

The Catholic Record.

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

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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Mr. J. S. Willison is a journalist of repute. He is, so his friends assure us, adverse to the methods of reckless assertion and of personalities, and has spoken in no uncertain tones of the responsibility of the man who reflects and moulds public opinion. So the gentleman stands for fair play, and frank discussion of every question pertaining to the common weal, on its own merits. We do not, however, think that his admirers will recognize in the editor who is now battling against the rights of the minority the gentleman of lofty ideals, who is opposed to anything worthy of a lover of truth and justice. We do not question his sincerity for a moment. Nor do we wish to express our astonishment at a journalist of undoubted ability demeaning himself like the small bigots who infest Toronto. We make no comment on his fighting under the banners of Colonel Sam Hughes and Dr. Sproule, save that it is a rather curious occupation for a gentleman of academic tastes and sensitive conscience. We hope merely, when he has time to think, that he may begin to understand that educational theories, even when manufactured by the Toronto News, are not necessarily to be accepted by all Canadians, and that Mr. Willison takes himself altogether too seriously as a political mentor when he undertakes to dictate to us as to how our children must be educated.

During the debate on the Education Act, 1902, in the British Parliament, Sir Wm. Anson, Conservative member for Oxford University, said: "But I do feel that religious teaching is a matter of the gravest importance to the country not only because of its effect on character, but on the ground of justice to the parents. It appears to me that if the State takes a child from the parent during its best waking hours, and takes over education to be administered by itself, the parent may justly demand that during some portion of that time the child should receive the religious teaching which the parent desires in order to bring him up in the religious faith of the parent. I understand the scheme of the Bill is that every child will get the religious teaching the parent desires, if there are enough parents to justify the building of a school."

MR. WILLISON'S THREAT.

Said Mr. Willison recently: "What has to be done is to remember the supporters of the bills at the next election. Many no doubt will forget. I will not forget." From this we infer that the gentleman was in angry mood, and the judicial temper on which his friends set store was not in working order. It seems to us that he overestimates his power. He may have influence with those who believe that Catholics are either fools or serfs, to be jeered at by the bigots, and to be bullied and coerced by the Orangemen, but we feel sure that the constituents of the gentlemen who support Sir Wilfrid Laurier will not be frightened at the threat of Mr. Willison. It is idle to tell us that we must walk in the path traced out by him. That path may suit him and his friends; it does not suit us. It is a loss of time to assure us that a system of national schools is the one best suited to this country. An education, says Dr. Schaff, which ignores religion altogether, would raise a heartless and infidel generation of intellectual animals and would prove a curse rather than a blessing. And what befits the citizens of any country is consideration for the rights of others—a respect for the consciences of those who believe that a man need not be a traitor to his God to be a good citizen. Mr. Willison and his friends stand upon a platform of their own making. Sir Wilfrid Laurier may say in the words of another great statesman: "I mean to stand upon the constitution. I need no other platform. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffers or if he falls in defence of the constitution of his country."

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE?

Our friends the editors tell us that "sectarian" agitation has not been fomented by Protestant ministers or religious associations. Of course not. Their protests against the school clauses have been couched in dignified language, and the editors have discussed them in such a manner as to wound no susceptibilities. They have not raved about clerical influence and an aggressive and intolerant hierarchy attacking

the personal and social liberty of Canadians. They have not called upon Protestants to face us to swallow the equal rights dose compounded by a certain class of politicians and by not a few preachers. No word have they said about chaining the Provinces to a system of "sectarian" education and handicapping the future of their youth. So the Catholic is also responsible for any unpleasantness. He objects, indeed, to robbery; but it seems that he ought to divest himself of his constitutional clothing and hand it smilingly to the gentlemen who are mindful of our welfare. And the discomfort therefrom would be more than compensated by the peace that would brood over the sanctuaries of religious weeklies.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS INSUFFICIENT.

We do not believe that the editors of the non-Catholic weeklies have any authority to speak for the majority of Protestant ministers of this country. For we have reason to know they are heartily ashamed of the mass of bigotry that is being carried into Protestant homes at the present time. These editors speak for themselves and the persons, who, whenever and wherever there is any question pertaining to Catholics, part company with reason, and, to quote Carlyle, live as persons immersed in the filth of a cess-pool eagerly endeavoring to add to its foulness by their personal contributions. And the wonder is that this unlovely sight should be possible in a free country. There is absolutely no excuse for it. No right of any Protestant is imperilled by the proposed legislation. No Protestant conscience is outraged by it. He has the schools which accord with his conscientious convictions. He has the right to see that his children shall be instructed in his own belief. The opinion that religious instruction may be safely left to the Sunday school is entirely irrelevant to the matter. Still we may say here that this opinion is not maintained by all Protestants. The Biblical World, a non-Catholic publication, said in October, 1902, that the primary mission of teaching religion and morality is not being adequately performed through the Sunday-school and the home. It has been so assumed, but each passing year shows more clearly that this is not the case. Further, there is growing judgment of Christian people that adequate instruction and morality cannot be given in the Sunday school and home alone.

TOLERATION AND JUSTICE vs. DISSENSION AND TYRANNY.

With every right safeguarded, with the separate schools under Government control, and the conscientious claims of both Protestant and Catholic allowed, sane preachers are in that state of unrest which is conducive to harangues against the Church. "By no manner of means," says Newman, "give her fair play: you dare not. The dazzling brightness of her glance, the sanctity beaming from her countenance, the melody of her voice, the grace of her movements, will be too much for you. Blacken her, make her Cinderella in the ashes; do not hear a word she says. Do not look on her but daub her in your own way: keep up the good old signpost representation of her. She shall be red or black; she shall be always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical."

So cry aloud many of the present day scribers. It is terrible and intolerable, this school clause! And when we venture to ask the why of all this, we are treated to denunciatory orations that have seen service on countless platforms. But is it really terrible and intolerable to plead that we have a conscience; that we believe that the welfare of every Catholic child depends upon his being well grounded in his religion and in the morality based on religion, and that rights which are ours by every consideration of liberty and equity should not be flinched from us? If our friends are so sure of their position why do we find members of Parliament who owe no allegiance to the Church, supporting the school clauses of the Autonomy Bill? Why do they not perceive that the legislation is a measure repugnant to the mass of the people and out of harmony with the spirit of the age? How is it that men like Hon. Mr. Fielding and Mr. Monk, who are a fair counterpoise to the fighting parsons, refuse to be browbeaten by the Ontario bigots, and prefer a policy of toleration and justice to that of dissension and tyranny? How is it, again, that members representing constituencies large

ly Protestant have declared themselves in favour of the Autonomy Bill? Are all these men pledged to Rome and working for the triumph of the "Romish" hierarchy as one editor who forgets that the name "Romish" is no longer applied to the Roman Catholic Church by any scholar or gentleman" puts it. These men, however, are not intimidated by senseless agitation and prejudice-stained protests, because they believe with every fair-minded Canadian that the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the one consistent with justice, and the only one calculated to protect us from fanatical aggression.

These ministers, then, who are trying to drive public men into their own particular enclosures should make up to a sense of their powerlessness. Here, to quote Newman again, they have been ringing the changes on their poor half-dozed notes all about the "Popish aggression," "insolent and insolent," "insiduous and insolent," "insolent and atrocious," "subtle and unholy," "malignant," "mad," "frightful," "meretricious." And to no purpose. But they can still speak their piece to Dr. Sproule and Colonel Sam Hughes when he is not gunning for Catholics.

THE ULSTER OF CANADA.

According to the latest news, the people of Canada live in Ontario. They are tolerant and democratic and ready to enlighten the others who are allowed to exist in other parts of the country.

The people of Canada are therefore surprised at the "sorry spectacle" of the ex-Cabinet minister falling into line with the Liberal leader. They grieve that the passing of the Autonomy Bill will be victory for the "Romish" hierarchy. Poor old hierarchy! They murmur plaintively that the school clauses do not carry with them the strong, healthy sentiment of the free electors of Canada. It seems to be a bad case of nervous prostration due to overwork. If this people of Canada must go to other climes in quest of health they may be able to get, on the strength of their fancy and imagination, employment as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. But we fear that to Ontario may be applied the words of Earl Spencer, who, in speaking of religious toleration in Ireland, had the following to say:

"I have had some experience in Ireland. I don't know of any specific instance where there has been religious intolerance on the part of the Roman Catholics against their Protestant fellow-countrymen. But religious intolerance has been shown, and where? It has been shown in Ulster, where more than half the population belong to the Protestant faith. I believe the Protestants have been the chief cause of keeping up the animosity."

Does Ontario court the honour of being the Ulster of Canada?

A QUESTION OF INITIATION.

Some years ago, in one of the British Colonies, a general census was organized. Among the items of information to be collected was the religious denomination of each inhabitant. One of the men appointed to collect statistics wrote to the Department having the matter in charge, and asked how he should deal with families of divided religion. The children of a mixed marriage, for instance, are not always of one religion. The Department replied that the enumerator should place each child in the category of the minister who baptized such child. Leaving aside the question whether this is a good rule in civil administration, we may ask the further question whether it is good theology. The idea which underlies it is that when a child is baptized such child is thereby made a member of the church in which the minister holds office. Is this the truth? The notion is common enough. Protestants, for instance, often speak of the "Church of our Baptism." Indeed, the tendency to make Baptism a badge of division, instead of a sign and seal of unity, seems to be inherent in what St. Paul calls the natural man. Writing to the Corinthians he thanks God that he has baptized very few of them himself, having left that part of his ministry to others. The reason he gives implies that some of the Corinthian Christians would have made such baptism an occasion of division by regarding it as an initiation into the Church of Paul instead of into the Church of Christ. As might be expected from this occurrence, St. Paul lays down principles which serve as a safe guide for all time. These principles are chiefly two. First, that there is but one Lord and one Faith, so there is but one Baptism (Ephesians iv. 4). Second, that "by one Spirit are we all baptized into one Body" (1 Cor. xii. 13). By "one Body," as he goes on to explain, he means the Church of Christ. The application of these principles is plain enough. There is but one Church of Christ. Baptism, whenever it is real Baptism, is always initiation into the true Church. There is but one Baptism. There is

not an Anglican Baptism and a Methodist Baptism and a Baptist Baptism, etc., any more than there is a Paul Baptism and an Apollo Baptism, as those Corinthians imagined. There is but one, the Christian Baptism. When it is not that, it is nothing but an outward form of ceremony, and without any initiative or other effect, as far as the Church is concerned. Some would, perhaps, infer from this that Baptism, as administered outside the Church, is not a valid sacrament. This is, in fact the inference which many Catholics drew, away back in the third century. Many, led away by heresy, had left the Church, formed themselves into separate bodies, and continued to baptize as before. Not a few Catholics then taught that such baptism was invalid, and that converts from those separated bodies should be baptized again. Pope St. Stephen I., who was elected in 253, condemned this teaching. St. Augustine explains the Catholic doctrine very clearly. The Church, he says, is a sheepfold. We are Christ's flock. As the shepherd knows his sheep by the mark upon them, so Christ knows the members of His Church by the baptismal mark. Now, the servant employed by the shepherd may be an unfaithful servant or even a robber; but the mark made by him is the shepherd's mark, and must be respected as such, because it is his. Similarly, the minister of Baptism may be unfaithful, may even be a heretic; but it is Christ's Baptism, and marks the baptized person as belonging to His flock. It is, in truth, Christ Himself that baptizes, using the ministry of men; and when it is done in the way He directed it to be done, it is He, by the Spirit He sent to dwell in His Church, that gives to Baptism its efficacy as a sacrament. As He used the touch of His hand, or even the touch of clay from the roadside, to give sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf, so now He uses Sacraments to cure sick souls, and, in the case of Baptism He willed that the inward effect would always go with the outward administration, who ever the minister might be. The administration may be unlawful, but it is valid whenever the simple conditions of valid administration are fulfilled. A child baptized by a Presbyterian or other minister may be as validly baptized as if His Holiness the Pope had administered the sacrament.

How this doctrine stands related to the question of initiation will be the subject of a second article. Meanwhile we may remark, by the way, for the benefit of those who need it, that the actual practice of the Church in administering conditional Baptism to converts is nowise inconsistent with the doctrine stated above. The Church acts in this matter in the same way with regard both to Protestant ministers and Catholic laymen. It happens to every parish priest to be told sometimes, when a child is brought to him for Baptism, that private Baptism has already been administered, because the child was in danger of death. Then the priest makes enquiries for the purpose of ascertaining whether the conditions of valid administration were fulfilled. If they were, he simply adds the prayers and blessing appointed by the Church, but does not baptize. If he has any doubt about it, he baptizes conditionally. What he does is well expressed in following rubric from the Anglican book of Common Prayer which also shows that conditional Baptism is well known to Protestants:

"But if they which bring the Infant to the Church do make such uncertain answers to the Priest's questions as that it cannot appear that the child was baptized with water in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, (which are the essential parts of Baptism), then let the Priest baptize it in the form before appointed for Public Baptism of Infants; saying that at the dipping of the child in the Font he shall use this form of words:—If thou art not already baptized, N, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The same rule applies to converts. It is simply a case of doubt as to whether they were ever properly baptized. A whole series of facts come to our knowledge regarding the careless way in which ministers sprinkled water over batches of many children at a time and the consequent doubt was inevitable. If, in a given case, the priest knows that the minister was careful about the administration of Baptism, the convert is admitted without conditional Baptism. In the case of ministers we have a general doubt, each case must be investigated. But the principle is the same in both cases. We think, however, that ministers are more careful now-a-days than they were formerly.—The Casket.

CITADEL OF SOCIALISM.

FATHER KRESS CARRIES THE BATTLE INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN. WHERE THERE ARE NINE SOCIALIST ALDERMEN.

