

Clerical News.

His Grace, our beloved Archbishop, accompanied by the Very Rev. A. Dugas, V. G., left on Tuesday for St. Paul, where they will meet the Rev. Father Lacombe. What the object of their visit may be is still a secret, the manifestation of which we hope will soon come to us, we hope in tidings of great rejoicing.

The Rev. Father Defoy came from St. Anne on Monday. He is rather exhausted by his labor, and may have to take a few days' rest.

The Rev. Father Dufresne, of Lorette, was also visiting at St. Boniface. As the saying goes, this is one that is almost now resting on his laurels. Father Dufresne has accomplished a great deal in his parish, no wonder that his parishioners should almost idolize him.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Tuesday morning at 9.30, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, when Mr. Thomas A. Horan and Miss Mary E. McCague were united in wedlock by the Rev. A. A. Cherrier. Mr. P. Eugene Wallace acted as best man, whilst Miss P. Kileen played the part of bridesmaid. The happy couple left on their wedding tour by the C. P. R. Safe journey! Prompt return!

Regina Notes.

On Wednesday the Feast of Epiphany, Miss Rusk, of Stony Beach, was received into the Catholic Church. The ceremony was grand. Simply grand. The young lady was, on that day baptized for the first time, and immediately after received Holy Communion. This is one of the occasions when we cannot express our deep feelings. Rev. Father Kasper, O.M.I., performed the ceremony, and Miss O'Connor of Halifax, acted as God-mother for Miss Rusk. The altar so tastefully decorated for the feast, the crib, where lay the Holy Infant, the beautiful girl kneeling, first with head covered, then wearing, after baptism, her lovely white veil and wreath, symbolic of the purity of her immortal soul, and the saintly Father so solemnly performing the Sacrament, all lent a heavenly air to the occasion. Those privileged to be present will certainly never forget it. To picture such a ceremony as the baptism of an adult, the reception of a grown person into the bosom of our Holy Church, in cold type seems incongruous. Surely it is impossible; we can only see it, and almost catch its glare; the chief actor alone can realize it. But there, the pen must cease. It is a memory to carry through life, but even to one, who has knelt and received the Benediction of God's anointed, after being received into the One Fold, it is not a recollection to describe. To Miss Rusk we tender our most hearty congratulations.

Rev. Father Kasper, O. M. I., spent Sunday in Grenfell, returning Monday evening, Sunday afternoon the trustees of last year in St. Mary's congregation were re-elected for the ensuing year.

Most beautiful weather prevails, and even during the present month—a circumstance before unknown in Regina—several buildings are in course of erection.

The Misses McCusker, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McCusker, left on Sunday evening to resume their studies in St. Mary's Academy. A number of their friends were at the depot to see them off, and wish them a prosperous year at school.

GENA MacFARLANE.

St. Pie Letellier Notes.

As usual, the church was crowded at Midnight Mass. Nearly all the congregation approached the sacraments, which must be very consoling to our priest.

Father Veilhen, of St. Boniface College, assisted Father Poitras, and preached to attentive audiences on Christmas day, and on the following Sunday.

The new French-Canadian flag was blessed on the evening of Christmas day. The Rev. Father explained the origin and reason of the various parts of this flag. This one, which now floats on grand occasions before the presbytery, is the first in our village, but we think it will soon have many companions.

Father Perrissette, a newly ordained priest, sang High Mass on New Year's day.

The new convent is completed, and is to be blessed by His Grace the Archbishop, on the tenth.

There was dismay in our village this week, when the railway station was closed. It had been threatened for a week or two, but no one believed that it really would happen in such a busy place. We are glad to say that it only remained closed about one day, petitions and requests to the right quarters having prevailed.

The usual round of gaities have accompanied the festive season, and our young people have had a number of visitors staying with them.

The choir gave us some well prepared music for Christmas, the congregation taking part in the refrain of the old Christmas hymns. Mr. Gravelines, one of our prosperous merchants intends starting in a few days for a trip to Oregon, California, etc.

Your correspondent heartily wishes the Northwest Review and its staff a happy and prosperous New Year.

The 9th of January, 1904, was beautiful and mild for the time of year, which increased the pleasure of our congregation, who were thus enabled to assemble at Letellier, at half past three, to welcome our beloved Archbishop on his visit to bless the new convent, which has just been completed. Immediately after the arrival of the train, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Church, and His Grace preached an impressive sermon on the text "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." He dwelt on the words "men of good will," explaining how we all might have this good-will, and that then in spite of trials and sorrows, peace would be with us, according to the Divine promise. His Grace expressed himself so pleased at seeing so many people before him, remarking that it was an instance of good will to assemble to honor the Lord in the person of his servant.

Shortly after the afternoon service the Archbishop and priests wended their way to the new convent, to be first guests of honor there. The ladies of the parish had prepared a banquet to do honor to the occasion. The supper was served in the Sister's refectory, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Mrs. Gravelines and Mrs. D'Euchambault were the chief promoters of this success, but they were cordially seconded by Mesdames Desrosiers, Aibiens, Joseph Parent, P. Frazer, J. Saurette.

Great credit is due the choir for their musical efforts. We particularly remarked Mrs. Horace Dansereau's singing.

The Archbishop celebrated the first Mass in the convent chapel on Sunday morning, afterwards assisting at High Mass in full regalia and preaching an appropriate sermon for the Octave of the Epiphany, explaining to us that the human race, descendants of Shem, Ham

and Japhet, were represented in the persons of the Magi, and drawing lessons from their offerings, etc. It is a pity that I cannot give his Grace's sermon as well as your Regina correspondent would do, but it is the talent, not the will that is wanting.

At half past two we assembled anew in the Church. After a hymn the Archbishop again favored us, speaking in part on Catholic education, then after the singing of the Veni Creator, the procession formed to proceed to the blessing of the convent. It was a pretty sight to see the long procession wending its way over the snow. And the men's voices rang out strong, singing the hymn of the League of the Sacred Heart, which Father Proulx had established in this parish at the last mission held in the spring of 1903. The Rev. Father had arrived with Father Fillion, just before the service began. They were escorted by a number of rigs from St. Jean Baptiste.

When the new building had been blessed inside and out, Benediction was given by His Grace in the convent chapel. The pretty chapel, the sacristy, and corridor were taxed to their utmost to hold the people.

Immediately afterwards a seance was held by the pupils in the school. The room was not large enough to hold those who wished to assist and besides the building was not strong enough. Before all had gone upstairs it was noticed that the floor had sunk several inches on one side. Being one of those disappointed, I cannot tell you of the pretty things there enacted.

I had almost forgotten to say that an address of welcome was read on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Jacques Parent's eldest son. Each word was distinctly pronounced, and could be heard all over the Church.

The Archbishop left on Sunday afternoon between half past five and six for St. Jean Baptiste, and thus closed a happy and memorable event in the annals of the parish of St. Pie Letellier.

Obituary

At St. Boniface, on the 12th inst. Arthur Leveque, aged 59 years.

Mr. A. Leveque had come to Manitoba some 33 years ago, a sergeant in the first detachment of soldiers who came by the Lake of the Wood's route.

The year following his arrival here he married Miss Mary D'Eschambault, a daughter of Geo. D'Eschambault, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Co. Mr. Leveque had occupied for many years prior to his death the position of Indian Agent, the last place of his operation being in the Qu'Appelle district. His amiable qualities in society as well as attractive voice as a singer were particularly well known, and highly appreciated at St. Boniface, where he had resided until recent years. It was only natural that he should return to his old home, now occupied by his dear son Taillefer Leveque, to spend the last days of his earthly life. He breathed his last after a Christian preparation for the dreadful journey into eternity.

To his bereaved wife and sons the Review extends its sincerest sympathy.—R. I. P.

At St. Norbert

On Wednesday, the 6th inst. the presbytery of the venerable Prelate who presides over and ministers to the spiritual wants of the good people of St. Norbert, was made the scene of a most enjoyable love feast.

A large gathering of the members of the Manitoba Catholic clergy and of leading citizens and ladies

of Winnipeg, St. Boniface and St. Norbert, at the invitation of the very Rev. Mgr. Ritchot, marked the continuance of an old French custom carried out sacredly in old Gallic settlements.

For a number of years back it has been the custom to feast at the presbytery of the venerable prelate on the festival of the day, the Epiphany, partaking of a banquet and electing annually a king and queen. The festivities began on Wednesday evening at 6.30 o'clock, and the regal function resulted in the choice by drawing lots, of Hon. A. A. C. LaRiviere, M. P., Mrs. Couillard of Montreal, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Dubuc of Winnipeg, as the royal majesties for the evening.

A most appropriate speech was delivered by the new king, who, although not forgetting the jolly side of his royal dignity, found happy words to congratulate Mgr. Ritchot on his hospitality, and he referred also in glowing terms to the services rendered the country at large by the venerable prelate, when, in 1870, he went to Ottawa as a delegate to defend and advocate the rights of the then Red River Settlement people. He said that our privilege of being a province, a privilege which is so craved by the people of the West, we owe to a great extent to the work of Mgr. Ritchot. Mgr. Ritchot is now 78 years of age, but is still with a warm heart, and we still feel at home in his presbytery, and for this reason their royal majesties felt they could not meet under a more hospitable roof, especially during these days of socialistic efforts to "upset the thrones of the great rulers of this earth. The speaker concluded with asking the blessing of Mgr. Ritchot on the assembled guests.

