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CURRENT COMMENT

The effect of a good story, even if the point be not altogether missed, is often impaired by the omission of an important circumstance. Thus in a series of very interesting "Random Reminiscences From Various Sources," which appeared lately in the "Ave Maria," the author, perhaps because he was so familiar with Cardinal Wiseman's appearance that he thought none of his readers needed the reminder, omits, before, during and after the following anecdote, all mention of the Cardinal's great size:

"He used to relate with amusement and satisfaction how, on his last visit to Ireland, he had been characteristically welcomed by a ragged native. As soon as he had set foot on Irish ground this warm-hearted fellow pushed his way through the crowd, and falling on his knees before him, seized his hand, which he covered with kisses, exclaiming at the same time: 'Now, thin, by holy St. Patrick, Heaven bless your immensity!'"

Yet the fact that Cardinal Wiseman was six feet two, ruddy and very portly, "a mountain of flesh," as Father Purbrick calls him (Ward's Life of Card. Wiseman, vol. II., p. 163), adds great sharpness to the point of the Irishman's "immensity." And nowadays most people have forgotten or never knew what the great prelate's physique was.

These "Reminiscences" are said to be drawn especially from Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, F.S.A., and Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne. One wonders which of the two—or was it the compiler himself?—is responsible for the prophetic touch with which the following passage ends. Speaking of Catholics in England some sixty years ago, the writer says:

There was but little intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. In some respects, however, this state of affairs was not without its advantages. Catholics married Catholics only; there was deep reverence for all things spiritual; there was hardly a Catholic family of importance that did not furnish a priest to the Church in each generation.

Low-necked dresses were things unheard of at Catholic parties; the waltz was unknown. Catholic young men danced only with Catholic girls, because to them their acquaintance was strictly confined. Among the devout, it would have been considered very unbecoming to attend church in anything but the plainest bonnet. It was a time of "plain living and high thinking," such as is never likely to return again until after the passage of that socialistic, perhaps bloodless, but more probably bloody, revolution which, whatever may be its injustices, horrors and atrocities, will winnow the wheat from the chaff, the false from the true; till, after the days of persecution are passed, a new order shall arise on the ruins of the old, and Christ shall come to His own again.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous author of "Modern Views on Electricity," makes these eminently sensible remarks about the elementary teaching of natural science:

I have found nearly all children rather keen to know about natural and astronomical things. They do not always care for machinery. Boys sometimes care about such things as a bicycle or a pump, but girls hardly ever do. They may easily be made tired with science teaching of an unwise kind, but, if they are initiated in a kind of science which children ought to be interested

in, then it is wholesome training for them all. I do not believe in having schools where boys having an aptitude for science shall learn nothing else, and schools where boys who have an aptitude for letters shall have nothing but a literary education. I do not agree with premature specialization.

In the New York "Messenger" for this month Father Muckermann, S.J., writes very learnedly on "Zoology and the Origin of Man." With a wealth of scientific arguments he shows that paleontology does not offer any proof for the common genetic origin of man and ape; neither does the anatomical similarity between the two, nor their embryological history, nor their blood relationship. The arguments are directed especially against Huxley, C. Vogt, Darwin, Haeckel and Dr. Hans Friedenthal.

Much used to be written, some thirty years ago, about human skulls unearthed in what were supposed to be tertiary strata; but Father Muckermann, after examining and measuring the most famous of these skulls (Cro-Magnon, L'homme Mort, Dolmenbauer, etc.) proves, by quotations from present day anthropologists of great repute, that tertiary relics of man are wanting and the traces of human activity that were believed to be of tertiary origin are of a very doubtful nature, that "glacial man was every inch a true man," and that paleontology knows no ancestors to man.

In refuting Haeckel's fantastic theory that the anatomical parallelism between the various stages in man's embryology and his past history leads to the inference of his purely animal origin, Father Muckermann answers first, that even if this parallelism were a fact, it would not necessarily imply evolution; and secondly, that this parallelism is a pure fiction. He quotes Conn as saying: "Of these twenty-one stages, more than half have been proved to be wrong, and in regard to some of the others it is questionable. This attempt of Haeckel, made with such boldness as almost to inspire belief, is thus a failure." In describing these imaginary stages Father Muckermann can afford to be humorous.

"According to Haeckel the first and second stage of the human ovum, in which it consists of only one cell, is a repetition of man's racial development, when he had the honor to belong to the single-celled monera and amebae. The fifth, the gastrula—development, points without any doubt to the fancied gastreaes, which were so happy as to consist of a single cavity. Then comes the sixth phase in which the human embryo represents the primitive worm, which is soon followed by the seventh, that of the molluscs, and the eighth, a reproduction of the ascidians. These worthy animals close the first half of the human ancestral pedigree. Commencing the second half, we are led upwards and onwards to the skullless lancelet, the lamprey and the stage of fishes, when our forebears were the happy owners of fins and gills, and smiled the genial smile of the shark. The twelfth stage is that of the lung-fish, the thirteenth the siren, and the fourteenth that of the salamander and polliwog—in happy recollection of which blissful fact we even at present distinguish a certain class of men with the endearing title of polliwogs."

Father Muckermann's refutation of Friedenthal's "blood relationship" is an excellent example of the logician's superiority over the mere scientist who is not logical. Science gives facts; but philosophy alone

can draw logical conclusions from those facts; and the trouble with most evolutionists is that they sin against the most elementary laws of logic, by deducing vast conclusions from very slender premisses. A hundred weak probabilities can never warrant a cock-sure conclusion. Father Muckermann's treatment of this point is so clear and convincing that we quote the entire passage.

The third part of our thesis is directed against Dr. Hans Friedenthal, who in the years 1900-1902 attempted to prove a blood relationship between man and the anthropoid apes. He maintains that human blood has the property of decomposing the blood of lower apes, whilst it has no effect on the blood of those of a higher species. Hence, he concludes: "We do not only descend from apes, but we are true apes ourselves."

We gladly wish the author joy in this happy conclusion, but protest against its wider application, and this for two reasons: because (1) the results are still dubious and the experiments do not perfectly agree; (2) even if the fact were undoubtedly true we could only infer a similarity of chemical properties between the blood of two beings, but not their genetic relation. For it would have to be proved that a genetic relation is the only explanation of the alleged fact. But this can not be done, for although Friedenthal showed experimentally that the blood of a crab (cancer pagurus) is indissoluble in the red corpuscles of a rat, it would be absurd to rush to the conclusion that rats descend directly from crabs. Consequently, it would be equally illogical to make a similar conclusion between man and ape. Indeed, we could well invert the whole process, and say: In the same way as the rat is not directly related to the crab, so also does man stand in no direct relationship to the orang.

We think we have said enough to show that Father Muckermann's article is a most valuable contribution to the evolution controversy and that it cannot be ignored by any one who attempts to defend Herbert Spencer, who built his elaborate philosophical system on so unstable a basis.

A Winnipeg business man, who employs quite a number of clerks, willingly engages the service of Catholics because he says he can trust them, although he himself is very far from being a Catholic and is not even credited with any perceptible conscience. Recently, in the absence of his cashier, he confided the cash department to a Catholic clerk. The latter objected on the plea of dreading the responsibility. "Oh," replied the boss, "I know I can trust you, for if you did steal, the next time you went to confession, you would have to make restitution."

Reviewing in the current "Messenger" Elizabeth Robins's "The Magnetic North," from which we last week borrowed a striking passage on the Jesuits in Alaska, Miss Katherine E. Conway says: "It is a wonderful book of originality, power, and fascination beyond aught that we can recall in the novels of many seasons." The author has broken a new trail in literature, not only in the Arctic setting of her story, but in its absorbing human interest without the heretofore indispensable hero and heroine. . . . In still another way the story is unique; for the Jesuit missionaries, fruit of the martyr-blood of Archbishop Seghers, Alaska's first apostle, figure prominently in it, faithful to the life in their efforts to christianize and civilize the aborigines, and

hampered, as often before, in their history, by trader and gold-seeker. The Catholic priest, portrayed with some degree of verisimilitude, has appeared in some recent novels by non-Catholics, but Miss Robins is, we believe, the first to break wholly with the Jesuit of the Protestant tradition, while manifesting in the natural evolution of her story the vicious grip of said tradition on even honest and chivalrous non-Catholics. Much of the interest of the book for the Catholic reader is in the impact of the gold-quest against the soul-quest, and the shattering of one man's worldly ambitions in consequence. Yet the author is not a Catholic, and cannot be suspected of special pleading. She only tells a story, true in its main features, and of remorseless logic."

