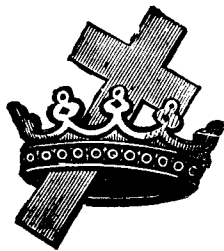


Northwest Review.



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

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CURRENT COMMENT

The latest addition to our exchange list is "The Catholic Northwest," published monthly at Seattle. It is a large quarto, 13 inches by 10, of twenty pages, full of interesting and instructive matter. The editors are Martina Johnston and Geo. K. McCord; the former signs a well written short story, which shows a practised hand. The editorials, unlike too many first number paeans, reveal a modest and craftsmanlike appreciation of the difficulties that beset the Catholic journalist. The get-up of this new monthly is remarkably attractive and neat. The cover is filled with a truly admirable portrait of the Right Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, Bishop of Nesqually, the name of the diocese that takes in the whole of Washington state. There are also good portraits of four prominent pastors, a view of the Providence Hospital, conducted by a Canadian order, the Providence Sisters of Montreal, and also a view of the Sacred Heart School.

Canadians were the first resident missionaries in the territory which the "Catholic Northwest" is intended to cover. That heroic old pioneer, Father A. M. A. Blanchet, went to what is now the State of Washington even before Father Tache came to St. Boniface; he was consecrated Bishop of Walla Walla as early as 1846, and transferred to the see of Nesqually in 1850. At the present day the last surviving member of that devoted band of missionary priests who evangelized Washington between sixty and forty years ago is the French Canadian Father F. X. Prefontaine, whose portrait proves him to be still hale and hearty.

We learn from this first number of the "Catholic Northwest" that there are nearly one hundred thousand Catholics in the state of Washington and that "they constitute one eighth of the entire population of this section of our country." Our new contemporary, which sends its copies to the principal towns, not only of Washington, but also of Idaho and British Columbia, has, we trust, a fine field before it.

Speaking of a Seattle Presbyterian minister who made a notable innovation at the end of last month by celebrating Christmas in his church, the "Catholic Northwest" says "there are persons now living who can remember when it was a visible sign of papistry to celebrate Our Saviour's birth. The great influx of Irish and German emigrants during the last half century has changed all this. . . . Nothing could illustrate the leavening power of the Catholic Church more aptly than the contrast between the Christmas of fifty years ago, and that of the present day."

Under the heading "He Knows now," the editor of the Seattle contemporary writes:—

By the death of Herbert Spencer, one of the foremost prophets of agnosticism is removed from the sphere of abstract speculations to the realm of actual realities.

Few men have done more than he during his long life to undermine faith in God and revealed religion, and to sow the seeds of unbelief in enquiring minds.

The utmost he would concede to the Almighty Creator of the universe—and this only in his later years—was to acknowledge that there is a force which he termed the "Unknowable," behind nature.

The veil has been lifted and he knows now.

The "Tablet" of the 9th inst. translates from "Le Vingtieme Siecle," of Brussels, an article by Mgr. Merlier, rector of the Higher Philosophical Institute of Louvain University, which confirms the view we gave last week of Herbert Spencer's work. Among other good points made by Mgr. Merlier is this: "Herbert Spencer was not an original thinker, although he thought he was. He has not given his name to any discovery. He is neither a geologist like Lyell, nor a naturalist like Darwin, nor a physiologist like Huxley. But he had a marvellous knowledge of the observations of others. He was a prodigious collector of ideas and facts. He selected with sagacity from the documents which his co-workers compiled for him. He made the most of them in order to draw from them certain generalizations more or less felicitous; but the threads running through these generalizations were always borrowed from the prevailing philosophies of the day. He was no more a creator in matters of philosophy than in the sciences. Speaking of him in a work published in 1888, I summed up an appreciation of him in these words: 'Herbert Spencer is an electric rather than an original thinker.' On June 13 of the same year, some weeks after my book had appeared, the venerable old man wrote me a letter, a very kindly one to boot, in which he complained, with more candor than disingenuousness, 'of the inferior part I had made him play. He referred me back to some passages of his Principles of Biology, and of his Principles of Psychology, in which he was confident could be found traces of original discoveries. I made then, a fresh examination of these passages, but the result only confirmed my former judgment.' This testimony is the more valuable as it comes from one who has wide experience in Herbert Spencer's special field, philosophy.

Mgr. Merlier adds: "The distinguished man had the disappointment of seeing the glory of his star diminish as the end of his life drew nearer. At the present time his influence lives yet in certain parts of the United States, but in England and Scotland he is out of date. One of his compatriots, James Ward, a Cambridge professor, has attacked him severely in his Gifford Lectures at Aberdeen. Germany has hardly known him. . . . The Spencerian theory of cosmic evolution is universally regarded today as a romance. People are amused at the plasticity of his terminology. His critical philosophy starts from idealism, and leads its author to a transfigured realism, a sort of hybrid theory in which idealism, monism, and mechanical positivism meet without being able to arrange themselves into one doctrinal system. Finally, beyond knowable phenomena, Spencer is inevitably hurried on to posit an 'unknowable,' the properties of which, nevertheless, he took pleasure in describing. Thus the dream of the English philosopher has not been realized."

In conclusion Mgr. Merlier thinks he sees in Herbert Spencer's last book, "Tracts and Comments," some hope that he really put to himself the question of the life beyond the grave, and that he seems to have had an inkling of the infinite.

Cablegrams are again busy with the Holy Father's health. This amuses him. He thinks it is a good sign and may prolong his life. But the most stupid of these canards is the rumor that he is worried about the method of his election, and is thinking about abdicating. The slenderness of the foundation upon which this rumor

is built may be judged from the fact that, at the request of all the Cardinals present in Rome, the Sovereign Pontiff has killed any future veto in any future conclave by decreeing excommunication against the bearer thereof. This decree may not be published till the next conclave. But the Tablet Rome correspondent vouches for its existence.

The Rome correspondent of "La Semaine Religieuse de Montreal" explodes the story of the \$1,800,000 in gold hidden by Leo XIII. The explosion is brought about by simple arithmetic. That amount of gold would weigh about 7,000 pounds and would fill a forty gallon keg. Yet we were told that the late Pope carried this sum in a small satchel and placed it in a small cavity in the wall where an electrician found it by the merest chance. How silly to publish such cock-and-bull tales without even a note of interrogation.

During the record cold spell of last Sunday, the severest in six years, we read a good deal about the mercury dropping to 42 below zero in well tested thermometers. But experts tell us that mercury thermometers are not trustworthy when the cold sinks lower than ten degrees below zero, because the mercury is then too near its freezing point, which is 38.8 below zero. Alcohol thermometers are the only reliable ones in these low temperatures. Perhaps, however, the newspaper scribes use the word "mercury" figuratively, as a synonym for "thermometer."

"La Semaine Religieuse de Quebec" quotes from "La Semaine Catholique de Toulouse" a prophecy made in 1845 by the saintly Cure d'Arns, M. Vianney, to a nun who is still living, and is now 73 years old. After telling her that she would become a nun—she was then fifteen—and serve in the hospitals of the Crimean and Italian wars, as she did nine and fourteen years afterwards, he added: "You shall see the new century 1900. The first years will be disastrous; religion will be persecuted during the years 1, 2, 3, and 4. After that God will intercede (Dieu y mettra la main) and peace will be restored to the Church." The parish priest declares that, for many years past this nun has been repeating this prophecy in the very same words. Her testimony has been written down and entered among the papers prepared for the beatification of the venerable Cure d'Arns, who died in 1859.

Persons and Facts

Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, and the last surviving niece of Napoleon I, died in Paris on Saturday evening, January 2. The Princess, who was born in 1820, was a leading figure in Parisian society.

Count Arthur John Moore, formerly Nationalist Member of Parliament for Londonderry City, died on Tuesday, January 5, after a short illness at his residence, Mooresfort, County Tipperary. Count Moore was born in 1849, and in his twenty-fifth year entered parliament as representative of Clonmel, for which he continued to sit until 1885. In 1878 he was appointed to be High Sheriff of County Tipperary. From 1899 to 1900 he represented Londonderry City as a Home Ruler. In the latter year a fierce and close contest resulted in his defeat by the Marquis of Hamilton, by the small majority of 67. After his retirement, Count Moore continued to take an active interest in politics, and was a member of the board of directors of the "Daily Independent

and Nation." In the House of Commons he devoted special attention to the interests of Catholics, and, in fact, throughout life was ever anxious to be of service to the Church. As a speaker at Catholic meetings in England and Ireland, he was much appreciated, and the news of his death will cause deep regret amongst his coreligionists. In 1879 the late Pope appointed him Count of the Holy Roman Empire and Commander of the Order of St. Gregory. Count Moore was a member of the board of the Department of Agriculture, and was several years president of the Irish Dairy Association. He married in 1877 a daughter of Sir Charles Clifford.

