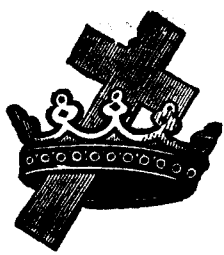




Northwest



Review.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC WEEKLY PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH BETWEEN LONDON (ONTARIO) AND THE PACIFIC COAST

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CURRENT COMMENT

A healthy sign of better feeling in Italy is the enthusiasm with which the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated on November 20, in Naples. It was the first time since the fall of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in 1859 that the municipal and provincial authorities took part in the solemn and splendid celebration. It was the first time they marched in procession together with the clergy and laity.

This reminds us of a recent very judicious paragraph in the Ave Maria. "We occasionally hear," says our Notre Dame contemporary, "the lament of some pharisaical American critic of the 'Latin races' deploring the influence which immigrants from Italy must exert on the morals of our large cities. To all such superficial observers and inconsequent thinkers we commend the following extract from a recent report of the St. Vincent de Paul Society's agent in the Children's Court of Brooklyn:

"It is only justice to our Italian fellow-Catholics to say that no Italian girl has been before the Children's Court since it opened on any criminal charge. The Italian mothers do not allow their daughters to roam about the streets in the evenings or attend dance halls or picnics, and the results justify their prudence."

It is rather a pity that the example of such mothers is not more generally imitated in both large cities and small—and, for that matter, in the rural districts as well as in the great urban centres. Our country can stand a good deal of this particular variety of Latin race influence.

At this season of the year, when farmers all over the country are computing the yield of their land per acre, it may interest them to know how difficult it is to give an exact measurement of a square acre. Of course every experienced farmer carries in his mind's eye a sufficiently clear idea of the size of an acre. He knows just how many bushels of seed it takes to sow an acre, and he pays his hired hands and sets his daily task for himself by the acre. Yet, strange to say, it is impossible to lay off a perfectly square acre of land. The statute English and American acre contains 43,560 square feet (4,840 square yards, 160 square rods). By the application of square root we find the length of the sides of a square acre to be about 208 feet, 8.81-101 inches, lineal measure. We say "about," for experts in exact measurement do not agree as to the decimal or most exact fraction; some say each side of a perfect square measures in feet, 208.71032397, others say it measures, 208.71032745. If we multiply the first figure by itself, we get 43,559.99933 plus sq. feet, a little less than the required 43,560 square feet. If we multiply the second figure by itself we get 43,560.00036 square feet, which is a small fraction greater than the required amount. The exact difference between the two products given, is very small,—in fact, insignificant in itself—but, nevertheless, it would become noticeable if we should use these figures in estimating the acres in great bodies of land. There are none of these annoying fractions in the metric system. The hectare, which is the nearest approach to our acre, being equal to 2.47 acres, is a square with sides exactly 100 metres long.

However, we need not worry over the fact that we can only approximate the exact size of an acre of land. In this respect many other countries are worse off than we are. The Scotch acre is 1.27 of the English, and the Irish 1.62; the old French arpent, still used in the

province of Quebec, is .99 of an imperial English acre; the Swiss faux, 1.62; the Spanish fanegada, 1.06; the Portuguese gueira, 1.43; the Austrian joch, 1.42; the Danish toende, 5.50; the Sweddish tunneland, 1.13; the Russian desiatina, 2.70. The morgen of Germany is generally about 0.65 of an acre, but it has varied in the different states from 0.63 to 2.40; in Holland it is 2.10 and in Poland 1.38. The moggia of Naples is 0.83 of an acre; the giornate of Sardinia, 0.93; the saccata of Tuscany, 1.22. The ancient Roman jugerum was 0.66 of an acre, and the Greek plethron, 0.23. Thus other countries, old and new, had and will have to wrestle with fractions worse than those which haun't our unattainable square acre.

If we did not reply immediately to our Letellier correspondent's question in our issue of November 19, it was because we wished to make inquiries as to the fact. Our correspondent wrote: "Why does a French Canadian say a Gloria after the Creed and no Pater when he says the Rosary, while an Englishman says a Pater?" On inquiry we find a consensus of opinion among well-informed French Canadians that the Pater and not the Gloria should be said directly after the Creed. It seems that there are indeed some French Canadians who do what our correspondent remarked, but in this respect they are not models to be imitated. They are like those who begin each decade with the Gloria and end it with the Pater, reversing the proper order. However, the mistake is not an important one, for the Creed, Pater, three Ave Marias and Gloria, with which all English, Irish, Scotch and Canadian Catholics, who have received their devotional training directly or indirectly from France, begin the beads, form no essential part of the Rosary. When Spaniards say their beads, they begin immediately with the Pater of the first decade, and do not say the Creed at all.

A friend of ours kindly allows us to quote from a private letter written by an American lady, who is teaching in one of the schools of Porto Rico. She is a woman of wide experience and varied culture, who came from Scotch Presbyterianism and New England Puritanism into the Catholic Church. After speaking of the false views of Catholic Porto Ricans spread broadcast by Protestant missionaries, who consort with none but the dregs of the people, and, who see nothing but that aftermath of slavery which cannot be eradicated from the worst classes of any people for many generations, as the present condition of the Southern States shows, she writes: "About the Porto Rican's ignorance of the Bible I have some interesting evidence quite at variance with that of the Protestant missionaries. When in San Juan, my friend (a Protestant) asked me why the Catholics omitted the second commandment from the list. On my expressing surprise at the implied statement, and telling her I did not believe it, she said she had been told that it was so, and, that in this way they evaded the command against idolatry, etc. I told her I would find out the facts for her, that I had read the catechism of the Council of Trent pretty thoroughly, and that I remembered no omissions in the chapter on the commandments. Well, I asked the postmaster of H." (the place where her school is), "who had been studying English with me, to give me the commandment in question and told him why I wished it. I have no Bible at present, although one is on the way, for I have waited until I could get a nice one. He responded by bringing down to me his own Bible, a handsome two-volume edition, which contains both Spanish and Latin translations. When my own book comes I am going to send my friend a copy of

the commandments in Latin, Spanish and, English, from both Exodus and Deuteronomy. One day I was hearing a private class in my room. One of the class, a boy about thirteen, strayed to my table, while he was waiting for the other pupils to recite, and began turning the leaves of the Bible (the Spanish edition). Finally he brought it to me and asked me if I could read it. I told him, no, but that I had sent for an English copy, so I could read. He turned to one of the pictures and asked me what it was. I told him and he assented. Then I turned catechist, for I thought, 'Here is my opportunity to see if those young people do know anything about the Bible, or, if they are as ignorant as the Protestant missionaries say they are.' So I turned to the pictures one by one and asked about them. They knew all about them." (The correspondent underlined these five words.) In one or two instances they knew more than I did. Finally I asked the boy if his father's Bible was like this one. He replied, 'No, my father's bible is a small one.' I had gotten what I wanted, for I knew that it would be urged that the postmaster, being an educated man, might have more knowledge than poor people, but here were two young people in the common walks of life, who had Bibles and, who knew what was in them" (last six words underlined). "I shall take great pleasure in writing up these little matters to my friend, for she is under the impression that Catholic people know nothing of the Bible. I wonder what next! My friend has been fighting me ever since I became a Catholic—goodnatureedly of course—and I have been telling her all along of the grounds for my faith. This is a kind of missionary work. I am able to do anywhere, and I mean to keep it up. She has respect for the church now, where once she had nothing but bitter prejudice".

The foregoing letter, with its zeal for defending and propagating the truth and its joy at finding the fruits of that truth, exemplifies well that "Catholic Action" which the Holy Father blesses as the General Intention for the month of December. The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart quotes Pius IX. as saying in one of his last pontifical addresses some thirty years ago: "All are asking with a feeling of anxiety, 'When shall the days of tribulation be at an end?' I will tell you: When to the demonstrations of piety which are going on inside the churches, there will respond deeds accomplished outside." "These are strong words," writes the editor of the Canadian Messenger, 'spoken by a great Pontiff, and they do not exaggerate the situation. We read of novenas, processions, monster pilgrimages with hymn-singing and flag-flying in all parts of the universe. These are all excellent as far as they go, but they are not enough. To prayers we must join action. . . . Unfortunately we do the very opposite. The great number of those who act, do not pray enough, and the great number of those who pray, do not act enough.' In private life, in social intercourse, in political and municipal affairs, the true Catholic should be ever, above all else, a soldier of Christ, eager to seize opportunities for refuting the manifold errors that overweb the world, for converting sinners, for dispelling the mists of ignorance and prejudice.