Other speeches were made by Chief Justice Dubuc, the Rev. A. A. Cherrier, the Very Rev. Louis, superior of Notre Dame des Prairies, the Rev. Father Thibeau, superior of Notre Dame des Chavagnes, also the Rev. Dr. Beliveau, of the Archbishop's palace, the Rev. Father Lalonde, of St. Adolphe, Mr. Lacompt and Mr. Mager, of St. Boniface, and J. Dubuc of Winnipeg. All spoke in the same vein, expressing their respect, admiration and gratitude to Mgr. Ritchot. His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, who had fully intended to be present, expressed his deep regret at being unable to carry out his wish, and directed the Rev. Dr. Beliveau to convey his sincere congratulations and best wishes to the very Rev. host and their future majesties as well.

After the enjoyment of the agape the evening was spent in the singing of French and Canadian songs and other music, and about 10 o'clock the party adjourned, promising not to miss the feast another year, and wishing that Mgr. Ritchot may be spared many years to his parish, the diocese and the country at large. About seventy guests were present.

The custom of an agape on the evening of the feast of the Epiphany is observed still among the eastern Catholic colleges and also in the homes.

It would be leaving this report very incomplete, were no reference to be made to the happy remarks by which Mgr. Ritchot himself closed the banquet. Of all the compliments paid him by the speakers of the evening, he admitted that many were presented through magnifying glasses, some however, he accepted as having a close relation to the truth of facts. Referring to the king and chief justice of the king's realm he said that these were some of the promising French Canadians, whom he persuaded in the early '70s, to leave the province of Quebec to come and cast their lots in the far west. He

could well, on this propitious occasion congratulate himself that he had succeeded in bringing to Manitoba such men as our worthy Chief Justice Dubuc, A. A. C. LaRiviere, M. P., the late Hon. Jos. Royal, and many others, whose names shall live in the history of Manitoba.

Notes

At Dawson, Yukon Territory, Mr. Colin Chisholm and others have been talking of getting up a Gaelic Society.

Mr. Joseph Gandolfo, of Dawson, has left for a trip to Italy. He is acquainted with Cardinal Rampolla who will probably present him to Pope Pius X.

Bishop Breynat, O.M.I., of Mackenzie, will probably be in the Klondyke again in March, 1904.

The White Pass Stage Coach Co. keep over 200 horses for their relays.

There are some dizzy curves on the White Pass and Yukon railway to Skagway. The wooden bridges on the line are gradually being replaced.

The Government will make a pack trail between Pelly River and Peace River. \$25,000 has been allotted for this public work.

Catholic South African quotes the words of Washington, in his farewell address of September, 1796:—"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. . . . Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail by exclusion of religious principle."

The Sisters of St. Boniface and St. Roch's Hospital, acknowledge with sincere thanks the receipt of Christmas and New Year's donations.

Messrs. Allaire & Bleau, J. H. Ashdown, Ryan & Co., Boyce Carriage Co., Porter & Co., E. L. Drewry, Dr. England, J. Erzinger, P. Gosselin, G. F. Galt, Collin & Son, Clark Bros. & Hughes, Hudson's Bay Co., Jobin, Marrin, R. Leckie, J. Leslie, I. W. Martin, McDonagh & Shea, McLeod Holiday, Dr. Peatman, T. Pelletier, J. Prefontaine, J. Kerr, C. J. O'Connell, Rocan & Co., Richard & Beliveau, Jew Society per N. Rozenblot, and B. Zimmerman, J. A. Senecal, W. Harvey, D. Lennon, Ogilvie Milling Co., Ryan & Fares, Mrs. Bawlf, J. St. Laurent, The Standard Plumbing Co., Watson & Co., R. J. Whitla, E. S. Harrison, A. McDonald Co.

To friends who were so kind in sending these gifts are extended a hearty assurance that they were highly appreciated.

Special thanks are also offered to the managers of the daily papers, the Northwest Review, the Voice, Town Topics, for their kindness in providing reading matter for the patients.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

General Intention for January, Named and Blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Father Faber opens his beautiful conference on Confidence in the only Worship by asking, What has God done that His creatures do not trust Him, and how is life to be lived without confidence in Him? It is true He has in some sense loosened his hold upon us, but it is only for a while. He will take us up again. We are going back to Him. There are but two eternal homes; one or other of them is inevitable. But one is rather an endless end than a home. We cannot fly or hide from Him. What shall we do, if we cannot trust Him? Yet confidence in God is far from common, and an adequate confidence most rare.

We hear and read often about faith and charity, but there is seldom mention of the beautiful virtue of hope. True, she is not cut off from her two theological sisters; but on account of the middle place she holds between them, we pass her by, not paying her that particular consideration she deserves. And yet without hope there is no Christian life. It is to the latter, what the sturdy trunk is to the tree. It draws from the root of faith the living sap, distils it, purifies and strengthens it, and then blossoms forth in richest foliage bearing the flowers and fruits of charity. It feeds them too, and lifts all up to God. A life without confidence in God is low and grovelling, losing itself in the pleasures of the world, or sunken in the passions of the flesh; it is hardened and selfish, of the earth, earthly, without God in this world.

The Christian life is a supernatural life, its end being to unite us to God as He has revealed Himself from heaven in His Son, Christ Jesus, "the only begotten in the bosom of the Father," who hath declared Him to men. But how can we reach God thus supernaturally known through faith in Christ? Mere knowledge is not enough. Besides the understanding, the will, with its love, its desires, aspirations, efforts must be borne up to God and united to Him. "Who" says David "will give me the wings of a dove, and I will fly and I will rest." The soul rests in God, her sovereign good, by charity; but she flies to Him on the wings of hope—a divine virtue, a lifting power infused into the heart through the immediate action of the Holy Ghost. By an infinite stretch of condescension, as if bending down from the heavens, God stoops to His rational creatures, places Himself in touch with their faculties and yokes to them His perfections—His goodness, power, mercy—by His word of promise sealed with an oath. "Wherein God, meaning more abundantly to show to the heirs of the promise the immutability of His counsel, interposed an oath: that by two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie, we may have the strongest comfort, who have fled for refuge to hold the hope set before us. Which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and firm, and which entereth even within the veil. Where our forerunner Jesus is entered for us, made a high priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." Here we have in the sublime language of the Apostle, a detailed description of the flight of the soul to God borne on hope even within the veil. Jesus, the Mediator and High Priest forever, is the anchor of the Christian soul, cast into the ocean of the Godhead, grappling unto it all the divine perfections, making "firm and sure" our entrance, no matter how tempest tossed amid life's trials and temptations, if only we hold fast to the anchor chain.

Now it is precisely the office of confidence to make us thus cling to God, who offers His perfections and word of promise, to be the mainstay of our desires. For though His promise stands firm and true, and "heaven and earth may pass away, but His word shall never pass away," yet it is in our power to reject His proffered help. It shall not do violence to our liberty nor force itself upon our free-will. We may reject it altogether, or in

part, turn away in despair or doubt and hesitate and waver, discouraged by the difficulties that beset us or attracted by earthly and perishable goods.

What has not God done to win our confidence! In the crib of Bethlehem, we see Him on Christmas night shorn of the terror of majesty, of the glory of His infinite perfections, clad in the garb and attractiveness of a babe, while the Church sings in the language of St. Paul. "The grace"—that is the goodness and kindness—"of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men that we should live looking for the blessed hope." The very Gospel is defined by St. Paul to be an "access with confidence to God." God himself vouchsafes to seem as if He made a boast of His fidelity, Scripture repeating over and over again, "For God is faithful," as if perpetually calling the attention of His creatures to it.

No wonder God should treat the loss of confidence, the total rejection of His goodness and mercy, as in one sense the greatest of all sins. Ultimate despair is the one irremissible sin. "the sin against the Holy Ghost, which shall be forgiven neither in this world or in the world to come." Both Peter and Judas had received the grace of Apostleship; both sinned; both repented; the latter even unto the full restitution of his ill-gotten silver. How was it that one became a saint and the foundation stone of God's church, and for the other it had been better "he were never born?" Because Peter had trust in the mercy of Jesus, but Judas fell into despair. The number of suicides in our days is a sign that sins against the Holy Ghost are ever on the increase. Without going to this extreme it can be safely said that want of confidence in God is the cause why so many live on sinning and put off their conversion from day to day; why many who aim at perfection never reach it; why many more yield to temptation and fail to form habits of prayer and virtue. On the other hand there is nothing that trust in Him cannot achieve. Absolute trust in Him is precisely the faith that moves mountains and works miracles. The measure of God's answers to our prayers is the measure of our confidence in Him whilst we pray.

Every Christian is obliged to make an explicit act of hope together with faith and charity at least, according to grave theologians, once a month. Good Christians make them every day. Confidence in God, however, is something more than a transient act; it is rather an habitual disposition of the heart influencing the whole of our religious life. Likewise all the practices and experiences of the Christian life concur to engender confidence in our soul. The more we think of God and study Him and converse with Him and act for Him, the easier will it be to confide in Him. In other words confidence is acquired by practice.

This practice especially belongs to prayer. A real believing prayer is by no means common; and this is why such an immensity of prayer is unanswered. "Let him," says St. James, "ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, which is moved and carried about by the wind. Therefore let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." Again we must extend this practice to everything which happens to us. All the events of life, all the things of this outer world must come under its influence. In a much greater degree must our trials, temptations, duties of state, difficulties be brought under the benign sway of animating confidence in God. Difficulties are the stones out of which all God's houses are built; confidence is progress.

