

Northwest Review



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

VOL. XX, No. 41.

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904

\$2.00 per year
\$1.50 if paid in advance
Single Copies 5 cents

The Dedication of the Trappists' Church.

It was a pleasant and delightful visit, not an excursion, as it lacked all the seemingly necessary characteristics of one. The bustle, the hustle, the hurry, the flurry, the overcrowding and noise, and all other incidentals, which, though they certainly make an excitement, make also a lasting and disagreeable impression.

The accommodation provided by the worthy Messrs. McKenzie and Mann was commodious—mark my words commodious, and excellent—there were even some empty seats. The train was scheduled to leave at eight a.m., and at eight a.m. it left—to shunt up and down and take a little jaunt over every little switch and side-track in the three miles of yards? No. Without one single back-up or let-up, to go directly to St. Norbert, our destination. The train stopped at the gate of the grounds—not at the station.

Passing the little turn-stile, we entered a delightful wood, resplendent still with all the beauty of morn, on tree and shrub, and alas! also on the foot-path. It was slightly destructful to dainty footwear; but who cared for that? The ladies tucked up their pretty frocks and tripped gaily on; the gentlemen—well I was so busy picking my own steps, (in life) I don't know what they did. However we all arrived at La Salle river, which is still quite high; over this, was a single-file foot-bridge, erected, I believe, for the occasion. It was a little shaky, but then all bridges are. Having crossed this we were upon the Trappists' grounds. A feeling of contentment permeates the very atmosphere, and makes an impression on the mind, even before one is well up the river bank. This is the Trappists' home.

Their buildings are on the left, to the south as we approach; all are plain wooden though homely structures, except the new stone and brick church, the dedication of which was the object of our excursion, visit, I mean. Our attention was drawn by the figures clad in brown, who passed up and down in and out, evidently very busy. Others, we noticed in white. The difference in garb puzzled not a few of us. We afterwards learned that those of the brown habit are Trappist Lay Brothers, the working class. They are not priests, and never will be as they are not educated for that. They follow the trades, and agriculture, all of course, within their own grounds. Those of the white habit are the priests, who spend much more time in prayer. For instance their office which is recited every day, takes five hours. The brothers do not, and are not required to say this.

What I found remarkable was the healthy appearance of these monks. I knew they rose very early, worked hard, ate no meat, so I unconsciously expected to see dull eyes and pale, emaciated, stolid features. Well any lady of the land could conscientiously envy their complexions in most cases, but above all, and in every case their eyes. I was at a ball game the night before, and I saw more unhealthy looking men amongst the teams actually playing, than I saw amongst the St. Norbert monks.

The blessing of the church was followed by Mass, no different of course from any Mass, sung in any church, in any part of Catholic Christendom. I always feel so glad about this. The singing was somewhat different to that which we are accustomed to hear. They keep wonderful time (it would delight a hand-master's heart) and sing with a soft harmony. The remarkable thing is the way they stop; it was the stopping, not the singing, which struck me; so suddenly, yet without the least jar; you do not expect it, so it naturally is sur-

prising. Reverend Mgr. Ritchot, the donor of the lands, was present also representatives from the different religious communities of the city and St. Boniface; they all sat within the sanctuary and a very imposing spectacle it made. The upper or sanctuary end of the church is wider than the body. This leaves a large space for the main altar, which is so placed, that behind and around it, in the form of a crescent are seven small altars, five of which are dedicated to Saints, one to the Sacred Heart, and one to the Blessed Virgin. All are separated by white pillars upon which the morning sun shone with pleasing brilliancy. The church is remarkably well lighted. There were no dark shadows or uncertain lights, which, we will all acknowledge, we are always unreasonably accustomed to associate with a monastery. This dark, lonesome sensation was entirely absent. A glance at the monks dispels the feeling that one is required to look solemn and sombre. If the sunlight fell with pleasing effect on the white interior of the church, which makes us forget that it is the plainest we have ever seen and certainly, the most devoid of ornament, there is a light, not falling, but emanating from the countenances of these monks, compelling us to gaze and gaze again, upon features which, though they may be plain, are assuredly comforting and holy, stamped with stability of purpose and strong in the knowledge of right.

Mass was followed by an excellent dinner, the most delicious and unusual appetizer of which was the manners of the ladies and young girls of St. Norbert who served. It was beautiful. Kindness and graciousness was the prevailing flavor of everything.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. Fathers Drummond and Cahill and the chivalry of a French gentleman, we succeeded in securing a conveyance by means of which we could visit the village of St. Norbert. This is a peaceful and prosperous little place on the east bank of the Red. Here is situate the Shrine of Our Lady erected by Mgr. Ritchot. St. Norbert's, the parish church, is one of the prettiest for its size, that can be seen anywhere in this country. There is a very pleasing proportion about the whole place, inside and out. Quite an effect has been produced by finishing the walls, surrounding the altar, with five large paintings. The first on the left is Moses giving the tables of the law to his people, followed by one representing repentant Mary Magdalen; the third directly above the altar, is the conversion of St. Norbert. Of an aristocratic family he belonged to a religious order, and was by no means faithful in the performance of his duties. One day while walking along a road he was suddenly struck by a light from heaven which led eventually to the reform and finally to the sanctification of his life. This light striking him is the picture. His surprise at the awful suddenness is splendidly brought out. Of the five pictures this is my favorite, especially in coloring. The others are "Our Lord giving St. Peter the Keys of the Church" and "The Holy Family." On the right of this Church is the bishop's home, a light-brown wooden structure surrounded by trees. On the left the Grey Nun's Convent. They welcomed us with sweet simplicity, and showed us through the place. They had seventy-one boarders, and counting day-scholars an enrollment of one hundred and forty. In one bright class room we even came across the candidates for third and second class certificates, writing under the supervision of Mr. Young, Public School Inspector. They are going to build a new school this summer, to the north of the present one. We all wish them success. I need not de-

scribe a convent. Everyone knows the wonderful cheerfulness, the contentment, the cleanliness, and the courtesy found in them all.

Returning to the Trappist's church, we attended vespers and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. While the monks were chanting the psalms, a pretty incident occurred symbolical of those holy and cheerful men. A little bird flew in, and rested on a ledge above one of the high white pillars. It did not thrust itself to the centre, but remained well in the right wing or side, of the sanctuary, twittered, seemingly with a great burst of joy a little melody, and then, quietly, as any religious, disappeared.