Lately, at the end of a short mission preached in North Dakota the parish priest was bewailing the fact that an octogenarian parishioner had not approached the sacraments. But he had reckoned without the old sinner's daughter. Seeing that her father had fallen into that state of spiritual lethargy which is sometimes so sad a feature of old age, she pleaded with him on the last night of the mission and so eloquently persistent was her plea

that, to everyone's surprise and delight, he came to confession and communion the morning after the sermons were ended, but still in time to gain the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee. This brave girl understood and practised Catholic Action, which means first of all the good examples of a virtuous life—often the best of sermons—and then gentle persistency in spreading abroad the good odor of Christ.

In connection with the public debate held on the 1st inst. in St. Boniface College by the Campion Literary Society it may be as well to remind our readers that Blessed Edmund Campion, after whom the St. Boniface "Lit" is named, was a Jesuit priest, martyred for the faith at Tyburn in 1581. Campion, brought up a Catholic and always a Catholic at heart, had, in a moment of weakness taken the oath in favor of the royal supremacy in matters spiritual. At Oxford, before his reconciliation to the Church, he was by far the most brilliant student of the times, being sought after and imitated as Newman was 300 years later, and, like Newman, his eyes were opened by reading the Fathers. When Queen Elizabeth visited the university Campion's elegant scholarship excited her admiration so much that she recommended him for preferment to Lord Dudley. But Campion, after many a soul-racking struggle, left Oxford and took refuge in Dublin with James Stanihurst, a fervent Catholic, who hoped to revive the Catholic university ruined by the suppression of the adjacent monastery. Campion helped Sir H. Sidney and Stanihurst in this project, but Elizabeth got wind of their intentions and committed to the Protestant Bishops and to the chancellor Weston the foundation of what soon after became Trinity College, Dublin. Campion, hunted as a suspect, contrived to escape to Douai, where, in 1568, he was reconciled to the Church. In 1573 he went to Rome and entered the Society of Jesus. He came to England in 1581 and brought back to the faith great numbers of backsliders, who were moved by the irresistible logic and persuasiveness of his preaching. Already at Oxford and Douai his eloquence was considered marvelous; as a Jesuit priest in England, he was pronounced the greatest orator of his time. His "Ten Reasons" in favor of Catholicism is still a standard work. Daily shadowed by pursuivants, he succeeded in escaping the vigilance of his enemies for one year, but at the end of that time he was betrayed and committed to the Tower, where he several times endured the torture of the rack. Elizabeth expressed a wish to see one whose learning and extraordinary courage had rendered him so famous; and having caused him to be brought before her, she personally examined him. But neither his learning nor his loyal answers availed to save his life, and he was executed at Tyburn, on the first of December, 1581. The late Pope Leo XIII. beatified, in 1886, Edmund and other martyrs of the same persecution. Their feast is celebrated in England, and by the Society of Jesus all over the world, on December 1.

Clerical News.

Rev. Fathers Martin, Bastien, St. Amand, Belanger, and Gendron were guests of the Archbishop on Tuesday.

Rev. Father Garaix, S.J., sang Mass and preached last Sunday at Neche. He greatly admired the beauty of Father Lavigne's church.

Rev. Father Plante, S.J., returned last Saturday from Chicago, where he preached an eight days' retreat to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Harrison and Throop

Streets. He leaves on Friday to preach two tridiums, one at Wall-halla, and the other at Leroy, N.D.

The consecration of Bishop-Coadjutor Davis, of Davenport, Iowa, took place on Wednesday, Nov. 30. Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, was the consecrator, assisted by Bishops Cosgrave and Lenihan. Bishop Spalding preached the sermon in the presence of a large concourse of clergy and laity from the neighboring states.

The new church of St. Joseph, Mandan, N.D., was dedicated on Wednesday of this week by the Right Rev. John Stanley, Bishop of Fargo. Rev. Father Lemieux, formerly pastor of Mandan, and now Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Fargo, went to congratulate Rev. Father Collins on his fine new church. So did Rev. Father Kenny, of Grafton, and many other pastors of the North Dakota diocese.

The Very Rev. Father Constantine, O.M.I., Provincial of the Oblate Order in the Southern States, has assigned the Rev. E. J. M. Regent to the mission at Roma, Texas; the Rev. U. Niel to Eagle Pass, and the Rev. C. A. Serodes to St. Mary's in San Antonio. These three priests have spent the year in the San Antonio Theological Seminary, where they completed their theological studies.

Dr Lapponi says that recent reports of the Pope's health are greatly exaggerated. There is nothing in the shape of heart trouble, he says, but His Holiness suffers from dyspepsia, due to lack of the active outdoor life he formerly led.

Bishop Chatard of the diocese of Indianapolis was received in private audience Sunday, Nov. 20, by Pope Pius X. His Holiness asked Bishop Chatard particularly about the number of communicants and priests and the condition of the missions of the diocese, and expressed great pleasure when told that the work there was sufficient to keep both Bishop Chatard and Auxiliary Bishop O'Donoghue busy.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., will preach on five consecutive evenings in St. Mary's Church, this city, beginning on Sunday next and ending on Thursday evening, the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface leaves on Saturday, the 3rd of December, for St. Pierre, for the blessing of the new Brothers' school, and the consecration of three altar stones. Rev. Dr. Bellevau accompanies him.

We regret to learn that Rev. Dr. Trudel, slipping from the snow-covered sidewalk, sprained his ankle and is laid up for a time.

Rev. John McDonald, S.J., will hold the usual Feast day services at Pembina next Thursday, December 8.

Persons and Facts

Winter has set in. The thermometer, feeling creepy, is climbing down.

Answer to W. A. D.—The full title of the book you are inquiring for is "Henry the Eighth and the English Monasteries by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., London: John C. Nimmo, 14 King William street, Strand, 1899." Delivered here, the book will cost about four dollars.

Miss Sara C. Tracey, whose death occurred on Nov. 6 in New York City, continued on page 2.

Persons and Facts

(Continued from Page One.)

leaves a large fortune, estimated by some at almost a million dollars...

Orange, N. J., Nov. 23—Joseph Ramee for a score of years treasurer of the Episcopal Church...

The students of St. Louis' College, San Antonio, Texas, will celebrate the anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception...

The parish of Oakwood, N. D., five miles from Grafton, is one of a series of Catholic settlements extending in an unbroken line for 25 miles...

Clerical News

Very Rev. H. Leduc, O.M.I., Administrator of the diocese of St. Albert, arrived here on Saturday Nov. 19th...

Rev. Father Bouchard, who recently left the diocese of St. Albert, has been admitted into the diocese of Fargo.

Rev. Father Lalonde, late of Oakwood, N. D., is now parish priest of Wild Rice, N. D.

On All Saints' Day ten of Father Lestane's brother priest foregathered at the missionary residence of the Blood Indian reserve in southern Al-

berta to congratulate the venerable septuagenarian on the fiftieth anniversary of his vows as an Oblate.

The official announcement from Rome with regard to the division of Peterborough Diocese was read on Nov. 13 in St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough.

Almost all the priest in this new diocese being Jesuits, the Bishop of Peterborough, who has long been contemplating this division...

Rev. Father Scollard, who will be the new Bishop, was born on Nov. 4th 1862, in Ennismore Township, in the county of Peterborough.

FATHER TOM BURKE AND THE ORPHANS

I had been removed from Ireland and was living in London, and Father Burke had been invited to preach both in the morning and the evening.

When the Mass was over we were all requested to go into the yard outside to be photographed. The Dominicans were arranged on one side, and all the other clergy were facing them.

Whom else should they ask but Father Burke? To whom else should they appeal but to him who had so often and so eloquently pleaded for the widow and the orphan?

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DR. GRAVES IN FEVER CASES.

By Dr. James J. Walsh, in Donahoe's for October.

With regard to fever treatment, however, Graves' name is immortal in medicine because of his insistence on the doctrine that fever patients must be fed. A century ago the presence of fever was supposed definitely to indicate that the patient should have no food. Any contribution to his nutrition was supposed to feed the fever rather than the patient. Graves pointed out, however, that at the end of a long continued fever the most serious condition was the emaciation and weakness of the patient. He insisted that, appetite or no appetite, fever patients should be fed regularly. The result was at once noteworthy. Only the very hearty individuals had recovered before this; now even weaker patients had a good chance for life. The mortality from fever fell very strikingly, and in his time Dublin was overrun with typhoid and typhus fever and the saving of life produced by the new method of treatment was very considerable. Graves himself, when he saw how much he had accomplished by his new doctrine said he wanted no better epitaph on his tombstone than the words "He fed fevers."