The new member for the Ludlow Division, England, Mr. Rowland Hunt, was received into the Catholic Church by Father Cator at the London Oratory, in 1899.

During the year for which the Education Act has been in operation, out of 334 authorities set up for the control of elementary education, all but 32 have put the Act in practical administration in their respective areas, about one third of these latter being recalcitrant authorities in Wales, who openly avow a policy of starving the Voluntary schools, in defiance of both the letter and the spirit of the law.—Catholic Times (England).

Enthusiasm is being manifested at Madrid, in the idea, first proposed by the "Imparcial," to organize for May, 1905, a national celebration of the third centenary of the publication of Don Quixote. A royal decree has just appeared in the "Gaceta" associating King and Government with this movement, which will undoubtedly arouse a genuinely popular interest.

Miss Louise Drew, daughter of John Drew, was received into the Catholic Church last week. She was baptised at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, by Rev. H. E. O'Keeffe, C. S. P.

Professor E. B. Kenrick, of Manitoba University, has been offered by the United States Department of Agriculture, the post of referee on saccharine products. Mr. Kenrick's skill as a practical chemist has won this distinguished recognition from Dr. Bigelow, chief of the Food Bureau.

Sister Philomena (Mary Keating) Mother Superior of Mercy Hospital, Des Moines, Ia., is heir to one fifth of an estate of fifteen million dollars, left by her uncle, John McCormick, who died in Australia two years ago. Two brothers and two sisters at Davenport will share the fortune with Sister Philomena.

There were several weddings at St. Boniface this week. On Monday Rev. Dr. Trudel blessed the nuptials of Mr. J. A. Cusson and Miss Marie Louise Couture, both of St. Boniface, and Miss Ouellette of St. Boniface, and Mr. Richard, of Wild Rice, N. D. On Wednesday Rev. A. Rousseau did the same for Miss Olive Goulet, of St. Boniface, and Mr. Bourgoin, of Laurier, Man.

It is a curious coincidence that Martin J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa is one of the best authorities on history in Canada, and Martin I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, is one of the best authorities on the history of the United States.

Clerical News.

The Very Rev. H. Leduc, O. M. I. V. G., of Edmonton came here last week, and went on to Montreal

early this week, on business connected with a future Catholic college at Edmonton.

Rev. J. C. Sinnett, late of Sheenboro, Que., and formerly at Portage la Prairie and Regina, has accepted the post of Vicar General of his Lordship Bishop Pascal, of Prince Albert.

Rev. Richard Van de Velde, arrived from Belgium at the end of last week, and is now at the Archbishop's residence. He will probably take charge of the Flemings in this neighborhood. Father Van de Velde speaks both French and Flemish perfectly. There are about two hundred Flemings here and will welcome sermons in their own tongue.

Rev. J. Dugas, S. J., Rector of St. Boniface College, said Mass at Pembina last Sunday, returning on Monday. The thermometers in the border town registered 50 below zero on that day. Father Dugas and Father Lavigne, who had said Mass at Joliette, and returned to Pembina by the delayed train were guests of Judge Conney.

Rev. Father Rousseau, of Laurier was here in the beginning of the week.

Rev. Father Blesson, lately assistant at the Cathedral, has entered the trappist monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky. One of his brothers is a Trappist at St. Norbert, Man.

Rev. Father Proulx, S. J., returned from St. Jean Baptiste on Tuesday.

Regina Notes.

Rev. Father Suffa, O. M. I., spent Sunday at Mariahill, thirty miles north of Grenfell. Rev. Father Kim, O. M. I., said Mass at Lumsden. The Rev. Father made preliminary arrangements in connection with the erection of a new church in Lumsden. Rev. M. J. Kasper, celebrated High Mass at half past nine, and gave a sermon in German, and at eleven o'clock sang a High Mass and preached in English from the seventh chapter of Luke and fifteenth verse:—"And they gave him to his Mother."—His sermon on "The power of Mothers over the heart of the Saviour," was a most eloquent one, and those mothers privileged on Sunday to hear Father Kasper's touching address will never forget it. The learned Father introduced his subject by referring to the feast of the day: "Today we celebrate the Feast of the Holy family of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and as we pronounce the word 'family' our thoughts at once carry us back to the scenes of our childhood, to the dear spot we call our home, and before the eyes of our mind appears that being, the joy of our hearts, the sun of our life, the centre of all our thoughts and affections, and the name of that deified being—so full of the sweetest recollections, you have guessed already, it is the name of Mother! Oh! if all mothers only understood the power they have over the heart of God, if all mothers understood their noble vocation, if all only did the duty assigned them in the plan of Divine Providence, how many more saints in Heaven, how many less sinners in hell! How many a wayward son would be given back to his mother; how many a dead, spiritually dead child would be restored to life, to the life of grace, to the Church of God. The Rev. Father continued to say that innumerable miracles are wrought by the intercession of a mother's prayers, and her power over the heart of God is beautifully illustrated by the miracle of Nain. In a most touching manner did the

learned speaker then picture the scene enacted at the gate of the small town of Galilee, when our dear Saviour met the funeral procession, and his tender heart was moved to compassion by the tears of that mother going to the burial of her only son, and our Saviour, with one word of calm authority, stayed her tears:—"Weep not"—how he touched the bier, and with another word raised that young man to life. The Rev. Father then asked why did Jesus work this great miracle. He took his answer from St. Luke:—"He was moved with mercy for her." It was for the mother's sake. How clearly this shows us the heart of Jesus. He must comfort her. He in this case shows us the depth of His Sacred Heart and the power that mothers have over that heart. In a word He can refuse a mother nothing. Rev. Father Kasper then took two illustrations, the great mothers of St. Louis of France and of St. Augustin. He showed how sanctified was the life led by this great king, St. Louis—whom he designated, the flower of Christian chivalry—the pattern of Christian knighthood, the brightest glory of one of the brightest ages of the Church; withal, one of the bravest soldiers who ever lived and when dying on the shores of Africa, his last prayer was, that none of his soldiers should have the weakness to deny Christ. The secret of this sanctity was his mother, the pious Queen Blanche of Castile, who used to say to him when a child:—"My son I love you with all the tenderness of which a mother is capable, but I would infinitely rather see you fall down dead at my feet than that you should commit a mortal sin." Then St. Monica, the mother of the great St. Augustin, who in early manhood wandered far from the paths of duty, and even denied that faith, for which his mother would have gladly died. The Rev. Father told how she even followed her wayward son across the seas, and how St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan said to her:—"A child of so many tears cannot be lost."—And at last the Sacred Heart of Jesus was touched with compassion and he said to her: "Weep not." And He touched the bier, and he that was dead sat up and began to speak, "and He gave him to his mother." Father Kasper then drew a lesson from these stories:—that a mother is omnipotent. She cannot always keep her son as St. Louis, but even if for a time he wander away, she can turn him back to God by her prayers and her tears. All God requires of a mother is to be a true Christian mother. A mother's early lessons are never lost, even when they seem choked by the weeds of evil passion, her prayers will win from God the dew of His grace, so that they will spring up again in the child's soul. The Rev. Father then impressed on the mothers present the immensity of their responsibility. "Under God" he added, "the salvation of your children is in your hands." He concluded with a reference to those who were deprived of the loving, holy care of a mother. For these the loving heart of our Saviour made provision when He said:—"Mother, behold thy son, son behold thy mother." There is hope for all, yes, even for those of us who are lying dead in sin, those of us whom the world is carrying out to burial, those whom the darkness of the eternal tomb seems about to engulf. There is hope! Mary is our Mother. Her loving son will look with compassion on her tears and the dead will rise. "The Mother of Jesus is my Mother"—words that have consoled so many saints and should be the hope of the penitent. The sermon was not long, but its every word carried weight, carried conviction, and was listened to with the greatest attention.

On Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock Miss McCusker, daughter of Mr. D. McCusker, of St. Mary's congregation, was married to Mr. Hurley, of Vankleek Hills, Ont. Rev. M. J. Kasper, O. M. I., performed the ceremony and celebrated the nuptial Mass. The Rev. Father addressed a few words of advice to the contracting parties, and spoke of the seriousness of the step they were now taking. He urged them to continue in the ser-

vice of God, predicting for them the true happiness so dear to the Christian couple who plight their vows at the foot of the altar, and assisting at the holy sacrifice, is their first action of their married life. Miss Minnie McCusker, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. Whelan supported the groom. The bride looked charming—as all brides do. The happy couple left for eastern cities on the evening train and will, after their wedding trip, reside permanently at Vankleek Hills, Ont. Mrs. Hurley has been a resident of Regina for the past ten months, and has made many friends, who wish her and the husband of her choice much happiness and prosperity in their journey through life. Mr. McCusker, father of the bride, has a very fine residence a few miles from town and many pleasant evenings have been spent there by the young people of St. Mary's congregation. The evening before the marriage, a deputation of these young folk waited on the prospective bride and presented her with a very handsome epergne. The young couple received many beautiful presents.