"Inches and Eminence" is an extremely curious article in the Strand Magazine for this month. Mr. Beckles Willson begins by saying that the world knows little of the stature of its greatest men. "Take so glaring a case as that of Napoleon. Here is a personage constantly under surveillance by people struck by the one eminent peculiarity of his person; yet he would be an ingenious inquirer who should succeed in reconciling the various accounts given of Napoleon's stature. Bourienne, who had ample opportunities for observing him closely, says he was five feet two inches; but Captain Maitland measured him on the Bellerophon, and found his distinguished passenger to be five feet seven. Mr. Willson does not seem to be aware that these two measurements agree perfectly; because the French foot, "le pied de roi," which was at that time still in use, the metric system being new and not yet popular, is almost one inch longer than the English foot (exactly 12.99 English inches) and consequently five feet two French is equivalent to a little more (on account of the added two inches, i. e., one-sixth of .99) than five feet seven (exactly 67.11 inches) English. However, this does not affect Mr. Willson's contention that apparent stature is deceptive. Some men appear shorter than they really are, while others seem taller than their true stature. We know one man who is frequently mistaken for a six-footer, although he is only five feet eight. So Mr. Willson took the precaution of writing to all the eminent men whose forms and heights he gives in a series of pictures, which will be a surprise to many. Thus in his picture gallery of sovereigns King Edward VII. appears as five feet eight and a half inches, while his left hand neighbor, his nephew, the Kaiser, is about one inch shorter. The tallest sovereign in Europe is the King of the Belgians, represented as nearly six feet five; the shortest is the present King of Italy, five feet two. Taking the British Association Anthropometric Committee's "mean" stature of the British Isles as five feet seven and seven-eighths of an inch, and deducting five-eighths of an inch for boots, "King Edward represents in his own person what may be described as the standard British stature." This "remarkable fact," as Mr. Willson calls it, agrees with—or shall we say, has led up to?—his conclusion, well supported by his picture galleries, that "eminence—i. e., great talents, great capacity—is found oftenest in both abnormal extremes. But the normal man is of normal height—and if he does not accomplish revolutions in politics, warfare, and art, he at least achieves what genius too often misses, the prize of personal happiness and the virtue of good citizenship."

In Mr. Willson's gallery of British statesmen the shortest is Lord Rosebery, five feet five, and the

tallest, the Duke of Devonshire, six feet one. Mr. Balfour is six feet. Soldiers and the populace generally speak of 'Little Bobs' as an extremely diminutive person; but Lord Roberts is really five feet six and a half, a half inch taller than General Sir John French. Kitchener is the tallest of English generals here represented. Lord Alverstone, five feet eleven, is the tallest in the judges' gallery, and Lord Halsbury, five feet three, the shortest. Sir Oliver Lodge, with his 75 inches, looks down on Lord Kelvin, at the other end of the line of scientists with his 67 inches. Among actors Mr. Tree is the only six-footer. Sir Henry Irving is five feet ten. Sir Edward Elgar, the tallest of the musicians and singers represented, is five feet ten and a half. Cricketers average high, the tallest being J. E. Tunnicliffe, six feet two and a half, with W. G. Grace half an inch shorter. President Loubet is five feet six, the French average, and President Roosevelt, five feet nine, not much above the American average.

The Winnipeg Normal School library is now provided with a copy of "Jesuit Education" by Robert Swickerath, S.J. This large volume of 687 pages, which appeared last year, soon took rank as one of the best works on general pedagogy and the ablest defence yet published of the Jesuit system by one who knows what he is writing about. It speaks volumes for the fair-mindedness of the Normal School principal that he should of his own accord have sent for this profoundly Catholic book to adorn the shelves of a library where 90 per cent. of the readers are non-Catholics. The publisher is B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Persons and Facts

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, Fair Wages Officer, stopped here Sunday last on his way to Prince Albert.

The "Educational Review" of St. John, N.B., for this month, announces that "Mr. Frank Allen, Ph. D., a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, and recently senior instructor in the department of physics at Cornell University, has been appointed professor of physics in the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, at a salary of \$2,000." The salary is \$2,500, and Dr. Allen was the first of the new professors to arrive here.

Mr. Kenneth McLeod, who died in this city last Sunday at the age of 73, came to this country in 1852, and is said to have built in 1857 the first house outside of Fort Garry. If this be so he was the founder of that hamlet which, some years later, was called Winnipeg, and numbered 150 souls in 1870.

In the "Trifluvien" Father F. A. Baillarge warns the Catholic public against the "Grammaire Française" of Claude Auger, published in Montreal. This grammar, says the learned critic, takes the first step recommended by "La Ligue de l'Enseignement": it ignores God. All mention of religion and religious motives is studiously avoided. Only twice is the name of God printed in the book, and each time as a mere expletive, "Bon Dieu!" and "Ah Mon Dieu!"

There has arisen in Italy a linguistic genius who beats Cardinal Mezzofanti all hollow. The latter spoke only eighty languages, while Alfredo Trombetti is said to know four hundred of the native dialects of North and South America alone, although he is only 38 years old.

"La Verite," of Quebec, very properly takes to task "La Patrie," of

Montreal, and other Catholic papers, for repeating, parrot-fashion, after their Protestant contemporaries, that Dr. Davidson is the 95th Archbishop of Canterbury. No doubt a Catholic may, through courtesy, give him the title he wrongfully claims; but to put him in the series of real Archbishops of England's primatial see is just as absurd as to say that the editor of "La Patrie" is Archbishop of Montreal. There has been no priest or bishop in the chair of Canterbury since Reginald Pole, who died Nov. 18, 1558.

Pastors who do not encourage their people to read a Catholic paper generally have a large number of unpaid bills in their books. Catholic people who take no interest in the growth and progress of the Church at large generally spend little time in their parish church.—Michigan Catholic.

The following timely advice is given by T. A. Daly, the joking rhymester of the "Catholic Standard and Times."

Now we are in the month of Sept.
And soon it will be Oct.
Oh! then you'll wish that you had kept
That overcoat you hoct.

Perhaps if we search our history and read carefully our relations with the Indians, we may find some reason why we can sit in the high chair of criticism and condemn the friars of the Philippines for converting 7,000,000 savages not into corpses but into the brethren of Jesus Christ.—From Father Chidwick's lecture on "The Friars in the Philippines."

The Syracuse "Catholic Sun," in answer to one of its contemporaries who had wondered why some of the hundred Filipino students sent by the U. S. Government to study in the States are not apportioned to Catholic colleges, says that the Washington Government wrote to many Catholic colleges, offering to pay to these institutions from \$250 to \$300 a year for each Filipino, and that there were only three or four takers at that price, namely, the Jesuit College at Santa Clara, Cal., which has accepted a large number; St. Vincent's College, Chicago; and a couple of others. The Catholic Sun hopes, however, that its informant is mistaken as to the refusal of other Catholic colleges, for theirs would be a very short-sighted economy.

As Father Beigert, the new Polish priest at St. Boniface College, is not yet sufficiently familiar with English or French to converse in these languages, he does all his talking in Latin and does it well. The other day a Catholic lawyer, a graduate of the College, happened to meet the Fathers taking their usual recreation after supper and was surprised to find that he could understand the Polish Jesuit quite well. By the way, Father Beigert, who knows his native Austria perfectly, does not at all believe in the predicted (by strangers) dismemberment of the Austrian empire.

The drawing for the Obediencia engraving is put off till next Thursday, the 29th inst.

Things are improving on the St. Boniface street car line. A fresh car, though not a new one, but at least one with round, not square, wheels, was put on a couple of weeks ago. Then a newly varnished car made its appearance. Moreover the track opposite the hospital has been raised to almost the level of the street. Finally we are told (on Thursday, Sept. 22) that the car will go through from St. Boniface over Norwood bridge to the C.P.R. station within three days. However, one more obstacle has to be removed, namely, the necessity of paying toll on Norwood bridge.

Mr. Chaput, of Chaput, Fils et Cie, Montreal, who was burnt out to the tune of \$320,000 last Wednesday, is the father of Rev. Charles Chaput, S.J., who was last year prefect of studies at St. Boniface College.

When going to press we notice that the Sacred Heart Review, of the 17th inst., reproducing our

article of the 3rd on Abbe Du-bourg's rural banks, begins with a misprint which is not to be found in our columns, and which must be a puzzle to its readers. We said: "If there is one dark spot in this country's future," but the S. H. R. prints it: "If there is fine dark spot."

A German Catholic school under the direction of the parish priest of the new German Church was opened last Monday. Rev. Father Groetschler, O.M.I., is now residing in a part of the new German church.

Next Wednesday a Requiem Mass will be sung in the chapel of St. Boniface College for the repose of the soul of Fortunat Letourneau, who died on the 14th inst., and who was at one time Prefect of the Sodality in the college. On Saturday next another Requiem Mass will be sung in the same chapel for Joseph Guay, a former student in the college, and a member of the Sodality, who died suddenly on the 21st inst.

A LESSON IN MURDER.

There is an extreme degree of provocation which in private life is accepted as at least an explanation of what can never be ethically justified. In the same way there is a degree of public provocation so great that the common sense of mankind accepts as natural and inevitable actions which in themselves deserve, and receive, stern reprobation. * * * Civilized conceptions of political morality are all unconsciously based upon the assumption that a people, however downtrodden, has some means of finding relief from what is absolutely intolerable. In Ireland under the present regime there is no outlet and no resource. There is no law or justice that cannot be overridden at pleasure by administrative order, or that is not frequently so overridden.