Rev. W. S. Kress, of the Cleveland Apostolate Band, has carried the battle against Socialism into the enemy's country, Milwaukee, where the Socialist party polled 19,000 votes in the last election, and where there are nine Socialist aldermen. Writing of his work in the columns of the Catholic Universe, Father Kress shows that in their encounters with him the comrades have employed the usual tactics. He says:

Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, is making a valiant fight against Socialism in the State of Wisconsin. When he was transferred from Green Bay a short time ago he found

that a considerable number of Catholics had been drawn unwittingly into the Socialist movement in Milwaukee. He is trying to get these out of the party and to keep others from joining. In some respects Milwaukee has become the chief centre of Socialist agitation in America. The City Council has nine Socialist Aldermen and the two Socialist parties polled about 19,000 votes at the last election. The comrades fondly expect that the first representative in our national Congress will come from Milwaukee.

The Archbishop, Rev. Dr. Heiter, of Buffalo, and Father Sherman, the Jesuit, have spoken against Socialism on various occasions. The undersigned was also invited to take part in the campaign. A series of four lectures, with question box adjunct, were given in St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's churches. The congregations were large and consisted almost solidly of men.

Toward the close of the first week the mercury kept falling until it reached 17 degrees below zero, but the Milwaukee Socialists began to get warm, grew hot and, and in the end, boiled over. Attacks were made upon the Catholic Church through the six daily papers. I exchanged compliments with every correspondent who knew enough to keep within the bounds of decency. As the Catholic Church was not on trial, I made the various writers discuss Socialism; but they employed the usual tactics, dodged, denied and lied. A former Congressional minister, Rev. Carl D. Thompson, now State organizer for the Social Democratic party in Wisconsin, challenged me to discuss socialism with him either on the platform or in the press. As the challenged party I chose the latter. An evening paper, the Journal, was kind enough to offer the requisite space. The controversy ran along for ten numbers, but it was impossible to hold Mr. Thompson to a straightforward discussion. As I have not heard from him for a week I fear our controversy, from which I expected greater results, has come to a premature end.

The same newspaper gave a verbatim report of every lecture. Other papers gave good exposure, while the German Herald gave a half page each day to lectures and questions.

The German and English Socialist weeklies make frenzied attacks upon the Church. Victor L. Berger, Czar of the Social phalanx, wound up an intemperate article with the threat: "If the capitalist Jesuits and the Jesuitic capitalists will persist in the way they have started, we shall have a repetition of the French Revolution on a thousand-fold greater scale and make it more thorough work next time." The Social-Democratic Herald grew indignant at the charge that many Socialist leaders advocate a lax family relation; yet the most prominent place in the same issue was given to a contribution criticizing my lectures, wherein the sentiment was expressed: "Love can and should be the only bond of marriage." This is to be the historic development, the same writer maintained, of the present family relation. The statement that Socialism is hostile to Christianity was also combated by the Herald though it is running Engels' "Socialism from Utopia to Science" in serial form to instruct its readers in Socialist philosophy—the philosophy that holds man to be a more brute animal, without a soul or future existence.

The vicious attacks, the bald calumnies, the profound hatred shown in the various communications could have but one effect upon any Socialist who was Catholic in more than name, namely, to drive him out of the ranks of his false friends.

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

It is idle to attempt a description of the charm of Mr. Watters' lectures. One must hear them to understand it, and his success of never being disappointed. A very large number were present at "On the Heights" on March 27th. The lecture is based on the story of the same name which is Auerback's masterpiece.

Countess Irma, the heroine, had fallen chiefly from intellectual pride. From her life long atonement and expiations, Mr. Watters drew his lessons.

"The journey up the heights of the intellectual and spiritual life is toilsome, long, and often weary. It must be made alone or not at all. But the reward, when the top is reached, is exceeding great. Such was Irma's experience, as it must be the experience of every traveller on a like journey.

Mr. Watters in cutting terms, described the modern social gatherings with their meaningless chatter and too little attention to higher things, intellectual and spiritual.

The nobility of work and perseverance was beautifully depicted. The lecturer insisted upon the sacred duty one owes oneself of caring for the health. "Good health has much to do with religion," said the speaker. Irma learned, from her own sad experience, the beauty, the sanctity and the inviolability of order. True freedom is on the heights attained by hard and persevering effort along right lines. Atonement is a hard word, but it is the only way to peace and tranquility of conscience.

Mr. Watters insisted on the value of thinking habit, in preference to the reading habit of which many thoughtless people boast. The lecturer congratulated the Reading Circle on its efforts along these lines.

Father Kirwin of the University, in his expression of appreciation at the close, classed Mr. Watters with Goldsmith, in that "what he touched he did not adorn."

Mrs. Davis and Mr. Jarman sang as a duet, at the opening, that most appropriate hymn "My Faith looks up to Thee."

There was an interesting regular meeting on Tuesday. Quotations were made from the most serious writers of the present day on the school and the home question. The war drags on, though earnest efforts have been made to arrange a peace.

A dark war cloud seems to hang over the south-east corner of Europe. "Julia," Katherine Tyan Hinkson's latest book, was reviewed by Miss McMahon. Mrs. Hinkson is very popular with the circle, and it is hoped to soon have her complete works in the Library.

Such reliable authorities as the Dolphin and the Catholic World speak highly of "The Divine Light," a new novel by May Sinclair. A more comprehensive note on this book will be made later.

Rev. Father McSorley has a timely and beautiful paper in the Catholic World called "The Son of Man." In the same magazine is a paper by Father McMillan, C. S. P., on "Religious Knowledge and the United States Schools." Father McMillan is superintendent of St. Paul's Sunday school in New York, where two thousand children are in attendance.

Mr. A. A. McGinley in the Dolphin writes a clever account of the recent meeting in Boston of the Religious Educational Association. The Oxford study for the remainder of the term is to consist of character sketches. Those chosen for Tuesday were Hurrell, Proude and John Keble. John Keble is the author of "The Christian Year," from which a selection was read.

John Henry Newman's Letters and Correspondence" give us an insight into the personal character of these men. The volumes are in the Library, and it would be well to look into them between meetings.

A woman, Louise Imogen Guiney, has written "The Life and Times, Hurrell Froode." A review of the book was read.

While no women were directly connected with the Oxford controversy there are several whose names are indirectly associated with it. These will be considered at the next meeting.

Selections from the fifth book of The Light of Asia were read. A pleasant letter from a valued member, Mr. Shannon, was read. Though living now at Saskatoon, Mr. Shannon has not forgotten Ottawa.

At the next meeting, on April 18th, attention will be called to the I. C. T. S., and our connection therewith. B. DOWDALL.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, recently celebrated the eighth anniversary of his consecration. The consecration of Bishop Alcega Racicot, of Montreal, will take place at the Cathedral of St. James on Wednesday, May 3.

The Rev. Francis Jagor, O. M. I., one of the German missionaries in South West Africa, was put to death on March 2nd by the natives, who are still in revolt against the German authorities. R. I. P.

The Rev. Navier Sutton, C. P., whose time and labors for several years past have been devoted to missions to non-Catholics, in which field he has achieved signal success, will sail April 29 on the Lombardia for Naples, going thence to Rome.

The new Earl of Kenmare is descended from a convert on both sides, his mother having been a daughter of Lord Charles Thynne, who began his ecclesiastical career as a Canon of Canterbury and ended it as a Catholic priest.—Antigonish Casket.

Monsignor Tonti, Papal Nuncio at Rio Janeiro, who last year successfully arbitrated a territorial dispute between Brazil and Bolivia, has now been invited to act as third member of an arbitration board to settle a dispute between Brazil and Peru.—The Casket.

Dr. Albert F. Zahm, of the Catholic University of America, has received from the Carnegie Institution an award of \$1,000 for the current year, to be expended in researches on atmospheric resistance. This award was made in recognition of his previous experiments at the university, and more particularly in recognition of his discovery of the laws of atmospheric friction, announced in the National Academy of Sciences last April.

Ven. Mother Barat.

All the friends of the Sacred Heart as well as all the friends of Christian education will rejoice over the approaching beatification of the Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart. Towards the beginning of February the decree proclaiming the heroic of Mother Barat's virtues was published in Rome and the beatification will follow naturally during the course of the year. Mother Barat wished that all her schools should bear the name of the Sacred Heart; and each one of these well known houses of higher education and of formation in Christian virtue is called Academy of the Sacred Heart; or simply the Sacred Heart by the nuns themselves and their pupils. Who can count the army which has gone out from these schools with love of the Sacred Heart practically undying in each breast?—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Every married man should have his life insured.

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN MCDONALD, KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT HANOVERIA IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OPERATING IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM MCKENZIE.

VIII.

My cousin John, Glengarry, was the head of our family and my chief, and to him I determined to apply. I therefore set out at once for Invergary, where I found the castle entirely dismantled and abandoned, so that when the Duke of Cumberland appeared somewhat later he found only bare walls to destroy; but destroy he did, so completely that he did not even leave a foundation.

I found Glengarry easily enough, living in retirement in a safe place among his own people, and paid my respects to him with great good will; indeed, few chiefs had greater claims than he.

His father, Alastair Dubh, was one of the best warriors of his day, and had performed feats at Killiecrankie that a man might well be proud of. There, too, the chief's eldest son, Donald, Gorm, fell gloriously, having killed eighteen of the enemy with his own sword.

His eldest son, Alastair, was now in the Tower of London, a prisoner, and Alastair's second had been accidentally shot at Falkirk six months before, whilst in arms for the Prince.

He himself, had not been out, but no more had Clanranald; indeed, in many cases it was thought best the heads of the families should not be involved, in the event of the rising not proving favourable; but this turned out to be a sorry defence in more cases than one, amongst which was Glengarry's own.

After hearing my story, he said, laughing, "Man! but this would make a pretty quarrel with the McKenzies if we only had those troubles off our hands. I would send with you men enough to turn their whole country upside down, and you might consider the money as safe as if you had it in your own spon. But what can I do? You dare not take any body of men across the country, and, more than that, I haven't them to send, even if you could. But let us sleep over it, and we will see what can be done in the morning."

I told him my plan was to go straight to Dundonald, who was an honorable man, and through him try and work on his uncle, old Colin Deary; and could he but provide me with five or six men, by way of a life guard, it was all I would ask.

When we parted on the morrow, Glengarry said: "There are your men; but promise me these troubles will be over unless something can be gained. I have given you five picked men, and they must not be thrown away; but if the money can be got, and fighting is wanted, you have five better swords at your back than ever were dreamed of among the McKenzies; and whether you send them all back or not, I'll be satisfied so long as you make good use of them."

We made our way with all possible speed and precaution until we arrived at Dundonald's, and with him I was well pleased, more particularly at his reception of my plans, and his promise to send for old Colin and have him meet us at a place appointed.

Thither we all repaired, and after inquiring from Dundonald the particulars of the house, which I found simple enough, for it was one floor without partitions and but a single door, I laid out my plan of action to my men. Should old Colin keep the appointment, it would most probably be after dark, and he was sure to come with a strong following, more particularly if he suspected I was in the matter, which well might be the case after my meeting of the previous week. So I determined as follows: my men should seat themselves just within the door, not allowing anyone to separate them, and see they kept their arms near them; they might be drawn the moment I made the signal. At this, the two I named were to keep the door, and the other three pass out and at once fire the house at both ends, and then return to back up the others at the door, where they could easily cut down the McKenzies as they attempted to make their way out.

As for me, I would seat myself between Dundonald and old Colin Deary, and at the first serious offensive motion I would do for both of them at once with my dirk and pistol, knock out the light, and try to make for the door. If I chanced to get there alive, they would know my voice, as I would shout our rallying cry, "Frach Eilean!" but if I failed, to see that every soul within perished along with me. There was a good chance of escaping, as I held the start of the fight in my own hands, and I counted that between the surprise and the dark I ran no risk beyond the ordinary. I regretted that my plan should include Dundonald, but as he was a McKenzie that could not be helped.

I was right in every particular, for it was dark when old Colin appeared, and he was followed by forty or fifty men, carrying, apparently, only short sticks, but under their coats I perceived they had their dirks ready. They entered the house, and, without giving them a moment to settle or to disconcert our plan, I entered boldly and seated myself as I proposed, my men keeping together near the door.

After a short pause, every one eyeing me and mine, and we returning it, though without offence, Dundonald mentioned the cause of our visit in as becoming a manner as the subject would admit of, speaking in English, so that what was offensive might not be understood by the men.

"And why, Dundonald, should you come inquiring of me about a matter of which I know nothing?" asked Colin Deary, in a silky voice, like the old fox he was.

"Now, Colin Deary McKenzie," said I, shortly, "I have neither time

nor stomach for smooth words. You cut that gold out of my portmanteau with your own hands and kept three hundred guineas of it, while the other six went to your fellow thieves. I have it from the wretch you bribed with twenty-five more to murder me if I saw you at your dirty work. So none of your lies, but make what restitution you can, and prove you have some honesty left in you by handing over the Prince's money."

The old man made an attempt to defend himself, but after a minute said, sulkily, "Och, well! There's no use making such a pother about the matter now; the money is gone, and I cannot give it back if I would, so there is an end of it all."

"No," I said, in Gaelic, so all might understand; "because the thief has spent the money that does not end the matter."

"What more would you have?" asked the old man, still sulkily.

"The gallows!" I said, firmly; and with a growl the crowd caught at their dirks; but at the same moment I whipped out my dirk and pistol, and, covering both old Colin and Dundonald, I would kill them both if the first step was made towards me, and, as I spoke, my men took possession of the door.

"For the love of God, my children, stand you still—stand you still!" screamed old Colin, and not a man moved.