The ladies, no doubt were disappointed at not being permitted to visit the monastery. No further than the parlor were they allowed to enter. However we were very pleasantly assured by the monks, who are delightful conversationalists, that we will live to see the opening of their new home, three years hence. "A word to the wise." On the occasion of its dedication it will be open to the public as was the church on Wednesday. It seems queer that never again will a woman enter that church. Those who availed themselves of the chance are happy, those who did not do not know what they have missed; it is not so much what we see, as what we feel when being there.

One might suppose, and quite naturally, that those monks living within a cloister, conversing with no one, might be behind the man of the world in social functions, or be a little awkward and confused; but such was not the case; they were delightfully thoughtful, considerate and pleasant, and made the day an ideal outing. Every person was delighted with their visit. The gentlemen in charge are to be congratulated on its splendid success.

EVA. G. CONNELL.

CURRENT COMMENT

Our bright and interesting contemporary, "The Catholic Columbian," of Columbus, O., thus sums up the Chartreuse sham inquiry:

The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies Appointed to find out whether the Chartreuse monks endeavored to bribe Premier Combes to let them stay in their monastery in France, or whether Edgar Combes, son of the Prime Minister, tried to blackmail them by promising them that his father would not exile and rob them, if they would pay him a handsome fee for his services, have discovered no facts. The Monks remained silent, and the other parties to the case called one another liars, but produced no proofs. So the inquiry is without result.

The investigation was directed by the Government. It went just so far and by just such ways as the Ministry determined. It stopped when the word was passed.

But one fact remains—the committee has not vindicated Edgar Combes or his father, the Premier.

On another question, however, we cannot see eye to eye with our Columbus friend. He writes editorially:

President Schurman of Cornell University notes the fact that everywhere attendance at scientific and professional schools is outstripping the attendance at classes of the humanities. Yet, while all the outside world is forging to the front of actual life our students are kept grubbing at useless Greek roots. Will our col-

leges ever cut loose from antiquated traditions?

We devoutly hope they will not, for if they did such institutions as Cornell would go on unchecked in their great process of disintegrating and frittering away the noblest faculties of the human mind. Undoubtedly Cornell University heads the list of American and Canadian scientific schools, its laboratories are admirably equipped, its professors publish scientific monographs that show minute and accurate research; but it does not produce any thinkers, its graduates are singularly lacking in grasp of principles, they cannot correlate their multitudinous facts, their philosophy is of the flimsiest type. Were it not for the Catholic adherence to "antiquated traditions," universities of the Cornell pattern would end by destroying all truly rational thought; for nothing is so fascinating as scientific research, though few fields are so inconclusive, nothing pays so well as a great reputation for a familiarity with stanches, machines and optical instruments, in no career is it so easy to throw dust in the eyes of the vulgar crowd, and therefore that crowd rushes on its young men into that vortex of more and more specialized currents of research and bows down in mute adoration of awe-inspiring technical terms which the crowd cannot understand. But so long as our Catholic colleges do not "cut loose from antiquated traditions," so long as they stick to Greek and Latin as the best instruments of logical mental training, they will form men, real rational men, for whom the possession of a great idea is indefinitely and for ever preferable to the invention of a new gas or a new kind of light-ray. Nay more, the very sanity of those scientific specialists themselves depends upon the presence amongst them of a body of men, mentally well trained, unworped by excessive specialization and therefore capable of pointing out the vagaries into which pure science falls when it attempts to generalize.

These reflections are confirmed by a recent experience. In April the University of Manitoba advertised in Canada, the United States and the British Isles, for professors to fill four scientific chairs and one mathematical chair. Some eighty applicants responded from both sides of the Atlantic, furnishing printed copies of testimonials from prominent university professors. All the testimonials signed by men on the staff of universities where the old traditions still hold sway showed a nice perception of degrees of merit, a fine discernment of capacities, and a moderation of form which inspired trust. On the other hand many of the testimonials from highly advertised and still more highly endowed universities of the up-to-date, anti-traditional type betrayed such a fondness for indiscriminating superlatives and glittering generalities that they inspired no confidence at all and were promptly shelved.

On Sunday last in this city the Rev. (?) William Blazowsky blessed and opened what he calls "the Polish Catholic Church, or the Independent Catholic Church." The statement put forth by himself and his followers that this is merely an offshoot from the truly Roman Catholic church of the Holy Ghost in Selkirk avenue, that it is "not a break away from the Roman Catholic faith, and that it is rather a revival of the Church as it was in the sixth century," is just the sort of claptrap with which so-called reformers deceive the unwary. The "Independent Catholic" movement is, to say the least, distinctly schismatical. Separation from the head of the Church and

the Centre of unity always is schism and therefore grievously sinful. Moreover, it implies the heretical doctrine that the Church founded by Christ can err. Of course Mr. Blazowsky, who was once a true Roman Catholic, although grave doubts are entertained as to his having ever received Holy Orders, attempts to defend his position by asserting, in the teeth of plain facts, that he holds his jurisdiction from the Latin Archbishop of Lemberg in Galicia, because, says Mr. Blazowsky, this is a missionary country in which the Galicians are not subject to the local Archbishop of St. Boniface. But, unfortunately for Mr. Blazowsky, the Latin Archbishop of Lemberg does not claim any jurisdiction in this country, and no man in this diocese can honestly pretend to be a Catholic unless he be subject to Archbishop Langevin. Besides how palpably inconsistent is the stand taken by a church claiming communion with an archbishop of the living Church of Christ in Austria in this twentieth century, and at the same time disclaiming any connection with the organic life of that same church during fourteen centuries. The history of this movement will no doubt be a repetition of the parent movement in the United States: great temporary enthusiasm among disgruntled soreheads who are Polish first and Catholic afterwards, then bitter repentance on the part of sincere dupes as soon as they discover that they have been deluded by designing notoriety-seekers, finally, total abandonment of Catholic principles by the few who remain obstinate in their schism.

Catholics who thought Mr. Hugh Armstrong, the local member for Portage la Prairie, was a gentleman, will have revised their estimate after reading his twelfth of July speech in that town. He is reported to have said—the grammar may be the Telegram reporter's, but the sentiment is Armstrong's—"thousands of immigrants were pouring in from countries where they had not enjoyed the liberty of self-government and who had been under the thralldom of the Roman Catholic Church." Orange liberty means Belfast persecution of Catholics. The "thralldom of the Catholic Church" means freedom from oath-bound, hypocritical, lying and tyrannical sects.

