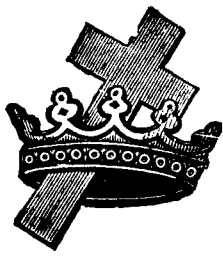


OTTAWA, ONT.  
Common R. Room

# Northwest Review.



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

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## CURRENT COMMENT

The "Catholic World" for February, is a decidedly strong number. It opens with a biographical sketch of the late Paulist Superior General by the Very Rev. George M. Searle, of the same congregation. We get a glimpse of Father Deshon's deep spirituality. Father Searle knew him as his novice-master, and he says "it was to the interior life of love of God and union with Him that he constantly directed our thoughts and efforts; detachment from the world, poverty, obedience and mutual charity were favorite subjects with him for conferences. Indeed his words to us were very much the same as might have been addressed to Carthusians or the hermits or coenobites of the desert, who were certainly his favorite saints. . . . Perhaps he may have gone too far in this direction; but if it was a mistake, it was a mistake on the right side. The actual and unavoidable practice of the exterior life will show to the well disposed the virtues necessary for it; but the interior life and that of the community as such may easily be forgotten, or at any rate undervalued, in the rush and pressure of external affairs."

The Rev. Dr. James J. Fox's paper on "Herbert Spencer" is the most comprehensive and illuminating analysis of the late philosopher's work we have yet seen, and would of itself mark this number of the "Catholic World," as particularly valuable. Thirty years ago the writer reminds us, "the people who dubbed themselves the Party of Advanced Thought—some of whom did think, most of whom had their advanced thinking done for them, if asked for a profession of their philosophical and religious faith might have expressed their creed with Mohammedan simplicity in the formula, 'Great is Evolution and Herbert Spencer is its prophet.' . . . The endless quarrel between religion and science was closed at last, never to be revived; for the Supreme Pontiff of knowledge had divided the universe of being impartially between them; science receiving as her proper domain everything about which anything could be known; religion, everything about which nothing could ever be known." But all this is now changed. "The comparative study of religions has demonstrated that, even from the purely Positivistic point of view, Spencer's theory" that all religions were a growth from the savage's belief in dreams and his fear of ancestral ghosts "was a piece of solemn nonsense; and evolutionists themselves soon had come to recognize that religion has its roots in human reason and has played a predominant part in the promotion of human progress." Elsewhere Dr. Fox truly says: "Evolution, even if accepted without reservation, is now seen to be but a process, that no more accounts for the primal origin of things than a railroad timetable constructs the locomotive. Not alone does it leave untouched the proof which the universe proclaims of an intelligent Creator, but it sets forth order and design in the world with far more impressive grandeur than they received in the argument of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises."

"What has brought about this reevaluation of Spencer's works?" asks Dr. Fox. "The chief cause," he replies, "was the defects in the system itself. These are of three kinds: in the first place, some of its most fundamental principles are not only false but are in glaring contradiction with one another; secondly, in the development of his theories, Spencer's logic exhibits

fatal flaws—gratuitous assumptions, unwarranted inferences, an inveterate trick of turning a 'may-have-been' in the next, and an 'a priori' method of treating facts, ignoring all the inconvenient ones, and considering only those which squared with or could be twisted to fit into his preconceived theories. Thirdly, and especially, his philosophy, as a practical scheme for the guidance of life, is the negation of all moral values. Instead of justifying the dignity of life, the importance of conduct, the immeasurable gulf between virtue and vice, its logical conclusion is that good and bad are equally the manifestation of the irresistible energy which determines the conduct of every individual as inexorably as it does the movements of the stars; that the saint and the profligate are equally the result of forces over which they have no control. Assailed on all sides by metaphysicians and biologists, by independent freethinkers, and by theologians of every school, by moralists and physicists, by Martineau and Ward, by Mivart and Westermarck, by evolutionists and anti-evolutionists, the structural weaknesses, as well as the innumerable defects of detail, which exist in the system, stand palpably exposed to its discredit."

The latest issue (Feb. 6,) of the "Ave Maria" supplies strong confirmation of this view by quoting the testimony of Dr. Edward von Hartmann, an anti-Christian philosopher, to the effect that Darwinism is dead. Dr. von Hartmann writes:

In the sixties of the past century the opposition of the older group of savants to the Darwinian hypothesis was still supreme. In the seventies the new idea began to gain ground rapidly in all cultured countries. In the eighties Darwin's influence was at its height, and exercised an almost absolute control over technical research. In the nineties for the first time a few timid expressions of doubt and opposition were heard, and these gradually swelled to a great chorus of voices aiming at the overthrow of the Darwinian theory. In the first decade of the twentieth century it has become apparent that the days of Darwinism are numbered. Among its latest opponents are such savants as Eimer, Gustav Wolf, De Vries, Hoocke, Von Wellstein, Fleischman, Reinke and many others.

Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., continues in the February "Catholic World" his able study of "Professor Harnack and the Gospels," in which he proves that the learned Professor overlooks all that does not square with his specious but faulty generalization, misunderstands the gospels because of his ignorance of Catholic asceticism, takes little or no account of our eternal destiny, and, in one word, teaches "a mere shadowy Theism."

Dr. James J. Walsh's article, in the same number, on "Parsifal and a Great Literary Century" is a splendid vindication of that culmination of the Middle Ages, the really glorious thirteenth century. "Very few people realize," he says, "that the great Meistersinger Wolfram" Von Eschenbach, the inspirer of Wagner's Parsifal, which is the watchword of the hour, "far from being a solitary poetic personality in the midst of a period arid in literary growth, was only one of a series of supreme poets—makers or creators in the true sense of the Greek original (poietes) whose work has had more influence on mankind, with the exception, of course of the great Greek poets, than those of any other period in history." Strong as this assertion

is, Dr. Walsh proves it up to the hilt. He reviews the Spanish poem of the Cid, the Arthurian legends of Britain, the legendary epic poetry of Northern France and the Trouveres of Picardy, the Master songs of South Germany, with the Minnesingers of the time, the Troubadours of southern France, the Italian poetry of the thirteenth century, culminating in Dante, and the Latin hymns of that epoch. With regard to these last he shows that these "Latin hymn writers did two very wonderful things. One was that for the first time in its history they made the Latin language an original vehicle for the expression of poetic thought according to its own genius." For the so-called classic Latin poetry was an echo of Greek both in substance and form. It did not spring from the people, and it never moved the people. But the Christian hymns were proper folk poetry, the Bible of the People, their true Homeric poems. "Second, the hymn writers brought rhyme to such perfection," the rhyme they had themselves created, "that the developing modern languages, which during this century for the first time began to be used in literary fashion took up this mode of expression in a way that followed the sublimely beautiful models so often resounding in their ears in the Church services of the time." He illustrates the beauty of these hymns by the "Dies Irae," which Professor Saintsbury, "perhaps the greatest living critic of European literature" calls "the greatest of all hymns and one of the greatest of all poems. . . . nearly or quite the most perfect wedding of sound to sense." Dr. Walsh concludes his beautiful article with these words: "It is a matter for never ending felicitation that at last these Middle Ages are coming to their deserved meed of appreciation. We shall get away from the conventionality that has wrapped us round, binding minds as well as hands, just to the extent that we come into admiration and emulation of our wonderful Christian forefathers."

An article of altogether a different type, albeit a very suggestive one, is Mr. Albert Reynaud's "Thoughts on Philosophy" (Eternity and Heaven). Here we have, no longer what Dr. Walsh showed us in Dante, a philosopher wielding masterful poetry, but a poet venturing into philosophy. The result is not quite satisfactory. There is a haziness about Mr. Reynaud's philosophic dreams which recalls certain passages in Father Hecker's books. "Life implies act," this is true; but when the writer goes on to identify act with motion, he fails to understand life as it is in God. God is substantial life, the plenitude of life, but He is Himself blissfully immovable, not "Motus primus," as Mr. Reynaud, by an astonishing blunder, calls Him, but "Motor Primus." Mr. Reynaud does not realize that the true definition of life is "immanent action;" the more immanent is the act, the more perfect is the life. His views of space and time smack of Kant's error about the limitlessness of both. However, many of Mr. Reynaud's ideas are ingenious and thought provoking.

The visit which our Archbishop lately made to ten French Canadian parishes in and near Chicago will probably attract a considerable number of immigrants. His Grace noticed that well-to-do Canadian farmers in that region were looking for farms for their numerous offspring. Now, in several of those thickly settled districts farms are worth more than a hundred dollars an acre. How much easier for the sons of Illinois farmers to settle in Manitoba than in the

neighborhood of their father's farms. Mgr. Langevin, with his usual eloquence, made the most of this golden opportunity. He would not, of course, depopulate those flourishing parishes; but, since the fledglings must leave the paternal nest, what better place to fly to than this our matchless Canadian land, where thirty or forty acres can be had for the price of one over there?