It is in periods of great trial, intense suffering, overwhelming affliction, for ourselves or those who are dear to us, and especially in seasons of persecution for God's Church, that the virtue of confidence in God shines out with brightest perfection. "Then God conceals His power and seems to abandon us; when he closes His eyes on the dangers that menace, and His ears to our prayer; when He leaves promises which are never realized, and holds out hopes to

which all seems to give the lie; when bragging unbelief mocks the simplicity of the faithful and asks with derision, where now is your God? when the crowds run and fall prostrate before the idol of the hour, and the small number of true adorers daily dwindles—then to stand firm, to cling to and trust in the divine promises, despite lying appearance, to wait all the day for the Lord and see Him with the eyes of faith through the surrounding gloom, to say with Job, abandoned on the dunghill; "even if I die I will hope in Him," is the pledge of confidence which God demands from his friends to whom He reserves in eternity the richest recompense.

Thus was it with His disciples on the lake when "there arose a great storm and the waves beat into the ship, so that the boat was covered, but he was asleep." They came and awaked Him saying; "Lord save us, we perish." Why should they have lost confidence when Jesus was with them in the ship? He was but trying them and He rebuked their want of faith: "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?"

A great advantage of our Apostleship is the spirit of confidence which it breathes into our prayers. It unites them together by association, and above all, ties us by another link to the "Anchor of the soul, firm and sure," which imparts to our souls its own perfection, and to our prayers its own efficacy entering "even within the veil where the forerunner, Jesus, is entered for us."

We shall begin the new year by supplicating for the Church an increase of confidence in God, that the prayers and lives of all may be animated with such a precious virtue and disposition.—J. J. C.

NO PLACE FOR LADIES.

John B. Gough, the famous temperance writer, was a lover of a good story and told an anecdote well. He was likewise exceedingly earnest at times, and when in the mood did not like the introduction of levity into his discourse. Once in a New England town he was lecturing, and after painting the tavern as a place of contamination even for the abstainer, asked:

"Don't you all agree with me, friends, that there is no place a man should go and of which he should tell his mothers and sisters, unless he might take them, too, there? Should there be any such place?"

"Oh, yes!" came drawlingly from a rear seat.

The audience was roused from its spell of admiration for the orator, and turned to look at the owner of the voice in the rear. Gough smiled as though he thought no discussion possible, and blandly asked:

"Where, friend, would you go, telling mother and sisters, but refusing to take them?"

"The barber's," was the laconic reply.

THE EDITOR'S SWEET REVENGE.

A rural editor tells the following story in a spirit of ghoul-like glee:

An editor who died of starvation was being escorted to heaven by an angel who had been sent out for that purpose, says the Findlay (O.) Courier. "May I look at the other place before we ascend to eternal happiness?" "Easily," said the angel, so they went below and skirmished around, taking in the sights. The angel lost sight of the editor and went around hedges to hunt him up. He was found sitting by a furnace, fanning himself and gazing with rapture on a lot of people in the fire. There was a sign on the furnace which said: "Delinquent Subscribers." "Come," said the angel, "we must be going." "You go on," said the editor, "I'm not going. This is heaven enough for me."

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The St. Boniface Kindergarten.

The St. Boniface Kindergarten, directed by the Grey Nuns, for boys under twelve years of age, will re-open on September the First. Parents who desire to send in their children should retain their places immediately.

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PEKIN MARVELS AT THE CIRCUS.

(By Eliza R. Scidmore).
 Pekin, Nov. 23.—The Empress dowager and the members of the court circle have had the time of their lives this year, when a real circus came up from Shanghai and gave three performances in the summer palace grounds for their exclusive enjoyment. It was the real thing—a great round tent, a sawdust circle, and rows of plank seats, with trained horses, baby elephants, clowns, acrobats, and bare-back riders. The peanuts and pink lemonade, the side shows, and "tickets for the concert immediately following the performance in the ring," were all worthy of the most critical of American small boys.
 "Prof. Chatres' Indian Circus" is of Hindoo origin, and roams the east. It came up from Shanghai, returns there, and goes on to Hongkong and Manila. It is the same conventional affair we all knew in our youth. To the august personage and the court it was a revelation, a most delightful novelty, and three performances did not weary them. The circus came up by special train, and all was managed by commander Charles Hsingling, the son of Yu Keng, who, as a general impresario, manager, and director of novelties and amusements at court, has greatly delighted the Empress dowager.

A formidable procession of carts and jinrikshas conveyed the properties through the city and out to the summer palace grounds, and it was a gala day for all that part of Pekin. Despite the troops ranged all the way to preserve order, the populace nearly mobbed the elephants, for, although elephants were some years ago, a part of every state procession, the common people were barred out and curtained off from any sight of them.

The tent was set up at the far south end of the great lake in the palace grounds, and the Empress dowager and her suite came across the water in the yellow curtained yacht when the first performance was ready. Seated in a foreign, upholstered arm chair under a yellow canopy, the Empress is described as enjoying the performance, laughing heartily at the two little Hindoo dwarfs who wore the Humpty Dumpty clothes of clowns, and was pleased with the trained dogs and horses. She used gold opera glasses to watch the trapeze performances, smoked cigarettes with graceful nonchalance, and was much taken with the circus woman.

The third performance did not pall upon her, and the gorgeously dressed princesses and ladies in waiting, the eunuchs in splendid uniforms, and the great audience of palace attendants and servants had never such a season of enjoyment.

Tung Lu, the recently deceased General and trusted favorite of the dowager, had once proposed to bring a circus to Pekin for her entertainment, but the project fell through. The conservatives and literati at court wanted none of such foreign innovations and the circus was not mooted again. Now that they have smelled the sawdust and met the clown, the ringmaster, and the dancing horse, the Manchu rulers are provoked to think what they have missed—what fun there might have been long before this in the Purple Palace grounds.

The stories go that the Empress dowager watched the tiger long and earnestly, but would have nothing to do with the lion; that the Russian ringmaster and horse trainer was asked if he could train the dowager's officials as well, and as soon as he had educated the little Szechuan pony; and that in rewards silver medals and rolls of silk were given round, and the professor of horses and artists was paid some 20,000 taels.

DICKENS' DREAM.

In Forster's 'Life of Dickens' there is a letter of Dickens' addressed to Forster from Genoa and dated 30th Sept. 1844, in which he thus described a dream he had:
 "Let me tell you of a curious dream I had last Monday night, and of the fragments of reality I can collect, which helped to make it up. I have had a return of

rheumatism in my back, and knotted around my waist like a girdle of pain, and had laid awake nearly all that night under the infliction, when I fell asleep and dreamed this dream. Observe that throughout I was as real, animated, and full of passion as McCready, (God bless him), in the last scene of 'Macbeth.' In an indistinct place which was quite sublime in its indistinctness, I was visited by a spirit. I could not make out the face, nor do I recollect that I desired to do so. It wore a blue drapery, as the Madonna might in a picture by Raphael, and bore no resemblance to anyone I have ever known except in stature. I think, (but I am not sure), that I recognized the voice. Anyway I knew it was poor Mary's (his dead sister-in-law) spirit. I was not at all afraid, but in a great delight, so that I wept very much, and stretchiag out my arms to it called it 'Dear.' At this I thought it recoiled, and I felt immediately, that not being of my gross nature, I ought not to have addressed it so familiarly. Forgive me,' I said. 'We poor living creatures are only able to express our selves by looks and words, I have used the word most natural to "our" affections, and you know my heart.' It was so full of compassion and sorrow for me—which I knew spiritually, for as I have said I did not perceive its emotions by its face—that it cut me to the heart, and I said, sobbing, 'Oh!! give me some token that you have really visited me!' Form a wish,' it said. I thought, reasoning with myself. 'If I wish a selfish wish, it will vanish.' So I hastily discarded such hopes and anxieties of my own as came into my mind, and said, 'Mrs. Hogarth is surrounded with great distresses'—observe I never thought of saying, 'Your Mother,' as to a mortal creature—'will you extricate her?' 'Yes,' 'And her extrication is to be a certainty to me, that this has really happened?' 'Yes,' but answer me on one other question!' I said in an agony of entreaty, lest it should leave me, 'What is the true religion?' As it paused a moment without replying, I said, 'Good God,' in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away!—'You think as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good?' 'Or,' I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? Perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in Him more steadily? 'For you,' said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me, that I felt as if my heart would break; 'for you it is the best.' Then I awoke with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream. It was just dawn, I called up Kate (his wife) and repeated it three or four times over that I might not unconsciously make it plainer or stronger afterwards. It was exactly this, free from all hurry, nonsense, or confusion whatever. Now the strings I can gather up leading to this were three. The first you know from the main subject of my last letter. The second was, that there is a great altar in our bedroom at which some family who once inhabited this place had Mass performed in old time; and I had observed within myself, before going to bed, that there was a mark in the wall above the sanctuary, where a religious picture used to be, and wondered within myself what the subject might have been, 'and what the face was like.' Thirdly, I had been listening to the convent bells, (which ring at intervals in the night), and so had thought, no doubt, of Roman Catholic services. And yet, for all this, put the case of that wish being fulfilled by any agency in which I had no hand, and I wonder whether I should regard it as a dream or an actual vision!"

Some sins show a soft head rather than a hard heart.
 He whose sermon is a good life will never preach too long.