The dreariness of that Portage deluge of Orange oratory was relieved by the Rev. Neil Herman's witty remarks upon "What I would do if I were an Orangeman." Vigorously attacking the tendencies of certain members, he reminded them that while every tolerance of language and deed should be exercised towards opponents, he believed they might justly combat the infallibility of the Pope, for there was nothing infallible but the council of Portage la Prairie.

Burns & Oates, of London, are publishing "The Cross in Japan," a history of the mission of St. Francis Xavier, written by Cecilia Mary Caddell. The same publishers are about to reissue Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Laurentia," a tale of the Jesuit Missions in Japan, a great favorite about forty years ago. This reawakened interest in the practically forgotten history of Christian Japan from 1550 to 1630, when more than a million Catholic Japanese lived and died in the true faith, suggests the timeliness of a good history of those stirring times and the republication of "Justo Ucondono," an historical Catholic novel dealing with that period and published in the United States 35 or 40 years ago.

Northwest Review

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY
AT WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

REV. A. A. CHERRIER,
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

JULY.

- 17—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Holy Redeemer.
18—Monday—St. Camillus de Lellis, Confessor.
19—Tuesday—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
20—Wednesday—St. Jerome Emiliani, Confessor.
21—Thursday—St. Alexius, Confessor. (Transferred from the 17th inst.)
22—Friday—St. Mary Magdalen, Penitent.
23—Saturday—Vigil of St. James. St. Apollinaris, Bishop, Martyr.

A STOREHOUSE OF ARGUMENT.

When asked what is the best book to put into the hands of an Anglican anxious to find out the difference between his own religion and Catholicism, and honestly seeking for the truth, our answer varies with the antecedents of the inquirer. If he has been primed with recent controversy and is fairly learned, we should recommend Luke Rivington's "Roman Primacy," or "Authority." If he has been misled by Littledale's "Plain Reasons," the proper antidote is Ryder's "Catholic Controversy," the most learned and telling of all controversial manuals, so learned, indeed, that many of the objections it triumphantly refutes are too recondite for the majority of laymen. If the inquirer is of the old high and dry school, and sufficiently familiar with the Tractarian movement, there can be nothing better than Newman's "Apologia" and his lectures on Anglican Difficulties. But for the average Anglican layman, not very deeply read in theology, but enamoured of the Church of England liturgy, the best of all books is Newman's "Loss and Gain," outwardly a tale, a work of fiction, but inwardly and in reality a series of Platonic dialogues connected by a slender thread of plot, which is merely the Romeward march of one bright mind uncommonly like Newman's own splendid intellect, although there is no similarity between the course of events in the story and the facts of Newman's life up to his conversion.

Quite apart from the charm of the author's matchless style, in which every word has its special purpose, apart, also, from the clash of minds in sprightly dialogue fully worthy of Plato himself and vastly more convincing and conclusive than the majority of Plato's talks, "Loss and Gain" is a real storehouse of Catholic exposition and Catholic argument easily comprehended by the average educated man. What makes the argument all the more effective is that it frequently assumes the indirect form of a parable or a comparison.

Here is a good sample of the report courteous but crushing. Sheffield, who is a free lance, is arguing with Bateman, a shallow pated Ritualist, and says, "But now tell me, do tell me, how are we one body with the Romanists, yet the Wesleyans not one body with us?" Bateman looked at him and was satisfied with the expression of his face. "It's a strange question for you to ask," he said; "I fancied you were a sharper fel-

low. Don't you see that we have the apostolical succession as well as the Romanists."

"But Romanists say," answered Sheffield, "that that is not enough for unity; that we ought to be in communion with the Pope."

"That's their mistake," answered Bateman.

"That's just what the Wesleyans say of us," retorted Sheffield, "when we won't acknowledge THEIR succession; they say it's our mistake."

"Their succession!" cried Bateman; "they have no succession."

"Yes, they have," said Sheffield, "they have a ministerial succession."

"It isn't apostolical," answered Bateman.

"Yes, but it's evangelical, a succession of doctrine," said Sheffield.

"Doctrine! Evangelical!" cried Bateman; "who ever heard that's not enough; doctrine is not enough without bishops."

"And succession is not enough without the Pope," answered Sheffield.

"They act against the bishops," said Bateman, not quite seeing whither he was going.

"And we act against the Pope," said Sheffield.

"We say that the Pope isn't necessary," said Bateman.

"And they say that the bishops are not necessary," returned Sheffield.

They were out of breath, and paused to see where they stood. Presently Bateman said, "My good sir, this is a question of FACT, not of argumentative cleverness. The question is whether it is not TRUE that bishops are necessary to the notion of a church, and whether it is not FALSE that Popes are necessary."

"No, no," cried Sheffield, "the question is this, whether obedience to our bishops is not necessary to make Wesleyans one body with us, and obedience to their Pope necessary to make us one body with the Romanists. You maintain the one, and deny the other, I maintain both. Maintain both, or deny both; I am consistent; you are inconsistent."

Bateman was puzzled. "In a word," Sheffield added, "succession is not unity, any more than doctrine."

"Not unity? What then is unity?" asked Bateman.

"Oneness of polity," answered Sheffield.

(And now comes a masterly "reductio ad absurdum" of the "continuity" theory still held by some belated Anglicans).

Bateman thought awhile. "The idea is preposterous," he said; "here we have POSSESSION; here we are established since King Lucius's time, or since St. Paul preached here; filling the island; one continuous Church; with the same territory, the same succession the same hierarchy, the same civil and political position, the same churches. Yes," he proceeded, "we have the very same fabrics, the memorials of a thousand years, doctrine stamped and perpetuated in stone; all the mystical teaching of the old saints. What have the Methodists to do with Catholic rites? with altars, with sacrifices, with rood-lofts, with fonts, with niches? They call it all superstition."

"Don't be angry with me, Bateman," said Sheffield, "and before going, I will put forth a parable. Here's the Church of England, as like a Protestant Establishment as it can stare; bishops and people, all but a few like yourselves, call it Protestant; the living body abjures Catholicism, flings off the name and the thing, hates the Church of Rome, laughs at sacramental power, despises the Fathers, is jealous of priestcraft, is a Protestant reality, is a Catholic sham. This existing reality, which is alive and no mistake, you wish to top with a flag-free-work of screens, dorsals, pastoral staffs, croziers, mitres and the like. Now, most excellent Bateman, will you hear my parable? will you be offended at it?"

Silence gave consent, and Sheffield proceeded.

