The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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The Catholic Record.

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THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Oh it is sweet to think,
Of those who are departed,
While murmured Aves sink,
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them:
Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features;
God with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own,
Since now they are God's only;
And each one that has gone
Has left our hearts less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead! they have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant Heaven like home,
Through them begins to woo us;
Love, that was earthly, wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we love on earth
Attract us now in Heaven;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead; to heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him—be doubts forgiven!
Who took you there to save you:—
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our home above,
And trust to God more blindly.

—F. W. Faber, D. D.

Catholic Columbian.

TRUE SPIRITUALISM.

Communion of Saints—Remembrance of the Souls.

ELENOR C. DONNELLY, TRANS.

There is at present extant—as there has been for many years—a fatal form of delusion known as Spiritism, which is begotten of falsehood, and fraught with manifold dangers to the souls and bodies of its votaries.

Millions of men belong to so-called spiritualistic circles. They consult "mediums;" and strive to hold forbidden intercourse with dwellers in the unseen world. But all the marks and signs of this cult betray the influence and workings of evil spirits.

Spiritism is, as it were, Satan's travesty, his diabolical counterfeit of the Communion of Saints. It is his ingenious mockery of the real, genuine Spiritualism, taught by the one, holy, Catholic, apostolic Church of Rome, when she enjoins upon her children a firm belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, in the holy Guardian Angels, the Saints of God in general, and in a place of purification in the other life.

May we all hold fast, firmly and unswervingly, to this true Spiritualism! May we strive to increase the honor of God, the number of the saints in Heaven, the joy of the Church, and the certainty of our own salvation, by hastening especially during this month of graces, to the assistance of our suffering brethren in Purgatory! These afflicted souls are, alas! so poor: whilst we are so rich in the resources which they lack. Let us, then, from the fulness and sweetness of our abundance, endeavor to alleviate their pains, and lighten their poverty.

The Latinized word, Purgatory, is more expressive of the place or condition of purification. Many suppose fire to be the sole torment of the Holy Souls; but it is well to remember that there may be many other forms of suffering in that abode of pain.

The doctrine of Purgatory is highly conformable to the dictates of sound reason, as well as to the noblest sentiments of the human heart. For, if there were no middle state of souls, what assurance could we have for ourselves, after death, as well as for those dear ones who have gone before us into eternity, debtors, in some degree, to divine justice?

This consoling doctrine of Purgatory is confirmed by Holy Writ, as well as by tradition: and the decisions of the councils of the Church. Even the Catholic custom of the Month's Mind of the faithful departed has its warrant in the old dispensation. For, "when all the multitude saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for him thirty days throughout all their families." And of Moses, we are told: "The children of Israel mourned for him in the plains of Moab, thirty days."

The scriptural term "mourning," it is well to remark, did not simply mean tears, sighs and natural sorrow for the dead. The mourning of the Hebrews implied certain prayers and penitential exercises for the souls of their departed, which the orthodox Jews practice even at the present day. Among these exercises may be mentioned the observance of the precept of sitting on the bare floor a certain length of time after a relative's decease, the tearing of the garments worn when assisting at the deathbed, the prohibition against shaving at such times, and the burning of lamps in memory of the dead.

Eusebius, in his Life of Constantine the Great, tells us how that Emperor piously desired to be buried in the church erected by himself in Constantinople, for he cherished the hope of participating thereby in the prayers of the church. Behold! as his corpse was being conveyed to the grave, an immense concourse of people accompanied it, testifying their love for their departed ruler not only by sighs and tears, but also by their fervent prayers for the repose of his soul.

The language of St. Ambrose, in his discourse over the remains of the Emperor Theodosius, is well worthy our consideration. "I have loved him during life," said he; "therefore, I will accompany him after his entrance into the Land of the Living, and never leave him until, by tears and prayers, I have brought him into the holy mountain of the Lord."

Very beautiful, too, are the words of St. Jerome to Pammachius, at the death of his wife, Paulina: "Other husbands scattered over the graves of their wives, violets, roses, lilies and purple flowers. Our Pammachius moistens the ashes and the venerated bones of his beloved spouse with the balm of almsdeeds. Through their color and savor, he warms up the sleeping ashes, knowing that it is written: "As water quenches fire, so almsgiving expiates for sins committed.

In Purgatory is completed the expiation for faults, which had been interrupted on earth. There, God subjects the beloved, precious soul to a final purgation, in order to cleanse it from the most trifling blemish, and conduct it, "yet so as by fire," to that degree of perfect purity requisite in order to behold God face to face. There, it is decreed that the entire Holy Church should come, as it were, to help in this work of justice and mercy—drawing near to intercede for her suffering children, and to expiate their shortcomings.

Having, at the particular judgment after death, already gazed upon the infinite beauty of God; and being now altogether detached from earthly and sensual ties, the faithful departed ardently long to possess the One Supreme Good. In short, they are homesick for heaven; and we all know what an anguish homesickness is. Yet, all the burning desires, all the inexpressible longings of a child for his parents and on his earthly home are trifles compared to the violent yearnings of the Poor Souls for the heavenly Jerusalem and the fatherly Heart of God.

That loving Creator has implanted in the human breast an irrepressible desire for happiness, which can only be appeased by Himself. Now, that the delights, as well as the cares of life are left behind, this impulse is powerfully awakened in the departed soul, urging it so strongly toward God that, if not arrested, it would fly to Him more swiftly than an arrow shot from the strongest bow, flies to its mark.

This vehement yearning, this ardent longing for its heavenly Home and its heavenly Father, constrains the suffering soul the more, because it is in the grace of God, and well knows that it shall rest eternally in Him.

But invisible powers, the divine Justice, and its own culpability, hold the poor soul back. * * * The saints who have written on this subject knew only too well how great is the power of passion over weak human nature, how feebly the sensual man comprehends spiritual things, how easily self love limits sacrifices for God, and how even the best of us pride ourselves upon the little good we have done, instead of fearing and trembling lest our manifold imperfections should cause us to miss the eternal reward.

Blessed Henry Suso tells us that when he was acquiring an intimate union with God, he began to regard the pains of Purgatory as trifling. He was lovingly admonished, however, by the Divine Spirit, that reflection upon that subject is the beginning of all wisdom, and the way to everlasting bliss.

It was enjoined upon him that he should steadfastly contemplate those torments, and not madly consider them as trifles. The divine revelation assured him: "Truly, you sit like a bird upon a bough; or, stand as a man upon the shore, beholding the swiftly-passing ships, wherein he must, one day, journey to the distant land, whence he shall never more return."

In this, as well as in the views of many other great saints and servants of God, is embodied a most profound truth, and one in the highest degree worthy our attention and esteem. But the love of God, as well as His justice, must be taken into account in our considerations. This is so much the more necessary for poor, sinful, frail man if he would not become discouraged, or be driven to downright despair.—Thoughts on Purgatory.

"MARY WITH THE NECKLACE."

Many of our readers say that they read with pleasure and edification Francis W. Grey's lines in the October number of the Carmelite Review on "Old Mary with the Necklace." In fact it is a treat to read anything from the pen of this excellent English writer. It may not be out of place to say that Mr. Grey is a cousin to Lord Halifax, and we beg our readers to piously remember all the intentions of this zealous churchman and devout client of Mary. Referring to the incident of "Mary with the Necklace" reminds the writer that some years ago in a a pastoral capacity he gave a Rosary to a good old colored lady who but a few weeks ago—in the Rosary month—went to her reward. She passed her last days in a house of public charity, and the local newspaper honored her memory by saying she died a "Romanist" since till the last—in her hundred and second year—"she held fast to a pair of Catholic beads."—Carmelite Review.

THE AIM OF SOCIETY.

A Notable Address at the Franciscan Congress in Rome.

At the recent congress of the Franciscan Tertiaries in Rome, Rev. Father Cuthbert, O S. F., delivered a notable address on "Modern Democracy," in which he stated:

"I suppose there are none who deny that during the past century the world has entered on a new phrase of social and political existence. As Cardinal Manning once said, the Church has to deal now not with dynasties but with peoples. The old order has passed away, at least in western Christendom, when kings were absolute and were able to impose their will upon their subjects with no other justification than that the king so willed it. It is now the recognized principle of modern states that the people do not exist for the king or government, but the king or government exists for the people.

"The people have assumed the final voice in the destiny of the state; at least they profess to have done so; and now they assert their freedom and supremacy in all departments of social life. In trade and commerce, capitalism and trades unionism are both evidences of the people, being but two sides of the same shield, competitive industrialism.

"The cry of the people for education and the breaking down of so many social conventions are incidents of a new order of things. Nor can we determine with any complete accuracy of detail how far the transformation will go or into what channels it will run in the future. Modern democracy is still young, and it has the infinite possibilities of youth for good or evil. That it should be impetuous and inclined to go too fast is only to be expected of its youth; that it will sober down in time with a growing sense of responsibility as attached to the possession of rights is also to be expected and confidently hoped for. In any case we must recognize the fact that the idea of democracy now rules the western world and that Catholicism has to deal not with a feudal nor an absolutist regime, but with a new world whose faith in the social and political orders is pinned to democratic freedom. There are some who decry a new order of things as though it must necessarily be evil. Such an attitude is not only foolish in itself, but mischievous. A new order may, of course, be evil; it may also be good. Generally speaking, it is neither wholly evil nor wholly good, but a mixture of both good and evil—it will have its own special vices. But if you wish to eliminate the vices it is absolutely necessary that you first acknowledge the virtues; for it is only by fostering the virtues peculiar to a people or an age that you get rid of its special vices. If modern democracy needs converting—and it very much needs converting—do not think it will be converted by wholesale denunciation or by the process of universal snubbing on the part of those who stand for religion; but its conversion requires a generous recognition of its good qualities conjoined with a sympathetic understanding of its needs and difficulties and even of its methods. Democracy to day is full of energy: it is intelligent, it is manly, it is truthful, and if religion would successfully appeal to it, the appeal must be to its intelligence, its vigor and its love of truth. There are, indeed, elements even in modern democracy which exhibit none of these good qualities, large numbers of men who are neither vigorous nor intelligent nor appreciably anxious for truth. These live in the age, but are not of it: they have but little influence in the building up of life, social and political; they are ruled by the more vigorous and have no place in the world's history. But the Church has to take hold of the vigorous elements in society; she has to incorporate into her own life the vigor and intelligence of the modern and not merely the elements that are effete and nerveless. These will seek in religion only an excuse for their idleness and apathy. The others will demand such a presentment of religion as will appeal to the energy of their nature; a robust spirituality that demands efforts and sacrifice and intense personal conviction. It may perhaps be well to note that intense personal convictions and the spirit of sacrifice go hand in hand; and the assent of the intellect is necessary to support a great moral effort. I make bold to say that if at the present time religion has lost its hold on the mass of the people, it is because it has not made a sufficient demand upon the best qualities of the modern age and has become too exclusively the refuge of the weak. Modern democracy, if appealed to in the right way, is capable of yielding a spiritual harvest, equal to any yet gathered into the storehouse of Catholicism. And the harvest is fast ripening. Everywhere there are signs of a turning toward religion and toward the Catholic religion; but the apostles are needed who shall know how to teach the multitude and to interpret to them the stirrings of their breast. To this apostolate Franciscan Tertiaries have been specially called in these latter days by the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff. In his well known encyclical letter of Sept. 17, 1882, Leo XIII. invited the Tertiaries to put themselves in the van of social and religious reform, and many a time since he has repeated the invitation. Tertiaries, then, have the highest sanction when they set themselves to emulate the example of their brethren of old and gain the new world to Jesus Christ. For this is their proper vocation, to establish the kingdom of Christ in the hearts of the people and bring men to live by the rule of the gospel.

"It is necessary to fix this truth well in our minds. We hear in these days a great deal about Social Reform and philanthropic works. Tertiaries, among others, are being earnestly advised to throw themselves into some form of social or charitable work, and in fact wherever the Third Order is being really revived we find Tertiaries coming to the fore in the work of social reform, just as they did in the thirteenth century. But the end of all this social effort, we must not forget, is the revival of Christian life and the realization of Christ's kingdom upon earth; the ultimate object, to turn men's hearts to their Saviour; for in spiritual union with Him they can alone find the key to life and enduring joy.

"We must fix this principle well in our minds, lest in the hurry and anxiety of work we forget and turn aside to the worship of merely temporal comfort and prosperity. The greatest need, in truth, of modern democracy is to know Jesus Christ and His gospel of life. Our present world is very pagan, worshipping the visible and present, and thinking little of the invisible and future. A vast number of men and women in all classes of society, but especially in the working class, have no faith at all; many have but a cold and fruitless faith. Even among those who with their lips profess the Catholic faith, how many are wanting in that genuine devotion which consists in the following of Christ, in the setting before our eyes of the life of Christ as the standard of our own daily life, and in the endeavor to transform ourselves into Christ by frequent meditation and persistent hope. This is the devotion which proves our faith; and how few have it! Now the very primary object of the Third Order is to establish this genuine devotion to Jesus Christ in the world; to lead men to take Christ into their daily lives. In so far as the Third Order does this, it is not merely a social influence, but a religious influence; and we may take it as a fact proved by history that social reform is real and persistent only when based upon religious motive.

"The motive of all true Christian effort is love of Jesus Christ and of His holy gospel; if this motive is wanting, the effort will have but transitory effect; it will be like one of those African rivers that disappear after a while in the desert sand. The reason why the Third Order should be of special value in these days is that it places social work upon its only persistent basis—devotion to the person and the teaching of Jesus Christ. This following of Christ must in the first place affect our way of looking at things. The true follower of Christ takes an unworldly, spiritual view of life as opposed to the material view now so common among the nations. The chief object of the modern world is to make money, acquire power and live in luxury."

FAULTS OF THE IRISH RACE.

Archbishop Ireland's View.

In a visit to Blackrock college, just before sailing for New York, Archbishop Ireland made an address to the students on the Irish in America. He said that what he had seen of young Irishmen in America led him to believe that they were somewhat inconstant. They changed from year to year. They undertook one thing and then another, and never succeeded. Whatever career in life a young man chose, he should hold on to it. Another fault that he had noticed among young men of Irish blood was that they feared hard work and were afraid of labor in what might be called a menial form.

Young Irishmen wanted to be successful all at once, and to ascend to the top of the ladder right off, or in a few days or years; and when they did not get to the top of the ladder, they immediately gave up.

Young men of other races would begin at the lowest rung of the ladder, and if they could not get to the second, they would stick to the first with wondrous adhesive power until they were sure of being able to step up; and if they never reached the second rung, you would always find them sticking to the first.

He frankly confessed that he had often found that young men of Irish blood, no matter how well educated, were not able to keep up in the race with men of other nationalities. Was it because they lacked mind? Not at all. They had mind so bright that if others had it they would make still greater advances.

Was it lack of generous heart? No; if anything, their generosity of heart carried them too far. Was it lack of power of arm? Not at all—God had given them healthy and strong limbs. What was it, then? They lacked perseverance—steadfastness. They lacked that devotion to work which never allowed itself to be discouraged by difficulties, and they lacked thought for the future. Irishmen were a little too poetical. They wished for the sweetest and best that life could afford. They aspired to high regions, and thought hard work rather degrading. But in America they were very successful, as a rule. And why? Largely because of the well known principle in America that labor was honorable, no matter what it was.

Another fault which held down the Irish race was love of drink. If the Irish people in America and their descendants for generations had been faithful to the counsels of Father Mathew, they would control the country—no doubt of it.

THE FRAUD OF PALMISTRY.

Catholics are not permitted to consult fortune-tellers, and so-called "seers," for the purpose of securing a knowledge of future events. The future belongs to God, and any attempt to pierce the veil which He has drawn between us and coming events, must be regarded as sinful. Among these "seers" and "fortune-tellers," the biggest humbugs are the alleged "palmists," who trade upon the unparalleled credulity of the public, with infinite profit to themselves.

One of these who recently visited this city calls himself Dr. Carl Louis Perin. He conducted quite a thriving business among gullible people. He had his own stenographer, but found it necessary to hire an assistant. From this young lady, who was unsparing in her denunciation of the trickery of the wily "Doctor," something of his plans was learned. He had several formulas, supposed to be "readings," and of these many hundred copies were made; these he sent out in repose to impressions of hands received by mail.

From here Perin went to Cincinnati and Covington, where he was equally successful. The attention of Archbishop Elder being called to the advertisements of the palmist by a Post representative, His Grace made the following statement in regard to palmistry:

"The claims of so-called palmistry are contrary to religion. If marks in the hands and the face may show something of past habits or present dispositions they can not foretell of future marriages and other matters claimed in some advertisements. To seek such knowledge in this way is sinful."

Dr. Perin has also had a Kansas city career. In connection with the Kansas City Journal, he ran a palmst department, that brought in a bushel of money. Then the Kansas City Star took a hand, and published the following telegraph special:

"Hutchinson, May 16.—There is considerable merriment here over an exposé of Dr. Carl Louis Perin, brought about by a local joker. He obtained an impression of the left palm of John Moore, who was recently convicted here of crushing the skull and cutting the throats of his five children. This was sent to Dr. Perin, with questions which received the following answers in the palmist's columns in last Sunday's Kansas City Journal: "No 8131, Hutchinson, Kas.: will live to be 71. Little or no sickness of serious nature. Would make a success as a journalist, as you have literary ability. Will raise your children in happiness. Lucky day, Thursday. Make no change at present."

"In view of the fact that Moore is an epileptic and has been for ten years, the sickness clause seems to be a little off, and as for a journalistic career Moore is certainly the most illiterate wretch on earth. He can neither read nor write, and his ignorance is really wonderful at this age of the world. As a matter of fact Moore did raise his children "to happiness" as fast he could swing the hatchet. The advice given Moore to make no change at present is probably all right. He is well guarded in the penitentiary. Moore was convicted on his "lucky day."

"Chillicothe, Mo., May 15.—Dr. Carl Louis Perin, the palm reader, has been cleverly trapped by a lot of Chillicothe practical jokers. Several days ago the impression of the palm of the town idiot was taken and sent to the doctor with $1 and ten questions about the idiot's character and future. In the palmistry department of a Kansas City newspaper Sunday appeared the following reading of Jones' palm:

"Chillicothe, Mo.—Live to be seventy-four. Little or no sickness of serious nature. Success as a politician. Two marriages; raise three children in comparative happiness. Die fairly well off. Lucky day Friday. Travel extensively, and go abroad once. Make no change at present."

"This "reading" has knocked out all faith in palmistry in Chillicothe. The man has been a helpless idiot from his birth."

Palmistry has been called a science, and there is no doubt but that it is an interesting study, pursued with the proper spirit. But a little knowledge in the hands of a charlatan may be put to very evil use. Used as a mere pastime, as a pleasant diversion, there can be no harm it, and as such it is not condemned.—Catholic Columbian.

Since the creation of the world God has been better served because of His kindness, than because of His power.—St. Gertrude, O. S. B.

A PARISH BIGGER THAN IRELAND.

The Montana Catholic.

An American priest who has a parish larger than the whole of Ireland in area is a visitor at the parochial residence this week. His name is Father T. B Hayes, and his parish includes a part of Montana and North Dakota and stretches for hundreds of miles through Wyoming. Father Hayes is a young man of about thirty years and was ordained at Cheyenne by Bishop Lenahan May 17, 1899.

During the first year of his priesthood Father Hayes traveled over 10 000 miles in discharge of his clerical duties, looking after the spiritual welfare of his scattered forces. On one occasion he rode 143 miles on a train, 35 miles by stage and 215 miles on horseback to baptize a child. On another occasion Father Hayes rode 500 miles on horseback through the mountain region of Wyoming to attend to the spiritual needs of a few scattered Catholic families. Father Hayes is an athlete of the type so much sought after in a crack college team. He can make 20 or 30 miles at a good pace and frequently walks from his home at New Castle on Sunday morning, 18 miles, into the mountains, where there is situated a small mission, saying Masses at both places on the same day. The reason this particular walk is made is the fact that the trail is not a passable one in several places for even the most rugged and practical mountain climbing pony.

"I consider Wyoming a great State in its infancy," said Father Hayes a day or two ago. "It has wonderful possibilities and only needs capital to take a front rank among Western States. The main branch of the Burlington Road being constructed within the confines of the State is sure to do great things toward the development of its great natural resources. The coal fields of Wyoming for one thing are scarcely excelled in value anywhere in the United States. The people are a fine, hospitable class, and wherever I travel I am made welcome in the home of Catholic and non Catholic alike."

OUR BELOVED DEAD.

There is no family that has not contributed its quota to the grave There the bodies are interred to return to the earth from which they sprang. We grieve over their dissolution and corruption, and are helpless to prevent the process of decay. We look on, with breaking hearts, as the form grows rigid and cold in its coffin, and, frantic with impotence, we watch with unutterable agony the clods being thrown on them to cover them from view.

But this teaching of religion comforts us in that time of sorrow—we may be able to aid their souls to reach the joy of the Lord!

O then we raise our eyes towards Heaven and the weight of grief is lifted off us, as we think that our beloved dead are not altogether lost to us, that their spirit is conscious of us still, that our soul can commune with theirs in prayer, that we can yet give them proofs of our affection, that we can shorten the period of their purgation and hasten their entrance into the abode of bliss.

This belief consoles us in our bereavement. It serves to keep green the memory of the departed. It is a tie binding together in God the hearts of the living and the dead.

Blessed doctrine of Purgatory, thou recallest us of hope, thou biddest us abandon selfish woe and be busy at good works in the name of the dead, thou givest us fortitude to say: 'O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!"—Catholic Columbian.

BRAVE SOULS WHO CHOOSE THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.

Some are tempted to think lightly of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, as something that is only suited for women and children and that is not for them. They are mistaken; it is exactly suited to them, and if they will only stop, and take a little time to investigate and study this devotion, they will find it is exactly what they need. It will help them in all their trials, temptations, sorrows and afflictions: it will give them strength and courage to do their work well; it will hold them up when they are despondent, and will turn their sorrows into joy. In a word it will change their whole life, and make it really and truly a genuine Christian life. When they practice it, their vision will be cleared and they will see the right thing to do, and will be given the grace to do it. By this devotion they will be enabled to save their own souls, and to help save the souls of their relatives and friends.

Strive to make the devotion to the Sacred Heart a part of your lives, and from this time forward learn to use it daily. Go to the Sacred Heart when tempted, when discouraged or sorrowful, and relief will always be had.

The stayer wins whether the weapons be brawn or brains. The best work is done by hard work.—Bp. Spalding.

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.—CONTINUED.

The valedictory was announced, and as the sweet, distinct, but at first slightly tremulous tones floated out, Dyke and Meg squeezed hands under Meg's shawl, and as the speaker gained confidence, and won a closer and more enraptured attention by her perfect elocution and natural manner, Meg cried outright for joy, and her nephew's eyes for an instant shone with a suspicious moisture. When at length all was over, and the pupils were permitted to receive their friends, Miss Edgar flew to her father's embrace; but, even in that moment of honest emotion on his part, when she felt his tear upon her cheek, vanity and triumph that he was so handsome and distinguished-looking, so superior to everybody else's father there, were the feelings uppermost in her breast.

Ned, forgetful of everything but that she was with Meg and Dyke, was embracing each, and crying and laughing in turn.

Mr. Edgar was introducing his companion to his daughter, and the elderly lady, bearing that impressive something about her which marks the grand dame of the old school, acknowledged the introduction with a manner that made her sixty years as charming as sixteen. She had a sweet face, and so clear a complexion that one, in looking at her, forgot the wrinkles that marked her features.

"And now," continued Mr. Edgar, to his daughter, "bring us to your friends," looking in the direction of the group of which Ned was the centre.

"Is not that young man Dykard Datton? He is very much older and manlier grown, and I suppose that is Meg Standish with him? What an old woman she has become!"

The young lady obeyed, and she was obliged to affect a cordiality in her greeting of the mountain friends whom she had ignored so long, when she saw how truly warm were her father's salutations.

And the elderly lady, introduced as Mrs. Stafford, shook hands with Meg in her plain country dress, and placed her delicate white jewelled hand in the great brown hard palm of Dyke with as sunny a smile and as much graciousness of manner as if both were her equals in the social scale. To Ned she gave a look which seemed to express her secret confidence that they would be intimate friends some day.

Dyke was interested in watching Mr. Edgar. The decade of years seemed to have made such changes in that gentleman's appearance. His abundant black hair and thick mustache were much streaked with gray, and his handsome forehead was indented with lines that told of harassing care or thought. But the young man's observations were terminated by the object of them insisting on the whole party accompanying himself and his daughter to Barrytown, and there making at least a brief stay before going to their mountain home. Meg was quite willing to do so, for it would recall the old happy times when Mr. Edgar was her master, but Dyke politely demurred. Perhaps he feared that the grandeur of the place would make Ned discontented with her own humble abode, and perhaps also he was selfish enough to fear that Mr. Edgar's generosity would go to the extent of inviting Ned to make a permanent stay with his daughter. Under the influence of such feelings he could not give his consent immediately; but he gave it at length, though his heart was filled with a strange gloomy foreboding.

XIII.

The beauty and luxury of that Barrytown home ravished the young heiress with a delight that reached its culmination when she found that the thoughtful kindness of her father had provided even a trained pony for her use. She and her cousin had been taught to ride at school, and happiness as usual making her exceedingly good-natured, she insisted that Ned should have the first canter on the graceful and gentle little animal. There was a groom in attendance, but Dyke being within sight, Ned took the responsibility of inviting him to attend her, and Miss Edgar, in her exceeding great joy, forgot to make secret fun of him as she might at another time have done.

So the pair went out to the road, Dyke keeping a little behind, both to admire the graceful rider and to war with his own unhappy thoughts. Something that he had never realized before came to him now. He passed his hand over his forehead and said between his teeth:

"Fool, blind, mad fool that I have been, not to have been prepared for this!" But Med was turning in her saddle to see why he loitered, and calling to him with all the simplicity of her early years, reminding him when their horses were again together, of the quaint fancies of her childhood about the trees and plants, and demanding in her playful eager way answers to every one of her remarks.

He averted his face whenever her eyes sought his own, and he replied to her with what firmness he could assume; but every tone of her voice pierced his heart, and every touch of her fingers, as sometimes in her eager conversation, when they were ambling slowly along, she flung her hand upon his arm, was like a cruel blow, for he felt that soon tone and touch must be lost to him forever. That night he sought Mr. Edgar for a private interview.

If the gentleman were surprised, he did not betray the feeling, and he invited the young man to a seat with exceeding graciousness. But Dyke replied:

"Thank you, Mr. Edgar; but my business will be communicated better standing. It is about Edna—" he had almost said Ned—"I have come to know if you have any plans for her future."

The gentleman did not answer for a moment; instead, he looked very earnestly at the young man as if he would read his thoughts, and when he did speak, there was a strange uncertainty about his manner.

"I really have no plans further than to continue to keep her in ignorance of her relationship to me, and to remunerate you from time to time for your care of her."

