



## CURRENT COMMENT

The San Francisco "Examiner," of May 26, contains a masterly criticism by Ashton Stevens, of Clay Green's "Nazareth," a Passion Play, staged two years ago for the first time in celebration of the Santa Clara College jubilee, and lately revived by the students of that famous Jesuit college.

Mr. Clay M. Greene graduated from Santa Clara in 1868 and was a schoolmate of the Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S.J., present head of the college. "A practical craftsman," writes Mr. Stevens, "who learned the theatre in the theatre, Greene has had the wit and courage to apply practical craftsmanship to the dramatization of the greatest story ever told. Good taste—the top and bottom of all art that makes for the beautiful—has tempered his audacity; and Santa Clara has a tradition that becomes an antiquity while you wait."

The rights of representation have been secured to Santa Clara college for all time. Thus this original drama is free from the dangers of commercial speculation and from the professional actor's thirst for individual glory.

The drama tells the life of Our Lord and revolves around His person, but He Himself never appears on the stage. In this respect the play is a triumph of reserved force, of dramatic suggestion. "We follow Him from the manger to the cross; we listen to His word and know the power of His presence. Always Christ is the protagonist—yet never do we hear His voice or see Him. The nearest to visual acquaintance with the Nazarene is at the last, when the temple is rent by the storm, and far in the background and high on the hill you see by the lightning flashes, the outlines of three bodies with tortured arms athwart grim crosses. That is scenery and light. All the rest that physically pertains to the presence is light alone—that is, all save the scene of the march to Calvary. Here, the roar of the invisible multitude is in positive hurt to the auditory nerve. Stones are flying and the procession is passing on the other side of the wall. You see above the wall, moving slowly, the spear heads of the Roman Legion, and the air is thick with missiles and mocking cries against the 'King of the Jews,' and presently above the wall, in a cloud of hard-fung stones, appear the top and part of the cross-beam of a great gáant wooden cross. The sky is almost blindingly alight, and in this tense, luminous atmosphere the cross vibrates painfully, rising and falling and swinging and swaying above the feebleness of its unseen support." Apart from the religious feeling of reverence for the person of the God-Man, it is doubtful whether the actual appearance of the Christ could ever be as effective as this dramatic suggestiveness of His near but invisible presence.

More than a thousand persons from all parts of California, many of them Protestants and Jews, some even professed unbelievers, witnessed this great drama on May 25, and all were not only deeply interested but strangely moved by the pathos of the play, which was repeated four times on the three following days to ever increasing crowds.

Mr. Stevens concludes his criticism with these words: "This Passion Play of Santa Clara is too

serious, too big a thing to be insulted with an indiscriminate off-hand praise. I know of no other drama written by an American that stands so good a chance of living down the ages." And the "Examiner" says editorially: "These revivals promise to become historical, and doubtless future representations will become the objective point of pilgrimages from all parts of the world."

While the southwestern States have been deluged with excessive rains and consequent disastrous floods, the east of Ontario and the province of Quebec have been scorched by excessive and prolonged heat, followed by fierce forest fires. The following despatch appeared in the Free Press of last Monday:—

### Prayers Answered.

Ottawa, June 7.—A circular letter from the Archbishop, asking that prayers be given for rain was read in all the Catholic churches here to-day. Rain fell to a limited extent this evening. It is about fifty days since rain fell here until to-night.

Together with great learning Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, combines practical good sense of no ordinary kind. He is reported to have said that he will give a gold medal to the young lady who will come before him and pass a satisfactory examination in all of the following subjects: Plain sewing, mending, cooking, how to take temperature, lay a table correctly, how to make a bed, how to alight from a street car, how to select shoes that are a decent fit, how to tie knots, how to fill a fountain pen, how to fold clothes, how to do up an umbrella correctly, to trim a lamp, open tin cans, drive nails, build fire, feed the dog, cat and the canary and other things which enter into every-day life. Perhaps there may be some things mentioned in the list which sound very simple to the average hearer, but how many of the accomplished young ladies of the day can do any or all of these things? asks the Bishop.