In the foregoing sentences there is preached a lesson that cannot but make the peaceful tremble for the future. No one can affect to mistake the meaning of the homily. The man who thinks there is no hope for the salvation of his country by ordinary methods of redress is provided with a casuistical justification for playing the role of Brutus against the Caesars who tyrannize over his country. Of course, such sentiments could be found only in an Irish rebel publication or an organ of the Nihilists or Anarchists. This would be, naturally, the conclusion of the average reader. But the conclusion would be as wide of the mark as the poles are asunder. It is in the great London oracle, the "Times," that they are found. The only alteration made in them is the substitution of the word "Ireland" for Russia." The article had reference to the recent assassination of Von Plehve. Now, we know from more recent developments, that whatever the feelings of Nihilists and Anarchists in Russia, the Czar is beloved by the great mass of the people with an intensity that has no parallel in the case of any other monarch; certainly no English monarch of ancient or modern times. It is nothing new for the "Times" to preach murder in this cold-blooded, cynical way. It gave similar help and encouragement to political assassins when Mazzini was spreading the doctrine of the dagger in Italy and the Carbonari were organizing to carry it into effect.

It will be strange if some day even-handed justice do not commend the poisoned chalice to its own lips. If there be misgovernment in Russia it is by Russians; in Ireland it is a perpetual alien carpet-bag system that has wrought the people's and the country's ruin.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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RUSSIAN "IDOLATRY."

They are "idolaters" too, those Russians, for they worship ikons, which is as bad as the popish worship of images, if not worse. That's what many of our newspaper readers believe, for their newspapers tell them that and no more. Of course it is as far from the truth as the talk about the Russian Czar being a tyrant and his government a cruel despotism. What is an ikon? It is an image or figure of Christ or some holy person who devoted his or her life to God's service. The Russians do not worship the ikon. They reverence it as the representation or reminder to them of the Saviour whom they do worship, or some of His devoted followers. And how universal and profound is their religious spirit, and what an incentive thereto is the sacred emblem everywhere before their eyes is attested by all who have been among them and observed and written about their lives and customs, one of the latest witnesses being Senator Beveridge, who thus describes the ikon "worship":

"The ikon is a little picture or image of the Saviour, the Virgin or of some Russian saint. In the telegraph office on the Amur hangs the ikon; in the private office of the Minister of Finance at St. Petersburg hangs the ikon; in the saloon and in almost every room in the passenger boat on the Volga hangs the ikon; in offices, the ikon; in palatial homes of lordly wealth, the ikon; in vodka shops the ikon. Always and everywhere in Russia is this holy presentment. It is the outward and visible emblem of a religious feeling instinctive, profound, racial. These sacred images in one form or another are frequent in the streets of the great cities. A poor moujik, as he passes it, takes off his cap; his body bows reverently, his lips move apparently in the recitation of the brief formula of a prayer; meanwhile he makes with his hands the Russian sign of a cross."

That is the idolatry of the Russian, from the Emperor on his throne, to the peasant in his homestead, from which, securely protected by Russian law, no landlord can evict him. How does the life, as to religion, of the masses in the United States or England, stand by contrast?—Exchange.

A DELICATE HINT.

Richard Le Gallienne, the English author, spends much of his time in New York. He affects a decidedly poetical fashion in hair, an arrangement accomplished by a sparing use of the shears. Near his lodgings is a German barber shop where he frequently drops in to have his shoes polished, but never for tonsorial attention, greatly to the disgust of the chief artist and proprietor, who is possessed of the true barber hair-destroying instinct. The other day as the poet departed after one of his usual visits, a customer heard the barber approach the boy and say:

"See here, Fritz; der next time dot shentlemans comes in to get his shine I wants you to say some-dings to him about dot shameless hair he got. Doan get fresh, and make same offenses—shust hint delicate. Say, 'Boss, you looks like a shackasses wid dot hair—why doan you git him cut aletty?'"

IRISH REPARTEE.

Cardinal Manning had a strong sense of humor, but confined the manifestations of it to his most intimate friends. One of his stories—a specimen of ineffable Irish wit, for which he had a great appreciation—runs as follows:

An Irish laborer employed on the framework of an edifice was thus addressed by a passing stranger:

"What's that you're building, Pat?"
"Sure an' it's a church, your honor."
"Is it a Protestant church?"
"No, yer honor."
"A Catholic church, then?"
"Indeed an' it is that same, yer honor."
"I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat."
"So's the devil, yer honor."—Ave Maria.

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STARTLING COINCIDENCES.

How an Agnostic Became Deaf and Dumb and a Scoffer a Cripple.

The Record Herald of Sunday contained a singular story. As related, with every appearance of accuracy, on the first page of that journal, Julian Renfro, aged 21 years, and living at that time at 203 Wells street, this city, suddenly became deaf and dumb Tuesday evening of last week, after professing disbelief in the existence of God and challenging Him, if He existed, to demonstrate His power.

According to the Record Herald, young Renfro and three companions were playing whilst in his room at Mrs. Gillen's, and while they played the conversation turned to the subject of religion. Three of the youths expressed a belief in God, but young Renfro declared himself an agnostic. "I would believe in God if I could," he said, "but I have read a good many of Ingersoll's works and am unable to have faith."

"There are demonstrations of God all about you," one of his companions observed. "There may be, but I don't understand them," Renfro answered. "Fellows, if God would demonstrate Himself to me in some way—for instance, if He should strike me deaf and dumb or blind—I might admit His existence."

The next instant he put up his hands as if to ward off a blow and suddenly fell to the floor. Since then he has been a deaf mute and is obliged to converse in writing. Faith has come to him, however; he now declares that he is firmly convinced there is a God. To a minister who was brought on the scene at once, together with a doctor, young Renfro said, in writing, that no sooner were the words uttered than he had what appeared to be "a look from His eye, which was as a flash of lightning." The next day he left, deaf and dumb, for his home in Shreveport, Louisiana. Dr. Draper could cast no light on the occurrence.

One hears of such cases occasionally, but this appears the best authenticated of any of recent years. Something of the same order happened in southwestern Kentucky many years ago. In 1830, when Sacred Heart Church in Union county was first erected, anti-Catholic feeling was very strong. The afterward famous missionary pastor, Father Elisha J. Durbin, was often insulted while on his lonely rides over a territory that then covered thousands of miles. Sacred Heart Church itself was the first structure of the kind erected west of Louisville and east of the Mississippi river—a little oasis of descendants of the Maryland English Catholics being located in that section.

Among others who often spoke disrespectfully of the up-going church was a young man named Hossman, Joseph, we believe, his name was. After the cross was placed on the spire (about 1833) the Baptists round about were angrier than ever. Late one afternoon Hossman and several companions were passing the church when they happened to notice the large cross of wood poised aloft. Hossman, who was more daring than the rest, proposed knocking its arms off with rocks, of which there were a good many scattered about. They thought he was too cowardly to do this, and told him so. "Who's afraid of a — Romish cross?" he cried, and straightway stooped and hurled a stone up at it with all his might. Another and another followed, until at last the cross was struck.

That instant Hossman felt a terrible pain in his right shoulder and neck, and from that hour until the day he died his body retained exactly the posture of a man throwing upward, his right arm slightly extended, his head almost on his right shoulder, his face turned up, his body curved slightly backward. Soon after this experience Hossman became a Catholic, and was a very pious one, attending Sacred Heart Church regularly. When the editor of the New World was a boy he attended the same church, and often saw Hossman and heard old men relate how he became a cripple and a Catholic. Hossman himself was then an old man and had the nickname of "Old Hoochem"—"hooched," meaning humped or crooked, in

the usage of those descendants of the Maryland English, although the word is in none of our dictionaries. He lived to be at least seventy, and his descendants are all Catholics, or were fifteen years ago.

No doubt modern men of science would undertake to explain away both young Renfro's sudden visitation and that of Hossman, but they can never convince the multitude of Christians that such occurrences are merely striking coincidences. Renfro would not credit the theory that his sudden affliction was due to a severe nervous attack. Hossman never believed that his case was merely an accident, like the breaking of an arm or a leg. A young Irishman of our acquaintance some years ago had a paralyzed arm suddenly restored while at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. "It was merely an accident that it got well then and there," said a freethinking physician to him after examination. "Its time to get well had come, and it got well." "Maybe so," replied the other, dubiously, "but don't you think it was a miracle it didn't get well before, or wait till later on?" The remark is one susceptible of wide application.—From the New World, Chicago.

A FEW BETTERMENTS.

One of our contributors, after being greatly annoyed last Saturday evening by the sudden stoppage of the electric light in his south end circuit, a stoppage that lasted more than half an hour, got off the following odious comparisons:

Better is a tallow candle six inches from your book than a 16-candle electric bulb ten feet off.