The music which reaches furthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

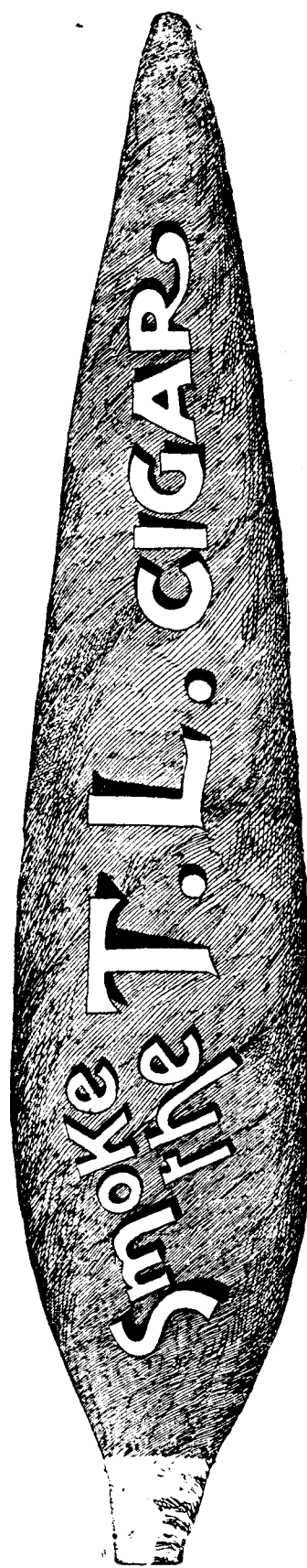
Call up in your darkest moments the memory of the brightest.

GENTLENESS IN THE HOME.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our footpath, full of freshness fragrance, and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun. Between a man and his wife nothing ought to rule but love. Authority is for children and servants, yet not without sweetness.—Waterbury American.

BACK TO THE MOTHER CHURCH.

The conversion of Archbishop Benson's son reminds a writer in the London 'Tablet' of some other Church of England prelates who have given one or more members of their immediate families to "the Church of All Lands." On this side of the water, too, we find among our converts near relatives of many well known Anglican bishops. A few names occur to me. Bishop Hobart gave a daughter, a son-in-law (himself a bishop), and a nephew; Bishops Lay, Coleman, and Southgate a son each; Bishop Chase a daughter who died a Visitation nun; Bishop Doane a son, now a Roman Monsignor and brother of the Episcopal Bishop of Albany; Bishops Potter and Polk each a niece, and Bishop Moore a granddaughter. Then there were several members of Bishop Wainwright's household, a brother of Bishop Lyman, and the nephews of Bishops Brown, of Fond du Lac (think of a nephew of a bishop of Fond du Lac among Rome's recruits!) and Meade, of Virginia.



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SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

JANUARY.

- 17—Sunday—Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus.
18—Monday—The Chair of St. Peter at Rome. Dup. 2 cl. Maj.
19—Tuesday—St. Canut. Martyr. Sem.
20—Wednesday—S. S. Fabian and Sebastin. Martyr. Dupl.
21—Thursday—St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr. Dupl.
22—Friday—S. S. Vincent and Anastasius. Martyr. Sem.
23—Saturday—The Espousals of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Dupl. Maj.

IS THE CASE HOPELESSLY BEYOND REMEDY?

A question touching upon our most sacred rights, a question of vital importance with regard to Catholic interests in this country, a question of equal magnitude if we look at it from a constitutional standpoint, is assuredly the Manitoba School Question. It has for many years occupied the minds of friends and foes equally, but of late it has come to be looked upon with such indifference that many would consider it as a thing buried deep in the sepulchre of oblivion.

Must we therefore come to the conclusion that we Catholics have to resign as if in presence of a case that is now hopelessly beyond remedy? In its December issue "La Verite" a politically independent, but sincerely Catholic publication, has the courage to call upon the Catholics of the Dominion to make a short examination of their conscience; it reviews the history of Our School Question ever since the publication of the celebrated Encyclical Letter "Asteris Vos" of our lamented supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., and bluntly concludes with the question: "Frankly, can we say that we have done any serious effort to conform to the directions given in that Encyclical?" The answer was given before the question was put. No! a repeated and emphatic No! is all that in respect for the truth we can say.

"La Croix" another Catholic journal, commenting on "La Verite's" article, repeats that the cause of all our moral sufferings lies in what the French appropriately calls: "l'esprit de parti" (party spirit). But how much longer must we wait? And where is the remedy to come from? Should we look to Ottawa the seat of the central power for redress? Years of patient expectation have had but the one result, namely, to set asleep the mass of the people on this vital question. Shall we implore the local legislature? Certainly the party ruling could, if it had its mind set to do justice, settle the question. But it has come to this, that neither Laurier at Ottawa, neither Roblin in Winnipeg care to uphold the Constitution on a question concerning which minds have been pitched to fever heat by all kinds of unfair and unjust prejudices. Meanwhile the Catholics are allowed to suffer persecution as if they were outlaws in the land.

We are told by the one, who has broken all and each of his most solemn promises, that the Provin-

cial Legislature is the proper place to seek redress; the other, whilst protesting of his good will towards us, will simply refer us back to those who have framed and signed as a final settlement an agreement which really settled nothing.

Have we not a word to say to all these political shifts? Yes, we have. Down with that accursed barrier of "party spirit" that separates you; be statesmen in the true sense of the word, sit Our constitution on the throne from which you have dragged it into the arena of political whims. It is not by the silence of contempt that a question of justice can be settled.

We were reading the other day an educational report, and whilst considering the amount of money spent throughout the province, but particularly in Winnipeg, we could not help the awakening of a somewhat bitter feeling in our heart. Where is that English fair play so much extolled by our persecutors? Have we ever demanded anything but what is a sacred right guaranteed by the sacredness of our Constitution. The Rev. Father Cherrier, in a financial report for 1903 published in the last issue of the Review, shows an expenditure of \$1,224.00 for the maintenance of his parochial school; has not that school a strict right to its share of the city school taxes? The same applies to St. Mary's schools and the Holy Ghost school. Still not a cent of those taxes comes to us. May we hope to see a remedy soon applied to that unbearable evil.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

At last an attempt has been made to free our city from those undesirable characters, who for years past had fixed their abode in our neighborhood, not to say within a few steps of our main streets. Thomas street was last Saturday taken by storm and all the inmates of its houses of ill-fame were brought before our civil authority, and summarily condemned to pay a heavy fine, by Magistrate Daly, who added the following dignified admonition:

"You being here is something unusual to you. You have all pleaded guilty, and the fine I have inflicted is not a very heavy penalty. Chief McRae in bringing you here is carrying out the instructions of the police commissioners, who have decided that the keeping of such establishments has got to stop. Henceforth you must look forward to being brought up here every time you are found doing wrong, and this should be a warning to you to find other means of livelihood or leave the city. If any of you come before me again I will be compelled to impose a more serious penalty, as there is a determination on the part of the police commissioners to put down this sort of thing."

We do sincerely hope and pray that the police may be able to cope with their difficult task and succeed in freeing Winnipeg from those wretched creatures the object of whose life seems to be the ruin of public morality.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE'S PATHWAY.

Don't throw dark clouds over other people's sunshine, especially the young people, who are taking up life's burden just where we begin to feel them a burden. It is so depressing to be told of the disadvantages attending everything they are planning to do that does not look as easy to you as it does to them. When enthusiasm is dying out in the hearts of those who have been bearing the fret and wear of life for years, and who know the defeats and the wounds that come sooner or later to us all, how refreshing it is to see the new recruits moving up with strength of heart and of arm to engage in life's battle.

Those of us who are nearing the western mountain behind which the sun is slowly, but surely setting, know how natural it is to sit down in the late afternoon and take a backward turn of travel. Miles have been passed over since the fresh morning came in the east. There were shadowy places, and dark vales of sorrow to pass over, chilly north winds to face and storms that beat hard enough to

leave the weather mark on the heart and face.

But why travel over the hard path so often, instead of the pleasant way through which we are journeying. Surely there are many sunshiny days, many flowers growing by the green wayside, and beautiful calms after the storm. God's hospices of rest seem to come at the very place where we thought we were so weary that we could not take another step.

When we feel oppressed with the sorrows that have encompassed our way there is one person to whom we can go and talk it over. Christ's humanity makes Him dear to us, He knows all our sorrows, and He will help us to bear them; when we come from those quiet talks alone with Him we have brighter faces, sweeter words for the dear ones with whom we live.

TIME AND ITS INFLUENCE ON LIFE.

Of all common things, time is perhaps the most common, and yet the most wonderful and even mysterious. Time is an eternally flowing stream in which all things in God's universe are borne onward at the same rate of speed. In the absolute time sense, these same "all things" are kept abreast; everybody and everything are immersed in the same now. All time—all eternity—is made up of an endless succession of "nows," and each now, or moment, is the meeting place of the two eternities.

Every moment that has gone by has forever crystallized around whatever we put into it as it passed. Each moment, as it comes to us in flexible fluid, and we can put into it what we please—love or hate, kindness or selfishness, good or evil. But just as soon as it departs, it becomes iron and holds forever in its irresistible clutches just what each of us put into it. The kind word, the generous deed, is sealed up and embalmed for eternity. Likewise the impure thought, the unkind word, the selfish act, is petrified forever, and cannot be recalled, though we seek to do so with weeping and tears.

Ah! how often many wish they could live over the past—could be carried back to a time before they slighted the golden opportunity, before they made that terrible mistake, before they spoke that cruel word to father or mother who has gone to the grave! But no, they cannot. What has been thought, or said or done has been cut with chisels of steel into the imperishable granite of the past.

Marvellous too, have been the achievements wrought as a consequence of making the worst of what are wrongly called "spare moments." It was during a life of only thirty-seven years that Raphael made his name immortal by his miracles of achievements in art.