THE CHRISTMAS DELINEATOR

The December Delineator, with its message of good cheer and helpfulness, will be welcomed in every home. The fashion pages are unusually attractive, illustrating and describing the very latest modes in a way to make their construction during the busy festive season a pleasure instead of a task, and the literary and pictorial features are of rare excellence. A selection of Love Songs from the Wagner Operas, rendered into English by Richard de Gallienne and beautifully illustrated in colors by J. C. Leyendecker, occupies a prominent place, and a chapter in the Composers' Series, relating the romance of Wagner and Cosima, is an interesting supplement to the lyrics. A very clever paper entitled "The Court Circles of the Republic," describes some unique phases of Washington social life from an unnamed contributor, who is said to write from the inner circles of society. There are short stories from the pens of F. Hopkinson Smith, Robert Grant, Alice Brown, Mary Stewart Cutting and Elmore Elliot Peake, and such interesting writers as Julia Magruder, L. Frank Baum, and Grace MacGowan Cooke hold the attention of the children. Many Christmas suggestions are given in needlework and the Cookery pages are redolent of the Christmas feast. In addition, there are the regular departments of the magazine, with many special articles on topics relating to woman's interests within and without the home.

IRISH STUDENTS RIOT.

The strained relations which have existed for some time between the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland and the graduates and undergraduates culminated on Friday in an extraordinary riot in the University Building and in the streets of Dublin.

The graduates and undergraduates of the Royal University are mainly Nationalists; the Senate is almost entirely Unionist. At the annual conference of delegates last year an exciting scene occurred, owing to the action of the Senate in drafting a large force of policemen into the hall, who, when the students, as was their custom, chorused "God Save Ireland" at the conclusion of the proceedings, fell upon the students and assaulted them brutally.

This year the University authorities issued an order excluding Nationalist students from the building and placed seventy policemen on guard. The graduates and undergraduates to the number of 400 assembled and marched in procession to the University Building, where they found the doors locked and guarded against them. They formally demanded admission and were peremptorily refused. Whereupon they hurled themselves in a body against the doors. The policemen were swept away, and after an exciting struggle the students rushed into the hall, cheering madly.

The sight of the Chancellor, Lord Meath, rising to deliver his address, irritated the students, who regard him as one of the chief causes of the exclusion. He was

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groaned vigorously, and each time he attempted to speak was howled down. Eventually he left the platform, ordering the organist, as a parting shot, to play "God Save the King."

This brought matters to a crisis. The students angrily called on the organist to desist and sang "God Save Ireland." As the organist proceeded, with the tune the students rushed toward the platform with the intention of seizing him. He escaped by a side door.

The students then ranged themselves in front of the organ and chorused anti-English songs until they had let off their excitement.

Then they quietly left the building, but they had scarcely emerged when they were suddenly attacked by the police, who had been reinforced in the meantime. The students stood their ground and fought in the most determined fashion. After an exciting conflict of about ten minutes' duration the police retreated.

The victors celebrated their triumph by marching to the Catholic University, from the steps of which Mr. Kettle, M.A., and other graduates addressed the students and the people who had gathered in strong denunciation of the action of the Senate.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

DECEMBER.

- 4—Second Sunday in Advent. Com-
memoration of St. Barbara.
- 5—Monday—St. Peter Chrysologus,
Bishop, Doctor.
- 6—Tuesday—St. Nicholas, Bishop.
- 7—Wednesday—Vigil. St. Anbrose,
Bishop, Doctor. Fast Day.
- 8—Thursday—Feast of the Immaculate
Conception. Holy day of obligation.
- 9—Friday—Of the octave.
- 10—Saturday—Translation of the Holy
House of Loretto.

THE CALDWELL EPISODE.

A despatch from Philadelphia con-
firms the information, already familiar
to many Catholic journalists, that the
Marquise des Monstiers Merinville, former-
ly Miss Marv Gwendolen Caldwell,
has been for a long time in a state of
health that made her practically irres-
ponsible for the act of outward apostasy
recently announced far and wide by the
secular papers. The despatch, dated
Nov. 18, is as follows:

"The action of the Marquise des Mon-
stiers Merinville in renouncing her faith
a few days ago after a life-long devotion
to the Catholic Church, which has been
the source of wide comment, is now as-
cribed by her friends to overwrought
nerves, from which she had suffered for
the past eighteen months. Early in
May of 1903 it was recalled here today
by several persons who made the ac-
quaintance of the Marquise at the time,
she came to Philadelphia in search of
treatment for a nervous complaint.
With her were a coachman, two maids
and several nurses, sewing girls and
valets. When she secured hired vehicles
they were always placed in charge of
her coachman, and she never went walk-
ing, such was the state of her health
then, without the attendance of at least
two nurses.

"In company with several attendants
she called on Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the
famous nerve specialist, and there was
some talk of her entering his sanitarium,
but when the time came to complete the
arrangement the Marquise stipulated
that her own private attendants should
accompany her to the institution and re-
main with her during her sojourn there.
This was contrary to Dr. Mitchell's
rules, and he insisted that if the Mar-
quise placed herself under his care she
must give up for the time her ordinary
methods of living and submit to the
care of skilled nurses. The Marquise
would not consent to this arrangement,
and she did not renew her negotiations
with Dr. Mitchell.

"When the doctor was asked to con-
firm this story to-day he listened at-
tentively to the statement made by one
of the Marquise's friends, who knew of
the call, and smiled occasionally while
it was repeated, but at the end he said
that he made a point of never discussing
the name or actions of any person who
called on him professionally, and would
neither confirm nor deny the story.
Nevertheless, the fact that the Marquise
was in Philadelphia suffering from ner-
vous trouble and called on Dr. Mitchell
is vouched for by responsible persons.
Dr. Mitchell's private sanitarium is the
resort of persons from all parts of the
world who are suffering from over-
work or overtaxed nerves."

On this the Catholic News of New
York remarks:

"It is not our aim to reflect in any
way upon the Marquise des Monstiers be-
cause she has left the Catholic Church.
But in the interest of truth we want all
the facts in the case to be known. In
the last few years the Marquise has had
to endure many a trial, and it is pretty
plain that she has not been herself for a
long time. We Catholics cannot con-
demn the poor woman. We have pity
for her, and we pray that, if she has re-
nounced her faith, she will soon regain
her reason and return to the Church of
which in the past she has been so de-
voted a member and so generous a bene-
factor.

FR. DRUMMOND LECTURES

Most Interesting Reminiscent Talk
on His Travels.

The ladies of St. Mary's church
gave a very enjoyable entertainment
last week in the Convocation hall
of St. Mary's school. The chair
was occupied by Dr. Devine, and
the programme included a couple
of selections by Rev. Father Drum-
mond, S.J., after which refreshments
were served and the remainder of
the evening was spent in a social
way.

The first item was a solo, "Queen
of the Earth," sung by Mr. E.
Madigan.