Better is a two-mile an hour donkey on a Red River cart than a 30-mile an-hour automobile stranded 15 miles from the nearest house at 10 p. m.

Better is shanks' mare on a muddy road than a punctured bicycle thereon.

Better is an old-fashioned box stove than a brand new indirect system furnace out of order.

Better is a two-cent pencil than a gold fountain pen that leaks.

Better is the slow hand of a living compositor than the fast work of a type-setting machine that drops below the line.

Better is a cold dry winter than a warm bright summer monopolized by mosquitoes.

Better to die a quiet unscientific death than to be killed by a successful surgical operation.

Better is dollar wheat and twenty bushels an acre than 60-cent wheat and thirty bushels an acre.

Better is an honest man that can neither read nor write than a dishonest genius chuck full of learning.

Better to do than to talk right. Better is a coal oil lamp than half a dozen incandescents that all go out suddenly while you are pouring ink into your inkstand on a table draped with costly silk.

TIT FOR TAT.

A.—Pardon me, sir, but where do you come from?

B.—From County Cork.

A.—Then that accounts for your brogue.

B.—May I ask where you come from?

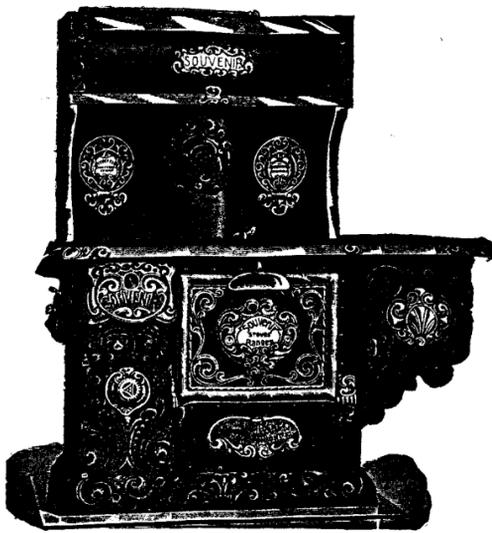
A.—(proudly): From Worcester, sir.

B.—Then that accounts for your sauce, was the reply.

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For C. P. R. or C. N. R. lands apply at the land offices of said railway companies.

For lands owned by private individuals apply to the various real estate agents in the city.

For situations as farm laborers apply to: **J. J. GOLDEN, PROVINCIAL INFORMATION BUREAU, 617 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG**

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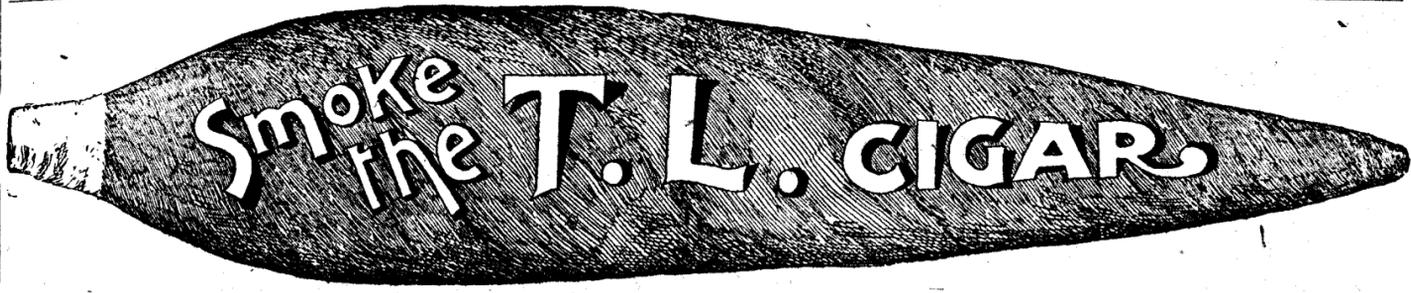
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SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

- SEPTEMBER.
- 25—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Anticipated solemnity of Michaelmas.
 - 26—Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
 - 27—Tuesday—Saints Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
 - 28—Wednesday—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
 - 29—Thursday—St. Michael the Archangel, Michaelmas.
 - 30—Friday—St. Jerome, Confessor, Doctor.
- OCTOBER.
- 1—Saturday—St. Remigius, Bishop.

THE TRADITIONAL BELIEF IN THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

In this jubilee year of the proclamation of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception it is well to consider the traditional growth of this belief. It is one of the best examples of a truth held from the very beginning, then discussed and disputed by many theologians, and finally explicitly declared as belonging to the deposit of faith.

Let us first refresh our memories as to what it means. Most Protestants, however honest in their inquiries, do not really understand what the term, Immaculate Conception, means. Nay, many Catholics, well informed in other matters and holding implicitly all Catholic doctrines, misunderstand this one. Immaculate Conception, then, as applied to the Blessed Virgin, does not mean that there was anything miraculous in the manner of her conception, as there undoubtedly was in her Son's case. It does not mean that she was conceived and born of a virgin. Nor does it imply that her parents were sinless. What it means is simply this—that her soul, when joined to her body as it developed in her mother's womb, was free from original sin and clothed with sanctifying grace. All other children of Adam, conceived and born in the natural way, receive, from the Creator Himself, a soul that is deprived of sanctifying grace and therefore is in the state of original sin. This unfortunate condition, which prevents them from being children of God, can be removed only by baptism or the implicit desire thereof. But in Mary's case the soul, redeemed beforehand by the foreseen merits of her Son, was, in the first moment of her human existence, freed from the least touch or stain of Adam's primal sin. There was, therefore, to quote the words of Father Aloysius Brosnan, S.J., in the July "Messenger," "no instant in which her soul was shorn of sanctifying grace or the splendid energies of the higher life. She lost not any one of them by reason of Adam's sin; there was no instant in which her beautiful soul was at enmity with God, and so captive to the powers of darkness, or at all the object of his hate or displeasure; there was no instant in her existence when her soul was not caught up in God's dearest love, pure, unsullied, immaculate, the child of His adoption, and crowned with every grace or adornment that befitted her superb dignity, Mother of the Christ to be."

Now this belief, not indeed expressed with that theological precision which later discussions

evolved, but really and substantially the same, was held from apostolic times and belongs to Catholic tradition. The early Fathers and the earliest liturgical monuments set forth the unrivalled purity of Mary and her freedom from all stain in words that necessarily imply absolute freedom from original sin at every instant of her being. In the acts of St. Andrew the Apostle, largely received as genuine by modern scholarship, we read: "Forasmuch as the first man was created out of earth before it was cursed, so was it necessary that the perfect man, the Son of God, should be born of a virgin never accursed." The liturgies of St. James and St. Mark, of undoubted antiquity, make mention of the Immaculate Conception; Irenaeus and Tertullian are quoted from the second century; Hippolytus and Origen from the third. This last named, placing the Virgin Mother in contrast with Eve, declares that "she was not deceived by the serpent's blandishments, nor infected by his poisonous breath." Ephrem and Ambrose, Jerome and Chrysostom declare her absolute sinlessness; Augustine, in the fifth, will not have sin mentioned with her. And so down the glorious line, till Cyril of Alexandria, in the council of Ephesus (431) holds the sacred truth beyond question. "Whoever heard," he exclaims, "that an architect, building for himself a home, should first yield it up to possession and occupation by his enemy?"

This general consensus of opinion continued down to the twelfth century, when a letter attributed to St. Bernard, that most devout client of Mary, gave rise to a controversy that raged among Catholic theologians for five or six centuries. That letter was directed not so much against the Immaculate Conception as against the introduction of its feast without authority from Rome; but the reasons alleged against the feast seem at times to touch the doctrine itself. In the following century, the thirteenth, St. Thomas Aquinas seems to favor rather the negative opinion that was prevalent in his day. His followers, especially the members of his own order, the Dominicans, took up what they supposed to be the teachings of their great master and taught that the Blessed Mother was not immaculate in her conception. The Franciscans, on the other hand, quite generally defended the Immaculate Conception, and it is due to the great Franciscan, Duns Scotus (1305) that from his time the true and traditional doctrine prevailed more and more. Two hundred and fifty years later the members of the Society of Jesus, to a man, took up the defence of the Immaculate Conception so effectively that a hundred years before the definition in 1854 hardly a dissentient voice was heard.

The whole controversy was peculiar in this respect that the disputants on both sides were tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin and that both sides admitted the very principles that were to prevail in the solution of this question, namely, the fitness of this great prerogative for the Mother of God, and the consequent necessity of granting it to her if the Scriptures and the Fathers sanctioned this concession. But there was a certain timidity in applying these principles to this particular case—Mary's exemption from original sin—a timidity worthy of all respect, so long as the Church had not spoken her mind. The arguments for and against the Immaculate Conception can be found fully stated in Father Aloysius Brosnan's three articles in the "Messenger" for July, August and September, from which we have borrowed freely, and which we commend to the attentive perusal of those of our readers who wish to study this interesting question thoroughly.