By hoarding his moments as a miser hoards gold, Southey was enabled to compose more than one hundred volumes of poetic literature; and so with many more of our distinguished men.

Is it not disgusting to hear people praise a thing because it helps "to pass the time." How sad it is that so much time, "the web and woof of life," is consumed in foolish trifles and frivolous vanities. A deep and abiding sense of the value of time begets industry, and industry coupled with faith, makes all things possible.

Have we wasted any of our Father's golden hours?

Let us then heed His admonition to redeem the time, remembering that "time is the chrysalis of eternity."

The recent railroad accident on the Northern Pacific whilst it was not altogether a cause of mortality was nevertheless a painful one to many of the passengers, especially so to the two Sisters of the Holy Names, who are still suffering from injuries sustained on the ill-fated train. Both of these Sisters are inmates of the St. Jean Convent; one, it is feared has sustained a broken jaw, and the other internal injuries, particularly to the spine. The doctor, has not, as yet declared his opinion as to the seriousness, but one of the Sisters has been conveyed to Winnipeg, and placed under the care of a resident physician.

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RACE SUICIDE.

Margaret Bisland, whose name is not unknown to Magazine readers, discusses some aspects of "race suicide" in the July North American Review. Her contention, in brief, is that the decrease in the birth-rate and the growth of the divorce-habit are both due to the so-called "emancipation" of women—her "alienation from the true aims of her sex." According to the last census, the increase in divorce was two and one half times greater than the increase of population—which is race suicide with a vengeance. In the western Reserve of Ohio, a locality notorious for anti-Catholic prejudice, there is one divorce to every eleven marriages. "The prodigious increase in divorces among Americans of every class and religion," writes Mrs. Bisland, "is perhaps the most serious menace to the moral and physical stability of our race that has resulted from the non-domestic avocations of the average woman."—Ave Maria.

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Home Column.

OLD-YEAR MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that cherished long were still denied us.
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us.
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us.
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptation that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving,
When friends were few the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living,
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious
Whatever of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us
We tenderly may bid the year "Good bye,"
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evil die.

—Susan E. Gammons

THE YEAR THAT IS GONE AND THE ONE WE HAVE ENTERED UPON.

In considering the contribution to "Home Column" for this week, thoughts remembered from a sermon preached by Rev. Father Kasper, to St. Mary's congregation, the first Sunday of the year, January 3, seem most applicable. I feel satisfied the readers of Home Column will profitably read the part of that eloquent sermon as remembered by your contributor:—"The year 1903 has passed, and we stand on the threshold of 1904. 1903 has gone—gone with its pleasures and its pains—its sorrows and its joys—its laughter and its tears—gone beyond recall. We are today not the same beings we were a year ago—we are nearer the judgment seat; to all it has brought some experience that forever will stand monument-like in our lives to mark the birth of new capacities within ourselves, for good or evil, the awakening of some powerful influence for weal or woe. Twelve short months, and how much they mean. As we travel through the enemies' countries, we look back on all we have encountered, the failures we have met, the snares we have fallen into, and the victories we have scored. We have failures over which we may weep, and victories for which to thank God. Life to us, however, is not yet over, and we may gather up the lessons the past year has taught for application in the future. Let us consider the past year; it seems only yesterday we entered on 1903—how quickly it has passed, as last year has slipped by so every year will slip till time empties into the boundless bottomless sea of eternity. We should contrast time with eternity, eternity! eternity! Who can understand it? No numeral can express it, no words in our language can convey the slightest idea of it. Add year to year, multiply century by century, you will find yourself no nearer; add thousands and billions of years to your figures and multiply then till head and brain reel, and you will find yourself no nearer, even then eternity would be but beginning. Let us turn our thoughts

to time, "time" which the apostle says is so short, we are here today tomorrow we are gone. What after all are a paltry fifty, eighty, say even a hundred years. To look forward to them, they seem a great number, to look back they are very short. To a child fifty years seems an enormous period, when he reaches mature years it has shrunk to insignificance, and after he has stepped across the confines, and has been in eternity for a billion of centuries, then let him turn his gaze on these fifty or one hundred years. What does he think of them? They are but as a lightning flash. This thought has driven hundreds of monks and nuns to seclusion and prayer. It is not a thought upon which men in general care to dwell, such thoughts lead to regrets, to good resolutions, and most men are more anxious about temporal than eternal affairs, and would live forever in this transient world. Let us weigh well and seriously the true responsibility of life. If all ended with this life—then riches, pleasures, position, etc., would be of moment, but alas, they are but playthings, they have no intrinsic value; life would be but a comedy considered in itself alone. There is a grand fundamental fact that remains a surety in this seemingly vague life. Eternal issues are being fought out. Heaven and hell are in the balance. In the present life will be decided my eternal dwelling place, as long as God will be God. The future depends on me, and it grows nearer day by day; it lies with me, whether I shall spend an eternity of honor or dishonor, whether I shall spend an eternity of joy or pain. My attention to the laws of God shall decide. Most people drive those thoughts from them. They fail to understand, because they refuse to reflect. At the opening of the New Year let us enter into ourselves, examine our past in the presence of God; in the light of the judgment seat—to ourselves we cannot be too severe, to the faults of others, too lenient. By our own mistakes let us measure the misdemeanor of others, let us profit by the temptations we have met, returning thanks to God for the courage which has helped us to withstand some, from our failures gathering fresh courage for a new attack. Each heart knows its own bitterness. A deep stratum of sorrow often lies close to the fairest surface, of the knowledge born of experience we must be generous and deal gently with the failings hardest to understand in others. We must make better use of our moments to gain victories over self, and show earnestness in the service of God, as if the present year would be our last, then, indeed will it be the Happy New Year to all."

SQUIRRELS CROSSING RIVER.

Have you ever seen a squirrel migrating across the Mississippi river, from the Wisconsin to the Minnesota shore? It is an interesting sight. When Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel find that the supply of acorns and other nuts upon which they feed, has become exhausted, they are obliged to seek another abiding place, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see them making their way across the river to a locality where the nuts may be found in more abundance. The squirrel can handle himself in the water but is not an expert swimmer. The rodent manages to climb up on a small board or piece of driftwood floating in the water, and, using his tail as a sail to catch the passing breeze, soon lands on the opposite side of the river. Sometimes the little fellows lose their wind and drown before they can get across the water, but they are usually successful in getting hold of a piece of floating wood, and with the aid of the current and the breeze, they cross in comparative safety. It is really an amusing sight to see squirrels migrating in this manner, with their long furry tails stuck up in the air, and presents a remarkable and interesting exhibition of animal instinct.—Ex.

A man who tries to reform his life on the instalment plan generally gets behind in his payments.

BLIND PERSECUTION.

(By Paul Villiers).

If you look for a specimen of blind persuasion, read the following:

Paris, December 12.—Though President Loubet personally is as beloved as ever by the French people, there is every indication that in the present ministry Combes will not remain in power very long.

By his harsh measures against the Catholic Church, and especially against the Sisters of Mercy, whose splendid services during the Franco-Prussian war the French people can never forget, the Prime Minister has made himself extremely unpopular with the majority of the nation, which remains faithful to the church.

General Andre, the Minister of War, has never been popular in the least, and by insulting Colonel Marchand, the hero of Fashoda and the military idol of France, he has lost the last vestige of respect with the nation.

In his petty jealousy of the popular hero, the Minister of War excluded Marchand's regiment from all participation in the recent French manoeuvres, and when Marchand wrote to General Andre and asked for an explanation he was sentenced to thirty days arrest.

Marchand immediately sent in his resignation, thinking that the services he had tendered his country deserved a better reward.

Too late the Minister of War recognized his mistake in offending the most popular soldier of France, and though he succeeded in persuading Marchand to remain in the army, the storm of public criticism almost forced him to flee from Paris.

Unable to forget that Marchand had made him beg for mercy, he revenged himself by sending him on a most dangerous expedition into Upper Congo, where there is every prospect that he will succumb to fever.

Should this happen General Andre might as well make up his mind to leave France before he is ostracized by the nation.

BLESSING OF A NEW CHAPEL.

The 6th of January, 1904, will long be remembered by the happy inhabitants of Thibeaultville, near St. Anne. Thanks to the persevering efforts of the Rev. Father Defoy, and the generous assistance extended to him by parishioners and friends in the east, a neat and cosy little chapel was erected under the titular of "Chapelle de L'Enfant Jesus" and now stands open to the pious worshippers of the locality.

The blessing took place on the feast of the Epiphany. The Rev. Father Defoy himself presided at the imposing ceremony and gave an eloquent address to the members of his flock. High Mass was celebrated also, commencing at 10.30 a.m.

We do not exaggerate when we say that the new chapel speaks highly of the Rev. Father's artistic taste. It is a credit to the place and the generous donors of the province of Quebec have reason to rejoice for having helped in such a noble enterprise. The Child Jesus, who is the Eucharistic God of our Altars, will soon, we hope, take his permanent abode in his new sanctuary to bless all who have contributed to the erection of this neat house of prayer and blessing.

Willie and Tommy are two Michigan youngsters who are pugilistically inclined. The other day the following conversation took place between them.

"Aw," said Willie, tauntingly, "you're afraid to fight—that's wot it is."

"Naw, I ain't," protested Tommy, stoutly. "But if I fight, my ma'll find it out and lick me."