"Why, once on a time a negro boy, when his master was away, stole into his wardrobe, and determined to make himself fine at his master's expense. So he was presently seen in the streets, naked as usual, but strutting up and down, with a cocked hat on his

head, and a pair of white kid gloves on his hands.

"Away with you! get out, you graceless, hopeless fellow," said Bateman, discharging the sofa-bolster at his head.

CONSIDERATIONS OF CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacred Heart Review.—CCCVIII.

I remarked last week that the issue of the long conflict between Pius VII. and Napoleon, although marked by a peculiar miraculousness of providential interposition in behalf of the righteous Pontiff, reminds us of the issue of the long contest between the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III., except that, in this instance, Barbarossa, although hopelessly defeated, was not finally crushed, but humbly sought and received reconciliation with the Pope and the Italians, a reconciliation which he sincerely maintained until carried away by the current of the Syrian stream, the aged Emperor found the honorable death of a crusader.

We will make some remarks on this protracted struggle, because a caricatured account of the reconciliation, due to the exaggerated zeal of some not over-scrupulous papalist, has been often made the occasion of mockery against the Papacy, a mockery in this case thoroughly undeserved.

The end of the twenty-three years' struggle was marked by the interview at Venice, in 1177, of the Pope and the Emperor. As Barbarossa entered Alexander's presence, overwhelmed by shame and by well-grounded remorse, he sank weeping at the Pope's feet to kiss them, but Alexander, springing up, prevented him, gave him the kiss of peace, and seated him in the throne which had been placed next to his own.

This, it appears, is the contemporary account. Unhappily, some later adherent of the papal cause, not content with the simplicity and evangelical mildness of Alexander's behavior, thought he must dress it out with fiction. He made the Pope, as the Emperor sank prostrate before him, strike off his crown with his foot, and then, setting his foot on his neck, exclaim: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Posterity, greedy of glaring contrasts, took up the fable, unwitting how it would one day be turned to the dishonor of the Pontificate. Even now you will sometimes find it in Protestant papers and magazines, though when I saw it the writer expressed his doubt of its truth.

In the struggle between the great Hohenstaufen on the one hand, and the Pope and the Italians on the other, the right was incontestably with the latter. The Italians were defending the rising wealth and greatness of their cities, of which Frederick was implacably jealous. The Papacy, making common cause with them, and leading them, was defending itself against Barbarossa's demand that it should return to the earlier feudal dependence of the Pope on the Emperor, a dependence apparently incongruous with Italian feeling, and certainly incompatible with the Pope's relations to general Christendom. Alexander could no more consent to sink into a mere arch-chaplain of the Hohenstaufen, than Pius VII. into a mere arch-chaplain of the Corsican.

Thereupon ensued the war of twenty-three years, pausing from time to time, and then flaming up again, not unlike, though less destructive than, the Thirty Years' War of Germany, five centuries later.

Mr. Ruskin remarks that, great as were Barbarossa's qualities of character, and beneficent as was his government for his own Germans, yet when provoked by the Italians, he was not only a relentless, but a singularly "impious" warrior. His imperial pride, once aroused, carried him into sheer insanities of outrage, against national rights, against humanity, and against religion. His demolition of great Milan, in which, it is true, he left the churches standing, was only the culmination of his immitigable rage. As for his sett-

Continued on page five.

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High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.

Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.

Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.

N.B.—Sermon in French on first Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

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

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

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Persons and Facts

Mexico has once more completed its solemn farce of continuing Porfirio Diaz in the nominal office of President with really dictatorial power. He is "elected" for six years more, with Ramon Carral as Vice-President.

Arbitrary exile and death for political offences have just been abolished in Russia. Henceforth all political crimes will be tried by the courts. This is, if it be genuine, one of the most far-reaching reforms of the present generation.

Miss Eleanore Prud'homme, daughter of Hon. Judge Prud'homme arrived last Saturday from Montreal, where she graduated at Hochelaga convent.

Miss Laura Gosselin, of St. Boniface, and Miss Leona Paradis left on Monday for St. Paul en route for Montreal, where they will become postulants in the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

The annual celebration of St. Anne's Day will take place on the 26th inst., at Ste. Anne des Chenes. Although there will be no special train, a large number of pilgrims is expected.

Mrs. Desire Magnan, of St. Anne, is rejoicing over the return of her father, Mr. Daniel Hick, who had been absent nineteen years. Before leaving he confided his little daughter Nellie to Sister McDougall, formerly superior of the St. Boniface boarding convent. The good sister has long since gone to her reward and Nellie is now happily married to a nephew of Rev. Father R. Giroux, parish priest of St. Anne's. The meeting between the long lost father and his daughter was very touching. Mr. Hick has taken up his residence with her.

The Novena in preparation for the Feast of St. Anne begins in the parish church of that name next Sunday.

At its recent commencement, the Catholic University conferred the degree of doctor of civil law on a Japanese student, Kiyonichi Seshimo, of Tokio. Peace hath its victories no less than war for the subjects of the Mikado. Long live Dr. Seshimo.—Catholic Columbian.

Edward Townsend Flynn, for forty years identified with newspaper work in New York, died at his home there on July 2. He was for years city editor of the New York Herald and was an intimate friend of James Gordon Bennett, Jr. He retired from active journalism some years ago, but contributed frequently to magazines and periodicals. He is survived by a wife and three daughters.

Excavation is completed and work has begun on the foundations of the new Greek Catholic church, on the corner of MacGregor and Stella St. The edifice will be strictly Byzantine with four Russian cupolas. The length is 110 feet, width of nave 40, transept 60; height 37 feet; material, wood with metal roof. The large basement will be used as a Greek Catholic Separate School. Rev. Father Hura, the rector, with the support of the Basilian Fathers and all good Catholics of the Ruthenian Rite, hopes to finish the building by Christmas.

According to a letter which has appeared in "La Croix," M. Constans, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, at a banquet on board one of the ships of the French squadron in the East, declared that as an old Freemason he would not be suspected of clericalism, but since he has been in the East he has gone to Mass, followed processions, and had members of the religious Orders at his table, and he had assured M. Combes that without the religious Orders French influence in the East would be lost.

A debate on French Freemasonry has taken place in the French Chamber. Several speakers urged that the society took its orders from abroad and that the Law of Associations was applicable to it.

Whilst the clergy and congregation were at service in the Cathedral of Imola, Italy, the old Cathedral of Pius IX., some time ago, the sacred building was struck by lightning. The shock was severe, and large blocks of marble were dashed to the ground, but happily nobody was injured.

Clerical News.