Most bitterly cold weather prevailed.

GENA MacFARLANE.

Obituary

SISTER ST. THAIS.

On the 22, inst., Emelie Lemieux, known as Sister St. Thais, breathed her last in the Maternity hospital in this city, fortified by the last rites of the Church. Miss Lemieux was a native of St. Constant, Quebec, and entered the order of the Sisters of Misericorde, in Montreal more than 30 years ago. Owing to her skill and devotedness in fulfilling the various duties of her arduous vocation, she was employed in different houses of her order, having been twice stationed in New York city, whence she returned to Montreal and came here three years ago. Since her arrival she has always been assistant to the Superior. She had been suffering from pneumonia, but was apparently out of danger, and, as she seemed stout and strong, no fears were entertained, when suddenly, on Friday of last week, she began to sink. Rev. Father Perrault, O. M. I., the chaplain, was immediately called and he annointed her. She died soon after, fully resigned to God's will, at the age of 53.

The funeral took place last Monday morning in the chapel of the Maternity Hospital, Maryland street. Very Rev. Father Magnan, O. M. I., said the Requiem Mass at 8.30 in the presence of all the Sisters of Misericorde and of representatives of all the Sisterhoods in Winnipeg and St. Boniface. Very Rev. H. Leduc, O. M. I., V. G., and Rev. Fathers Beliveau, Cherrier and Robillard were also present. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery. R. I. P.

JOHN MUTCH.

On last Tuesday evening, January 26th, John Mutch, born on the 17th of November, 1872 near Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, died peacefully and resignedly in St. Roch's hospital, St. Boniface. Mr. Mutch was brought up a Presbyterian and had been a Freemason, but for the last three or four years he had thought deeply on religious subjects, and when he was confined to St. Roch's Hospital with Tuberculosis, he asked to see Father Drummond, and after a few interviews, embraced the true religion, and abandoned Freemasonry. He was baptised conditionally by Father Drummond on the last Feast of All Saints, Nov. 1, 1903, Mr. Joseph Guertin, chief of the special service department of the C. P. R., to which Mr. Mutch belonged, acting as Godfather.

Mr. Mutch was a man of unusual mental ability and he faced the great problem of eternity with perfect trust and love, asking earnestly for prayers in his last moments. He received all the last rites of the Church with great gratitude and peace of mind.

The funeral took place at 9 a.m. in St. Boniface Cathedral on January 28. The Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father Beliveau in the presence of a large number of friends, among whom we noticed Rev. Father Drummond, Mr. and

Mrs. Joseph Guertin and Mr. R. Chevrier. The interment was in St. Boniface cemetery. R. I. P.

CORRECTION.

The following item of information appeared in the last issue of the Review:

"It is rumored that the 'Immaculate Conception Girls' are going to give a party at which they intend inviting a great number of the St. Mary's young men, as this is Leap Year, it would be advisable for the young ladies of St. Mary's Church to take the necessary precautions to protect their lawful property."

How the above crept into the columns of the Review we know not, but we regret that it had not been submitted to the proper authority before being published. We are not opposed to lawful amusements, but we certainly object to parties of the nature of the one referred to above. We do not think that either the girls of the Immaculate Conception or of St. Mary's would crave the opportunity of a Leap Year to bring themselves to the admiration of young men. Our girls are goods too precious to be exposed on the Market Square, they must be sought in the sanctuary of a well regulated home.

None but young men of high moral standing need apply.

CATHOLIC CLUB AT HOME.

Nearly 200 Ladies and Gentlemen Were Present.

The Catholic Club held one of its enjoyable at homes last evening in its rooms, Commonwealth block. Upwards of 200 ladies and gentlemen attended to indulge in the captivating game of pedro, and the usual conversation. The comfortable club rooms were well filled, and after a very pleasant game the winners were announced. There was a superfluity of gentleman winners and judges were elected to decide who should carry off the trophy. Mrs. Thomas Jobin won the ladies' prize, and for the gentlemen's trophy, the following alarming array was posted as a dead heat: S. J. Golden, A. H. Kennedy, T. J. O'Callaghan, T. J. Murray, J. V. Dumoulin, C. Pelley and Martin Egan. Between the games a programme equal to that of any concert, was rendered, the following taking part: Aubrey Smith, Louis McQuillan, S. Goldstone and Lella Mawhinney. Frank Russell, president of the club, started on his series of fifty-five speeches per year and made a brilliant success of the initial attempt. Mr. Russell is the guiding-star of the club, and received an encore to which he refused to respond. He thanked all present for their attendance, and with his cordial good nature, invited them to make themselves at home, after all had been done to make them feel that way. The affair was a huge success, and many await the announcement of the next.—Free Press, Jan. 27.

AN OLD BIBLE.

In the parlor of the episcopal residence, in Grand Rapids, Mich., is a large Bible in vellum the property of Rev. John A. Schmitt. On it is the inscription: "Latin Bible. Printed in 1486, six years before Columbus discovered America; about 30 years before the Protestant Reformation; 39 years before Luther's New Testament; 41 years before Luther's old Protestant Bible in English; 118 years before King James edition was ordered. This Bible is actually like all Catholic Bibles, which are alike, for the word of God can never change."—Pittsburg Catholic.

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Home Column.

TIRED MOTHERS.

Mary Louise Riley Smith.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding you so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray tonight.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do today;
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine until it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palms again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your headache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot
And hear it patter in my house once more:

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own,
Is never ruffled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A sanguine temperament which forecasts the best, and fears not the worst, is a great blessing to its possessor, and so is a cheery sunny disposition which sees the humorous side of things and can even enjoy fun at its own expense. Gloomy forebodings and a chronic habit of worry makes life a weariness, and the melancholy victim of this physical and mental make-up spreads a pall over the brightness of others. If only the tired one would remember the words of the poet:
"A merry heart goes all the day;
Your sad tires in a mile-a."
How may one procure the blessed gift of the merry heart? It is not for sale in any market, nor can it be paid for with gems and gold, for its price is far above rubies, and earthly goods are as dross when compared with it. Our Heavenly Father sometimes bestows it on us at the start, and thrice envied among men may be he who inherits the capacity for seeing the bright side, for laughing when things go wrong, and for springing up with new courage after every disaster. It is magnificent not to feel one's self beaten,

and never to acknowledge defeat in any enterprise. This temperament is too mercurial to be often tired, and too buoyant to be ever crushed. And sometimes the merry heart, though not inherited, is won by him or her who overcomes obstacles and gains the victory over material odds through steadfast faith in God.

INFLUENCING OTHERS.

There is one dower that God bestowed that must surely carry with it the heaviest responsibility that it is possible for a human being to possess, and it is this—the subtle power of influencing others. Consciously at times, unconsciously at others, this strange electric force exerts an irresistible force upon those with whom such a nature comes in contact. As the character deepens from the experience of suffering, and the discipline of life, this power, intensified by the greater capacity for sympathy with others, gathers force and strength.

STEALING OUR THUNDER.

If religious instruction and influence in the school room is a good thing for the children of Cuba, it is not easy to see how it can be bad for the youth of the United States.

That it is considered desirable in this dependency of ours, is stated without disguise in a letter from a Congregational missionary in that island to the home organ of that branch of their work, "The Home Missions." He says: "After an experience of three years under varied circumstances and with facilities for studying the question from all sides, the writer is convinced that the school is a necessary adjunct to the church in order to do lasting work in Cuba." Franciscans, Dominicans, and Jesuits are establishing new schools everywhere. They realize the power of the school. The public school is not adequate and will not be for years to come, and besides, what influence they do exert being on the side of Catholicism largely, we find ourselves building on another's foundation.

Give us a church home, give us Sunday school facilities, and as a grand auxiliary to all, give us good schools where the children may be taught during the week the principles of divine truth."

Very good indeed! But why limit the scope of such excellent ideas to the narrow confines of Cuba? It is true of all countries and of none more so than our own that unless the children are "taught the principles of divine truth during the week," religion, which is the only firm basis of morality, will form but an insignificant element in the formation of their characters. This has been the contention of the Catholic church all along and we welcome converts to our idea from the ranks of our opponents.—The Catholic Northwest.