Another result of His Grace's visit to Illinois is one that more nearly concerns this journal. The editor of the "Victorian," the journal of the celebrated Catholic College at Bourbonnais, Ill., where the Archbishop of St. Boniface was right royally welcomed, has kindly sent us several copies of that interesting publication, with the request that we should exchange. We do so with pleasure and profit to ourselves. Nothing, for instance, could be more graceful than the Rev. President's address (published in the January number) to the students of St. Viator's College on the eve of their departure for the Christmas holidays. The same distinguished Father Marsile contributes to another number a dainty little French poem. Only, how queer the beautiful French words look, stripped, as they are, of all their proper clothing of accents!

On Thursday of last week at the skating carnival in the Auditorium rink some of the masqueraders appeared dressed as nuns. Our great dailies seem to have enjoyed this insulting feature. One says: "The horrors of the Inquisition, represented by dusky dominoes, were offset by sweet-faced nuns;" another speaks of "monks in their hooded stoles (sic!) skating arm in arm with gypsies brandishing tambourines; the meek-faced and quiet garbed nun swinging swiftly round the corners with a court jester, saying most unclerical things in her ear." The names of the monk or monks do not appear in the list of skaters in costume, but one man and one woman are named as wearing the dress of nuns. The less said about their lack of taste and tact, the better. How would these fashionable fools enjoy a Catholic masquerading in the apron and gaiters of an Anglican bishop? They seem to have no more consideration for the feelings of Catholics than that widower who sang a song deriding celibacy in the presence of the guest of the hour, the Delegate Apostolic, the Archbishop and a numerous gathering of the Catholic clergy. But perhaps the most scandalous aspect of the whole performance was the hearty co-operation of a few well known Catholics in a distinctly Protestant church festival under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of All Saints.

## Persons and Facts

The Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen" announces that the Marquette statue, placed in Statuary Hall, Washington, D.C., by the State of Wisconsin, has finally been accepted by a vote of the United States Senate. A delay of eight years was due "to a large amount of latent, or active bigotry and cowardice in the makeup of politicians and office holders."

Mrs. John McBride, better known as Maud Goune, is the mother of a bouncing boy, who has been christened "Sagan," which is equivalent to "Shaun" or "John."

Apropos of a donation to a London church by Lady French, the San Francisco "Leader," an unimpeachable authority on all things Irish, says the name of this noble Irish family is properly printed with a small initial, in printing

phraseology, with a 'lower case f.' The present Lord French is descended from a gentleman who represented Wexford in the English parliament in the days of Edward III., (1327-1377).

Mrs. Wright, the wife of the new Governor-General of the Philippines is a Catholic. She is the daughter of Admiral Semmes, of the Confederate navy. Her children are all being brought up in the Catholic Church.

Our venerable contemporary, the "Catholic Mirror" of Baltimore, was recently in financial straits; but when last Sunday's appalling conflagration destroyed most of Baltimore's great newspaper offices the Herald of that city was only too glad to be set by hand in the office of the "Catholic Mirror."

At the Gesu Church in Milwaukee on Jan. 31, in presence of a large congregation, Mr. Charles H. Schultz, late rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal parish, was baptized by the Rev. Henry W. Otting, S. J. Mr. Schultz is in his 48th year.

Mr. Green, Vice-Council for Sweden and Norway, who has been seriously ill, is now, we are happy to state, improving.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the Boston "Pilot," and author of that immortal skit "The V-A-S-E," has taken to himself a second wife, in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Vaughan Okie, a recent convert. Mr. Roche lost his first wife 21 years ago.

Mutsu-Hito, the Emperor of Japan, is fifty-two years old.

Captain Colin MacRae, of the famous Scottish regiment, known as the Black Watch, was recently received into the Church by the Jesuit Fathers of Glasgow.

The Scotch Catholic directory for 1904 gives the Catholic population of Scotland as 513,400.

Mr. Marchand, the Montreal architect, who came here a fortnight ago to prepare plans for the new wing to St. Boniface hospital, has now completed them and will return to Montreal on Saturday, the 13th inst. The portion to be built this year will be 200 feet long and four stories high added on to the south of the present building. This addition will cost over \$150,000.

Mother Francis, an Ursuline nun from Grand Forks, is dying at St. Boniface hospital, whither she was brought lately by Nurse O'Rourke.

Nurse Brennan, who came from Ireland some eighteen months ago, to St. Boniface hospital, is dangerously ill there.

Thorvaldur Thorvaldson, a former student of Wesley College, who was second in the last Previous competitive order-of-merit award of scholarships in Manitoba University, in 1900, Adonias Sabourin, of St. Boniface College, coming out first with the medal, died on February 10, last Wednesday, as a first year student in the Harvard Graduate school at Cambridge, Mass. He was taking a course in physics and mathematics and was 25 years of age.

Mr. E. McCarthy of Regina, who is winning laurels in the Bonspeil, is accompanied by Mrs. McCarthy in his visit to Winnipeg. Their daughter Blanche, is at St. Mary's Academy.

Not content with cheating the people of St. Boniface out of a direct car service to Winnipeg throughout this unusually severe

winter, the Street Railway Company bestow on them the meanest and shabbiest of their cars and even that car is not properly heated. When the conductor complains that the stove will not draw because the stovepipe is not long enough the directors of the Company cannot prevail on their workmen to cross Norwood bridge and remedy the mischief. Passengers are welcome to shiver across that bridge; but workmen, who are paid to cross it, will not. The only good feature of the St. Boniface car service is the politeness of the conductors. The Company has had the good sense to choose Frenchmen, and a French official is necessarily a polite official. Not so with the Fort Rouge car conductors. One fails to see why insult should be added to injury by these mostly non-Canadian, conductors, calling out at the corner of River avenue: "Change cars for the holy city," or "Change cars for gay Paree."

**Clerical News.**

Rev. Father Boutin, E.M.I., was here early in the week.

Rev. Father Giroux, pastor of Ste. Anne des Chenes, was honored last Wednesday by the visit of many of his clerical brethren, on occasion of his pastoral feast, St. Raymond of Pennafort. The Sisters' pupils gave a successful entertainment in the evening.

The Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, recently translated to the archdiocese of Milwaukee, has severed his official connection with his former diocese of Green Bay, and Mgr. J. J. Fox has been appointed administrator of that see.

There is a tomahawk loose in the Green Bay diocese since Father Loose has been transferred to the parish of Tomahawk.

Rev. Mr. Deshaies was ordained subdeacon at St. Boniface last Sunday, deacon on Thursday at St. Anne's, and will be raised to the priesthood next Sunday by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Last Wednesday morning the Most Rev. I. P. A. Langevin, Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., Rev. Dr. Bellevue, Rev. Father Desrosiers, Rev. Father Mireault and Rev. Mr. Deshaies left for St. Anne des Chenes, to be present at Rev. Father Giroux's celebration of his name-day. Rev. Father Perrault had gone thither the previous day.

Rev. Father Van de Velde preached a successful mission of three days, ending Thursday, the 11th inst., in the Cathedral of St. Boniface, to his Flemish brethren. From seventy to a hundred were present at the mission exercises morning and evening. On Thursday the distinguished preacher left with Rev. Father Zerbach, who had come to get him, for Balgonie, where he will be assistant to Father Zerbach. As there are 300 Catholic families in that parish and the dependent missions, there is plenty of work for two zealous priests.

The attention of the clergy is respectfully directed to the change in the Calendar for February 20th. On that day it is allowable to say the Mass and office of the Immaculate Conception, not of the Passion as appears in the supplement to the Ordo. This correction is approved by the Very Rev. Vicar General

**Regina Notes.**

(Received too late for last week's issue).

Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., passed Sunday at Neudorf. Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., was at Zitchidori and Rev. Father Kasper celebrated the service for Germans at half past nine and that for the English at eleven o'clock, preaching on both occasions. Rev. Father Kasper took for his text the words "Whither goest thou?" and his sermon was a most touching and practical one.—A preparation for the coming holy season of Lent. Surely these holy fathers work unceasingly for our spiritual welfare.

May God grant they may have the consolation of seeing the fruit of their labors.

Rev. Father Sinnett passed north to Prince Albert on Friday morning, where we learn he is to be Vicar General for Right Rev. Bishop Pascal. Our local papers show, by their notices in reference to the event, the high esteem in which Rev. Father Sinnett was held by all classes during his sojourn among us. We hope to be favored with a visit from the dear Rev. Father in the near future.

Lumsden hopes to have a new church in the early summer; the site has been donated in the west end of the town, and Mr. Grant who has been collecting for the building says he has been greeted with most generous donations. There are about twenty-six families in Lumsden and surrounding country. They are in earnest however, and mean to have a church, believing that "where there's a will there's a way."

**IN MEMORY OF MRS. McANANY.**

"Heaven envied blessed earth and claimed her for its own."