Rev. Joseph Prud'homme, sub-deacon, son of Hon. Judge Prud'homme, came home from the Montreal Seminary last Saturday for his vacation.

Rev. Father Paquay, C.S.S.R., whose habitual residence is St. Anne de Beaupre, Que., preached the annual retreat this week to the secular clergy of this diocese, in the chapel of St. Boniface College. Forty-two priests resided in the college, and some others, while following all the exercises of the retreat, spent each night in their respective homes in Winnipeg and St. Boniface.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., who conducted the very successful mission, with Rev. Father Blain, S.J., at St. Anne's last week, continued the same good work last Tuesday at St. Agathe, with Rev. Father Chossegras, S.J., as assistant.

Rev. Father Gladu, O.M.I., is preaching the annual retreat to the Sisters of Jesus and Mary at St. Mary's Academy. The retreat began on Wednesday.

Next week Rev. Father Paquay, C.S.S.R., will begin the first general annual retreat of the Grey Nuns and after a week's interval will also preach the second one. The Grey Nuns are so numerous and are engaged in so many different works of mercy that they have to divide up for their annual retreat.

Twenty-six young men were ordained priests of the Jesuit Order at St. Louis on Wednesday of last week by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy of Wichita, Kan. England, Ireland, Mexico, the Philippines, Belgium and States from Maine to California were represented in the class.

Cardinal Satolli visited Dayton, Ohio, at the end of last week. On Wednesday of this week he was in St. Paul, the guest of Archbishop Ireland, with whom he has important affairs to treat. At dinner that evening in honor of His Eminence were present Bishops McGolrick, Shanley, Trobec, O'Gorman, Stariha, Keane, Scannell, Garrigan and Lenihan.

Rev. J. Mollitor, of Columbus, Ohio, was ordained two weeks ago in the Josephinum in Columbus. Although but 25 years of age he is considered one of the finest Hebrew scholars in the States. He has acquired a remarkable knowledge of Hebrew and Syrian, and a liberal offer was made him to become teacher of Hebrew in a Jewish seminary. In September he will go abroad and continue his studies in the Oriental languages, at Beirut and Jerusalem. He will remain two years and on his return become teacher of Hebrew and Scriptures in the Josephinum at Columbus.

The following cablegram is momentous, if true.

Paris, July 12.—The *Matin* today says, that eight days after the recall of M. Nisard, former French Ambassador at the Vatican, a number of French bishops received an order from Cardinal Vannutelli, acting for the Vatican, to tender their resignations by return of mail. The bishops, it is added, consulted the minister of public worship, and Premier Combes, who directed them not to tender their resignations on the ground that the concordat required the assent of the state before removals were enforced. Thereafter, the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, threatened the bishops with the termination of their episcopal powers unless they came to Rome within fifteen days. This also was submitted to M. Combes, who forbade the bishops leaving their posts. Bishop Laval, of Dijon, two other bishops and three archbishops

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having republican sympathies were the ones designated.

The *Matin* further asserts that the dismissal of the bishops without consulting the government's wishes, will be considered as a formal renunciation of the relations between church and state.

Mgr. Falconi, Apostolic Delegate at Washington, has been received in private audience by the Holy Father, and will soon return to his post in the capital of the United States.

His Holiness lately received in private audience Mgr. Gaughren, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Orange Colony.

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DION AND THE SIBYLS.

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

CHAPTER II.

Our chronicle commences in Campania, with the Tyrrhenian Sea (now the southerly waters of the gulf of Genoa) on a traveller's left hand if he looks north. It was a fair evening in autumn, as we have remarked, during that age and state of the world the broad outlines of which we have briefly given. Along the Appian, or as it long afterward came to be also called, the Trajan Way, the queen of roads, a conveyance drawn by two horses, a carriage of the common hackney description, not unlike one species of the vettura used by the modern Italians, was rolling swiftly northward between the stage of Minturnae and the next stage, which was a lonely post-house a few miles south of the interesting town of Formiæ—not Forum Appi, or the Three Taverns, a place more than fifty miles away in the direction of Rome, and upon the same road.

Inside the carriage were a lady in middle life, whose face, once lovely, was still sweet and charming, and a very pale, beautiful child, each nressed in black ricinium, or mourning robe, drawn over the top of the head. The girl was about twelve years old, or a little more, and seemed to be suffering much and grievously. She faced the horses, and on her side sat the lady fanning her and watching her with a look which always spoke love, and now and again anguish. Opposite to them, with his back to the horses, wearing a sort of dark lacerna, or thin, light grey coat, of costly material, but of a fashion which was deemed in Italy at that day either foreign or vulgar, as the case might be, sat a youth of about eighteen. The child was leaning back with her eyes closed. The youth, as he watched her, sighed now and then. At last he put both hands to his face, and, leaning his head forward, suffered tears to flow silently through his fingers. The lacerna which he wore was fastened at the breast by two fibulae, or clasps of silver, and girt round his waist with a broad brown, sheeney leather belt, stamped after some Asiatic mode. In a loop of this belt, at his left side, was secured within its black scabbard an unfamiliar, outlandish-looking, long, straight, three-edged sword, which he had pulled round so as to rest the point before his feet, bringing the blade between his knees, and the hilt, which was gay with emeralds, in front of his chest.

The Romans still very generally went bare-headed, even out of doors, except that those who continued to wear the toga drew it over their heads as the weather needed, and those who wore the penula used the hood of it in the same way. But upon the hilt of the sword we have described the youth had flung a sort of petasus, or deep-rimmed hat, with a flat top, and one black feather at the side, not stuck perpendicularly into the band, but so trained half round it as to produce a reckless, rakish effect, of which the owner was unconscious.

"Agatha," said the lady, in a low, tender voice, the delicate Greek ring of which was full of persuasion, "look up, beloved child! Your brother and I, at least are left. Think no more of the past. The Gods have taken your father, after men have taken his and your inheritance. But our part in life is not yet over. Did not your parents too, in times past... did not we too, I say, lose ours? Did you not know that you were to live longer than your poor father? Are you not to survive me also? Perhaps soon.

With a cry of dismay the young girl threw her arms round the lady's neck and sobbed. The other while she shed tears, exclaimed:

"I thank that unknown power, of whom Dionysius the Athenian my young countryman, so sublimely speaks, that the child weeps at

last! Weep, Agatha, weep; but mourn not mute in the cowardice of despair! Mourn not for your father in a way unbecoming of his child and mine. Mourn not as though indeed you were not ours. My husband is gone for ever, but he went in honor. The courageless grief, that cauter without voice or tears, which would slay his child, will not bring back to me the partner of my days, nor to you your father. We must not dishearten but cheer your brother Paulus for the battle which is before him."