The subject of Father Drum-
mond's lecture was "Reminiscences
of Travel." In a most interesting
manner, with many humorous in-
cidents and observations, he told
of his travels on two continents, ad-
mitting that he could not speak of
three continents, not having fought
in South Africa. These travels
embraced quite a number of years.
He did not give descriptions of
places, but personal impressions of
people he had met. The advantage
of travel he said is that it opened
out the mind, broadens the views,
and gives people better knowledge
of their fellow beings. The older
one grows, the more one appreciates
travel. His first important journey
was at the age of two years and
nine months, when his parents took
him to see Niagara Falls. He re-
membered nothing of the Falls
themselves. His only recollection
was of a gallery of the hotel, where
he used to play, and of an old
negro. At nine years of age he
received his first impressions of
scenery in visiting Lake Memphra-
magog in the province of Quebec.
When thirteen years old, with a
cousin who was fourteen, he was
the first to scale Mount Orford in
that vicinity and return in one day.
His next experience was after he
had left college, in working as
chainer for eight weeks in winter,
with a surveying party. He gave
amusing details of his experiences,
stating that what he enjoyed most
was the solitude of the woods. His
first trip beyond the American con-
tinent was undertaken when he
was twenty-four years of age, under
the direction of his superiors of the
Jesuit order, who sent him to Paris
for the winter, because his work at
St. Mary's college, Montreal, had
brought on hemorrhage, and con-
sumption was feared by his physi-
cians. The rev. speaker's narration
of the details of the ocean voyage
and his observations in England was
much appreciated. The interest
was sustained in his account of
twelve days in Paris, and about ten
months in France, where he enjoyed
the hospitality of the French, and
travelled all over the country,
visiting the houses of the Jesuit
order. During this period he
learned shorthand, which he had
since found of much practical
value. He told of the beautiful
climate at Hyeres, with 20 minutes
of snow, and with a film of ice only
two or three times, where it is get-
ting too warm by the end of March,
and there is no season for the falling
of the leaves. The next experience
was in Maryland, where a negro,
"Joe Bowls," said: "I am of Irish
extortion," where the climate is
warm from May till October, and
16 degrees below zero in winter.
After that the speaker was four
years in the city of New York,
which he considered an ideal place
for students. While teaching there
at St. Xavier College, the first public
exhibition of the phonograph was
given; and the first instance of his
use of the telephone was given.
Then came his second trip to
England. Eight years had elapsed
since his first journey, and now he
spent five years there. He found
that there is no country that one
comes to love and esteem so much
as England after he has lived in it.
Among the people there was the
greatest possible liberty, the great-
est amount of good sense, giving
each his due. England has been
very much slandered for its climate,
as a place where it rains all the
time; but from the end of Septem-
ber to the end of October not a
drop of rain had fallen. The land
was one of beautiful walks. The
last travels referred to were in
British Columbia. Conversations
on the way with a Universalist
minister and a Spiritualist were
related, and these were led to see
some of the weak points of their
systems.

A vote of thanks was cordially

tendered Father Drummond on
motion of Dr. McKenty, seconded
by Mr. T. Deegan. A recitation of
"The Jiners" was given by Mr.
McIlhonne, and then the ladies took
charge of the refreshment tables
and the social part of the entertain-
ment in excellent style.—"Free
Press," Nov. 23.

STARBUCK ON ARIANISM.

The unfortunate printers strike
which cut down our last three issues
to four pages has obliged us to sus-
pend publication of the Rev. Charles
C. Starbuck's illuminating articles on
points of controversy between Catho-
lics and Protestants. The effects of
the strike being now practically at an
end we resume our clippings from the
series, beginning with the greater part
of Mr. Starbuck's article in the Sac-
red Heart Review of the 12th inst.
We omit two concluding paragraphs
which allude to preceding articles not
reprinted in these columns.

The present article reveals the Rev.
Charles C. Starbuck's firm grasp of
the fundamental principles of the In-
carnation. Not only is he a most ac-
curate recorder of facts and opinions,
but he is also a philosophical histor-
ian with a clear and deep insight into
the basis of true Christianity. What
he says about one tendency of present
Unitarianism which "emphasizes the
human qualities of Our Lord's life
and person with a greater fulness
than have been customary in the pas-
sals of course, to non-Catholic
views of Christianity." Catholics as
Cardinal Newman shows in his sermon
on "The Glories of Mary for the sake
of her Son," have always fully em-
phasized these human qualities of our
Saviour because they have always
contemplated Him as the Son of
Mary and Mary herself as the Mother
of God, thus never losing sight of his
double nature.

With this preamble we let Mr. Star-
buck speak for himself.

We have seen how the popular pas-
sions of half-heathen Rome, toward
guinary tumults as those which mar-
ed the election of Pope Damasus I.
the year 366.

As we know, the plain impossibility
of educating these rude masses, short
of a discipline of ages, to a worthy
discharge of so a great a function,
compelled the Church to confine the
right of choosing a Pope within nar-
rower and still narrower limits, and
at last to give it over wholly into
the hands of the cardinals.

Yet the Republican correspondent
lifts up his hands in holy horror at
the thought that any one should im-
agine the faith and morals of man-
kind to have been committed into the
guardianship of "the Church of Damas-
sus," who was probably about as
largely answerable for the disorders
of his election as the Governor of
Nova Scotia for the tumultuous tides
of the Bay of Fundy.

Most men, and this correspondent
among them, seem wholly incapable
of forecasting the effects of mighty
and central beliefs, hopes and fears,
suddenly resurgent in the bosom of
the leading races of mankind. How
could apprehensions so profound
ever win their way even to that im-
perfect and intermittent control
which is all we are promised before
the great consummation without
stirring up the whole nature of man
lower and higher alike, his most im-
petuous passions as well as his mildest
affections?

Gioberti well says that before the
Incarnation men fought almost whol-
ly for gain or power. After the In-
carnation they fought largely for
ideas, for the true definition of God;
for the true relation of the world, in
the Word, to the Father; over the
question whether, as Islam sets forth,
Revelation is a simple disclosure of
Will, or, as the Gospel maintains, of
God's whole nature. Will, Wisdom,
Righteousness, Benignity, whether as
Arianism and Agnosticism insist, God

continued on page 5.

Woman's Delight - Afternoon Tea
with a few dear friends, each with a hot cup of
fragrant Blue Ribbon Tea, which all
agree is simply delicious
Only one best tea. Blue Ribbon's it.

The Tone Qualities
of a
Mason & Risch
Piano
ARE REMEMBERED LONG AFTER THE
PRICE IS FORGOTTEN.

I'M HAPPY!
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Because I have at last found a place where I can get my linen laundered
just right, and my suits pressed and cleaned to look like new. Their Dye
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saving the company the cost of chemicals and soap, and our linen does not
rot, crack and tear in pieces. I recommend their work. Give them a
trial and enjoy life.—Yours truly,—HAPPY JOHN.

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For Six Months.
Salves and Ointments
No Good.**

Eczema is one of the most torturing
of the many itching skin diseases, and
also the most prevalent, especially in
children. The cause is bad blood, aided
by inactive skin, inflammation, etc. It
manifests itself in small, round pimples
or blisters, which later on break, and
form crusts or scales. The skin has an
itching, burning and stinging sensation.
To get rid of Eczema, it is necessary to
have the blood pure, and for this pur-
pose nothing can equal

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Florence Bonn, Marlbank, Ont.,
writes:—"My little boy had eczema for
six months. I tried ointments and
salves, but they healed for only a short
time, when it would break out worse
than ever. I then decided to give
Burdock Blood Bitters a trial. I only
gave him two bottles, and it is now two
months since, and there is no sign of
a return. I feel sure that as a blood
regulator, nothing can equal it. I can-
not say too much for what it has done
for us."

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as will fit students for office work. No midsummer
holidays are taken. Full information can be had
by telephone, personal interview or writing to the
office.

G. W. DONALD, Secretary

STARBUCK ON ARIANISM

continued from page 4

is merely Energy, wholly incongruous with the nature of man, or whether as Trinitarian Christianity has always maintained, God has made Man in His own image, and, in virtue of this congruity, can, in the Son, take full personal possession of an unspotted human soul and body, making human thoughts, affections and acts, a true and central expression of His own mind and heart.

Dr. Alexander Allen, in his deeply interesting work on "Christian Institutions," shows very lucidly the shallowness of those who, like Sir Walter Scott—a large and healthy, but essentially secular mind—treat the irreconcilability of the Catholics of Italy, Gaul and Spain, to Arian rule, as mere pride of opinion over "a purely speculative point." Dr. Allen shows that the question between the Catholics and the Arians was really this: Is Christ merely the deputy of absolute and inscrutable Godhead, Himself, incongruous both with God and man, bowing abjectly before the Absolute Divinity, and before whom men in turn are to bow in mere abjectness, and is this therefore to be the relation of human rulers to the ruled, or does Christ, as Catholic faith affirms, come from the inmost bosom of the Father, revealing Divine Will indeed, but Will as shaped by Righteousness and animated by Love, and lifting those who receive Him to sit down with Him on His throne, as He has overcome and sat down with the Father on His throne; and are, or are not, Christian rulers to be type of Christ, supreme, indeed, but supreme in righteousness and in brotherly affection towards their people, their brethren in Christ?

As Dr. Allen rightly says—and he is confirmed in this by the Hegelian Baur—Arianism finally faded out of the Empire from a growing recognition of its essential incongruity with Christianity. Then, as Christianity controls the whole of life, nothing could be more intensely practical than that inflexible opposition to Arianism. As George Bancroft, although ecclesiastically a Unitarian said, some fifty years ago, in a lecture at New York, by the triumph of Athanasius "the pagan party was finally driven from the field." Dr. James Martineau, Unitarian as he was, has, I understand, said very much the same thing. So far was the victory of Catholicism from turning on "a mere speculative opinion."