On Sunday morning Mrs. McAnany (nee Davis) died at the residence of Mr. Porter, Cornwall street, Regina. Her grief-stricken husband left on Monday morning with the remains for Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. McAnany came to Regina about four months ago on their honeymoon trip. Mrs. McAnany took sick about Christmas, and despite the efforts of skilled physicians and loving nurses, God decreed otherwise and, fortified with the last rites of our holy church, full of the most childlike faith and resignation, she passed away. During Mrs. McAnany's short stay among us she endeared herself to all who had the pleasure of meeting her. In her last illness she was attended by Rev. Father Kasper, O.M.I., who in referring to her death said: "Hers was a most peaceful death—the echo of her saintly life. The scene at her death bed was a most beautiful and edifying one, one never to be forgotten." To her bereaved husband and dear ones we would say with the poet:—

"Weep not that her toils are over,  
Weep not that her race is run  
God grant we may rest as calmly,  
When our work like hers is done."

The ties by which you were united are not broken, they are only to be renewed in the future, and enjoyed in eternity. Be comforted in knowing that the world is the better for her having lived in it. Let us be the stronger and more faithful in our lives, that our future may be assured in the mansions prepared for us by Our dear Redeemer, in whom Mrs. McAnany so firmly trusted. We tender our deepest sympathy to the bereaved husband and father while we say devoutly "Loving Jesu grant her rest eternal."

"Lovingly fold her snow white hands  
Over the motionless breast,  
Smooth back the brown hair  
Close the dear eyes,  
Leave her to sleep with the blest."

GENA MacFARLANE,  
Regina, Feb. 1904.

**ADDRESS TO ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN.**

To His Grace the Most Reverend Adalard Langevin, D.D., Archbishop of St. Boniface.

Your Grace,—Ever since we heard the glad news of your visit to Chicago to set the seal of your approval and encouragement upon the work of one of our alumni, we have felt as though we owed you a personal debt of gratitude. Indeed you have journeyed a long distance, and in inclement weather, to come and give words of cheer and benediction to one of Chicago's large congregations, and to bid these good people exult and rejoice and praise and thank God who so visibly and abundantly blesses them. Because the honor and the inspiration which you give to Notre Dame and to Father Bergeron, who is one of ours, we account as bestowed upon ourselves, we claim the privilege of

thanking you most sincerely and cordially. Your presence in the archdiocese of Chicago at a distance so remote from the far north to assist at the solemn dedication of what has been beautifully called the "gem of the great city's churches" is in itself the most princely sanction of work well done and is, to all those who engage in the holy work of educating men and saving souls, an inspiration and an encouragement.

But we had yearned for even another reason to be grateful to Your Grace, and that was the favor of your visit. For several days have we lived upon the fond expectation of the great honor which marks this blissful moment. No further need have we to bid you welcome at St. Viateur's College. No need have we to hand you the symbolic keys by whose turning you would gain access to our hearts. The hearts and arms of the youth of St. Viateur are always open to receive a father and a friend, an apostle and a teacher.

Often have we read the thrilling narrative of the apostolic labors of those great missionaries, the true civilizers of the vast Northwest, in whose footsteps you are now so faithfully treading. Well do we know the hardships which these pioneer bishops, the Provenchers, the Taches, the Cluts, the Grandins, your predecessors and contemporaries, have had to endure and the Christly zeal which they displayed in sowing, over the snowy wildernesses of the wild Northwest, the seed of faith which even now has blossomed into the hundreds of cross-crowned steeples which dot that vast territory.

You are of that family of indefatigable workers for a cause that has always appealed to elite souls and in a field in which only those who are shod with the courage of apostles will venture.

While no doubt much of your time and energy must needs be spent on missionary journeys, still you have not been unmindful of the means for the advancement of the people confided to your care. Many and vital are the needs of a country in which colonization is going on. Supreme among your cares for the benefit of the growing population of Manitoba has been the procuring of Catholic schools for the lambs of your flock. With open arms you have appealed to your countrymen in the words of Christ: "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." We hope to see the day when your championing of this goodly cause will be crowned with fullest success. Then and then only shall we feel assured that the civilization of the Northwest will rest upon a secure basis and that it will grow so grand, so strong and so beautiful as to set the standard for all America.

If we have allowed ourselves a heart-to-heart talk with Your Grace, it was because we were reminded that you were once yourself a student and one of the distinguished professors of the great University of Ottawa which we hope will soon rise from out of its ashes more than ever powerful for good. Knowing as you do the fondness with which college men and boys gather the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of the great, and how sacredly we regard the blessing of priestly hands, you will, we feel confident, gratify both our wishes. Once more, Most Reverend Archbishop, be assured of our respectful affection, and most cordial welcome.

Faculty and Students of St. Viateur's College.  
Bourbonnais, Ill., Jan. 1904.

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REV. FATHER GEORGE  
DESHON.

(Continued from last week.)

He was born in New London, eighty years ago. His family goes back to very early American ancestry. He was reared in Protestantism. In his early manhood he entered West Point, and there was graduated second in a class in which Grant was near the foot. His early associations with Grant had made them lifelong friends. The military training he received was so imbued into his system that he was ever after known as the "soldier priest," on account of his military bearing. For five years after his graduation he was instructor of Ethics and Mathematics.

It was at this time that the religious question interested him, and after some years of thought and investigation he submitted to the Church. In his priestly life as a missionary his forte was the didactic instructions, for he had little of the orator's power of imagination. He was hard-headed and logical, with a certain directness of speech and a forcefulness of manner that eschewed the grace of oratory. The severity of his mind led him to incline to asceticism, and his sermons, a volume of which has been recently published, were led with the best ideas of both ascetical and mystical theology. He was an author of some distinction.

During his missionary life he published a volume, "Guide for Young Women," which has run through thirty-two editions. He probably had as much to do in shaping the activities of the Paulists as any one other member, because of his hard-headed common sense view of affairs.

Father Hecker referred to him a great deal, while Father Hewitt, who had no attrait for detail of every day life, retired during the term of his superiority to the quiet solitudes of a scholarly life at the Catholic University and left the management to Father Deshon. He continued in charge of affairs to the day of his death.

He rounded out a long life of four score years of intense activity. He was rarely, if ever, sick, and he died as he always desired, "in the harness" and practically on his feet. He spent the last evening of his life correcting an old sermon. He retired at the usual hour. Toward midnight, feeling that his heart was giving out, he summoned an attendant. By a hurried call some of the fathers were gathered at his bedside, the last sacraments were administered and the end came quickly, though not suddenly. He had a warning the week before that at any time his heart might stop, and he was prepared for the emergency.

Life for him was a battlefield. The strictness and regularity of his life savored a good deal of the military discipline of the barracks. Every morning of his life he was up and out at 5 o'clock, and was often the first at the common meditation at 5.30 in the chapel. He rarely, if ever, missed celebrating his daily Mass at six o'clock and to all other exercises of his priestly life he was just as faithful.

He is gone, but the great stone church is his monument, and quietly under its towers he is laid to rest. Their massive, simple grandeur will speak more eloquently than any epitaph of the rugged virtues and the sterling worth of George Deshon.

L'EPREUVE D'UN AMANT.

(Love Taps).

Johnnie Canuck, he alright man,  
He no like mak' de troub,  
He stan' for lot of de worrie,  
But, since hees too hard rub,  
By Gar, hees stan upon hees right,  
He lift hees voice so loud  
He start de eagle off its egg,  
It hide behind de cloud.

De eagle say, "Karoo, what's dat?  
He mak' so loud de fuss!  
Dear me, is it ma fren' Johnnie,  
She kick up so much duss?  
He got me trim for forty ways  
For maken beeg de noise,  
If he was size lik' Uncid Sam  
You hear him far de skies.

"It no pleasure see dat Canuck  
Have fit for sure and dance,  
I'll go for see ma bon Johnnie,  
And mak' heem more pleasnice."  
"Bon jour, Johnnie, comment ce va?"  
"A bas le temps," says he,  
"For mak' it de smart bargain  
You once more do beat me."

"We have good case," Sir Willfrid say

"We own Canal de Lynn.  
It be de fine beeg waterway  
Tak' out de Klondik' tin.  
De Yankee haif to leave de plas'  
Dyca and Skagawaa."  
John Bull he say, "Go back, sit down  
You are so bold, Johnnie.

"Clear off de plas, you're in de way  
Your Uncid Jonattan;  
We let you play on Isle de Pierce  
Close near Portland Canal.  
He let you catch the sockeye feesh,  
He leave dere some few can;  
You pack dem full, do good beezness,  
Cheer up, ma leetle man."

So every tam we mak' treetee  
Wid Uncid Sam's de same.  
She's little wonder Jack Canuck  
Hee's gettin' tire de game.  
De British lion he wink its eye  
When eagle steal de caff,  
An' say, "Long's you down tak' de cow  
John Bull he only laff."

Now, Uncid Sam I like for sure  
I t'ink Sam he like me.  
It's his beezness to do his bes'  
For hees great beeg cuntrye.  
Dey's plenty room for boat of us,  
In Nort' Amerika,  
Yet every time I push heem close  
"Hinch over," John Bull say.