"Then you desire that she shall make her home with my aunt and me, as she did before she left us to to school?"

"Yes; unless you object."

Dyke flushed hotly. "I must object, Mr. Edgar, for her sake. You have educated her beyond such a life, and it would be unjust, not to say cruel, to bury one of her attainments and gifts in a home so plain and lowly as ours is. Had you eleven years ago resigned all claim upon and all interest in her, we would have reared her according to our means, and she might not then be so unfitted to be one of us. Now she is a lady, and far, far above us. Also, Mr. Edgar, she is your flesh and blood and entitled from that fact to much consideration on your part; let the generosity which has impelled you to educate her provide for her now."

How the heart of the speaker rose up and well-nigh choked him as he uttered the last words! But Dyke's was a brave nature, and rather than turn aside from a purpose once surely chosen, he could have borne to pluck out his own heart.

Mr. Edgar was somewhat annoyed; it was the second time in the course of a week that the fact of Ned's being his own flesh and blood was thrust into his face, and much though he might recognize that fact secretly, he disliked any open allusion to it. Besides, he had not now the slightest doubt that the beautiful girl whom he called his daughter was really such, and in proportion as his heart went rapturously out to her, so did his indifference to his brother's child increase. Every time that his eyes rested upon her he fancied that he detected new and marked resemblances to his brother, his hatred of whom neither time nor distance seemed to soften. Having educated Ned, and having offered to remunerate any future care of her, he felt that he had done all that could be required, and no thought of her now disturbed him, until Dyke brought her so unpleasantly before him.

He made a turn of the room before he answered; then, with his hands behind him, and his head thrown slightly forward, he said:

"Marry her, Dyke; I shall dower her well, and then both her future and your own will be assured."

Scorn flashed from the young man's eyes, and his voice was tremulous with sudden anger. "Your niece"—with a fine emphasis on the latter word—"Mr. Edgar, is not a chattel to be disposed of in such a manner. She has a heart to be consulted, and were I her equal by birth and education, as I am greatly her inferior, still would such a marriage be impossible, because she regards me only as a brother."

Mr. Edgar was silent, but his head was erect now, and his eyes looking through Dyke's face. Secretly, he was admiring this blunt, fearless fellow, for he half suspected that the young man loved, and loved dearly, the fair subject of their discussion. "What would you have me do?" he said at length.

Dyke answered slowly—every word was a knell to his own affection. "Since you have given her equal advantages of education with your own daughter, give her the some advantages of a home. They can be like sisters and, after all, they will be the most proper companions for each other."

The gentleman made another turn of the room; he could think best when walking, and he was mentally discussing this proposition with all its advantages and disadvantages.

Did he give his brother's child a home, her companionship might render unnecessary for a longer time the company which, for his daughter's sake, he intended to invite to the house—might secure to him for a year or two that country solitude which now, being enlivened by his daughter, would be doubly delightful—and might indeed procure for him a longer term of his child's society; for when company, and especially of the opposite sex, came to the house, it was natural to suppose that Miss Edgar's marriage might speedily follow.

Thus it seemed well to agree to Dyke's proposition, and Mr. Edgar did so briefly, and then seemed to consider the interview ended, and the young man went out—out to walk in the dark silent grounds. He needed solitude to compose himself, and something in the darkness seemed to help him also, as if it brought nearer that great, invisible Presence which strengthens for sacrifice, and supports in trial. Then he sought Meg, and broke the news of the change in Ned's prospects to her. At first, delight that her darling would be indeed a lady, having all the grandeur to which she was truly entitled, overpowered every other emotion; then came a feeling of wild grief, as she realized how Ned's good fortune must sever the old relations between them; and lastly her anxieties all turned to Dyke.

"What'll you do?" she said through her tears. "It was for her you wanted everything, and now she'll no come wi' us any more."

"Never mind me, Aunt Meg; I'm a man, with a man's strength, and I'll work the same as if it were for her. Indeed, I shall be comforted by the thought that she is well provided for. Some day she will marry one of her own kind, and I shall be proud and happy to see her happiness." His voice quivered in spite of himself, and his aunt detected it.

"Ay, lad; thee'lt be proud and happy when thy hair is gray, and thy form is stooped, and thy old aunt is gone, and thee'st ne'er a hearth of thy own to sit by, through loving and waiting, with never the heart to ask and——"

He stopped her with a kiss.

"You wouldn't have me ask, Aunt Meg, when the very asking might make her consent, for fear of ingratitude; consent, even though she couldn't give me her heart's love."

"That's true, lad; it might be so." And then her thoughts reverted to all that Dyke had told her of his interview; he had prudently reserved Mr. Edgar's proposal to him to marry his niece, saying:

"And didn't Mr. Edgar say some'at about your own matters? And didn't you tell him anything about your invention?"

Dyke smiled.

"He was too full of the other subject; and besides, what need to tell him? If the invention succeeds, as it seems likely to do now, he may hear about it, and then, you fond, foolish old aunt, there will be enough to gratify your pride."

Again kissing her, he left her.

XIV.

The next morning, after another interview with Meg, Dyke sought Ned.

"I want to see you alone," he said, for Miss Edgar was in a part of the room writing an order for something that was to be brought from Rhinebeck.

The unusually grave, and even somewhat troubled expression of his face alarmed Ned, and without even waiting to tell her cousin that she was going into the grounds, she took his arm and hurried forth.

Neither spoke until they had reached a very secluded part; then Dyke, motioning his companion to a seat on the mossy eminence, threw himself down beside her.

It was a harder task than he had thought, this breaking to Ned of the change in her fortune, and she sat so quietly waiting for him to begin. She asked no question, but her great, lustrous, guileless eyes looked at him very earnestly. He could have looked at her forever, she formed so sweet a picture with her wealth of raven hair coiled simply at the back of her head, and her rich, dark complexion. But he had to begin.

"Would you like to live here always, Ned?"

"No; is that what you had to say to me?" her lips parting into a half smile.

He resumed: "Mr. Edgar proposes that you make your home here with his daughter; you will be treated as if you were her sister."

The smile faded from her lips.

"Mr. Edgar is very kind, but I prefer my home with Meg and you."

Dyke said again: "But Meg and I think it best for you, Ned, to accept Mr. Edgar's offer."

"What! not to live with Meg and you any more—not to consider that dear old place way up among the mountains my home for the future?"

She could say no more for the great lump which came suddenly into her throat, and in another moment she had burst into tears and was crying with all the abandon of her childish days. How Dyke's own heart beat, and how something in his own throat rose up; but he set his teeth firmly together, and fastened his hands into the earth beside him, that he might not, in spite of himself, clasp this beloved one to his heart and whisper that she might make his home always hers if she would.

His nature, strong and ardent as it was, was too noble for such a course. He was not her equal, and if he were, he would refrain from asking her heart's affection until he had given her time and opportunity to test it. So he answered, when he had recovered his wonted calm:

"Remember, Ned, that you are a woman now, and must submit to the dictates of your judgment rather than those of your heart. A residence here will be better for you in many ways. Mr. Patten, who has busied himself about my invention for some months past, has everything in readiness for us to travel together about it now, and Meg being long anxious to see some cousins of hers in Albany, I shall leave her with them while I am away; so, you see, the little mountain home is no place for you. What in the world"—brightening a little—"would do there? No piano, no society, no books such as you have been accustomed to?"

"Why did you give me such an education?" she asked through her tears. "Better you had saved the money spent on me, and brought me up simply in that little mountain home. I should have been just as happy, I am sure."

"Did I ever tell you that I had paid for your education?" asked Dyke.

"No; but I supposed, of course, you had; am I not right in supposing so?"

He was silent, not knowing what to reply. How he regretted not having obtained Mr. Edgar's permission to reveal to her the truth about the matter. His silence, however, was giving to her the revelation he fain would have made.

"I see it all now," she said, springing to her feet. "Mr. Edgar has paid for my education."

Dyke also arose.

"He did not want you to know that, Ned, and you must tell him how it has come about, for I do not expect to have an opportunity of speaking to him privately again."

"But why should he do so much for me?" she persisted.

"Because he is wealthy, and he knew your family in England."

She continued: "It is singular how every one belonging to me died, and that there was only Meg and you to take care of me."

"We gave you such care as we could," said Dyke, anxious to get her thoughts away from her family, lest she should divine other things about herself, as well as she had divined who had paid for her education; "and I don't think in the matter of the affection you gave us it made much difference whether we were your own, or not."

"Indeed, no;" was the earnest reply. "You were my brother always, and always shall be my brother."

With a sharp pang he felt the truth of her words; as a brother, and as a brother alone, would she ever love him. But he went on bravely enough: "You see now, Ned, that, owing so much to Mr. Edgar, you can hardly refuse him when he wishes you to live here for companionship for his daughter."

"Perhaps he just educated me for that," speaking a little sarcastically, and drawing herself up.

"No, no; you are mistaken. I am sure he did not entertain such a thought."

"Well, let Mr. Edgar alone for a few minutes, and tell me about yourself. Are you poor, Dyke?"

He looked at her in surprise, and before answering, demanded to know why she asked.

"Only because, as your sister, I have a right to know all your circumstances, and to know also whether Mr. Edgar, in his great generosity to me, has done anything for you?"

Dyke smiled.

"My circumstances at present do not need any aid from Mr. Edgar; and if this invention succeeds, I shall be a rich man." For one whirling moment a great hope filled his heart; if he became a rich and noted man, and Ned should remain unmarried, perhaps her hand might one day be his. It was a hope so sweet and bright that it gave a more cheerful tone to his voice as he continued: "All my aunt's savings and my own are sunk in this invention, and if it should turn out a failure we would be pretty poor; but there is no fear of that, everything is so promising now."

"And how long before your hopes can be fulfilled?" Her face was flushed and eager.

"A year, perhaps two; for people, especially country people, are so slow to accept improvements."

"Well, for the present then, I shall accept Mr. Edgar's offer of a home."

Her lips quivered and her eyes were full, but she did not let Dyke see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Each separate death is an undisclosed secret between the Creator and the creature.—Father Faber.

THE CHILD BEFORE THE THRONE.

BY N. RYLMAN.

When the Lady Mary became Queen I was appointed one of her Maids of Honor, and I was with her when she rode in state through London, past convents and monasteries founded by her mother, Queen Katharine, dissolved by her father, bluff Henry; past prisons in which had been imprisoned the friends of her childhood, past places sanctified by their martyrdom. I was with her, too, when she opened their prison house doors, and led into God's sunlight the faithful few who had come out of great tribulation, out of the fiery furnace of a mighty and relentless persecution. I was one of the bridesmaids at her marriage in Winchester Cathedral, when the ancient Faith was restored and exalted, when hearts were lifted as the Host was lifted. Did the lady who rode through London's crowded streets remember how the parents of these very gazers had gazed at the daughter of Isabella the Catholic, and at the two Cardinals as they rode to the scene of judgment? I trow she did, for I once saw her bend her head and whisper: "Sweet Jesus grant me patience, more patience." Did the bride of the Prince of Spain think of her mother—her vexed, discrowned mother—passing away at Kimbolton as she walked down the beautiful cathedral in robes of State and scarlet shoes? I trow she did, for I saw her pale as she glanced at dead Queen Katharine's missal.

Thorny, ever thorny, was the path Mary Tudor trod; hard, always hard, was the pillow on which she laid her head. I who loved her, whom she called "my little rosebud," knew it. But I am not going to recount her trials here. Are they not written in that great sealed book, whose keeper is an angel? I am simply going to relate a beautiful episode in her life—hitherto known only to myself.

My father's Castle of Wayverne, on the Rayler, stood at some little distance from the Thatched House, the seat of Earl Brabazon, sometime a Commissioner of King Henry. We, being Catholics, kept aloof from my lord, who was a steady partisan of the new faith, and, therefore, high in favor both with Henry and the boy, King Edward. The Earl had wedded late in life a beautiful girl of the fallen house of Cleeve, who though she had once owned the priceless gift of faith, had cast it aside in the hour of temptation and of poverty, and when she wended outwardly she conformed. My lord was a loose liver, gross, addicted to wine, free in his speech, as his Master Harry had been; so Sister Meg and myself held ourselves aloof. But for all that I pitied the Countess Reine, whose fair face was like unto that of a pictured saint, for her beautiful eyes wore the look of a seeker after the lost, and Meg averred that she would have felt small surprise had she seen her lips unclose, and have heard them cry, "Lost, lost!" I held that sometimes the poor soul wanted the forsaken faith. It was during the last years of King Edward's reign. Her husband was much at Court—her he left in solitary state at the Thatched House, and then we spoke with her when we chanced to meet her in the open country. Meg once gave her a Springtime Cross, all made of fair primroses, with J. M. J. (Jesus, Mary, Joseph) made with violets upon it, and Sis told me that she knelt down in The Chase and kissed the letters, with dim blue eyes, but when Meg drew near to her and whispered "Countess, wilt see our confessor?" she shook her golden head, and said:

"Not now, dear Lady Margaret. My lord would be angered. By-and-bye, please God."

Whilst the Earl was away one of the Court lords (the Marquis of Romsey) a wild and dissolute young noble, used to come down and stay at his place, Red Rock, close by, and the gossips said that he was over-fond—was enamored of Brabazon's wife. We desired to think no ill of her, but 'twas all too true. One May day, towards eventide I went with Meg to look at a finch's nest in the hollow of an old oak, but when we peered through the branches the nest was empty. We heard no tweeting, saw no gaping of yellow bills; her fledglings had gone to try their wings. So Sis was exceedingly sad, and when we met Dame Purnell, the bower woman of Countess Reine, weeping on Wayverne Heath, Meg told her about the empty nest, and asked her why she cried?

"Because I too have an empty nest, my Lady Meg," she said. "The Countess Reine hath fled, and left her husband and her Lady Winifred, her three years child."

"Poor thing, poor thing! Hath she gone to a convent abroad, from whence she can send for the child? Most like she has," said innocent Meg. "Nay, nay, not so. She hath gone with the Marquis. My lord was rough with her as he oft is, for she came to me at night yesterday, and she said: 'Parnell I want my mother sorely, and I have no mother.' And then she kissed Lady Winifred and wished the saints had taken her: and then that very night she must have fled to Red Rock. The Earl went down to the great hall door and barred and bolted it, and as he did so he swore a mighty oath, and said that if the Countess stood outside it he would slam it in her face."

"Poor lady! Poor Countess Reine!" said Sis softly, as we went upon our way. "The nest she fled from was lined with hedgethorn, not with hap. She will never come back to it, Gracie."

But I being older knew that she might repent, and come back for Winnie's sake.

II.

The bells rang merrily in the high church steeples as though the streets of Sherborne rode Queen Mary. Brown friars and black, grey friars and white came out to meet her. Nuns stood at their convent gateways holding flowers, gleaners sang, trumpets played fanfares; the scent of the incense was mixed with the scent of the roses. This was the day of the Fisherman — England was reconciled, was Catholic. When the Queen's litter stopped in front of the Guild hall a woman in poor, sad raiment threw herself before it, and cried: "Gracious Lady, an, there be a leech with you, let him come to my child, who is sick unto death."

Her Majesty looked out, and touched with compassion, told a page to fetch Squills, the leech who was in her train and then she asked the woman her name and degree.

"I am Reine Cleeve, Gracious Lady, and I live in the little brown house under the belfry tower," was the response.

When I heard these words I looked narrowly at the suppliant, and though the golden hair was streaked with white, and the lovely face was careworn, I knew her for Earl Brabazon's wife the ill-fated Countess Reine. I stooped down and whispered her sad story into the ear of the Queen, who said:

"Go you and comfort her, and take a priest with you, dear Grace."

Obeying her command, I asked the good Father Placid, who was of the company, to come with us, and, leaving the procession, we made a detour, and were soon inside the brown cot. On a bed in an inner room lay a beautiful child, with hair the hue of ripened wheat, who was plainly nigh unto death. It was Winifred, Earl Brabazon's daughter, and as I looked at the little gown of faded blue silken stuff which she wore, I thought of the pomp and splendor of her father's house, and remembered that even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

"She hath not long to stay here," said Master Squills. "I can do naught but give her a soothing potion. She is but a frail flower, and the winds have nipped her sorely."

"Hath she been baptized?" asked the priest, gently.

The sorrowing mother answered "Nay," and Father Placid administered the Sacrament, giving the name of Winifreda, after Christ's sweet spouse who works miracles.

Before the little taper burnt away there was a flicker; the child seemed to revive, and drawing down my head she asked me who had sent such kind friends to her mother.

I told her the Queen, who loved little children.

"I should like to see her," said the child; "and I will wait for her coming."

They were singing the "O Salutaris" in the great church near, when Winifred went to the Father Who would not turn her away. For there alone with me, beside the fair dead body of her child, the Countess Reine told how her natural father, the cruel earl, had cast her off.

"I cast away the Holy Faith," she said. "Sold it for jewels, a great house, and a great name, as Judas sold his Good Master for thirty pieces of silver. And this was my punishment—my lord cast me off. I repented of my sin, and one bitter winter's night, when the snow was falling, I stood at the door of the Thatched House, and pleaded for admission to see, to kiss my child. His servants brought my husband. Behind him down the great hall tripped a woman in a wine colored velvet secured with seed peals; dark, haughty, bold. She pointed a mocking finger at me.

"'So my lord,' she cried, 'didst call that poor strumpet, that frail wanton wife?"

"'Yea, once sweetheart,' said Brabazon, 'but we of the New Faith wear out fetters lightly. The two Archbishops gave me freedom. Would'st have her turned away?'

"'That would I,' laughed the woman 'And she took her child?'

"'That she shall do. Go thou and fetch her to me.'

"The woman bent her head, laughed and went for Winifred. Then I spoke.

"'Let me in to kiss my child,' I said, 'and I will trouble you no more. Forgive me for the sake of Christ's Mother and let me at least live in the house to see to Winnie, who is but a weekly plant, and send away that cruel woman.' He laughed, and then he obeyed.'

"'I am of the Reformed,' he cried, 'and the New Faith regardeth Mary as the woman who bore Jesus, just as I regard you as the woman who bore Winnie, and I trow that Mary hath as much power up above as you have down below.'

"'Hush, hush,' said I. 'Brabazon, speak not thus of the Mother in whose arms we long to die.'

"'Not I,' he said. "The New Faith is like the new coat King Harry wore. It is loose and easy—a man can twist about in it. It lets a man take his wine and kiss a winsome wench without a penance. It makes living easy, and when a man is tired of a woman, as I was of you, he can cast her from him like a worn-out glove.

"If it please you, Father," and talk and patter about Sacraments. That lady is my Countess, and you are Reine Cleeve. Out of this, Reine Cleeve, and take your whining brat with ye.'

"He pushed the trembling Winnie (whom the merry mocking woman had dragged down the stair) out of the great warm hall, wherein the hounds lay sleeping by the fire, and then he slammed it in my face and barred it; and I drew my little one to me and put my mantle round her, and hushed her sobs, and as I did so I seemed to see the purest of women standing by a cross, next one who had been a sinner. And I cried as the sun fell on me: 'Mary, Mother, receive me back. England hath forsaken thee, yet would I die for thee.' Then I made my way to Sherborne, and here have I dwelt in poverty with a true but humble friend of the House of Cleeve."

. . . . . .

There was silence in the Palace—women wept, men hushed their footsteps, the Holy Sacrifice was offered, white lips repeated Aves, for Mary Tudor had not long to live. Exhausted by long watching, yet loath to sleep, I knelt before the Adorable Presence in the Chapel Royal and prayed—prayed that Jesus of His goodness would let her passing be easy, inasmuch as He knew how she had suffered; that Mary of her sweetness would put her arms around her, that the saints whom she had honored would intercede for her. And as I prayed it seemed to me that the roof of the chapel was uplifted, upborne, or swept away. I saw no waxen tapers burning, no shrines, no greenery or flowers. Neither did I see the blue above. My eye pierced through it. I saw Paradise—a fair place, full of fair meads, on which nodded blossoms fairer than our daffodowndillies and Fair Maids of February. And in the midst of the meads was a golden light, and I knew that in the center of the glory was the Beatific Vision, and near it, bathed in it, was a woman, exceedingly compassionate, exceedingly fair. And I knew that she was Mary, most pitiful. And at her feet was a little spirit, a little child, with an innocent face and rippling yellow hair. And I knew the child. It was Winnifreda, she to whom the dying Queen had sent priest and leech; she whose mother had been comforted by her, had been sent to a convent in Italy, there to forget her woes. And the Virgin spoke to the innocent and gave her a branch of palm. And the child flitted over the meadows and stood waiting by the beautiful gate. And I knew that she waited for Queen Mary.—The Monitor, Madras, India.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

To serve Jesus is to reign; to live in the Heart of Jesus is true happiness, and to die in It, the ardent desire of faithful souls.

It is the Heart of Jesus which spoke when He said: "My Father, I wish that there where I am My disciples be with Me.—Bossuet.

Let us abandon ourselves to the pierced Heart of Jesus that it may be done unto us according to the good pleasure of that Sovereign Heart.

The Author and Perfector of our faith had no more ardent desire than to enkindle in souls the flames with which His Heart is consumed; and, to excite still morte that fire of charity, He wished to establish in His Church the veneration of and devotion to His Most Sacred Heart, and that it should be propagated.—Pius IX.

Dear reader, what more can the Sacred Heart do to make you accept His love? Has He not given His promise to help you in all your trials and afflictions? To be your secure refuge in time of danger? To guide you and guard you during life and death? Why do you harden your hearts against Him, and repulse Him, not condescending to pay any attention to His repeated appeals? Why not now, while you have time, join the League of the Sacred Heart, and make His interests yours, and He in return will make your interests His, and you will be happy in this world and the next.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Exercises of a Good Religious Man.

II.

Prepare thyself like a man to resist the wicked attacks of the devil: bridle gluttony, and thou wilt the easier restrain all carnal inclinations.

Be never altogether idle; but be either reading, or writing or praying, or meditating, or labouring at something that may be for the common good.

Yet in bodily exercises a discretion is to be used, nor are they to be equally undertaken by all.

Those things which are not common are not to be done in public; for particular things are more safely done in private.

But take care that thou be not slack in common exercises, and more forward in things of thy own particular devotion; but, having fully and faithfully performed what thou art bound to and what is enjoined thee, if thou hast any time remaining, give thyself to thyself according as thy devotion shall incline thee.

All cannot have the self-same exercise; but this is more proper for one, and that for another.

Moreover, according to the diversity of times divers exercises are more pleasing: for some relish better on festival days, others on common days.

We stand in need of one kind in time of temptation, and of another in time of peace and rest.

Some things we willingly think on when we are sad, others when we are joyful in the Lord.

About the time of the principal festivals we must renew our good exercises, and more fervently implore the prayers of the Saints.

We ought to make our resolution from festival to festival, as if we were then to depart out of this world and go to the everlasting festival.

PURGATORY.

What an infinite blessing is purga-
tory! What a terrible mistake did our
Protestant friends make when they
discarded purgatory and left it out of
their formularies of belief! How can
they console themselves in the death of
relatives who, they are conscious, have
gone into eternity with many imper-
fections and venial sins? We are told
in Holy Writ that nothing defiled can
enter heaven. They can not believe
that their friends deserved to go to
hell, nor that they were so free from
imperfection as to deserve to go straight
to heaven. They may be forgiven
their mortal sins through the infinite
merits of Jesus Christ, but somthing is
due to the justice of God after sin
have been forgiven. David, who
was a man after God's own heart, was
forgiven the great sin of which he had
been guilty with the wife of Uriah
nevertheless, he had to satisfy the
justice of God, which exacted the death
of his favorite son, whom he loved as
his own soul.

Heaven is the beatific vision of God
where angels and saints and glorified
spirits dwell, and it stands to reason
that no soul shall ever be permitted to
enter there until it has paid the last
farthing of penalty to the justice of
God and has been cleansed and purified
from every stain of impurity and de-
filement. Blessed be God for the con-
solation which Catholics enjoy in being
able to pray for their departed friends
with the full confidence that the
prayers and charitable sacrifices will
be made available for their purification
and final happy entrance into the
world of light and bliss above.

This is no new doctrine. It is found
ed in reason, and is as old as Christian-
ity. It was believed even under the
Old Law before Christ came, as is
tified by that striking passage of Ma-
abees, so often quoted, in which the
valiant Judas sent twelve thousand
ents of silver to Jerusalem for sacri
to be offered for the sins of the
soldiers who had been guilty of
loining the votive offerings w
hung in the temples of the ido
those whom th y had conque
"For," the account concludes, "it
holy and wholesome thought to
for the dead, that they may be lo
from sins."

That prayers for the dead
practiced by the early Christia
proved conclusively from the
mony of St. Augustine in the f
century, who expressly decl
"Let heretics object as they
nevertheless, it was a very an
practice of the Church to pray
offer up the Holy Sacrifice fo
dead." A very ancient practic
serve! And this great Father te
himself, that his mother, Monic
joined it upon him that he shou
member her after death in the
Sacrifice. St. Gregory Nazi
says: "The practice of prayi
the dead has been handed dow
from the very disciples of Jesus.

Catholics have no doubts in
to a doctrine so old, so reasonab
so consoling, yet it may be a q
whether they always apprecia
they should. There are two w
which they may fail to derive
benefits from it that it is calcu
bestow. In the first place t
danger that they may undern
evil of venial sin and go on in
in it, under the impression th
can escape hell by purging aw
venial sins in purgatory. O
a man who is conscientiously s
ing against deliberate, b
venial sins may well console
with the reflection that by
through the fire of purgatory
escape the fire of hell. But
very different thing from mak
gatory an excuse for contin
sin. Such a one has reason
that he may be compelled to g
and fare worse.

In the second place it is fea
none of us realize the severit
punishment of purgatory.
it would be an infinite gain
soul to suffer the most exc
torments for a thousand years
doing an eternity of suffering
avoided. But, surely, every
able man should esteem it
worthy his most strenuous
and most generous sacrifices
the shortest period possible
gatory.

No doubt many will rem
very remarkable incident pu
the Ave Maria, a few years
appearance of a dead nun
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PURGATORY.

What an infinite blessing is purgatory! What a terrible mistake did our Protestant friends make when they discarded purgatory and left it out of their formularies of belief! How can they console themselves in the death of relatives who, they are conscious, have gone into eternity with many imperfections and venial sins? We are told in Holy Writ that nothing defiled can enter heaven. They can not believe that their friends deserved to go to hell, nor that they were so free from imperfection as to deserve to go straight to heaven. They may be forgiven their mortal sins through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, but somthing is due to the justice of God after sins have been forgiven. David, who was a man after God's own heart, was forgiven the great sin of which he had been guilty with the wife of Uriah; nevertheless, he had to satisfy the justice of God, which exacted the death of his favorite son, whom he loved as his own soul.

Heaven is the beatific vision of God, where angels and saints and glorified spirits dwell, and it stands to reason that no soul shall ever be permitted to enter there until it has paid the last farthing of penalty to the justice of God and has been cleansed and purified from every stain of impurity and defilement. Blessed be God for the consolation which Catholics enjoy in being able to pray for their departed friends, with the full confidence that their prayers and charitable sacrifices will be made available for their purification and final happy entrance into the world of light and bliss above.