"How'll she find it out, eh?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

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In his early days, Lord Russell, Chief Justice of England, had a good deal to put up with from older men who thought to prune his exuberance. One day, Sir Digby Seymour, Q. C., kept up a flow of small talk when Russell was speaking. "I wish you would be quiet, Seymour," said Russell, with his Irish accent. "My name is Seymour, if you please," replied the learned gentleman, with mock dignity. "Then I wish you would see more and say less," was the rejoinder.

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DANGERS OF SOCIALISM.

On Sunday evening, November 22, Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz, in the Cathedral at Denver, Colo., began a series of lectures which he intends to deliver on "Socialism." The evening's discourse follows:

"It is clear as the noonday sun that our age is afflicted by a chronic disease which is gnawing at its very vitals. We find the proof of this in the many explosions, more frequent every year, which bring to the surface the fires smouldering beneath, and in the very heart of modern society. The cause for these social commotions which cross and recross the country like so many cyclones, laying waste the land along their route, uprooting trees and destroying cities and townships is Socialism, a combination of revolutionary doctrines, passions and conspiracies, whose aim is the actual overthrow of the social order. It is a systematic, passionate and overt aggression of society and the social order. With these facts in view it is well for us to consider attentively what Socialism is; its aim and the means it would employ to attain its object. It is a question of paramount importance at this time.

"Socialism is the natural development of a germ, a seed sown by the revolution of the eighteenth century, which proclaimed the rights of man as against the rights of God. But it has long since emerged from its embryonic state, and, strange to say, it has found in this land of liberty, the land of the brave and the free, a virgin soil, where within the last twenty-five years it has grown to such proportions that it faces us like a lion, roaring in the desert, seeking its prey, and longing to devour it. Like an avalanche about to start from yonder snow-clad peak, it but awaits the breath of wind to start it on its march of destruction. We are today in the dawn of the twentieth century civilization, in the midst of the land of unbounded wealth and almost unlimited freedom, standing face to face with Socialism in its most brutal form ready to flaunt the banner, the bloodstained banner of its homicidal fraternity in the very face of free and prosperous America. In an incredibly short time it passed from the Socialism of the dreamer and the demagogue to the socialism of the torch and the dagger.

"It at first announced itself boldly under the captivating title of social reformation. Hearing these so-called prophets, messiahs of a new era about to dawn upon their benighted world, which they are about to regenerate, the grand universal law of harmony has gone to pieces amid a thousand factions. Yesterday it was liberty and equality crushed by tyrants; today it is labor oppressed by capital; tomorrow it will be free love checked by the bonds of chastity and Christian marriage. These are the arch-fiends against which, in their estimation, society from its very dawn has been struggling; namely, authority, capital, and the Church. There must be no authority that anarchy may reign supreme, there must be no capital that communism might have full sway, there must be no religion, no church, to put a check on the brutal instincts of the human animal. By the destruction of this hydra-headed monster, which Socialism has sworn to destroy, humanity will be regenerated, a new era will dawn upon the world, a social reform will be sprung upon our age, greater even than that brought forth by Christianity. This is the issue we must prepare to meet. You will agree with me that this is an inversion of order, an utter perversion of language, an intellectual orgy, installing itself in the name of science in front of society. The advocates of Socialism understand this well, and make no longer any secret of their designs. They tell us openly: Society as it now stands must perish, that from its ruins a new social order may arise.

"This is the Socialism of today in its final evolution. It means social destruction. With this programme in hand it passes before us, commanding us to accept its domination which it declares to be inevitable. It summons society as it now exists to suffer itself to be undone that it may be reconstructed anew by this evil genius of social-

ism, which can do everything for destruction and nothing for creation. It tells us, that, willing or no, we will have to bear it, even if to get there Socialism should have to pass over heaps of ruins and hecatombs of human bodies. And, strange to say, it fain would compare this work of social destruction to the work of regeneration wrought by Christ the Saviour of humanity. What, this work of violent aggression, revolt and demolition they have the effrontery to compare it with the work of Christ the Saviour of Mankind. Can they show us where Christ ever resorted to violence to inculcate His divine doctrine? His was like the husbandman who commits his seed to the ground and waits for the moisture and the sunshine. Where did they find Him haranguing the mob and inciting them to robbery and murder? It is true he caused the chains to fall from the hands of the slaves, but not by provoking a fratricidal war between the slaves and their masters. In proportion as His teachings took possession of their hearts; without either shock or violence, these chains fell spontaneously from the hands of the slaves whom Christian charity freed from their bonds. It is true, He came to reform and lift up society, but His work was one of creation, and not of destruction. He came to establish the kingdom of souls and not to breed hatred and dissensions. He came to found on earth the reign of love and social devotedness. Could anything show more conclusively the absolute antagonism between Christianity and Socialism? I do not for a moment question the fact that among Socialists there are not a few honest men, who have been duped by their criminal leaders. There are among them passionate lovers of all that is good, but they are led on by the army of evil. And we do maintain that with the Socialism of the day the whole question is: How may we overthrow quickly and completely the existing order of society? How may we reconstruct the new edifice upon the ruins of the old one?

"Now, society rests upon a triple basis: Private property, which is its material basis; the family, which is its human basis, and religion, which constitutes its divine basis. You cannot overthrow society without taking out these three props whereon it stands—religion, the family and private property. It now remains for us to show that this is the aim of Socialism.

"We call property, man's individual sovereignty over his field, his house, his capital and his inheritance, so justly called his domain. Property, the fruit of man's labor and the labor of ancestors, completes man's independence and makes the proprietor a king in his own domain. With all civilized nations it has always been protected under the triple buckler of nature, justice and religion. It constitutes the material basis of society, which could not exist without it. By it the family clings to the native soil as the tree to the earth by its roots. All nations have held it sacredly inviolable; all have clung to it and we all today consider it so sacred as to protect it with our very lives; we consider it so just that any violation of it on our part would beget within a bitter remorse, which nothing but restitution could appease. Such being the case, how can any man contest a right so legitimate, so sacred to humanity? How in the full splendor of this twentieth century civilization, with the sanction of all ages, of all the schools, all the magistrates, all governments and all religions, can men who call themselves civilized come and contest the right of private property?

"Far from attacking private property, we ought to defend it. Far from suppressing it, we ought to extend it. Yes; let every man by his labor and thrift, his earnings and savings, economy and virtue, attain this sovereignty, wherewith he is endowed by the right of private property. The ambition to possess and own something is a noble ambition, even though it extended only to a parcel of land which he might fructify by the sweat of his brow, and transmit by inheritance to his children. To suppress private property because some may and have abused it is a

stupid aberration. Is there anything that men may not and have not abused? Then suppress everything, even bread and meat, for there are many who eat too much and injure themselves. But to pretend enriching all men, even the idler and lazy drone, the spendthrift, the drunkard and the gambler, and cry out before the crowd, 'Property is theft!' this is not simply an error; it is a crime against society; it is shaking the material basis whereon society rests.

"Now it is certain, it is a well-known and palpable fact proclaimed before all the world, that Socialism denies the right of private property. Its advocates make no secret of it. Did they not make a solemn profession of this fundamental principle of Socialism, the western Federation of Labor in this city last June, when they committed the labor unions to the platform of Socialism? And yet, to hear these apostles of the Socialistic gospel, they don't want to destroy private property. Oh, no! They only wish to transform it. And in what does this miracle of transformation consist? It is very simple. Listen, the destruction of all private ownership to constitute one only proprietor, for some one must possess the land. And who will this one public proprietor be? The State! The State, which may be to day an honest man, and tomorrow a scoundrel! And this state, and only proprietor, will possess all, exploit all, distribute all; he will be the center, the beginning and the end of all. In this universal domain, wherein the state owns all; in this immense arsenal, wherein the state produces, inspires all, and disposes of all, society becomes a veritable beehive, and in this immense beehive, vast as the world, every human being is reduced to the proportion of a bee. Such is the masterpiece of Socialism! No more initiative or personal responsibility; no more liberty or manly royalty; no longer any material support for domestic society; none whatever for public society, the rights of all, and the right of none; universal servitude before universal despotism. Such is the prodigy of the transformation of private property promised by Socialism to future generations.

But Socialism does not stop there; it attacks the constitution of the family. Ah, my friends, if there is anything sacred on earth that men should respect and surround with all the protection and veneration humanity can bestow upon it, that thing is the family, the work of no human creation, the masterpiece of God's creative hands; the most beautiful and most perfect mirror of the Most Holy Trinity. Who would ever have thought that man could lay his hands of destruction upon so holy and divine an institution? But Socialism has said: 'The family as constituted upon its foundations, consecrated by ages, resists us; its organic constitution is in contradiction with the social reformation we contemplate. Therefore, down with the family, and especially the family consecrated by Christianity.' It would be impossible for us to tell you what the new Socialistic family, as contemplated by Socialism, will be. The very stones in this edifice would blush out of sheer shame.

"Socialism attacks in the family that which constitutes its honor, force and stability, namely, its unity, indissolubility and the inheritance it conveys to the offspring. First then, its unity—one man with one woman and their common issue; one life flowing from two sources, combining in one spring. The unity of the family is an essential condition of harmony, order, beauty and happiness. This was displeasing to Socialism, a partisan of free morals and free love, as taught by the Koran and practiced by our Mormon neighbors. The Socialists prefer that to the unity consecrated by the gospel and practiced by Christianity. Socialism attacks the indissolubility of the family, the permanence of the conjugal bond. To Socialism indissolubility before the church and state, is the civil and religious consecration of servitude, the legal and theological confiscation of liberty. Two being bound together for ever, no matter what, these apostles of free love cannot comprehend. What they want is per-

petual change, the liberty of separation and divorce. In the name of nature and progress, Socialism vindicates for man the right of sending away his wife whenever she does not suit him, and for the woman the right of leaving her husband whenever she pleases. What is all this but the perpetual revolution of the family, and the ruin of inheritance which the father of the family transmits to his descendants? How can the will of a dying man transmit beyond the grave a domain to posterity? Down therefore, with the privilege, which assures to man, now a corpse, a posthumous sovereignty, repugnant to the condition of the living and confiscating the liberty of the living? We cannot speak of the domestic side of the Socialistic family, for we cannot lift the veil which conceals an unutterable degree of depravity.