John Bull not always like dat talk;  
When I help heem fight Boer,  
He say nice t'ings. I fix tarif,  
He spik plezont once more,  
He geeve us plenty libertie,  
De bes' laws on de eart'.  
He sen' us nice quite Governor,  
We pay heem what hee's wort'.

Beeg iron ship kip our coas' clear,  
By Gar! Dat's where Bull shine,  
Dat's all for love—cost us not'ing.  
John Bull he us remine.  
So, when he push our mountain back

He beat the Profiet Arab,  
He mak' dose mountain come to us,  
We mus' be good and share up.

De shamrock, rose and tissel yet,  
Mus' mak' bouquet wid maple.  
De beaver he gnaw down no tree  
Where want to roost de eagle.  
We feel not bad, but jealous some,  
How John Bull like hees daughter

Columbia, dat 'lope wid Sam,  
While we stay home wit' mudder.  
—M. F. CROSS,

The old time splendor of Mississippi river steamboating is to be revived between St. Paul and St. Louis during the season of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition next summer by the Exposition Transportation Company, recently organized in St. Paul.

The members of this company realized the majority of World's Fair tourists will wish to include in their visit to St. Louis the magnificent upper river trip, than which there is none more beautiful and picturesque in the world. Combined with this is the fact that the visitor whose stay is limited will exhaust a considerable portion of his time in seeking quarters. The prospectus of the Exposition Transportation Company anticipates operating a line of palacial steamers between St. Paul and St. Louis next summer, each accompanied by a consort, or large floating hotel which will be moored for one week at a private dock convenient to the fair grounds. The oppressive heat of the city will be avoided by night, the boat and consort dropping down stream a dozen or fifteen miles every night, simply keeping under control in midstream, where a breeze always blows and the air is always cool, until the return to the dock early each morning.

The consorts will be used exclusively for the sleeping compartments—the advantage of this removal from the noise and vibration of the engines and from the kitchen and dining room being obvious.

While en route to and from St. Louis it is proposed to add to the

natural beauties of the trip by furnishing every possible comfort and luxury, a full orchestra will be carried, and dancing on the main boat will be indulged in every evening.

The selection of operating officials indicates a determination on the part of the owners to place in charge men who know their business thoroughly. The general manager is Captain E. C. Anthony one of the best known owners and operators of Mississippi steamboats, who for many years has been identified with the excursion business on the upper river. Paul D. Chandler, an official of the Mutual Transit Company, whose boats ply the great lakes between Buffalo and Duluth, has been chosen as general passenger agent.

The rapidity with which bookings are being made even thus early, would indicate that the success of this unique project is assured, and that the Company will be obliged to reject late applicants on account of lack of space.



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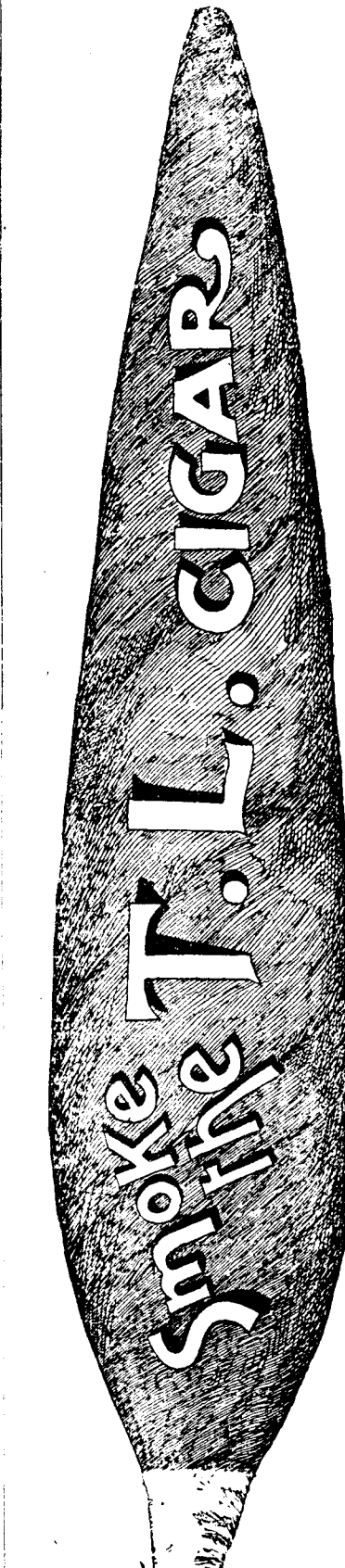
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Wheat	53,077,267
Oats	34,478,160
Barley	11,848,422
Flax	564,440
Rye	49,900
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SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1904.

## Calendar for Next Week.

### FEBRUARY.

- 14—Quinquagesima Sunday. Com-  
 memoration of St. Valentine.
- 15—Monday—The Prayer of Our  
 Lord in the Garden (transferred  
 from the Tuesday after Septua-  
 gesima).
- 16—Tuesday—The Seven Founders  
 of the Servite Order (trans-  
 ferred from the 11th inst.).  
 Shrove Tuesday.
- 17—Ash Wednesday. Beginning of  
 the Lenten Fast.
- 18—Thursday—St. Cyril, Bishop of  
 Alexandria and Doctor (trans-  
 ferred from the 9th inst.)
- 19—Friday—The Crown of Thorns.
- 20—Saturday—Votive Office of the  
 Immaculate Conception (not of  
 the Passion, as the supplement  
 to the Ordo, of this diocese,  
 has it by mistake).

### FATHER DRUMMOND ON JESUIT EDUCATION.

On the invitation of Mr. Young and Mr. Best, of the Winnipeg Normal School Rev. Father Drummond gave an informal talk to the Normalites of both Winnipeg and St. Boniface in the St. Boniface Normal School, on Friday afternoon, the 5th inst. There were present, besides Mr. Young and Mr. Goulet, 42 students from Winnipeg and twelve from St. Boniface.

When introducing the lecturer, Mr. Young expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing the English-speaking and French-speaking students assembled together. Having himself received his early education in a French settlement, he had always held that both elements gain from a better knowledge of each other.

Father Drummond began by a brief review of the Renaissance or Humanist movement in education. It originated in Italy, where there lived in the fifteenth century one of the ablest and most amiable educators in the history of all ages: Vittorino da Feltre. His fame and methods spread far and wide. It is certain that his influence was felt in Germany and England. A common historical error is to imagine that Edward VI., the first really Protestant king, was the founder of grammar schools. The fact is that England was probably better provided with grammar schools before the Reformation than it has ever been since. Mr. Leach, in "English Schools at the Reformation," says that three hundred grammar schools is a moderate estimate for the year 1535, twelve years before the accession of Edward VI., whom his warmest admirers credit with the founding of only 51 grammar schools. Too many of these humanist schools, however, taught the classics in a pagan spirit and propagated impiety, under the guise of learning. It was to remedy this abuse of a good thing that Ignatius founded the Society of Jesus.

Before treating explicitly of the Jesuit system of education Father Drummond spoke of a charge falsely made against the Jesuits, which had been the subject of a recent debate among the Normal Students of Winnipeg. The Jesuits were accused of teaching that the end justifies the means. Well, there is a legitimate sense in which every sane mind must admit this principle. When a means or action is

in itself indifferent, neither good nor bad, such as walking, reading, writing, etc., a good end ennobles or justifies that means, making it a really good action. But this is not the sense commonly attached to the charge: it is taken to mean that a good end justifies a bad means, for instance, that a lie uttered to attain a good end becomes justifiable. Now this the Jesuits have never taught. They have always taught and still teach exactly the opposite. The lecturer here quoted from Father Joseph Rickaby's Moral Philosophy, a Jesuit work which enjoys a great reputation among all Catholics. Father Rickaby says, with regard to the end justifying the means in this bad sense: "That doctrine is false, because the moral character of a human act depends on the thing willed, on the subjects of volition. Now the object of volition is not only the end in view, but likewise the means chosen." Further on, alluding to the legitimate sense of the principle impugned, he adds: "As a great part of the things we do are indifferent both in themselves and in the circumstances of the doing of them, the moral character of our lives depends largely on the ends that we habitually propose to ourselves." Father Drummond challenged anyone to produce a single text from a Jesuit writer teaching that a good end justifies a bad means. Many such challenges had been backed by offers of money for the discovery of any such text, but the text had never been produced. He was not sanguine of convincing all his hearers, but he solemnly affirmed that if such had been the teaching of the Society of Jesus he would long ago have left that Order. But he was happy to state that on this day, the 36th anniversary of his donning the Jesuit gown, he still hoped to breathe his last therein.

Passing on to the distinctive features of the education of the Jesuits, Father Drummond read from and refuted the chapter on "Jesuitic Education" in Rosenkrantz's "Philosophy of Education," which was, a few years ago one of the text-books in the Normal course of Winnipeg. That chapter was a tissue of "thumping lies," due to ignorance and malice. If Rosenkrantz knew so little of Jesuit education, which was all around him in Germany and the rest of Europe, what was the value of his learned-looking chapters on defunct and far-off systems like the education of the Phoenicians or "Monkish education in Thibet," of which he discourses with an air of profundity masking his real shallowness.