In the special staff correspondence of the Free Press, of June 6, on the Sunday School convention in Brandon, we find that the Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, of Manitoba College, in the course of a thoughtful and practical address, said: "It is well to have a children's service conducted at stated intervals. The speaker gave a sketch of a Roman Catholic service, saying that the methods were magnificent; that church's methods of handling children were beyond all praise." Dr. Kilpatrick, perhaps the most widely read Presbyterian divine in this country, is a man of broad and varied culture and of uncommon eloquence. His words ought to have great weight, not only with his non-Catholic brethren who, for the most part, know so little of our methods, but with ourselves also, that we may not degenerate from our own best models in the art of teaching catechism to children and even to grown people: for the best of all preaching is that which explains and inculcates Catholic doctrine. Illumine the intellect, and you can then easily captivate the heart and persuade the hearer to act according to his faith.

On Friday of last week, at Vancouver, B.C., the most important evidence in that day's session of the labor commission was the avowal made by Secretary Shenton, of the Nanaimo union of the Western Federation of Miners, that the strike of coal miners on Vancouver's Island had been engineered by the head officials of the organization at Denver as a sympathetic strike to aid the United Brotherhood of Railway Engineers. This is one

more instance of the tyranny to which unpatriotic unions submit for the sake of outsiders who have no stake in the country. Strikes may sometimes be justifiable, but mere sympathy for a foreign organization is a very poor travesty of justice.

## Persons and Facts

The prayers of our readers are earnestly bespoken for the repose of the soul of Miss Elmire Drummond, sister of Rev. Father Drummond. She died on Tuesday morning, June 9, after receiving the last rites of the Church.

One of the latest converts from the Anglican ministry to the Catholic faith is the Rev. Edward Dudley Elam, M.A., Oxon, who has acted as curate at St. Augustin's church, Archway Road, N. London.

A Mass of Requiem was celebrated in Fort de France, by Bishop Cormont, May 8, the anniversary of the volcanic eruption which destroyed St. Pierre, Martinique, one year ago, with a loss of 30,000 lives. Together with the governor and his staff, military officers and foreign consuls, United States Consul Ayme, of Guadeloupe, was present.

Speaking the other night at New Castle-under-Lyme, England, General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny paid a touching tribute to the work of the Sisters of Mercy during the Boer war. The Sisters had a convent and school at Bloemfontein, but when the theatre of war shifted to that city they sent the children home and fitted up their institution as a hospital where, for months and months, they took care of the sick and wounded. Two of the nuns lost their lives nursing and tending the sick. Most of their patients were non-Catholic soldiers.

It is not strange that remarkable public interest was manifested in Paris recently in the confirmation of the young son of President Loubet at the Church of St. Philippe du Roule. The spectacle of a son's confirmation in a faith which his father is doing his best to undermine is one of the anomalies inevitable to the situation in which France has placed herself.

At recent May devotions in Father Curren's church in Wilkesbarre, Pa., the entire congregation took the pledge for a year. More than twelve hundred marched to the church, the girls and women wearing flowers, the boys in uniform and the men wearing regalia. They raised their right hands and swore to abstain from liquor and to try to prevent intemperance in others.

St. Rose congregation, Lima, O., is building a club-house. The structure will consist of two stories, with a deep basement 44 by 66 feet. In the basement there will be bathing accommodations and a large swimming school lockers. On the first floor there will be a modern gymnasium, with running track. Two rooms on this floor will be devoted to parlor games and library respectively. The second floor will have an auditorium 25 by 41 feet, with ante-rooms, ladies' parlor and dressing-rooms.