"I wish to do so, my mother," said Agatha.

"When I recover my rights," broke in the youth at this point, "my father will come and sit among the lares, round the ever burning fires in the atrium of our hereditary house, Agatha; and therefore courage! You are ill, but Charicles, the great physician of Tiberius Caesar is our countryman, and he will attend you. He can cure almost any thing, they say. And if you feel fatigued, no wonder, so help me! Minime mirum mehercle! Have we not travelled without intermission, by land and by sea all the way from Thrace? But now, one more change of horses brings us to Formiæ, and then we shall be at our journey's end. Meantime, dear child, look up; see yonder woods, and the garden-like shores."

And having first tried in vain to brighten the horn window at the side of the vehicle, specular cornicum, (glass was used only in the private carriages of the rich), he stood up, and calling over the hide roof of the carriage, which was open in front—the horses being driven from behind—he ordered the rhedurius, or coachman, to open the panels. The man, evidently a former slave of the family, now their freedman, quickly obeyed, and descending from his bench, pushed back into grooves contrived to receive them the coarsely-figured and gaudily colored sides of the travelling carruca.

"Is parvula better?" he then cried, with the privileged freedom of an old and attached domestic, or of one who, in the far more endearing parlance of classic times, was a faithful familiaris—that is a member of the family. "Is the little one better? The dust is laid, now, little one; the evening comes; the light slants; the sun smiles not higher than yourself, instead of burning overhead. See, the beautiful country! See, the sweet land! Let the breeze bring a bloom to your cheeks, as it brings the perfumes to your mouth. Ah! the parvula smiles. Fate is not always angry!"

"Dear old Philip!" said the child; and then, turning to her mother, she added,

"Just now, mother, you waked me from a frightful dream. I thought that the man who has our father's estates was dead; but he came from the dead, and was trying to kill Paulus, my brother, there; and for that purpose was striving to wrest the sword from Paulus's hand, and that the man, or lar, laughed in a hideous manner, and cried out: 'It is with his own sword we will slay him. Nothing but his own sword!'"

The old freedman turned pale and muttered something to himself, as he stood by the side of the vehicle; and, while he kept the horses steady, with the long reins in his left hand, glanced awfully at Paulus.

"Brother," continued the child, "I forget that man's name. What is the name?"

"Never mind the name now," said Paulus; "a dead person cannot kill a living one; and that man is not in Italy who will kill me with my own sword, if I be not asleep. look at the beautiful land! See, as Philip tells you, the beautiful land where you are going to be so happy."

(To be continued).

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ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN AND THE HOLY FATHER.

The Administrator of the Archdiocese of St. Boniface, Very Rev. F. A. Dugas, lately received a most interesting letter from His Grace the Archbishop. He wrote from Rome, delighted with the half hour of private interview he had just had with His Holiness Pius X. The Holy Father, he writes, is not only kind, he is lovable. He warmly praised Mgr. Langevin for his strenuous labors and his valiant battles in the cause of truth. The conversation was carried on in Latin and in French.

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A MINISTER'S WATCH AND A PRIEST'S WIT.

The Australian Catholic press tells a good story illustrating the ready wit of the late Father McKiernan, of Queensland. He was once travelling to a railway station in a buggy, accompanied by a Protestant minister. Both were anxious to be in time, but their watches disagreed, that of the parson being the slower. Its owner insisted, however, that it was correct, and added that he had great faith in it. Father McKiernan yielded the point, and they travelled along leisurely, thinking they would have ample time to catch the train. When they arrived at the station, however, they were late. Then the priest, turning to his friend, said: "You told me you had great faith in that watch of yours, it would be much better if you had good works in it—a practical proof that faith without good works is of no avail."—Ave Maria.

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"Suite 16?" inquired the messenger boy, with a smile as he handed in the package.

"It's none of your affair how old I am!" snapped the newly acquired domestic as she slammed the door in his face.—Detroit Free Press.

Harold—You shouldn't wait for something to turn up, old chap; you should pitch right in and turn it up yourself."

Rupert—But it's my rich uncle's toes, old chap, that I'm waiting for.—Tit-Bits.

ing up an Antipope, that was so much a matter of course whenever the Empire was at strife with the Church, that it may go for nothing. Yet it made the Emperor a schismatic, as Alexander's title was incontestably good, and was acknowledged by the Church at large.

Finally, at Legnano, in 1176, Barbarossa was hopelessly defeated. He was magnanimous enough to recognize that it would be madness to continue the struggle, and after his reconciliation with the Pope, and his truce, passing then into a peace, with the Lombards, he showed himself thenceforward a dutiful son of the Church, and a loyal friend of Italy. He might be transported by rage into cruelty, but there was not in him the baseness of the Bonaparte.

Ruskin remarks on the singular moderation of the Pope and the Italians in their terms of peace. After so many years of spoliation and outrage, they raised no demand for indemnity. They were content to bear their own losses. There was no talk either of repayment or revenge. They asked only that Frederick would acknowledge the independence of the Papacy, and the domestic independence of the cities. All other public affairs were left, as before, to the imperial supremacy. The history of the whole affair is one which reflects the highest honor both on the Papacy and on the Italians. May the time of mutual reconciliation soon dawn again!

There is one good thing in the later contests. All attempts to set up Antipopes have ceased. Napoleon himself never seems to have dreamed of such a thing.

Charles Oman's students' "History of England" is a valuable little work, well proportioned, and for the most part very sound. It seems a pity, though, that he should have kept so much of the old-fashioned English Protestant temper as hardly ever to speak of the Papacy except with impatient contempt. Now the Papacy, ancient, and widely ruling, and important, as it is, may be denounced but it hardly seems obnoxious to contempt.

Mr. Oman declares that the Popes cared nothing for England, and that their decisions in English public affairs were not prompted by a regard to justice, but to their own interests, or those of some favorite. Now as two such great scholars as Bishop Westcott and Bishop Stubbs, the latter the greatest English historian of our day, and Mr. Oman's own diocesan both remark on the equitableness of the papal decisions in national affairs in the earlier days, we must be allowed to prefer these high authorities to Mr. Oman's judgment. Westcott, indeed, as I see him literally quoted, thinks that the Roman Catholics may draw an argument for the divine institution of the Papacy from the remarkable fairness and wisdom of the Papal arbitrations, even in matters not directly religious, and even as rendered by Popes who sometimes were personally far from estimable.