As far as the teaching of Latin and Greek were concerned the Jesuits aimed at teaching them by the conversational method, which is, after all the most rational. The Ollendorff method of making several similar sentences out of a few words, repeated over and over again in the interrogative, negative and direct forms is simply an application of the Jesuit system which has been in use for more than three hundred years.

The Jesuits did not confine their teaching to languages. They were always in advance of their age in the teaching of mathematics and the natural sciences. They have been reproached with paying too much attention to rhetoric; but that attention has borne great fruit, their pupils write and deliver excellent discourses. Now the power to compose an effective discourse, which has a head, a body and a tail, is one of the best single tests of true intellectual culture. Most speakers who have not that culture write and speak without order or logic, and consequently produce little or no effect.

The last point touched upon was the Jesuit system of supervising the work and general conduct of their pupils. On this subject Father Drummond read an extract from "Truth," the well known London journal edited by a Protestant. Speaking about scandalous disclosures on board the school-ship Britannia, Mr. Labouchere said there were two kinds of public schools, the Jesuit and the Gaol-bird school. "The Jesuit idea of school life is that a boy at school should, as far as possible, be in the same position as he will afterwards be in as a man of the world, that is to say, not the position of

a wild beast in an African jungle, free to do what he pleases, but of a human being in a civilized country living under the eye of the law. . . . The Gaol-bird system is simplicity itself. The head master draws his salary, attends to the teaching of Greek and Latin, and shuts his eyes firmly, deliberately, conscientiously, like an English gentleman, as he would say himself, to everything else going on around him."

In conclusion Father Drummond said that if anyone wanted to know the truth about Jesuit Education, he would find it all most frankly and fairly stated, with abundant Protestant testimonies to confirm it, in a recent work, which he held in his hand, "Jesuit Education—its history and principles viewed in the light of modern educational problems," by Robert Schwickerath, S.J., B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., 1903.

Mr. Young then thanked Father Drummond for his interesting lecture, the vote of thanks being seconded by one of the Normal students. Mr. Goulet closed the proceedings by a few well chosen words confirming by his own happy experience the Jesuit system of teaching and supervision.

### AN EVENING WITH TENNYSON.

On Thursday evening of last week the sub-seniors of St. Mary's Academy presented to a few chosen friends a most interesting programme on the poetic works of Tennyson. It began by a duet, "Rough Riders," which was followed by an essay embodying classic descriptions of the face and general appearance of the poet, whose picture rested on an easel. Then came a class recitation and song to the words of "Break, break, break," and one of the pupils (no names appeared on the programme) recited very feelingly "St. Agnes' Eve." An amusing feature was the charade, "ten," "knee," "sun," wherein one pupil played the school teacher to the life, while the other pupils simulated the baby ways and baby knowledge of the kindergarten. "Tennyson's place in literature" set forth its merits and shortcomings with judicial impartiality. Afterwards there was a well rendered piano solo, followed by a spirited dialogue, in which all furnished familiar quotations from the poet's works. "Sir Galahad" was interpreted with sympathy and more than ordinary intelligence. Perhaps the most touching and soul stirring feature of the evening, was the dramatization of the little maid's song, "Too late," in "Guinevere." The five foolish virgins enter from the right with empty lamps in their hands, singing, "Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! but we can enter still." Suddenly, the five wise virgins, with their lamps trimmed and burning, enter on the left and sing with uplifted repellent hand and in a hope-dispelling tone, "Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now." Backward fall the foolish virgins for a moment, and then, taking courage, they plead once more, "No light had we: for that we do repent; and learning this the bridegroom will relent." But again the wise ones sadly sing, "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." A third time the foolish ones take heart of grace and try to excite pity with the cry, "No light: so late! and dark and chill the night! O let us in, that we may find the light!" "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now," is the mournful answer. A fourth and last time the despairing five exclaim in piteous accents, "Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet? O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!" But the inexorable five reply, "No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

The music, sweetly simple, produced, with the beautifully simple words, on anyone that knows what this parable means, a heart-rending effect. It is better than a sermon on the neglect of golden opportunities. The essay on the "Holy Grail" showed the origin and development of this marvellous legend. The conundrums proposed by many members of the class were ingenious and probably the answers were like-



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wise, if they could only have been spoken loud enough for the audience to hear. "Tennyson as a lyricist" set forth some of the beauties of his lyric verse. "The Death of our Poet" described the last moments of the Laureate. The proceedings closed very appropriately with a recitation in concert of "The Crossing of the Bar." Rev. Father Frigon, O.M.I., who presided, congratulated the sub-senior class on the many-sided feast of song, music, prose and

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 WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 and 10 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.  
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 President Hon.-Secretary

poetry which they had so skillfully served to the delighted audience. He exhorted the young ladies to avoid the two extremes of affectation and slang. Let them take as their models the gifted and gently bred ladies who directed their studies with such signal success. He concluded by inviting Rev. Father Drummond to say a few words.

Father Drummond said this literary evening was like a fresh dip in the Pierian spring. He had always been a great admirer of Tennyson. One feature of his verse which perhaps had not been sufficiently insisted on was his wonderful reserve force, the power he had of throwing into two or three words all the condensed energy of the language, as in the line, "Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him through the brain." This choice of words implied almost infinite pains and if they wanted to improve their style, there was no better practice than the imitation of Tennyson. Writing verse, not for publication, but as a drill in the use of synonyms, was one of the best ways of acquiring a strong prose style.

**DAMP WEATHER AND HEALTH.**

The influence of damp weather upon sensitive people is remarkable. If there is a sore spot anywhere it hurts more. Latent weakness of any of the organs is brought out by congestion and irregularity of function. Suppressed coughs start into activity and neuralgic nerves speak out. Old chronic rheumatism renews its life while corns are aggravated. The pulse is slow, the heart weak, the blood vessels lack tone, the muscles are flabby, the venous and lymphatic systems become engorged. The mind is languid and clouded. There is a general depression of vitality.

**THE CONSCIENCE MAN.**

The Conscience Man who lives with me  
I hear and feel; but cannot see,  
He lives with me both day and night;  
He's never wrong, but always right.

He has his house within my breast  
And guards and warns me without rest  
And, though an endless watch he keeps,  
He never tires and never sleeps.

Sometimes a mournful song he sings,  
Which to my heart deep sorrow brings,  
And when I hear this sad, sad song  
I know he's right and I am wrong.

And when I seem to be alone  
And think the Conscience Man has flown  
I listen, and I hear, "Beware!"  
And know the Conscience Man is there.

I'm sure that he is always good;  
And tells me all the things he should  
And grieves to see me come to shame  
And sorrows when I am to blame.

And all my life he pleads and prays  
For me to keep from evil ways,  
And I believe that no one can  
Be good without the Conscience Man.

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**THE IGNORANCE OF SYBILLA.**

Sybilla French was a young woman who had a way with her. With but an ordinary share of good looks she managed to pass as a beauty, and to be known in society as the "pretty Miss French," whereas, as every right-minded person might have known Agatha, the eldest sister, had an infinitely better right to the description.

Agatha had aquiline features and a stately presence; Sybilla had no features at all to speak of, and about as much dignity as a mischievous kitten, but with the feminine guile for which she was famous she hid her deficiencies under a bushel and blazoned her perfections from the house tops with a persistency which compelled attention. If her nose were too small and her mouth too large, if her chin transgressed the laws of symmetry and her eyebrows were far from being all that could be desired, Sybilla and the mirror kept the secret to themselves, for no one else ever suspected the fact. The very manner in which she walked along the street convinced an onlooker of her beauty before she came within reach of vision, and when she had passed by, with a glance of solemn eyes and a dip of mischievous dimples, he was feebly strengthened in his convictions. She came rustling into a ballroom with a radiant triumph, as who should say, "I have arrived, let the band strike up!"—while Agatha meekly followed in her train, never for a moment suspecting that she was being defrauded of her rights.

Agatha was one of those calm, self-controlled young women who never vary in looks or moods, but Sybilla had a temper of her own, and was occasionally visited by what she darkly described as "ugly days," when she had much ado to live up to her reputation. She had known what it was to put on the very latest and most charming hat and find it grown suddenly unbecoming, but even under these harrowing circumstances her courage did not fail. Not a bit of it! She simply re-dressed her hair, turned the hat back to front, and sallied forth so aglow with smiles at her own temerity that fresh names were added to the list of her adorers, and the crisis passed unsuspected by the world.

Coming midway in a large family Sybilla should rightly have taken a subordinate position, instead of assuming, as she did, one of paramount importance, the more so as her attainments compared most unfavorably with those of her brothers and sisters. Basil and Frank had done brilliantly at Oxford. Agatha was a Girton girl, with letters after her name; even the very children in the schoolroom were clever beyond their years, but the ignorance of Sybilla was of an appalling completeness to which there appeared to be no limit. Into the midst of the most intelligent conversation she would hurl a remark which would fill her father with consternation when he recalled the dimensions of the bills which he had paid for her education.