This is no new doctrine. It is found ed in reason, and is as old as Christian ity. It was believed even under the Old Law before Christ came, as is testified by that striking passage of Machabees, so often quoted, in which the valiant Judas sent twelve thousand talents of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifices to be offered for the sins of the dead soldiers who had been guilty of purloining the votive offerings which hung in the temples of the idols of those whom th y had conquered. "For," the account concludes, "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

That prayers for the dead were practiced by the early Christians is proved conclusively from the testimony of St. Augustine in the fourth century, who expressly declares: "Let heretics object as they may, nevertheless, it was a very ancient practice of the Church to pray and offer up the Holy Sacrifice for the dead." A very ancient practice, observe! And this great Father tells us, himself, that his mother, Monica, en joined it upon him that he should remember her after death in the Holy Sacrifice. St. Gregory Nazianzen says: "The practice of praying for the dead has been handed down to us from the very disciples of Jesus."

Catholics have no doubts in regard to a doctrine so old, so reasonable and so consoling, yet it may be a question whether they always appreciate it as they should. There are two ways in which they may fail to derive all the benefits from it that it is calculated to bestow. In the first place there is danger that they may underrate the evil of venial sin and go on indulging in it, under the impression that they can escape hell by purging away their venial sins in purgatory. Of course, a man who is conscientiously struggling against deliberate, habitual, venial sins may well console himself with the reflection that by passing through the fire of purgatory he may escape the fire of hell. But that is a very different thing from making purgatory an excuse for continuing in sin. Such a one has reason to fear that he may be compelled to go farther and fare worse.

In the second place it is feared that none of us realize the severity of the punishment of purgatory. Of course, it would be an infinite gain for any soul to suffer the most excruciating torments for a thousand years, if by so doing an eternity of suffering could be avoided. But, surely, every reasonable man should esteem it an object worthy his most strenuous exertions and most generous sacrifices to obtain the shortest period possible in purgatory.

No doubt many will remember the very remarkable incident published in the Ave Maria, a few years ago, of the appearance of a dead nun to some of her former companions in her convent, when, to show them what she was suffering, she placed her hand on a door of one of the rooms and left there a charred impression of her hand burned into the door. Father O'Neil, C. S. C., was allowed to see this door and to take a photograph of it, and the impression was reproduced in the columns of the Ave Maria. Father O'Neil was fully convinced of the truth of the incident, and there is every reason to believe that the nun had actually been allowed by Almighty God to appear and give this evidence not only of the truth of the doctrine of purgatory but also of the nature and severity of the ordeal through which even pious religious may be compelled to pass, even for what seems to us as small venial sins, for this nun acknowledged that she was suffering for some comparatively slight neglects of her Rule.

What are the practical lessons we are to learn on this subject? First, let us never cease to pray earnestly and offer the Holy Sacrifice as often as possible for the repose of the souls of our departed friends, even though they may have died with the reputation of sanctity. Second, let us be careful to lay a good foundation for ourselves, for the time to come, **by carefully avoiding deliberate, even venial, sins, thus striving to make our purgation as light as possible, remembering, always, that the more we pray for others, the more prayers will we secure for ourselves in the day of need, and the more quickly will we pass to our glorious reward in heaven.**
—Sacred Heart Review.

SELF DECEPTION

The First Step in Wrong-Doing—the Importance of a Sensitive Conscience.

The advice of Polonius, "To thine own self be true," may be interpreted in various ways, but it ought always to include a warning against self deception, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Those who do wrong begin usually by deceiving themselves. They may not work themselves into the belief that wrong is right, but they find excuses for the wrong. When their conscience warns them they plead that they are only following a custom; that other people have committed the same offense and yet have maintained their respectability; or they declare that necessity has driven them to some sharp practice which is not illegal and therefore not dishonest, or they indulge in other sophistries to excuse themselves, not to the world, but to themselves. The normally honest and upright man cannot begin a course of wrong doing without first deceiving himself. His conscience will not permit him to do anything that is not honorable and upright until he has stilled it in some way, and he begins by confusing the moral relations in his own mind.

The embezzler is usually a man of good reputation and presumably one of moral training. If he were not he would not occupy a position giving him the opportunities to embezzle. He does not begin by stealing outright; that would shock his conscience. But he deceives himself into the belief that there is no great wrong in using money entrusted to him for his own benefit temporarily, fully intending to return it all at the proper time, so that no one shall be the loser, though he may be the gainer. He argues to himself that there can be no great wrong in this, since his employer is not to suffer, and also because he knows that such misuse of trust funds has laid the foundation for the fortunes of much respected men. Not until he has stilled his conscience by this false argument is he prepared to violate a trust, but having taken the plunge he becomes less and less scrupulous.

Once in a great while such an embezzler escapes detection, restores the money he wrongfully used and provides himself with capital for other ventures out of the profits of its use. More often he loses the money of others with which he has speculated, is driven by what he calls necessity to embezzle more, and when hopelessly entangled is exposed, disgraced and perhaps punished. The downward career is very rapid after the first false step. Conscience grows callous when its warnings are unheeded. A crime which would appear revolting to an honest man becomes merely a daring venture to one who has already sacrificed his honor and is only striving to save a reputation that will be lost by exposure. Men marvel when they hear that "a good man has gone wrong," because they know nothing of the stages of his descent from a high place. They see only a man who one day is respected, the next denounced as a thief. If they could penetrate the mystery of his fall they would probably find that for mouths, or years, perhaps he had sustained a false reputation, that his fall was not sudden, but gradual, and that he began by deceiving himself.

It is quite probable that no man succeeds altogether in self-deception. He knows, though others may not, that he is not honorable or honest, but he succeeds in stilling his conscience, and when he has done that he is ready for any kind of roguery. The aim of the young man who wants to live honorably should be to keep his conscience alive and extremely sensitive. He should avoid every form of self deception and ask himself from time to time whether he has been true to his own sense of honor. If he has not he should resolutely retrace his steps, not continue in them with the blindness of a fatalist. "To thine own self be true" should be the guiding principle of every honorable youth

REAL PRAYER.

To begin with, it is a thing of the heart. Real prayers are not manufactured by the lips, they are the breathings of the soul, the longings of the innermost being, the yearnings of the spirit. We say our prayers inside long before they get to our lips; sometimes these inside petitions are the very reverse of the audible requests. Often the voice will be occupied with a sentimental discourse full of saintly expressions, while the prayer of the man inside is not for God's blessing, but for the applause of his audience. There is a powerful deal of cant in prayer; a good deal of the old pharisaical praying in the synagogues "to be heard of men." Beware of the impression that the Almighty is best pleased with rounded sentences; that the ears of God are tickled with hard words. You can not successfully plead before the bar of God the ordinary jargon of a barrister, Praying is not argument, not words, words, words. Nor yet is it eloquence else would the devil be the best of pleaders; but prayer is the outlet of the heart; the putting of wants into words; of struggles into sentences; of longings into syllables; of condemnation into confession. It is the utterances of the spirit—the voice of the soul.

A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

To the Editor of the Delhi Reporter:

Dear Sir,—Having already visited in former years the Maritime Provinces of our great Dominion, and Quebec, I have been for some time anxious to see the great Northwest and British Columbia in order to have a more complete knowledge of the resources and wealth of Canada and of her great stretch of country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

An opportunity of making this visit was lately afforded me, and as a Canadian, I selected the all Canadian route by the Canadian Pacific Railway. I left Toronto on the 8th October for North Bay, the junction with the main line of the C. P. R. The journey from Toronto to North Bay is two hundred and twenty-seven miles and is through a part of the Province of Ontario well known. From Orillia through Muskoka, Parry Sound, and Nipissing districts which are noted for lumbering, and are fast becoming a great summer resort for pleasure and health seekers and sight seers, not only from Canada, but the United States. For scenery, lakes, and rivers well stocked with fish and forests abounding with game, they cannot be surpassed. Muskoka is frequently called the Highlands of Ontario. Its lake though appearing as a mere speck, becomes perfect revelation to the beholder, unfolding as they do a coast line studded with beautiful islands for a distance of hundreds of miles. From thence to Fort William, and I may say, on to Winnipeg, a distance of over a thousand miles, the line runs through a comparatively wild region where forests, lakes, and rocky ridges alternate. The scenery is striking and in places extremely interesting. This tract of country is said to be rich in minerals and lumber, especially pulp wood. Already nickel mines are operated at Sudbury, and a pulp mill for manufacture of paper is in operation at Sturgeon Falls. Rat Portage, with a population of six thousand, an important town 133 miles East of Winnipeg, has several large saw mills and is a mining centre, the Mikado and Sultana mines employing hundreds of men. Here are the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Rainy River etc., forming a chain of navigable water leading almost down to Lake Superior. Between Rainy Lake and Rainy River is Fort Francis, where the McKenzie administration made extensive excavations for the building of a canal to put into execution the policy of making use of the water stretches, before that administration was defeated. The construction of the all land route was evidently the wiser policy, and obviates the necessity of water stretches which are frozen for six months in the year. Fort William, four miles west of Port Arthur, is a growing town with a population of about 7000, the western terminus of the eastern division of the C. P. R. and of its lake steamers. It has four of the largest elevators in the world for the reception of grain from the railway and transshipment by water. Here the time changes, and we ascertain that we are an hour too fast. A traveller from Halifax to Vancouver would find his watch four hours too fast on his arrival in the latter city. This is owing to the fact that it takes the sun apparently an hour to travel fifteen degrees of the earth's surface or in reality the earth revolves on its axis fifteen degrees in one hour or nearly seven hundred and fifty miles at this latitude.

Early in the morning, about 7 o'clock the Imperial Limited express crossed the bridge, spanning the Red River, which separates Winnipeg from St. Boniface, and arrived at the C. P. R. station on Main street in the centre of Winnipeg, at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, the capital of Manitoba, the Chicago of the Northwest. Winnipeg is a fine city with a great future. In 1871 it had a population of 100 souls, it now has a population of over 50,000 with broad and well laid out streets, well paved and well lighted by electricity, well drained notwithstanding its prevalent flatness and well supplied with water from the Assiniboine river and artesian wells. Main street, the principal business street, is lined for miles with business blocks, banks and hotels, showing that Winnipeg is the great financial and commercial emporium of the North West. It is also the seat of the Legislature and of the Lieutenant Governor and the law courts. Winnipeg is also the educational centre of the West. It has no less than five colleges, all more or less closely connected with Manitoba University. Of these, the Theological colleges of the Catholics, Anglicans and Presbyterians are the most important. The Public school system is said to be good. Some years ago there was considerable agitation over the demand for denominational schools and great injustice was done the Catholic minority which has not yet been rectified in a satisfactory manner.

It is proper to remark here that the CATHOLIC RECORD is very extensively read in the North-West and great attention is paid to its utterances, both by the clergy and the laity; and one reverend gentleman, a French Canadian priest, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make, told me he took delight in reading the RECORD not only because of its sterling Catholic tone, but also because of its literary merits, as it is a guide to him in learning the English language in its purity. Yet I must add that many of the clergy and laity with whom I conversed were not at all pleased with an article which recently appeared in the columns of the RECORD in which it seemed to be asserted that the so-called settlement of the Manitoba school question has been satisfactory to the Catholics of the Province. It has not given satisfaction, inasmuch as it puts most annoying obstacles in the way of giving Catholic instruction in the schools throughout the Province, even in localities where the population is entirely Catholic. In Winnipeg City, the case is still worse, as Catholic instruction cannot be had at all under the Public school system unless on most odious conditions which the Catholics could not accept. They prefer to tax themselves doubly by supporting their own schools while being unjustly taxed for the education of their Protestant neighbors. In fact the Catholics of Manitoba will not consider any settlement satisfactory till they obtain the full rights which are guaranteed to them by the constitutions of the Province and Dominion.

I explained that these gentlemen had mistaken the position of the RECORD, which has always maintained unflinchingly the cause of the Catholics of the Province, but I cannot say that in every case I succeeded in convincing the gentlemen who were dissatisfied with the editorial referred to.

The Oblate Fathers, who have done the greater part of the missionary work, not only of Manitoba but of the whole Northwest British Columbia included, have planted and watered the faith throughout that region not only among the aborigines, but also among the half-breeds and early settlers. They have civilized, Christianized and educated the Indians and have even taught them to write their own language; and in doing this they have cleverly represented the Indian Chinook language of means of a short hand phonetic alphabet which makes every educated Indian a short hand writer and so simple is this alphabetic writing that the learning of the written and printed language is a matter of great ease and is mastered in an incredibly short time.

There are several other religious orders through the Northwestern provinces and territories, viz., the Jesuits, who have a very successful college at Winnipeg, the Trappists and Canons of the Immaculate Conception, and at Brandon, the Redemptorists; but the Bishops have, so far, all been selected from the Oblate order. The memory of the late Archbishop Tache, the first Archbishop, and in fact the first Bishop of the Northwest, is still kept green in the memory of the people, and his name will go down in history to posterity as a public benefactor.

About one half the priests of Manitoba are secular priests, and I was assured that they had come to the country in good time to take charge of the numerous new missions which could not be attended by the Oblate Fathers.

When I reached Winnipeg, the Most Rev. Archbishop Langevin was absent on the official visitation of the diocese. I had the pleasure, however, of meeting the Rev. A. A. Cherrier, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception of Winnipeg. This is a very pretty church, and the good pastor is held in the highest esteem in the Prairie City.

Nearly all the Indians here are Catholics, but I was informed by one of the missionaries that in other parts of the North-West they had not been quite so successful, as notwithstanding all the attention and zealous care bestowed upon them, many are still pagans who practice their old juggleries and superstitions, and put faith in their medicine-men.

Winnipeg is now in great exitement over bye-elections and Dominion elections. In Ontario Hugh John Macdonald is considered by some a nonenity, in Manitoba he is a very popular statesman.

The chief work shops of the C. P. R. between Montreal and the coast are located at Winnipeg employing about seven hundred men and the train yard contains more than forty miles of siding. The C. P. R. has determined to erect a magnificent passenger station, worthy of the city, and a mammoth hotel which will take up a whole block, the city on its part agreeing to build a subway on Main street and give the Company other privileges. The very best of harmony exists between the railway company and city which look upon each as promoters of the common welfare.

Electric cars traverse the city in every direction. From the platform of one of these cars the conductor pointed out to me a remaining arch of the famous fort Garry where Louis Riel once reigned supreme; where Bruce as President of the national committee with Louis Riel as secretary, issued the famous proclamation to the Hon. W. McDougall forbidding him to enter the country; where the unjustifiable sentence of death on Thomas Scott was cruelly carried into execution; and only a broken arch of that fort remains to show the sight-seer the contrast between the Winnipeg of Bruce and Riel and the Winnipeg of to-day. The city lies on the eastern verge of the prairie plain that stretches unbroken for over nine hundred miles to the base of the Rocky Mountains. On either side of the railway for hundreds of miles running north and south, on to Calgary are magnificent grazing and agricultural lands awaiting only the ploughshare of the yeoman to provide homes for millions. Good homes are rising all over the country, substantial farm buildings are being erected, and the former evidences of pioneer life are disappearing. Along the C. P. R. there are several towns of a population of six thousand and upwards, such as Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Moosejaw, Indian Head, Regina, Medicine Hat and Calgary, at all of which: as well as at the smaller stations, elevators are erected for the purchase of wheat and sale of flour. There is little timber on the prairies, but coal is found in south western Manitoba, and can be shoveled by the farmers from the very surface of the earth north of Calgary. The wheat crop in Manitoba and the Territories this year was a partial failure owing to dry weather in June and July, and wet weather in the harvest time. I have noticed "stooks" of wheat in the fields that were blackened with the rain. The Ontario farmer need not fear competition with the Manitoba wheat of 1900. Every facility is afforded the settler who can pre-empt a quarter section of land on payment of $10; and when he has erected a house and stayed on the land for six months yearly for three years, and broken a few across of land each year he will be entitled to his deed, or if he goes into ranching, raising horses, cattle or sheep, he may turn as many head of stock as he pleases on the prairies, which are regarded as commons. At the same time, it must be said, that the Northwest is not the best country for labor, as the busy season is too short. It is more suitable for settlers with means, who can purchase stock and wait patiently for two years before receiving any return in crops. Although no timber obstructs the farmer in breaking the prairie land, the first year he has to plow and re plow the fleecy sod and it is only the second year he can sow a crop.

Westward from Regina, the boundary line which separates Canada from the United States is the forty-ninth degree of north latitude, until the Straits of Georgia are reached, when the boundary deflects towards the South so as to give the whole of Vancouver Island to Canada while the majority of the smaller islands are included within the United States.

From the time we arrive at Regina till we reach the Great Divide we have the State of Montana lying south of us at distances varying from 70 to 150 miles. We learned that in the mountains of Montana there occurs from time to time a dreaded mist or storm which is called by the Indians the white death from its dangerous character. The sun may be shining brightly, when on a sudden a strange sensation is felt like that which arises from the sting of a wasp or the bite of a horsefly. The mountains, hitherto standing out in bold relief disappear behind a dense mist or fog, and a wind, not a violent one, begins to be felt, and the air is filled with small, bright particles which glisten in the sunshine. It is necessary when this occurs to take to shelter, otherwise death will surely result. A violent fever sets in accompanied by colds and coughs, and all the symptoms of pneumonia. This white death or mist, the cause of which is unknown, occurs on the Rocky Mountains in Montana occasionally, in Wyoming more frequently and still more often in Colorado. The Rockies in Canada are entirely free from this mysterious scourge.

At McLean, about 26 miles before we reach Regina, we come to the great Regina Plain which extends to Moose Jaw, a distance of 66 miles, when our steadily increasing elevation shows us that we are going up the eastern slope of the mountains, but not till we reach the Cypress Hills, 200 miles from McLean, do we see the forests to which we have become accustomed in the East as we are passing through Prairie land. Between this point and Rush lake we see some of the farms of the Ranche Company, which amount in their total to about 120,000 acres, each of them being 10,000 acres in extent. This company is raising vast quantities of thorough-bred stock of all kinds. The herds are well sheltered in these ranches and the supply of water is abundant. The height of the Cypress Hills above sea level is 3800 feet at the highest point.

At Medicine Hat, 660 miles west of Winnipeg we find a flourishing town. It is prosperous from the number of cattle dealers who are constantly found here spending money freely and making purchases, as the town is in the midst of a fine ranching territory. There are handsome churches and public buildings here, and the river is navigable from here to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of 800 miles.

From Medicine Hat the Railway runs not far from Bow river which comes in sight from many points as we sit looking out of the car windows while passing successive stations toward the base of the great mountain range.

As the approach the mountains there are undulating plain stretches crossed by shallow valleys through which flow several streams. These plains rise gradually westward till the mountains are reached. Under the common name Rocky Mountains there are several sub groups among which the Selkirk range to the west and the Cypress hills to the east of the Rocky mountains proper, and the Cascades toward the coast are included.

Calgary, in Alberta territory, is an important city and the only city on the C. P. R. line between Winnipeg and Vancouver. The Hudson's Bay Company, the quondam great Monopoly, have here an extensive store, as they have in hundreds of localities throughout the west. A body of the mounted police are stationed here. Calgary is in a beautiful situation nearly 3,500 feet above the sea. It is the centre of the trade in lumber and cattle, and here the miners of the north and west obtain their supplies. There is excellent building material of every kind found here, whether stone or wood, and it is a railway centre, as there are branch lines of the Canadian Pacific running hence to Edmonton and MacLeod.

The region about Calgary is settling rapidly, as it has many advantages which it offers to the colonizer, and in its facilities for agriculture it is not surpassed by any locality on the continent, or in the world. Farms of 1500 and 2000 acres and even as high as 4,000 acres with crops of magnificent grain are to be seen all around.

The warm Chinook winds which blow from the Pacific Ocean through the mountain ranges have a most beneficial effect on the climate, so that ranchers do not find it necessary to house their cattle during the winter, but allow them to roam at large over the boundless prairie.

Twenty miles east of Banff, we enter the Rockies at a point where it seems as we approach that there is only an impenetrable rock rising perpendicularly to an immense height. In the distance we perceive here the mountains capped with perpetual snow.

We now reach a station called the Gap which we are told is at an altitude of 4 200 feet, and we cross the Kananaskis river by a substantial and picturesque iron bridge while the noise of the great Kananaskis cataract, which is close by where the River Bow falls into the Kananaskis, is dinned into our ears.

This Gap is simply the valley of the Bow river, and the passage into the Rockies at this point, which is the junction of the Bow and Kananaskis rivers. A little further on an open car, called the observation car, is attached to the train from which all the magnificence of the ever-changing mountain scenery may be beheld and impressed on the mind of the traveller.

There are several passes through the Canadian Rocky mountains, namely Yellow Head, Vermillion, Kananaski and Crow's Nest passes, and one on the boundary line called Boundary Pass, but none was found to possess the advantages for engineering and magnificence of scenery which were presented by the Kicking Horse Pass through which the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway was built.

At about 10 miles from Banff the Rocky Mountain Park is reached, where a rectangle of 10 by 26 miles has been reserved and improved by the Dominion Government in the most picturesque part of the mountains as a pleasure ground. Within the park are parts of the land which border upon or enclose the Bow Cascade and Spray rivers, Devil's lake and several mountains, including Cascade, Inglismaldie, Farrholme, Squaw, and part of Peechee which is 10,000 feet high. This is the highest mountain in the neighborhood. Other mountains are in sight, and the park extends beyond Banff.

Hot Springs Hotel in connection with the Sanitarium has every convenience for the accommodation of visitors.

The Government has taken considerable pains to render the various parts of the Park accessible. Good roads have been made for this purpose, with a steel bridge over the Bow river leading from the hotel.

The great coal region is reached five miles to the east of Banff at Anthracite station, so called because the coal there found is anthracite of excellent quality. These mines are being thoroughly developed according to the most improved methods.

Banff is beautifully located in a valley surrounded by high mountains, and is the station at which travellers usually stop who wish to visit the National park either for purposes of sight seeing, or to regain their health the Sanitarium already referred to having been established in order to give those suffering from pneumonia and other diseases an opportunity to recover from their ailments through the influence of the pure mountain atmosphere, the use of the medical waters, and sulphur hot baths, which are said to be wonderfully beneficial to the patients, restoring them to health and strength in a short time. Though situated in a valley, the town has an altitude of 4 000 feet. Swiss guides who have been accustomed to lead travellers to points of interest on the Alps in their own country may be obtained here to direct daring visitors in their ascent up the mountains.

A few miles before reaching Laggan, the train passes near Copper Mountain and the great watershed whose glaciers and snows are the source from which the Vermillion river derives its waters, flowing thence to the Kootenay river.

Laggan is 526 miles from Vancouver, and 856 from Winnipeg. Here the time changes from Mountain to Pacific, and the watches are to be put back an hour. Here a good view is obtained of the first glacier visible from the railway. It is a mass which may be described as a river of ice bearing with it huge stones, and mixed with water as the ice melts during its progress from the limits of perpetual snow to the warmer region below, where it becomes a mountain stream, leaving behind it piles of boulders mixed with small stones and debris.

At Hector Mountain Station, 43 miles from Banff, is the Great Divide, where a stream of glistening water divides into two parts, one of which flows down to Hudson's Bay and thence finds its way finally to the Atlantic, while the other flows to the Pacific Ocean. Here there are mines of silver mixed with lead, and Mount Stephen is seer rising 8 000 feet above the valley below it. More glaciers are then passed, and the valley of the Kicking horse river is reached, which is the Kicking-horse Pass proper.

At Beaver Mouth we reach the Selkirk mountains, a branch of the Rockies nearer to the Pacific. The river Columbia here passes through a deep gorge, the railroad passing high above it along the precipitous slope of the mountain.

Between Six Mile creek and Bear creek a high bridge crosses a beautiful cascade. This is called The Surprise, from the suddenness with which a most beautiful sight comes into view.

At Glacier House station, 137 miles from Banff, a fine hotel has been erected, as travelers have here a grand opportunity to visit one of the glaciers at close quarters, and to view its phenomena. Many remain here some days being not satisfied with the mere glimpse at this wonder which is to be had from the train.

The last remarkable scene before leaving the mountains is at Albert Canyon, where the train passes along the brink of several crags with high mountains above, while below are deep fissures from 200 to 300 feet deep and only about from 20 to 30 feet in width. Then we come to Revelstroke, 181 miles from Banff, and the Rocky mountains are passed.

When we take into consideration the difficulty of constructing the railways through the mountains for about 350 miles from Cockhrane to Revelstoke, the obstructions that had to be overcome, we are amazed at the wonderful skill and ability of the engineers. As the road curves around the base of mountains and on the brink of river valleys, we are struck with terror at the deep precipices below and the awe inspiring altitude of the overhanging mountains above. In climbing up the side of the mountains, the train has sometimes to go in loop fathion, turning back apparently to the place from which it started, but several hundred feet higher up the mountain. Along these tortuous paths, snow sheds of heavy timbers have been erected, spanning the track, to protect it from snow slides; and to overcome the steep declivity, two engines and sometimes three are attached to the train. In the descent, steep up-hill switches have been made at short distances apart, whereby switchmen on duty can in a moment turn a train up hill, if the engineer should lose control over it so that it would be in danger of going down the curves too rapidly. Another precaution is that patrolmen are sent over the road before every train to ascertain that everything is safe. Although one would imagine that travel throughout these canyons and gorges, and over precipices is fraught with danger, accidents are almost unheard of. The roadbed is kept in excellent condition, and the bridges are substantial and safe.

Vancouver is the Pacific terminus of the C. P. Railway. It is a city of recent growth, with a population of about 30,000. In 1886 a fire spreading from the surrounding forest, swept away every house in the place but one and with this single exception, every building now seen was erected since that date. Its streets are clean and well paved, and well asphalted, and night and day are thronged with busy people. Electric cars sweep swiftly back and forth over them. Cordova, Hastings, Grenville and Westminster streets are bordered with substantial brick and stone buildings, banks, government offices, commercial warehouses, handsome residences, all the outfit of a permanent city. There is a regular steamship service to the United Sates, Australia, Eastern Asia and Alaska. There is a great traffic between here and the Klondike. Steamers leave Vancouver for Skagaway, about 1000 miles distant. Thence there is an international railway to White Horse, 100 miles, thence the route is by steamer in the summer, on the Yukon river, to Dawson City, 450 miles. In the winter this part of the journey is made by stage on the ice. Evidently Vancouver is destined to be a great city. The C. P. R. fosters it in every way—in fact the city may be said to owe its existence to the railway. President T. G. Shaughnessy and staff were there recently on a tour of inspection of the road, and were most cordially received by the citizens. At Winnipeg they were banqueted by the citizens, who speak in the highest terms of the President, and regard him as a worthy successor to Sir William E. Van Horne.