The Unitarianism of the present is very different from Arianism. It really involves two tenencies. One which acknowledges the Nicene orthodoxy for true Christianity, but rejects it, or turns it into a pantheistic interpretation. The other, which is gradually making its way back into Trinitarianism, but emphasizes the human qualities of Our Lord's life and person with a greater fulness than has been customary in the past. Arianism itself is completely and finally discredited.

Now St. Damasus was a vigorous antagonist of Arianism. That is, he was a vigorous champion of Christianity against Paganism masking as Christianity. Then according to such high authorities as Baur, Bancroft, Martineau—Dr. Allen's modesty would not allow me to place him on a level with these,—Damasus was working, in a place of central influence, for the future of Christian mankind. Whether his personal temper was amiable or harsh, is, in these circumstances, a matter of slight account. I might as well refuse to honor the memory of Secretary Stanton as having mightily helped to save our Nation, on the ground that he was of a disagreeable disposition. Yet how much is all Christendom more than anyone Christian nation! He took refuge for a while among the German barbarians. These, as so lately heathen, had not yet come to see anything amiss in worshipping a deified creature, and, in the rudeness of their immature moral perceptions, were almost as ready as the Mohammedans to accept revelation as a disclosure of mere Will. Moreover the Ostrogoths and Visigoths and Burgundians, constitutionally tolerant, like almost all the early Teutons except the Vandals, were puzzled to explain why their Catholic subjects in the West could not be content with their lordship, although they allowed the Nicene faith free exercise. Yet, as Dr. Allen remarks, the Catholics foresaw that the reintroduction of Arian supremacy from abroad would repaganize the world. At last the German conquerors themselves, who, though

rude, were sincere, began to see this, and entered the Catholic Church. Yet had the Teuton sovereigns and soldiers found the central See infected with Arianism, the effect might have been ruinous. It was Damasus, and such Popes as he, that dealt the final blows to the Heathenism which, in Christian form, was still struggling to regain possession of Christendom.

A YOUNG PREACHER'S EMBARRASSING MOMENT.

(By Rev. L. C. P. Fox, in Donahoe's for October.)

An amusing story is told of Scattery Island, in connection with St. Patrick. A newly-ordained priest was invited to give the panegyric of the saint on his feast day in Limerick. The cathedral was crowded and the sacristy through which the young and nervous preacher had to pass on his way to the pulpit was filled with clerical students, many of whom were friends of the orator. As he threaded his way through them he whispered to one of them who was a bit of a wag, "Tell me where St. Patrick was born?" "In Scattery Island, of course. Surely you know that." The preacher delivered a well-prepared and eloquent discourse which was highly appreciated by those who were listening to him and who were like himself citizens of Limerick of the Violated Treaty. The aged Bishop, who was very deaf, had been wheeled to the front of the pulpit stairs, from whence, with his ear trumpet, he could follow the discourse of the preacher, who was a protegee of his. Everything was right until near the close when the young priest wished to speak of St. Patrick's birthplace. He then delivered himself somewhat in this manner: "What an encouragement it ought to be to you to lead holy lives, you faithful Catholics of Limerick, to know that the great Apostle of Ireland was born on that sacred little island, Scattery Island, at the mouth of your splendid river." The Bishop could not stand this falsification of all history, so he shouted out, "That is not true, sir, he was not born there." The poor young orator then said: "His Lordship the Bishop corrects me and says that St. Patrick was not born on that island. But it matters not much when we consider that its soil was made sacred by his footsteps and hallowed by his tears and prayers." And he would have continued in that strain, but the Bishop could restrain himself no longer and shouted in a voice still louder than before, "Come down, sir, come down at once, and don't be teaching my people what is false. St. Patrick was never on Scattery Island, nor for the matter of that did he set his foot at all on County Clare, but he blessed that county from Limerick."

"SUPERSTITION."

A great many people in our country sneer at the superstitions of Russians, Japanese, Chinese and dwellers in other lands; and yet they do not reflect that they are just as superstitious themselves, in their own way. They are very keen in observing the folly of others, but blind as bats to their own monstrosities. The Sunday Chronicle, for example, had a most interesting account of the "Wilson Luck." R. T. Wilson was once a barefooted poor farmer's lad in North Georgia. He was later on a village store-keeper and eventually a Confederate commissary officer. He was a grand, stately-looking man and had a diplomatic and excellent wife. After the war, he invaded New York with his family, made millions of dollars in speculation, got into the social swim and married his daughters and sons to multi-millionaire nobles and "princesses." It was a wonderful feat, in a worldly sense, but is this prodigious achievement ascribed to Providence? Oh no! A horse-shoe did it all, and the horse-shoe now encased in precious metals is as much venerated by the family as if it were something supernatural. This is the rankest superstition and on the line of Chinese joss images and other idols. How many of our people believe in the hind-foot of graveyard rabbits? How many refuse to travel on Friday? How many tremble if they spill salt at table, or sit down with twelve other persons, or hear an owl hoot at night or consult fake mediums? Yet these very people condemn and sneer at "superstition" in their neighbors.

As to the Wilsons, they may have unbroken good fortune to the end,

but they may not. Troubles often come suddenly and overwhelmingly. The horseshoe will not save them in the day of calamity, and it is a poor refuge when all things have to be abandoned while death knocks at the door.—James R. Randall, in the "Augusta Chronicle."

WHAT TO DO WITH THE ORANGEMEN.

Of course Mr. John Redmond was right in his repudiation and condemnation of the sentiment, "To hell with the Orangemen," by which he was interrupted by a "Voice" in his speech at the recent Irish convention in New York.

"No, no," said he, "far be it from me to tolerate such an expression. The Orangemen are Irishmen. They are mistaken Irishmen. They are, to a large extent, uneducated Irishmen. I admit they are intolerant Irishmen. What is our duty? What is and what should be our mission? To drive these men from Ireland? No. Educate them. Enlighten them."

That, of course, was the right thing to say, and what Mr. Redmond advised is the right thing to do. It is best to educate and enlighten the Orangemen, or at least to try to do it, difficult though the task may be; to cure them of their intolerance, apropos of which we find the following in answer to a correspondent in the latest issue of hand of Reynolds' Newspaper (London):

"Have you noticed that when Cardinal Vannutelli visited Armagh the Protestants created a most disgraceful riot; that the Orangemen in Belfast and other northern towns are always attacking their Catholic fellow countrymen, who happen to be in the minority, whereas in the middle, south and west of Ireland, where the Catholics are in the majority, you never hear of attacks upon Protestants?"

Nevertheless, the proper thing to do is to educate and enlighten these misguided men and make them good Irishmen, if at all possible.—N. Y. "Freeman's Journal."

EVIDENCE AND PROOF FROM RELIABLE SOURCES AS TO THE BEST METHOD OF DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.

The Keeley Treatment is administered only at the Institute itself, where each patient is carefully examined by experienced physicians and individually treated as the symptoms demand. Those interested can obtain further information by addressing, the Manager, 133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

Yale, Mich. I have carefully studied the different phases of the drink evil and am convinced beyond a doubt that drunkenness is a disease.

I have investigated the Keeley Treatment, visited its institutes; have taken patients there for treatment and have seen numbers who have been cured, and I can testify that the Keeley Treatment is an infallible cure for drunkenness.

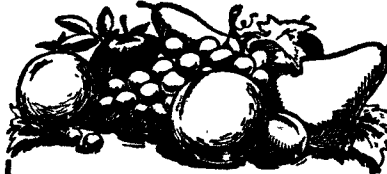
REV. P. J. CULLINANE.

Lexington, Miss. I have known several people who seemed to be hopelessly addicted to drink, thoroughly cured of the habit by the Keeley Treatment when all other remedies had failed.

W. DERNUDY, Pastor.

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Underwear That Defies the Thermometer Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made in special weights for North-west winters. It's warm and heavy enough to defy the most severe cold that the worst blizzard can bring. Wearing Stanfield's garments, you don't care how low the thermometer drops. Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear is made of long, silky Nova Scotia wool—the best in the world for Underwear. It's treated by our special process, that insures it being unknitted in all sizes to fit every figure. And being unshrinkable, it holds its easy, comfortable shape, no matter how often it is washed. Money back if it shrinks. Ask your dealer for Stanfield's.