"A board school infant would know better than to ask such a question. I am ashamed of your ignorance," he would cry. But when Sybilla dropped a kiss on the centre of his bald head and ran laughing from the room, he looked after her with a twinkling eye and in his heart blessed the child and wondered what he should do without her.

It happened that one autumn the meetings of the British Association were to be held in the town which the French family honored by their presence, and that one of the lecturers was bidden to be their guest during the period of his stay. As Agatha had leanings towards biology, who should this be but Prof. Edward Stamford himself, that most eminent of paleontologists, whose private collection of fossils was renowned throughout the scientific world, and who had been instrumental in bringing about some of the most valuable discoveries of the later days. Agatha said that it would be an honor to entertain so learned a guest, but Sybilla made one of her naughty little grimaces, and looked ruefully at her round white arms.

"If he cares for nothing but bones he won't like me!" she said, and in truth he would have been an en-

thusiast indeed who succeeded in regarding the second Miss French in the light of a skeleton. Later on in the day she entertained the schoolroom party with a sufficiently lurid description of the professor and his peculiarities.

"I shall have tea with you every afternoon while he is here!" she announced. "I don't like men who spend all their time rooting about for bones, and this one has discovered all sorts of horrible monsters and presented them to the British Museum. You can see them for yourselves next time you go up to town, but don't ask me to go with you! I hate museums, they are so terribly improving to the mind—and cold to the feet! You must be very good and quiet while he is in the room, but you needn't expect him to speak to you. You are too painfully modern! If you had been dug out of a cave after lying there for a thousand years, or hewn bit by bit out of a quarry and placed together afterwards, he might possibly have felt some interest in you; as it is, he can't be expected to take any notice of commonplace little creatures who have hardly lived twenty years between them. He wears spectacles and has long grey hair and a nanny beard."

When the professor arrived, however, it was discovered that the grey hair and the nanny beard were Sybilla's own wicked invention, for the spectacles covered eyes still youthful, though dreamy and absent minded, while his hair was brown and his features were so good as to seriously disturb the equanimity of at least one intimate of the family. This was Archie Manners, a youth of much energy but small mental attainments, who cherished a humble affection for the learned Agatha and saw in the professor a formidable rival to his hopes. Archie was bidden to dinner on the evening of the professor's arrival, and made frivolous remark in the pauses of conversation, goaded thereto by Agatha's absorption in the newcomer. The professor looked distressed at these interruptions, but Sybilla laughed gayly, and the sound of her fresh, sweet laughter seemed to arrest his attention; he peered at her curiously and addressed her in his shy, halting manner.

"And you—you are also looking forward to our meetings? You mean to attend?"  
"I mean to attend the soirees," returned Sybilla wickedly, and at that moment the gong sounded, to the relief of the family, and the company filed into the dining-room.

During dinner Agatha gave the lead to conversation, and the professor discoursed on extinct monsters with enthusiastic learning. No one understood what he was talking about but all had the politeness to look as if they did, except Archie and Sybilla, who rolled eyes at each other across the table, and made covert grimaces of boredom.

"It was the comical construction of the bone which led to misapprehension," explained the professor earnestly. "Having no clew to its position in the skeleton, my friend was led to suppose that it was a horn, answering to that of a rhinoceros. I, on the contrary, maintained that it belonged to the hand, and a long discussion followed, each holding to his own theory. In the end, however, I gained my point, and it is now universally admitted that the bone was an adjunct of the hand. Several detached specimens are preserved at South Kensington, and the conjecture is that this spur was used as a weapon of defence, and that when the monster was attacked it seized the aggressor in its short arms and made use of the spur as a dagger. It may also have been useful in seizing the branches of trees and in grubbing them up by the roots. I myself am inclined to regard it more as a weapon of defence, for there are strong reasons for supposing that the lip was flexible, and this, taken in conjunction with the prehensile tongue, would in itself constitute an instrument for cropping leaves and branches, though I confess it would not be equally suitable for the digging-up process. The construction of the molars prove that the chief food was of a vegetarian nature, and I need hardly explain that to any one acquainted with the structure

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of living animals, a tooth will furnish material for which the most important conclusions can be drawn with reference to the habits of extinct specimens. But of that I shall treat more fully in my lectures."  
"Most interesting, I'm sure! Look forward with great pleasure!" murmured Agatha politely. The professor raised his eyes, and, glancing across the table, surprised

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Miss Sybilla in the midst of the widest, most unconcealed yawn which it had ever been his lot to witness. The hanging lamp cast a rosy gleam over the brilliant little face, he stared at it with an unusual expression of eagerness animating his dreary eyes, and Sybilla stared back with her mouth wide open, the yawn arrested upon her lips in her dismay in being so unexpectedly discovered. Presently however, her characteristic self-possession asserted itself; she shrugged her shoulders with a charming little gesture of penitence and apology, and flashed a mischievous smile upon him. The professor cast down his eyes and stared fixedly at the tablecloth. Sybilla thought that he looked terribly disapproving.

"He is meditating on my molar construction," she said to herself sagely. "It was such a terrible big yawn that he had a capital view. That's the worst of those absent-minded creatures! They always wake up at the most awkward moments!"

The first half of the week passed by, and Prof. Edward Stamford was by universal consent pronounced to be the lion of the British Association. His lectures were crowded; scientific men flooded round him to ask his opinion on a dozen disputed questions, and every morning the postman brought him a pile of letters addressed in feminine handwriting, and containing requests for his autograph, couched in terms more or less offensive.

The ladies adored the professor, and Agatha French was a proud woman as she walked by his side and marked the wistful glances of her friends. It was an enviable position to be on terms of intimacy with the hero of the occasion, but it must be acknowledged that it was also a trifle fatiguing. She took elaborate notes of the lectures, and read up with laborious effort, so as to be able to sustain conversation with credit, yet even so was more than once conscious of a lamentable slip. Agatha found herself harboring the reflection that it was pleasanter to pose as Minerva for Archie Manner's benefit than to stammer like a dunce before the Professor's careless questioning, but the thought was heresy and she thrust it sternly aside.

As for Sybilla she kept her resolve and attended the opening soiree in a costume of entrancing whiteness, but there her interest in the meetings seemed to stop. She armed herself with a novel and a box of chocolates when the other members of the family started for the great hall wherein the Associates met, and swung to and fro in the garden hammock in Philistine enjoyment. If the subject of a lecture was mentioned at dinner, she cried "What's that?" and when the meaning was made clear, inquired, "And what's the good of it?" with undaunted ignorance.

Prof. Stamford had never met any one in a state of such mental darkness, and he found himself continually considering the subject, and puzzling over the problem which it presented. So crass and unlearned, with such a lamentable want of ambition, and withal so bright and keen, with such an alert intelligence of expression! An impulse prompted him to study this mystery more closely, and one morning, seeing Sybilla among her flowers, he went up to her and asked to be taken round the garden. She acquiesced at once and with the utmost cordiality.

"Why of course," said she, "I'll take you with pleasure, and you can tie up my sunflowers! It's so damp today, that I don't like to stand upon the beds!" and before he knew what he was about the professor found himself executing a dozen peremptory orders and being called sharply to account when his unaccustomed fingers bungled over the work. All the same he enjoyed the experience, for Sybilla responded graciously to his advances, and chatted away in the most friendly manner. She refused, it is true, to discuss the British Association, dismissing each of the lectures as it was mentioned with a few curt words, which had the surprising effect of sending the hearer into sudden convulsions of laughter.

How was it possible that a scrap of a girl in a sailor hat could make herself look like Bevon, the aged

savant, with his cadaverous face and snowy locks? Yet she did it! For one whole moment it had been Bevon's face which he had seen, with the peaked brows and sunken lips—Bevon's voice which he had heard, repeating the well-known formula! Two minutes later it had been jovial Andrews, with his twinkling smile and tripping speech while he had barely recovered from the shock of hearing the president's pompous accents, before the girl was shaking back her head and crying merrily, "That's enough of British Association! Let's talk of something else!"

It was disrespectful, no doubt, so to mimic the leading men of the day, and after all it was distinctly clever, and dear me! dear me! how long it had been since he had laughed like that! The Professor returned to the house with a completely altered estimate of the young lady's character. Stupid! She was one of the brightest and most intelligent of creatures! The range of subjects which they had discussed together was extraordinarily wide, and she had delivered herself of some striking statements. He did not, in thinking them over, recall precisely the point of the statements in question, but he knew that they had been striking. He distinctly remembered how impressed he had been as she spoke and he listened, gazing down upon her small, animated face.

Alas! there is one gift that should be admired with caution, seeing that no man can tell when his own turn will come to pose as victim. Professor Stamford discovered this fact the same afternoon as he sat resting on the terrace of Mr. French's garden on his return from the city. A clicking of china and a babel of voices proclaimed that the schoolroom tea was taking place in the room near to which he was sitting, but in his absent-minded way he paid no heed, until the sound of a well-known name arrested his attention.