In Vancouver City, a magnificent new stone church is being erected and is one the point of being completed, as it is expected to be opened by Christmas. The Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Falconio while passing through the city recently blessed a fine set of bells to be placed in its tower. I was somewhat surprised to learn that though Vancouver is in British territory, being in our Dominion, ecclesiastically, it belongs to the Province of Oregon, and its Bishop is a suffragan of the Archbishop of Oregon.

British Columbia is not adapted for agriculture, or grazing, although both industries are carried on to a limited extent. Its principal industries are mining, lumbering and fishing. Gold is found in many parts of the Province, on the banks of rivers and streams, and in the quartz, sometimes at considerable depth. When found on the banks of rivers it is separated from the sand or clay by process of washing and as called placer mining; when in quartz it is crushed by stamps and extracted by quicksilver, and the process is called free milling mining. There are many mines that are lucrative; but there are other mines that have proved unremunerative and are puffed up for the purpose of selling stock and bringing money into the pockets of speculator, and it is a common saying out there that wily and gibe-tongued prospectors will fire a rifle bullet into a rock for a boring, and then issue stocks and shares for the gold mine thus inaugurated, and will thereby entrap unwary investors in Ontario. My advice to seekers of good investments is not to buy a pig-in-a-poke.

The chief timber is cedar and fir. The fir grows to enormous size. In the park at Vancouver are fir trees measuring 12 feet in diameter and 250 feet high, for the greater part of which they are nearly of uniform thickness. A lumberman estimated that one of these trees would yield 25,000 feet of lumber.

Salmon and Halibut are caught at the Pacific coast in great quantities. New Westminster, the former capital of the Province, 12 miles from Vancouver, is the headquarters of the salmon canning industry, several factories being established there.

VICTORIA.

Five hours' run by steamer across the Strait of Georgia will bring you to Victoria, (population 25,000) the capital of British Columbia, situated on the southern end of Vancouver Island, and overlooking the Strait of Fuca. It is a residential city and said to be the most beautiful spot in all Canada. Perhaps it is. One could wish that there were not so many Chinamen or that they were more amenable to civilized habits. One sees the real joss house here and might fancy himself in Tien-tsin. The new Parliament buildings and Esquimalt harbor, the British naval station in the North Pacific are points of attraction. A railway runs from here to Nanaimo, 70 miles, where extensive anthracite coal mines are operated.

Yours truly,
SACERDOS.

Vancouver, Oct. 16, 1900.

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Arrears must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD
London, Ont.:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success,
Believe me, to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
†D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

London, Saturday, Nov. 17, 1900.

A. REV. P. P. A. POLITICIAN.

A special despatch to the Toronto Globe from Winnipeg states that the Rev. J. C. Madill, who is well known in this Province as having been the president of the now defunct P. P. A., busied himself greatly with the recent election, having taken the stump, to the great disgust of many members of his congregation who are opposed to his politics.

Our readers will remember that Mr. Madill took a prominent part in the election of the only two avowed members of that association who secured seats in the Provincial Legislature, being the members for the two ridings of Lambton.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

The distinguished convert, the late Marquis of Bute whose death occurred recently, was extremely charitable to the poor; and the last act of his life was to purchase one of the old monasteries which had been confiscated in the reign of Henry VIII., and after putting it into a complete state of repair and restoring it to its former beauty, to present it to the Church to be put to its original use. These old monasteries had fallen into the hands of English noblemen, and no fitter reparation for the injustices done to religion in the sixteenth century could be done than for a nobleman of the present day to give back a property which had once been consecrated to God and His service.

A GREAT EVENT.

In another part of this week's CATHOLIC RECORD we reproduce from a contemporary an interesting sketch of the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Order of the Sacred Heart, which will be fittingly commemorated by the Religieuse and their pupils in the four hundred convents scattered throughout the civilized world, on the 21st of the present month.

To the festivities at the Sacred Heart Academy which was founded in this city nearly half a century ago, are invited the numerous students who during that time were privileged to receive their education within its precints. The important event will be commemorated in a most appropriate manner, and we believe it is the intention of the old pupils to present a substantial gift to the convent as a testimony of gratitude to their beloved teachers, whose highest endeavor it was to build well and strong the foundations of noble characters, and to whose blessed influence in childhood and in youth they were able to enter the battle of life well equipped with the armor of true womanly goodness and nobility.

It can in truth be said that during the half century which has elapsed since the Order was established in this city it has accomplished an incalculable amount of good, for besides the admirable training of its numerous pupils, enabling them to adorn the highest positions of society and to be models in the home, not to speak of the many privileged ones who have themselves chosen the better part, it has likewise been the fruitful source of charities without number. Truly, then, it is not to be wondered at that God's blessing has descended upon the convent and its inmates! And the reunion on the coming Feast of Our Lady's Presentation will, we feel assured, be a bright and joyful one for both religious and pupils, marking as it does a wonderful epoch in the history of the Order of the Sacred Heart. The former students will again visit the old familiar scenes of their childhood—and once more will be renewed the delightful intercourse of the long ago — and pleasant reminiscences fraught with innocent pleasures will be recalled to enhance the joy of the happy present. And many a fervent prayer will be said for the departed teachers and companions who have gone to their reward. Thus, in the renewal of by-gone memories, and in the participation of the delightful religious, musical and literary celebration which is to commemorate the centenary, we have no doubt the 21st November will be for the ladies of the Sacred Heart a day of unalloyed happiness.

That the Order may be as prosperous in the future as it has been in the past is the earnest wish of the publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A PAPAL ENCYCLICAL.

Despatches from Rome state that the Holy Father has issued an encyclical letter to the Bishops of the Catholic world, the date of which is Nov. 1, and the subject "the Redeemer."

The Pope makes reference in this encyclical to the great assemblage of Catholics in Rome during the Holy Year from all parts of the world. This demonstrates, he says, that the nations of the earth are marching towards Christ, our Redeemer, and he exhorts them to seek Christ, who is the "way, the truth, and the life."

The despatch quotes the following as part of the encyclical:

"As Christ's coming to the world reformed society, so the latter in turning to Christ will become better and will be saved by following His doctrines and the divine law, by discountenancing revolt against the constituted powers, and avoiding conflicts."

If nations acted on these principles, the Holy Father declares, they would all love one another as brothers, and obey peacefully their superiors. "Neglect of God," the encylical continues, "has led to so many disorders, that people are continually oppressed with fear and anguish." It urges the Bishops of the world to make known effectually to all mankind that our Redeemer and Saviour can bring salvation and peace to the earth.

It has been known for some time that an encyclical was being prepared by the Holy Father, the subject of which was announced to be "Peace," and it was said that it would contain a touching appeal to nations to cultivate peace in the settlement of disputes, instead of appealing to the arbitrament of war so frequently, as has been the customs in the past.

It was stated that the encyclical would represent that the losses incurred even by the nations which are victorious in war are great, and are surpassed only by the disasters which fall to the lot of the vanquished.

From the short summary given by telegraph of the Encyclical which has been issued, it would seem that it is the same one which was expected to treat of peace. As a matter of course, the Holy Father, as the representative of the Prince of Peace, burns with love for the people of all nationalities, but it is to be feared that worldiness has so powerful an influence over the nations that his advices will not be so fruitful in results as is to be desired. Nevertheless it is right that the truth should be told in order that the Christian nations may know their duty. This knowledge will of itself fructify to some extent, even though its effects fall short of what they would be if it fell upon attentive ears. It is, however, a consolation that the Holy Father sees hope for the future in the fact that so many hundreds of thousands have visited Rome during the year of Jubilee, and have thus proved that the faith of the nations in the power of godliness, and the efficacy of Redemption is, growing stronger with the lapse of time.

Rome is always attractive to travellers who are there brought face to face with the history of over twenty-six and a half centuries, but the celebration of the Holy Year of Jubilee has brought from all parts of the world, not mere sight-seers, but a concourse of devout pilgrims who have manifested the liveliness of their faith in thus visiting the Eternal City for the purpose of gaining the spiritual blessings which are offered to pilgrims who perform piously the devotional works necessary for gaining the Plenary Indulgence attached to the Holy Year.

Not a week passes without thousands of pilgrims arriving from different countries. During the hot summer months the number of visitors decreased considerably, but during October it rose again, and it is expected that the great influx will continue to the closing of the Holy Door, which will take place on Christmas Eve with great solemnity.

The first visit of the pilgrims is made in almost every case to St. Peter's Basilica, and when there the pious visitors, after making the sign of the cross on themselves with the holy water which is in the font near the door of the church, kiss devoutly, according to custom, the toe of the bronze statue of the Prince of the Apostles which is near the door of the church, and then proceed at once to the chapel of the Most Blessed Sacrament to return thanks to our divine Saviour for their safe arrival in the Holy City. After this they make their visits to the other basilicas to fulfil the conditions of the Jubilee, praying for the intention of the Holy Father. These visits are made by some on foot, and by others by the trolley cars which now run to all parts of the city, and out to St. Paul's church, which is two miles from the nearest gate of the city, which also bears St. Paul's name.

Thoughtful people cannot entertain any doubt that this visit of so many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to the city which is the centre of Catholic unity, will have the effect of strengthening the tie which binds them to the Catholic Church, and that the Holy Father is correct in his statement that it is an evidence that the people of the world are coming to Christ.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

Whenever the 5th of November comes round, we are sure to be treated to parades of Orangemen who go to some church or other where a frantic sermon is delivered by one of their chaplains on the bloodthirstiness of Catholics, who are accused by the preacher of having endeavored on the 5th of November, 1605, without provocation, to blow up the British Parliament House while the King, Lords and Commons were asembled to make wise laws for the government of the country, and the permanency of the glorious Protestant religion.

Until recently, the Church of England too encouraged these misrepresentations of history, having had a special service of thanksgiving for the delivery of the country from the wiles of the bloodthirsty Papists. It is one of the things for which Queen Victoria deserves high credit that she abolished this absurdity. Nevertheless we deem it desirable to say a few words in explanation of what really occurred on the celebrated 5th of November, 1605.

First let us assume that the history of the matter is just what is usually published in our books of history; and what are the facts?

On the day mentioned culminated the Gunpowder Plot, when Guy or Guido Fawkes was arrested in a vault under the House of Lords at Westminster where thirty six barrels of gunpowder had been stored, which were to have been exploded at the moment when King James I. was opening the houses of Parliament.

Fawkes, a tall and powerful man, and of determined character, undoubtedly had the intention to put the design into execution, and at the moment of his arrest he had on his person a watch, a tinder box, and some touchwood: everything necessary to carry out the plan which had been decided on.

The explosion was undoubtedly prevented by Fawkes' timely arrest; but the question arises, what justification have the Orangemen of to day to keep up the memory of this plot, and to represent it as a plan of the Catholics of England to seize upon the government of the country after having succeeded in destroying the King, Lords and Commons of the realm?

From all that can be learned of Guy Fawkes, he was of resolute, but not of bloodthirsty character. We are told even that when he belonged to the army of Flanders, where he assisted in the taking of Calais by the Archduke Albert in 1598, he was greatly in the confidence of the Archduke, and his society was sought by those who were most distinguished for nobility and virtue.

How is it, then, that we find this same Fawkes engaged in the desperate Gunpowder Plot of 1605?

We have not a word to say in defence of that undertaking. It was a monstrous attempt at wholesale slaughter, but it is fair to add that it was planned by a few men who were goaded to desperation by the most cruel penal laws which diabolical malice ever conceived.

To understand the situation, it must be remembered that when James I. came to the throne of England, the laws against Catholics, and especially against priests, were most severe and relentless. Under Queen Elizabeth one hundred and fifty priests and fifty laymen were put to death for their religion, a much greater number had been imprisoned, and thousands were plundered of all their property by heavy fines of £20 per month for not attending Protestant worship. In fact a royal proclamation was issued just before Queen Elizabeth's death commanding under pain of death that all Catholic ecclesiastics should leave the country within three months.

When James came to the throne, the Catholics entertained some hope that these laws would be moderated, and in fact James promised to moderate them, but instead of doing so all the laws of Elizabeth's reign were put rigorously into force, and though the majority of the English Catholics bore persecution meekly, there were some restless spirits who felt the deepest resentment against the king and his advisers and the Parliament which enacted these laws.

Catholics, however, were not the only sufferers under the penal laws. Non-Conformists in general, and especially the Puritans, were also subjected to sever penalties, but the laws against Catholics were the most oppressive, as the avowed object was the extermination of the Catholic religion. Then a new Act of Parliament was passed to provide for "the due execution of the statutes against Jesuits, seminarians, priests, and recusants." Catholic colleges were already not allowed in England, and it was now decreed that every person who should thereafter study in any foreign college or seminary, that is to say, in any Catholic college, should be incapable of inheriting, purchasing, or possessing lands or property of any kind in England.

During the year 1605 there were indicted in the County and City of York alone, about 1000 "Popish recusants," in Lancashire 500, and in like proportion throughout England, making a total of 6,126. Is it wonderful that some of those thus hunted should have recourse to desperate measures for self-protection or revenge?

Robert Catesby was one of those who felt resentment. He had suffered for his religion, and had even abandoned it, by conforming to the Established Church of England to escape persecution, but taking courage again he determined to cling to the ancient faith, and to devote himself to the relief of his fellow-Catholics after his own fashion.

Catesby had been fined £3,000 during the reign of Elizabeth for engaging in some intrigues with the hope of relieving the Catholic body, and when he found that James proposed to continue Elizabeth's persecuting policy, his resentment was unbounded, and the Gunpowder Plot was the plan he decided on to obtain the desired relief.

At first Catesby secured a following of four other men, of whom Guy Fawkes was one. Afterwards five others were induced to join in the conspiracy, and these ten desperate men were all who entertained for a while the thought of carrying out the horrible design; but neither the Catholic laity in general nor any Catholic priest participated in it in any way, though any honest-minded man will admit that there was very great provocation. The idea of the conspirators was, we may presume, that in the confusion which would follow the accomplishment of their design, a change of government would follow under which the persecuted Catholics might experience some relief, as it seemed impossible they could be in worse condition than they were in already.

We have said above that we do not and cannot approve of Catesby's plot, and the Catholic Church has never approved of deeds of such a character; but we maintain that it is a gross injustice to attribute Catesby's design to the Catholics of England in general, and a much greater injustice to hold the Catholics of the present day responsible for it, as the Orangemen are so fond of doing. The responsibility rests rather on the King and Parliament who by unjust and cruel laws goaded these hot heads to desperation, and on the men, Orangemen and so-called ministers of religion of to-day, who uphold such oppression.

It was undeniable that Cecil, the Prime Minister of King James, had a knowledge of the plot ten days before the date fixed for its accomplishment, as he was informed of it by one of the conspirators who betrayed his accomplices, and, to suit his own purposes, and to create public alarm, he deferred the public discovery till the critical movement when Parliament was about to assemble, so as to turn public indignation more strongly against the whole Catholic body, who were perfectly innocent in the matter, so that he might have an excuse for introducing into Parliament still more oppressive laws than were already in force; and this he did; and so pleased was he with the success of his plans that King James used afterward to call the 5th of Nov. "Cecil's holiday."

It is here further to be remarked that Lord Monteagle, a Catholic peer, ten days before the assemblage of parliament, received a warning to absent himself, as a terrible blow was impending. The fact that he at once laid the letter thus received before Cecil and the King showed that the Catholic body had no complicity in the conspiracy. On the contrary, the Catholic Lords and Commoners were in as much danger as the Protestants, as no one but Lord Monteagle received such a notice. In fact there is good reason to believe that this notice was sent to Lord Monteagle from Cecil himself, who wished to implicate him and other Catholics, but the plan did not work, as Lord Monteagle at once revealed what he knew of the matter. This made it useless to endeavor to implicate others, and no more such letters were sent.

It is generally stated by Protestant historians that the first knowledge of the plot was gained through the letter to Lord Monteagle. If this version of the history be correct, it was due to the loyalty of a Catholic that the catastrophy was averted, and very poorly was he compensated for his fidelity, whereas the event was made a pretext for greater severity than ever in the anti Catholic penal laws.

As we have here treated this matter at some length, it will be necessary to take some notice of the fact that Father Henry Garnett, the Superior of the Jesuits, was among those executed for complicity in the plot. Does not this show that the Catholic Church was implicated in it? we are sometimes asked.

To this we answer that at a time when all priests were subject to the death penalty merely for being in the country, it was not difficult to find a pretext on which to execute Father Garnett. He was in no was an accomplice in the plot, and there was no proof implicating him. The most that was laid to his charge was that Catesby had consulted Father Garnett as to the lawfulness of taking vengeance on the King and Parliament for the iniquitous laws which were in force against Catholics. Father Garnett had disapproved of all plans of vengeance, and had even gone to the trouble of obtaining the theological opinion of the Pope and of the General of the Jesuit order in regard to such plans, which were unhesitatingly condemned both by the Pope and the General.

Father Garnett was not aware of what was intended, though it appears he was made aware under the strict secrecy of the confessional that certain persons were inclined to vengeance, but he had no knowledge that they would attempt to put any such designs into execution. This is evident from his letters, which have been preserved.

On July 24 he wrote to the General of the Jesuits that he had on four different occasions prevented a disturbance, and that he believed he should still be able to hinder any outbreak, unless that (beyond his control) the Catholics of some particular province should rise in insurrection in which they might be joined by those in other provinces, "for," he continued:

"There are not a few who cannot be strained by the bare command of his Holiness. These persons protest that no priest shall henceforth be privy to their designs, and they complain more especially of us (the Jesuits) and even some of our friends join in this complaint, that we oppose an obstacle to their success."

On August 28 he wrote again:

"For anything we can see, Catholics are quiet, and likely to continue their old patience, and to trust to the King and his son to remedy all in time."

This is the last evidence available to show that Father Garnett had any knowledge of any insurrectionary intentions, and even so, the only knowledge he had of the matter was to the effect that such intentions, if they had existed, were no longer entertained.

In any case, it was impossible for him to use knowledge obtained through the confessional only to betray those who consulted him on a matter of conscience.

There are two lessons taught us by all the saints of God. The one is that they and we, religious and secular, as our names may be, are bound, by law of our supernatural existence, to love each other's perfection; the other is that we rejoice in each other's works.

THE CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Mother Madeleine-Sophie Barat, its Foundress.

The history of the Society of the Sacred Heart is coeval with that of the Nineteenth Century, begun, as it was, on the eve of it. Its development is one of the marvels of an age of rapid growth alike in the spiritual and the material orders.

It has averaged four foundations a year, since now, on the eve of its first centenary, it counts four hundred convents. Thus does it rival the early glories of the Order of St. Benedict, and it has even a wider field than it had at the outset wherein to plant its sturdy saplings.

Convents of the Sacred Heart are spread all over Europe and North and South America.

The Society has crossed "the summer of the world" to plant itself in Australia and New Zealand. It is known in Asia and Africa. But such is the fidelity of the Order to its primitive spirit and customs, that passing from an American convent to an English or Irish one, and thence to Paris, or to Athens, or to Sydney, New South Wales, one finds but a duplicate of the mother home and family ways, set against a new landscape.

The Society of the Sacred Heart is founded primarily for the education of the children of the nobility or the wealthier classes, though the scope of its labors includes schools for the children of the people, and at need, orphan schools, and schools for the deaf-mutes.

Its convents are ordinarily edifices of great architectural beauty, with noble churches attached, recalling the stately minsters with which the daughters of St. Scholastica adorned the face of Europe in by gone days.

To say nothing of the famous houses in France, the motherland of the Order, we need but call in our own land, the familiar names of Manhattanville, Kenwood, Eden Hall, St. Michael's—to bring before the eyes visions of religious loveliness, and sweet traditions of piety and scholarship.

Like the Jesuits in their influence on boyhood, the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, whose rule is modelled on that of St. Ignatius Loyola, have a wonderful gift for attracting feminine youth, to form it to virtue.

The history of their schools, wherever established, is largely the history of families of honor in the State and in the Church; and the influence going out from them has helped to keep home and social life pure and sweet.

Yet, a hundred years ago, these four hundred convents, this multitude of consecrated virgins, these myriads of pupils of every nation and tongue, this distinction, wealth, and influence that inhere in the very name of the Society as a corporate body, were only in the germ in the brain and heart of the young daughter of a humble vine-dresser of an obscure French village.

Seven years before, for the fruitful sins of those who sowed the wind, the whirlwind broke on France, and the visible Church was all but obliterated from the land. The court of the Fourteenth and the Fifteenth Louis rivalled the iniquities of the courts of Pagan Rome. The nobility were oftimes forgetful of humanity in their dealing with their fellow-mortals of low estates.

God suffered the outraged people to arise in their wrath against both. Alas! that the people in wicked Paris, at least, lost sight of God, or tested Him by their cruel fellow-man.

When at last, the ruin was cleared away, and the Church began her work of reconstruction, God brought down the eyes of the proud by raising up examples and teachers for the nation from among the lowly.

Conspicuous among those was the child of the plain people, Madeleine Sophie Barat, destined to receive the religious obedience of princesses, and to train the daughters at lordly houses in the ways of learning and virtue.

But the daughter of the vine-dresser was lowly only in her origin. As King Cophetua adorned the poor maiden of his choice with his own cloth of gold and jewels for her espousals, so did the King of kings adorn this child of His Heart with the choicest gifts of person, character, and mind.

She was fair to look upon and most delicate and fascinating in all her ways; yet to her feminine daintiness and charm, she joined a man's robust intellect and capacity for prolonged mental application. She had a horror for the slightest untruth; and her humility was real, because founded in justice.

She was trained to domestic duties, like her glorious countrywoman, Joan of Arc, and her strong and brilliant intellect might never have had its meet development were it not that she found a tutor in her elder brother and godfather.

Louis Barat was studying for the priesthood in that troubled last decade of the eighteenth century in France. During his vacations and occasional enforced retirement in his parents' house, he applied himself to the training of his sister's mind, grounding her not only in the usual branches of education, but in the sciences and in Latin and Greek.

As soon as some degree of quietude had descended on Paris, he took her thither, and gave her a still severer training in learning and virtue, so that, when on Nov. 21, 1800, she consecrated herself with her companions to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, being then not quite twenty-one years of age, she was what would be called even in these days of female colleges, a learned woman.

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Boston Pilot.

FEAST OF THE PRESENTAT

November 21.

The Presentation of our Blessed
is a mystery full of beauty, yet a b
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is a lovely sight in truth to see.
is the miraculous maiden of three
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the gravity and dignity of age
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which the world had ever known
at that early age.—Father Faber

The first rule of Christian charity
believe no evil if we have not seen it:
be silent if we have seen it.

munity were asked to take charge of a little boarding school, in Amiens, which had been declining steadily under its previous management. This year also brought the Society two of its most notable early members, Genevieve Deshayes and Henriette Grezier. The school in Amiens had been in charge of the aunt of the latter. The pupils were diverse ranks in life; through perhaps the "well-born," as he world has it, were in the majority.

The school was reconstructed on a very advanced plan—for those days—and Madame Sophie Barat was placed in charge of the higher classes. The religious were at that time known as "Ladies of the True Faith" or "Ladies of Christian Instruction," the name and emblems of the Sacred Heart—to which they had made their consecration, being considered seditious, as they were the emblems of the Vendéeans!

The house was poor and small. The best of it as well as the best of everything else, was given over to the pupils, and the nuns endured great hardships in following their vocation.

In 1802 Sophie Barat, then scarcely twenty-three years of age, and the youngest member of the community, was chosen Mother Superior by the votes of her Sisters. The decision was announced to her by the venerable Father Varin, who had been the foster-father of the little Institute, as he was also of that other teaching order, the Sisterhood of Notre Dame, founded about the same time.

Scarcely was the gifted daughter of the vine-dresser installed as "Mother" than the daughters of the old nobility of France hastened to become her children in the modest convent at Amiens. We find the names of Mlle. du Terrail, of the family of the Chevalier Bayard; of Mlle. Catherine de Charbonnel du Jussac, of a grand old family of Velay; Philippine Duchesne, afterwards the foundress of the order in America; Euphrosyne Jouve, her niece, and many others.

Meantime, the fame of the Nuns as teachers grew; their services were ardently sought, and new houses were opened. By the year 1806, it was evident that the form of government of the society and its rules and constitutions must be definitely fixed, and must be those befitting a work with a great future. This was duly done under the direction of Father Varin. The election of a Mother General resulted in the choice of Madame Barat, by a majority of one vote.

Father Varin then withdrew himself from the government of the institute, and it remains ever since in the Church a monument of the administrative ability of women, which would surpass in its calm reality the wildest claims which certain non Catholic women would make for practical recognition in this line. Think of the general government of four hundred establishments, scattered over the world, and representing an educational apostolate among every nationality, rank and condition, in the hands of one woman and her counsellors. Think of the human wisdom required for the administrations of these vast temporalities, greater than those of any ancient Abbess, who was also ruler of vast estates. Think of the spiritual wisdom required for the maintaining of holy discipline in peace and contentment, among a body of women of far more than average culture and intellectual ability. Think of the mental breadth and flexibility demanded for the chief direction of all these schools and pious confraternities.

Yet, the vast system moves without a jar; the ranks depleted by death are filled promptly, and the society enlarges its borders without effort, and all this wonderful work was built up by a daughter of the people, who was little more than a girl when a fullness of authority scarcely ever before conceded to a woman, was put into her slender hands.

She exercised her office for fifty-nine years, or until her death, in 1865. She was spared, therefore, to work out all her ideas, to perfect all her plans, and see the world-wide spread of her Society.

What was the secret of her marvellous success? It may be found in her watch-words — "Courage and Confidence." It may be found further in her self effacement.

With the Blessed Mother of God in the Magnificat, she would say: "He that is mighty hath done great things in me."

She loved her own low estate, and was happy when anyone remembered the cottage at Joigny, and the humble line from which she had sprung. Space fails us to speak of the sweetness and magnetism of her virtues, which were based on His Who had said, "When I am lifted up, I shall draw all hearts to Myself."

Her panegyric will be preached from many altars on the centenary of her Society. The Church has begun to set its seal upon the heroism of her virtues, and she has already the title of Venerable. May her Beatification come as an early glory in the second centenary of her Order.—K. E. C. in Boston Pilot.

FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION

November 21.

The Presentation of our Blessed Lady is a mystery full of beauty, yet a beauty which can hardly be called its own. It is a lovely sight in truth to see. There is the miraculous maiden of three years old, mounting the temple steps with the gravity and dignity of age, and offering herself to the House of God with the full use of the most comprehensive and majestic intelligence which the world had ever known, even at that early age.—Father Faber.

The first rule of Christian charity is to believe no evil if we have not seen it: and to be silent if we have seen it.