Every man in the room was on his feet, crowding towards the table where the wine stood, each with his hand on his sword, and old Colin and Dundonald, as the point of my weapons, my men keeping the door as I knew, though I dared not so much as glance towards them, and every one strained up to the point of outburst, only waiting for the next move.

I chose to keep the lead in my own hands. "Now, then! What have you got to say for yourself?" I demanded from old Colin.

"I might say I have only taken my own," he returned, with amazing quiet. "But 'tis ill talking with a dirk against one's ribs. Move it a little from me and let me talk as a gentleman should," he went on, with a coolness that brought forth a murmur of admiration from his people.

Your own?" I cried, amazed at his audacity.

"My own, certainly; and not only mine, but my children's as well! Think you a few paltry gold pieces will pay the debt of the Prince towards me and mine? We have given what your gold is as dirt beside! We have given lives that all the gold under Heaven cannot buy back. We have broken hearts for his sake that all the lous d'ors in France cannot mend. I and mine have ruined ourselves beyond redemption for his Cause, and, when we have winter and starvation before us, why should I not take what comes to my hand for those nearest to me, when I can be of no use elsewhere?"

There came answering groans and sighs of approval from his following at this fine-sounding bombast, and I was at a loss how to cut it short or see my way to an end, when, taking advantage of my distraction, he suddenly gave some signal, and, quick as thought, a blade flashed out beside him, and I only saved myself by a chance parry with my dirk.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MOLLIE'S ROSARY.

Little Mollie Sullivan, aged nine years, was the eldest child of a poor Irish laborer living in the dreary district of East Marsh on the outskirts of London. Almost from the dawn of consciousness she had been accustomed to the pinch of poverty, and as she never saw on the family board any but the cheapest food, and that often very meagre in quantity, it will not surprise you that she heard almost with incredulity that there were people—ay, and little children even, who had meat every day.

The information was imparted to her by a neighbor who "went out charing and doing for people wot could pay." It should, however, be remembered that Mollie was only six years old then, and that she had learned many strange facts between that time and the date of this little history.

Now most children have some little article they measure as their own, and Mollie was no exception to the rule; but the thing she prized beyond all was a plain little Rosary of brown beads that had been given to her by her parish priest, Father O'Mahony, after his return from a pilgrimage to Rome. As he placed the Rosary in her little hand he had remarked, "This Rosary has been blessed by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., keep it safely, and whenever you use it pray for his intention." With child-like awe she gazed at the tiny brown beads, and then with a face flushed with gratitude she looked up, and said, "I will do that, and for you, too, Father."

Had the beads been of precious stones and the wire on which they were strung of fine gold, she could not have prized them more. The Holy Father himself has blessed this Rosary, she thought, when she knelt to pray, and her faith was akin to that which the Master had said may "remove mountains."

Ah! it was a hard struggle for existence, that which her parents waged daily. Rent for their dreary tenement was high, and the loss of the plainest fare obtainable was to them considerable, but so long as work and wages were regular the wolf was kept from the door, although they could hear his savage bark at times more loudly than was agreeable.

But at last there came a black Friday night, when Denis Sullivan came home more weary than usual with despair in his face, and told the pitiful tale of no more work.

The winter had caused trade to slacken, and business was growing worse, with no sign of improvement; employers were consequently compelled to reduce the number of their hands. Oh! the bitter irony of the word "hands," not men and women made in

the image of the great Creator with immortal souls and hearts that clung to their little ones with as true affection as their more refined and delicately nurtured fellow beings—No, only "hands" to toil for the employer, "hands" to gather, to make, to store up for the more favored capitalist. "No more work," that was all poor Denis could say. Then it was that his faithful helpmeet proved herself more than a mere "hand," or even two hands. "Arrah now, Denis, ma bouchal, don't give way! Sare the good God that made us, and brought us together in the old country, knows all about us, and our dear Lady, who has a true mother's heart, will not forget us and the childer. We are not so poorly off as He was Who had no place to lay His head. Think of what the good Mission Father from Haverstock Hill told us last Lent."

You make excuses, said he, for staying away from your duty, saying you are poor and have no time from your work, and the church is too far and you are too tired; but is there one of your poor as He was, who had no place to call His own—no place to lay His head? Tired are ye? What of Him Who walked miles and miles day after day to help and comfort people Who had little thought of Him when His hour of desolation came? "Listen," said he, "if any of you had lived in those days, and in that land, you could not have pointed to any house or shed and said 'That is where Jesus lived,' and if you had asked any of the people whose heads are bowed, 'That is the house where Prophet Jesus Christ lives,' and yet you say you are poor—too poor to think much of religion."

Here poor Norah broke down, and as the tears streamed down her face, she sobbed, "It's all true, so it is," and Denis took her into her arms and tried to soothe her, whilst his own utterance was choked with tears. "Ye got new life into me, alanna, and we will not give up hope, and maybe I'll get work yet before we spend our last."

For a time there was silence save for the rattling of a cup as the humble family sat at their frugal tea; but little was eaten that evening, for, in spite of faith, the sombre shadow of want was very near, and their, poor souls were very human.

Little Mollie sat with a preternatural air of gravity. Full well she realized the critical position of affairs yet in her heart she was brooding over certain words of an ancient prayer, "We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God, despise not our petitions in our necessities; but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and blessed Virgin." Then the thought of the little brown rosary that had been blessed by the venerable Vicar of Christ—that link between the poor child of a humble Irish laborer and the great Head of Christendom—came into her mind; she would pray, with those beads in her hand, and she would surely be heard, for did not the good Mission Father when preaching to the school children tell them what was said by a good man, long long since, that "God would hush the song of Archangels, if necessary, to listen to the prayers of little children."

How long the time seemed before the prolong of eating was concluded; and then there was the washing up to be done; but at last she was free to rush into her little room and lift her rosary from the box where she kept her tiny stores of treasures, a few medals and such like things; then returning to her parents, she shyly held up the beads and looked first at her father and then at her mother.

The effect was startling. In a moment they were on their knees, and the five sorrowful mysteries were recited—as Denis had often recited them with his parents in the lonely cabin amid the Kerry hills.

Then at the close, moved by a sudden impulse, Mollie broke out, "We fly to thy patronage, etc." and with a sob she lifted up her little voice, and cried, "Oh, Jesus, who was once a little child, hear another child, and send my 'daddy' work."

Had you, my reader, been privileged to see these lovely people when they rose from their knees, you would not have doubted the reality of their faith. Superstition the world calls it, which is somewhat like an untaught savage expressing an opinion on the doctrine of the Atrist.

Leaving the Sullivan family cheered by the devotions and planning the best way to seek for work on the morrow, let us turn for a few moments to another scene in a neighboring street.

In an upper room, poorly furnished but scrupulously clean, a young woman is sewing busily, repairing a calkish garment. She is not very pretentious, but she is sensible, and some of the young people she meets at St. Bernard's call her "an old grump," who wears clothes "they wouldn't be seen in," and some will tell you "she's got a fad of going about among people when they are ill like a nun, and what does she get for it, only a scold when they get better. In the present time she is patching a little frock belonging to a poor child whose mother is in the London Hospital with a broken limb. The child is sitting by her benefactress enfolded in a blanket whilst the necessary repairs are being made, and watches every movement of the needle as it swoops down upon the garments and then is drawn out with a curious clicking noise.

Precisely the silence is broken by the young woman who is known as "Maggie Reid," asking the child, "Were you at school to-day?"

"Yes, both morning and afternoon, and Father O'Mahony came in once and told us the treat will be on Monday, won't that be nice? Did you go to treats when you were a little girl, Maggie?"

"Oh yes! I went to treats every year, where I lived—far away from here—and now I'll tell you a secret. Father O'Mahony has asked me to come to your treat on Monday to help to look after you—now wasn't that kind of him?"

Maggie having completed the sew-

ing, took a heated iron and deftly passed it over the edges of the patch, much to the astonishment of the child who beheld such an operation for the first time. Quickly the frock replaced the blanket, and Maggie, taking the child by her hand, led her home to her father.

Now, I fancy some youthful reader is asking, "What has all this to do with Mollie's Rosary?" Be patient, my young friend, and you will see. The father of the child was a member of the same congregation as the Sullivans and Maggie Reid—St. Bernard's Mission, under the pastoral care of Father O'Mahony. Hence the man was not quite so awkward in his acknowledgment, the kindness shown to his little girl as he would have been if Maggie had been a stranger. So he thanked her in his best manner, and then spoke of what he called "The uncommon luck of an old chap at the factory—our night watchman, you know, been at the place more than twenty years. He and his daughter live on the premises, three rooms and a pound a week; well, he had a visitor this afternoon, a smart foreign-looking fellow, who turned out to be his son Tom, who ran away from home when a boy, to go to sea. Then after being a sailor for nigh on ten years, landed at Sydney one voyage and went off to the diggings, had hard luck there, but a year ago had a legacy of over twelve thousand pounds left him by an old chap he had found in the States a year ago, long his way, and then broke his leg falling down a gully. The old man was nearly gone when Tom appeared on the scene. He pulled round, however, and Tom set him on his horse and led him carefully home, a matter of over sixty miles; they only saw one house, a shepherd's hut, all the way. He was four days doing the journey. It was a long yarn, and I don't know if I have got the rights of it quite, but one thing is sure, the old man, and his daughter are not going to stay at Bartlett's shop. Tom says he means to make the old man happy for the rest of his life, so the governor will have to get a new watchman—and that will be easy enough—although it won't suit every out of work chap. He'll have to be as honest as a saint, either a teetotaler, no nor smoker either, least ways when on duty. There is a lot of valuable stock in the warehouse, and he must make the round of the premises every half hour between 10 and 6 o'clock. There's a funny sort of machine at each end of the premises, a sort of patent tell-tale and the watchman has to press down a peg every half hour; if he's a minute late he misses it and then the governor knows in the morning that he hasn't done his duty. Well, I mustn't keep you listening to my yarns, so 'good night' and 'thank you.'"

"Good-night!" and Maggie went on her homeward way. Was it chance, or fate, that led her to pause near Mollie's door, or was it something of divine direction? It was rather late for a friendly call, and she knew nothing of the trouble that had visited the Sullivan household, yet she felt strangely drawn to the door. "Well, I'll just call and wish them good-night, anyway," she murmured to herself, and then knocked. "It's rather late, Mrs. Sullivan, I know, but I did not like to pass your door without calling," she began, but the warm-hearted Irish woman would not listen to apologies, but drew her in and then bade her sit down whilst the sad news of Denis' lack of work was recounted; and with motherly pride the story of Mollie's prayer was told to the sympathetic ear of Maggie Reid.

"I think I see now why I was so drawn towards your door, Mrs. Sullivan, for within the last few minutes I have heard that the night watchman at Bartlett's is leaving, and his place they will want a respectable, reliable man to take his place; he will have to be a teetotaler, I'm told, and the pay is a pound a week with three rooms over the warehouse, just the very thing for your husband, if he can get it, and somehow I think he will."

"Oh, may God bless you, alanna, for your good news. Hark to that now, Denis, shure ye must be up to the factory first thing in the morning and see the foreman—if ye can't see the master."

Need I say that the next morning Denis Sullivan in his best clothes was waiting outside the factory gates, waiting for the great doors to be opened—that the foreman, pleased with the respectful demeanor of the applicant, told him to come again at 11 o'clock, when he would have a chance of seeing Mr. Bartlett, and after a searching inquiry into Denis' antecedents, he was duly installed in the vacant position. Mrs. Sullivan was so overjoyed at the answer to her prayers, and so full of admiration of the "ill-giant large rooms and the fine kitchen range" now under her control that she hurried off to Father O'Mahony and requested him to offer a Mass of Thanksgiving for the blessing which showered down upon her when she least expected the good. But Mollie would not agree with the last part of her mother's remarks, for said the child: "I expected something, although nothing so good as this, for you know, mother, I prayed with my rosary our Holy Father blessed."

"The colleen is right," said the good priest, "and now both of you learn a lesson. No good act goes without its reward." Maggie Reid had not noticed the torn frock of little Annie Watson, and undertaken at that moment to mend it, she would not have gone to Watson's house and heard the news of the vacant place, and if she had not felt impelled, and obeyed the impulse, to call upon you when she did she would not have seen you or Denis before Sunday, and on Monday that place would probably have been filled up, and a score of disappointed applicants would have met Denis hurrying to the factory, himself a day behind the fair. But for all that I think little Mollie's prayer was the first link in the chain, when she knelt with her beloved rosary.—The Rosary.

EASTER.

It seems to me as if one should cry out this glad, glad time, "Peace on earth and good will to all men!" The world is so full of joy, so lovely, so fresh and young and most dear. Here in the great city the snow, the rain, the slush have all gone. The parks are greening. The milliners' shops, all the big shops are glorious gardens. The florists—ah, the florists!—with their big, dewy, nodding roses, their little pots of Christ lilies, their tall, stately Easter lilies; their groves of palms, banks of violets, most lovely pots of azaleas—the fashionable Easter flower of this year, with their wreaths of smilax and fern, tied with broad sashes of green, white, crimson. How one lingers outside those gorgeous windows watching the lovely flowers! Then, too, the cheery city sparrows, fighting, if you please, in city churchyards—fighting like mad up on high leads, on gutter pipes everywhere, and out in the Bronx all the birds singing together. Such little trills! Little broken bits of bird music, but lovely; such a greenening of feathers, too; such soundings and preparations for the Spring housekeeping, such bad little boys of cock robins, and such demure little hen birds! Fuss and feathers everywhere. Pretty women jostling each other in the shops, trying on big flare away hats, Charlotte Corday hats, weird little cockaded turbans with long streamers and strange drooping feathers.