"Oh, do, Sybilla! You promised you would! Imitate him giving a lecture!" cried the childish voices in succession. Then there came a pause, broken by an intermittent coughing noise at the sound of which the blood rushed darkly to the Professor's forehead.

"Hum—hum—hum—I, er—respond with pleasure—er—to the request of the meeting; the more especially—er—as the subject on hand is one of such great—such vivid—such overwhelming importance! Bones, gentlemen, bones!" A fist descended in emphatic emphasis on the schoolroom table and all the cups and saucers rang sith again with the shock. "Does not the word awaken every slumbering enthusiasm within you? To spend one's life in arduous toil and discover but one unknown bone to add to the world's collection—is it not a grand—a glorious, an inspiring ambition? What man could waste his time on living causes, while such a noble employment might be his? And oh, ladies and gentlemen is it too much to hope that we in our turn may further the advance of this great science? That some day, thousands of years hence, our own poor bones may be discovered by the tool of the explorer, and having been carefully pieced together, may delight the eyes of—"

"No, no! It isn't nice! I don't like it! I don't like it!" An infant voice wailed loudly in protest and a pinafores figure ran forward to the open window, to fall back with a cry of dismay at sight of the listening figure.

(To be continued.)

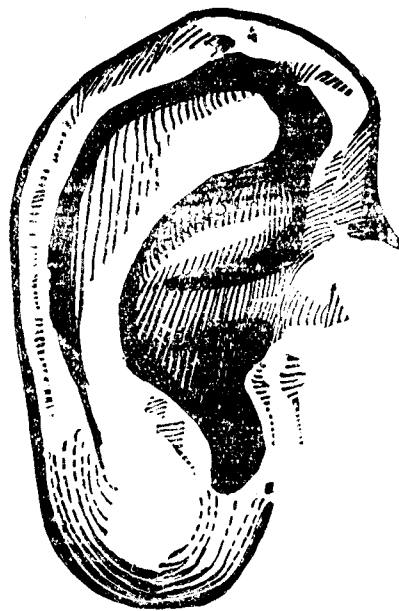
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In humility and sorrow she prayed again—no longer that she might be known, but that, in God's good time, her own life might grow strong and beautiful, that she might prove worthy of all the blessings that were given her. Then, since God in his wisdom teaches us to answer many of our own prayers, she began to study, to read, and to think, and to try to love greatly. So years passed.

Did she become known? Never as in her girlish dreams. But she found something far, far better. For she learned that to be known is nothing, and to try to be worth

knowing that one may be known is less than nothing; but to lift one's soul to highest living, because one will not be satisfied with lesser things, is a task whose joy deepens with every passing year and reaches on into God's eternity.

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

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Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

## Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
	<b>EAST</b>	
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawan, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
	<b>WEST</b>	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues. 17 00
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25
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17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Rv. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
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## FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

The silence of night fell on the prison. Some slept after their drunken revelry, some forgot their sorrows in slumber, some counted the weary hours as they passed, but to the two priests the time fled by, for they had much to say, and Father Gerard desired first to hear Walter's history since they parted.

"And you, Father—still laboring, still suffering?"

"Yes," said the old priest, "About two years after your mother's death, I was apprehended and thrown into prison, but there were many others in the same case, and the governor and magistrates happened to be interested in some, and therefore they procured the banishment of all, and we went to France. There I stayed two years, till my health was strengthened, and my superiors at last, to my joy, allowed me to return on the English mission, and in it I labored till eight months since, when I was interrupted while saying Mass. Just as I had begun the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' the pursuivants rushed in and took me in my vestments before the magistrate, and I was condemned to prison, and here I have remained, desiring but one thing, my dear son, to see a priest and have the sacraments, and that Christ has now granted me, praised be His name!"

"I perceive, Father, you are not ironed," said Walter.

"I was to be," said the priest, "but whenever they attempted to put them on, they always fell off, so at last they gave up trying."

"You are cheerful under your cross, Father," said Walter.

"Why should I not be?" said the priest. "My life draws to a close. If I am not called speedily to the gallows, I feel a fever in my veins, which I cannot survive; and it will not be long," continued he, looking up earnestly to the roof of his prison.

"What do you see, Father?" said Walter.

The old man only smiled.

"Not when you are here; she only comes when I am alone."

"Who comes, Father? Tell me."

"The Mother with the Child," answered Father Gerard. "Oh! so glorious a vision! and this dark dungeon is full of heavenly light, and she bids me be of good cheer, and confess to the end the faith of her Son. My son," said he, turning towards him, "have you the Blessed Sacrament with you?"

"I have, Father, all that is necessary to celebrate Mass. See, this stone in the wall will serve as our altar, and as soon as midnight chimes, I will begin."

Father Gerard sank back upon his straw, and Walter saw that he was dying. He hastened to give him a little of the wine he had brought with him, and the old man revived, and was able both to make his confession and hear that of Walter. Then Walter said his Mass. Soon after it was finished Father Gerard died.

No words can express the wrath and disappointment of Dame Louth when she found her new and pattern servant, had, without staying to ask for wages, actually departed.

"No wonder she is wroth," said the other prison servants; "I warrant as 'twill be a long time ere she gets one like Joseph again."

Note.—The incident of the falling off of the irons and the vision of our Lady will be found in the "Life of Thomas Atkinson, Priest."

## CHAPTER XIV.

"A gloom doth fall o'er baron's hall,

A gloom o'er peasant's cot;

The woodland bower, the lordly tower,

Show one dark, dreary lot."

Historical Ballads.

The soft moonlight was playing in gleams on the walls of Thoresby Hall, and the trees and bushes

around stood out, some in silver brightness, some wrapped in gloom. The same beams fell strangely among the leaves of the lime-grove with its interlacing branches, and the perfume from the blossoms, always so much more powerful at night, floated on the air. The sweet influence of the scene did not seem lost upon the two persons who were pacing up and down the avenue.

"You have no 'real' objection, my Mary," said Lord Clinton, stooping to try and see the face, half hidden on his shoulder; "for if you have, even my eager love shall not be so selfish, but I have waited long, have I not? almost as long as Jacob for Rachael. It is full six years since, in this very spot, you gave me that dear assurance which has brightened life since then."

"No, Edward," answered Mary Thoresby in a low and trembling voice, "you have never been selfish. You know that such has been the state of Blanche's health, I have scarcely looked for her to live from month to month. I think now there seems appearance that her life of suffering may be longer, and since my marriage is to make no difference, is not to lead me from my father nor my suffering sister, I can no longer refuse that which—which—" Mary's face was once more hidden, and the lover understood the unspoken words.

"Then, my own Mary, why a sort of shade of melancholy which hangs over you when the subject is mentioned? Forgive me, but I am too anxious, too fearful, lest there should be some secret cause of grief or anxiety I do not know."

"Oh no, it is not that Edward, but how can any woman's heart not quail to think of a bridal such as mine will be, in secret and in fear, with no festive gathering, no joyous looks, such as attend the brides of half England when they wed; and then it is so strange that the occasion of my cousin's arrival should give us the opportunity. He whose life has been so strangely mixed up with a romance of love and suffering. It is only, Edward, that when I think of all these things—of the sorrow that is around us, of the clouds that hang over our heads, of the woe and persecution that attend our faith,—a doubt crosses my mind whether or not it is a time for 'marrying and giving in marriage.'

"Away with those fears, my own love," answered Clinton; "you cannot doubt the right of a union that has sanction and blessing from all we have been bound to consult. Your cousin last of all, you know;—did I tell you I had a long conference with him last night?"

"I saw you together," she answered, "and I was so glad, I wanted you to know him better. Is he not noble?"

"He is, indeed, one of those to whom one looks up as scarcely having a place on earth."

"And, Edward, then to think what a fate awaits him."

"Surely there is little fear for one allied to Lord Beauville," returned Clinton; "but I confess to you my desire is to see him ere long in London, 'there,' close to those he is allied to, he might be safe, and yet do his work; but if arrested here and thrown into Clemsford gaol, to linger there for many months, the chances of an appeal,—'tis a sad prospect."

Mary sighed deeply. "And I have a feeling,—a 'warning,' as the peasants call it,—that there will be a search made here ere long. Oh, if we had (as I know they have at many Catholic houses) a hiding-place where he could go! Did you ever see the one at Clare Hall, Edward?"

"Never."

"It is a little chamber behind the great chimney in the hall; a few stones take in and out, and often and often have the pursuers passed it by; but here"—and she looked wistfully towards the hall as a break in the trees enabled her to

have a full view—"here I see no possibility."

"And yet," rejoined Lord Clinton looking at the house, "those walls of mighty thickness ought to be able to shelter a fugitive."

A cry almost escaped from Mary's lips; Clinton looked at her with a sudden horror.

"No, I see nothing, hear nothing," she answered; "but 'tis a sudden thought. Thou knowest Blanche's chamber."

"Certainly I do."