GREAT EVIL OF THE DAY.

The one killing, blasting superstition of the age, the blight which has fallen upon human thought, the mildew which works the decay of social morality, is the assumption that nothing is of consequence in this world that cannot be discerned by the senses; that no knowledge is certain or precious but the knowledge which is derived from the experimental reasoning; that no possessions are of much account which cannot be turned into things measurable and ponderable. It underlies all secular education, which sets before itself no other aim than that of qualifying the person receiving it to accumulate material wealth.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Hurried and Worried All Day

And the worst of it is that you are a little run down and have mighty little chance to catch up. Everything seems like a grindstone wearing down your nerves. You are irritable and get less sleep than is absolutely necessary. Better stop before things get worse. Your best plan is to use Ferrozone for a while and give your nerves and brain a chance to pick up. Ferrozone is the finest tonic a busy man can take. It makes new blood, nourishes the body, strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and rehabilitates the whole system. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c.

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A gentleman once advertized for a boy to assist him in his office. Nearly 50 applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in short time chose one and sent the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many."
"He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was orderly and tidy."

"He gave up his seat instantly to the lame man who entered, showing that he was kind and thoughtful."

"He took off his hat when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite."

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all showed it aside, thus showing that he was careful."

"And he waited patiently for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside, showing that he was modest."

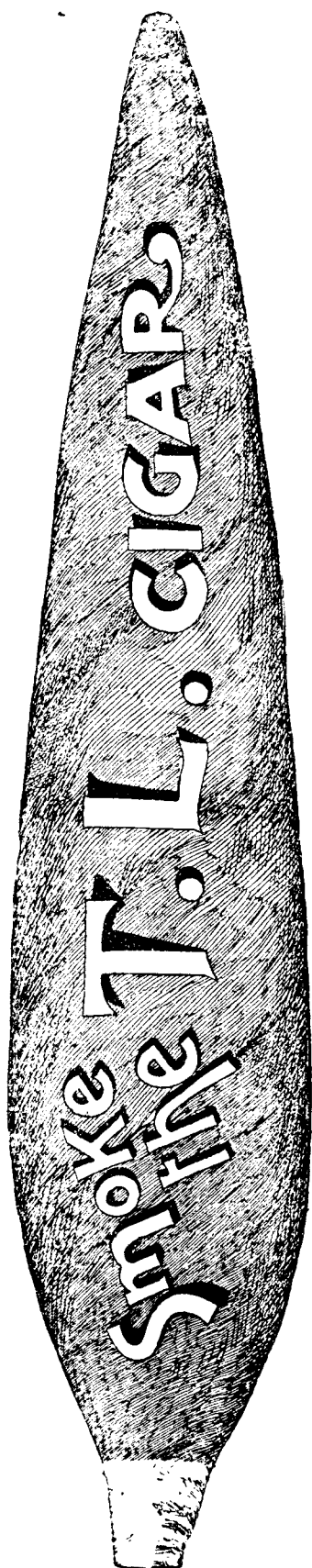
"When I talked with him I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket."

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

WANTED: SEALING-WAX.

"I suppose," said the rural post-mistress' friend, "you get lots of enjoyment out of reading the postal cards."

"O!" replied the post-mistress, "not near so much as I get out of the letters I steam."—Catholic Standard and Times.



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Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
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Total yield of all Grain crops 100,052,343

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SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

JANUARY.

31—Septuagesima Sunday. Com-
memoration of St. Peter Nol-
asco.

FEBRUARY.

1—Monday—St. Ignatius, Bishop,
Martyr.
2—Tuesday—The Purification of the
Blessed Virgin.
3—Wednesday—The Prayer of Our
Lord in the Garden. Commem-
oration of St. Blasius.
4—Thursday—St. Andrew Corsini,
Bishop.
5—Friday—St. Agatha, Virgin,
Martyr.
6—Saturday—St. Titus, Bishop.

LORD WOLSELEY AGAIN.

Last week we reproduced Mr. Martin J. Griffin's weighty letter defending Mgr. Tache against the sneers of Viscount Wolseley. A little more than two months ago there appeared "The Story of a Soldier's Life" in two volumes, by Field Marshall Viscount Wolseley. This story breaks off when the hero was still a young man in the seventies. Two more volumes are promised. It is to be hoped, but hardly to be expected, that the author will pay more attention to facts and be more honest in his second instalment of self laudation. For that is the key-note of this autobiography, —intense self-seeking. "All through my life," he writes in his first volume, "sinner though I have been—I trusted implicitly in God's providence. I believed He watched especially over me and intended me for some important work. My numerous hairbreadth escapes in action confirmed me all the more in what perhaps others may deem my presumptuous belief." Others who knew Colonel Wolseley when his was the handsomest and most dashing figure in Montreal society some 37 years ago, will remember how vigorously he assisted Providence in keeping an eye ever on the main chance for himself, and how he ruthlessly trampled on broken hearts in his hunt for a great Canadian heiress, who fortunately escaped him. And now comes Father McCarthy, than whom there could be no better or trustworthy witness, showing that Wolseley owes his life to Archbishop Tache. Father McCarthy's letter is addressed to Mr. Griffin, whom he congratulates on his splendid defense of the great prelate. Then the veteran priest, who "was present on the spot from the beginning to the end of the Red River Rebellion," asserts a fact well known to all the old residents of Manitoba, viz., that Monsignor Tache prevented Riel and his men from annihilating, as they might easily have done, Wolseley's expeditionary force. We are grateful to Father McCarthy for calling our attention to these undeniable facts of history, so different from the personal pique which makes the disgruntled hero of a bloodless march slander one who, as Mr. Griffin so truly says, "is held in honor all over Canada." If Wolseley's expedition, from the military point of view, was mainly a dignified farce, that is no reason why he should turn round in childish spite and strive to besmirch the noblest

and best friend the Red River Settlers ever had. Here is the text of Father McCarthy's richly deserved castigation.

Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 18, 1904
M. J. Griffin, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I just saw the other day in the London Record of 2nd inst., your letter to the London Times, in answer to Lord Wolseley's comments on the late Archbishop Tache his priests and people.

I was one of the priests, present on the spot from the beginning to the end of the Red River rebellion. I am then in a position to appreciate the fitness of your criticism in every point. I consider it my duty here to thank you sir, very sincerely, for your noble defence of that venerable and lamented prelate, Monsigneur Tache.

Allow me to add an incident which will bear out more fully your merited strictures on the noble lord's utterances. If Lord Wolseley is alive today, and when he wrote the article alluded to he must know that he owes the fact of his life and the peaceable capture of Fort Garry, to Bishop Tache, whom he today tries to belittle. While the military expedition was struggling through the defiles of the Dawson route, Riel and his council organized a counter expedition to arrest the progress of Wolseley, or to annihilate them; as they could have easily done, knowing so well every mile of that country. Bishop Tache nobly threw himself into the gap and implored Riel and his men, already equipped, to abandon the project. For this purpose his lordship guaranteed, and assured them that the amnesty was granted to him personally by the governor-general, Sir John Young, I think, and by Lord Carnarvon, for the Imperial government, and that Wolseley's expedition was friendly to them.

The Bishop thus induced Riel to remain in possession of Fort Garry, and await the arrival of the expedition of Wolseley, to hand over the reins of government to her majesty's representative. The provisional government reluctantly acquiesced, and remained quiet in the Fort.

But Wolseley's mission was far from friendly. The Imperial and Dominion governments, having cabled the Bishop from Rome to the scene of the trouble authorized him to proclaim the "amnesty." But, whether by oversight or otherwise, General Wolseley had received no official instructions to that effect. The consequence was, that he was hastening to clean out by fire and blood, Riel and his fellow rebels.

Fortunately, a Scotch settler, Mr. Taylor, a friend of the half-breeds, who was passing at their camp, near Lower Fort Garry, realized the sanguinary bent of Wolseley's forces, rode in haste to Fort Garry to warn Riel and his men to fly for their lives. Riel thanked Mr. Taylor, but declined to leave, as, he said, Bishop Tache was assured of the "amnesty" from the crown. But Mr. Taylor nevertheless persisted that no quarter would be shown them by the troops, coming in hot haste, and implored them to save their lives. Luckily they did so, for when within firing distance of the Fort, Wolseley had his cannon placed in position, and his infantry ransacked with sword and rifle, every hole and corner of the Fort, but found no 'rebels' to crimson their memorable victory.

The personal safety of Wolseley's expedition and their free entry, cost Bishop Tache from then till his death, the loss of the confidence of most of his half-breed people, who foolishly accused him of exposing them to massacre.