As for the toy shops they have simply gone crazy. Eggs such as you never saw or heard of, crammed full of gifts. Autks' eggs stuffed with bon-bons with a diamond ring in the very heart of them for lucky girls. Little trunks and suit cases packed with chocolates—and pearls. Autos that are only waiting to be loaded with flowers before they puff, puff to some stately brown stone mansion. Dolls that have gifts, mind you, instead of sawdust in their insides. Shoes made for Cinderella—her ugly sisters could never get one of them on; and over all, the glorious sunlight, the air, nippy in the mornings, so balmy in the afternoons! At night the whole vast town glowing like a great rose lamp—music here, dancing there; lovely women, more exquisitely gowned and groomed than any women in the world, rolling along in their wags to the theatre and to the concert hall. So much wealth, beauty, the laughter and music of life, and ways the beggars on the corner, the poor streets, the coarse-faced women who shamble along in old shawl and bonnet, respectable, weary, taking life as it comes, and nearly always so kindly and good-humored. "Will you help me across the Avenue?" I asked one of these shabby-dressed, plain faced women to-day. "I have turned my ankle, and am a bit nervous." "I will that and welcome," said my poor Badalia. And she took my arm and brought me to my door. "Are you going to have a nice Easter?" I asked her as we ambled along. "You come from old Ireland, don't you?" "An' now, how did you guess that, ma'am? Sure I was born and reared in the County Mayo. Indeed, 'twas a nice little farm my own father had, but nothin' ud do us girls till we came out to America, an' the devil a bit I'll ever put in on Ireland agin. We didn't do well here. Life is hard when you rare tin childre an' himself takes a drop, but shure we have all to bear our cross, an' if it weren't for our Saviour an' His Holy Mother we couldn't do wid it at all, at all."

What faith, I thought, what dear simplicity, what tacit acceptance of the "tin childre" and love for him self, "who was a good man when he didn't drink." And here are so many of us grumbling because one of our rose leaves is crumpled.

"And are you happy?" I asked, with tenderness and respect, "my poor companion."

"Indeed and I am that. There does be an odd black day, but my Johnnie is sellin' papers now, an' he gives me a little 'tilde." "I'm an 'Patrick do be going to the Christian Brothers' school, an' Maggie, the little thief of the world, does be helping me wid the washin'." Himself is on thin buildin' works now, an' he didn't take wan drop the whole of Lent. He promised Herself, the Holy Mother of our Lord, that he wouldn't taste a drop till Easter Day. "An' you wren't afraid Shure the cruther earned his little divarshion, an' he won't lave a hand on me any more."

The organ man was playing "Badalia" down the street.

"That's a nice Irish song," I happened to say. "Begorry," she says, "savin' your presence, ma'am, 'tis little thruck the Irish had wid the nagurs. 'Tis an 'Irish song out and out, Badalia. I'd like to stave ye Badalia I love you so." I sang to her in the "tin childre" and love for him self, "who was a good man when he didn't drink." And here are so many of us grumbling because one of our rose leaves is crumpled.

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lesson you taught me, what joy and hope and happiness you gave of your simple talk, your lovely soul, my pure-hearted, heavy footed Badalia. What an angel in your flapping shawl, your battered bonnet, your big shambling slippers, your heart of God's own gold! Peace and good-will! Joy to all, to the lowliest and the poorest! His own—this wonderful Easter!—"Kit" in Toronto Mail and Empire.

ROMANCE OF A LIFE SPENT IN HIS MASTER'S SERVICE.

Ottawa's Evening Journal.

With hair frosted by the snows of seventy-eight winters and face seamed with the lines wrought by a life of unremitting toil and anxious forethought amongst his "people" Father Lacombe, for over half a century a missionary among the Indians and half-breeds of the North-West, presents a unique type when seen in the busy but well settled life of eastern Canada. A strong, self-reliant face lit up by eyes beaming with kindness, agrees with the impressions one would form of the appearance of a man who had ventured beyond the pale of civilization to carry the message of the gospel and teach by example more than word the lesson that men should be brothers.

When approached by the Journal for an account of his life on the prairies of the West and the work he was doing there the Father was rather doubtful. He wanted to let the East know of the need of assistance for his mission, but was chary of publicity for himself. Finally, however, his interest in the work among the half-breeds got the better of his fears lest he might be unduly advertised and he entered upon a most graphic description of the people to whom he has given so much of his life. In cold print his account may appear tame, for the personality of the man, with his expressive gestures and English with a delicious French accent, is missing. That English he learned from books and newspapers—a fact which shows in a nutshell the hardworking life he has lived.

SON OF A POOR PEASANT.

Father Lacombe was born the son of a poor peasant, he says, near Montreal. He lived the ordinary life of the habitant's children in Quebec, but wanted to advance beyond it if he could. Funds for education beyond the most primary were lacking and he was apparently doomed to forego his hopes when aid came from another quarter.

"I owe my education to some good priests," said he, "who paid for my tuition and expenses through college near Montreal." Bishop Bourget he speaks of with deep affection as his special protector and guide in his struggle toward the priesthood.

A few months after he was ordained, and when but twenty-two years of age Father Lacombe started for the West as a missionary among the Indians and half-breeds. That was fifty-two years ago and Ottawa, as he remarked with a smile, was but a small village as he passed through.

With him it became a passion to study the Indian and half-breed types in the West. These latter, of whom there are about 2,000 families in that country now the chiefly descendants of the French adventurers who a century ago went to that country to work for the Hudson Bay Company. Most of them came from the neighborhood of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec, and while some returned to their homes after a few years hunting and trapping in the West, many remained, married squaws and settled into a sort of nomadic Indian life. Some Scots from the Orkneys followed a similar line, but not nearly so many.

HIS LIFE'S WORK.

Among these and the pure Indians Father Lacombe settled, if such a term could be applied to his wandering life with them, for his life's work.

The Indian tribes he devoted most attention to were the Crees, Sioux and the Blackfeet. With much labor he made himself familiar with their languages. He succeeded so well that an undertook to compile a Cree dictionary. Years afterwards with the manuscript he went to Alexander Mackenzie, then Premier of Canada, to ask aid in having it published. The Indian Department allowed him \$1,900 for the purpose, and his dictionary can now be found in the libraries of those who have made a study of Indian dialects as well as among the Indians in the mission schools.

For the Indian and half-breed the golden age has truly given place to the iron. In the olden times life was easy with abundance of food on the prairies simply waiting for the killing, and the people were happy enough. Whole summers were passed by Father Lacombe hunting the buffalo on the prairies with the Indians.

The chief dangers he met were from the perils of war between the Indian tribes. The Blackfeet and the Crees were in a chronic state of hostility, and at any time a raid might be made upon an encampment by members of the other tribe. As Father Lacombe was with either tribe at different times he was liable to see the party he was taken by surprise by their enemies at any time. He was in the thick of several night battles but escaped all without injury. He was never personally attacked by the Indians, with whom

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he always got along any fear of them WILD FREE

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The Catholic Record. Published Weekly at 451 and 453 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES. "Author of 'Mistakes of Modern Infidels.'" THOMAS COFFEY. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 21, 1905. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

MANITOBA'S THREAT.

We are told, with a certain amount of glee, that after all Manitoba will come out ahead in its contention with the Ottawa Government—that the Provincial rulers have the legal right to pass a law repealing the Laurier-Greenway compromise in favor of Catholics, and that the Premier, Mr. Roblin, will call the members together, and such a law will be passed.

There is no doubt the Manitoba Government can legally do so, and, judging from the past, the rulers of that Province pay very little attention to the rights of God or man so long as they can protect themselves by legal quibbles.

However, standing on the platform of legal rights alone, other things would follow. The Federal Government has the right to pass a Remedial Bill to compel the bigoted Province to do justice to the Catholic minority.

It is true Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in 1896, said "No coercion, but conciliation." But he admitted there should be one or the other to remedy the grievances which the Privy Council said existed. So far the conciliation policy has been adopted, but the moment Manitoba refuses conciliation, then Sir Wilfrid is logically bound, from his stand in 1896, to the other means at his disposal, the so-called coercion.

The Manitoba Government had no scruples about using coercion before, and will not scruple to do so again; but if the members of that Province or any other imagine that the Catholics will tamely submit and do or say nothing, such rulers are very much mistaken.

It is better for all concerned to know the truth and to face the facts—Catholics are no strangers or foreigners in Canada. They have helped to build up the country from one end of it to the other. They claim nothing for themselves but what they are perfectly willing to grant to their Protestant neighbors. They intend to maintain their own rights and respect the rights of others, and want to live in peace and harmony with their neighbors of every description. Is not this the proper spirit for every true Canadian to have?

The fact that Manitoba, in its ugly mood and spirit of revenge, can legally rob the Catholics of the God-given right of giving their children a Christian education, is a strong argument in favor of the present Autonomy Bill protecting minorities. It is not fair that the Catholics in the new Provinces should be deprived of their present educational rights and placed at the mercy of future rulers who may imitate the bad example given by Manitoba.

It is better to have the question settled at once, and we believe that notwithstanding some rascals of newspapers and politicians and preachers, the ordinary fair minded Protestant Canadian is willing to do justice to his Catholic fellow citizens, and join in working for peace and prosperity and unity in this country.

On the whole we are confident that, when the vote is taken on the present Bill, justice and fair-play and true patriotism will prevail with nearly every member of the Federal Parliament, and that bigotry, bluster and braggadocio will influence but a few.

What a Howl! Sir Charles Tupper has visited the Pope and has received the Papal blessing for "his constant defence of the rights of Canadian Catholics." What will Grand Master Sproule say? And Col. Sam Hughes and the other defenders of the faith? What a howl they would raise if Laurier were in Tupper's place!—London Advertiser

THE AUTONOMY BILL AND THE PAPAL DELEGATE.

After all the clamor and discussion on the Autonomy Bill both in and out of the House of Commons, the matter has quieted down as it has been realized that the bill will certainly pass without substantial change by a considerably larger majority than was anticipated in the beginning of the discussion. Looking back at what was elicited during the debate, it appears that Mr. Leighton McCarthy is the only Ministerialist of the House who will vote against the educational part of the measure, while several Conservatives have declared in strong terms their intention to support it as a measure of justice to all the people of the new provinces.

We are not surprised that those Conservatives who depend upon the Orangemen for support should be bitter opponents of the bill. Among these are Dr. Sproule, Messrs. Lancaster, Bennett, W. F. Maclean, Col. S. Hughes and others. This crowd was reinforced by the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, who, having been defeated in his former constituency in New Brunswick, found a refuge in North Toronto, a constituency which he has good reason to suppose will scream its delight at every attack he may make against Catholic education.

The attack made by this crowd upon the venerated Delegate of the Pope, Mgr. Sbarretti, has fallen flat. Mr. Campbell himself, the Manitoban Delegate on the question of the extension of that Province, has virtually admitted that the account given by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate is correct, though on one point of minor detail he asserts that Mgr. Sbarretti was in error, that is, he asserts that he had not met the Delegate before he had the interview with him in Ottawa. There may have been an error on one side or the other in regard to this unimportant matter, but Mr. Campbell has made it plain that at this interview Mr. Campbell was present whereas Mr. Rogers was not. The latter, therefore, gave out a false representation of the case in this statement that "we," that is himself and his colleague, were invited to meet Mgr. Sbarretti, and in so wording the whole statement as to lead to the inference that he was present, and was, indeed, even the principal speaker at the interview. But the most important misrepresentation was the statement that this interview was held on Feb. 21st, that is, before Sir Wilfrid Laurier made his announcement on the policy to be carried out by the Dominion Government in regard to Manitoba. It is therefore evident that the interview of the Apostolic Delegate with Mr. Campbell had no influence on that policy, which is the chief point on which the whole discussion has taken place. Under these circumstances Mgr. Sbarretti could never have entertained the thought that he was influencing or shaping the policy of the Government on the question of extension of Manitoba's boundaries; and all the denunciations of Papal interference with the Government of Canada are without any other object than to inflame the minds of the populace, so as to secure the votes of those who could be so inflamed, at the next general election.

Mr. Rogers has issued a third statement in which he says that Mgr. Sbarretti does not deny his assertion that Manitoba's case had been prejudiced by the neglect of its Legislature to give a school law satisfactory to the Catholics. Mgr. Sbarretti did not say that Manitoba had actually suffered damage from this cause, but as he himself tells us:

"I urged my request (that the school law should be improved) on the ground of fairness and justice, and, referring to his (Mr. Campbell's) mission to Ottawa, remarked that from the point of view of the Manitoba Government, some action on these lines would be politically expedient, and tend to facilitate the accomplishment of his object, inasmuch as Catholics in any territory which might be annexed to Manitoba would naturally object to losing the right they had to separate schools, and to be subject to the conditions which existed in Manitoba."

This is undoubtedly the correct version of what passed at the interview, as Mr. Campbell practically acknowledges it to be so, but tries to let his colleague, Mr. Rogers, down easily by adding that Mgr. Sbarretti's version is identical with that of Mr. Rogers. The two versions are not identical. According to Mr. Rogers's statement, Mgr. Sbarretti gave it to be understood that he could and would influence the Dominion Government to grant what Manitoba asked, whereas the Apostolic Delegate mentioned merely what would naturally be the disposition of the Catholics towards Manitoba if the province would carry out his suggestion that the school law should be made more satisfactory to them.

Mr. Rogers represents Mgr. Sbarretti as dominating the Dominion Government, whereas he only told Mr. Campbell what a keen observer of events might readily say. His Excellency had good reason for his remark, as he must

have been already aware that the "postage-stamp province," as the Conservative opponents of the Autonomy Bill have now dubbed it, has been already told by the Legislatures and people of the new Provinces that they will not consent to be annexed to Manitoba.