The point we insist upon especially here is the constant preference of the Catholic laity, even when theologians were most divided, for the doctrine that ultimately prevailed. A striking proof of this preference is related in the life of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the holy lay brother of the Society of Jesus. It happened at Palma, the capital of Majorca, an island off the east coast of Spain, in the early part of the seventeenth century, more than

two hundred years before the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The last embers of another long and heated controversy among Catholic theologians were still smouldering. Paul V. had, it is true, somewhat cooled the ardor of the disputants. However, in the Franciscan friary and the Jesuit college there had been public discussions on the burning question, how to harmonize the claims of human liberty with Divine foreknowledge and the economy of grace. The members of another religious order wished publicly to maintain their own views, as they had a right to do. Unfortunately, among the theses posted up on the walls, one had slipped in that was unfavorable to the Immaculate Conception of Mary. Great was the astonishment of the Majorcans on reading this hateful proposition, they who venerated the Blessed Virgin under that very title of the Immaculate Conception as the patroness of their capital city. Intense excitement throughout Palma. The civic authorities decide that the only way to allay the irritation of the people is to celebrate a great festival in honor of Mary Immaculate. The city council appeal to the viceroy, Don Charles Coloma, who sends for the prior and the master of theology of that unwise convent and orders them to suppress the objectionable thesis. The viceroy threatens that he will revive an ancient decree, inflicting the penalty of banishment on whosoever dared to attack the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. The two religions chose to resist the royal injunction. Next morning the placards were defaced and crossed out, and as the popular indignation waxed stronger the Fathers were officially informed that they must either withdraw their thesis or leave the city. They adopted the former alternative. Then followed a whole week of public rejoicing, processions, solemn religious functions, musical entertainments, all in honor of Mary Immaculate.

THE VIRGIN CHOIR.

"They follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Apoc. xiv., 4.

When this wondrous world shall gleam,
In the first unfading beam,
Bright herald of Eternity;
And the glance of God's own face,
Lighting every darksome place,
Shall brood upon the sleeping sea,
Mixing low earth with highest heaven;
Oh, be my soul in mercy driven,
Nearer yet and yet more near,
Lost in Love, that conquers Fear,
Whither sit the chosen Choir,
Harping on their chords of fire,
In an everlasting psalm,
All the praises of the Lamb.
W.A.R.

MR. NOBODY.

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar:
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that brings in mud
And all the carpets soil.

The papers always are mislaid:
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.



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WEEK-DAYS—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.
N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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Obituary

MR. FORTUNAT LETOURNEAU.

On the 14th inst., at St. Eustache, Man., after a protracted illness, died Mr. Fortunat Letourneau, in his thirtieth year. While his parents were residing at St. Boniface, he spent eight years in the college, being always near, though not quite at, the head of his class. As a mere boy he was a leader among his fellows, having been prefect of the Sodality of the Holy Angels and captain of the Junior Cadets at thirteen. He graduated at eighteen in 1893 with first class honors in Philosophy. In 1896 he took his M.A. degree. Some years later he was president of the first French Normal School under the 1896 act. He was for some time school teacher at St. Eustache, but of late he was doing business as a general merchant. He represented his parish in the municipality of Assiniboia. He leaves a widow and an infant to mourn his loss.

The funeral took place on the 16th inst. at St. Eustache. Rev. Father Campeau was celebrant of the Requiem Mass, with Rev. Father Camirand as deacon and Rev. Father Perisset as subdeacon. The pallbearers were Messrs. B. Prefontaine, L. Picard, M. Loney, M. St. Germain, H. Lamontagne, J. Normandin. The music was grave and impressive. Among the large gathering in the church, representing practically the whole parish, were noticed Mr. Joseph Prefontaine, M.P.P., Mr. Joseph Bernier, classmate of the deceased, Mr. A. Benard, Mr. William Burke.

MR. E. J. O'REILLY.

On Monday, the 19th inst., occurred the death of Mr. Edward J. O'Reilly, the well-known member of the Grain Exchange in this city. He was 56 years old and a native of Wolfe Island, Ont., in which place his early days were spent. As a young man he served on the county council of Frontenac. Deciding, in the early eighties, to come west, he first of all engaged in the cattle trade, but soon drifted into the grain business. He was first connected with the James Richardson Co. of Kingston, Ont., with headquarters at Neepawa, from which place he removed to Portage la Prairie. Eight or nine years ago, the business under his successful management having so increased in volume, he took an office in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, with which institution he has been definitely connected ever since. While serving as a member of the Grain Exchange council, he was ever the foremost for the good of the institution and the welfare of trade in general. His never failing geniality so endeared him to his business associates that it will be a long time before anyone will occupy his place in the affections of the members of the exchange.

Mr. O'Reilly's illness lasted only five or six days, during which Rev. Father McCarthy, who visited the patient frequently, administered the last rites of the Church. Complications set in and death resulted at six o'clock on Monday morning. Mr. J. O'Reilly, of Portage la Prairie, Patrick O'Reilly and Thomas O'Reilly, both of Wolfe Island, are brothers of deceased; his sisters are Mrs. Joseph Carey, Mrs. John O'Day, this city, and Mrs. John Boyle, of Ganonoque, Ont. A large number of friends throughout the country will mourn his death, deceased being very widely known throughout the province. The funeral left the family residence, 490 Smith street, Monday evening at seven o'clock, for the C.P.R. depot, whence the remains were sent east for interment at Wolfe Island, Ont. A short service was held at the house just prior to the departure of the cortege, Rev. Father Cahill, parish priest of St. Mary's, officiating. The remains were accompanied east by Mrs. O'Reilly, and her two sons and Mr. J. O'Reilly, the well-known Portage la Prairie merchant. Interment will be made at his former home on Thursday morning. Owing to the short time which elapsed between the death of Mr. O'Reilly and the departure of the train which carried the remains, the sad news was not generally known, nevertheless a large number of friends assembled at the home to pay their

final tribute of respect, and many beautiful floral remembrances were placed on the coffin, among them being wreaths from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forester, members of the Grain Exchange, Mr. and Mrs. Stack, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mellon, and firemen of the south fire hall, and a cross from the office staff.

The pallbearers were Messrs. A. Wickson, manager of the Merchants bank; N. Bawlf, C. Tilt, Massie, Bruce McBean, and Franklin, of the grain exchange.

R.I.P.

Clerical News.

Rev. John Beigert, S.J., arrived at St. Boniface College on Friday of last week from Galicia. As he is a native of the diocese of Przemysl, his mother tongue is Polish. By special appointment from the General of the Society of Jesus in Rome, at the request of Archbishop Langevin, he comes to labor as a missionary among the Galicians of this country. He will await His Grace's arrival to learn his destination. Father Beigert is no stranger to America, for from 1898 to 1900 he ministered to the Poles and Germans in St. Joseph's Church, Biddle and Eleventh streets, St. Louis. He comes, however, direct from Czernowitz, in Galicia, where he has spent the last four years.

Rev. Alexander Munro, a convert, who began his classical studies when over twenty-one, in St. Boniface College, some ten years ago, and studied theology in the College of L'Assomption, Que., having been ordained there a year ago, returned here for good at the end of last week. Father Munro, whose mother, brother and sister live in this city, is a valuable acquisition to the diocese. The pluck and energy which he displayed during the ten years of his preparation for the priesthood augur well for his future usefulness.

Rev. Father Lecompte, Superior General of the Jesuits in Canada, returned east on Wednesday evening and stops over at Fort William three days. One result of his visitation here is the determination to greatly enlarge St. Boniface College next year.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface is expected home on Sunday, Oct. 2. The St. Boniface College Cadets, accompanied by a number of other Catholics, will go to meet him at the C.P.R. station and escort him to the palace.

VACATION TIME.

"O, I'm so glad that school is out," exclaimed Nellie Burke to her favorite companion, Annie Shea.

"Why, what are you going to do in vacation?" asked Annie.

"Nothing," was the reply; "nothing at all. I'm just going to take a good time."

"And won't you have any fun?" queried Annie.

"Oh, yes, plenty of it. I'm going into the country to my Aunt Kate's for two weeks; then I'm going to the seashore with Cousin Margaret for ten days; next, Jennie Casey is to visit me for a week, and, after that I may go to the World's Fair in St. Louis for a week or two, with Louise Kelly and her mother. That's as far ahead as I've planned so far. What are you going to do?"

"Well, mamma is not well, and although she was thinking of sending me to the mountains for a month, I begged her not to do it."

"Why not?"

"Instead, I'm going to a dressmaker's and take paid lessons in sewing."

"The idea!"

"Yes, and it's my idea. Mamma is sick, and the sewing for the family is too much for her now. So I've resolved to learn how to make my own clothes and the clothes of my two little sisters. That will relieve her a great deal."

"It will be a queer vacation for you."

"Oh, I don't mind that so long as it enables me to help mamma."