A BOOK THAT WOULD BE USEFUL

A book or pamphlet that would be of great value to Catholic Truth Societies and the like, and which would possess, besides, a unique and positive value of its own, could be compiled from the striking testimony rendered, by persons of various creeds and stations in life, to the elevating influences and holy charm of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Unitarian and secular papers print these enthusiastic notices, that move a Catholic heart profoundly. That published in the Scottish Presbyterian Witness, for instance, is so sympathetic, so full of food for thought, that we find it difficult to quote from it as we would. "The people are religious in the highest sense of the word," writes this witness of their daily life; and as to the Passion Play itself, he say:

"It is in my mind the eighth wonder of the world. . . . Profound reverence and realism, such as no page of a book and no passage in a sermon can ever evoke—this was my first deepest impression."

This article is evidently from the pen of a real Scotch Presbyterian who has never knelt before a crucifix, but, in his tiny, snow white room at Oberammergau, he finds himself obliged to do so when kneeling at his prayers, because there was a crucifix on every wall; and he acknowledges that "whether the suffering face that looked down pityingly on me helped my devotions or not, it certainly did not hinder them."

A very different witness, a young actress in worldly drama, was strongly impressed by the simplicity and naturalness of the actors and the wonderful realism of the accessories in the little German village, and also by the simple and reverent spirit of the performers. The same spirit, she says, dominated the great concourses of spectators, including tourists from many lands, but chiefly composed of Bavarian peasants, who are deeply and sincerely moved by this graphic portrayal of the Saviour's sufferings on Calvary.

More than any one fully realizes, perhaps, the Passion Play at Oberammergau is helping to break down the barriers of prejudice and error, and hastening the happy and long-looked for day when all men shall be one in the Church of Jesus Christ. Surely these striking testimonies to this remarkable fact from so many and such various non-Catholic sources deserve to appear in one great collection, and in a more permanent form than the columns of the ephemeral daily or weekly press.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE PAPAL DELEGATE VISITS REGINA.

On Saturday evening, Oct 27th His Excellency Mgr. Falconio arrived in Regina. Lieut. Governor Forget's carriage awaited him at the depot, and immediately he drove to Government House, where he was entertained during his stay at the capital. On Sunday morning, His Excellency celebrated Low Mass at 8 o'clock, assisted by Rev. Father Fisher, his Secretary, and Rev. Father Ganon of Wolesley. At 10:30 High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Ganon. His Excellency occupying a throne, specially erected in the sanctuary. Father Fisher, who accompanied His Excellency, preached the sermon, his text being: "He, who having put his hand to the plough, turning back, is not fit for the kingdom of God." In our great agricultural country, his sermon seemed a well-chosen one, and was most eagerly listened to—and in an admirable manner indeed, did Father Fisher handle his text. He is a very forcible speaker and his sermon was enjoyed by Regina Catholics. The Papal Benediction was bestowed by His Excellency at the end of the Mass. Then followed an informal reception, each member of the congregation being presented to His Excellency by the parish priest, Rev. Father Van Heertum. At 7:30 p. m. an address was presented to His Excellency. It was read by Mr. F. Bourget, Private Secretary to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, and was as follows:

To His Excellency the Most Rev. Diomede Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the Dominion of Canada:

May it please your Excellency.—It is with feelings of joy that we, the Catholics of Regina, are gathered here to day to extend to you a hearty welcome on the occasion of this your visit amongst us. The great cities of our country which were favored by your visit, have thought it the highest honor to have had the opportunity of expressing to you their welcome and gratitude, and we had hardly hoped that Your Excellency would have had occasion to visit our humble parish. By this we recognize that you have zealously followed out the saintly teachings of the great St. Francis, the founder of your eminent order, in his love for the humble and the poor, and that you are the worthy representative of the immortal Leo XIII., in his solicitude for all the members of his flock: thus we are doubly grateful to you, to have favored us by your presence, and to day we are assembled here to give expression to our gratitude. Although of different nationalities and tongues, and laboring under many disadvantages, yet we are one in spirit, and under our present system we hope that our schools may become more efficient and that our religion may have full exercise therein. This festival will long be remembered among us, as the occasion of this visit of the Representative of our Holy Father Leo XIII. Welcoming you to Regina, and praying that Almighty God may bless you, with long life and happiness, we humbly ask the blessing of Your Excellency and the favor of the Apostolic Benediction.

SIGNED ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

In reply, His Excellency thanked the people for their kind address of welcome, and particularly did he dwell on their expressions of love, gratitude and respect for our Holy Father. He briefly reviewed the founding of our holy Church, quoted Scripture to prove each dogma laid down, and, although taking but a few moments, gave a thoroughly clear and precise explanation of our holy religion. His words, though few, were to the point, and he made no declaration concerning the establishment of our holy Church that he did not thoroughly and beyond a doubt, verify—so much so that one of our separated brethren who heard him, remarked: "I have heard many of your clergymen preach on your faith, but that was the clearest explanation of the Catholic religion to which I ever listened."

On Monday afternoon His Excellency formally opened the new Separate school. At 3 p. m. His Excellency, accompanied by Rev. Father Fisher, arrived at the school, and was met by Rev. Father Van Heertum and visiting priests. The dedicatory ceremonies were particularly impressive and at their conclusion the children sang a hymn of welcome specially arranged for the occasion. Miss Madge McCarthy then read an address, as follows:

To His Excellency Monsigneur Falconio Apostolic Delegate to Canada:

May it please Your Excellency—The teachers and pupils of this school beg to present to you the homage of this deep respect and devotion. As a result of the Christian education imparted to us, our young minds are capable of realizing and appreciating the high honor conferred on us, by a visit from the representative of our Holy Father Leo XIII. for whom we cherish the most profound reverence and love. Knowing Your Excellency's zeal for Christian education, you will be pleased to see that to day we occupy for the first time, this new school building—a very humble one compared with some you have seen, but for our poor struggling Catholics of Regina it is the fruit of many sacrifices; and the poor, we know, have Your Excellency's special regard and sympathy. The majority of our parents have come from foreign countries, and in this school five different languages are spoken, but what a comfort it is to unite here to be instructed in the word of God according to the teachings of one Holy Church, as well as in the curriculum of studies prescribed by the government of our free Territories. Our young hearts have anxiously awaited the opening of our new school, but little did we anticipate the pleasure of a visit from Your Excellency. We greatly regret that we have had so little time to prepare a reception suitable to the dignity of the occasion, but be assured that our Holy Father and Your Excellency have our faithful love and veneration. We humbly crave your blessing for our beloved pastor, our dear parents and teachers and lastly for your grateful and faithful children of the Regina Separate School.

SIGNED ON BEHALF OF PUPILS OF GRATTAN SCHOOL.

The Papal Delegate thanked the children for the address and the beautiful sentiments it contained. He congratulated them on their school, and was glad to see they appreciated the sacrifices made for them, for although, he said, he had seen many larger buildings, he considered this one a surprisingly large one for the place, and must have, indeed, been built at the cost of many sacrifices. He hoped their next undertaking would be a new church. He urged the children to diligence and great attention. Taking the parable of the Sower in the Gospel he illustrated how the teaching of parents and teachers would bring forth fruit. It must fall on good ground, on pure minds, then it would bring forth fruit a hundredfold. Their parents were sacrificing many comforts to give them a Christian education, to fit them to take their position in this world, and only by diligence and faithfulness to duty, would they gain the end for which they attended school. He reminded them of how our Saviour loved little children, and said: "Suffer them to come unto me." He assured them of the solicitude of His Holiness the Pope for all the children of his flock—how he daily prayed for them, and wanted them to be a comfort to their parents, pastor and teachers. The children then sang a hymn and Mgr. Falconio gave them the Papal Benediction. As His Excellency was leaving the room to inspect the building, the children, with waving of handkerchiefs, gave three ringing cheers for their distinguished guest. This was most pleasing to His Excellency, who stopped and, in return, granted them a holiday. They then sang "God Save the Queen," in rousing style and finished with three cheers for Father Van Heertum, The school board, Grattan school and the Rev. Brother Michael. A gallant young gentleman in the crowd proposed three cheers for the lady teachers, which was taken up by the children and cheered most heartily. The school is a large four-room brick building. There are now two teachers. The building occupies four lots and is in every way a credit to the Catholic citizens of Regina. Besides His Excellency the Papal Delegate, who was accompanied by His Secretary, Rev. Father Fisher, Dr. Barrett of Winnipeg and Judge McQuire of Prince Albert were also present. Major Fitz Horrigan acted as aid-de-camp to His Excellency on the occasion. Although the day was disagreeable, there were a great many visitors present. The Delegate left in the evening for Ottawa.

Yours, GENA MACFARLANE,

Regina.

MARRIAGES.

TOBIN-RYAN.

A pretty wedding took place at the church of the Sacred Heart, Ingersoll, on Monday morning, November 12th, 1900, when Miss Annie Agnes Ryan, third daughter of James Ryan, Esq., Culloden, and sister of Miss Mary H. Ryan of the Ingersoll Sanitarium, was married to Mr. Robert Thomas Tobin of Chicago, Ill. The bride looked very charming leaning on the arm of her father going up the centre aisle to the main altar under the strain of "Lohengrin's Wedding March" played by Miss Minnie Keating, organist of the choir. The bride's gown was of white silk with yoke and sleeves of tucked chiffon trimmed with duchess lace—and white hat to match. She carried a bouquet of white roses and chrysanthemums. Miss Amelia Ryan, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and wore a costume of blue silk trimmed with white chiffon—hat to match—and carried a bouquet of carnations. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. P. A. Tobin of Petrolea. The ceremony was preformed by Rev. J. V. Tobin of Sarnia, brother of the groom, assisted by the Rev. John Connolly, parish priest. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Tobin. After the ceremony a grand reception was held at the residence of the bride's father at Culloden, when some seventy-five invited guests from different parts of the country partook of the wedding breakfast. The house was tastefully decorated with palms ferns and carnations. The table decorations consisted of pink and white roses and chrysanthemums. The presents were very numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin left on the evening train for the West from Ingersoll. They will visit some of the western states on their honeymoon before taking up their residence in Chicago.

That every blessing may be theirs in their wedded life so happily begun is the earnest wish of their numerous friends.

LEONARD-O'DONNELL.

A large number of friends gathered at St. Christopher's R. C. church, Forest, last Tuesday morning it being the occasion of the marriage of Miss Eliza O'Donnell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew O'Donnell, 13th con., Plympton, to Jas. Leonard, of the 11th con., Bosanquet. The ceremony was performed at 9 o'clock by Rev. Father Tobin, of Sarnia. The bride wore a handsome suit of deep ivory cloth, with hat to match, and was assisted by her cousin, Miss Stella Hubbard, who was attired in pearl grey, both carrying bouquets of white chrysanthemums.

The bridegroom was assisted by his brother, Philip Leonard. Little Aileen O'Donnell, but three years of age, a niece of the bride, daintily dressed in pale pink silk, and carrying a basket of flowers, in which was the ring, made a fairy-like little flower girl. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to the home of the bride's parents, where hearty congratulations and expressions of good will were tendered the newly married couple. The wedding dinner, a sumptuous repast, followed, after which the happy couple were driven to Forest, and left on the afternoon express on a trip to Toronto. The bride's travelling suit was of blue cloth. The contracting parties have always lived in this section and consequently have a large circle of acquaintances and friends who wish them long life, prosperity and happiness. Numerous valuable, ornamental and useful gifts were received by the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard will reside in the fine new residence erected last summer by Mr. Leonard on his farm, 11th con., Bosanquet. The Free Press extends hearty congratulations.—Forest Free Press, Nov. 8.

We join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Leonard every happiness in their new sphere of life.

IMMORTALITY.

Are they looking down upon us,
Loved ones who have gone before?
In a world of light and glory
Do they love us as of yore?
Are the bright eyes closed in slumber
Oped and gazing from on high,
Beaming with a clearer vision,
Watching o'er us, yea, for aye?

Do they know our thoughts and feelings,
Know our inmost hearts to read?
Do they mourn when we are tempted?
When we fail to sow good seed?
Are they watching, are they waiting
For the coming of our feet?
Will the same fond hearts receive us?
Will the same sweet voices greet?

Who shall say they are not with us?
Men of science and of lore,
Can you tell us, with your wisdom,
As you o'er your volumes pore,
If the heavens are far beyond us—
If those realms are high above?
Or a region all around us,
Where God's messengers of love.

Are uplifting human creatures,
Helping them each day and hour,
Better to sustain their burdens,
Better yet to know His power?
Or is it a world of glory,
All divided from our own,
Where no influence can mingle
With the trials earth hath known?

Oh, for hope that comes to gladden,
Oh, for faith that doth assure
That our loved ones hath not left us,
Though immortal now, and pure,
They are still beside us walking,
Though unseen by mortal eye;
They are working in His vineyard,
They are with the Father, nigh.

L. M. F.

Character is so largely affected by associations, that we cannot afford to be indifferent as to who and what our friends are. They write their names in our albums, but they do more, they help make us what we are. Be therefore careful in selecting them; and when wisely selected, never sacrifice them.—M. Hulburd.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT TO ALBERTA, N. W. T.

The Vice Regal party arrived in Edmonton, the northern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the private car of His Excellency on the 19th of Sept. The party consisted of the Governor-General, Lady Minto, and their daughters—the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliott. Two secretaries and a friend accompanied the party.

As a reception was to be tendered to their Excellencies in Edmonton in the evening, the party repaired to St. Albert immediately after alighting from the car.

Preceded by the mounted police and a corps of officers from Fort Saskatchewan, Lord Minto rode horseback all the way to St. Albert, followed by Lady Minto and the Ladies Elliott in the large ambulance of the post drawn by four horses.

The ride through glens, winding pathways across streams from Edmonton to St. Albert, Lord Minto said was "most enjoyable;" and it must have been, for the sun never shone brighter and the atmosphere has never been so agreeable as on that day.

In about two hours' time the Vice Regal party was in St. Albert. Along the route the noise of guns, blowing of horns and ringing of bells had brought the inhabitants to their doors long before the arrival of Her Majesty's representatives.

His Lordship Right Rev. Vital Grandin, D.D., O.M.I. Bishop of St. Albert, and his worthy coadjutor, Right Rev. Emile Legal, O.M.I., left the main balcony of the palace as soon as the Governor-General's aides arrived at the foot of the hill on which the palace stands, and received their Excellencies in the gardens of the palace. Grouped around the monsignori were many Oblate Fathers, secular priests, Brothers of the Congregation, Seminarians, orphans and a large body of Grey Nuns, all welcoming their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto.

It would be difficult to say who was the happier on that day, the Vice Regal party or the Religious who welcomed their Excellencies.

All that could do so conveniently crowded into the spacious corridors of the episcopal residence after Lord and Lady Minto and suite had taken seats.

Then Mgr. Grandin read a most pleasing address in French, to which Lord Minto responded, thanking the Bishop in his own and Lady Minto's name for the kind reception they had received. Then followed the address of the people, read by Mr. Hebert, of St. Albert, in French, and by Mr. Collison, in English.

After some very complimentary remarks of Lord Minto, the Very Rev. Rector of the cathedral, Father Merer, O. M. I., led the way to the refectory where a frugal but substantial repast awaited Their Excellencies, and which they must have enjoyed after their long ride through the country.

Very Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., V. G., now in Paris, France, who built the cathedral as it now stands, forty-seven years ago, was missed very much on the 19th, and His Excellency, who knew Father Lacombe and who was instrumental in securing from Her Majesty a fine likeness of herself for Father Lacombe, said that he regretted the priest's absence greatly, as he certainly expected to find him at St. Albert at this season of the year.

After luncheon the Vice-Regal party visited the Seminary of the Holy Family, and listened to some very fine addresses. Lady Minto then gave the younger seminarians a grand conje.

At the convent in charge of the Grey Nuns a splendid entertainment was prepared and given, to the great satisfaction of Their Excellencies.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening when Their Excellencies left St. Albert, and when Lord Minto reached the bottom of the hill on his return to Edmonton, he waved his large sombrero to the Monsignori on the balcony.

RICHARD HAMILTON.

BISHOP GRANDIN HONORED.

St. Albert, Nov. 5, 1900.

November 5th was a day ever to be remembered by the reverend clergy of the diocese of Alberta, and the Fathers and scholastics of the Mission and Seminary of St. Albert, it being the namesday of the Venerable Bishop of Alberta, the Right Rev. Mgr. Vital Grandin, O. M. I., D. D.

His Lordship celebrated Low Mass at 6 o'clock, attended by his faithful priests of the diocese, and he has seldom looked healthier than on that day.

It was a source of great pleasure to him to see his worthy coadjutor, Right Rev. Mgr. Legal, O. M. I., D. D., the Fathers of the Mission, the Seminarians and the faithful surrounding him on that auspicious occasion, and it is hoped that His Lordship will be spared for many years to come to all the children of the diocese, whom he loves so much.

Mgr. Grandin is in his seventy-second year, and is the Dean of the Episcopacy in Canada.

IN CHINA

Matters in China remain at a standstill. There appears to be a lull in the massacres of Christians, owing probably as much to the fact that the most of those in the disturbed districts have been already slaughtered, as to the terror inspired by the victories of the allies and especially the capture of the Chinese capital.

There has been diplomatic intercourse between the foreign ministers and the Chinese plenipotentiaries, but no understanding has been arrived at. The ministers demand the execution of the leaders of the Boxer movement, Tuan and two other princes being included in the number; but Li-Hung-Chang declares that the Chinese Court can never agree to such humiliating terms. He sees that the Ministers are inexorable in their demand, and in consequence expresses the opinion that a peaceful settlement cannot be reached.

The allied authorities who captured Pao-Ting fu tried the principal officials of that city for murder. Four were found guilty including ting-Yang the acting Viceroy of Pechili, and General Kusi Hing, and were executed by the allies on November 5. It is asserted that the Russian officials at St. Petersburg express disapproval of this severity.

Reports have been circulated to the effect that the Empress Dowager died from the worry of her situation, but these rumors, not having been confirmed from authentic sources, are probably not true.

The punishment of Boxers is being continued by the allies with considerable vigor. The Germans in Pekin shoot all Boxers against whom crimes of murder are proved, and General Lorne Campbell made an expedition to the interior for the punishment of Boxer villages. He returned to Tien Tsin on Nov. 8, having burned and shelled 26 Boxers villages. Some complaints are made that the Germans have perpetrated numerous atrocities in Pekin making no distinction between the innocent and guilty.

It is expected that the foreign Ministers will bring matters to a head this week, as they have made a demand which seems to be in the form of an ultimatum. Disunion in this demand would be fatal to success, as the Chinese are very clever to take advantage of any hesitancy, and if they should see any disagreement among the allies they would be quick to take advantage of it to refuse the giving of the satisfaction required.

A despatch to the London Times from Pekin states that Russia has offered Li-Hung-Chang to allow the Chinese to govern Manchuria undes Russian protection. As this would really mean Russian sovereignty, the suspicion is again revived that the Russian Government will not release its hold upon China without the practical acquisition of that province. A later despatch states that the Chinese have not yet answered the Russian proposition.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR

The Boers under De Wet are still keeping up their desultory fighting with great persistency and determination, though they muster only an extremely small force. During the night of Nov. 5th Col. G. Legallais encountered 1000 Boers near Bothaville and fought for 5 hours. One hundred Boer prisoners were taken, 25 were killed and 30 wounded. Steyn and De Wet were with the Boers, but escaped. Col. Legallais and 10 other British were killed and 33 wounded. There were also several minor fights in the south eastern part of the Orange River Colony at Harrismith, Zeerust and Demanutha. Sniping is also kept up in many quarters, especially near Bloemfontein.

Lord Roberts sends a despatch of date Nov. 8th, stating that an attempt was made by the Boers to seize the strong British position on the Koomati River, which had been taken by the British on Nov. 6th. They were prevented from accomplishing their design by Col. Evans, the Canadian dragoons and two guns of the 84th. Sixteen Canadians were captured but afterwards released as the Boers had no way to retain them. The Boers suffered heavily in the engagement, and the British had two killed and 12 wounded.

It is also stated that a force of 1400 Boers have considerably harassed General French on the flanks for several days.

Ex President Steyn still declares that the burghers will continue their fight to the last, and holds out the hope that European intervention will compel Great Britain to grant independence to the two Republics. It is stated that in an address to the burghers he asserted that Germany had delivered an ultimatum to the British Government demanding the independence of the Republics.

General De Wet is said to have been wounded in the leg in a fight with Gen. Knox at Rensburg Drift. He narrowly escaped capture.

OUR LADY OF THE DEAD.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

"Till Death be dead."—FATHER TABB.

All in the drear November,
The birds are fled;
Softly the leaves are falling
Over each grassy bed
Where lie our hearts' beloved ones,
Our dear, our dead.

We look to Calvary's hill,
When hope is fled.
Wilt thou not pity our grief,
Dear Lady of the Dead?
Thou knowest its depths; thou, too,
Hast mourned the dead.

Once, on thy bosom, lay
A thorn-crowned head
Stilled were the lips that blest,
Hushed was the heart that bled,
Close to thy heart was pressed
Thy Dear, thy Dead.

Behold! her tears are dried,
Her griefs are fled,
He has arisen alive,
Whom once she mourned as dead.
O suffering, sorrowing hearts!
Be comforted!

"All who love Jesus Christ,
Till life is fled,"
(So speaks to broken hearts,
Our Lady of the Dead.)
"In Him shall meet again,
When Death is dead."

—Donahoe's Magazine.

C. M. B. A.

Reverend Sir—As a member of the C. M. B. A., may I express pleasure at the abolition of the silly signs and symbols associated with detestable societies—and so humbly echo your congratulations.

Would that the C. M. B. A. were also to get rid of the titles, "Grand" chaplain, "Grand" secretary and so on!

The whole spirit of these high-sounding phrases show bad taste. They are adopted, among the other offensive ways, of the societies aforesaid. And can anything be more absurd than "Grand" in this sense in English? It is pure nonsense. Even a little boy under his teens would get smacked for translating "Grand" in French by "Grand" in English. Fancy a society in England or in Ireland daring thus to play the fool!

It is to be hoped that the Catholic associations of Canada will go further in the path of practical commonsense on which it has started.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

C. Y. L. L. A. NOTES.

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association met Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Amy Davidson, 69 St. Patrick street and elected the following officers for the coming season: President, Mrs. W. Kavanagh; 1st. Vice President, Miss Mollie O'Donoghue; 2nd. Vice-President, Miss Rose Ferguson; Treasurer, Miss E. Goldike; Recording Secretary, Miss K. O'Rourke; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Nellie Griffith; Delegates to Local Council, Misses Ryan, Aymong, Davidson, Kelly and Hart.

The plan of work, for the year includes the study of Parkmans "History of the Jesuits in North America," under leadership of Miss M. L. Hart, and Longfellow's Evangeline, under leadership of Miss Rose Ferguson.

Toronto, Nov. 8, 1900.

THE DOMINION ELECTIONS.

RESULT OF THE POLLING.

ONTARIO.

LIBERALS.

Brant, S.—B. B. Heyd	266
Bruce—W. Tolmie	691
Essex, N.—R. F. Sutherland	500
Essex—M. K. Cowan	52
Glengarry—J. T. Schell	600
Haldimand-Monck—A. T. Thompson	100
Huron, E.—P. Macdonald	100
Huron S.—McEwen	200
Huron, W.—R. Holmes	27
Kent—G. Stephens	150
Kingston—B. M. Britton	193
Lambton, W.—T. J. Johnston	500
London—C. S. Hyman	547
Middlesex, S.—M. McGugan	500
Middlesex, W.—W. S. Calvert	171
Muskoka-Parry Sound—R. J. Watson	Doubtful
Norfolk, N.—J. Charlton	Acc.
Northumberland, W.—J. B. McColl	150
Ontario, S.—W. Ross	98
Ontario—W. Gould	800
Ottawa—Belcourt	367
Oxford, N.—James Sutherland	2,000
Oxford—Sir R. Cartwright	679
Perth, S.—D. K. Erb	28
Peterboro, E.—J. Lang	500
Prescott—I. Proulx	282
Renfrew, N.—T. Mackie	102
Renfrew, S.—A. A. Wright	468
Russell—W. C. Edwards	586
Welland—W. M. Germain	364
Wellington, S.—H. Guthrie	113
Wentworth-North Brant—Wm. Paterson	1,200
York, N.—W. Mulock	500

CONSERVATIVES.

Addington—J. W. Bell	300
Bothwell—James Clancy	130
Brockville—J. Culbert	233
Bruce, E.—H. Cargill	26
Bruce, N.—McNeil	7
Cardwell—R. Johnson	150
Carleton—A. Kidd	524
Cornwall Stormont—R. A. Pringle	150
Dundas—A. Broder	Elected
Durham, E.—H. A. Ward	148
Durham, W.—Thornton	40
Elgin, E.—A. B. Ingram	82
Frontenac—H. Calvin	324
Grenville, S.—J. D. Reid	50
Grey, E.—T. S. Sproule	250
Grey, S.—M. K. Richardson	Elected
Halton—D. Henderson	150
Hamilton—S. Barker	773
Hamilton—F. C. Bruce	767
Hastings, E.—W. B. Northrop	50
Hastings, N.—A. W. Carscallen	200
Hastings, W.—H. Corby	800
Lambton, E.—Oliver Simmons	235
Lanark, N.—B. Rosamond	68
Lanark, S.—J. Haggart	356
Leeds Grenville, N.—J. R. Lavelle	303
Leeds, S.—George Taylor	419
Lennox—Wilson	110
Lincoln-Niagara—E. A. Lancaster	107
Middlesex, E.—J. Gilmour	773
Middlesex, N.—J. Sheritt	421
Norfolk, S.—D. Tisdale	Elected
Northumberland, E.—E. Cochrane	300
Ontario, N.—N. A. McLeod	479
Ottawa—Thomas Birkett	367
Peel—R. Blain	15
Perth, N.—A. F. McLaren	315
Peterboro, W.—James Kendry	354
Prince Edward—Geo. O. Alcorn	73
Simcoe, E.—W. H. Bennett	83
Simcoe, S.—H. Lennox	800
Toronto, C.—W. R. Brock	215
Toronto, E.—A. E. Kemp	1,230
Toronto, W.—E. F. Clarke	2,246
Toronto, W.—E. B. Osler	1,973
Victoria, N.—Hughes	128
Victoria, S.—A. Vrooman	200
Waterloo, N.—Jos. Seagram	Acc.
Waterloo, S.—G. A. Clare	150
Wellington, C.—J. McGowan	251
Wellington, N.—G. Tolton	61
Wentworth, S.—E. D. Smith	292
York, E.—W. F. Maclean	700
York, W.—N. Clarke Wallace	550

QUEBEC.

LIBERALS.