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TIME TABLES

Canadian Pacific

Table with columns for Lv., EAST, and Ar. listing train routes and times for Canadian Pacific.

Canadian Northern

Table with columns for Lv., EAST, and Ar. listing train routes and times for Canadian Northern.

WHAT KILLED IRISH GAIETY?

Not the Rigorous Morality of the Irish Priest, but the Pinch of Hunger and Emigration.

An Irish priest in The Dublin Leader of Sept. 10, discusses a statement made by Sir Horace Plunkett, in his recent book—that the Irish priesthood are too rigorous with the people morally and by killing amusements make Irish rural life too dull.

Sir Plunkett says (page 115) that "in the inculcation of chastity the success of the Irish priesthood is, considering the conditions of present life and the fire of the Celtic temperament absolutely unique. No one can deny that almost the entire credit of this moral achievement belongs to the Roman Catholic clergy."

Irish Chastity.

I had the following words which Froude spoke in one of his lectures in New York, in 1872. They were spoken in a lecture directed against Catholic Ireland in general and against the priest in particular; those were the lectures to which Father Burke replied during his famous American tour:—"I do not question the enormous power for good which has been exercised in Ireland by the modern Catholic priest. Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe, yet there is less theft, less cheating, less housebreaking, less robbery of a kind than in any country of the same size in the civilized world. . . . In the last hundred years impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime, and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character are due, to their everlasting honor, to the influence of the Catholic clergy."

A Little Sarcasm.

Sir Horace thinks that chastity has become so much like second nature to Irish Catholics that "a gradual relaxation of the disciplinary measures by which it is insured might be safely allowed without any danger of lowering the high standard of continence which is general in Ireland, and which, of course, it is of supreme importance to maintain." I do not at all agree with Sir Horace's sliding-scale method of morals. Neither does St. Paul, who after all his heavenly visions, said that there was a "thorn in his flesh," and that there is a law in our members that wars against the law that is in our mind. But St. Paul was not aware that Irish Catholics are made of alabaster. I am living with a priest who has a total abstinence sodality of about 1,700 women, the great majority of whom have been very faithful to their pledge since it was started a dozen years ago. On this sliding scale principle might he loosen the disciple a little? Take away the system of sections and prefects through which the sodality is organized? In fact tell them that, as they are such confirmed abstainers they may now lean on their acquired virtue without a pledge or a sodality to sustain them?

He writes—"This kind of discipline unless when really necessary, is open to the objection that it eliminates the education of people, especially during the formative years, an essential of culture—the mutual understanding of the sexes." I have no fault to find with the views expressed in that passage. But, as it stands, it is only a thesis, which determines nothing for or against the discipline which he condemns. The practical question is, what and what is not necessary?

The non-Catholics of Ireland, England, Scotland, America and Australia, are not subjected to this mistaken discipline during their formative years? They learn what he calls "the pathology of the emotions," and are rightly educated into that "culture" of which he speaks. Well then, their formative years are passed and what is the result? I call himself to witness; I call Froude to witness; call to witness the statistics of illegitimacy, of what is known in New England as "fashionable murders," of matrimonial infidelities which overwhelm the divorce courts of those countries, of sexual unnaturalness which threatens to depopulate them.

What a Doctor Said.

A physician of long experience wrote in The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal for 1879—"I have never known an Irish mother, no matter how poor or how many little ragged children around her, that did not receive every newborn babe with emotions and expressions of gratitude as a blessed gift from God. This sentiment, however crudely expressed has never failed to win my admiration, and I take pleasure in pointing it out as the finest trait of Irish female character."

Here is the Charge.

Now, then, of what precisely does he complain? Of the following:—"There are," he writes, "many parishes where in this matter the strictest discipline is vigorously enforced. Amusements, not necessarily or even often vicious, are objected to as being fraught with dangers which would never occur to any but the rigidly ascetic or the puritanical mind. In many parishes the Sunday cyclist will observe the strange phenomenon of a normally light-hearted peasantry marshalled in male and female groups along the road, eyeing one another in dull wonderment across the forbidden space through the long summer day."

I presume then that what Sir Horace is driving at is this latest war-cry raised by the secular Salvationists of Ireland against the priests. Oh you priests! you curse of our country! You obscurantists and despots of our beautiful peasantry! why do you rob our country life of its charm by killing cross-roads dancing? You have laid the "rigidly ascetic" hand of death upon that fine old pastime of the people, and your "puritanical mind" has cast a cloud over the sunshine of their lives. And then, "Oh! for the days of the Kerry dancing," is caught up as a Jeremiah by a chorus of fangled philanthropists who, till quite recently, have shown very little care for the people or their pastimes; nor do they really care a whit more now than they have ever cared.

Cross Roads Dancing.

Now, it is a curious thing that before the "bad times" the dance stage was to be seen, and "the ring of the pipers tune" was to be heard more generally than ever since, on Sunday afternoons throughout Ireland. The people had their dance at the cross-roads or beside the bridge, or at their homes in the night time, without let or hindrance; and I have never heard that the parish priest even expected that under ordinary circumstances they should consult him or ask his permission.

Catholics Need Not Be Sad.

For the dominant note in the religion of Catholics is love, hope and joy; in contrast to the religion of non-Catholics, the dominant note of which is pietistic solemnity and fear. St. Frances de Sales writes that one of his books which was "approved by the most grave prelates and doctors of the Church did not escape the rude censure of some who did not merely blame me but bitterly attached me in public because I tell Philothea that dancing is an action indifferent in itself, and that for recreation's sake one may make quod libet." (The Love God—Preface, page 14). Gaiety naturally becomes an Irish Catholic; it sits sorrowfully on his neighbors, and somehow presents the appearance of awkward artificiality. How then has it happened that those dances have become so rare which were once so common? If persons tell me that it is because the priest objected to them they will also have to tell me how it happened that the priest did not object to them before the famine times, when the people danced as they listed, and when the priest's influence over the social relations of his parishioners was much more unquestioned than it is now; when they would have only to say the word, and dancing was dead in every parish in the country.

The Famine Killed Gaiety

The fact is, Cross-roads dancing began to fall away when the famine bent the spirit of the people; then came evictions when homes were broken up, and families were dispersed; Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean. Then came a terrible struggle for life between those who remained, which warped or broke the old bonds of friendship that had bound families together as one, without formality or suspicion. I was not then born, but I will let the late A. M. Sullivan describe the social transformation which followed those events; he witnessed it all, and he knew the people well, much better than their present critics. "It is impossible for anyone who knew the country previous to that period, and who has thoughtfully studied it since, to avoid the conclusion that so much has been destroyed, or so greatly changed, that the Ireland of old times will be seen no more. A thousand kindly usages and neighborly courtesies were swept away. . . . The open-handed open-hearted ways of the rural population have been visibly affected by the "Forty-seven" ordeal.

Their ancient sports and pastimes everywhere disappeared, and in many parts of Ireland have never returned. The out-door games, the hurling match, and the village dance are seen no more."

Now the People are Gone.

As the population became sparse, and the youth of the country were departing, Cross-roads dancing and other rural pastimes gradually disappeared. Then came the three waves of political agitation which have stirred the country since the great exodus began. A continued series of monster meetings drew the young men Sunday after Sunday, from year to year, to the political centres, and kept their thoughts turned from local amusements. Passing along the country during the past few years, I have seen a few dance platforms lying against the road-side fences, a sign that they are still used on Sundays. But, I have more than once asked persons living in the country why these dances are not so common as they used to be, and the answer has invariably been—"Oh! the people are all gone—There are no people in the country now." When Sir Horace and other critics tell me that cross-roads dancing was stopped by the priest, I invite them to tell me also by whom was hurling, football, etc., stopped? There was surely no sexual danger in these amusements that could trouble the conscience of the most puritanical priest; yet they also had well nigh disappeared for many years.

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DION AND THE SIBYLS

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

It is probable that Lepidus would refuse the request submitted to him, and if he acceded to it, Crispina assured Aglais that the castle of Lepidus at Monte Circello, covering both the summit and the base of a cliff upon the edge of the sea, was sufficiently capacious, intricate, and labyrinthine to conceal a good part of a Roman legion in complete security.