The eyes of many scientific men will, for the summer at least, be turned upon Mountain Park, an elevated point near Wilkesbarre, Pa., where Father Joseph Murgas will at once install an experiment sta-

tion for the practical testing of his recently perfected system of wireless telegraphy. The station has been provided by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, officials of which have become convinced that the system devised by the inventive priest possesses merit. Father Murgas says that he has sent messages seventy miles by land and believes he can send them much farther by sea, and that when he has perfected his system he will be able to get better results than Marconi at less expense. Father Murgas was educated in Vienna and has studied electricity for twenty years, being a fellow of the Societe Electrotechnique of Vienna. For four years he has devoted himself to the development of wireless telegraphy. He constructed at his home adjoining the church an apparatus and has obtained excellent results at the expenditure of less than \$4,000.

Reports from Chicago announce the success of an invention which will add about 100 per cent. to the value of that heart-rending invention, the telephone. It is a system with an automatic switchboard, and the great advantage is that it does away with "central" altogether. No more "hello girls," or the making of remarks over the wire to distracted patrons. In the new order of things it is only necessary to turn a small dial till you have formed the combination of figures in the number wanted. It is the same device as that used on the time clocks of a bank safe. As soon as the number is arranged you touch a bell-button and that rings the bell on the other end of the wire. Having found your man and entered into conversation, there is no danger of being interrupted at the critical point by having the wire "cut off," as happens so frequently by the system now in vogue. A conversation over the automatic telephone is kept up until both parties are ready to hang up their receivers. Besides this advantage there is the satisfaction of knowing that no idle and inquisitive young lady is drinking in your conversation. According to the officers of the new concern there will be 10,000 of their instruments in use within six months. Already they have it working in more than 10 cities of some 25,000 population, and nothing but satisfaction is expressed for the plan that eliminated "central" from the scheme of things.

## Clerical News

Rev. Father Frigon, O.M.I., is preaching a mission to the parish of St. Laurent, Man.

Rev. Father O'Dwyer, O.M.I., left last week with Rev. Father Guillet, O.M.I., on a visit to Duluth.

Rev. Father Van Heertum, of Regina, is visiting the Premonstratensian brethren at De Pere, Wis.

## CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacred Heart Review—CCXXXIII.

As I have said, Mr. Lansing appears to know very little more about the line of the Popes than about the succession of the Mikados. He makes Bellarmine, who died in 1621, contemporary with Clement XIV., who died in 1774; he twice makes Benedict VIII., who died in 1012, contemporary with the Council of Constance, which met in 1414; and on pages 209-10 he makes it pretty plain that he does not know when Gregory the Great reigned, but that he has a vague notion that it was in the tenth century,

three hundred years after he died. Indeed, it would be no very gross exaggeration to say that he does not know when any Pope lived, except the last three or four, only that when he takes at second hand, or rather at twentieth hand, the date of some event or document connected with a particular Pope, he of course remembers, for the moment, when such a Pope was reigning. Yet this would give no assurance that he might not, a few pages later, put the Pope in question hundreds of years out of his place.

It is really interesting to watch the way in which the Lansings and Christians, and similar riffraff, go about their work of malignant falsehood. For the most part they are wholly incapable of personal research, and utterly indisposed to it. Their principle of proceeding is very simple and effective. Whatever they find to suit their purpose in earlier books of the same vulgar and virulent character as their own they at once note down. The thought of examining it, to see whether it can be verified, never comes into their heads. Nor do they ever think of inquiring what it means translated out of the language of its own time into the language of ours. Still less do they ever wish to consider how it is related to the current morality of its time, by which alone, usually, acts and opinions can be fairly judged.

Yet they know perfectly well how to apply this last principle when it turns to their own advantage. Ask Lansing, for instance, whether we can account Cranmer a good man, who burnt Baptists and Unitarians, and he would answer: "Of course he was a good man, and a martyr besides. He honestly believed Anabaptists and Arians to be aggravated heretics, and for centuries the very best men had allowed, though all had not equally urged, that obstinate heresy might lawfully be punished by fire. If Cranmer were living now and said such things, we should abhor him as an odious criminal, but how can we call him a criminal for acting in his own time on a doctrine which the very best men, even the most benignant otherwise, almost universally admitted? There were a few Catholics, and a few Lutherans, and a few Calvinists, that disputed it, but they were a mere handful. Therefore Archbishop Cranmer was a good man, a saint and martyr, although if he did the same things now we should send him to the gallows. It is most unjust to determine a man's worthiness or unworthiness by a code which in his day had scarcely come into sight."