Just as they had said, Nellie spent her vacation in visiting around, in going to picnics and excursions, in attending dances, and

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in other forms of diversion, while Annie Shea went day after day to a dressmaking school and very soon was able to use patterns, to cut out garments, and to make plain gowns.

Nellie was in such a whirl of excitement, made so many new acquaintances, and was so often away from home, that she speedily got out of the convent academy custom of fortnightly communion. In fact, she did not go to confession once that summer, although, sad to relate, she had more to tell than if vacation had never come to take her away from the peace and regularity of school.

Annie had the pleasure of seeing her mother improve in health and of feeling an increase of affection towards her on the part of both her parents on account of her unselfish and loving desire to be of use. Besides, she had a number of days' outing, trips to the park, car rides with her sisters, and other little treats that her mother provided for her. It was, however, mostly a quiet home vacation, spent in acquiring a useful accomplishment that would be of benefit to herself all her life.

Moreover, she kept herself innocent, and was as unspotted in soul when vacation ended as when it began.

Which of these young girls do you think, in the sight of the angels, had the "better time" that summer?—The Leader (San Francisco).

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THE MISSIONARY'S STORY.

It was a beautiful afternoon in autumn when I set out to visit a tiny cottage home on the outskirts of a large inland town. I had been giving a mission in the district, and, although the pretty church had been crowded daily and nightly by earnest men, devoted women and eager, happy children, yet there were many who held aloof, many who for years had not bowed their heads in humble contrition at the feet of the humble minister of God, or approached the "Sacred Banquet where Christ ministers." Therefore, I resolved to make a visitation of the parish with the object of searching out the stray sheep, and seeing that each member of different families attended the mission as often as possible. If some of these visits brought me pain—pain at witnessing the sad neglect of the Holy Sacraments, the carelessness of parents in regard to the religious education of their children, the total absence of Catholic objects of faith and piety—others brought me intense pleasure. What a joy to see in many a humble cottage pictures of Our Lady smiling down upon her children, or St. Joseph toiling in his workshop at Nazareth, cheered by the celestial presence of the Divine Child and His tender Maiden Mother! But in the cottage which I last visited that particular afternoon I saw something more. The little room into which I was ushered was scantily furnished, but very neat and clean. Everything spoke of poverty, therefore I was both pleased and astonished at seeing a small ruby-colored lamp burning before a little statue of Our Lady, which stood on the mantle-piece. Two little children came shyly to the door, but would not venture in until their mother entered. She was a woman still young, but hard work, sorrow and care had left their impress on her features. Her hands were hardened with toil, and more than ever I wondered at the lamp burning so steadily and brightly in this home of poverty, where it seemed that undiminished labor was necessary in order to keep hunger at bay.

"Tell me," I said, after making a few inquiries relative to her attendance at the mission, "have you any particular reason for burning that little lamp to-day?"

"I always burn it," was the reply. "I lit it on my marriage day and placed it before that little statue given me by my mistress, and it hardly ever is allowed to be out."

"But the oil! how do you manage to procure that?"

"It is hard, but I manage it; sometimes I hardly know how. My days are days of toil, and I have little time for prayer, but the lamp speaks for me to Our Lady, and whenever I look at it I say, 'Show thyself to be a Mother to me and my children, and do not allow us to want.'"

"But your husband! Where is he?" I asked.

Tears filled her eyes. "Alas! I do not know. That is my great sorrow. He was always delicate, but two years ago his health completely failed. A sea voyage to a warmer climate was recommended, but how were we, in our poverty, to carry out this proposal? At that time we lived in Sydney, and my poor husband, fearing that he would be a burden on me, got some light work on board a large steamer trading to China and the East, in the hope of recruiting his shattered health. Since the hour we parted I have heard nothing of him, but I cannot persuade myself that he is dead. After he left, I, too, fell ill, and only for a few charitable ladies who came to my aid, I would have been in sore straits. They kindly paid my railway fare to this country town, thinking that the change would benefit me. They also put me in the way of earning a humble living. May God bless them, for I have recovered my health and am able to work for my children. And now my lamp burns night and day, pleading to Our Lady for my husband's return. I have made every effort to trace him, but without success. I wrote, telling him of my change of residence but fear that the letter never reached its destination, and so he has lost all trace of us. But something tells

me that he will return, and the little lamp will bring him, for never yet has Our Lady failed me in my hour of need."

I was filled with compassion for the poor woman, who, in the midst of so many trials preserved such unbounded faith in God and Our Lady, and I assured her that her prayers would not be in vain, promising her at the same time to make every inquiry in regard to her husband on my return to Sydney.

A few weeks later my missionary labors were transferred to a city church in the centre of a shipping population. One morning, after I had celebrated Mass, I saw the Sacristan talking to a poor, careworn man, and a few minutes later he lit a little lamp and placed it before the statue of Our Lady.

"That poor man," he remarked, "has just given me this little offering for a lamp to be burned to-day for his special intention. I hardly liked to take it, but he insisted, saying it is his last hope."

"Poor fellow!" I said, "he must be in great trouble; let us both kneel down and say a Hail Mary for his intention."

That same evening I preached on devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and related, as an instance of perpetual self-sacrificing love towards the Mother of God, the story of the poor woman, who, out of her poverty, managed to save sufficient to keep a little lamp always burning before the statue of her who, she said, had never failed her in the hour of need. As I spoke I suddenly caught sight of the man who in the morning had placed the lamp on Our Lady's altar, and it seemed to me that the careworn, anxious look had vanished, and was succeeded by one of hope and joy. No sooner were the devotions ended than he sought me in the Sacristy, and begged me to tell him how I had learned the facts which I had just related. I rightly conjectured that he was the husband of the poor woman whose faith had so deeply impressed me, and I soon learnt his sad story. On the voyage he had undertaken he had fallen seriously ill, and at one of the ports of call he had been landed and placed in a hospital. The letters relative to her change of abode sent by his wife to his original destination, never reached him, and after many months' sickness he returned to Sydney, only to find her gone he knew not where. Being penniless, he undertook another voyage, and only returned a few days previously. His search had again been unsuccessful, but, remembering his wife's unbounded confidence in Our Lady and the little lamp always kept burning in her honor, he determined to follow her example. It was his last resource, for the next day he intended to set out on another voyage.

"So it was her little lamp that brought you back," said I, as I saw him off at the railway station the next day, a happy smile lighting his careworn face. "I wish I could be present at your joyful reunion, but tell your good wife that I will be with you in spirit, and will not forget a prayer of thanksgiving. Next time I visit your district I will make a point of seeing you. Good bye! God bless you all!"

And that night I finished the little anecdote I had begun the evening before, and told how the little lamp had guided the husband and wife to each other, and how Mary in return for this act of devotion toward her had shown herself a Mother to those who had such confidence in her maternal love and power.—Exchange.

SWEET, SIMPLE SOUNDS.

Melody, as represented in our true singers, may be divided into three kinds, just as the singers themselves may be divided into three classes—the simple, the ornate, and the grotesque. The first is the sweetest and best; we find it in the great lyrists, from Sappho to Burns. Wherever Shelley sings perfectly, as in the "Ode to the Skylark," his music loses all its insincerities and affectations. Ornate and grotesque music have common faults—the first sacrifices the emotion and meaning by thinning and straining them too carefully; the second loses in portent what it gains in mannerism; and both,

therefore, betray that dangerous intellectual self-consciousness which is a barrier to the production of true poetry. A thing cannot be uttered too briefly and simply if it is to reach the soul. Music that conceals instead of expressing thought, music that is nothing but sweet sounds and luscious alliterations, is not poetry. We have the sweet sounds everywhere, in fact—in the wash of the sea, the rustle of leaves, in the song of birds, in

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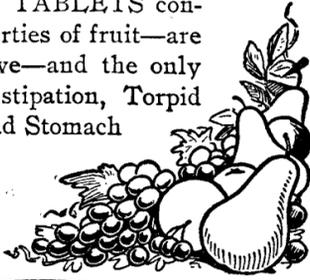
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the murmur of happy living things. The world is full of them, its heart aches with them; they are mystical and they are homeless. It is the office of poetry not barely to imitate them but to link them with the soul, and by so doing to use them as symbols of definite form and meaning. They issue from the soul's voice with a new wonder in their tones, and are then ready to be used as man's perfect language and speech to God.—Selected.