Moreover, it had escapes both by land and by water; nor could any one approach it without being visible to the inmates for miles. "Considering," reasoned Crispina, "that there is no pretext for ostensibly demanding the surrender of the ladies, who have not committed any offence, and are not, or at all events are not supposed to be, under any supervision, this retreat will afford all the security that can be desired. But Master Paulus must never go near you when once you leave this roof."

Aglais admitted the wisdom of the suggestion. A letter, a simple, elegant, and affecting composition, was written by her, and intrusted to Crispus for transmission. However, as it was the unanimous opinion of all concerned that the family ought not to be detected in any communications with Lepidus, or even suspected of any, it was necessary for Crispus to observe great caution in forwarding the document. Several days, therefore, passed away before an opportunity was presented of sending a person who would neither be observed in going, nor missed when gone, and who could at the same time be implicitly trusted; none but old Philip could be found.

Crispus had been on the point of employing Claudius for the purpose, when Crispina resolutely stopped him. "I have a high opinion of that youth," said she, "or I would not consent that Benigna should marry him; but at present he is a slave, and a slave of the very person against whom we are guarding. Moreover, Claudius is young and very timid; he has his way to make, and all his hopes are dependent on this tyrant—I mean the prince. I do not wish even Benigna to know any thing about the present business. The more honest any young people are, the more they betray themselves, if cross-questioned about matters which they know, but have been told to conceal. If they know nothing, why, they can tell nothing, and moreover none can punish or blame them for not telling."

"A silent tongue, husband, like mine, and a simple heart like yours, make safe necks. There, go about your business."

During the delay and suspense which necessarily followed, Paulus fished, and took long walks through that beautiful country, many aspects of which, already described by us, as they then were, have for ever disappeared. He used to take with him something to eat in the middle of the day, but always returned toward evening in time to join the last light repast of his mother and sister. Each evening saw them reassembled. Four tall, exquisitely tapering poles, springing from firm pedestals, supported four little scallop-shaped lamps at the four corners of their table. The supper was often enriched by Paulus with some delicious fresh-water fish of his own catching. Benigna waited upon them, and, being invariably engaged by Agatha in lively conversation, amused and interested the circle by her mingled simplicity, good feeling, and cleverness. After supper, Agatha would insist that Benigna should stay with them a while, and they either all strolled through the garden, whence perfumes strong as incense rose in the dewy air, or they sat conversing in the bower which overlooked it. Then after a while Crispina would ascend the garden-stairs to their landing; and while she inquired how they all were, and told them any news she might have gathered, Benigna would steal silently down to say good-night, as Agatha declared, to some shadowy figure who was dimly discernible standing not far away among the

myrtles, and apparently contemplating the starry heavens. Such was their quiet life, such the tenor of those fleeting days.

One evening—the sweet evening of a magnificent autumn day—Paulus was returning across the country, with a rod and line, from a distant excursion upon the banks of the Liris. The spot which he had chosen that day for fishing was a deep, clear, silent pool, formed by a bend of the river. A clump of shadowy chestnuts and hornbeam grew nigh, and the water was pierced by the deep reflections of a row of stately poplars, which mounted guard upon its margin. There seated, his back supported against one of the trees, watching the float of his line as it quivered upon the surface of the beautiful stream, he heard no sound but the ripple of the little waves lapping on the reeds, the twittering of birds, and the hum of insects. There, with a mind attuned by the peaceful beauties of the solitary scene, he had traversed a thousand considerations. He thought of the many characters with whom he had so suddenly been brought into more or less intercourse or contact. He thought much of Thellus, and of his poor Alba, so cruelly sacrificed. He was puzzled by Claudius. He mused about Seljanus, about Tiberius, about Veljeius Paterculius, about the two beautiful ladies in the litters; he thought of the third gold-looking palanquin and its pallid occupant; of the haughty and violent, yet, as it seemed, servile patrician and senator, who had attempted suddenly to kill him, out of zeal for Caesar; of the singular reverse which had awaited the attempt; of Queen Berenice, and Herod Agrippa, and Herodias; of the various unexpected incidents and circumstances which had followed. He thought of his uncle Lepidus; of the fate, whatever it might be, now to attend his mother, his sister, and himself. He revolved the means of establishing his claims. Ought he at once to employ some able orator and advocate, and to appeal to the tribunals of justice? Should he rather seek a hearing from the emperor in person, and, if so, how was this to be managed?

From recollections and calculations, the spirit of his pastime and the genius of the place bore him away and lured him into the realm of day-dreams, vague and far-wandering! Up-stream, about a mile from where he was sitting, towered a splendid mansion. On its roof glittered its company of gilt and colored statues, conversing and acting above the top of a wood.

In that mansion his forefathers had lived.

On one of the streams lay ancient Latium, where he sat, teeming with traditions—a monster or a demigod in every tree, rock, and river; the cradle of the Roman race, the seed and germ of outspreading conquest and universal empire. On the opposite banks was unrolled, far to the south, the Campanian landscape, where Hannibal, the most terrible of Romish enemies and rivals, had enervated his victorious legions, and lost the chances of that ultimate success which would have changed the destinies of mankind.

Suddenly, among the statues on the roof, Paulus beheld, not bigger than children by comparison, moving figures of men and ladies in dazzling attire. He perceived that salutations were exchanged, groups formed and groups dispersed. Happening, the next moment, to cast his eye over the landscape, he saw in the distance some horsemen galloping toward the house, through the trees in the distance. Losing sight of them behind intervening clumps of oleander, myrtle, and other shrubs, he turned once more to watch the groups upon the roof. In a short time new figures seemed to arrive, around whom all the others gathered with the attitude and air of listening.

Paulus felt as if he was assisting at a drama. A moment later the

roof was deserted by its living visitors, the statues remained alone and silent, gesticulating and flashing in the sun. Tidings must have come. Something must have happened, thought Paulus; and, as the day was already declining, he gathered up his fishing-tackle and wended homeward. On the way he met a man in hide sandals carrying a large staff and piked with iron. It was a shepherd, of whom he asked whether there was anything new. "Have you not heard?" said the man; "the flocks will fetch a better price—the emperor has come to Formiae."

Full of this intelligence, and anxious at once to consult Aglais whether, before Augustus should leave the neighborhood, he ought not to endeavor by all means now to obtain a hearing from him, Paulus mended his pace; but while he thought he might be the bearer of news, some news awaited him. He passed through the little western trellis gate into the quoit-alley, and so by the garden toward the house. A couple of female slaves, who were talking and laughing about something like the impudence of a slave, and depend on it a love-letter it is, but it's Greek, which seemed to afford them much amusement, stood at the door of the lower arbor, which inclosed the foot of the stairs leading up to the landing of his mother's apartments. Noticing him, they hastily went about their business in different directions, and he ran up the stairs, and found his mother and sister talking in low tones, just inside the open door of the upper arbor in the large sitting-room, which, as the reader knows, was also the room where they took their meals.

"I am glad you have returned, Paulus," said his mother. "Look at this; your sister found it about half an hour ago on the landing in the arbor."

And Aglais handed him a piece of paper, on which was written, in a clear and elegant hand, in Greek:

"When power and craft hover in the air as hawks, let the ortolans and ground-doves hide."

Our hero read the words, turned the paper over, read the words again, and said, "I don't see the meaning of this. It is some scrap of a school-boy's theme, perhaps."

"School-boys do not often write such a hand," said Aglais; "nor is the paper a scrap torn off—it is a complete leaf. And, again, why should it be found upon our landing?"

"What school-boys could come up our stairs? There are none in the inn, are there? Have you been in all day?" asked Paulus.

"No; we were returning from a walk across the fields to see the place near Cicero's villa of Formianum, where the assassins overtook him, as Agatha, who ran up-stairs before me, reached the landing, she observed something white on the ground, and picked it up. It was that paper. Some stranger must have been upstairs while we were away."

"Crispus or Crispina would not have said this to us by means of an anonymous writing. They have given us the same warning without disguise, personally."

"But they spoke only according to their own opinion," returned Paulus. "Coming from some one else, the same advice acquires yet greater importance. Some unknown person bears witness of the danger which our host and hostess merely suspect, and at which Thellus, the lanista, hinted, as perhaps impending, but which even he did not affirm to be a reality."

"That is," added Paulus, "if this bit of paper has been intended for us—I mean for you and for Agatha, because I am not a ground-dove."

"Well, I do not see," said the lady, musing, "what more we can do for the moment. Our trusty Philip is on the way with my letter to your uncle; he may be by this time on the way back. Till he returns, what can we do?"