But it may be asked, "Why should the Papal Delegate interview members of the Manitoba Government at all?" We answer that this is a free country in which any one who has or thinks he has a grievance, or who desires legislation of any kind, is at liberty to ask the Government for the relief he desires. Delegations of all descriptions do this every day, and perhaps there have been more Protestant ministerial delegations asking for legislation than of any other class. Is there any reason why Mgr. Sbarretti should not have the same freedom?

Not long since, the Dominion and Ontario Governments received ministerial deputations asking for prohibitive and Lord's Day legislation. Surely Mgr. Sbarretti has a right also to interview also the members of any of the Canadian Governments on behalf of fair treatment for nearly one half the population of the Dominion.

The outcry raised against Mgr. Sbarretti could come only from bigoted creatures. Yet the Mail and Empire had the assurance to announce to its readers that His Excellency is actually to be recalled by the Pope; and "the Orange Wing" in Parliament had the equal audacity to demand his recall.

The Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick deserves the greatest praise for the dignified manner in which he rebuked these bigots, and for his statement that he hoped His Excellency would remain long in the country. For his part he hoped that the Holy Father would not recall him.

The insinuation of some of the lodge members of Parliament that the memorandum of desirable amendments to the Manitoba school law presented by Mgr. Sbarretti to Mr. Campbell was prepared by the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick was indignantly repudiated by that honorable gentleman. It is, indeed, now fully established that no member of the Dominion Government had anything to do with the interview itself or with the Apostolic Delegate's suggestions.

THE GLOBE'S PROVINCIAL RIGHTS CRY.

We publish in this week's CATHOLIC RECORD a very clever letter, having reference to the Autonomy Bill, from Mr. Chambers, a prominent Protestant resident of the city of Quebec. It appeared in the Toronto Globe of 12th April. The editor of the Globe adds a footnote in which he advances as answer to Mr. Chamber's contention the well-worn shibboleth of Provincial rights. Surely the editor of the Globe will recognize the fact that there is such a thing as Provincial wrongs as well as Provincial rights. Furthermore, it must be in his recollection that about twenty years ago two electoral campaigns in the Province of Ontario were carried on with the cry of "Down with the Separate schools." And, finding that these schools could not be interfered with by act of the local legislature, an agitation was inaugurated to have the British North America Act amended so that the power would rest with the Provinces to abolish Separate schools. True, this agitation was not successful, but there may come a time when an anti-Catholic agitation in the North West would have a different result. The liberality displayed by the Catholic majority of Quebec as compared with the narrowness and bigotry which is now a-days so much in evidence amongst the majority in the Province of Ontario, places the latter Province in an unenviable light amongst thoughtful, intelligent men who are not blinded by prejudice.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS?

Will wonders ever cease? The Toronto Mail and Empire a few days ago had an editorial article under the title "How our Schools can be Improved," and, strange to say, our clamorous "Equal Rights" contemporary comes out without disguise as an advocate of moral teaching in the schools, and says: "To declare that rules of moral conduct must not therefore be taught in school is to throw away the baby with the bath."

We must have moral teaching therefore, but he tells us that this moral teaching must exclude all Christian dogma, and the reason he gives is "Ontario will never tolerate in her Public schools any exercises which have for their object the dissemination of sectarian views or dogmatic instruction." And again, "At one time it was supposed that there could be no objection to the reading of passages from the Bible; but now there are few passages that have not served as a theological battleground. It is evident, therefore, that there might be objection to Bible reading."

We should naturally suppose that an educationalist who maintains that there

should be moral teaching, and who declares that such teaching is of the highest importance, should be delighted at the fact that there are at least some schools in the province in which such teaching is given, namely, the Catholic Separate schools.

But no! there is no more bitter opponent of Catholic schools than this same journal. If moral teaching is so important, surely there can be no harm done if the Catholic children have that moral teaching along with the dogmatic teaching which must be the basis of all morality. But the mere mention of such a thing is, to the Mail and Empire, a red handkerchief flaunted in the face of an enraged bull.

The fact is that the stand taken by that mild-mannered and "ethical" journal is that of the agnostic; and the reason advanced is certainly a curiosity: "Ontario will never tolerate this." If so would it not be better to educate Ontario up to the mark of appreciating what is right and just, instead of fomenting the hatred of a certain faction of its people against allowing religious instruction (moral included) in the Catholic schools all over the Dominion—in Ontario, Manitoba, and the new Northwestern Provinces?

But it is interesting to note the basis on which the Mail and Empire would ground moral teaching, as a substitute for Christian dogma. The article in question says:

"Every one will agree that the child who believes it is wrong to lie and to steal will make a better citizen than the urchin who has no such theories. Now we do not imagine that any child of sound mind and school age in Ontario does not know that lying and stealing are sins. Most of them know it in the same way that they learn the distance to the moon. They view it as an abstract proposition. They do not know it as surely and as unmistakably as they know they are cold and hungry. Why should not a competent teacher take the necessary time to transform this vague abstraction into a fixed principle? He must be convinced that if he steals he will be punished, not by teacher or guardian, or by the law, but by himself. No child is too young to learn that there are certain moral laws as fixed and irrevocable as the laws of nature, and that he can no more break one of them with impunity than he can thrust his hand into the fire and not be burned."

"Lying and stealing are sins," for sooth. And what is a sin, but an offence against God's law? Take away God and His teaching, and there can be no such things as the sins of lying and stealing. It is easy to see, therefore, that as soon as the child begins to look for the reasons for a moral code, the sinfulness of these acts will disappear if he has not been taught that there is a God, the Rewarder of good and the Punisher of evil, a God who loves mankind. There will, therefore, be no motive left why the grown up child should be truthful and honest except the fear of the policeman's club. Lying and stealing must cease to be sins in themselves if the child has been taught according to the Mail and Empire's "fixed and irrevocable principles." There will be no sin if the grown child can only escape being caught in his lies and thefts. This is the kind of morality which the Mail and Empire would have taught in the schools.

No moral teaching can be efficacious without Christian dogma for its basis, and for this reason it must be a most desirable thing to see Catholic schools established wherever Catholics are numerous enough to support them, and in such cases they should be entirely exempt from contributing towards the support of schools for their neighbors who prefer to send their children to schools without any religious teaching. We do not desire to force the teaching of Catholic dogmas upon Protestants, but we insist upon our natural right to instruct our children in their full duties of religion and morality. We have no objection to Protestants doing the same thing if they can agree upon a plan of satisfactory moral or religious teaching; but we have the plan already settled on for ourselves, and in operation, and what we require as a satisfactory solution of the educational problem is that we have not forced upon us a solution which may be very satisfactory to Protestants, but can never be so for Catholics. This we require, not as a concession or privilege, but as our inalienable right.

THE HON. FRANK OLIVER. It is stated in despatches from Edmonton that at a meeting held on April 13th at Fort Saskatchewan the new Minister of the Interior, the Hon. Frank Oliver, was the recipient of an address signed by the business men of the district, irrespective of their political parties, in which their support and influence were pledged to the new Minister in the coming contest. Every Conservative business man of the town signed this declaration, from which it may fairly be inferred that the people, independently of their party affiliations, are favorable to him and that they are pleased with the Autonomy Bill as it

stands. The people of the North-West have evidently not been moved by the anti-Catholic agitators of Ontario who are pulling the wires to work up an opposition to the Government on account of the Bill. The prospect is that Mr. Oliver will be elected without opposition. Will the Toronto Mail and Empire then persist in asserting that the West is unanimous against the school clauses?

THE POSTAGE-STAMP PROVINCE.

A despatch from Winnipeg states that in consequence of the recent agitation on the School question, Premier Roblin proposes to summon at once a session of the Manitoba Legislature for the purpose of repealing the School settlement arranged in 1897 between Premier Laurier and Messrs. Sifton and Greenway whereby some small concessions were made towards meeting the desires of the French-Canadian Catholics of that Province. This, if true, is a piece of petty spite which could emanate only from the meanest of small-minded legislators. Should this report prove to be correct, we can only express the hope that the "postage-stamp province" may remain long as a postage-stamp amid the provinces of the Dominion.

We take the liberty of informing Messrs. Roblin and Rogers, who are the ruling spirits of the Manitoba Government, that neither Sir Wilfrid Laurier nor the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick has authorized us to express this sentiment.

SURE TO PASS.

The Hon. Mr. Monk, the leader of the Conservative party of Quebec, has declared in Parliament that he will support the Autonomy Bill education clauses. He reminded the House that the purely secular schools of the United States have not been productive of good results, quoting several Protestant authorities in favor of this view. He also quoted Mr. Balfour, who is a firm believer in religious education. He declared in favor of the higher principle of religious instruction. He protested against the charge that those who support the Autonomy Bill are under the domination of the clergy. He said that the Quebec clergy do not interfere in politics.

Mr. George H. Parley of Argenteuil, a Protestant and a Conservative, said that he thought the Bill should be withheld for a year so that the jurisdiction of Parliament should be ascertained. Nevertheless, he left the impression that he will vote for the Bill, as he has no objection to continue to Catholics the very moderate means of education which the measure before the House grants, and which they possess at present.

It is expected that every Conservative member from the Province of Quebec will support the Bill, as an acknowledgment of the fair treatment accorded to the Protestant minority of that Province by the Catholic majority. Thus the normal majority of the Government will be considerably exceeded on this question.

Mr. Pringle, the Protestant Conservative member for Stormont, Ont., spoke strongly in favor of the Autonomy Bill, amid unseemly interruptions from his own side of the House. He said he was not there to represent Protestants or Roman Catholics; but he would do what is honest and right. Stormont is a strongly Protestant constituency.

Mr. Miller, the Liberal member for South Grey, also spoke earnestly for the Bill. He showed up the absurdity and viciousness of the course pursued by Mr. Willison of the Toronto News, who admitted that the Bill would pass by a most decisive majority, and yet asked the people of Toronto to keep up the agitation against it, and to remember the men who vote for it when another election comes on.

We will note carefully those who vote both for Mr. Borden's anti-Separate school amendment and for the Bill itself, and we trust our readers will keep their names in view.

YET ANOTHER.

Mr. H. B. Ames, the Conservative Protestant member of Parliament for St. Antoine division, Montreal, on April 13th declared that he must reluctantly break with his party to support clause 16 of the Autonomy Bill. He had been for ten years a member of the Council of Public Instruction in Quebec and in that time they had never yet had to consider one case where there was a grievance caused by unfair treatment of the minority by the majority. He accepted Mr. Borden's constitutional argument, but declared that there is a higher view, and that is the justice that is due to the minority. In voting for the bill he was moved by a sense of justice and not through fear of any portion of his electorate. He regretted there had been so much intemperate language used in such inflammable material. As miners are not allowed to carry naked lamps in the region of inflam-

mable gases, he thought the members should travel through a debate of this kind with safety lamps.

The majority for the educational clauses of the Bill is growing.

Mr. Ames' testimony to the liberality of the Catholic majority in Quebec is most valuable. Ontario and Manitoba might learn therefrom a useful lesson. After all, something good comes forth from Galilee.

Peterboro Examiner: As to clerical interference in politics, it is to be noted that during the controversy now raging, while Protestant clergymen have taken general and active parts in intermeddling with politics, there has been, so far as known, an entire absence of interference on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ontario. Has not one as much right as another in a land which boasts of its "civil and religious liberty" and "equal rights."

THE HON. FRANK OLIVER, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

It is now a little over a month since the Hon. Clifford Sifton resigned his portfolio as Minister of the Interior in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet, and members of the Opposition party in the House of Commons have been engaged in the amusement of twitting him to the effect that he dared not open a constituency in the North West by the appointment of a member from the territories to take Mr. Sifton's place, as they asserted that the indignation of the whole North-West against the educational clauses of the Autonomy Bill is so intense that not a single constituency would return a member of the Government coming back for re-election after accepting office with the burden of the Autonomy Bill on his shoulders.

Mr. R. L. Borden has been peculiarly persistent in taking this view of the matter, and has endeavored to keep up the excitement by continually enquiring in the House whether the vacancy had been filled, and when it would be filled. At the same time, we must admit that Mr. Borden did not indulge in the acrimony which was the chief argument of several of his followers.

We must presume that it required time and careful consideration on the part of the Premier to fill so important a position. We do not consider that Sir Wilfrid took any undue advantage by not allowing himself to be hectoring into hasty action; and when questioned so constantly he always replied good-humoredly to the effect that he could not then give any information on the subject, but that he would willingly give the desired information as soon as possible, which would probably be very soon or in a few days.

The duties of the Prime Minister are both numerous and onerous, and some latitude must be allowed him in his manner of conducting the Government, at all times, especially at a moment when an attempt is being made to inflame the minds of the public, as has been the case on the present occasion.

Mr. Borden's reply to Sir Wilfrid was that he desired it to be understood that he asked the question every day until the appointment should be actually made.

The Mail and Empire was also continually declaring under inflammatory sensational headlines that the entire West is in arms against the Bill, and that the attempt to fetter the two new provinces by bonds which can never be cast off will be bitterly resented at the first opportunity afforded them.

Notwithstanding all these gloomy predictions, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to the astonishment and consternation of his opponents, has done the very thing which they said he dared not do. Mr. Frank Oliver of Edmonton has been appointed to the vacant office, and has gone West to ask his constituents for their endorsement. It is expected that the nomination will take place on April 25, and polling a week later, should a poll be required. Thus the opponents of the Autonomy Bill will have the opportunity they were apparently so anxious for to test public sentiment on the proposed legislation.

But their courage seems to have oozed out at their finger ends as soon as this glorious opportunity of taking the stronghold from the Government was afforded them. It is believed, in fact, that Mr. Oliver will be returned by acclamation.