Argenteuil—T. Christie	228
Bagot—Marcill	Elected
Beauce—J. Godbout	1,200
Beauharnois—G. M. Loye	282
Bellechasse—O. E. Talbot	400
Berthier—J. E. Archambault	250
Bonaventure—C. Marcil	176
Brome—Hon. S. A. Fisher	550
Chambly and Vercheres—Victor Geoffrion	500
Champlain—A. Rosseau	272
Charlevoix—Charles Angers	189
Chateauguay—J. P. Brown	450
Drummond-Arthabasca—A. Lavergne	Acc.
Hochelaga—J. A. C. Madore	Elected
Huntingdon—W. S. Maclaren	Elected
Joliette—Bazinet	80
Kamouraska—H. G. Carroll	150
Labelle—H. Bourassa	100
Laprairie-Napierville—D. Monet	119
L'Assomption—C. M. Laurier	300
Laval—T. Fortier	Elected
Levis—S. Demers	400
L'Islet—A. M. Dechene	83
Lotbiniere—E. Fortin	1,000
Maisonneuve—R. Prefontaine	2,109
Maskinonge—J. H. Legris	600
Megantic—Turcotte	Elected
Missisquoi—D. B. Meigs	500
Montcalm—F. O. Dugas	150
Montmagny—P. G. Martineau	25
Montreal—St. Anne's—Gallery	301
Montreal—St. James—O. Desmarais	67
Montreal—St. Lawrence—R. Bickerdike	1,979
Montreal—St. Mary's—J. I. Tarte	1,763
Pontiac—Murray	277
Portneuf—Simon Delisle	300
Quebec, C.—A. Malouin	188
Quebec, E.—Sir W. Laurier	2,500
Quebec, W.—Hon. R. R. Dobell	Elected
Quebec County—Hon. C. Fitzpatrick	1,500
Richelieu—Bruneau	Elected
Richmond-Wolfe—E. W. Tobin	1,178
Rimouski—J. A. Ross	150
Rouville—L. P. Brodeur	1,225
St. Hyacinthe—Hon. M. E. Bernier	1,124
St. John's—Iberville—P. Demers	1,012
Shefford—Parmelee	500
Soulanges—A. Bourbonnais	200
Stanstead—M. H. Lovell	256
Temiscouata—C. A. Gavreau	450
Terrebonne—R. Prefontaine	320
Three Rivers and St. B. Duval Maurice—J. Bureau	441
Two Mountains—J. A. C. Ethier	141
Vaudreuil—H. S. Harwood	300
Wright—N. Champagne	20
Yamaska—Dr. Mignault	102

CONSERVATIVES.

Chicoutimi Saguenay—Girard	Elected
Compton—R. H. Pope	500
Dorchester—J. B. Morin	155
Jacques Cartier—F. D. Monk	49
Montmorency—T. C. Casgrain	29
Montreal—St. Antoine—Dr. Roddick	67
Nicolet—Ball	Elected
Sherbrooke—Hon. J. McIntosh	32

NOVA SCOTIA.

LIBERALS.

Annapolis—F. B. Wade	164
Antigonish—O. F. McIsaac	268
Cape Breton—A. Kandall	495
Cape Breton—A. Johnston	482
Cumberland—H. J. Logan	400
Digby—A. J. Copp	479
Guysboro—D. C. Fraser	247
Halifax—Roche	9
Hants—B. Russell	11
Inverness—A. McLennan	200
Kings—F. W. Borden	447
Richmond—J. Matteson	76
Shelburne and Queens—W. S. Fielding	500
Yarmouth—T. B. Flint	221
Victoria—W. Ross	299

CONSERVATIVES.

Colchester—S. E. Gourley	300
Colchester—Borden	130
Lunenburg—C. E. Kaulbach	346
Pictou—Sir C. H. Tupper	155
Picton—Bell	55

NEW BRUNSWICK.

LIBERALS.

Albert—W. J. Lewis	131
Gloucester—O. Turgeon	550
Kent—O. J. Leblanc	500
Restigouche—J. Reid	75
St. John City—A. O. Blair	1,037
St. John City and County—J. J. Tucker	671
Westmoreland—H. R. Emerson	800
Victoria—John Costigan	Acc.
York—A. Gibson	85

CONSERVATIVES.

Carleton—Hale	315
Charlotte—G. W. Ganong	500
Kings—G. W. Fowler	100
Northumberland—Robinson	500
Sunbury and Queens—Wilmot	795

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

LIBERALS.

New Westminster—A. Morrison	150

CONSERVATIVES.

Victoria—T. Earl	93
Victoria—E. G. Prior	182

MANITOBA.

LIBERALS.

Brandon—C. Sifton	833
Provencher—Bertrand	13

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

LIBERALS.

King's—J. J. Hughes	237
Prince, W.—B. D. McLellan	11
Queen's, E.—D. McKinnon	8
Queen's, W.—Sir L. H. Davies	768

CONSERVATIVES.

Prince, E.—A. A. Lefurgy	93

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

LIBERALS.

Alberta—Oliver (Ind.)	209
Assiniboia, E.—Douglas	Elected
Assiniboia, W.—W. Scott	138
Saskatchewan—Davis	Elected

INDEPENDENTS

ONTARIO.

Elgin, W.—J. Robinson (Patron)	41
Simcoe, N. McCarthy	407

MANITOBA.

Lisgar—R. L. R. Richardson	211
Winnipeg—Puttee	1,183

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Vancouver—Ralph Smith	300

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Sacred Heart Review.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

CXI.

The rest of Dean Hodges' first lecture contains nothing which a Protestant has any call to criticize. It is true, in speaking of Luther's having taken the side of the nobility in the Peasants' War, the Dean says nothing of his extreme inhumanity to the peasants. Yet he does not deny it. I have exposed it at full.

The second lecture, on the Calvinistic Reformation, is naturally not unacceptable to a Calvinist, like the present writer. Here, at least, there is an example of austere and spotless morals, both in life and teaching. Catholics, of course, must regard Calvin as a very guilty heresiarch, but his sin, in the eyes of instructed Catholics, would not be looseness, but pride. They will, of course, reclaim against Renan's designation of him as "the most Christian man of his age," but this verdict of the great unbelieving historian, whose religious feelings, nevertheless, were Catholic, shows the contempt with which he regards the vulgar calumnies against Calvin's early life, and against his deathbed. The Catholic Dictionary also does not deem them worthy of any allusion.

Those persons who have lately, here at home, revived these foul stories, so absolutely inconsistent with the whole tenor of Calvin's life and teaching, and have endeavored to support them by Lutheran testimony, are either very thoughtless or distinctly disingenuous. The sixteenth century paid very little attention to "the ethics of controversy" (to plagiarize again from my friend, the Rev. Robert Johnson) but of the three great parties, the impression that remains distinctly on my mind after considerable reading (perhaps not without Calvinistic prejudice) is, that the Lutherans were much the most unscrupulous. Moreover, much as they hated the Catholics, they hated the Calvinists a great deal more. A foul story hurled out by a Lutheran clergyman of that time against Calvin would be even less worthy of attention than if hurled out against the Pope. It deserves no more notice than the vulgar story of Luther's suicide, which has at last been put to rest by a Catholic professor, or than the shocking slanders spread abroad against the spotless life and peaceful death of Cardinal Bellarmine. There seems to have been in that age a perfect mania for deathbed calumnies.

Allow me here a little non controversial episode. Dr. Hodges remarks that Calvin's endless patience of study, and his austerity, hardly agree with our common notion of a Frenchman. He rightly remarks, however, that every national type shows many exceptions (as almost all European races are very much mixed); and Calvin is hardly an exception. Endless patience in study has been abundantly illustrated in France, and although a worldly Frenchman is apt to be more volatile than a worldly Englishman, a religious Celt, Cymric or Gaelic, Catholic or Protestant, takes, as a rule, much more kindly to austerity than a Teuton. The inevitable logic and grave solemnity of religious discipline common to John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards might not be so badly explained by their both being in descent Cymric Celts, Calvin French and Edwards Welsh.

Dean Hodges gives St. Patrick as an instance of a Scotchman who is not very much like Scotchmen as we know them. Has he not made a bit of a slip? Nothing is easier, as concerns Scotland. The original Scots, as we know, were the Irish. The *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* is spoken wholly of them. The Irish kings of Dalriada, in Argyleshire, having inherited the Pictish crown, and come down into the Teutonic Lowlands, communicated the Scottish name to an overwhelmingly Germanic nation. The Lowlanders, says Canon Taylor, are more purely Teutonic than the English, who are in blood hardly more than one-fourth Teutons. St. Patrick, therefore, if a Caledonian, and not rather a Breton, was not a Scotchman in the modern sense, but a Celt, Cymric or Gaelic, with probably not a drop of Teutonic blood in his veins.

Dean Hodges explains the strong predestinarianism of Calvin, which was also that of Luther, though not of the subsequent Lutherans, as arising from a strong sense of the Divine sovereignty, against an exaggeration of the human share in the work of salvation. There is no doubt that the later and degenerate scholasticism fell too much under the control of Aristotelian particularism and analysis, and lost much of the grand simplicity of the Gospel plan.

It is certain, however, that the Catholic theology, although of course capable of being preached in a spirit of servilism or of evangelical freedom, had the same doctrinal foundation then that it has always had. From Augustine and much farther back you will find two things taught: first, that the beginning and the recovery of justification alike are gratuitous on God's part, and must be purely received by us, not wrought out by us. Secondly, that good works wrought in the love of God deepen justification, gain an augmentation of grace, help towards the gift of perseverance, prepare for the predestinate a speedier access to the beatific vision, and acquire a larger measure of the eternal glory.

Now if you teach the meritoriousness of good work without teaching the gratuitousness of justification you present the leaves and fruits as if they were supposed to be the tree. You leave out the trunk and roots, from which they derive their being and all their virtue. You give a worse than Pelagian caricature of Catholic doctrine. Yet this is what Dean Hodges seems to do. Says he: "Men were being taught a doctrine of merit. They were told that their good deeds and their penances earned and deserved salvation. It was a contract between God and man. On the one side so much merit, so many alms and works of mercy; on the other side so much reward; on man's part penance—on God's part pardon."

Now this last clause, "On man's part penance—on God's part pardon," is an utterly false statement. Catholic theology, in all its schools, taught then, precisely as it had always taught before, and as it has always taught since, that penance, works of mercy, or other good works, do not earn pardon for an unjustified person; that pardon of mortal sin and eternal guilt is a purely gratuitous act of God's compassion, not capricious, indeed, but promised to the truly penitent, yet, received and not earned, as indeed repentance itself comes from the prevenient grace of God. Even the later teaching, permitted but not ratified as of faith, that good works done before justification may have a certain disposing value towards it, appears to my scanty knowledge, not to have been much known then. John Wesley insists strongly upon it, but I do not find that the Catholic Church teaches it, although she allows it.

Of all theologians of that day I suppose that Tetzel will be allowed as the head and front of the school most opposed to the Reformation. He represents the scholastic theology of that time, utterly untouched with Humanism, although displaying a competent knowledge of the Scriptures, and at least quite as fair a way of using them as Luther's.

The worst charge against Tetzel Luther does not re echo, even though tempted to do so by the unprincipled Miltitz, who blackens Tetzel in his endeavor to gain over the new party. The charge of grievous blasphemy Luther, after making it, expressly retracts, and declares incredible, as indeed it if solemnly disavowed by the magistrates and clergy of Halle, where the scene was laid. True Luther revives it twenty years after Tetzel's death, when he can no longer defend himself, but those who know Luther can judge how much that signifies. When Luther, moved by the evidence withdrew the charge, he had not yet invented his later principle, the evidence in favor of an active Papist is never to be allowed, since, if he has not done what you charge him with, he has doubtless been doing something else just as bad.

Luther, in his eagerness to make out Tetzel as bad as he can, exaggerated his monthly allowance from the Archbishop, yet he knows nothing of any malversation, as indeed the Elector and his bankers find no fault with his accounts. That he was a popular preacher, a large man, and, like Whitefield, having a voice that carried far in the open air, is, I suppose beyond denial. Yet the present writer, in his prime, has found that he could be heard a good way in the open air, without absolutely giving up his hope of Paradise on that account. We begin to suspect that we have been laboring a largely fictitious Tetzel, as we have certainly been adoring a largely fictitious Luther.

So much for Tetzel's person. Next week we will pay some attention to Tetzel's teaching.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

"THE HEROINE OF THE STORM."

A Texas Journal's Tribute to a Galveston Nun.

From the Houston Post.

A fearful catastrophe like that of September 8 brings out all that there is in a human being, whether it be good or bad, and when all of the noblest and most lofty attributes which God gave to those whom He made in His image are brought out in one individual, and that individual a woman, mere words become too weak and too inexpressive to do her proper honor.

Such a woman is Mother Mary Joseph, Superioress of the Ursuline Convent at Galveston. She is the heroine of the storm. The deeds she performed that awful night were of such a nature as to entitle them to go down in history with those of the Joan of Arcs and the other grand women whose achievements have outlived time. Over 1,000 persons were sheltered in the convent during and after the storm. No one was refused admittance to the sheltering institution on this night of nights. Negroes and whites were taken in without question, and the asylum was thrown open to all who sought its refuge. Angels of mercy went through the army of sufferers whispering words of cheer, offering what scant clothing could be found in this house of charity and calmly urging the terror-stricken creatures to have faith in God and pray that His holy will be done.

The scenes were such that no mortal pen can describe them; and through all, while the wind howled and shrieked and gibbered as if in fiendish glee at the awful results of its work, and while the waves lashed the walls of the convent, a noise that was only equaled by the wind, and building after building fell, the good Mother Superior and the nuns went about doing good, piloting the army of refugees from corner to corner, till at last they found a safe harbor. So far as they were able they provided food and clothing, sharing every piece of clothing in the house, and when these were used up, taking sheets, bed clothes, tablecloths and table napkins to make into coverings for the men, women and children bereft of all. Hundreds of the refugees were taken in with their clothing literally stripped from their bodies by the war of the elements; to some of these were given the sombre dresses of the nuns themselves, and the men thus clothed lent their assistance in the work.

The story of the happenings in the convent that night will never be known, no more than will that of the storm at large. But enough of it has been told by the refugees who flocked there to entitle Mother Mary Joseph and her saintly women to the highest honor and glory.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Twenty Fourth Sunday after Pentecost

JUDGMENT.

"When you shall see the abomination of desolation in the holy place, then flee." (Matt. 24, 15.)

In the gospel of to-day our Lord announced to us the most terrible of all truths, and that is the Last Judgment. In the valley of Josaphat, I see all mankind assembled before the judgment seat of the eternal God. The just with glorious bodies on the right side; the dammed with bodies hideous to behold, on the left: those on the right, sing Hosanna to the Just and Eternal God: whereas those on the left howl "Ye mountains, fall upon us; ye hills, cover us."

Beloved Christians, there is nothing more certain than that we shall be among the number of those to be judged on that great day. Where shall we find our place, to the right or to the left? Shall our cry be "Hosanna!" or "Woe! woe!" What will be the qualities of our bodies; will they be glorified and radiant like the angels? or will they be appalling and resemble the devils? Ominous question! Who can answer it but the omniscient God who will one day judge us. Faith teaches that the hour of death will be decisive; if you die in the friendship of God, free from mortal sin, then hail! eternal hail! to you. Your soul is saved; the right to Heaven for eternal possession is assured to you. On that great day of judgment, you will triumphantly rejoice for all eternity in the midst of the glorious company of angels and saints. But should death surprise you in impenitence with one, — yes but one mortal sin upon your conscience — then woe! a thousand woes! to you. Your soul will be cast into that fearful abyss where, according to the words of our Redeemer, there is eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth, in that pool of fire where the worm does not die and the flames are not extinguished. In vain will you wring your hands; in vain will you call on God's mercy; the day of salvation is past, the night has come wherein you can no longer work. On whatever side the tree has fallen, there it will remain for all eternity. On the last day—the day of the general judgment—the soul will ascend from hell to re-inhabit that body; covered with shame and confusion and before Heaven and earth, before all angels and men it will stand unmasked in all its terrifying hideousness amidst the company of the damned.

O sinner, you are aware of this, and yet you do not take it to heart! Do you not hear our Divine Redeemer warning you so earnestly in the gospel of to-day: "When you shall see the abomination of desolation, which was spoken of by Daniel the prophet, standing in the holy place, he that readeth, let him understand and they that are in Judea, let them flee." Ah, yes, open the eyes of your mind and behold with terror the abomination of desolation in the holy place, namely in your soul. See, this soul was once a temple of the Holy Ghost, adorned with the treasures of divine grace, effulgent in innocence and heavenly beauty, a beauty like that of the brightest angel on the day of his creation. And now, behold it! What do you see! The radiant glory of grace is gone, the beauty of divine love is destroyed, the brightness of purity and innocence has given place to the most frightful image of Satan! That throne of the triune God is now defiled and desecrated by the prince of darkness, who, with his assistants, rules a house of unclean passions. Who is not induced to exclaim with the royal prophet: "O God, the heathens are come into Thy inheritance they have defiled Thy holy temple." (Ps. 78, 1.)

O you, who are in so terrible a state of mortal sin, to you the words of the Redeemer are directed: "Flee, flee." Yes, save yourself by flight, for your soul is in the greatest danger. If you die in your sins—and, perhaps, death is very near—you are lost without hope, irredeemably lost for all eternity. Oh, flee therefore, but to whom will you flee? To whom else, than to Jesus, your merciful Saviour? He alone can bring you help; He alone can purify the desecrated temple of God: He alone can cleanse and sanctify your soul; He alone can restore to it the lost garment of innocence; He alone can make you again a child of God, and an heir of Heaven. He not only can do this, but He is most anxiously waiting to do it. He calls you most lovingly: "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matt. 11, 28.)

Oh, hasten therefore to the tribunal of penance, by a good confession to the priest—the representative of God—place the heavy burden that oppresses you in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in that haven of rest, you will obtain grace and mercy. Jesus will receive you as the Good Shepherd His lost sheep, and the noble Father his prodigal son. He will absolve you from all your guilt; He will grant you again that consoling peace of God in this world, and a place among His elect on the Great Day of the Last Judgment.

But you who are in the state of grace, you happy children of God, do you also meditate frequently on that day of reckoning—that great day of harvesting for eternity, and you will be encouraged to persevere faithfully in the service of God and in working out the salvation of your immortal soul. What signify the few days which you yet have to battle and to suffer? They are but a fleeting moment compared to the never ending eternity. Soon the strife be over, the race run, and the crown of glory obtained. Soon the happy hour will come, when you can triumphantly exclaim: "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: we shall go into the house of the Lord." (Ps. 121, 1.) Oh, let us, therefore, steadfastly persevere in love and fidelity to God, in sacrificing zeal for the salvation of our souls and we shall rejoice in the possession of God for all eternity. Amen.

MALARIAL FEVER

After Effects Leave The Victim Weak and Depressed.

MISS EMNA HUSKINSON, A CAPTAIN IN THE SALVATION ARMY, TELLS HOW SHE REGAINED HEALTH THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs John Huskinson, whose daughter, Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malaria fever. A reporter of the Sun hearing of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor. After stating the reason of his visit, he was kindly received by Mrs Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the cure: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps of the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever. She was under a doctor's care for a long time and although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion would greatly fatigue her. We though a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better; her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken a half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of helth, and all her old-time vigor had returned. Although her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has since been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure I was myself completely run down, and to add to my trouble was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them, and before I had taken half a dozen boxes I felt fully recovered and have been in the best of health of health ever since. My advice to all ailing is to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Keep Yourself Strong

And you will word off colds, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure, rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise to begin taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's Pills are non irritating. Price 25 cents.

Six Oils.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press, proves that DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence—remedies rheumatic pain, eradicates affections of the throat and lungs, and cures piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burns, and injuries of horses and cattle.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatins Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

KEEP your blood pure and your stomach and digestive organs in a healthy condition by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will be WELL.

Liquor, Tobacco and Morphine Habits.

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References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:
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Rev. John Potts, D. D., Victoria College.
Rev. William Caven, D. D., Knox College.
Rev. Father Ryan, St. Michael's Cathedral.
Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto.
Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor, tobacco, morphine and other drug habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

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Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it is put on the market. Both in wood and in bottle it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public.

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Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical.

Those who try Surprise always continue to use it.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Rheumatism.

Nobody knows all about it; and nothing, now known, will always cure it.

Doctors try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, when they think it is caused by imperfect digestion of food. You can do the same.

It may or may not be caused by the failure of stomach and bowels to do their work. If it is, you will cure it; if not, you will do no harm.

The way, to cure a disease is to stop its cause, and help the body get back to its habit of health.

When Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil does that, it cures; when it don't, it don't cure. It never does harm.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other.

If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

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50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLANCHE

A Breton Tale.

H. Horn, S. J., in American Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November.

THE ATHEIST AND LITTLE BLANCHE.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Next night she was more feeble than ever, but she began again, "Papa, do you think God will make me better?" He paused for a second, then said, "I think He ought to do so." She waited a minute, then said, "Papa, if I die do you think I shall go to Heaven?" "Yes," he replied almost involuntarily, "I am sure you will." "I shall so want to see you come, Pa," she said, and sank back exhausted.

That same night he sat beside her, and for the first time he saw that speech was beyond her. He sat down at the bedside and took her little white hand in his. The diamond panes of the window were shadowed by the moon into the corner of the room. The patch of light moved slowly across the wall and lit up in its passage the pale, lifeless face of the little one on the bed. Then it moved along and had reached the other corner, but the father still sat with his face turned to the window. Was he asleep? Did he not know that the hand he clasped in his was dead? Yes, he knew it, indeed. He had felt the pulse stop. He felt the hand growing cold, but he dared not look. He dared not stir. His little Blanche was dead. What was he thinking of as he sat with his brow set and his body motionless? Had grief robbed him of sense? Was he unconscious and dreaming of happiness now passed? No, he was quite conscious. He had expected the little life that was all the world to him to go that night. It had gone, and now he was realizing his loss. He was running over in his mind all her words, all her habits, all, in fact, that he knew of her. He was talking again to her in the library. He was listening to her prattle. She was asking him again to bless her. Then he remembered that there must be a funeral. Where? At the church? Should he not take her up in his arms, and go and bury her in his own woods, where he might go daily and mourn over her grave? Should she be buried in the churchyard, the place of all places that he never passed through? No, that could not be. Then there rushed upon him a flood of old memories. Half years before, he had stood beside little sister's grave, while the priest had blessed it, and there had been white flowers put upon the sod, and he had said that she had gone straight to Heaven. Yes, he would like people to say that of his little Blanche. And—stronger reason still—Blanche herself would have liked it. Yes, she must be buried in the churchyard. She must be looked on with kind eyes by the country people. Whatever he was, his little girl should not be thought an outcast and a sinner. So he wandered on in thought, still sitting quite still, until the rays of morning began to glimmer and the moonlight began to fade. Then he rose heavily, took one long look at the little form on the bed, kissed the cold brow, and with teeth clenched to stay the rising sobs, walked out of the room.

The news of Blanche's death soon became known in all the country round. It was a great subject of talk for all the villagers that the atheist's daughter was dead and was going to be buried in the churchyard. Children had endless questions to ask their mothers about the bad man's daughter. "Was she a terrible little hunchback?" "Had the devil come and carried her straight off to hell?" "Had the athée murdered her, perhaps?" Some good old Breton mothers, quite as ignorant as their children, were not at all sure that something of the kind had not happened. Others took a middle course and told the inquirers that the little dead girl had had such a bad bringing up that she could not but be bad, but that a great part of it was not her fault. While others again of a more enlightened sort said that they had no doubt that the little thing had gone straight to Heaven, as she had been too young to do any harm. This view was backed up by some of the little peasant lads, who said that they had caught sight of the athée's daughter plucking flowers one day, and that she had locked "quite good and not like other little girls." So with stout supporters, and the favorable opinions of many of the better folk of the neighborhood to boot, little Blanche became quite well known and liked by all the country side. That she had been quite good was soon generally admitted. In fact, she had died because God did not want her to be with an atheist like her father. Only one thing was still considered questionable—that her father had killed her, and they thought that the gendarmes ought to be sent to investigate the matter.

So when the day of the funeral came all the little folk of the country were astir, and were awaiting at a good distance from the dark woods of the château to meet the little funeral cortege. They had heard from the Curé that the athée was not to be there (as they had expected he would be for their own reasons). So they followed close upon the single hearse, accompanied as it otherwise was only by one or two grim-looking hired servants. So Blanche, closed up in a narrow box, was surrounded for the first time by a crowd of sympathetic little friends, who little knew how

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So when the day of the funeral came, all the little folk of the country were astir, and were awaiting at a safe distance from the dark woods of the château to meet the little funeral cortege. They had heard from M. le Curé that the athée was not to be there (as they had expected he would not for their own reasons) So they all followed close upon the single hearse, accompanied as it otherwise was, only by one or two grim-looking hired servants. So Blanche, closed up in her narrow box, was surrounded for the first time by a crowd of sympathetic little friends, who little knew how she had often thought about them, and longed to join them, when she saw them playing in the distance. They were all very reverential as they formed into their self-arranged procession. Many of them clasped their small hands—that being the way most familiar to them of showing that they were engaged in a religious ceremony.

There was a tiny little grave under a chestnut tree in the cemetery at the church door, and into this the body of the athée's daughter was lowered, amid the groups of children, and the prayers were said, and so many blessing repeated over Blanche's head that her little soul must have been well satisfied. Then they threw sods on and the mourners moved off, and as they walked away the chatter recommenced, and they trooped into school to wonder over the paradox of an athée having a daughter in Heaven.

The library now in the evening was much the same as before. The old journalist sat on his chair, and his manuscript lay on the big table. He did not get up to light his lamp when dusk set in, but sat on in the firelight. Then came his moments of sorrow and loneliness. "I might as well die now," muttered the old man to himself, "It's hard to live on with no one to care for you. It's a hard thing to think that all human solace is gone for me. Shall I get married again? Married! No!" he burst out passionately "it is not any hand that can soothe me. It is a tiny hand I want. That is what I shall never get again. Never feel that little arm around my neck. Never hear that little step again. Why could not that one little life have been left to me? Why of all the little ones that might have been taken was this, *my* little one chosen—the one that could so ill be spared — that made my life was happy—that made me feel that I not alone. Oh! for that little hand once more." Then he walked to the window and with a choking sensation in his throat, tapped on the frame, and muttered "God bless my little Blanche."

So night after night as the dusk came on, the old athée might have been seen standing at his library window, muttering "God bless my little Blanche," and doubtless the nightly blessing as it rose up to the soul that needed it not, fell back on the head of the father who uttered it.

* * * * * * *

It was six months after the events I have been relating, that I came once again to the country of my childhood. I got out at the station and walked along the old rough road which led past the graveyard. There were some children playing at the gate. I passed among them, to look over the wall at the spot beneath the tree where I knew my little friend of the Chateau Noir now was buried. What was my surprise when I saw beside the tomb a grey-haired man, bare-headed and evidently praying. The tears came into my eyes as it flashed across my mind that this must be the hated old athée, brought to a sense of a holier faith by his little dead daughter. I approached cautiously. His eyes were closed and he did not observe me. He had put his head upon the white tombstone, and was leaning his sorrow-stricken brow against it.