I do not acknowledge Cranmer for a martyr, for he did not go to the stake as long as he could keep himself from it by reiterated falsehood, but the rest of Lansing's supposed answer is perfectly sound.

So also one might say: "You praise this and that English judge, living since the Reformation (say Sir Matthew Hale), as an excellent man. Yet, as Robert Hall says, the English penal code, down to about 1820, was barbarous and sanguinary almost beyond all other codes of Europe. Yet these men, whom you call excellent, and even pious and benevolent, administered this bloody code, and even more or less defended it. What talk is this?"

Lansing's answer would be (crediting him for the nonce with sense enough to make it): "Commonly a man can hardly live in a country unless he accepts its general code of morals and law. Therefore Nature wisely bends most men's opinions, and still more their formal acts, to their circumstances. Until things are ripe for a profound reform, martyrs of that reform would mostly throw away their lives. Therefore it is wisely provided that there shall be few of them, until the time comes when their exer-

tions and sufferings will be fruitful. Sir Matthew Hale hanged some witches, and sent many men to the gallows for trifling larcenies, but for all that he was an upright, godly, and, where his feelings were free, as towards John Bunyan's family, very sympathetic man."

This answer, given by Lansing, or by anybody, would be conclusive.

However, the Lansings and Christians, and their kind, have a peculiar edition of the Bible. It reads: "Thou shalt have within thy house diverse weights, a great and a small. Thou shalt have likewise diverse measures, a great and a small. The great shall be very great, and the small very small. When thou hast to measure the misdoings of Papists, thou shalt apply the greater measure and the greater weight; when of Protestants, the vanishing weight and measure. When it concerns the virtues of Papists, thou shalt minify to the utmost; but when the virtues of Protestants, especially of the Reformers, thou shalt send abroad and borrow empty vessels, borrow not a few, until at last thou declare that thou must needs cease measuring, for that the virtues of these holy men are beyond all measurement."

Professor Nippold, in his anti-papish volume, often emphasizes the obligation of using one weight and one measure, and then proceeds straightway to illustrate his principle by contraries. However, I mean some time to take him up particularly. I beg his pardon, profound scholar as he is, for likening him to these A. P. A. scarecrows of our country. Still, the will is everything, and Lansing and Christian are not to be put out of their sacred share in this unholy brotherhood.

For instance: we always hear those Catholics who murdered the Prince of Orange, and who conspired to murder Elizabeth, described as criminals of the deepest die. Then why do we not hear those Protestants who contrived and carried out the assassination of the elder Duke of Guise described in the same way? Now Admiral Coligni, on his own showing, was an accomplice before the fact in this murder, although he would not say so in so many words. "Go and do it"; the great Beza extolled it, with holy envy that he himself was not the doer of it; and almost the whole body of the Huguenots throughout France repaired to their temples to give thanks for the deed, and to glorify the doer.

Then if the murderer of William, and the conspirators against Elizabeth, were criminals in the ordinary sense, we have to brand the whole body of French Protestants as common villains. We have also to describe as a vulgar ruffian, John Knox, when he extols the murder of Cardinal Beaton as "Ruthven's godly deed." So also we must portray Melancthon, who prays for the murder of Henry VIII.