The constituency is a large one, having more than eight thousand voters, including a considerable proportion of Catholics; but for this very reason the election will test fairly the sentiment of the whole population of the North-West, both Catholic and Protestant, on the Autonomy Bill. The opponents of the Bill have asserted that the Northwestern Catholics do not want Catholic Separate schools. The election will show whether this assertion is the truth or a mere election trick.

Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues are said to be of the opinion that this election will clear the situation by making known the actual public opinion in regard to the School question in the new

provinces. Mr. Oliver is the proprietor and editor of an independent paper published in Edmonton, the name of the Bulletin, and has been in public life since 1883. He held a seat in the Territorial Assembly. Nine years ago he entered the Parliament, and he is there recognized as a gentleman of high attainments and unimpeachable integrity. He is thoroughly familiar with the workings of the great North-West, and his general satisfaction has been manifested through the new Province's selection for the portfolio of Interior. He was received with arrival at Edmonton with manifestations of approval such as were before shown in the region of politics. There is little doubt of re-election by a majority greater than he received in November. He was returned by over 10,000 votes more than were his opponent.

In fact, the present agitation of the Autonomy bill has been almost entirely confined to being engineered from chiefly by the Orangemen and members of certain denominations. These heterogeneous elements combined to create a public opinion against the Bill, simply because though it is, it is supposed to be favorable to Catholics, though it is equally to local Catholic and anti-minorities the same principle of schools to suit them. The schools which will be established under the educational clause of the Bill will not differ from the schools further than that it will be permitted to have religious teachers, such as will meet the needs of the people.

We unhesitatingly wish the Minister of the Interior the success of his courage and fairness men while the Ontario agitators endeavoring to create a hostile North-West against the bill which is aiming to establish a system of education in the West from the start.

JOAN D'ARC.

Our attention has been called to a sketch of the life of Joan D'Arc, the heroine of France. The sketch is the work of a most brilliant and truthful contributor to the Record, and the most just, especially anything relating to the Church is the subject of remembrance. Correspondents desire us to secure a sketch of the life of Joan D'Arc.

Kit's sketch of the career of Joan D'Arc is correct in all particulars, though somewhat over-adolescent in tone and matter, but it is a very true and interesting story. It is a fact as stated by the writer that there was a great beech-tree in the village of Domremy, where Joan was born and lived in her childhood, and until she became the daughter of a foreigner.

There was on the outskirts of the village a little chapel known as the hermitage of our Lady of the Mountain (Vermont). This was on a hill, the verdant slopes suggested thoughts of peace and communion with God. The custom of the little maid was to make a pilgrimage to this chapel every week. The chapel is still visible, and it was a forest of oaks and the grand beech-tree was a distance away.

This tree was known in the village as the fair-tree, around which the children were wont frequently to dance.

It was known that in the times the fair-tree was respected sacred to the fairies, perhaps believed that the fairies favored to those who danced, and that the roots were of great efficacy to cure disease. We know by experience that it takes a long time to do away ancient traditions which are particularly localities, and it was probably not at all to the general rule. At that time the foot of the spring concerning which many legends of favors granted by fairies who were supposed to be in the neighborhood, and who were believed to be the great spring gave forth a soothing water of which those who were feverish slaked their thirst.

But the pagan superstitions had been attached to the surroundings had not the general character of the people, and that they celebrated there on the fourth Sunday of the year, and which is known as the

provinces. Mr. Oliver is the proprietor and editor of an influential paper published in Edmonton under the name of the Bulletin, and he has been in public life since 1883 when he held a seat in the Territorial Assembly. Nine years ago he entered the Federal Parliament, and he is there recognized as a gentleman of high attainments and unimpeachable integrity. He is thoroughly familiar with the wants of the great North-West, and general satisfaction has been manifested through the new Provinces at his selection for the portfolio of the Interior. He was received on his arrival at Edmonton with manifestations of approval such as were never before shown in the region for any politician. There is little doubt of his re-election by a majority greater even than he received in November when he was returned by over two thousand votes more than were polled by his opponent.

In fact, the present agitation against the Autonomy bill has been hitherto almost entirely confined to Ontario, being engineered from Toronto, chiefly by the Orangemen and ministers of certain denominations. These heterogeneous elements have combined to create a public opinion against the bill, simply because, just though it is, it is supposed to be favorable to Catholics, though it accords equally to local Catholic and Protestant minorities the same privileges of having schools to suit their wishes. The schools which will be established under the educational clauses of this bill will not differ from the National schools further than that it will be permitted to have religious teaching in them, such as will meet the desire of the people.

We unhesitatingly wish the new Minister of the Interior the success his courage and fairness merit for him while the Ontario agitators are endeavoring to create a hostile feeling in the North-West against the Government which is aiming to establish a just system of education in the new provinces from the start.

JOAN D'ARCE.

Our attention has been called by two correspondents to an account given in the Toronto Mail and Empire of March 25th, in which there is a short sketch of the life and death of Joan of Arc. The writer of this sketch is "Kit," the most brilliant and truthful of the regular contributors to that journal, and the most just, especially where anything relating to the Catholic Church is the subject of remark. Our correspondents desire us to give an accurate sketch of the life of that heroine of France.

Kit's sketch of the career of the Maid of Orleans is correct in substance, though somewhat over-adorned with folk lore and other matter which is partly true, yet in part erroneous, we doubt not unintentionally so.

It is a fact as stated by Kit that there was a great beech-tree near-by the village of Domremy, where Joan was born and lived in her childhood, and until she became the deliverer of her country from a foreign yoke.

There was on the outskirts of the village a little chapel known as the hermitage of our Lady of the Green Mountain (Vermont). This was situated on a hill, the verdant color of which suggested thoughts of peaceful prayer and communication with God. It was the custom of the little maiden Joan to make a pilgrimage to this house of prayer every week. The remains of this chapel are still visible, and behind it was a forest of oaks from which the grand beech-tree was but a short distance away.

This tree was known in the village as the fairy-tree, around which the children were wont frequently to gather and dance.

It was known that in the heathenish times the fairy-tree was regarded as a spot sacred to the fairies, and some perhaps believed that the fairies still gave favors to those who danced about it, and that the roots were of marvellous efficacy to cure diseases of every kind. We know by experience that it takes a long time to destroy any ancient traditions which are attached to particular localities, and this locality was probably not an exception to the general rule. At all events there was at the foot of the hill a spring concerning which there were many legends of favors granted by the fairies who were supposed to dwell in the neighborhood, and to hold their frolics near the great tree. This spring gave forth a soothing and cool water of which those suffering from feverishness slaked their thirst and found refreshment.

But the pagan superstitions which had been attached to the tree and its surroundings had not weight with the generality of the people, for we learn that they celebrated there very solemnly the fourth Sunday of Lent which occurs in the beginning of spring-time, and which is known as the Lorette or

Joyful Sunday from the fact that the first special prayer of the Mass on that day begins with the words of the prophet Isaiah: "Rejoice with Jerusalem and be glad with her all you that love her: rejoice for joy with her all you that mourn for her." (Is. lxxvi. 10.)

This was a purely Christian celebration, and called to the minds of the worshippers who went thither to pray, the glad tidings of the redemption of the world when it, and especially Jerusalem, was sunk in superstition and worldliness.

The children, among whom was Joan of Arc, sang and danced, but it was remarked that the little Joan preferred to sing hymns rather than to participate in the dance.

Joan of Arc, or, as she is more properly called, Jeanne d'Arc, was the daughter of peasant parents. She was born in 1411, and soon after this date, the battle of Agincourt, in which the French were completely routed, was the prelude to throwing nearly all France under the dominion of Henry V. of England. Henry was aided in his invasion by the Duke of Burgundy and his forces. Jeanne is also called La Pucelle, which means the little maiden, and the Maid of Orleans from her wonderful achievements.

Here "Kit" tells the story of a Burgundian priest who, passing through Domremy, made a speech in which he asked the people of the hamlet to cry amen to his toast "God grant long life to Henry King of France and England." But the populace were able only to whisper weakly their protest: "The butcher of Agincourt our king!" Then only a little maid exclaimed as she looked up into the face of the priest: "I would I might see thy head struck from thy body, if it were the will of God." Kit adds: "That was the only harsh speech ever uttered by Joan of Arc."

This account is not in accord with the evidence given at the maiden's trial.

The truth is this: The Domremy peasants were unanimously of the party of France, with the exception of one Burgundian, and as the Burgundians had frequently made incursions against the Armagnacs or French party, slaughtering them without mercy, the hatred of the Armagnacs was intense against their oppressors. Hence Joan avowed that she had wished that the Domremy Burgundian should have his head cut off, provided it were God's will he should be so punished. However, she was undoubtedly afterward reconciled to this man, as she had at a later period been sponsor for his child at his baptism. This same man gave testimony to the great piety and kindness of character of the little Jeanne, and spoke of her with very great respect. This Burgundian was not a priest.

Jeanne loved to hear the life and legends of the Blessed Virgin narrated to her, and particularly a prophecy in which it had been foretold that a virgin should relieve France from its enemies.

Jeanne had three brothers and one sister, among whom, though she was the youngest, she was the most pious and serious in disposition. She loved, however, to amuse younger children, and was playful with her equals in age, and delighted to see them radiant with pleasure. She was beautiful in form and feature, and most charitable to the poor out of whatever she might possess. She loved the sound of the Angelus bell, and never neglected to respond to its call to prayer. She many times rebuked the church sexton for neglecting to ring it properly and at the right moment, and gave him money to be more exact in fulfilling his duty.

At the age of thirteen she heard voices calling upon her to go forth to save her country. These she declared to be the voices of angels speaking to her, and she minutely described their appearance as they manifested themselves to her.

God is wonderful in his dealings with His saints. He manifested Himself to Abraham and Moses, and His Angel wrestled with Jacob, who, prevailing in the contest, was called Israel or Strong with God. So the angels and saints from heaven held communication with Tobias, Daniel and Judas Maccabees. We may well believe that He manifested Himself through angels to strengthen Jeanne d'Arc to fulfil the duty he imposed upon her. The name La Pucelle, she declared, was also given her by these angels, who likewise called her "the daughter of God." Saints Margaret and Catharine also frequently revealed themselves to her.

At last in 1428 she induced her uncle to accompany her to Bandricourt, Governor of Vaucouleurs, to whom she related her visions which called upon her to take arms to lead the French army to victory. She did not conceal the nature of the call given to her, but declared that she would within a year deliver France and its king, and would consecrate the king of France—a marvellous prophecy which was fulfilled to the letter. But Vaucouleurs treated

with scorn her request to be introduced by him to the King and Dauphin of France.

King Charles VII. was now in sad straits, as he had only four crowns of money in his possession; and this fact led Bandricourt to yield to her importunity and bring her to the royal presence. Charles was informed of her visit and purpose; but before he admitted the maiden to his presence at Fierbois, he dressed himself in simple clothing as a mere courtier, so that she may not be able to recognize him. She advanced through the courtiers, three hundred of whom were in the hall, and went directly to the King, and spoke to him, calling him her noble king, "I am not the King: there is the King," said Charles, designating one of the knights present. "In the name of God, you are the King, and no one else," answered the maiden.

Charles then questioned her closely, and not until she told him of some fact of which no one knew was he convinced that there might be truth in her mission. A suit of armor was made to fit her, and a consecrated sword which she declared was buried in the Church of Fierbois was given her, and not until after she was further catechized by the King's counsellors, and the Bishop of Castres, was she placed at the head of an army of about 4,000 men, and sent to relieve Orleans, which was then already closely invested by the English forces.

Her directions given to the army showed a wonderful insight into the art of warfare, and her orders for the disposition of the artillery especially astounded the generals who discovered in her a military knowledge which was truly wonderful.

In one week the English were driven from the siege with great losses, in May, 1429, and within three months Charles was crowned king at Rheims as Jeanne d'Arc had promised should be the case. She stood by his side in full armor during the coronation.

The maiden had never learned to read or write, as the age in which she lived was devoted to incessant warfare and strife amid which almost all learning was given up. Nevertheless the grace, dignity and accuracy with which she answered all questions made her examiners admit that she spoke as a most learned person, while her modesty compelled their admiration. In fact she was placed constantly under the surveillance of female spies who reported all her acts, but nothing but simple candor and piety could be discovered in her, and the spies were loud in their praise of her conduct under all circumstances.

The mission given to La Pucelle she now declared to be accomplished, but the French General, Danois, wished still her influence over the troops to gain for them further victories, and she yielded to the request. She, therefore, remained with the army, but she was no longer victorious. On May 21 she was taken prisoner at Compeigne by John of Luxembourg who confined her in his castle of Beaurvoir, subject to the care of himself and the Duke of Burgundy. Finally these two sold her to Henry VI. for 10,000 livres.

On the 3rd of January, 1431, the Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon, was authorized to sit in judgment over La Pucelle, on the charges of being a heretic and a witch. She was found guilty on suborned testimony and was condemned to be burned. She trusted in God to the end, and commended her soul to Christ. She stated also that though she was at the head of an army she had not herself slain any one. She had merely fulfilled the mission confided to her by God. The sentence was carried out on May 30th, 1431.

There is no doubt that the Bishop of Beauvais, who was acting under orders from the English king, gave maliciously an unjust judgment against an innocent and virtuous maiden. She appealed to the Pope against the sentence condemning her, and if the appeal had been allowed the sentence would undoubtedly have been reversed, but it was not allowed. At the last moment, she signed a declaration of seven or eight lines declaring that she would never again wear man's apparel, or have her hair cut short, hoping that by yielding thus far to her tormentors her life would be spared. This document was afterwards changed to another of sixty lines which was entirely different from the original. This was done for the purpose of traducing her memory; as it was changed into a document which acknowledged all the crimes with which she was charged, and which professed to be her acknowledgment that the visions she had had were falsehoods to deceive the public.