Under these circumstances, I think I will not be alone in saying, that if it is not the part of a gentleman and a soldier, to strike a fallen foe, Lord Wolseley forfeits both titles, by trying to blacken the name of his deceased benefactor, and peacemaker of this country.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH MCCARTHY,
O. M. I.

HAS SEEN THE WEST TRANSFORMED.

Rev. Father Leduc, Nearly Forty Years a Missionary. Revisits Winnipeg.

Free Press, Jan. 27.

There arrived in the city last week from the far west, in the personage of Rev. Father Leduc, O.M.I., one of the few remaining landmarks of a period that has passed. When this good priest, some forty years ago, then a young man fresh from France, crossed the unclaimed vastness of the great lone land, now dotted far and near with the homes of progressive settlers, beyond the occasional trading of the Hudson Bay company, there was nothing that would indicate that a great change in the near future would mark the face of the country.

It was, when he arrived, the day of the oxcart and the caravan, the painted savage and the hunter. The vast plains, clad in grass, stretching from the far distant Saskatchewan in the north to and beyond the Missouri in the south, and from the fenlands of the White-mountain in the east, to the foothills of the snowpeaked Rockies in the west, these boundless wilds remained still the grazing grounds of the vast herds of buffalo that roamed them over, the hunting ground of half breed and Indian. But the change came, and came suddenly when it did come. As it were in a twinkling, the locomotive took the place where the ox and mule had as it were yesterday, plodded by slow stages with their loads of "truck" towards the setting sun.

Father Leduc in those days with Father Lacombe and others of the old-time French priests, many of whom have long since gone to their eternal reward, took an active part in preparing the way for the great changes that have taken place in Western Canada during the past twenty years. It was largely due to their influence and wise council among the Indians at that particular period that not a rail was disturbed and not a life lost through hostility upon the part of the Indians, who watched with complacency the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway go on apace to completion. The railroad—once finished—became, as it were, to the red man, his coup de grace as far as his life of savagery was concerned.

In speaking to a Free Press representative, Father Leduc said: "When I arrived in St. Boniface, fresh from the old country it was in 1865. Where now stands the great city of Winnipeg some forty or fifty log houses were to be seen scattered along the banks of the red river and around the old-time historical Fort Garry. I can assure you that then I never anticipated seeing the wonderful changes that have taken place since. Two years later, in 1867 I left St. Boniface for the west and I have lived there ever since. The whole country has been transformed by the building of the Canadian Pacific and other railways. When I left Fort Garry for the west, travelling as I had to do, by Red river carts drawn by oxen, beyond a few shacks around the company's post at Portage la Prairie there was not a house between here and Calgary, or from there to Edmonton. That was the buffalo hunter's trail that I made my first trip into the west by. It was by that old trail, too, in years later on, the main line of the Canadian Pacific railway was located.

In those days the regular route taken by the caravans from here to Edmonton was by the more northern route, by way of Fort Ellice, Carlton and Pitt, the southern route being unsafe owing to the fact that the Indians in those days were prone to give trouble. But even by the north trail the habitation of man was only found at intervals of two or three hundred miles, in the immediate vicinity of the H. B. company's trading posts. And now from here to Calgary and from there to Edmonton stand, every ten miles, cities, towns and villages and the intervening country as far as the eye can see is dotted with the homes of prosperous and happy farmers; while in the far southwest vast

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herds of cattle and sheep have taken the place of buffalo and antelope. "At Edmonton, where I arrived on the 13th day of August in 1867, after a long tedious journey of two months—a trip made now in a couple of days—there was nothing but the Hudson Bay company's fort with the usual camps of Indians and half-breeds around it, and a few white men who washed the river bars for gold in the sum-

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WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.
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C. M. B. A.

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mer, and hunted the buffalo and trapped in the winter. Later on, in the early seventies, a few settlers took up claims to the east and west of the fort, and a little later on a small village grew up and formed the nucleus of what is now the prosperous, rapidly growing town of Edmonton, which in the near future will become a great city. The progress of this place is simply marvelous. Some 800 new buildings have been erected since the beginning of last year. The general census taken a little more than two years ago, gave the place a population of 2,525 people. Last autumn a census was again taken and inside the municipality proper, which only covers a square mile and a half, the population is now 5,445. And Strathcona, until recently known as South Edmonton, practically a part and portion of Edmonton, has a population of 2,500. (The two places are only separated one from the other by the river).

"Before another year we shall have street cars running in Edmonton. She has the prospect of securing this great advantage without costing her ratepayers a cent. A competent company proposes to construct, equip and operate the line for a certain period of time on the condition that they obtain the charter at present in the hands of the municipality. In the meantime they will operate the line, sharing the profits with the town and at the expiration of the period agreed upon the town will buy the equipment and material from the company and become owners of the line.

"A river navigation company has been organized and is now ready to commence operations in the spring. A site of ten acres has been secured. Warehouses and offices will be erected in the spring, and a regular line of steamers will be put on between Edmonton and Prince Albert, some four hundred miles down the river.

"A system of waterworks and sewerage, owned by the municipality, is almost complete. The electric light plant has been greatly enlarged and improved.

"The excavations for the station of the Canadian Northern railway were completed last fall and the buildings will be erected this summer.

"Edmonton is bound to become a great railroad centre. The Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific railroads will each have divisional headquarters there. It is confidently expected that before long a route to the Yukon will be constructed and eventually, it is said, a connection will be established between it and the trans-Siberian railroad."

Father Leduc also says that before very long, as the country fills up to the east and south of Edmonton, the vast fertile districts that lie between there and the Peace river to the northwest, will as they even now do, offer splendid opportunities for investments which in the course of a few years will yield handsome interest in return. He says the whole of that magnificent district which lies between the Red Deer river and the North Saskatchewan, as well as the valley proper of the Saskatchewan, between Edmonton and Prince Albert, is being taken up and settled by a splendid class of people, and the wealth in sight by this splendid development is beyond ordinary conception to realize and calculate. What the country will be in the course of a few decades it is simply marvelous to even think of. The crops have all been good, and the people wherever you meet them are contented and full of hope.

Father Leduc is a splendid type of the old-time missionary who came to Canada from France many years ago. These sturdy men have long since become loyal British subjects, and devout unflinching servants as they are of their Divine Master whom they serve so well, they see in the building up of the country in which they have lived and which they have learned to love so well, the hand of God, their Master, guiding its destinies, and while many of them have long since been called to render an account of their stewardship, among those who still survive no one takes a greater interest than does Father Leduc, in everything that tends to improve

and build up Western Canada. To him the wonderful transformations he has been allowed to see and take part in comes as an earthly reward God has allowed him to enjoy ere he too is called to receive that eternal reward.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

Lutheran Paper Pleads for Its Establishment and Gives Reasons.

The Reichsbote, the official organ of the Russian government and the mouthpiece of the Lutheran-Evangelical Synod, argues in no uncertain terms for the confessional: "What our Church today needs, as much as we need our daily bread is the revival of private confession. Whoever has a long experience in the care of souls knows that our Church is full of people who should go to confession, and also of such who would gladly go. Not only may it be said of the murderer and perjurer that peace deserts him unless he confesses his crime to man, but there are thousands who are persecuted by their past life as a spectre. They may wash away the dark spot in their book of life by tears of blood if they will, but their conscience remains sore and their soul sick; the word of forgiveness is missing, the word of God from human lips; the promise of God communicated to the person of the repenting sinner. And why should such people not go to their ordained confessor? Oh, that would require a certain moral greatness and a certain amount of humility of which but few are capable. Besides, not every preacher is a good confessor, nor the best confessor a confessor for all. The right thing would be a house where one could retire for a time and where there would be a pastor who, himself, a holy and sanctified person, would understand the spiritual wants and cares of every stricken soul; in whose discretion one could have full and entire confidence and to whose silence one could entrust one's past life as unto a silent tomb.

"There is another class of souls heavily burdened. They struggle against sin, to find how weak they are to combat, and who succumb again and again. Who takes care of these lambs? They are looking in truth for a pastor; but to resort to their preachers and confess their wants, to ask him for his helping prayer and intercession, they do not feel the moral courage necessary. What they want is a house of retreat and a prudent pastor to whom they can confide their troubles; who will stand by them with his counsel in their trying combats. There are those who mourn, and their number is legion, who have none to console them."

MERRY DEL VAL'S ANCESTRY.