Oman is particularly sarcastic at the expense of Innocent III., and his decision against Magna Charta. What did he care for the good of England? he asks. He cared only to gratify his now obsequious vassal John.

I do not doubt that Innocent was here in the wrong. The great Cardinal Langton, the father of Magna Charta, thought so, and, being an Englishman, he knew the matter more interiorly than was possible for the Pope. The Papacy claims no infallibility in political judgments, and there may be a point beyond which the wisest Italian does not well understand the workings of English affairs. Yet, as so high a Protestant authority as Herzog-Plitt praises Innocent III. for the conscientiousness of his administration, why should we, because we differ from his opinion in this matter, call in question his sincerity?

What renders such an attitude towards Innocent peculiarly hard to defend is, that his sentence was almost identical with that of St. Lewis, "noblest and holiest of monarchs," the absolute purity of whose motives the whole world has always acknowledged. Why should that, though erroneous, be pronounced virtuous in Lewis

which is thrown up as a reproach against Innocent?

The truth is, that neither King nor Pope could see in Magna Charta the embryo out of which would spring the great tree of parliamentary freedom. Their decisions were necessarily given in the terms of the feudal law, and, within this inevitable limitation, they seem to have decided justly. Langton saw that here was something which went beyond Feudalism, but Lewis and Innocent, Latins both, could not reasonably be required, in English affairs, to have the penetrating vision of the great English archbishop.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.
Andover, Mass.

BLESSING OF THE NEW TRAPPIST MINSTER AT ST. NORBERT.

On Wednesday, July 6, at 8 a.m. a special train of five cars, crowded with Winnipeg and St. Boniface people, drew out of the Winnipeg C.N.R. station and reached St. Norbert in about half an hour. The train stopped at a place, some three hundred yards west of the St. Norbert station, just opposite a path that led through a beautiful wood across a foot-passenger bridge on the LaSalle river to the monastery of Notre Dame des Prairies. As the weather was perfect, that walk through the grass, bordered with wild flowers and ripe strawberries, in the sun-bathed morning air, was delightful. For half an hour the gay crowd sauntered in front of the new church, waiting for the service to begin at 9 o'clock. Greetings were exchanged, acquaintances renewed, and the Trappist courtyard was filled with a babble of unwonted talk in this home of silence.

Promptly at the hour, on the stroke of the deep-toned church bell a procession was formed by the white robed choir monks, the brown robed lay brothers and the visiting clergy both secular and regular, there being amongst the latter several representatives of all the other religious orders in the diocese. The procession, headed by the Administrator Very Rev. F. A. Dugas, and Rev. Father Louis, prior of the Trappist monastery entered the church. Meanwhile the announcement was made from the church steps that the laity would have to wait outside till the blessing of the church was completed. They had leisure to view the imposing but severely simple brick exterior of this Romanesque church, 140 feet long. Very Rev. F. A. Dugas, followed by the clergy singing the psalms appointed for the blessing of a church, went round the sacred edifice and sprinkled the walls with holy water. The beautiful interior, far more impressive than the outside, reveals the cruciform ground plan, which is not perceptible from without, owing to the cloister on one side and a mortuary chapel on the other filling in the space between the arms of the cross and the facade. The nave is 25 feet wide and fairly lofty, the transept covers a width of sixty feet. This, together with the rounded apse, is the most striking feature of the new minster. Floods of light pour from all sides on the white walls. The windows, of glass as yet unstained, are set in rounded arches, while the vault is grained with plain white ribs which are quite in keeping with the solemn beauty of the edifice. The main pillars of the central vault are of Bedford stone, monoliths with mere unadorned mouldings for capitals. The main altar, a temporary wooden structure, which will soon make way for a stone altar, is a gem of joinery done by one of the monks, who, by the way, worked with their own hands in preparing the stone and brick for the skilled workmen under Mr. Cusson's able direction.

After the short ceremony of the blessing proper the front door was thrown open and the lay visitors poured in. Benches were placed in the nave between the monks' stalls and were soon filled. Some ladies even found their way to some of the stalls that were not occupied by the monks. Others thronged the gallery that stretches from the entrance over a considerable part of the nave. The Grey Nuns and the Sisters of Misericorde knelt around and behind the chancel



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Then the Holy Sacrifice was offered for the first time in this temple of henceforth almost unceasing prayer. The Very Rev. Administrator was celebrant, with Rev. Father Dufresne as deacon and Rev. Father Bourret as sub-deacon. The singing by the monks was strictly Gregorian, of the Solesmes type, brisk and sharply accentuated with an utter absence of drawl. After the gospel Rev. Father Chossegras, S.J., clad only in his Jesuit cloak, preached a beautiful French sermon on the perfection of religious life. The academic grace of his language was attuned to the loftiness of his theme.

Mass was over by 11 o'clock and the pleased and edified audience, with the glamour of that Benedictine melody still around them wandered in the court yard of the minster and monastery till they were invited, shortly after, to the generous meal prepared for them by the ladies of St. Norbert. Tables, groaning with delicacies, were laid in the roomy cellars of the church, all gay with hunting and greenery, just dark enough to be a relief from the outside glare and deliciously cool. Between five and six hundred people did justice to this fraternal banquet, so deftly served by St. Norbert ladies and gentlemen, that no one had to wait. At the end of the meal the Very Rev. Father Prior, Louis de Bourmont, grandson of Marshall Count Victor de Bourmont, the conqueror of Algiers in 1830, rose to express his thanks to the Venerable Monsignor Ritchot, present at his right, who had received the Trappists when they first came to this country and who had bestowed upon them the most fertile land he owned. Father Louis also referred gratefully to the illustrious and ever lamented Archbishop Tache, to his generous successor, Archbishop Langevin and to the Administrator who so worthily filled his place. Then Mgr. Ritchot spoke, insisting upon the admirable effect of the good example of agricultural skill afforded by the Trappist Monks, who, by their devotion to a farmer's life, preached the value of that life better by deeds than by words. The Very Rev. Administrator said that His Grace the Archbishop must be with them in spirit, since he must by this time have learned the date of today's ceremony.