By order of Pope Calixtus III. the process of reviewing the condemnation of Jeanne d'Arc was entered upon by the Archbishop of Rouen, and her complete vindication was pronounced, declaring all the accusations against her to be null and void, as they were false, calumnious, and fraudulent. This judgment was made on 7th July, 1456. It is now almost a certainty that the

name of Jeanne d'Arc will be placed upon the catalogue of saints of the Catholic Church.

THE "YELLOW HIERARCHY."

The Los Angeles, California, Tidings of 7th inst., says:

"Mr. F. E. Galbraith, of Ocean Park, was feeling badly a short time ago, and to ease his mind, wrote a letter to the Times of this city. Mr. Galbraith, who is probably a Canadian and possibly an Orangeman, is angry with Sir Wilfrid Laurier premier of the Dominion. He even calls that statesman 'a rank humbug' and various other unpolite things. Laurier has been very recently returned to power by an unprecedented majority, and yet Mr. Galbraith tells us that his 'vapourings' are not shared in by the Canadian people. Probably he imagines that the weak minority of Conservatives is the Canadian people. Mr. Galbraith's indignation is caused by the premier's proposal to establish Separate or denominational schools in the two new provinces. This is done, he says, 'at the bidding of the hierarchy.' Which hierarchy? We may inform Mr. Galbraith that there are two hierarchies in Canada: a Catholic hierarchy and an Anglican hierarchy. We have not heard that either body was in control of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy. We even doubt that Mr. Galbraith knows the meaning of a hierarchy, which men of his class are so fond of holding up as a bugaboo. Ocean Park is a nice place, and Mr. Galbraith will do well to avail himself of its facilities for keeping cool."

There is however, another "Hierarchy" of which Tidings makes no mention: the Yellow Hierarchy, as Mr. Burrassa, M. P., dubbed it (the Grand Masters of the Orange Association) of which Mr. Galbraith is doubtless a member, and of which Dr. Sproule is the high priest.

INCONSISTENCY.

Perhaps one of the most bitter and passionate opponents of Separate schools in the North-West is the editor of the Christian Guardian, Toronto. It is to be regretted that a man calling himself minister of the gospel should be guilty of such unseemly conduct toward fellow-Canadians and fellow-Christians. With many others, we doubt not, this reverend gentleman contributes of his means towards the work of instructing the children of Pagans in schools in foreign lands in Christian doctrine; but he has put himself in strong opposition to a similar work being carried on by his Catholic neighbors in their schools in this Canada of ours. The connection of Church and State he looks upon with the greatest dread; but this seems very inconsistent when we consider the fact that Methodist ministers were among the most persistent solicitors for aid for their churches in the North West from the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, and they did not object to take \$15,000—some of which was contributed by Catholics—from the taxpayers of St. Thomas for the support of a Methodist ladies college in that city. Will our Methodist friend bear the fact in mind that Catholics desire to have Catholic schools for their children wherever it is possible to establish them. These schools will be supported by their own money entirely. They look for no favors from any one. Justice they will have, in spite of the conspiracies of the lodges and bigoted editors.

"MICHAEL MCCARTHY."

We notice in the London Free Press a dispatch from London, England, stating that one Michael McCarthy, a Roman Catholic, volunteers a piece of advice to his fellow Catholics of the North West not to permit the establishment of Priests' schools because they are not at all what they should be in Ireland. We do not believe that Michael McCarthy, a Roman Catholic, ever wrote or said any such thing. We were once introduced to a full blooded Indian rejoicing in the name of Daniel O'Connell. A somewhat similar sort of individual, we doubt not, is Michael McCarthy.

HOLY WEEK.

The Church devotes this last week of Lent—Holy Week—to commemorating and meditating on the awful scenes which closed the visible life of Christ on earth. By the sad and solemn ceremonies she recalls to the minds of her children the tragedy of the Cross, which consummated the redemption of mankind from the race-guilt incurred by Adam's sin. Beginning with His triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, the Church follows His hallowed steps to the room in which He partook of the Last Supper with His Apostles and where He instituted the Adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist by which, in an unbloody manner, the sacrifice of the Cross was to be perpetuated, and by which He was to be sacramentally present in His Church for all time. From this room she follows Him across the brook Cedron to the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of Mount Olivet, where in His agony He sweat blood and prayed: "My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt;" where He was betrayed by Judas, arrested and forsaken by His disciples, brought before Caiaphas, the high priest, where false witnesses were brought to

give testimony against Him. Thence we follow Him, manacled, to the hall of Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, who, yielding to the cry of the mob, "Let Him be crucified!" scourged Him and delivered Him up to be crucified. We behold the soldiers of Pilate taking Him into the hall where they stripped Him, and in mockery put a regal cloak about Him, and put a crown upon His head—a crown of thorns—and a reed into His right hand, and bowing the knee they mocked Him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews!" They spat upon Him and struck His head. After this they replaced His own garments and led Him away to crucify Him. They made Him carry the cross upon which He was to be nailed to die. Weak and exhausted by the cruel treatment He received, He fell under the weight of the cross three times. Simon of Cyrene was made to carry it for Him up the hill of Calvary. Arriving at the place of execution, He was crucified between two thieves; and while in the agony of death they blasphemed Him, He said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." After a time He cried out: "It is consummated," then bowed His head and died—He died for love of us.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting." (John iii. 16) "Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children; and walk in love, as also Christ hath loved us, and hath delivered Himself up for us, as an oblation and a sacrifice to God." (Ephes. v. 1-2)

After Our Lord had consummated the work of redemption His body was taken down from the cross and buried in a tomb hewn out of the rock. Before it, bowed down in silence and grief, His beloved spouse, the Church, awaits His glorious resurrection. She says with Isaiah, "My Saviour shall rise again," and at the words "He is risen, He is not here," she will cast aside the dark garments of mourning and put on her robes of gladness; her bells, now silent, will ring out in notes of joy, Resurrexit sicut dixit, and her voice in praise and thanksgiving will be heard throughout the world.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

What a world of strength there is in the words of St. Paul concerning the Resurrection of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ! How striking they are to the Christian soul at all seasons of the year, but how particularly significant at Easter! With what telling force do they come home to the hearts of those who are, perhaps, inclined to minimize (following the way of the world) the importance of the great fact of the Resurrection of Our Lord, and of that article of our faith which declares that we, also, shall rise from the dead. "Now if Christ be preached," says St. Paul to the Corinthians, "that He arose again from the dead, how do some among you say that there is no resurrection of the dead?" And he continues: "But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then Christ is not risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith also is vain." With St. Paul, there was no such thing as selecting an attractive or apparently plausible piece of Christianity here, and another piece there, and making up an easy religion of shreds and patches. The resurrection of Christ, the resurrection of the body—ah! these were hard to believe, even as they are to-day. But St. Paul pierces to the heart of the matter. With him, as with his Divine Master, there must be no such half-belief. He shows how upon the question of the Resurrection hinges the faith of Christianity. If there be no Resurrection of the Body, he says, then Christ is not risen again, and if He be not risen again, then is Christian teaching and preaching useless and vain. But he puts aside such a monstrous supposition, and shows us over and over again, in that magnificent fifteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, that Christ is risen from the dead, and that we also shall rise again.

PRIESTS' SENSE OF DUTY.

As a time when organized attacks are made in so many quarters upon what is called clericalism, says the London Catholic Times, two incidents which illustrate clerical ideas of duty are worthy of record.

In one case the Rev. Father Denimal, parish priest of Neuville, in the department of the Nord, France, was suffering from a severe attack of influenza. He had passed through the most acute stage of the illness, but the doctor enjoined the strictest care, assuring him that his life would be endangered by a relapse. Just after he had received this caution he got notice that a dying woman was anxious to be visited by a priest, and in order to meet her wish Father Denimal faced the risk to his health. On his return home from her house he was seized with fever and he died the same evening.

In the second case Father Lemnius was suffering as the result of an outrage by Anarchists at Liege a year ago. He barely escaped with his life, and for a long time has been under medical care. Upon his recovery recently one of the first acts he performed was to visit the three men imprisoned for the crime, and to offer them spiritual consolation. All three have been so affected by his kindness that they have resolved to become practicing Catholics.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSION.

A very interesting story of how a family in London was converted to the Faith through watching the progress of the work upon the building of the recently erected great Cathedral of Westminster is thus told by the Tablet: "When the Westminster Cathedral began to arise from the ground, a (Protestant) family in one of the neighboring mansions looked out upon it with dismay. They did not divine

any darker deeds than the darkening of their windows and what they dreaded to hear was the clamant invitation of the bells. The record of the various stages of their conversion may be briefly put forth as follows: First stage—Indignation at the intrusion of the stone monster and resentment against the chip of the mason's chisel, the bang of the carpenter's hammer, the cry of the carters in the early morning. Second stage—Letter to the landlord demanding a reduction of the rent. Third stage—Rather interested in the progress of the edifice, and a willingness to go to the window to watch the crane and to look down on Cardinal Vaughan as he stood in the street below. Fourth stage—Invitations to friends to tea fortified by an illusion to the fine sight of the Cathedral afforded by the family's windows. Fifth stage—Visits to the interior of the Cathedral as soon as the roof was on. Sixth stage—Presence at the services once the Cathedral was opened. Seventh stage—Reception of the family into the Church at the Cathedral. "Truly an excellent illustration of 'sermons in stones.'"—New York Freeman's Journal.

Newfoundland Catholic Activity.

The Catholics of Newfoundland seem peculiarly generous. The work of building an edifice to St. Patrick's Hall, at St. Johns, is now about to begin. The building will be three stories high and will cost \$28,500. It will be constructed of brick and stone, and work will be started in the spring in order to have the building completed for the centenary of the society, which occurs a year hence. When completed the total cost will be \$103,000. The building would do credit to any city the world over, and in St. Johns it stands as a proud monument to Catholic generosity, Catholic enlightenment, Catholic progress. Archbishop Howley, the gentle "archbishopric poet," of Newfoundland, must be highly pleased at the progressiveness of his people.—Chicago New World.

CATHOLICS LOYAL TO LAW.

In those qualities and characteristics that touch the interests and affect the permanent welfare of the country, I venture to declare as my honest conviction that the Catholic population stand on the right side.

They will ever be found defenders of the Constitution and laws. They stand for order against anarchy, for the rights of property against confiscation.

They will support authority in maintaining the public peace against the schemes and plottings of dreamers and conspirators.

They stand for the marriage tie and the sanctity of the home against the scandal and abomination of divorce and the disruption of the family—to which divorce surely leads.

They stand for liberty as against license, and, whenever the issue shall be fairly presented, I am persuaded that they will also be found on the side of temperance and temperance reforms, as against the evil and curse of the drink plague.

The Catholic citizen who loves God and faithfully follows the teachings of the Church must love his country and cannot be otherwise than loyal to that country's best interests. We know no allegiance that can affect our loyalty and fidelity to the Constitution and laws of the United States.

The duty of Catholics in public life lies in acquitting themselves faithfully of their obligations as citizens, bearing always in mind what that obligation implies and imposes. A faithful regard for the Constitution, a proper vigilance for the just administration of government, national, State and municipal; a conscientious exercise of the franchise without fear or favor, so as to promote the welfare of the State and the best interests of the community, and steadfast adherence to principles of order, honor and civic virtue. These qualities and characteristics constitute the ideal of the conduct and career of the Catholic citizen.

You cannot "run" a country without God. That experiment has been attempted again and again; history abounds in examples and warnings as to the result. "God and our country" should be our accepted motto. Under it all can unite.—W. J. O'Hanlon in Chicago Daily Journal.

Sacred Vessels as Memorials for the Dead.

A beautiful form of charity is the giving of sacred vessels to poor churches in remembrance of the dead. By gifts of this character not only are the means provided for the fitting celebration of the Divine Mysteries, but also lasting memorials of the faithful departed whose names are inscribed upon the vessels.

DEAD.
CARROLL—A. M. Carroll, O.S.A., on March 23rd, Mr. Patrick Carroll, a native of Queen's Co., Ireland, aged eighty six years. May his rest be in peace!

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LET US HAVE PEACE.

To the Editor of The Globe: Every true Canadian must sincerely mourn the present exhibition of fratricidal strife engendered by the discussion in press and Parliament of the North-West Autonomy Bill. I am not in the habit of writing letters to the newspapers, but to refrain, in the present crisis, from inviting attention to a few facts which may tend to dissipate the erroneous ideas that are arousing such dangerous passions throughout the length and breadth of the land would be to neglect one of the plainest duties of citizenship.

Most deplorable is it that because of the unwarranted violence of the very language employed by some of your Ontario contemporaries in support of a proposed system of education, destined, according to them, to the upbuilding of a united Canadian nationality, there should be, instead, only a sowing of the seeds of racial, sectional and religious discord.

It may not be quite so easy for members of the Protestant majority in the Province of Ontario as it is for the Protestant minority in Quebec to put themselves in the place of the Roman Catholic minorities in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. As a humble member of the Quebec minority I appeal to the sense of British fair play of the Protestant majority of Ontario to accord "equal rights" to minorities in every part of this wide Dominion.

In the Province of Quebec the Protestant minority is in the full enjoyment of the privileges which we ourselves enjoy as the English-speaking and Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec, and which our Parliamentary representatives demanded for us as a condition of the union, just as similar ones are claimed for the present minority in the new western Provinces?