As to the Irish ancestry of the new papal secretary of state, a Dublin gentleman, writing to the Freeman, gives these particulars: "Six years ago I dined at the Irish College in Rome on St. Patrick's Day. Monsignor Kelly, now coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney, presided at the feast. On his right hand was a Cardinal, and at his left Senor Merry del Val, the ambassador of the king of Spain at the holy see. After dinner Monsignor Kelly told me the story of the Merry del Val origin, which he had from the ambassador's own lips. About a century ago, a Mr. Merry, a Waterford gentleman, went to Spain, where he owned some vineyards. He greatly prospered and founded two noble families—the house of Merry del Val and Merry y Colon (I believe the name Colon, which is Spanish for Columbus, originated in a marriage with the family of the dukes of Veragua, the descendants of Christopher Columbus). At the time that I was in Rome, Merry y Colon was ambassador from Spain to the king of Italy, and Merry del Val pope—a brilliant feat for the two great-grand-sons of the original man from Waterford. At the same time of the two sons of Merry del Val one was the secretary and 'guide, philosopher and friend' of the dowager queen of Spain; and the other the gifted ecclesiastic who is now, at 38, the pope's prime minister, and a prince

of the Church. During the evening I spoke to Merry del Val. He spoke English perfectly, talked of his Irish descent, and made many inquiries about Ireland. The name and family of Merry still exist in Waterford."

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearly blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the
north-wind
The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets
twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And this upon life's Red River,
Our hearts as oarsmen row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with
watching
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

—J. G. W.

The Independent, N.Y., about 1860.

THE ITALIAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

Some of the Italian Catholic papers are shocked at the liveliness of the proceedings during the meeting of the Italian Catholic Congress at Bologna. The debates certainly were heated, but they only served to show that amongst Catholics, as amongst others, there are struggles between those whose views are conservative and those whose tendency is more liberal. The older members of the Catholic organizations in Italy were not at all disposed to accept the proposals of the younger sections headed by the well-known priest Don Romolo Murri. Hence the discussion became at times very noisy, but Don Murri had a strong following, and upon a good many points he succeeded in having his way. On the whole the resolutions which were passed by the Congress were of a practical kind, and when the various Catholic societies proceeded to act upon them the net result will, no doubt, be decided progress. Cardinal Svampa, who was present at the Congress, spoke at the close with hearty approval of what had been done, and said he felt convinced it would be of great service to the Church. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the liveliness of the Congress has not interfered with the unity of the Catholic forces.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

"Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.
(The Earl of Roscommon).

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THE WORK OF DEVELOPING IRISH INDUSTRIES.

(Father Finlay in the Messenger).

It took a year of weary effort to induce a body of farmers to establish the first co-operative society in Ireland. At last, after fifty meetings held in school houses in private houses or on the road side, a small group of farmers in County Limerick consented to give the methods of industrial combination a trial. The first application of co-operation was made to the dairy industry—the most important branch of the farmer's business in the southwestern counties. A society was formed, a creamery built, the best available machinery set up, and the service of a skilled manager secured. The results surprised the most sanguine of the innovators. Hitherto the butter of the farmer had been manufactured by his wife or daughter, with much expenditure of his own or son's labors in the "churning" process; it took from three to four gallons of milk to make a pound of butter and the pound of butter thus made sold for sevenpence or eightpence. Under the new conditions the labor of the farmer and his family was limited to sending his milk to the creamery; there the steam-driven machines made a pound of butter from two-and-a-half gallons of milk; and this pound of butter sold for elevenpence or a shilling. But there was something more and something better than the saving of labor and the money gain. The farmer had now to watch the processes of a highly technical manufacture, to examine accounts, to follow from day to day the price lists of the English markets, to study the cost and the conditions of transport by sea and land. The rural creamery became a school as well as a factory. Its owners began to widen their view of the actual world, to make a larger acquaintance with nature and with life, to develop the qualities which mark the man of business as distinguished from the mere peasant. The promoters of the new movement regarded this as among the most important effects of their work; they had looked for it, and it had come.

The success of the first creamery facilitated the establishment of others. An object lesson is more effective than the exposition of a theory. The successful creamery owned and managed by a body of farmers furnished the object lesson. When it had been at work for a year and its benefits had been demonstrated to the observant critics who watched its operations closely, it became possible to establish sixteen new societies. Soon the co-operative creamery became a family feature of the Limerick and Tipperary villages, and the panting of a steam engine and the whirr of revolving machinery lost their novelty for the inhabitants. Then the movement spread northwards to the borders of Ulster. Looking at the trade returns of the movement for the year 1902, I find that this society manufactured \$128,000 worth of butter during the twelve months.

Having effected an entrance into Ulster, the co-operative creameries multiplied and prospered there. At present they are established in every county in Ireland, in the districts outside the great grazing tracts given over to the raising of beef. Over three hundred of them are at work, with a collective membership of about fifty thousand farmers and a trade turnover (for 1902) of five and one-half million dollars.

At an early stage of this development of the co-operative movement an important step was taken for securing access to the markets. A central agency for the sale of butter was formed by the societies. It was itself a co-operative society, but the members were societies, not individuals. Its functions were to keep in touch with the wholesale buyers, and to direct the consignments of the local societies to the markets where prices were the highest. With the establishment of the agency the middleman's control of the Irish butter market came to an end.

The next form of co-operation which the promoters of the new movement took up was the Agricultural Society—a combination for the joint purpose of agricultural requirements, seeds, manures and farm implements. Hitherto the small farmer had bought for himself in the local stores at high retail prices, and without any guarantee of quality in his purchases. By combining the orders of the members of a society, and then further combining the orders of a number of societies, the representatives of the farmers were enabled to deal directly with the manufacturers, and to secure the favorable terms which, relieved of the expense of advertising, of travelling agents and of the collection of small debts, they were enabled to give. The first experiment in this direction was made by a group of societies in North Kilkenny. Here the farmers had been accustomed to buy their manures from small local dealers, at \$27 a ton, without any guarantee of quality.

Bulking their orders they bargained with a manufacturing firm for two thousand tons. Samples of the consignment were tested by an analyst before delivery was accepted. The manure was delivered to the societies free of railway charge at \$12 a ton; they saved \$30,000 on the transaction thus carried out. Here again a central agency—the Irish Co-operative Wholesale Society—was established, which worked in the same satisfactory way as the butter agency. Its purchase for the year 1902 amounted to \$270,000.

Societies for minor farm industries, such as poultry raising, bee keeping and fruit growing were also established, and these, besides their money results have had an important educational effect upon the members of the farmer's families.

The work of the apostles of co-operation lay chiefly among the men of small means. These men were sadly hampered in their industry by want of capital. To meet this difficulty Co-operative Banks, Village Credit Societies on the Raiffeisen principle were set up amongst them. We have in Ireland close on to two hundred of these village banks. Hitherto they have not had a single bad debt to write off, nor is it anticipated that they will have any experience of the kind in the future.

The societies I have so far described have done much to improve the farmer's industry, and to make his use of the land more productive. But, helpful as they are, they cannot solve the problem of how to live for the small farmer. As I have mentioned earlier, 200,000 of the farmers of Ireland occupy holdings, which, no matter how cultivated, cannot yield a competence to the occupier and his family. If his sons and daughters are not to emigrate some industry other than agriculture must be provided by which they can supplement the family resources. The leaders of the new movement are keenly alive to this necessity, and they have done what they could to meet it. Societies for the carrying on of non-agricultural rural industries have been established, and where they have been developed on a sufficient scale the effect upon emigration has become promptly evident. Let me give an example. Two years ago I was invited by a priest in the parish of Drmore, County Tyrone, to establish a society for lace-making among the girls of his parish. On a Sunday evening in September I met the parishioners, after evening devotions, in an open space outside the church. I explained to them the constitution of a co-operative society, undertook, if they would form a society, to carry their application for teachers to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and to supply them with designs and provide a market for their products through a lace agency with which I was connected. At the close of the meeting 200 girls enrolled themselves as shareholders in the new society. In a month they were at work under skilful teachers. Three months later they sent their first consignment of lace to the agency. Its quality was so good that the buyers found it fit for the London and

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Paris markets, and sent them a cheque for \$400. By the end of the year they had sold lace to the value of \$5,000; this year their work will have brought them about \$15,000. Some months since I was invited by this society to attend a festivity which celebrated the opening of a new workroom provided by the girls themselves, and capable of accommodating 200 workers. They did me the honor of presenting me with an illuminated address—gratifying no doubt as a personal compliment, but infinitely more gratifying for one statement which it contained—this to wit: that since the foundation of the society not one girl had emigrated from the parish. Previously the parish had furnished a contingent of from forty to fifty girls to the bands of emigrants which left the district about Easter time.