Between dinner and vespers at three and after vespers till the train arrived at six, the visitors strolled through the neighborhood, many of them examining the church, especially the huge choir books in the monks' stalls. These books, printed in the largest possible type, with true Gregorian musical notes, and bound with strong iron clasps, are produced by the Cistercian monks of Westmalle in Belgium. Other visitors were

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shown by Father Joseph all the secrets of the creamery and cheese factory which supply the markets of Winnipeg. Others walked through the farm lands on a road that is fully two miles in length. Still others visited the monastery, where ladies could not penetrate beyond the parlor. Many found their way to the village of St. Norbert, about three quarters of a mile away, visited the fine parish church, the open air shrine of Our Lady, the convent of the Grey Nuns, and the new founding asylum of the Sisters of Misericorde.

One characteristic feature of the genial gathering near the new church, where groups were seated in the welcome shade, was a French Viscount, whose money had defrayed three quarters of the \$30,000 which the new minster cost, dispensing, in his Trappist habit, ginger ale, cakes, etc., to all who approached his booth. With the ease that comes of perfect breeding he played his part as if he had done nothing else all his life than minister to the thirst or hunger of a jolly crowd.

Another noticeable feature was the healthy appearance of all the monks. Several of the younger ones especially have faces that are angelic indeed, but not in the sense of ethereal paleness. On seeing one of these, with the rosy cheeks of abounding youth, a lady was heard to remark that she would be willing to adopt a vegetarian diet if she could only secure thereby such a complexion as that.

At three in the afternoon the church was once more crowded for vespers and Benediction. The choir monks, who are accustomed to long services, since they spend five hours every day in singing the praises of God, recited first the office of the Blessed Virgin and then sang the vespers of the day. Their singing of the antiphons was particularly good. Then came Benediction of the Blessed Sacraments, given by Rev. James Dugas, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, assisted by Rev. Father Rulquin, S.M., as deacon, and Rev. Father Bourret as subdeacon. The Very Rev. Administrator had been called to St. Boniface directly after dinner.

The new church is dedicated, to God of course, but in honor of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, which is the principal feast of the Trappist or Reformed Cistercian Order. Places are marked out for 12 side altars, which are not yet made. The new minster will remain open to outsiders next Sunday, but after that it will be closed to women always, and to men from the parish of St. Norbert, lest they might be tempted away from their parish church; but it will always be open to men from any other parish. Women will have another chance to see it when it will be consecrated, perhaps next year, and then it will remain open to them for a week. They will also have a chance to visit the new monastery from top to bottom when it is completed. The foundations therefor are now being dug, on the river side at right angles to the transept which it will touch.

The visitors, all highly pleased with their day at St. Norbert, returned to town by the six o'clock train.

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

It is not only in the United States that the Church is growing. Last week we reproduced a Protestant professor's testimony of its growth and strength in Germany, and now the New Zealand Herald, a non-Catholic journal, pays a notable tribute to the Catholic Church in that country.

"However much men may differ," it writes, "upon doctrinal points, we do not think that there is any difference of opinion as to the energy and persistence with which this ecclesiastical organization carries on its work. As the result, it steadily holds its own among powerful and vigorous denominations. Indeed, it has somewhat improved its position during the past twenty years. During the period between the census years of 1896 and 1901 it added nearly 11,500 to the number of its members in this colony, its rate of increase being slightly higher than that of the Anglican Church and only exceeded by the larger bodies among the

Methodists. These results are undoubtedly due to the hard and systematic work of the Roman Catholic clergy, work which the Protestant community is generally ignorant of, but is gradually beginning to recognize.—New World.

A PLAGUE.

In spite of hygienic rules
Framed wisely 'gainst disease,
In spite of college and schools
Where doctors take degrees,
In spite of due preventive care
There is a sickness vague
That here and there and every
where
Prevails and is a plague.

'Tis known in high and baronial
halls,
'Mid all the pomp and pride
'Tis known in many a city's walls
Where rich and poor men bide;
And dwellers in the country green
And sailors on the sea,
And miners too, have sufferers
been,
From this dread malady.

It paralyzes heart and brain,
It dulls the senses too;
And many an ill is in its train,
And sorrows not a few;
And, strange to say, physicians'
skill
'Gainst it is powerless;
For clever men have called it still
By name of Laziness.

MEMORIAL TO D'ARCY MCGEE.

Suggestions have been made, now and again, in the press, that it was time the great services rendered to Canada by the late Hon. T. D. McGee, should be recognized in a national manner. The question was placed on the order paper last week by Mr. Clancy, M.P., and the Premier made answer that it was the intention of the government to have a monument to McGee, as has been done for Sir John A. Macdonald, Hon. Alex. MacKenzie, and Sir Geo. E. Cartier. The proposed monument will naturally be in the form of a statue of the great orator, poet and statesman, and it will be erected on Parliament Hill, under the shadow of the great structure within whose walls he had made so many eloquent pleas for Canadian Confederation, and for the union of races on our soil. Later on we will have more to write on this very interesting and inspiring subject. For the present we have the great pleasure of anticipation, and we hope soon to have the greater one of realization.—True Witness.

A SCOTTISH COURTSHIP.

He and his lass had been sitting together for about half an hour in silence, when he spoke, and the following dialogue took place:—

"Maggie," he said, "wasna I here on Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Jock, I daur say ye were."

"An' I was here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, and so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht?"

"Aye, ye did happen along Tuesday nicht."

"An' I was here on Wednesday nicht."

"Aye, you were Jock, sae ye were."

"An' I was here on Thursday nicht?"

"I'll no deny ye were Jock."

"An' I was here on Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

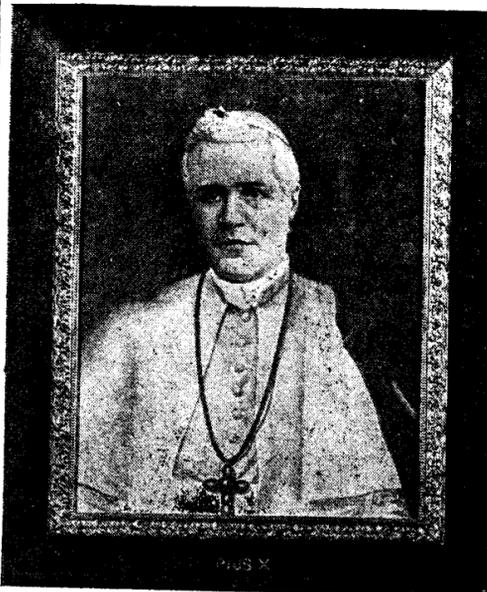
"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again!"

"Well, what for no? I'm sure ye're vera welcome."

"Maggie, (desperately), Maggie, woman! D'ye no begin to smell a rat?"

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