"No wonder, then, that this Socialistic sect has no use for religion, and would uproot it from the heart of man and banish it from the society of the living. 'There must be no religion in humanity, no more altars, priests, or temples, no sacrificial worship, ceremonies or festivities! Let us overthrow the altars and slaughter the priests. With the religious element destroyed, progress will arise from out of the ruins of all religions.' Such is the programme of Socialism. 'No God! No religion!' Man suffices to himself; he will be to himself his own God. Could anything be more frightful?"

THE "ENORMOUS LOSSES" OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC IN AMERICA.

A series of articles, signed "German American" have been appearing in the Berlin 'Germania,' one of the most influential Roman Catholic journals in Europe, and have attracted considerable attention in view of the fact that they aim to show that the Roman Catholic Church in this country has not only been able to hold her own, but has suffered enormous losses. We extract from these articles the following facts and opinions:

"The number of Roman Catholics in the United States in 1900 was 10,774,932, with 13 archbishops, 80 bishops, about 12,000 priests, 10,427 churches, 3,812 parochial schools, 183 higher educational schools for boys, 688 similar institutions for girls, 8 universities, 76 seminaries, and 247 orphans' homes. These figures ought to be double what they are. Within the last century fully 8,000,000 Roman Catholics have emigrated to America, and their descendants must number 24,000,000. The reasons for the enormous losses are many, among them chiefly the great expense entailed by the maintenance of church and school in America, as contrasted with the state established church systems of Europe. It is also necessary to take into account the great confusion of nationalities and languages, the practical materialism that prevails, the influence of the several orders to which the church is uncompromisingly opposed, the godless public press, and the liberalized tendencies of 'Americanism' within the Church itself. It is a notorious fact that in public life and work the Roman Catholic Church is systematically crowded into the background in America. Although, theoretically the Roman Catholic Church is on an equality before the law with the Protestant denominations and the lodges, practically this equality never did and never does exist. The Roman Catholic Church of America has even more reasons than the Church in Germany to complain of a lack of piety. In America the Roman Catholic is excluded from all higher positions in the state, if not 'de jure,' at any rate 'de facto.' It is utterly impossible for a Roman Catholic ever to be elected to the presidency of the United States. Of the governors of the various States there is not a single one who is a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the ninety members of the United States Senate, only two or three are members of our church, and of the three hundred and fifty-seven members of the Lower House the relative proportion of Roman Catholics is no-

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, Minota 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
Pipstone, 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, Atkocan, Kashabowie, 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, Plumus, 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, Min-tonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Er-wood.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat. 10 45	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues. 17 00
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greater. In the army and navy although fully one half of the rank and file are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, there is only a and file are adherents of the Roman Catholic chaplains. Without a single exception the salaried chaplainships in both the houses in Washington and in the legislatures of the different States are in the hands of Protestants. Into many of the civil and corrective institutions a Roman Catholic priest is not even permitted to enter, and the Roman Catholic inmates are not seldom compelled to take part in the Protestant services. The public schools, the high schools, and the state universities are officially non-religious, yet in reality they are preponderatingly under Protestant influence. The divorce laws are all modeled after the law principles of Protestantism. In no other country is the number of divorces so great, there being in the United States between 1867 and 1886, no fewer than 328,716, while in the same period in Catholic Ireland there were only seven. Last, and not least, the Roman Catholic Church in America, suffers through the phenomenal influence of the secret orders. The president of the United States is himself a Free Mason, as are also the majority of the the governors, judges, and representatives. In the laying of corner stones and similar public functions these orders are prominent participants, but never the Roman Catholic Church. America is the paradise of the lodge, but for this reason a hard field for the Roman Catholic propaganda."—The Literary Digest.

GALILEO.

The 'Athenaeum' reviewing the latest life of Galileo, notes that Kepler's laws with regard to the motions of the planets seem to have been ignored by the Italian astronomer; and that what seemed to Galileo the strongest proof of the Copernican theory, namely, the phenomena of tides, has in reality no such significance at all. This shows how weak were the foundations of his heliocentric theory, and how little reason the churchmen of that time had for accepting an hypothesis which required them to revise their interpretations of Scripture. Galileo's theory was a clever guess, that's all, and the interpretation of the Bible is too weighty a matter to be revised at the bid of a very clever guesser. The 'Athenaeum' says that 'no body now believes that there was any intention to torture Galileo, yet the torture of "mind" of that six months before the decision must have been intense.' The same might be said of any man who is obliged to wait some time for the decision of a court in a matter of great importance, yet no one would think of calling him a martyr in such a case. "The judgment," says the reviewer, "was not signed by the Pope and by only seven of the ten Cardinals taking part in it, whilst there is reason to hope that even one of the seven did not agree with it." "With regard to the famous expression attributed to Galileo after his enforced abjuration of the earth's motion, "E pur si muove." Mr. Fahie rightly quotes the earliest known source of it in the Abbe Iraitll's 'Querelles Litteraires,' which appeared at Paris in 1761." This means that the famous expression was never heard of, till one hundred and twenty-nine years after the time at which it is said to have been used. The 'Athenaeum' believes that Mr. J. Fahie is justified in claiming a fuller and more comprehensive history of the life and work of Galileo that has hitherto been attempted or even possible," and thinks that his book "is likely to remain, at any rate in this country 'the' life of Galileo.—The Casket.

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

The Earl was very anxious that Constnace should wed the duke, and he found no opposition from his daughter, who was well accustomed to bend to his will. She was glad of the prospect of a change, and far from insensible of the advantage the alliance presented; to be one of the first duchesses in the land, with riches and luxuries at command, to be courted on all sides, why these were the very things that must now be the objects of Constance's life; human love had crumbled away, and religion she does not think of, for in her own she has no faith, and that which she knows to be true she dare not profess. No wonder she wears a bright aspect as she walks to her nuptials.

The attendants of all the ladies staying at Apswell Court had assembled in conclave to admire the bride's dress, and they were quite unable to divine for what cause the serving-maiden of the Lady Constance wept so bitterly.

Was she then to lose her service by her mistress's marriage? No, indeed, she was raised to the dignity of first serving-maiden to a duchess, thereby her glory would be so much increased that many a knight's daughter might envy her; and her mistress was no sad damsel, forced to marry the man she hated, as was recorded in many a ballad and tale. She was as bright as the morning; what did Rose weep for? They gained no answer, nevertheless Rose's tears fell fast, as she bore her lady's train to the bridal.

Near the entrance to the chapel Constance met her father.

"All shines on us this day, my Constance," said he gaily; "Regnier is returned in time to be present at your wedding."

Constance's face glowed with delight as she received her brother's greeting, and together they passed into the chapel.

Viscount Regnier, the only son of the Earl, was some eight or nine years older than his sister. He had been absent from home for more than a twelvemonth, holding a post of honor in a foreign embassy. Young as he was he had already distinguished himself, and was a favorite of the queen's. There was a good deal of likeness between brother and sister. Regnier possessed the same chiselled features, the full dark eye, without the melting softness of Constance's; the short dark beard and moustache lent sternness to his face, and his look seemed to pierce you through, while determination was written on the brow and compressed lips. There was something that attracted and yet repelled you, at once, in the viscount's face; but it is now all smiles, as he hastens to greet the various guests to whom his father presents him. His eye, accustomed to take in much in a glance, wonders who is that regal-looking damsel, to whom his father scarcely names him, and who returns his courtesy with so stately gesture. Her robe of purple brocade silk becomes her well, and the dazzling white of her throat and arms need no jewels to set them off; not an ornament is to be seen, not even an edging on the border of her lace coif, under which is braided her luxuriant black hair. How she stands alone amidst her father's guests, and how she seems to disdain their indifference. He marks all through the day at what a distance she could keep the oldest and most privileged of the visitors. Regnier had seen many beautiful women, but never one to his fancy equalled the queenly Isabel, and the haughtiness with which she wore her charms added to them in his eyes.

"My Lord," said Viscount Regnier to the earl, as they found themselves alone on the terrace, the guests, weary of pleasure, being dispersed for awhile, "you have

oftimes wished me to marry, and I would not comply. I have made my choice now, however, and I trust me you will mislike it not."

"Who is she?" exclaimed his father, eagerly. "Yes, Ralph, it rejoices me, indeed, that you should marry; is it then possible—Juliet Dacre?"

"Juliet Dacre!" answered Regnier, scornfully; "none of your lapdogs for me. No, it is yonder Mistress de Lisle, your fair ward. By my troth and her face is bewitching."

The earl looked at his son as if fearing he was distraught. He was silent from astonishment.

"You congratulate me not, my Lord."