I crept quietly up and looked at the stone. It was a plain white marble slab, with no date or circumstances inscribed upon it, but only the words "God bless my little Blanche." My heart felt quite full as I crept quietly back to the gate. The little group of players were looking at me with wonder, as much as to say, "Don't you know the story." I knew most of it, and I guessed the rest, but I had to hear it all over again from the ready little gossips. "It's M. L'Athée," they burst out as I came quietly up to the gate, "he's praying for his little Blanche." "No, he isn't," interrupted some more advanced theologians; "he's praying to her; she does not need praying for." "He's so good now, is M. L'Athee." "His little Blanche, as soon as she got to Heaven, set to work praying for him, and he has been made quite a good man." "We're not a bit afraid of him, now," cried another with an air of pride. "I should think not," they all chimed in. "He's patted me on the head," said one; "I make him bunches of flowers, and he gives me sixpences for them," said another. In fact, it was evident that the athée was a general favorite among the juvenile group.

The old athée had been quite converted by the death of his little daughter. He had been found one morning praying at the grave of his little girl as I had found him, and the news had spread like wild fire through the country. There had been quite a gathering at times round the gate, watching the head bent in prayer. But the length of his prayers generally tired even these curious watchers out, and he was in solitude as he walked back in the evening to the Château Noir. Then a new face had appeared in the village church, and for one Sunday at least, the congregation had been perfectly oblivious of everything else, save the presence of the converted athée in the sacred building. Gradually the interdict was raised from the Château Noir, and the woods became no longer the haunt of demons. There were soon short cuts taken through them, and old disused paths were reopened.

The connections of M. de Chauncy in Paris had heard rumors that the celebrated journalist was converted, but they were incredulous. At last two young men arrived one at the Chateau Noir to see their quondam friend. His manner was cordial and affectionate, but the marks of patient suffering which he bore on his face, kept them from the question which they had come to ask. At last the conversation took the appropriate turn, and the old atheist owned to his change of views. After dinner they grew bold and rallied him on his sudden change of opinion. He only smiled, then suddenly looking through the window said "Do you see those children wandering through my wood. A year ago they would have been terrified at the idea of coming so near to the Château Noir." Another attack only produced the remark "Don't these fresh wild flowers give quite a scent to the room." When they were bidding him adieu they said with a touch of irony: "Adieu M. de Chauncy, we will tell your friends that you have quite changed, and have become a great lover of nature and of little children." "Ah! it is true," replied the converted atheist. "It seems to me that I scarcely had human sympathies before, but I have now."

* * * * * * *

Another year elapsed before I again visited this part of the country. I stepped up to the churchyard, as before, and looked over the wall, half expecting to see the old man at his prayers. But the grave was deserted. I walked up, and on the stone I saw that a change had been made. Underneath the words "God bless my little Blanche," "God bless and pardon her Father" had been carved. My little group of friends were not at the gate this time, but I met some of them further down the road, and learnt the details of the athee's death. He had been found one autumn morning lying stiff and lifeless on the tomb of his little girl. He had evidently been there all night, for the snow and leaves had drifted up and formed a shroud round about him.

For some time he had been growing feeble, and probably the cold of the evening had caused a fainting fit from which he had been unable to recover. So the two bodies were laid in one grave, and the two souls were doubtless united in heaven.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Railroad Men Always at School.

On the railroad men go to school all their lives. They never get too old to go. Whenever there comes into use any innovation that requires technical knowledge, such as the air brake, or whenever there is a change in any of the commonly used codes, such as the hand signals used by trainmen the men are divided into squads and sent to division headquarters for special instruction. These places are known among railroad men as "schools." The methods employed combine those in use in the kindergarten, the primary department and the High school.

Perhaps the most interesting railroad school is the one sent out by the Westinghouse company to confer upon railroad men the final degrees in the process of learning the air brake. This school is on wheels, and in the three years that it has been in service has travelled twice the distance of the circumference of the world, and granted certificates to nearly 218 000 railroad men. The instruction car is packed full of every kind of appliance and fitting and model that will be found in any train of thirty cars. The car is in charge of competent lecturers, and every railroad employee who has anything to do with the actual handling of engines or cars is required to attend. Engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen, galvanizers and hostlers all have their separate classes, and the conditions in the car are as nearly as possible like those they meet every day. Here in the car, however, the different parts are so arranged that they can be taken apart and viewed in section, and used to illustrate the lecture.

The men who conduct these lectures speak the vernacular of the railroad and their talk is not always a model of good grammar and rhetoric; but what they say is practical and easily understood. Moreover, the men feel that the lecturer has actually sat in an engine and gone down a long grade with a heavy train, or that he has crawled around on the ground to fit hose. After the lecture is over the class passes into another car and is examined. There is something strangely familiar about the way these big-bearded fellows hitch their shoulders and wriggle when they are called upon to recite. This school, by the way, has engagements that will require three years to fill. There is now on its way to this country a band of German mechanics who are coming over to learn the air brake, and it is probable that they will take their degrees here.

In an item headed "Murphy's Lantern" the Lexington (Ky.) Leader tells how Superintendent W. J. Murphy of the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific examines his trainmen on their proficiency in the train rules. He uses a stereopticon to show pictures of life-size signals of all kinds—semaphores and other fixed signals, trains with markets, classification signals, and in fact almost anything else that the men will ever be called upon to translate. Various men have various methods, although it is doubtful if many superintendents go to the length of helping the men out with lantern slides. When it comes to examining the men in hand signals the superintendent usually calls in a subordinate and says: "Here, Jim, take these men out to school." Then Jim takes them out in the yard, gives them a train to break up in a dozen different switches, and soon has them waving themselves wild. Their engineer is extremely literal; he keeps his eyes glued on them, taking nothing for granted. The men get no help or sympathy from Jim, and altogether the test is apt to be more severe than anything they will will ever run up against in actual service.

Almost all of the operators of the block signal service, which has come into use on most of the big roads, are youngsters and wherever one of them happens to be stationed he manages to attract a considerable body of youthful admirers. A bright boy in a tower will pick up telegraphy in a short time, and it is from these that the ranks of the tower operators are kept filled. As a matter of fact, almost all of the operators in the country to-day have picked up telegraphy themselves. Before the boy gets a chance, however, he has to go to school at division head quarters, where the chief of the service examines him in telegraphy on the electric bell code, and tries to "stick" him with original problems.

Patient Effort.

There seems to be increasing difficulty in getting young men to engage in hard study and the patient effort which is necessary to the conquest of any real branch of learning. It is easy to point out to them the remarkable success obtained by unlettered youths who through patient study made names for themselves in literature, art or the sciences; but boys of the present generation are imbued with the ideas that are expressed in special machinery. They want to do things in the shortest possible period of time and with the least possible expenditure of effort. They argue with some reason, but not enough to be convincing, that the development of the arts and sciences has been so great that there is no longer any necessity to study first principles. Photography takes the place of skill in drawing; machine tools replace tedious hand labor. Why, then, should any one give long years of apprenticeship to arts and industries that have been revolutionized by modern inventions?

But there is a weak point in their argument. There is still, and always will be, a great demand for the artist who can draw accurately offhand, and for the mechanic who can fashion things by hand. The optical, chemical and mechanical appliances that have come into use in recent years to simplify and cheapen production have stimulated consumption, and there is as great demand as ever for the man who can, so to say, create, who is independent of machines and processes. The artist who is dependent upon photographs is a mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water," compared with the artist who designs and draws; the machinist who is dependent upon the lathe or milling machine is helpless by comparison with the bench hand.

In the domain of literature and science the same thing is true. One may obtain place to day in the ranks of literature and science without that broad knowledge to be obtained only by patient effort, but it is an inferior place and bears no comparison with the honors and emoluments to be won by those who have by patient study and the use of native powers obtained mastery in their special field of learning.

There is as much need as ever of patient effort by those who would rise to the head of their profession or calling. If they are contented with an inferior place they may get along in the worldly sense by some lucky speculation or fortunate move, but they will not command success, nor even often attain it.

The men who succeed are in general the men who are patiently studious, the men who ground themselves thoroughly for some special calling and devote all their efforts not so much to gaining rewards as to deserving them. The man whose motive for effort lies in the price to be won, seldom has the patience to prepare to win it; the man whose motive it is to do good work, to accomplish for the present the best of which he is capable, is the man who builds up character and reputation alike and sooner or later reaches the goal of his ambition. The world has reached a feverish and impatient age, an age of daring speculation, but it has not yet reached an age when it can do without the men who know, the men who have by patient effort mastered the art of the science they have chosen for their special study. Patient effort is still the surest means of success in life.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

One of the most active, persistent and successful agents of Lucifer is the Devil of Discouragement.

To every one who is doing good in a place intended for him by Divine Providence the Devil of Discouragement comes and whispers over and over again:

"You are lost here and you are wasting time. How much better off you would be if you were over there! You could do so much more there. Besides, you're not appreciated where you are. If you were gone, you'd have no such vexations and those who now set little value on your services would learn to prize you at your true worth. No wonder you lose heart here!"

This poison of discouragement the evil spirit endeavors to inject into those whom he hopes to make his victims, and day after day he says the same thing, taking advantage of every little annoyance, every supposed slight, every short-coming of neighbors, every partial failure, every report of triumphs wrought by others.

If the tempted give up the work appointed them, desert the place assigned to them, and set out on a career for which they have no divine calling, they are undone; for, unforeseen difficulties will arise, which will be used by the Devil of Discouragement to instill further dissatisfaction and more hopelessness, until his thralls abandon effort and yield themselves a prey to bitterness, mutinous against God, despair and impenitence.

So, the question is not—Could we do more good, or be more happy, or acquire more virtue, as something else besides which Heaven made us or in some other place, or at some other employment than what have been allotted to us? No, the question is: Are we where our vocation wants us to be? If so, let us make the best of it and the most of ourselves, right there, whether it be conspicuous or obscure, laborious or leisureful, for there is where we are needed, there is where we can achieve the most good, there is where we can most surely speak of victories.

Let us send the Devil of Discouragement back to his master in hell, discouraged.—Catholic Columbian Columbus.

A PRIEST'S EDUCATION.

He Should Be Learned in an Academic Sense—Science as Well as Sanctity Needed.

In a circular letter to his clergy, Monsignor Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, lays down what the priest of the hour should know. This prelate is an authority on the subject of which he treats, for he is considered to be the most learned one in France, says an exchange. He is looked upon, moreover, as the one the most in the van of modern thought. According to him, the priest of the hour should be as deeply versed in classical knowledge as were his elders in previous generations of the priesthood. Besides Latin, he should have at least a good knowledge of Greek. He should be learned in the academic sense. From this it will be seen that Monsignor Mignot concedes to modern exigencies no iota of the traditional character of a priest's education. According to him the modern priest must be what the best before him have been in the matter of learning. But he must be something besides. After poring over Greek and Latin he must bring his mind on a level with the discoveries of the age. He must be versed in natural as in sacred science. By a few splendid strokes of the pen the Archbishop of Albi traces the progress of modern science. He shows how the heavens and the earth have in times revealed their secrets, upsetting the old order of things. In presence of this he places the priest of the hour and with the latest scientific discoveries as point of fact. "The priest nowadays," he says, "should be the most cultured man of his parish, because he is the defender of religion. He should know the ground of attack as well as that of defence. To objections unknown to our forefathers he should have ready answers. In reality, the Church instead of being the enemy of science has been its savior."

If the progress of physical science under the Church's sway was comparatively slow, Monsignor Mignot gives the reason. He shows that the Church's first object was to produce saints and learned men in the supernatural order. "But if," he says, "she did not discover the secret of the earth's motion or raise a monument in honor of physical science, she raised one incomparably more important in honor of revelation." He shows how modern scientists are indebted, as no words can tell, to the courageous efforts and silent labor of men working during long ages under the Church's shadow and often in his religious garb. Our Roger Bacon is cited as an instance, and Isaac Newton is made to say by the pen of the Archbishop of Albi that without the Abbé Picard's labors he would not have been in a position to verify the exactness of his discoveries. Admitting that modern science and the Church now work on separate lines, the Archbishop attributes this in a measure to the suppression of priests under the revolution. He shows the Church to have been busy since then rising from her ruins and forming priests worthy of their sacred mission. But the time has come for something besides, he thinks. According to him the modern priest must be a man of science as well as of learning and of sanctity. "If our generation has more than ever need of holy priests, she has also need of learned ones." This remarkable address has been considerably echoed in the French press. It is likely to be a point of departure for changes in the ecclesiastical training of priests.

FILIPPINO PIETY AT CLOSE VIEW.

Mr. M. J. Dowling, a correspondent of the Minneapolis Journal, writes to that paper from Cebu in the Philippines:

"As in other towns, there are fine churches and public buildings. One of the most powerful Bishops of the Archiepelago lives here in a fine palace. I saw him go down the street one day holding out his right hand, which the natives crowded around to kiss. They ran eagerly from all directions upon being told that the Bishop was passing, and fairly trampled each other under foot in an effort to touch the hem of his garment or kiss his hand.

"There is a large cathedral here, a fine convent, a good seminary, a leper hospital and the most beautiful cemetry in the island. Easter Sunday in Cebu was an occasion for great festivities. One feature was a religious procession consisting of floats drawn by natives; upon these floats were arranged the most beautiful and comely of the natives to represent Christ, the apostles, the Blessed Virgin, etc., each float representing one event in the life of Christ from His birth to His crucifixion. As the procession moved slowly through the crowded streets, natives by the thousands literally buried their faces in the dust before it. A good band furnished the music and children's voices formed numerous choirs. It was the Oberammergau Passion Play in miniature. These festivities taught me to believe that these natives are very devoted Church people, at least they pay most particular attention to the observance of holy days and the rituals of the Church."

Dyspepsia is difficult digestion, due to the absence of natural digestive fluids. Hood's Sarsaparilla restores the digestive powers.

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No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

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We have still a number of these Annuals for 1900, which are well worth the price, 5 cents.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Armoury, St. Thomas, Ont.," will be received at this office until Monday, 26th November, 1900, inclusively, for the erection of a building for an armoury, at St. Thomas, Ont., according to plans and specification to be seen on application to Mr. J. Russell, Post Office, St. Thomas, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
JOS. R. ROY,
Acting Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, November, 3rd, 1900.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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QUIA PIUS ES.

Jesu Pitiful! oh hear!
Listen to Thy servants' cry!
Pity thou the souls that lie
Far from Thee in exile drear:
Jesu! Grant them swift release!
Jesu! Grant them light and peace!

Jesu Pitiful! oh turn,
Turn Thine eyes to that sad place!
Banished still from Thy sweet Face
Lo! in penal fires they burn.
Jesu! Bid their sufferings cease!
Jesu! Grant them light and peace!

Jesu Pitiful! oh send
Angel messengers, to bear
These Thy banished ones to where
Thou their coming dost attend.
Jesu! Grant them swift release!
Jesu! Grant them light and peace!

Mother Pitiful! To Thee
Still for them our prayer shall rise;
Look with pitying, Mother eyes
On their pain, their misery!
Gain for them a swift release!
Entrance to Thy Home of Peace.

—Francis W. Grey in Carmelite Review.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA

Rev. Father Peter M. O'Leary, chaplain to the First Contingent in South Africa, who came last week on a visit to his brother, Mr. James O'Leary of the P. O. Department, who is in ill health, celebrated Mass during his stay in the city in the chapel of the Holy Angels, Gloucester street convent of la Congregation de Notre Dame.

The reverend gentleman during his stay gave a short account of his experiences in South Africa to the pupils of the Gloucester street convent. He left for Quebec during the week to fulfil some engagements, but promised that on his return to Ottawa in the course of a few weeks he will exhibit several "snap-shot" views which he took during the course of the war. His friends were glad to see that he has completely recovered from his severe attack of enteric fever.

A Mission of two weeks' duration will open in St. Joseph's church on the 18th inst. Members of the Congregation of St. Paul (Paulist Fathers) will be the preachers.

During the month of November the daily 8 o'clock Mass in St. Joseph's is offered for the suffering souls. R. I. P.

Rev. Father Albert, Father Guardian of the Capuchin monastry, preached in St. Mary's church, Bayswater, on Sunday of last week. Although since the arrival of the Monks in Ottawa one of their number—Rev. Father Patrick—almost regularly celebrates the Sunday High Mass in St. Patrick's the above was the first occasion on which any of them preached in English. The Rev. Father Guardian gave the Pastor, Rev. Father Cole, a public assurance that he and all his Community would be at all times at the service of him and his parishioners.

Professor Horrigan, late of Nova Scotia and now on the staff of the Ottawa College, gave a lecture on "The Poet of all Circles," Moore, in the hall of the Rideau street convent on Thursday evening of last week. The pupils of the choir rendered vocal music.

A progressive euchre party in aid of the St. Patrick's Home for the Orphans and aged people has been arranged for. The ladies' auxiliary of the Catholic General Hospital are also taking steps for a similar entertainment.

On the past two Sundays in Hull, Que., fifty married men were received into the married men's Sodality of our Lady, and seventy-five young men into the Young Men's Sodality.

The formal opening of the new wing of the Dominican Friary took place on Friday morning of last week. Mass was celebrated in the church at 9.30 and a large number of priests and dignitaries of the church from other places were present. Among them were Mgr. Gabriel of Ogdensburg; Mgr. Emard, of Valleyfield; Mgr. Decelles, coadjutor of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Routhier; Vicar General; Very Rev. Father Gauthier, O. P.; Very Rev. Father Jodoin, O. M. I.; Very Rev. Father Turgeon; Rev. Father Albert; Very Rev. Father Constantineau, O. M. I.; Very Rev. Father Grolleau, O. P., of Lewiston, U.S.; Rev. Father Gauvreau, O. P., of Fall River, Mass; Canons Campeau, Plantin, Foley, McCarthy, Deguire, Beauchamp and Dumesnie, Superior of the college of St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Father Valliquette, O. M. I.; Rev. Father Portelance, O. M. I.; Rev. Father Harnois, O. M. I.; Rev. Father Richard; Rev. Father Devine; Dr. Trudel; Fathers Whelan, St. Patrick's; Sloan, Groulx, Poulin, Forget, Mangin, Allard, Myrand, Lortie, Pelletier and Pilon; many Jesuits from Montreal; the Oblates of Ottawa and the Christian Brothers of Ottawa and Hull.

Mr. Bourque, the contractor for the building, was also present and Monseigneur Falconio, the Papal Delegate, arrived at noon, from the West accompanied by his secretaries, Rev. Fathers Edwards and Etienne. A cablegram conveying the Pope's congratulations was received from Cardinal Rampolla.

A description of the building was given in this column last year. It is calculated to accommodate about two hundred Friars, Novices had lay brothers.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

CAMPBELLFORD'S NEW CHURCH DEDICATED WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY BY HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP O'CONNOR—THE BISHOP OF LONDON ALSO THERE.

When on Christmas morning of last year the Roman Catholic church of Campbellford was destroyed by fire, the regret was universal, and many and sincere were the expressions of sympathy that were tendered to Rev. Father McCloskey, the dearly beloved priest of the parish, as well as to the members of his congregation.

The old church which was a frame one had for thirty eight years or more stood on the hill on the corner of Centre and Bridge streets, commanding a magnificient view, and while it may not have possessed all the elegance of a modern edifice, still when it was consumed by the fiery element on Christmas morn, its loss was severely felt, and the congregation was compelled to seek temporary quarters which were less pretentious and less commodious. But the loss sustained infused new enthusiasm into the hearts of the Roman Catholics of Campbellford and vicinity and they immediately took steps for the purpose of re erecting the destroyed house of worship in a manner most surprising. On the 10th of March of this year the contract for a new church was let to Mr. Richard Sheehy of Peterborough, and on April 17th, the work was first commenced Since then the work has been carried on in an energetic manner. To-day the new Roman Catholic church of Campbellford, which has been dedicated "The Church of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," is a credit to Rev. Father McCloskey and his parishioners, and to the town of Campbellford. The structure is of grey stone from the Langford quarries, and is massive and substantial looking. It is the design of Mr. Thomas Hanley, Architect, Belleville, and is built with due forethought for accomodation, convenience, ventilation, lighting, etc. The body of the church, including the gallery to the rear is capable of seating comfortably about 800 people. The interior furnishings are superb and excellent specimens of the workmen's art. The pews are handsome and comfortable, the ends being of oak the backs of ash and the seats of elm, all beautifully polished. In fact the interior with its massive looking white pillars and its pretty, yet useful electric light fixtures jutting out therefrom, presents an appearance not equalled in many churches. The basement, too, is a large and airy room furnished in a suitable manner whilst the several ante rooms, hallways, etc., are in keeping with the remainder of the entire structure. However, there are many finishing touches to be put on the church yet, but it is now in suitable condition for the worship of God.

A striking feature of the handsome new edifice is the number of beautiful memorial windows which have been donated by various societies and individuals. Among the number are the following: The Visitation, donated by Branch No. 98, C. M. B. A.; in memory of deceased's relatives, by Thomas Hoey, Mrs. Hoey and Ellen Hopps; St. Anne the Blessed Saint—Ora prome, Rev. Father McCloskey, pastor; The Sacred Heart—donated by the children of St. Mary; The Good Shepherd—in memory of the late Bishop Jamot, donated by Rev. P. J. McGuire; St. Peter—in memory of deceased relatives, by Patrick Healy; St. Paul—in memory of his late wife, Elizabeth, by Edward Waters; St. John—in memory of Mrs. John Kellegher, our mother, by her sons; St. Andrew—donated by Duncan Kerr; St. Cecilia—in memory of deceased relatives, by Mathew Galvin; St. Anthony—in memory of James Boland and wife, by daughters; St. Bridget—donated by Mrs. Thos. Callaghan; St. John the Baptist—Pray for us—by Thos. Blute; St. Patrick—in memory of deceased relatives by Jas. Shannon; St. Joseph—ite ad Joseph—by Rev. J. O'Sullivan; windows donated by P. White, Catherine Hall McManus and Margaret Morrison.

It is understood that the entire cost of the church will be in the neighborhood of $20,000. As before stated Mr. Richard Sheehy of Peterborough had the contract for the erection of the same, but that gentleman confined his attention to the masonry work and sub-let the various other portions of the work. The subcontractors were: Painting, Messrs. Keating and McLean, Campbellford; heating, Messrs. McKeline and Birch, Kingston; lighting, Messrs. Alexander & Miller, Peterborough; hardware, Messrs. Martin & Owens, Campbellford; seats, Globe Furnishing Co., Walkerville, Ont.; carpenter work, Mr. Benor, Campbellford.

The various sub-contractors did their work in a manner that reflects much credit on them and drew forth expressions of satisfaction from all.

That the people of Campbellford, irrespective of creed, are proud of the new church, is amply proven by the following address which was on Saturday night presented to Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough and to the Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London, who were present at the dedicatory services. The address was on behalf of the citizens of the town of Campbellford. It was read by Reeve Charles Smith, who, with a number of the leading citizens, attended the Presbytery in a body on Sunday night The address is as appended:

To the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, and
To the Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London:

Your Lordships—I desire as the representative of the citizens of Campbellford, to welcome you to our town on this auspicious occasion of your church dedication, and I beg to assure you that the discharge of this duty affords me very much pleasure.

The consecration services connected with the dedication to Almighty God of this beautiful edifice, calls back to the minds of our citizens generally, and of your co-religionists, especially, the sad event of last Christmas morning when the neat, commodious church, which formerly stood on this consecrated ground, was destroyed by fire. But although your parish priest and his people found themselves without a church to worship God, yet I am pleased to state that Rev. Father McCloskey was equal to the occasion, and with commendable promptness he had before 10 o'clock on Christmas morning secured a place where his people might receive instructions in the regular service commemorative of our Lord's birthday. All classes of our citizens, Protestant or Catholic, sympathized with your people here in the sad and serious loss sustained at that time. From that day to the present Rev. Father McCloskey has labored with such untiring patience and zeal for the restoration of his church as to call forth the warmest expressions of admiration and praise. The fact that within the short space of about ten months this large, substantial, elegant and costly temple for the worship of the Triune God has been erected on the very site of the former structure, is a sufficient proof of the efficiency and executive ability of Rev. Father McCloskey, and of the hearty co-operation and Christian liberality of his followers.

We congratulate pastor and people on the spirit with which they entered upon this great work, on having carried their laudable undertaking to a successful issue. We hope and trust that your magnificent church may long remain, not only as a beautiful temple of worship, but as a monument of the patience, Christian effort and self-sacrifice of your esteemed pastor and his devoted people.

CHAS SMITH,
Reeve of Campbellford.

Campbellford, Nov. 3, 1900.

Their Lordships made suitable replies to the above address.

Yesterday was the day on which the dedication of the new temple of worship took place. It will certainly be a memorable day in the history of Campbellford, and more particularly in the annals of the Roman Catholic Church of that place. The event was attended by many people not only from the parish of Campbellford but a special train from Peterborough brought people from here and picked up many more along the route. The dedicatory services were announced for 10.30 o'clock, but long before that time the church was crowded. The seating capacity, as previously stated, is 800, but by utilizing chairs and benches in the aisles and by a little crowding about 1300 people were privileged to witness the beautiful ceremony.

The ceremonies of the dedication were performed by His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, and Ven. Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough, and Rev. Father Scanlan of Douro, assisted as deacon and subdeacon, respectively.

Among those also present were Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Rev. Father McGuire of Hastings and the Rev. pastor, Father McCloskey.

The decoration of the altar was of natural flowers artistically arranged.

Before beginning the act of dedication, the Bishop explained the ceremony about to take place. They were, he said, going to dedicate a temple to the service of the Almighty God. In doing so the Church made use of prayers and exercises. When God created our first parents everything was perfect; by the sin of our first parents disorder came into the world and the very earth was cursed. Hence the necessity of beseeching Almighty God to remove from the very materials which were entered into the construction of this noble edifice, the devil and his evil spirits, that they might have no part in this new building which would henceforth be devoted to the service of God. The church, therefore, prayed that Almighty God might protect this temple from all power of the devil and his spirits, that all who came within to pray might also be protected from them. Therefore, the Bishop said we will now begin the ceremony.

While the work of dedicating the exterior of the edifice was proceeding, the Campbellford band, which was stationed in the rear of the church, discoursed a few choice sacred selections. At the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. The sermon was delivered by His Lordship, Right Rev. Dr. McEvay, Bishop of London.

His Lordship took for his text the words, "My eyes shall be open, and my ears attendeth to the prayers of him who prayeth in his temple."

Bishop McEvay began by saying that the words of his text referred in the first place to the magnificent temple which was built by Solomon in Jerusalem, according to the direction of God. It was the joy and glory of God's chosen people, and the ceremony of dedication was consistent with the general magnificence of the temple. Many sacrifices were offered and fire came from heaven in a righteous manner to consume the offerings. The Lord had chosen that temple for His holy place, and promised that He would send forth His blessings to all those who adored Him there. It is therefore no wonder that God's chosen people loved that temple. There their forefathers had offered up sacrifices and Solomon in all his glory fitted up all those things which were necessary for the service of the House of God. In this capacity at Babylon the Jews longed for that temple and they wept. Attempts to cheer them were useless, and they would not sing; but wept and prayed God would allow them to return to their sacred temple. Continuing, concerning the love these people have for their temple the preacher remarked that every Friday afternoon the Jews still come to the site of the old sacred edifice, gathering around the remains thereof, and the stones are smooth with the kisses they have received in loving adoration. All this, the Right Rev Dr. said, shows the great love they had, and still have, for that great temple which was built by the order of God Himself. That was a temple under the Old Law, and when this great amount of love and respect was shown for a church under the Old Law, what should it be under the New Law? The present church of Christ was fully and eloquently explained by His Lordship, who touched in a striking manner on the subject of sacrifices, which he said is essential to true religion.