"There is between the further wall of it and the one of my father's room a space; 'tis very narrow, but high, and there would be air. Think you not it would do? In the very heart of the house no one could suspect."

"It seems likely," responded Clinton. "Blanche's room is the centre of the hall?"

"It is; at least, hers and my father's are both, and this division was put, I fancy, to correct some inequality in the building."

"How did you know of it?"

"When the house was repairing, it was such a nice dangerous place for us children to get into. Well do I remember how angry old Madge was with us, and how she said she would tell my mother, and the fear of alarming her made us promise good behavior for the future. Oh, I long to know if it is possible it can be used; we must wait till tomorrow morning for that however, for I think Blanche by this time sleeps. We must go in now, dearest Edward."

And they walked towards the house, the moonbeams shining full upon his manly form, supporting the fair and gentle girl whose fate had been cast in such rough circumstances. On reaching the hall they found Sir Robert, Henry, and Father de Lisle engaged in earnest conversation. Mary blushing, would have passed by, and gone to her sister, but her father called her back.

"We have heard rumors from Arthur Leslie which warn us it is no longer safe for Father de Lisle to tarry amongst us," said Sir Robert; "and we must not seek to detain him, for now we have had the sacraments, for which we were well-nigh fainting, we must not selfishly endanger his safety, nor deprive others of his ministry, and so the day after tomorrow he proposes to go."

"But," said Walter, in his clear, sweet voice, "there is one more rite I would fain perform in this house, and if tomorrow night the next Mass I offer here could be your vidual, dear Mary, I should be very glad."

"Tomorrow night," almost gasped Mary, clinging to her father.

"'Tis so sudden, so short."

"But it has been a long and sober wooing, my child," answered Sir Robert; "and there are no bridal festivities to prepare, and you leave not your father's roof for another. I think you must consent my Mary."

Aad Mary did consent, and then hastened to hide her confusion in her sister's arms.

Different indeed was the bridal of Mary Thoresby from the others which it has been our lot to describe.

It was just past midnight when the little household assembled in Blanche's chamber. Blanche, lying on her couch, fixed her gaze lovingly on her sister. Mary wore a dress and veil of white, of the most simple kind, but old Madge's heart would have broken to have beheld her young mistress wedded in any other color. A table, arranged as an altar, was placed at the foot of Blanche's couch, and the form of the crucified Master looked down on the little group. The two altar lights alone illuminated the room, for more display was deemed unwise, and so the rest of the large chamber, with the grim tapestry that hung its walls, remained in gloom. The lights shed their rays on the heads of the betrothed as they knelt before the priest, with his pale face and his glance of unearthly peace. Hushed was the silence while the low voices repeated the vows. No unmeaning words and no perjured ones were those which came from the lips of Mary and Clinton.

(To be continued.)

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**"Heart Broken"**

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

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

**"Hard to Choose"**

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

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

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**Northwest Review**

## A NEGRO "ISLAND OF SAINTS."

(New World).

Perhaps it may surprise many of our readers to know that there is a model Catholic community in this country made up entirely of colored people. The location of this community is on the west shore of Mobile Bay and is cut off from Alabama mainland by Fowl River, thus forming a little island called Mont Louis Island and commonly known as "the Island of States." This latter appellation may seem an exaggeration considering the reports circulated by nearly all the papers of the country about the "degraded negro."

The people of the community are colored, but they are also Catholics of the strictest kind. As to their sterling faith, the testimony is not that alone of the writer, but also of four bishops of the Mobile diocese and of all the missionary priests who have at different times attended this model community.

The first trip the writer made to this place will never be forgotten, because of the exemplary faith there manifested and the like of which he never before witnessed in any other place in his missionary career. When he got off the train, some thirty odd miles from Mobile City, he found himself at a small station. There were no cabs to drive through the woods to the Catholic settlement, and to which he was sent to say Mass. Meeting two young men near the railroad, he learned from them that he had yet to travel some three miles before reaching his destination, and knowing there was no team on hand to go there, the two young men generously offered to take the priest in their naphtha launch down the river to the objective point, which they called "Settlement." The day was hot, there was no shade in the launch, and no breeze on the water. The reader can imagine the condition of a traveller in Alabama waters on such an occasion.

After an hour we reached a shipyard at the mouth of Fowl River. On arrival we were joyfully welcomed by a colored family of Mon Louis Island. The father was at work, but the mother leading the family came to the priest, and, kneeling, asked his blessing for herself and her children. This, certainly was the most welcome address any priest could desire. This house formed, as it were, the outpost of the settlement, which was reached by a short jaunt through the woods. Approaching our point proper, the people came forward, and with glad smiles welcomed the priest and asked his blessing. The houses are all clustered together, not, however, too close to prevent each family from having a small yard for garden. From house to house the priest went, simply by leaving one and entering another through gates, which opened each into its neighbor's yard most conveniently. Everywhere neatness and cleanliness were noticeable. The countenances of these good people reflected the purity of their hearts. Coming to a small church-shaped building, the priest was told it was the "Oratory." On the walls were small sized stations, a small altar in front and the statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The inner roof of the building was bare, and the rafters bespoke their age. This was the first church these good people put up some seventy years ago. Over the door was the cross, and near it the bell. At present this so-called "Oratory" is used for daily prayers and devotions. Every morning at six the bell calls the people to morning prayers; at midday the Angelus is rung, and again at six o'clock in the evening all the year around; the third bell calls every one for the recitation of the beads.

After highly commending this devotion to the Queen of the Holy Rosary, the writer was told why they were so faithful in the daily recital of the beads. During the civil war the Confederate forts at the mouth of Mobile Bay were in danger, every available man was taken away from Mon Louis Island to defend them. Young and old had to go. It is needless to say what sorrow this occasioned. The good Jesuit Father who was visiting this place at the time was

the only one the people could turn to in their affliction. And he, to comfort and console them, led the way to the "Oratory" and recited the beads. He advised his sorely stricken flock to say the Rosary every day, that the Mother of God might protect those in war and assist them at the hour of death. The misfortunes of war, particularly the diseases of the swampy camping grounds, left little hope in the hearts of the mothers, wives and sisters for the return of their beloved ones.

One evening, however, about six o'clock, as the people were coming out of the Oratory after the recital of the beads, their hearts sad but reconciled to God's will, they were startled by cheering which echoed in the piney woods. Before they had a chance to realize the situation, they heard the strong voices of their fathers, sons, brothers and husbands joyfully chanting a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. This was sufficient, and soon the women folks joined their sweet voices. This was certainly a beautiful thanksgiving rendered publicly to God by a whole community; and good reason they had, too, for not a man was missing. The forts which they were to defend had been taken by the Union forces the day before their arrival at the mouth of Mobile Bay, and they were allowed to return to their homes in Mon Louis. The Rosary had been recited every day since by these good Christian people, in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for the return of all their kinsmen.

Every Saturday night at 7.30 all go to church and sing most devotedly the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. After this, prayers are said for the pope, the bishop, the poor souls in purgatory and for the conversion of sinners. At the close of this pious exercise the De Profundis is slowly recited, and the church bell is tolled as if there was a funeral. This tolling is called the "De Profundis bell," and all who are unable to attend at the church silently recite the prayers for the dead.

The first Saturday the writer was there he heard about seventy penitents—all that could possibly get there—and to say the confessions were a source of edification is only to express the fact mildly. If the priest remains a few days, Mass is attended by the people at six o'clock. Some of the men work their farms, some are engaged on the river, others in the woods and at the shipyard. The women and girls have all that Christian modesty and refinement about them which is so characteristic of a good Catholic maiden or mother. Sunday is a typical Sabbath resting day wherein all are happy. The children are delighted to receive a holy picture or medal from the priest. Their little Rosary beads are entwined on their fingers or hang around their necks. In every house is the crucifix, holy water, blessed candles, religious pictures, and very often the photos of missionary priests, who have visited the place during the last seventy or eighty years. The chalice used by the writer when saying Mass was one presented to the Mon Louis people by Bishop Quinlan, the second Bishop of Mobile.

Never has the writer elsewhere met people more grateful for Mass, benediction or sermon than he has found these good people of Mon Louis Island. The last though not the least, fact to be recorded in favor of this model community is, that they follow their religious practices now and have ever done so, without the assistance and encouragement of a permanent pastor. They simply have the benefit of a travelling missionary priest, who calls at their good settlement once a month.

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very much frightened. It was mid-day, in the summer in my father's garden. . . . I heard this Voice to my right toward the Church; rarely do I hear it without its being accompanied by a light. . . . It seemed to me to come from lips I should reverence. I believe it was sent me from God. When I heard it for the third time, I recognized that it was the voice of an angel. The Voice has always guarded me well, and I always understood it; it instructed me to be good and to go often to church; it told me it was necessary for me to come into France. . . . It said to me two or three times a week, 'You must go into France.' My father knew nothing of my going. The Voice said to me, 'Go into France.' It said to me, 'Go raise the siege which is being made before the city of Orleans.'"

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