However, we have no right to describe Gerard or Babington and Tichbourne, or Knox, or Melancthon, or Beza, or Coligni, or the Huguenot Church of France, as common criminals. None of their deeds were of private import. None of them offended the general conscience. As Froude says, assassination was then the weapon used by every party against every party. The higher consciences of that age, it is true, began to revolt against it, but the average conscience, even of good men, did not, if it was free of private ends. We detest it now, and so will men sometime detest aggressive war. Yet how unjust it would be in our posterity if they should call Roosevelt or Edward VII. or William II. common ruffians for attacking Spain or Venezuela! And quite as unjust should we be if we called Knox or Babington, ordinary villains, when either of them would have given up his life for that which to him was a sacred cause. Nay, the Council of Edward VI. was extolled as of almost superhuman virtue, because it would not consent to poison the young Queen of Scots, then eight years old, and not yet having offended in any one particular, but whose betrothal to the Dauphin might some day be injurious to England!

The Lansings and Christians would propose a compromise. They would say, or signify: "Esteem all

the Catholic assassins and conspirators, common scoundrels. Esteem all the Protestant assassins and conspirators, holy martyrs or confessors, somewhat led astray by a pious zeal." This compromise is rendered the more practicable by observing a profound silence about their deeds of "holy murder," as Andrew Lang well describes them. How much, for instance, would you learn about them from Merle d'Aubigne?

This compromise has long since been accepted by average Protestantism, but of course is abhorred by Christians, and by honest men. Average Protestants, towards the elder religion, are neither Christians, nor honest men, nor even observers of common decency. How far Catholics are decent in their treatment of the later religion, it is for them to decide. I have lately seen some very strong expressions of eminent Catholics on this point, and have read an autograph letter of a very distinguished Jesuit expressing his exasperation at average Catholic treatment of Protestant missions, which is indeed unfair to the last degree, though largely redeemed by the Abbe Pisani.

However, on the whole, from the time when Bellarmine brought in an honest treatment of Protestant principles, to the present, John Ruskin, though half a Baptist, declares that Catholic controversialists are well informed and fair. Let our Presbyterian Boards and American Tract Societies, and Baptist Book Concerns, go and do likewise, casting the Lansings and Christians out of the sanctuary.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.  
Andover, Mass.

WASHINGTON LETTER.  
Monday, May 4, 1903.

#### THE CHURCH AND THE NEGRO.

In an interview with a priest who has devoted considerable time to mission work among the colored people of the South I gathered some information which might be of interest to Catholics in general, especially, since it is a subject that has not been brought to their attention with any degree of detail.

As a resident of the South for thirty years, and an interested observer of the progress of the Church in this section of the country, I shall take the liberty to add my own knowledge of this subject to the matter herein discussed.

Of the 8,000,000 negroes in this country only 150,000 are Catholics. These are found principally in the cities, except in Louisiana and Maryland, where they have some strength in the country districts. There is now in existence a missionary society which is doing exclusive work among the negroes. The success of this work has been most satisfactory and would have been even more so, but for the want of means and missionaries. One feature that draws the negro to the Catholic Church, wherever he has an opportunity to observe it, is the attendance of whites at their churches, and the utter disregard of his color when he attends a white Catholic Church. In Protestant churches this is altogether different. A white man rarely attends a Protestant colored church, and a colored man feels out of place in a white church. The object lesson which the colored man receives in a Catholic church is rarely lost upon him. The only difficulty is that opportunities for presenting this object lesson are not as frequent as they might be.

There is constant talk in the press of the race problem. In the opinion of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, there would be no race problems in this country, if the Catholic Church had charge of the education of the foreign races. The Senator argues from his experience with Catholic Indian missions, and maintains that the Catholic Church is the only religious body in this country that has had any success with the Indians. In fact, he said, at one of the meetings of the Committee on Indian Affairs of the Senate that if he could have his way, he would turn the whole Indian school system over to the Catholic Church.

As to the race problem, there is really no such problem. There are a few politicians who attempt to create a problem by incessant agi-

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Their ministers are, however, as a rule, very little above the flock in intelligence. The Bible, as interpreted by them, becomes a wonderful book. Add to this the private interpretation of the members, and the result is something awful. Superstition constitutes a large element in the religion of the negro. Even the Catholic negroes are not free from it. Generally speaking, the Protestant religion has had a beneficent influence upon the character of the negro, but it has failed in toto to eradicate, or even to make a corrective impression upon, the most pronounced faults of the race.