His Lordship then explained the necessity of an altar on which to offer a sacrifice, the crucifix, etc. Referring to the name of the church, "The Church of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," His Lordship dwelt at some length on the noble character of the Blessed Virgin.

In closing he spoke of the pleasure it gave him to be present to assist in the services of dedication and he congratulated Rev. Father McCloskey and his congregation on the magnificent church they now possessed.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor at the conclusion of the Mass, expressed the special pleasure it gave him of being present. They now, he said, had a church worthy of Almighty God. He thanked those who had so liberally subscribed towards the cost of the building the new church, the congregation for their representative attendance, the choir their excellent music, the Campbellford band for their much appreciated services and the various contractors for the satisfactory manner in which their respective contracts were carried out.

During the services excellent music was rendered by the choir. Mrs. W. J Morrow of Peterborough was the leading vocalist. Mrs. Kerr presided at the organ.

The church was visited at all hours of the day by a steady stream of people from the town and country, anxious to view the new edifice.

The windows, which are really a sample of elegance, are the work of Lyons, Toronto.

Messrs. Alexander & Miller of town received great praise for the excellent manner in which the church is wired. The switches are placed on a beautiful marble switch board in the vestry porch.—Peterborough Examiner, Nov. 5.

ST PAUL'S CHURCH, GRAVENHURST.

On Sunday last at Vespers, Rev. Father Collins gave an instructive and interesting sermon on Purgatory. There were a number of Protestants present, and the attention paid by the entire congregation evinced the interest taken in the Rev. Father's discourse.

Father Collins is an intelligent speaker force and clearness being prominent characteristics of his delivery. The sermon was prefaced by a few remarks on the comparative greatness of sins after which the subject of the evening was entered upon. To the question "Is there any such place as Purgatory," Father Collins gave ample confirmation with proofs perfectly compatible with reason. Those of our Protestant friends who were present, if not convinced, were, at least, greatly impressed, and any lecture given by the Rev. Father in the future is assured a good attendance.

St. Paul's choir has an efficient leader in the person of Mr. P. Traynor who could not have been other than well pleased with the result of his efforts to make the choir a success. Miss Florence Dowd sang as a solo Stearns "O Salutaris," which showed her full rich voice to advantage.

We are pleased to notice that Father Collins has announced a lecture for Sunday evening, 18th inst. and hope it will be equally well attended as that of Sunday last.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

The "Forty Hours" at "St. Mary's"—this city—announced in a former issue, terminated last Monday.

The Mass of Exposition was sung by Rev. Father Noonan of Biddulph and the opening sermon preached by Rev. Father McKeon, Chancellor. In the evening His Lordship the Bishop addressed a large congregation on the subject of Penance, and by so doing contributed largely to the success of the devotion.

The Mass "Pro Pace" was sung by Rev. Fr. Egan, of the cathedral, who also preached an appropriate sermon.

The High Mass on Sunday was sung by Rev. Fr. McKeon. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. Father Rocheleau of St. Thomas: the evening sermon by Rev. Fr. Francis, O. F. M., of Chatham. The same Rev Father sang the Mass of the Reposition and preached—concluding with a few words of well deserved congratulation.

Flowers—beautiful and in abundance—were furnished by the ladies of the congregation. The altars and sanctuary were tastefully decorated throughout by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

With Mrs. Jas. Murray as organist, and under the leadership of Mr. Wm. T. Mullins, the choir won well merited praise, added to the excellent reputation it has so long enjoyed, and helped materially to make the services devotional, attractive and successful.

OPENING OF DUBLIN'S NEW CHURCH.

The dedication of Dublin's new church takes place on next Sunday week, Nov. 25th The ceremony commences at 10.30 a. m. and the church will be blessed by His Grace, Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto. Immediately afterwards Pontifical High Mass will be sung by the Right Rev. T. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, who will also preach the morning sermon.

In the evening, Vespers will commence at 7. p. m, and the sermon will be preached by the Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London.

We are aware of the earnest, generous efforts of the people of Dublin in raising this sacred edifice to God, and we trust that our many readers, as far as possible, will be present at the opening to do their part in alleviating the debt which we understand presses upon them.

FROM ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO.

An event of more than usual interest took place at St. Mary's church, St. Mary's, Ontario, on Sunday last at Vespers, namely, the annual renewal of the Act of Consecration by the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Since the advent of this worthy society in the parish, established by the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Brennan, a great deal of good has been accomplished. Preceding the reading of the Act of Consecration by Miss O'Dea, secretary, the rev. gentleman gave a beautiful instruction on the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The congregation was very large. During the service Miss Routley, organist played a Voluntary and Miss Handrahan, soprano soloist, sang a hymn to the Sacred Heart. The service concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

REV. DR. SMITH AT THE CATHEDRAL.

At Vespers on last Sunday, Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith of New York preached to a crowded congregation. He began by stating that one of the most remarkable spectacles which the world gazes on to-day is the continued existence of the Catholic Church—that Church which Jesus Christ founded nigh two thousand years ago, and which, in the face of thousands of storms, amid all the changes and wrecks of time, has survived, and faces the world to-day with greater vigor and more wonderful vitality than on that day when she came fresh from the hands of her Divine Founder. The world has grown smaller within the century. The telegraph, railroad and the press have narrowed its circumference, and men not only meet more easily and more quickly, but they realize many things that they would not confess to before. In referring to the vitality of the Church they call it—those outside the Church—the resurrection of the Papacy; but it is not the Papacy which has resurrected itself. The eyes of the people have been opened to the phenomenon which has existed for ages. And so theologians of other creeds have been compelled at last to admit that the Catholic Church is at least a branch of the great Christian Church. It is a sign of the times, for thinking men, without regard to prejudices, have been compelled to recognize that grand organization called the Catholic Church, which, like a mighty Coliseum, equally in this city as in Rome itself and throughout the entire world, works with a force greater than the force of nature, because it is the force of God. Everywhere working among the people, entering into all the departments of their lives, a living, breathing, sentient force, the Church is not, as they represented her over two hundred years ago, a dead force in the world. They try to explain away this phenomenon—and all kinds of explanations have been given for its continued existence at the close of the nineteenth century. Some say it is her admirable system that enables her to live. But there have been systems before and there will be systems so long as the world lasts. The power that holds the Church together is not of man, but of God—the power that Jesus Christ conferred when He gave to Peter the commission to preach and to teach: "Thou art Peter and upon this Rock I will build my Church. And I will be with thee all days, even to the consummation of the world." *There* is the secret of the continued vitality of the Church! The Catholic Church is not an abstraction. The Church is the people, from the Pope to the lowest believer in all parts of the world. The power that makes its cohesence is the faith which belongs to its members—the faith of the priest, the leader, and the faith of the people, his followers. The priest has only to raise the standard of the Cross and the people gather at once around him and the marvels that we see in this century—the restoration of the hierarchy in England, Ireland and Japan—all appear to the wondering eyes of the world, springing from the faith of the priest and the people. Continuing, Dr. Smith asked the question: "What is Faith?" and answered in the words of the Catechism: "It is a Divine virtue by which we believe all that the Church teaches." Faith is a mysterious thing because it comes from God. The Rev. Father here recalled some characteristics of Faith and remarked that no power on earth can lead even one single soul to the possession of that priceless gift. It must come straight from God Himself. It is given us with our baptism and it grows with our growth. In depicting the advantages the believer has over the unbeliever, Father Smith took as examples two men from different walks of life—the one, a poor but Christian laborer who is comforted and sustained by the conviction of an eternal reward in the life to come; and, opposed to him, a gifted, agnostic lawyer who to a series of questions pertaining to an eternal hereafter had only the very dubious answer: "I do not know." The former answers readily, gladly and with an assurance that would lead him to the martyr's fate—there is a life to come; the soul is immortal: there is a judgment seat at which we must answer for our life-work here in order to settle our status in the life to come. To these all important questions the agnostic has only the brute's answers: 'I do not know.' "I am not sure." Father Smith here impressed upon his hearers the necessity of our carefully guarding this precious gift of faith, lest in the mischances of our poor human life we come to think lightly of it, and in the end, mayhap, lose it altogether. We have, he said, but to look around among our own friends and acquaintances to find examples of the folly of not setting proper value on this God given gift. Many have dragged it into the haunts of sin and shame, like the Kaffir, not realizing the value of the precious diamond they possessed. To retain it untarnished throughout life we must keep constantly fighting. Faith, said he, is a fighter. In our childhood we accepted unquestioningly all that father, mother and the priest taught, but as the innocence of our childhood and youth departed, and we came in contact with the insinuating influences of the world about us we had to fight to conquer temptations. Faith is often destroyed by entering gambling houses and those places where money is made at the expense of man's honor and dignity. Sin is a thing to be fled from if we want our Faith to grow within us like the power of God. Again at maturity we had to fight anew that battle, for very often it is the greed for money and worldly eminence that shipwrecks the faith of middle aged men, and, unfortunately, women, too. And at the last—when all the world is slipping away from our grasp and when our bodies will soon be turned to ashes—Oh, then, we must make a supreme fight. For as we sow so shall we reap. From the cradle to the grave, therefore, Faith must develop in us. We also must do our share to spread the Faith just as our ancestors did it before us. And in order to realize in our lives the grandeur and beauty of our faith, in order that its splendid fire might never grow dim, Dr. Smith counselled a frequent reception of the sacraments and fidelity to prayer. Our responsibility does not, said he, end in saving our own souls—we should do all in our power to bring our relatives, friends and acquaintances who are without the fold to a knowledge of the teachings of Jesus Christ. There is no better friend in this world than the faith of Jesus Christ. It meets us at the door of Life and never deserts us, not even at the final moment. When the soul is crossing the river of Death and mounting to the judgment seat of Christ, Faith ascends also and lifts it up to the Throne of God, and we have the blessed assurance of Jesus that having confessed Him before men He would confess us before His Heavenly Father. Dr. Smith likewise referred to the sweet and consoling doctrine that the light of Faith also guides us through the realms of Purgatory and fills us with the blessed hope of meeting our loved ones in a happy eternity, and he concluded by repeating the words of St. Paul that "Without Faith it is impossible to please God."

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

REV. FATHER CRINION'S TRIP TO ROME—CONCERT AND LECTURE.

The concert and lecture given in the Opera House on Friday last, Nov. 2nd, was very largely attended, and the mortgage fund of St. Michael's church, under which auspices the entertainment was held, will be considerably augmented by the proceeds of the evening. The programme of the evening was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

Vocal—"Come Back to Erin" .... Male Quartette.
Vocal—"Roses of June" .... Miss Jennie Bullock.
Vocal—"Promise" .... Lewis Watkins — Miss Vera Board.
Vocal—"Hurrah for our Boys in Khaki (latest) — Mr. J. A. Holrod.

THE LECTURE.

Vocal—"When Johnny Canuck Come Marching Home" .... Mr. Holrod.
Vocal—"There's a Land" .... Allisten — Miss Board.
Vocal—"Sweet Norice" .... Male Quartette.
Vocal—"The Swallows" .... Cowen — Miss Bullock.

The concert numbers were all well rendered. Miss Vera Board has a sweet, clear soprano voice, and ranks easily among the best vocalists we have heard in Dunnville. Miss Jennie Bullock is a young lady who is also making rapid strides towards the front rank of sopranos, and a great interest is taken in her improvement by many friends by reason of her being a native here. Mr. J. A. Holrod as usual captured the house with his patriotic songs. His first number was the very latest out and brought a hearty encore. However, it was while singing "When Johnny Canuck Comes Marching Home" that enthusiasm reached the boiling point. As he sang the chorus containing these words, the boys, in picturing in their mind's eye the Canadian heroes crossing the South African veldt, unknowingly kept time with their feet. And when about a hundred pair of those shoes touched the floor in unison one could easily imagine that a whole regiment of soldiers were under way. This took so well it had to be repeated. The Male Quartette, composed of James Wiley, J. Holrod, John Steele and W. A. Fry, sang in good voice, and had to respond to encores to both numbers. Their Irish selection especially was well received.

The lecturer, Rev. J. E. Crinion, P. P., of St. Michael's church, after an absence of some years from the old country, made a trip to the old land last summer, and on his return The Chronicle and other friends who had never visited Europe urged him to tell us of his trip, in a public lecture. He consented, and chose as a title, "A Trip to Rome, via Paris and the Exposition." To say that the large audience was delighted is putting it mildly. Father Crinion has a remarkable memory, and as he passed step by step describing his journey and the many wonderful things which came under his observation, sandwiching, in enough humorous anecdotes to keep the attention of his hearers, the audience sat so quietly that you "could have heard a pin drop." The speaker's descriptive powers are excellent, he is fluent, and made the most of his subject. We append a brief account of his lecture.

After a few introductory remarks the reverend lecturer said that on June 5th he left Dunnville for Montreal, where he boarded the good ship "Corinthian" on June 9th. The sail down the St. Lawrence and the picturesque scenery were described. Before we return, he said, we are destined to see the rivers and scenery of many countries, renowned for the satisfying charm of their view, but our own St. Lawrence has a majesty and abounding appearance which excels all of them, and gives it a charm all its own.

The view of the ancient City of Quebec, with its massive fort, second only to Gibraltar as a fortress, and Point Levis, immediately across the river, were graphically described; then down the Gulf, through the Straits of Belle Isle, and the sensation of leaving terra firma behind and pressing out into the great deep, where there was nothing but sea and sky. He next described the modern ocean liner, its mechanism as explained to him by the chief engineer, and life aboard of it for a week, after which they catch the first glimpse of the Irish coast. Here he briefly outlined a visit to the Emerald Isle. In the course of a trip through it, he found that an act of vandalism had been committed on the royal and historic Hill of Tara by some Pickwickian antiquity hunters, who had been actually rooting up the historic spot for the purpose of discovering the ancient Ark of the Covenant, which, according the traditions of Anglo-Israel Free Masonry, was deposited on the Hill of Tara. The only place discovered was a stone chamber, which apparently looked to be a kitchen. It is sufficiently established that Druidical rites were celebrated on Tara before St. Patrick laid the foundation there of Christianity in Ireland, but all true archeologists are aware that the burial of the Ark of the Covenant on the Hill of Tara is a mere fantasy.

Rev. Father Crinion then conducted his audience to London, and through its chief places of interest, thence to Paris where he did the city and the Exhibition very minutely. From Paris we passed in rapid succession to Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and last but not least, Rome.

Some were disappointed at not having heard more about Rome, but the length of the lecture and the lateness of the hour precluded it. It may form the subject of another even more interesting lecture in the future.

After the entertainment Rev. Father Crinion entertained those who took part in the programme, and the genial chairman, F. R. Lalor, to a supper at M. J. Cleary's cafe. Mr. Cleary has a reputation for getting up a swell menu but on this occasion he excelled himself. After a few words of thanks from the host to those present for their services, and an assurance in return that this talent was always at his command, the pleasant evening came to a close.—The Dunnville Chronicle.

OBITUARY.

MR. HUGH LENNON, MAIDSTONE.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Hugh Lennon, an old and highly respected resident of Maidstone, which took place at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. McCann on All Souls' night. Deceased had always been a strong, active man until about two and a half years ago he suffered from gangrene and had to have some of his toes amputated. He recovered, but it left him in feeble and broken down health ever since, the largest part of which time he has spent in bed, attended to faithfully by his daughter, Mrs McCann, with whom he has made his home ever since the death of his daughter, Miss Esther, almost five years ago. Mr Lennon owned considerable property here at one time and was Justice of the Peace for a number of years. He had always led a most exemplary life, and never was known to have taken a glass of intoxicating liquor nor an oath to pass from his lips—virtues which will shine before him at the Throne of Mercy. This ought to be a fitting example for the young men and fathers of the world to-day. Deceased leaves one sister, Mrs. McLogan, and three sons and two daughters—Mrs D. S Dorsey, J. J. Lennon and Matthew Lennon, of Detroit, and Mrs. J. McCann and Michael of this place. The funeral took place on Monday to St. Mary's Church, where Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Father McGee, thence to the cemetery, where interment took place in the family lot beside his wife and children. R. I. P.

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A SAMPLE BIGOT.

London Advertiser, November 8.

The following letter, from a Conservative canvasser in this city, explains itself, and does not need comment:

London, Nov. 3, 1900.

Mr. Ruthven McDonald, City:

Dear Sir—Please take notice that those voting in No. 7 division of No. 3 ward will do so at Mr. Geo. Hilton's, 432 South street. Kindly register your vote before noon if possible. If you desire to have a rig call for you, kindly send me word where and at what time I can send for you. Yours faithfully,

A. F. WICKS,
419 South street,
Chairman No. 7 Division.

To the above notice was added the following postscript:

Mac—I am told you are against us. Well, maybe, "but hark ye, my friend, there is a worm that is slowly but surely entering its way into one's very heart."—Pinafore. I mean Laurier and his popish cranberry Tarte. Mac, cast in your vote for the major, and help us as Englishmen to win our fight against the Church of Rome. Hyman, as a man, has had my support before, but never has Protestants need to stand shoulder to shoulder as now. Yours,

ALFRED.

LEAD THEM HOME

Lord, we can trust Thee, for our holy dead
They underneath the shadow of thy tomb,
Have entered into peace: with bended head,
We thank Thee, for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But Lord, our living—who, on stormy seas,
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest tossed!
Our dead have reached their heaven, but for these
Teach us to trust Thee, Lord, for these our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion prayer by night;
For these we cry to Thee through the long day,
We see them not, O keep them in Thy sight;
From them and us, be Thou not very far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where Thou standest at the Heavenly Gate;
That so, from Thee, they shall not farther roam;
And grant us patient hearts My gathering time to wait.

H. McD.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE.—This week we publish the announcement of the Ontario Business College of Belleville, Ontario. The reputation of this institution is first class, and many of the young men and women who received diplomas therefrom occupy responsible positions in the business community.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, Nov. 15—Grain, per cental—Wheat $1.05; oats, 73 to 74c.; peas, 80 to $1.00; barley, 70c to 85; corn, 75 to 76c.; rye, 70c. to $1.00; buckwheat, $1.00 to $1.20: beans, per bushel, 75c. to $1.00.

Farm Produce—Hay, new, $7.75 to $8.00; straw, per load, $3.00 to $3 50; straw, per ton, $5.00 to $6.00.

Live Stock—Live hogs, $5.50 to $6 00; pigs, pair, $3 to $5 50; export cattle, $4.50 to $5.

Dairy Produce—Eggs, fresh laid, per dozen, 18 to 19c; eggs, basket lots, 16 to 18c; butter, best rolls, 22 to 25c.; butter, best crocks, 21 to 22c; butter, store lots, 18 to 19c.; butter, creamery, 23 to 25c; cheese, pound, wholesale, 10 to 11c.; cheese, pound, retail, 12½ to 14c; honey, per pound, 12½ to 15c; lard, per pound, wholesale, 9 to 9½c; lard, per pound, retail, 10 to 11c.

Poultry—Ducks, dressed per pair, 60c to 75c.; spring chickens, (dressed) 50 to 65c; live chickens, 40 to 50c.; geese, each, 60 to 75c.; turkeys, per lb. 9 to 9½c.

Meat—Pork, per cwt., $7.25 to $7 50; beef, $4.50 to $5 50; veal, by the carcass, $7 to $8; mutton, by the carcass, $5 to $6; lamb, by the carcass, 8c.; lamb, by the quarter, 8 to 9c.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Nov. 15.—Flour, quiet; 90 per cent. patents, sold at $2.85 in barrels, west; and at $2.65 in bags west; choice brands are worth 15c. to 20c more; Manitoba patents, $4 60, and strong bakers, $4 30 in bags. Bran is steady, with car lots quoted at $11 to $11.50 west, and shorts, at $12.50 to $13 west. Wheat quiet and featureless, with offerings small; white and red winter quoted at 63½c to 64c west; spring 66c east, and goose at 63c. west; No. 1 Manitoba hard 90c. Toronto and west, at 92c. g. i. t.; at 86c. Midland and Owen Sound, and at 82½c. Fort William. Oats steady, with No. 1 white selling at 24c west, and at 25c. east; mixed oats sold at 23c. west. Peas quiet, with sales at 57c. to 57½c west, and at 58½c. east. Corn is unchanged; Canadian quoted at 29c. west, and new at 33c west; American yellow 46 to 46½c. Toronto. Barley quiet; with prices unchanged; No. 1, quoted at 41c west; No. 2 at 38c. and No. 3, extra at 37c. west. Rye is steady; with sales at 46c. west and at 47c. east. Buckwheat is steady, at 46c. west and at 47c. east.

MONTREAL.

Montreal, Nov. 15.—The grain market continues dull and unchanged. Quotations, afloat, Montreal are:—Manitoba wheat No. 1 hard, 83c.; spring wheat, 76c.; red wheat, 75c.; oats, No. 2, 28 to 28½c.; peas, No. 2, 66c.; barley, No. 2, 46c.; rye, 55½c.; buckwheat, 51½ to 52c. Flour—Manitoba patents, $4.50; strong bakers', at $4 20; straight rollers, $1 65 to $1.75 in bags; and $3.40 to $3.50 in bbls; winter wheat patents, $4 to $4.25; Manitoba bran, $15 to $15.75, in bags; Ontario bran, $15 25 to $15.50, in bulk; shorts, $16 to 17, per ton. Dressed hogs are quoted at $7.50 to $8, and country dressed hogs have been marketed at $7 to $7.25; lard, 9½ to 10c.; bacon 12½ to 14c.; hams, 11 to 12c.; Canadian short cut mess pork, $18 to $19 per bbl. Butter continues active, with prices unchanged; choice creamery brings 20 to 21c.; and undergrades 19½ to 20c. Cheese continues dull and trading is light; finest Western Septembers, 11c; western Octobers, 10¾ to 11c; easterns, 10 to 10¼c.; Quebec, 9¾ to 10c; Liverpool cable remains unchanged at 53s for white and 54s for colored. Eggs are firm; selected are quoted at 19 to 20c; straight receipts, 17c.; No. 2, 12 to 13c.; culls, 10c. to 11c. Honey is fairly active, but the supply is small; prices remain unchanged. We quote—White clover at 13, buckwheat honey, 9 to 10c., white extracted at 10c.; and dark extracted at 8 to 8½c.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Nov. 15.—The following is the range of quotations at Western cattle market this morning:

Cattle—Shippers, per cwt., $4.00 to $4.50; butcher choice, do., $3.75 to $4.10; butcher, medium to good, $3.25 to $3 50; butcher, inferior, $2.25 to $2.75; stockers, per cwt., $2.25 to $3.00; export bulls, per cwt., $3 25 to $4 00.

Sheep and lambs—Sheep, per cwt., $3.25 to $3.50; spring lambs, per cwt. $3.50 to $4.00; bucks, per cwt., $2.75 to $3.00.

Milkers and Calves.—Cows, each, $20 to $40; calves, each, $2 to $8.00.

Hogs—Choice hogs, per cwt., $4.50 to $4.75; light hogs, per cwt., $4.00 to $4.25; heavy hogs, per cwt., $4.00 to $4.25; store hogs, per cwt. $4; sows, $3.00 to $3.50; stags, $2.00 to $2.25.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Cattle steady at Monday's basis. Calves steady at unchanged figures; choice to extra, $7.75 to $8; good to choice, $7.25 to $7.50. Sheep and lambs fairly active; lambs, choice to extra, $5.25 to $5.40; good to choice $5 to $5.25; sheep, choice to extra, $4 to $4 25; good to choice, $3 75 to $4. Hogs—Market opened at $5.05 to $5.07½; closed firm, at $5 10 to $5.15; Yorkers, medium and heavy, $5 15; roughs, $4 50 to $4.65; stags, $3.75 to $4.25.

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J. K FORAN, LIT. D., LL. B.
(LATE EDITOR OF THE TRUE WITNESS.)

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PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

"Curious," says our old friend, "how speakers affect me. I heard one the other day, a very learned man with no end of titles, and I found him a perfect cure for insomnia. But I remember listening to one who quite convinced me that the tales of past oratorical triumphs were within the bound of truth. He did not have what you would term a beautiful voice. He was simply in earnest, and with every word hot with enthusiasm. He was unconscious of everything save the truth he was preaching, and his language could readily be understood by every auditor." We think that man speakers have little or no influence because they indulge too largely in rhetorical pyrotechnics, or because the imagine that studied expression, which is oftimes turgid, is alone appreciat by the public. This is little better th self-manifestation, and the hearers a quick to perceive it. The speech th finds a place in our hearts is the one th is tinged with the blood of the orator that has engrossed his thoughts a comes from his lips with an earnestn that convinces those who hear him th he means what he says.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AS POLI CAL CANDIDATES.

The English elections were markable for the number authors who were aspirants seats in the British parliame Amongst the successful were Mes Norman and the erratic Churchi and amongst the defeated the reneg Catholic, Conan Doyle. Dr. D stood for a division of Edinburgh was beaten, though he endeavore propitiate the anti Catholic voters declaring that he regarded hard fast dogma of every kind as an unju fiable and essentially irrelig thing, putting assertion in the pla reason, and giving rise to more tention, bitterness and want of cha than any other influence in huma fairs. He professed, also, a grea spect for the Catholic electors, but it as much influence upon them as his wishy-washy infidel pronu mento upon Protestants—and he mains a private citizen. Now Cath will know where to place this belauded man of letters, and w chary of purchasing his "White pany," a most offensive book in respects, and "The Refugees."

A DANGEROUS SCHOOL SYS

Professor MacLaughlin of the cago University has joined the increasing number of those who b that the public school system United States has, so far, fall short of what was predicted for it friends. He says that the influe the public school on political and conditions is practically nil this talk about the beneficent of our system of free education i ing the laboring classes more ef ly industrious is mere humbu balderdash. "As an elevatin on the masses," he says, "our school system is a gigantic fra makes individuals of the lower brassy cheeked and presumptu does not in the least better thei tion sociologically." The p goes on to say that, in order t the condition of the masses, the be less politics and more in manual training in the schools.

He is evidently one of those lieve that the highest concep'ion cation is to prepare children world. But other prominent f education have gone more de the subject than the Chicago p and have declared that the godle such as is in vogue in the Publi of the United States, cannot b failure. And to our mind that tem is a standing menace to ility of the Republic. If the of the State is not dependent on the wisdom of those who destinies, but on the virtue o zen, we fail to see how a sy ignores religion and moralit otherwise than dangerous.

The truest help we can re afflicted man is not to take from him, but to call out strength that he may be able burden.—Phillips Brooks.