doors of houses that had been white, but were now dull brown from roof to lintel with grasshoppers. The children were crying; the men stood about with arms hanging dejectedly. They were trying to understand this incredible destruction of a year's labor.

Poultry and swine and cattle, all of which had sought refuge from the storm, were still much disturbed, and fluttered and grunted and moaned according to their natures. Horses had been driven almost mad with fear; staunch househogs had crept under the floors like beaten curs.

The fields were black with the swarms, and the ground, covered in many places to a depth of a foot, seemed to shift and writhe. Against fences and trees and buildings the grasshoppers had drifted and piled like a dark snow. As they crawled, the millions of them buzzing, and the sound of their wings clicking against each other was like the tinkling of little bits of brass. All the waving wheat had been eaten flat with the ground; even the shocks were being gnawed to powder.

Some men were driving about, looking at the ruin, and the wheels stirred up such clouds of insects that the spectators were forced to keep their faces covered. The insects were crunched sickeningly in the ruts. Their bodies clung to the tires, and it seemed as if the horses were pulling through heavy mud.

The big horses plowed along doggedly, although frightened. Their hoofs sank into grasshoppers in the middle of the road clear to the fetlocks. Every tree of every orchard, every lawn, every garden had been eaten to the last sprig. The insects, thirsty from long flight and heat, sought water. They ate clothes hanging on lines; they ate the curbs from old wells. They perched

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in layers five and six thick on the steel rails of the transcontinental roads, making them more slippery than ice. No locomotive could carry sand enough to overcome them.

John Thomas went back to the Svendson home saddened, and as he came in sight of it the standing wheat struck him with a sense of oddness. Surrounded on every side for miles with desolation, it seemed a miracle. Tears came to his eyes.

"I am glad I thought of the smoke," he said. "I am glad."

He stayed on the Svendson farm all that winter and the next spring and summer, because there was a daughter of the house, with the flaxen hair and blue eyes of the Norse people. Since then he has invented two machines for burning grasshoppers, one for cutting up the pests and one for burying them, and has made much money.

All of these machines are full of common-sense, but his father-in-law tells him that wet hay was the greatest invention of all, and that was due to the loving and proud woman back in Indiana, who once saved the peach-blooms from the frost.—H. S. Canfield in the Youth's Companion.

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