TIME TABLES

Canadian Pacific

Lv.	EAST	Ar.
Imp. Lim.	Selkirk, Rat Portage, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax, daily	Imp. Lim.
6 45	Molson, Buchan, Milner, Lac du Bonnet, Wed.	21 10
7 00	Selkirk, Molson, Rat Portage and intermediate points	19 30
8 00	Keewatin, Rat Portage, during July and August, only	18 30
13 30	Sat. only, Mon. only Keewatin, Rat Portage, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax, and all points east, daily	12 00
Tr'ns Pass.	Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Yorkton, and intermediate points, daily except Sun.	Tr'ns Pass.
7 45	Morris, Winkler, Morden, Manitou, Pilot Mound, Crystal City, Killarney, Boissevain, Deloraine, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	18 40
8 50	Portage la Prairie, MacGregor, Carberry, Brandon, Oak Lake, Virden, Elkhorn, Moosomin, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke, and all points on Pacific Coast; Lethbridge, McLeod, Fernie, and all points in East and West	17 00
Tr'ns Pass.	Headingley, Carman, Holland, Cypress River, Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sun.	Tr'ns Pass.
9 20	Portage la Prairie, Carberry, Brandon, and intermediate points, daily ex Sun	19 00
9 40	Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Broadview, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke, and all points in East and West	15 20
16 40	Kootenay, daily	12 20
22 00	Stony Mountain, Stonewall, Balmoral, Teulon, Middlechurch, Parkdale, Victoria Park, Lower Fort Garry, West Selkirk, Clandeboye, Netley, and Winnipeg Beach, Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri. Winnipeg Beach, Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	5 55
	NORTH	
	Morris, Greta, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Fargo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Chicago, and all points south, daily	
14 00	St. Norbert, Carey, Arnaud, Dominion City, Emerson, daily except Sunday	13 40
15 45		10 45
	SOUTH	
	"Winnipeg to Fort Frances" St. Anne, Giroux, Warrad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Pinewood, Emo, Fort Frances, daily except Sun.	
10 20		16 25
	"Fort Frances to Port Arthur" Mine Centre, Atikokan, Stanley Jct., Fort William, Port Arthur, Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	
8 05		21 05
	SOUTH	
	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min., via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Crookston, Fergus Falls, Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Elk River, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. and Nor. Pac. Rys. Morris, St. Jean, Lethelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, The Superiors, daily	
17 20		10 10
13 45		13 30
	WEST	
	Headingley, Eli, Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Dauphin, and all intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.	
10 45		16 15
	Headingley, Eli, Portage la Prairie, Neepawa, Dauphin, and all intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	
10 45		16 15
	Gibert Plains, Grand View, Kamsack, and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.	
10 45		16 15
	Sifton, Minitonas, Swan River, and all intermediate points, Wed., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.	
10 45		16 15
	Bowman, Birch River, Erwood and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	
10 45		16 15
	Fork River, Winnipegosis, Oak Bluff, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	
7 00		17 50
	St. Norbert, Morris, Roland, Wawanesa, Brandon, Hartney, and intermediate points, daily except Sun.	
11 05		16 30

Canadian Northern

Lv.	EAST	Ar.
	"Winnipeg to Fort Frances" St. Anne, Giroux, Warrad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Pinewood, Emo, Fort Frances, daily except Sun.	
10 20		16 25
	"Fort Frances to Port Arthur" Mine Centre, Atikokan, Stanley Jct., Fort William, Port Arthur, Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat.	
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	Fork River, Winnipegosis, Oak Bluff, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Fri.	
7 00		17 50
	St. Norbert, Morris, Roland, Wawanesa, Brandon, Hartney, and intermediate points, daily except Sun.	
11 05		16 30

DION AND THE SIBYLS.

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Benigna was left behind, and with winning smiles and a flutter of attentions, the young girl now placed the chairs, and began to cackle, as Crispus would have expressed himself, and to entertain the wanderers to take that refreshment of which they stood so much in need. They all had the delicate tact to feel that compliance with the kindness which they had so providentially found was the only way to return it which they at present possessed.

It is historical to add that appetite gave the same advice. Their hunger was as keen as their tact. During supper the mother and son spoke little; but Agatha, both during the repast and for some time afterwards, kept up a brisk conversation with Benigna, for whom the child had taken an inexpressible liking, and from whom she drew, with unconscious adroitness, the fact that she was engaged to be married. That sudden affection of sympathy which knit the soul of David to that of Jonathan seemed to have bound these two together. The landlady's considerate daughter at length advised Agatha to defer further communication until she should have a good night's rest. Paulus seconded the recommendation, and left his mother and sister with their Greek slave Melina and with Benigna, and retired to his own bedroom. The chamber overlooked the "impluvium," or inner court, whence the incessant splash of the fountain was heard soothingly through his lattice-window, the horn slide of which he left open. The bedroom of the ladies, on the other hand, overlooked the garden and bee-hives, to which Crispina had alluded. The sitting apartments, opening into each other, in one of which they had supped, stood between; all these rooms being situated in the projecting west wing, which they entirely filled. Thus closed the day which had carried to their destination the travellers from Thrace.

CHAPTER IX.

Next morning when they met at the jentaculum, or breakfast, there was a marvellous improvement in Agatha's looks. She had been the earliest out of bed; had seen from her window, under a brilliant sunshine, the beautiful landscape unroll itself in the various forms which the landlady had truly though inadequately described, and she then had run down into the garden.

In due time—that is, very soon afterward—she had been chased by the bees, had fled, screaming and laughing, with the hood of her richly drawn completely over the head by way of helmet against the terrible darts of her indignant pursuers, and had been received in the arms of Benigna, who had heard the cry of distress and had flown to the rescue, brandishing a long, reedy brush, like the mosquito brushes of modern times. Rallying in a bower of trellis work covered with ivy, whence a wooden staircase led up to the first floor of the house, by way of a landing or platform, over which rose another bower clad in the same ivy-mantle—facing round, I say, upon her enemy, at the foot of this staircase she had soon ventured once more into the garden, with Benigna, and the two girls, jabbering and cackling much, had gathered a large nosegay of autumnal flowers. With this booty, which Benigna had made so big that Agatha could hardly hold it in her small and elegant hands, the latter damsel had returned to the bower, had seated herself upon a bench, and had begun to sort the flowers in the relative positions which best showed their tints. Here she relied upon gradation, here upon contrast. Her delicate Greek tast in the performance of this task drew exclamations of delight from Benigna. "There!" the innkeeper's daugh-

ter would cry; "how pretty! That is the way! That so, and then that, and that! They look quite different now! Exactly! I never imagined it!"

When Agatha had finished the arrangement to her own satisfaction, an exploit which was nimbly achieved, "Now Benigna," said she, with her pretty foreign accent, "sit down here, just do, and tell me all about everything."

Benigna stared, and Agatha proceeded.

"So you are engaged to become the wife of a very good and handsome youth, who in himself is everything that can be admired, except courageous, I understand you to say. Now, that is not his fault I suppose. How can he help feeling afraid, if he does feel afraid?"

At this moment the voice of Crispina was heard calling her daughter to help in preparing the breakfast, and Benigna, whom Agatha's last words had thrown into some confusion, as the same topic had done the previous evening, made an excuse and ran away with the light of roses vivid in her cheeks.

Agatha remained and looked out upon the garden, and beyond it upon the sweet country, with its varied beauty. She remained listening peacefully and dreamingly to the hum of bees, the twittering of birds, the voices and footsteps in the inn, and inhaling the perfume of the nosegay which she had arranged, and the cool freshness of that pleasant morning hour, when the sun behind her and behind the house was throwing the shadows of buildings, sheds, trees, and cattle in long lines toward the Tyrrhenian sea. While thus calmly resting, admiring and musing, a lady in a dark robe of poil, (gausapa), with a very pallid face and large black eyes, stood suddenly in the doorway of the bower, and blocked out the lovely prospect. The stranger smiled, and holding out a bunch of flowers, said,

"My pretty young lady, I see that the offering I have been culling for you has lost its value. You are rich already. May I sit down in this pleasant shady place a moment to rest?"

"Yes, you may, certainly," said Agatha.

"I suppose," resumed the stranger, "that you belong to this house, my little friend? I am a stranger, and merely lodging—"

"We are lodging, too, and strangers," answered Agatha.

"From your accent," continued the other, "I judge you to be Greek."

"Mother is," replied Agatha; "but brother calls himself a Roman knight, and even noble."

"I knew it," cried the lady; "you have it written in your countenance. I, too, am a noble lady; my name is Plancina. Have you ever seen Rome?"

"Never."

"Ah! how you will be enchanted. You must come to see me. I have a house in Rome; such a pretty house, full of such curious things! Ah! when you see Rome, you will hold your breath with wonder and delight. I will make you so happy when you come to see me in my pretty house."

"You are very kind, good lady, I should think," quoth Agatha, looking up from her flowers, and gazing long at the pallid face and the large black eyes; "and if we go to Rome, I and my mother will visit you, perhaps."

"My house is among the willows and beeches of the Viminal Hill," said the lady. "Remember two things—Viminal Hill, with its beeches and its willows, and the Calpurnian House, where the Piso family have lived for generations. My husband, Piso, had very great losses at dice. I am rich enough to spend a fortune every year for half a century, and we have still at our house all the pleasures that can be thought of. What pains I

will take to amuse you! You cannot conceive the splendors, dresses, games, sports, shows, and beauties of Rome; the theatres, the circus, the combats, the great wild beasts of all sorts from all countries, the dances—"

As she pronounced the word "dances," a youthful, male voice was heard at a little distance, saying, "While they change horses here we will stretch our limbs by a stroll in the garden behind the inn. Make haste, worthy innkeeper; order your servants to be brisk."