It is urged that these minorities have no reason to fear unfair treatment at the hands of the representatives of the majority in the future Legislatures. It was similarly claimed in the course of the Confederation debates that the minority in Quebec could safely trust its educational interests in the hands of the majority, and this may have been perfectly true. Yet, notwithstanding the solemn pledges upon these lines of the Hon. Charles Alley and other well-known representatives of the majority, the Parliamentary leaders of the minority, believed it to be the more prudent course to insist upon definite pledges. In virtue of these pledges, some of which were embodied in article 93 of the B. N. A. Act and others redeemed by the legislation of 1869 by Protestants of Quebec, have now our own system of Separate schools under the direct supervision of a distinctively Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, which includes amongst its members such eminent representatives of the minority element of the population as the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Rev. Dr. Shaw, one of the leaders of the Methodist Church; Rev. A. T. Love, a prominent Presbyterian divine; Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture; Dr. Peterson, Principal of McGill University, and others of nearly equal note.

It is to be wondered at, Mr. Editor, that our Roman Catholic fellow citizens are not recalled to the pledges exacted by the Protestant minority of Quebec before throwing in their lot with Confederation, and, remembering, too, the struggle for remedial legislation in Manitoba, should deem it to be as prudent for the minority in the North-west to be pledged similar rights to those which we Protestants are at present enjoying in the oldest Province of the Dominion? Yet, we English-speaking Protestants who live among the French-Canadians and are unblinded by the prejudices of race or creed, which unfortunately affect the judgment of some individual members of almost all communities, are compelled to blush, nay, to hang our heads in very shame, for the violent and unjust appeals to racial and religious passions and prejudices, especially in the West, because of the very reasonable demands made on behalf of other minorities elsewhere.

I could not, if I would, claim an utter absence of fanaticism for the entire population of Quebec, but I can and do most positively and most conscientiously aver that there is a general freedom on the part of the best element of the French-Canadian population from a desire to do anything short of justice to their fellow countrymen of other races and creeds. It is but simple fairness on my part to go farther and to show, from a very few out of the many illustrations of the fact which might be cited, that they are a generous as well as a just and chivalrous people. And, first of all, the recollection of the gift of \$10,000 to Toronto University, after its disastrous fire by the Legislature of Quebec at the instance of Premier Mercier, is of recent enough date to be well within the memory of many who will read this letter.

When the Hon. Robert Baldwin, the Upper Canadian reformer, was rejected as a parliamentary candidate by a constituency of his own Province, he was elected to the Legislature in 1843 by the purely French-Canadian country of Rimouski. Other French-Canadian constituencies in this Province have been equally generous. Portneuf, at various times, has elected the late Hon. T. C. Aylwin, the late Hon. Judge Drummond, and the present Sir A. G. Joly de Lotbiniere. The latter mentioned was also returned for many years by the county of Lotbiniere, Rouville, in 1843, elected William Walker; Gaspé, for many years, Robert Christie; Chambly, the late John Yule; Beauca, Dunbar, Ross and Mr. Poyer; Arthabaska, the late Hon. Christopher Dunkin and Mr. Henry

Hemming, Chicoutimi and Saguenay elected for many years the Hon. David Price, and later, Mr. William Price, while Megantic, which has a few English-speaking voters, though the very large majority are French Canadian, elected the late Hon. George Irving for many years, and then the Hon. Colonel Rhodes, while its present representative in the Legislature is Mr. George Smith. The French-Canadian county of Quebec elected the Hon. David Ross in preference to the Hon. Pierre G. Renaud.

The Bar Association of the district of Quebec, which has only some fifteen English-speaking practitioners at present, out of a total membership of nearly 150, nevertheless elects, alternately, an English-speaking and a French-speaking barrister.

The English-speaking population of the County of Quebec—English, Scotch and Irish combined—numbers slightly over 10,000 out of a total of 75,000. Yet the electors return nine English-speaking Aldermen to the Council out of a total of thirty, or nearly one-third, although the English-speaking population of this city is only one-seventh of the whole.

For ten years the undersigned sat in the City Council of Quebec, occupying one of the seats for St. Louis Ward, where the French vote far exceeds that of the English-speaking electors. Though twice opposed by French Canadian candidates, he was never defeated, because of the general understanding among the majority of the French-Canadians of the ward that the English-speaking ratepayers, while in a minority, were entitled to one of the seats.

Is it any wonder that we who live in the heart of this generous population should complain of the manner in which it is misrepresented and misconstrued by some of your Toronto and other western contemporaries?

There is room for differences of opinion as to the relative merits of the American and of the Quebec school system, and I, for one, prefer to judge them by their fruit, as shown by their respective effects upon the morality of those who have graduated from them. And if the Separate schools are harmful, as their opponents claim, to the interests of those who use them, so much the worse for the latter. It is all very well to urge that common schools, similarity of language and religious creed are desirable for the merging of the various elements of Canada's population into one common nationality; but this is not as the French-Canadian sees it.

President Roosevelt has well said that what we most need in our life of to-day is to understand how to look at a debatable question from the other's viewpoint, and to equally understand that the other man is, at bottom, like ourselves.

Applying this rule to the present problem, let us examine the latter from the viewpoint of the French-Canadian. He does not forget that the free and untrammelled use of the French tongue, and the practice of the Roman Catholic religion are secured to him by solemn treaty, and that he has the same moral right as other minorities have to his own separate schools; and hence he is determinedly opposed to an educational system which he believes to be forced upon him, so far as this can possibly be done for the purpose of compelling the disappearance of his distinguishing characteristics, both of tradition and of speech.

No element of Canada's population is so intensely loyal to Canada as he, for, unlike the Englishman, the Scotchman or Irishman in Canada, the French-Canadian has no longer any political affiliation with any old world power. He desires to live in peace and in friendly rivalry with his fellow-Canadians of other origins, but in order to retain both his own self-respect and the good opinion of his English-speaking fellow countrymen, he believes it necessary to cherish the language and the traditions of his forefathers, lest his sacrifice of these should stamp him as a traitor to his race.

It is surely the part of wisdom to deal with these facts as we find them. The French-Canadian, as we have seen, is not only just, he is even generous to his countrymen of other origins, where he knows himself to be in the majority. But he is fully aware of his own rights and will be satisfied with nothing less where he finds himself in a minority. He has fought for them in the past, and has then gladly shouldered his musket to fight, in turn, for those who conceded them.

So long, therefore, as French Canada—claiming equal rights for its people with their English-speaking fellow citizens—insists upon having the same educational privileges for its own minority in the west as the English-speaking Protestants enjoy in the French-speaking Province of Quebec, where is either the British fair play, the patriotism or the wisdom that dares to withhold them?

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.
Quebec, April 8.

HE ROSE AGAIN.

With the coming of Easter the Christian world makes renewed profession of belief in the article of the creed—"the third day He rose again from the dead."

Wonderful, mysterious and incomprehensible are the dominating ways of God!

For, how strange it is that the Deity Who wants to be known and wants us to know Him, should yet manifest Himself in such a place and at such a time, and in such a way, that it requires an Act of Faith to accept Him!

If He had to come home and now, in all the blaze of light of the twentieth century, when His doings and sayings could be told in a second to hundreds of millions of persons, what an audience He would have had! And why could not similar conditions have been made to prevail in the first century?

And, then, to beings having pain and craving happiness. He came in the guise of Suffering. He practised poverty. He preached self-denial. He led up the way of the Cross. And they are not genuine Christians who are not, in

some measure, worthy members of a thorn-crowned Head.

We can only admire and adore, and with a docile mind and an acquiescent will make our Act of Faith.

"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into Hell; the third day He rose again from the dead!"—Catholic Columbian.

"GIVE ME WISDOM."

Thus prayed Solomon, and thus must pray every man who would hope to please God. It is a confession of spiritual blindness, an acknowledgment of defective reasoning, a declaration of weak and wayward will, and through all which we must easily go astray unless divine wisdom comes to our assistance and keeps us in the narrow road that leads to eternal life.

Hence, Solomon exclaimed to God: "Who shall know thy thought except Thou give wisdom and send thy Holy Spirit from above?" It is something which must come from God and hence must be asked and prayed for. It is not earthly knowledge, it is not human understanding; it is something far above all this; it is as the Book of Wisdom declares, a vapor of the power of God, and a certain emanation of the glory of the Almighty God.

It gives to those who receive it something of its own transcendent qualities. For infinite wisdom is gentle, kind, steadfast, and such do they become in a degree commensurate with human capacity who are animated by its power. It is necessary that we have something of this heavenly wisdom and be guided and influenced by it; for the scriptures tell us that God loveth none but him that dwelleth with wisdom. It is, therefore, what we must strive to possess by asking it of God every day of our lives, for each day is a new start on the road of life, and each hour is a fresh struggle with the obstacles that we meet. And thus the wise man acted, for he says, "Her have I loved and have sought her out from my youth; for it is she that teacheth the knowledge of God and is the choicer of His works." Wisdom enlightens and directs as if we put ourselves under its power. It shows us the difference between heavenly treasures and earthly riches, for wisdom itself is the treasure of treasures. It is of all knowledge the greatest and best. It is the justest conception of duty to God, our neighbor and ourselves, for it teaches the four cardinal virtues on which all the others hinge, namely, temperance and prudence, justice and fortitude. And so the wise man took her to live with him saying, "She will commend me to me of her good things and will be a comfort in my cares and griefs."

In all this we see how insufficient man is of himself, and yet how, confessing his powerlessness, he can be lifted above his natural weakness and accomplish great things for God. Our divine Lord is called the Wisdom of the Father, because He is the living and active expression of the Godhead in His humanity. He is the Word, the telling of the Father's power, His goodness, and His love; His mercy and His justice; and in His own dealings with men He exemplifies all by what He says and does as He moves among them. And as He did, our Lord bids us follow Him, saying, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." "Learn of Me." "Follow Me." And His divine invitation, the wise, the good and the holy give heed, and with the grace of heavenly wisdom upon them, they joyfully take up their cross made up of this world's sorrows, trials, temptations and manifold set out and follow in the wake of our Saviour.

It is God that draws them after Him, for it is His grace to which they yield, and by being faithful to it, they rise higher and higher on the mount of perfection, and push on farther and farther on the road to eternal life.

Like the rest of mortals they meet with obstacles, but they struggle and with God's help overcome them. And as they advance higher and higher, farther and farther, they begin to realize how sweet the Lord is; how good are all His ways, how just are all His judgments. But whilst they ended in entrancing love, they began their journey of wisdom, and for the beginning of wisdom, and for the end is love. How we see this frequently exemplified: A man conscious of the justice of God and the punishments He must inflict upon those violating it will, from fear of divine wrath, keep the law imposed upon him. Sometimes he will wait till he has received signs of the Divine displeasure—adversity will cross his path, sickness will cut short his pleasures, death will enter his home and snatch away his loved ones—and then, humiliated, afflicted and cast down, in fear and trembling he comes before his Lord and confesses the divine greatness, and the vanity and nothingness of all created things, and from his very abjection of soul and apprehension lest even worse things overtake him, he will cry out to God to spare him in His mercy and save him from the sufferings that he is undergoing and which threaten to annihilate him.

Thus afflictions are for many their salvation, for they make them turn to God, Whom hitherto they have forsaken, and they begin to keep His law, which before they had wantonly broke. It was when reduced to a swoonard that the prodigal returned, and it was when David was humiliated to the dust that he saw the greatness of his sin and turned to the Lord in the bitterness of his soul, exclaiming: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy great mercy; and, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my iniquity."

Thus was God's mercy shown David in the very afflictions that He heaped upon him, for, as St. Augustine says, "The greatest grace God can show a

sinner, is not to spare him here, that he may spare him eternally." But God is always good, unchangeably good, and His mercy is above all His works. As the poet says:

"God is good when He gives, wise when He crosses from His hands are blessings in disguise."

But it takes wisdom to believe this. It is not only the careless that God will lead back to Him betimes through the sorrows that He permits them to experience, but even the good betimes, very often in some cases, in His desire to purify them and bring their will, as it were, in the crucible of affliction to a higher and holier state. And so we read that God afflicts whom He loves, and whom the Lord exalts, let him prepare himself for affliction, says Holy Writ. And yet wisdom will teach us not to lose heart in God, no matter what He may allot for us. Witness Job's example. He was a good man who, to prove his worth, the Lord tried most terribly. Land, family, fame, all were one after another taken from him, and yet he was resigned and said, "The Lord gave, the Lord took away, blessed be the name of God forever." And though all earthly hopes were shattered, he did not lose hope in heaven, for he said I know my Redeemer liveth. The great wisdom after serving God, is never to lose hope in Him. Satan would lead us victims to despair, once they have grievously offended God, but God cheers them in His mercy, and misery of their sins and bids them be of good heart; be converted to Him, and go and sin no more. An humble and contrite heart He will not despise.

Should not the sinner rejoice at His Lord's magnanimity and hasten to avail himself of it by confessing his sins and promising henceforth to keep His holy law, strengthened and sustained, as we know he will be, by God's all-powerful grace? Let the Christian be ever strong in the love of God, and if perchance he fail, let him rise in his hope and hasten to make reconciliation again with Him, and get back his lost peace of soul, for God is, indeed, a God of mercy; His mercy is above His justice. His mercy is above His Union works.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

FORGETS.

Oh "Forgets" is the greatest fun! My Grandpa said that everyone must play it some time Christmas night—I heard one cousin told to bite About six inches from the poker! I can't see if it would choke her; But so, sir, with the poker near. Her face she stopped, and bit my ear!

And I a lot of things to do; To 'fore the prettiest, "Who Could that one be looked all round, But no one prettier I found. In my own Mother, so I bowed Quite low to her, and said, "I love you." "I think that you're the prettiest one," And Father whispered, "Right, my son!"

Then to the wittiest, on one knee, "Was it the best that you love best?" Of course, I didn't have to think, I kissed my Mother, and she said, "Love you the best." I shouted, "Who! How they all laughed! I don't see why. But Father and Mother, do I!" —Elizabeth Rollin Burns, in National Magazine for April.

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