"Ralph, I thought you wiser, but be assured, this is a game you cannot play at; Isabel is a steadfast Catholic, and would not wed the King of England to forswear her faith. Ah, smile as you like, I know what is on your tongue—a woman will sacrifice much for her love, and you may win Isabel's; but I know the de Lisle spirit better than you, I have 'proved' it by—"

Lord Beauville stopped short; his eagerness had hurried him into an admission he would not have made; for, now that the affair was so well over, he had not intended to make his son a confidant in the history of his ill-fated attempt to unite the houses of De Lisle and Beauville. At the close of the tale his fury burst forth.

"And he dared—this beardless boy, to win my sister's love, and then cast it from him as a worthless thing. He, a beggar and a recusant, dared to offer such an insult to the house of Beauville, at the beck of these accursed priests, craven that he is. 'Tis well for him—'tis well he is beyond seas; let him but cross my path and see what vengeance I will take."

"And yet you would wed the sister of this youth!" said the earl.

"Yes," said the son, turning round upon him, "I will wed her. Before I heard this tale I would have done it for her beauty and stately bearing, now I will do it for revenge. The De Lisles 'shall' stoop to the Beauvilles."

"Did I," said the Earl calmly, "entertain the slightest idea of your success with Isabel, I would be displeased with your words; but I know well, that sooner would you turn the current from its course than bend that steadfast will. If I failed with Walter, a boy of wild impulse, and not over much piety, shall you succeed with a woman cold as very stone, whose whole soul is wrapped in her prayers and musing, whose one ambition is to see papistry restored in this land?"

"I am not saying," answered his son, "that 'tis an easy enterprise, for thereby I should dishonor my own skill; but it is seldom "very" seldom, I fail, when I set in earnest about anything; and come woe, come woe, though man and angel should forbid me, I resolve to win and to wear Isabel de Lisle."

Lord Beauville shook his head, but further speech was interrupted by the gathering of company in the grounds, and by tacit consent the subject was hereafter dropped between them.

CHAPTER X.

"One single flash of glad surprise Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes;

But vanish'd in the blush of shame That, as its penance, instant came. Oh, thought unworthy of my race."

—Lord of the Isles.

The train of the Duke and Duchess had departed and the numerous array of guests had dispersed, and Apswell Court grew comparatively quiet—comparatively only, for the silence and gloom that once hung over it seemed to have vanished. The Earl was frequently absent, but Viscount Regnier pleaded that his long detention on foreign service gave him a right to be ex-

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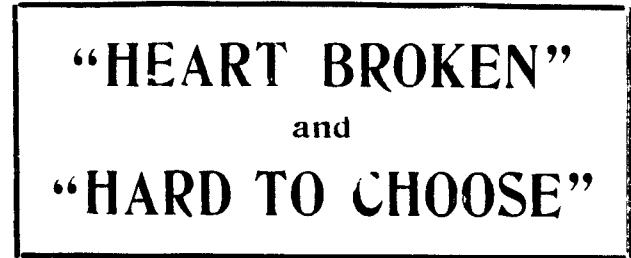
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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

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

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

"Hard to Choose"

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

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

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Northwest Review

empted from duty for awhile, and that he should spend some time as he listed. So the castle grew gay under his government, and hawking and shooting with many a mock tournament and trial of arms, went on. There were few ladies to witness the sports, for now Constance was gone, few cared to travel any distance to visit the stiff and formal lady Ann, who for her part was only too well pleased to be left in peace with her tapestry and her flowers.

How Viscount Regnier first persuaded Isabel to emerge from her retirement, she herself could hardly have told. She was won by his manner into friendliness, almost without her own will. The way in which he treated her was so different to any she was accustomed to meet with—the respectful distance, the distinguishing her from the rest of her father's guests, as though by right claiming greater attention; then, in a solitary walk, Isabel could not avoid overhearing a few sentences of admiration of her fall from Regnier's lips—not the praise of her beauty, which Isabel was accustomed to, and disdained, but of that very haughtiness and cold reserve on which Isabel prided herself, but all the while had an uncomfortable feeling that Mary Thoresby and Walter might have been in the right of condemning. His delicate way of implying how strongly he condemned his father's treatment of her was refreshing to Isabel. A request that she would assist him in tracing the various branches of the house of de Lisle was made and granted, and the employment threw her almost daily in contact with him; and the days he did not come, and she did not see him soon became heavy days to Isabel. Her spirits were oppressed, her heart felt a void. Isabel never paused to inquire its cause, alas! she had lost the habit of questioning and schooling her own heart, and she was unwilling to resume the task.

When Lord Regnier went for a few days at a time to London, Apswell Court seemed to grow intolerably dull, and Isabel's heart rebounded when she heard the clatter in the court yard which announced his return; and each return grew more pleasant, for each brought some new proof of the honor and respect in which she was held, something to give her pleasure was sure to arrive, some new book was laid upon her table, choice flowers were transplanted, that she might admire them. A palfrey was carefully trained for her own use, and Isabel could not refuse to ride her, when she found that part of Lord Regnier's mornings were regularly spent in riding the animal, that he might be sure she was suitable for a lady, and when the choicest falcon was taught to fly from her wrist—Lord Regnier saying, as he presented it, "Rare bird needs care mistress"—could she refuse to join the hawking parties? And if she did stand back at first from acceptance of all these gifts, how humbly and mournfully the Viscount would say he deserved it—he had offered them with all respect, as the rightful due of a deeply injured lady; but if she disdained them, there was no complaint that could be made.

So Isabel went on, and so in the incense to her pride which she daily accepted, what wonder that her head grew dizzy and her eyes were blinded? And thus time passed, and another summer came.

Last summer, and coldly standing aloof to chide, Isabel had watched her brother at the feet of Constance! She had forgotten it now; she forgot to long for news from Walter, for her soul was absorbed in one wild passion.

One morning Isabel sat in the shade of the thick trees: the heavy fragrance of flowers, and the soft lazy hum of a sultry summer day were wafted towards her—a step sounded on the green sward—that step which had gained the power to make Isabel's heart beat; the Viscount stood by her side, but a different expression was on his face—one of pain and disturbance.

"What has happened, my Lord!" exclaimed she hurriedly.

"A letter from my father," answered he, "bidding me to come speedily, since it is her majesty's pleasure that I again depart on foreign service."

It seemed to Isabel as if all her pulses stood still—she could make no answer, and though her lips un-der his government, and hawking and shooting with many a nier was kneeling by her.

"Isabel, you will not let me go alone! you have seen long since that I am a captive at your will—I cannot live without you, Isabel!" What boots it to dwell on these burning words, or how Isabel's mute answer confessed her love? She slept that night the betrothed of Viscount Regnier.

The Earl came home in a few days, and preparations were made for the Viscount's departure. Isabel expressed a wish that there should be little festivity at her marriage, and the request was acceded to, and it was arranged that the rejoicing should only take place among the household. Though aware that there must be a Protestant public ceremony, Isabel was determined on having her marriage privately performed by a priest, and she expressed her intention to Lord Regnier, but it was overruled, it would be impossible to do so without observation, he said, and just at this moment, would bring down disgrace on his head. He could not do it; it would endanger the priest's life as well. It was useless to insist on it, he continued—it could not be done; and if that were the condition of their marriage he must relinquish it, and go alone to a foreign shore—alone to death, for he should never return. Isabel yielded, and stifled the conscience that tried to make itself heard.

Bright was the sunshine that gleamed through the painted window and fell on the pavement of the chapel, as a bridal train was once more gathered there. The bride today looks pale—as white almost as her dress; still, calmly she plights her vows, and, for one life of weal or woe, is bound to Lord Regnier.

Isabel turned to receive the greeting of her father-in-law, but, instead of embracing her, Lord Beauville suddenly stumbled forward, and fell on the ground, while blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils! They raised him up and carried him from the chapel, followed by Isabel, clinging in terror to her husband's arm. At the chapel door were gathered some of the peasants of the estates.

"Blood on a bridal!" whispered one of them to her neighbor: "that bodes no good—see ye, see ye!"

Isabel heard; she looked down, and truly the spotless robe she had chosen for her wedding was sprinkled and spotted with the Earl's blood! A shudder ran through her, unblest, unshriven, she had approached a holy sacrament—approached, perchance to profane it. No time for musings now! They have reached the Earl's chamber, and the physician is vainly endeavoring to staunch the blood that, from the breaking of some internal vessel, was gushing forth. The man, an hour ago, full of strength and energy, lay on his couch dying and unconscious. He opened his eyes at length, one wild stare around—then fixed them on the roof of the room; he struggled for speech, but the crimson tide flowing fast, forbade utterance—a few incoherent words were all the bystanders heard:

"Have mercy, Alice; I did it not—'twas her own choice. They were free—only one day—one hour! Dost hear, Alice?"

They were his last words, and with a groan of anguish Lord Beauville died.

Isabel had heard all, standing petrified by the child of Alice de Lisle, one who had watched her deathbed, had no word of consolation—no prayer for this; she could not bid him, even in that last moment, call upon his God for mercy. Her husband drew her away, and busy hands undid those blood-stained bridal garments, and laid her down to rest. But her brow throbbed, and her heart was sick with terror. There was no peace for her till her husband, after having seen the necessary offices towards his father discharged, came to her and clasped her fondly in his arms. She had not wondered to see him so composed and resolute through the sudden horror, but she expected him to have now poured forth passionate regrets for the loss of a father who had never crossed him, but entertained for

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him the strongest affection. His first words were:

"And you, my fairest one, are countess already;" and he spoke gaily. "No foreign banishment for us now, you shall see your husband sitting in the queen's councils."

Isabel shuddered in his embrace. It was true, however. Strange chances of life! the house she once called her prison was her own—Isabel de Lisle was now Countess of Beauville.

(To be continued.)

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