And almost at the same moment a brilliantly beautiful, dark eastern looking girl, in a Syrian costume, appeared at the entrance of the bower. Behind her came sauntering the youth whose voice had been heard. He was of about Paulus's age, had an olive complexion, was sumptuously dressed, and exhibited a strong family likeness in face to the girl. Last followed a woman in middle life, appareled in costly robes, suited to travel, haughty, languid, and scornful of mien.

Plancina and Agatha looked up and surveyed the new comers. The brilliant damsel remained at the entrance of the bower examining its occupants with a hardy, unabashed glance; whereupon Plancina, after a moment's pause, occasioned by the interruption, resumed and concluded her sentence thus,

"No, you can form no idea of the gayeties of Rome; the games, the shows, the theatres, the glories the pleasures, the jests, the dances."

"But all your good dances come from foreign lands—from the east, indeed," interrupted the damsel, nodding her head repeatedly and sneeringly; "you must admit that."

"Not all our good alone," answered Plancina sternly, noticing that the woman in middle life smiled approvingly at the girl who had obtruded the remark; "not all our good alone, but all. The office of the outside world is to try and amuse Rome."

"And what is Rome's office?" asked the damsel.

"To be amused by them, if she can," answered the Roman.

"Come away, Herodious, said the haughty, languid and scornful-looking woman; and the two strolled down the middle walk of the garden. The youth who had come with them lingered a moment or two behind, standing in the middle of the gravel walk and gazing straight into the bower, while he flitted a sort of horsewhip around the heads of one or two tall flowers which were growing outside along the border of the walk.

Plancina looked steadily at him, and he at her. The lad withdrew after a few moments, without a change of feature.

"What starers," muttered Agatha.

"They have a talent for it, indeed," said Plancina. "A hardy family, putting one thing with another. I think I know who they are. The mother, if she were the mother, called the daughter, if she were the daughter, Herodious. My husband thinks of going to Syria, and indeed Tiberius has offered him the procuratorship of Judea; but he would not condescend to go in any smaller capacity than as prefect of Syria. An acquaintance of ours, young Pontius Pilate, wants to get the procuratorship. The minor office would be a great thing for him. But my husband, Piso of the Calpurnians, cannot stoop to that. I may meet yonder family again."

"Those people are looking back," observed Agatha, who had paid very little attention to her companion's speech.

Plancina rose, and, going to the entrance of the bower, honored the strangers with a steady glance. The scornful-looking foreign woman in sumptuous apparel met it for a moment, and then turned away. Her son and daughter turned away at the same time.

To be Continued.

Hicks—"Look at Sniggs flirting with the girls over there. I thought you said he was a woman hater."

Wicks—"So he is, but the woman he hates is not there."

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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

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

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

"Hard to Choose"

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

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

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Northwest Review

St. Pie Letellier Notes.

The Presbytery was rejoicing as the Rev. Father Jutras announced to us on Sunday morning, the 18th inst., and the reason was not hard to find, for Father Jutras, brother Father Pierre Jutras, parish priest of Fenwick, in the Province of Quebec, arrived on Thursday to visit his brothers and other relatives in our neighborhood. Then, Father Canurand, who is related to Fathers Jutras, a young priest who has given himself to the diocese, and who was for some time curate to Father Campeau of St. Eustache, but is now director of Les Cloches de St. Boniface, was also visiting at the Presbytery.

The son of the late organist of the Baie du Fevre presided at the organ at High Mass, bringing forth sweet sounds. At the offertory Father Canurand sang an "Ave Marie" most acceptably. He also preached the sermon of the day on the Seven Dolours of our Blessed Lady, following our good Mother from the birth of our Saviour to His death on Mount Calvary.

Father Pierre Jutras sang High Mass, wearing for the first time the handsome gold ornaments lately arrived for the parish.

The reverend Mother General of the Mission Sisters arrived back at Letellier with Mother Vicar yesterday from St. Rose du Lac and other convents.

Mr. A. Brule, formerly of St. Joseph, has built himself a nice and comfortable residence nearly opposite our church, and has lately taken up his abode there.

Miss Deschambault is one of the candidates for Father Martin's bazaar to be held some time in October, and Miss Gauthier, at present teaching the Point school some two or three miles from Letellier, is the other. We understand the young ladies are getting on well.

We hear that Dr. Belanger, who has removed from St. Agathe to St. Jean Baptiste, will use a room in Mr. Brule's house for an office in Letellier, which he will visit at stated times.

Mr. Zacharie Lemire, who left two or three weeks ago to get his family, who were residing in Manchester, U. S., returned last Monday with them. At present they are all visiting with his brother, Mr. C. Lemire, but they intend residing in Letellier.

The threshers are ready and waiting, but owing to so much bad weather very little wheat has yet been threshed, but some work was done yesterday, principally in barley. Those who have been catering to these "outfits" for the last week or so are getting anxious for fine weather, and so are the rest of us.

The grain is a good deal rusted, which will bring down the yield considerably.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Sermon by Rev. Father Gladu, O.M.I., on Parental Duties.

Winnipeg Tribune, Sept. 19.

Rev. Father Gladu, O.M.I., chaplain of St. Mary's Academy, last evening at St. Mary's Church, preached a sermon on "The Education of Children," that was pregnant with solid thought forcefully expressed. In his introduction the speaker referred to the Scriptural reference to children, who are designated as treasures of their parents. "When God has so blessed you," said Father Gladu, "a grave duty has devolved upon you. If through your neglect of your offspring they take the downward path and lead a life of sin, you will be held responsible before God for this. Of course, if you have done your duty and nevertheless your child falls from the life of the Christian, you are not blameworthy."

Father Gladu said a child was like a piece of wax; you can mould as you will. How to model it, then? By a Christian education. This is the first of all good example. No matter how strict you may be with your child, if you do not do yourself what you demand of him, all will be in vain.

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FEELS SPLENDID NOW.

Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I was all run down, could not sleep at night and was terribly troubled with my heart. Since taking them I feel splendid. I sleep well at night and my heart does not trouble me at all. They have done me a world of good.—Jas. D. McLeod, Hartsville, P.E.I.

It will be well enough until the child has grown to your own size, and then he will spurn the father's threats of punishment and will go and do likewise. The mother holds by far the largest part in the education of her child; there is nothing so lasting in the way of good with anyone as those first instructions received at the knee of the mother. The mother should instruct her child mainly in the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity; the Incarnation of the Son of God; His Redemption and Resurrection. One defect of the modern family is the constant talk of money and success in the household, which infuses in the children a like desire rather than a goodly inclination towards the things of God as the most important.

ST. CLARE AT ASSISI.

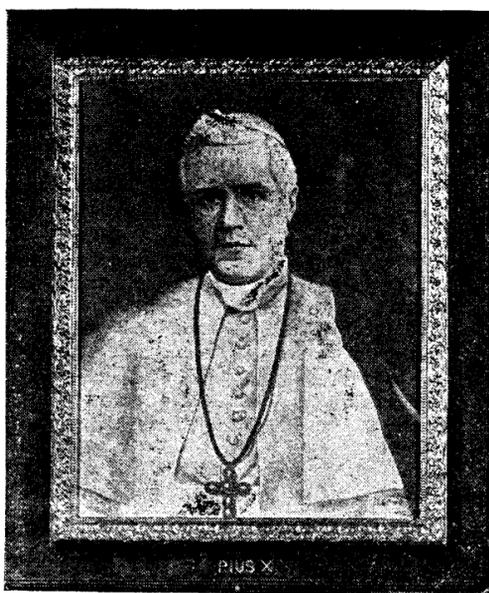
G. V. Christmas, in writing to the "Catholic World" for August some memories of St. Clare at Assisi, concludes with the following anecdote:

"One day—I tell the story as it was told to me by the French Superior of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Assisi, a sympathetic, cultured personality, combining in her nature the simplicity and innocence of a child with the intelligence of a woman who 'knows her world,'—one day St. Francis and St. Clare were walking together on some errand of charity and paused at a wayside inn for rest and refreshment. The Italian mind, even where the Saints of God are concerned, was in those days very prone to imagine evil where none existed—a habit, by the way, which it has preserved up to the present time—and so it happened that some of their comments on this occasion were overheard by St. Francis. His first thought was to avoid the faintest appearance of evil and the possibility of giving scandal to his weaker brethren, so he told St. Clare that she must go home alone by another route; and further that they must not meet again for many months.

"But, father," exclaimed St. Clare in dismay, "when 'shall I see you again?'"

"When the roses bloom in December," he answered, with a smile; and it was then December.

"So they parted and went their different ways; but presently he heard her calling and saw her coming towards him with her scapular filled with perfumed roses.



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