The lace-making industry has saved many an Irish farmer's home from dismemberment. Last year the agency to which I have alluded above, disposed of \$170,000 worth of Irish lace to the milliners and dressmakers of New York, London and Paris. The fine ladies who wear these exquisite fabrics are not, perhaps, aware that they are largely made in cottage homes, by fingers which in the earlier hours of the day handle a spade or a hoe and address themselves to this delicate artistic task only when the field labor of the day is over.

The market for Irish lace is limited, and if it were not it could not employ the willing hands of the farmer's sons. For them, and for the girls who are still without remunerative occupation, some system of factory industry must be provided. The rural factory is the pressing need of the moment in Ireland. We do not want the city factory, we do not desire to break up the healthy home life of the people on the land, and mass them in city slums. The rural factory system of the eastern Swiss cantons, of Vorarlberg and southern Bavaria furnish the models which thinking Irish economists, for whom wealth means the welfare of the people, would gladly imitate. In this direction we must apply whatever resources the future may bring us.

Young Wife (sobbing)—I will not keep still! Before we were married you said I had a charming flow of language.

Young Husband—And so you have dear. It not only flows, but dashes, leaps, bounds, roars, goes over cataracts and mill sluices, and there is an occasional waterspout as well.

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IMMORAL, PROFANE AND DISHONEST.

A youth cannot be too particular in the choice of his friends, for they will inevitably influence his life. He cannot afford to sully his soul by lending ear to an immoral associate, nor defile his innocence by forming a friendship with one who is profane. Oaths and immoralities will at first shock every fibre of a sensitive nature, but if continually listened to, the horror grows less, until at last there may not be a twinge of conscience at any of the things which before set every nerve vibrating with disgust and displeasure.

The dishonest boy is another associate to be shunned. He does not scruple at what he calls "little things," by which term he means those methods whereby he can take advantage of another without being discovered. He does not take into consideration that in time these "little things" grow into greater and may finally shut him behind prison bars.—Catholic Citizen.

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Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	15 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	15 00	12 30
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettapiece, Miniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 25	14 00
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 15
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Friday	8 25	14 00
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	16 50	10 20
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 10	10 00
St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	13 55	13 40
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 45	10 45

F. P. BRADY,
Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. McPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
	EAST	
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kishabowic, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
	WEST	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonka, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues. 17 00
10 45		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25
	SOUTH	
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glyndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily
17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
13 45		13 30

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb.)

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I was sure of it," said Arthur, smiling, "when I saw that adventurous boat set forth. I have another horse waiting at a distance, will it please you to mount?"

"As soon as I have given the sailor who accompanied me the reward I promised him—for happily my purse has come safe to land also—then I am at your service."

With much eagerness did Sir Robert and Henry watch the approach of two horsemen who were riding up the avenue at sunset that evening. The foremost was Arthur Leslie, his open generous face flushed with long exercise and with the pleasure of having accomplished his mission.

"How young the other is," remarked Sir Robert to his son; "it will be easy to disguise him. He will pass for a gallant cavalier any day."

And, as the gentlemen dismounted and advanced towards them, they perceived that though his frame was thin from toil of some sort, a grace hung about it of which nothing could divest him. The face was pale and worn, but there was something so noble in the broad open brow, and so sweet in the full dark eyes, that it drew one instinctively towards him.

"Welcome, Arthur," said Sir Robert, "and welcome to you too, sir, I pray you to enter my poor house."

And while Henry stood outside to hear Arthur's narration, Sir Robert led his guest into his private cabinet. Mary was there, anxious to receive the first blessing of the priest. On seeing him, however, she uttered a sort of stifled cry, and gazed in mute wonder.

"Yes, Mary," said he, coming towards her, "your memory deceives you not. At last I have fulfilled my words, and 'come to Thoresby.'"

"And you are a priest?"

"Yes, thanks be to God, and a member of the Society of Jesus."

Mary threw herself on her knees for his blessing and Sir Robert knelt beside her. They were soon joined by Henry and Arthur, and the secret of Walter's relationship was intrusted to the latter. It was likewise agreed that it were safer he should not be known by his usual name, and should adopt that of Walter's as a 'nom de guerre,' and less likely to draw suspicion. This arranged Arthur took leave.

"And now, Father," said Sir Robert, "for that is a title dearer to us than that of kinsman; after you have seen my poor Blanche, you must take the repose you so much require."

"Oh! Blanche," said Mary, after Walter had gone to his room, "is it possible?—he a priest!—he who seemed formed for a life of sunshine, to be a missionary here! Oh! suppose he is taken, and they slay him with that cruel death," and Mary burst into tears.

But think of the end, the glorious reward, the martyr's crown," said Blanche soothingly. "Surely we may say, he hath left all to follow Christ."

"All, indeed," said Mary. "Was he not fitted rightly to be the head of his noble house?"

"You have never heard much of him since you parted at Apswell, have you, Mary?"

"Only in fragments I heard he and Lord Beauville had disputed, and Walter had returned to Rheims; then, when I heard of the marriage of Lady Constance, I could not but marvel if that had aught to do with it. Then came Isabel's unhappy marriage, and I wondered not that Walter did not return to England, but I thought he would seek some foreign court, or take service in some army. I never dreamed to see him return a mission priest. Truly, God's ways are wonderful."

Walter de Lisle a mission priest, it is no wonder Mary is surprised;

let us look awhile at him, our dear Walter, whom we parted from in his hour of trial, long years ago. Methinks any one who had known him well would have found him out under any disguise, for there is the same radiant smile, the same sparkling eyes as of yore. True, there are lines written on the face which tell of conflict and of suffering, and the vigorous frame is thin, worn with frequent penance and untiring labor. Walter's life since we left him may be briefly traced, for long years of suffering of leave little little mark behind them. It would not be interesting, even intelligible, if we had accompanied him through those heavy days and nights which followed his flight and his sacrifice. How his heart died within him, and he repented almost that he chose God instead of man; how life seemed quenched within him, and he wanted only to let time drift by him, and never to begin the struggle afresh. Constance Beauville had not been loved as many men love, as a vision sweet for the time, but soon forgotten when it passes away. Walter's love was but of one kind, strong as his whole nature, and deep as a torrent. He loved thus or not at all. He would love God thus or not at all. So Father Mordaunt saw, and thus he prayed; and the prayer was granted, the struggle was past; the vow spoken at Campian's feet became a reality. 'Twas the news of the martyrdom of this holy man that first roused Walter from his slumber. He turned with his whole heart and energy to serve God, and he was rewarded even speedily. To him was given that call which even the angelic hosts may envy; and the low still voice said to him, "Come and serve me, dearest of the sons of men. Come speak in my name; hold my keys, and have jurisdiction over 'me' your Lord and your God."

And so Walter became a priest, and then he prayed his superiors to send him on the English mission, for to die for the country he loved was his ambition. He was refused at first, and tried in various ways and by various toils, and at last his wish was granted, and strangely enough he was directed that the eastern coast should be the first scene of his labors, since no priest had been in those parts for long and Sir Henry Thoresby had been advertised to meet a priest who would land on the coast. He had sent, little expecting to receive his own nephew.

Thoresby Hall was bright indeed now, for once more the Holy Sacrifice was offered, once more the fainting weary souls drew near, first to hear the words of pardon for sin, as they laid down their burden at the feet of Christ, then to nourish their souls with the Bread of Life. Then peace reigned around, and thanksgivings many and fervent rose up from the little band of confessors of the faith in Thoresby Hall.

"Alas, Father," said Blanche Thoresby, one day, as Walter sat by her couch, "I fear me I often murmur at the lot that renders me in these troublous times a burden upon all."

"You would rather," said he, "have fulfilled your early wishes, and consecrated yourself to God in the cloister."

"Oh yes, Father; and I aspired to join the convent, where day and night they watch in lowly adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and pray continually for sinners, and I could have prayed for my country, our own dear England, and offered up all I did for her—what 'are' you smiling at, Father, was it too presumptuous?"

"Not so, dear child," he answered; "but I smiled when I thought our hopes vanish, and our plans are blown away, even as the wind brushes off the leaves. Blanche, I would rather choose the lot you have than the one you marked out. Yes," continued he, and his face

lit up with a radiance which scarcely seemed of earth, "to lie still in his arms must be best for His creatures. If we work for Him we mix up self with our best deeds, but to be called to give up the pure hopes and visions at His call, to lay down life even, and that not in one quick moment of agony, but through long years of suffering, this is blessed indeed; for wherefore do you suffer? Because you bore in your arms the tokens of His suffering love, the tokens of His great humiliation in subjecting Himself to His creatures: by these means you saved the life of a priest; that priest lived perchance to offer once again the Adorable Sacrifice, to reconcile one more sinner to his God. Was not that enough? Oh, believe me, my daughter, God took these pure hopes of yours to heaven, and sent them down again loaded with benedictions. You prayed to watch before Him day and night, and behold He bids you do it with the incense of willing suffering. You loved Him in His sacrament, He asked your life to be given in that love. Fear not Blanche, if life be long before you, if you lie here helpless while others hurry to and fro in their master's service. Nay, if even never again on earth before your eyes shall be raised up on high the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world—from your heart shall ascend a perpetual sacrifice, a perpetual adoration, as true and as worthy as if you were in the convent of your choice."