"I know not," said Paulus. "Have you asked Crispina about this paper?"

"We waited first to consult you," said Aglais; "and," added Agatha, "there is another singular thing—we have not seen Benigna all day, who was so regular in attending upon us. The hostess told us that Benigna was suffering with a bad

(To be Continued.)

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"Heart Broken"

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

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

"Hard to Choose"

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

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

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CLIPPED FROM THE WESTERN WATCHMAN

The "yoke of Rome" is generally her indissoluble conjugal relation, and those who throw it off almost invariably look for an unpermissible substitute.

Lord Rosmore, in an open letter to the lodges of Great Britain, renounces his membership in the Orange Society and calls on all patriots to follow his example. We never could believe in the banishment of the snakes from Ireland while one Orangeman remained on the soil.

Kuroki is dead. He died on the 6th of October, but the Japs said nothing about it. They lost a battleship four months ago, and the news leaked out about that only the other day. These little yellow rascals can keep their mouth shut, a military accomplishment in which they might give a useful lesson to the valiant and blatant sons of our Yankee Mars.

It is customary for Protestants to ascribe to our converts motives of the most flimsy and personal sort, and to declare that when their ardor cooled they all would be gladly back in their old church. These stories were told time and again of Cardinal Newman, and he had more than once to refute them. The late Father De Costa, who died last week, said on his death bed: "Tell everybody that my conversion and my priesthood have been the greatest joys of my life, and since the day I entered the Church I never had either a doubt or a regret."

Miss Caldwell, who in a letter to which she desires the widest publicity given, "throws off the yoke of Rome," and returns to the faith of her childhood, is a woman more to be pitied than blamed. We met her in Paris, and can honestly say that she is irresponsible. She escaped from her husband last fall and was in a cheap lodging-house in New York three months without communicating with her friends; and when she was discovered she was in a most pitiable state, nerves gone to pieces and almost totally blind. The poor woman should have been protected from the reporters.

The Catholic papers did not attack Mr. Roosevelt during the last campaign, but they unmercifully castigated his Secretary of State. It seems Mr. Hay when a young man, wrote a book called Castilian Days, being the result of a short visit to Spain. In it he worked up all the ignorant fables about the Catholic Church and her institutions that were so current in the middle of the nineteenth century. Young Hay did not know much then, and we doubt if he could tell just how he could have made such a donkey of himself as to write that trash. He could pray with another great sinner, "O Lord, remember not the ignorances of my youth."

Gen. Andre, French Minister of War, has resigned. A few days ago his face was slapped in the Chamber of Deputies, and even the followers of the government expressed neither pity nor indignation at the act. He had introduced a system of spying on the officers of the army, and reports were handed in daily from the Grand Masonic Lodge notifying the Minister of War what officers went to Mass, and what officer's families practised their religion. Andre stoutly denied the truth of the allegation, and only after his telegrams were read and offered in evidence did he drop his bravado and confess himself a liar. It was then that Deputy Syveton slapped his face.

The "Independent" would like to see a few women cardinals. The religious Protestant has few wants in the spiritual order, but he would have them picturesque. Theodore Tilton thought many beautiful facets of Our Lord's character were hidden from view by the fact that he had never married. Beecher thought the life of the Trinity would be rendered less monotonous if one of the blessed Three were of the female sex. These Protestants may not be blasphemous, but they are certainly extremely irreverent. At the Reformation women grabbed their skirts and vaulted over the altar railing, and there has been the Devil to pay among the tailors ever since.

The Canadians are to be credited with the best bon-mot of the last campaign. Referring to the habit of the Grits to forget all the promises of their platform after they were elected a Tory said a Grit platform was simply a vote-catcher and illustrated his meaning by a story told of a Pullman porter. A passenger insisted on standing on the platform when the train was in motion, the porter remonstrated with him several times, pointing out the danger. "Is not a

platform to stand on?" said the passenger. "No, sir," said the colored man: "this here platform, sir, is to get in on." As both our great parties in this country stood on practically the same platform at the late election, we presume it will do to get in on, to get out on and to stand on.

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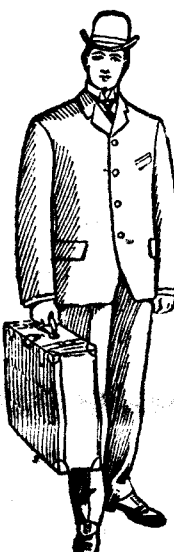
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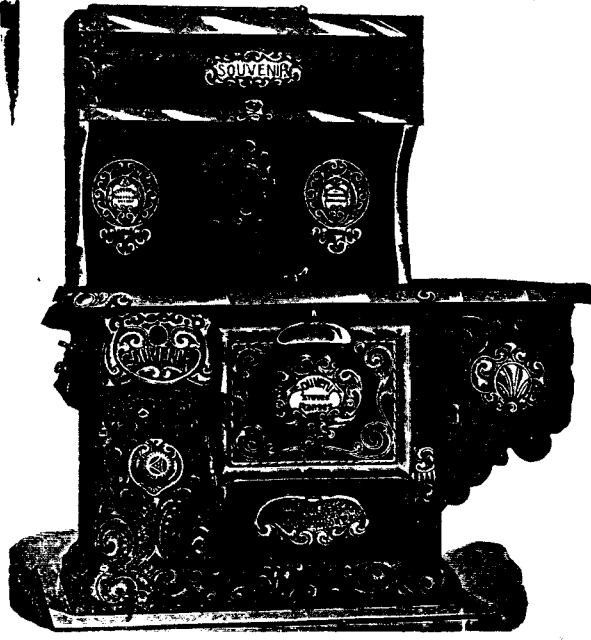
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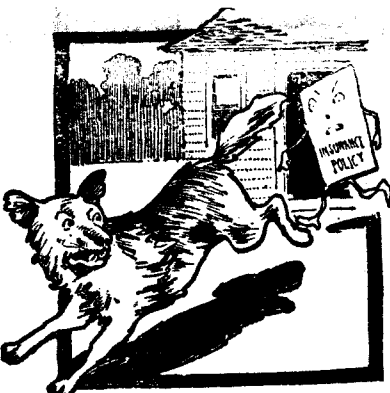
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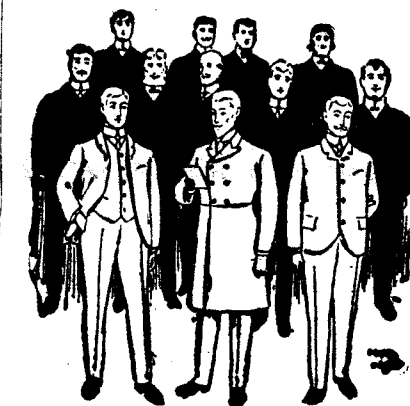
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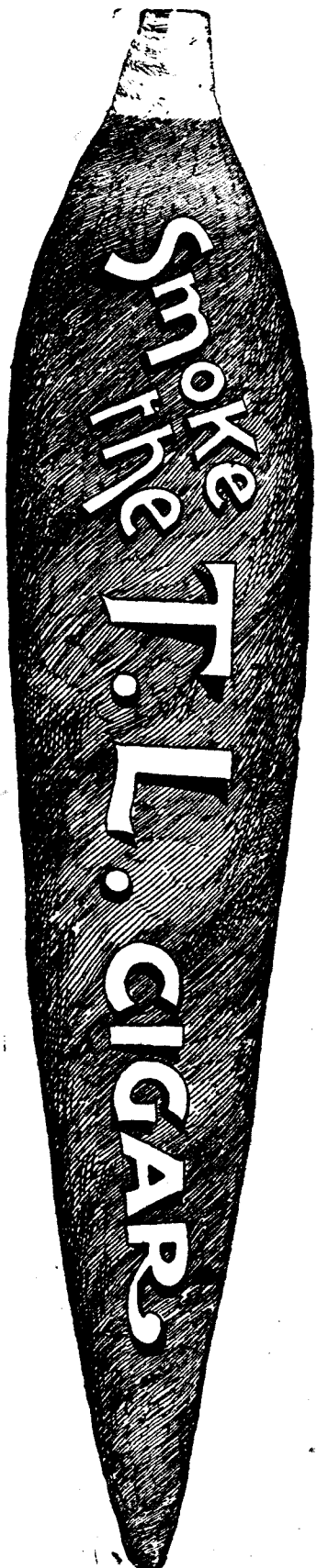
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