There was a long silence. Blanche's face was hidden in her hands, for such words needed no answer; words from which she gathered strength for many years to come.

Mary entered the room, and seeing them both silent she sat down beside Blanche.

"Mary," said Walter, suddenly raising his head, "do you ever hear from Isabel?" The word was spoken with an effort.

Mary had been expecting this question, and schooling herself to meet it, yet now it came she trembled.

"No," she answered; "but you know we seldom write letters in these days of danger."

"When did you last hear? Now, Mary, be open with me, it is true kindness to tell me all you know. I have heard nothing but the fact of her unhappy marriage."

"Her letters," answered Mary, "well-nigh ceased some time before she married. When I heard of the event, I wrote to her and begged that nothing might interrupt the love between us. Then came a few lines saying it was impossible for her, as I must see, to keep up intercourse with her relations. There was that in the spirit of those few words which showed me, that though she was pained at parting from me, her whole soul was wrapped up in her husband. It was therefore no entrapping of the late Earl's; indeed I never could credit he could have bent Isabel's will."

"No," said Walter, "in the one letter she wrote, in which she bade me not to write, she said it was her own free choice. And you have never seen her?"

"Yes, once; two years since, I was in London for a while, and we stood one day on the pier of Greenwich, to see the queen take boat for Westminster. I had never seen her majesty, and 'twas a grand pageant, many ladies of the court were there, and among them Isabel. She has grown into such majestic beauty, she looked fitter than Elizabeth to be the queen, albeit her highness hath a stately presence."

(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 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.

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Northwest Review

CONSIDERATIONS OF CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacred Heart Review—CCLXXXV.

A Catholic paper, of the same city with the 'Diary,' complains that the Baptists hate the Catholics with peculiar animosity, and that the 'Diary' hates them with peculiar animosity even for the Baptists.

The 'Diary' does not seriously dispute the charge. Indeed, it seems rather to glory in it. It assures its Catholic neighbor that Baptists in general and the two editors in particular never lose out of mind what befell the Admiral, and the other French Protestants. Moreover, it assures the Catholic paper that as beyond doubt the Church of Rome, had she her old power, would deal with Protestants in her old fashion, they themselves mean to keep on watching and hating the Papists in the good old evangelical style. The phrases are not quite so plain as I have put them, but the substance is plain enough.

Now a good memory is a very convenient thing, and these two editors have an uncommonly happy one for their purposes. They are equally ready, as we have seen, to remember things that have never happened, and to forget things that have, but which it is not expedient to remember. That surely is a peculiarly felicitous memory which, where it has nothing to recollect, can invent, and where recollection is awakened, can sublimely forget.

We will presently examine some instances of this editorial faculty of the 'Diary.' However, postponing that for just now, I will say that, on their own showing, I do not see why they need concern themselves particularly about the Catholics. There are dangers nearer at hand. They cite with sympathetic approbation somebody's remark that there are only two schools of Christian thought, the Baptist and the Romanist. Sometimes, they remark, other Protestants try to show some slight difference of trend between themselves and the Catholics proper, but they intimate that these efforts to make out a difference where there is none to speak of amount to very little.

Now since in their view 'Romanism' is persecuting in its very essence, and since, as they have it, all Christians but themselves are Romanists, they ought to be in mortal terror lest Paedobaptist Protestants, Catholics and Greeks should temporarily suspend their trifling differences—as these view them—and jointly address themselves to exterminating the Baptist heresy. Yet as Protestants have long since given up the effort, and Catholics mostly let the Baptists alone, and even Russians rather persecute them politically than theologically, I do not see but that they ought to make out that "Romanism," whatever it may have been in the fierce old days, is now a very mild and harmless thing, of which they need not be at all afraid.

Certain it is that they freely admit Protestant Paedobaptists, whom they explain to be only slightly differentiated "Romanists" to their pulpits, and freely join with them in their devotional meetings, and in all manner of philanthropic and religious endeavors that do not involve sacramental intercommunion. Then as they declare Protestants generally to be Romanists with a slight variation, it follows that they are bound to regard Roman Catholicism as also a good and Christian thing, and to look for a speedy interfusion of all pious efforts with it, excepting only Baptism and the Communion, which they reserve to themselves as the Urim and Thummim of their specific highpriestly pre-eminence in Christendom.

It is certain that, logically, they ought either to declare that Protestantism—except their own—is of a persecuting nature, or that Catholicism, which they hold to differ so little from it, is not. They ought either to speak of Catholics as "our beloved brethren, rejoicing with us in the light and truth of the common Gospel although subject to certain obscurations of its

fulness, such as we find also in Presbyterians and Methodists," or they ought, like the earlier Scottish Baptists, to refuse to have anything to do, religiously, with Paedobaptists of any description whatever.

Nevertheless, whoever should expect that he could bind these two leaders of the Baptist synagogue by any congruity of logic would find that he had entirely mistaken their character and purposes. Their fundamental purpose, doubtless, is to sell their paper, and if calling other Protestants, one week, slightly disguised Romanists, and the next beloved evangelical brethren, will fill their pocketbook, they will go back and forth between the two styles of speech as often as they find it opportune.

Their secondary purpose is, to promote the interests of a sullen, growling sectarianism, unamiable towards other Protestants, and mendacious and malignant towards Roman Catholics. They do not any more believe than one of us that the difference between Protestants and Catholics is slight. But if they wish to make other Protestants feel uncomfortable—as they often do—then these are Romanists with a little difference. On the other hand, when they wish to vent their spitefulness on the Catholics, they can easily forget all this, and represent Protestantism as one blessed and unanimous brotherhood of "evangelical light and truth"—a phrase which I borrow from a private note of one of the editors—before whose invincible power the black and bloody forces of "Romanism" are soon to go down.

The Free Baptists, a much smaller body, are a plain people, who make few pretensions to high social cultivation. Yet they are so pervaded by the spirit of fraternity towards other Christians that, although they reject aspersion and infant baptism for themselves, they scruple even to call them invalid. They prefer saying with the "Morning Star": "These are invalid to us," but they are valid to our Paedobaptist brethren. Therefore they admit Paedobaptists freely to intercommunion, and to most of the rights of church membership. And while they are very intense Protestants, I have never found any difficulty in moving them to historical corrections, or to favorable restatements of Catholic doctrine. This is what it is to have the real instinct of Christian brotherhood.

On the other hand, the 'Diary' is not content to say—which would give no cause of offence—that infant baptism, in their view, is "invalid." It can not be happy without saying that it is "ridiculous." The editors know that this epithet has no force of argument, and that it is used against men and women who are as good Christians as any Baptists, as well grounded in Scripture, and as honestly desirous of following the mind of Christ. But blackguards will be blackguards through and through. As holy Isaiah says, (in a mitigated version): Let favor be shown to the churl, yet will he still deal churlishly.

Of course, as I have said before, these remarks are not to be applied to other editors, or to the Professors of Baptist Colleges and seminaries, or to very many thousands of firmly convinced, but genuinely Christian Baptists, of either sex.

The 'Diary' assures its Catholic neighbor that Baptists, especially these two editors, do not forget what happened to the Admiral. True. They take great pains not to forget it, as is their right. Only they take great pains not to remember that Coligni—a great and noble man—in his death was only reaping what he had sown in his life. Ten years before, by his own avowal, he had long entertained in his camp the fanatical Protestant Poltrót, who signified to him, and to all the camp, his fixed intent to murder the great Duke of Guise, a man whom the Protestant Guizot places, for grandeur and worthiness of character, on very much the same plane as the Admiral, except that he seems never to have been an accomplice in assassination. Coligni said nothing to encourage Poltrót, and he owns

that he said nothing to dissuade him. He owns to having given him a hundred crowns to buy him a swift horse, in the hope—which proved futile—of escape after the deed of blood.*

This is the seed planted by Coligni's own hand, which after ten years came up in his own death, and, which it is known was not in the original thought of Catherine or the younger Guises, in St. Bartholomew's Massacre. This terrible event has three chief authors: Catherine dei Medici, Henry Guise and Gaspard de Coligni.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK,
Andover, Mass.

*I treat Coligni's evasions as confessions, in view of his public glorying over the murder.

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