There has been a report that some of the expelled French religious would be given charge of colored missions. The French are the best missionaries of the Church and the best results might be anticipated by such a step. Even now, whenever the Catholic Church has a colored mission, its powerful influence for good is almost unconsciously recognized, and often openly acknowledged by the Southern people, for they have a deep interest in the welfare of the negro. He is with them always and his good is largely their good. One instance may be cited of the extent to which the work of the Church among the colored people is appreciated. In cities the Catholic house servants are given the preference on account of their honesty and their moral conduct, and this preference sometimes is shown even in business houses.

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## C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.

Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A.

for the Province of Manitoba with power of attorney, Dr. J. K. Barrett, Winnipeg, Man.

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As to the ballot for the negro, it seems to be the opinion of all well informed people that the present disfranchisement is only temporary. Those negroes who by their intelligence, their industry and thrift have gained the respect and confidence of the whites are never refused the right to register and vote. Many even hold office. Our missionaries are on the whole agreed on this question. In a few places where white Catholic churches were erected, a certain amount of restiveness was shown by the whites on account of the unhindered admission of the colored members of the parish to the Church. The influences of Protestantism in this respect were, of course, apparent, but the priests had little difficulty in allaying what little friction was created, by explaining the position of the Catholic Church on this question.

The Southern people can be trusted to solve whatever problem there may be in the future. The people of the North do not understand the negro as a race or as an individual, and it would be as profitable to go to them for accurate information on this subject, as it would be to go to a Protestant for a correct exposition of the Catholic faith.

### Home Column

#### MY MOTHER.

Often have I seen my mother,  
Steal into the shadowed room;  
Where her little ones were sleeping,  
And amid the twilight gloom,  
Breathe a prayer that God would bless  
And guard them with His tenderness.

All the children now are scattered;  
Mother sleeps beneath the sod;  
Her sweet eyes are closed forever,  
Her pure spirit is with God;  
Yet methinks she still is pleading  
For her darlings, interceding.

Whether this be so I know not,  
This, at least, I sweetly know;  
That she moves, a guardian angel  
Mid the shadows here below;  
And doth still her vigil keep  
O'er us, when we wake or sleep.

#### CHERISH THAT MOTHER.

It is only when patient, skilful hands have been folded over a heart that has ceased to beat, and when the dropped tasks, hitherto always faithfully performed, are perforce taken up by some unaccustomed worker, that real appreciation of the value of loving service begins to dawn in the hearts of the sorrowing survivors. The duties that had been so quietly and, as it seemed, pleasantly performed by the one just passed away, now suddenly assume dimensions so formidable that no one is found with sufficient courage or ability to undertake them single-handed. Often an entire household is disorganized, a whole family disbanded, because of the dropping out of one life, which no one had suspected to be of such importance.

In the place of the loving, uncomplaining mother and home-maker, who was never weary of providing for all possible contingencies affecting the welfare of her dear ones, you may introduce the most competent housekeeper, the most unselfish relative; yet with an equal endowment of health and domestic experience, the substitute fails utterly to retain the old, serene order of things which insured perfect happiness for each individual member of the family. It is not from a defect of good-will, nor capacity, that failure springs in such a case. It is because the full tide of love which kept the family life at the high-water mark of contentment has ebbed away to rise no more. An uncommon degree of vision is needed to perceive the nature and extent of the difficulties being constantly met, and grappled with by persons whose successes in a chosen walk of life make their achievements appear easy—the real work is easy. No truly great task, nor even ordinarily useful achievement, is performed without strenuous effort and thought. The mind may be trained, the fingers become more supple with constant practice in one direction, so that a certain facility and rapidity of execution are acquired, but there is none the less a

large demand on the worker's energy, attention and perseverance. The love that guides the skilful hand makes light of difficulties, it is true, and laughs at hardships, but all its magic is not powerful enough to remove the one or the other. It can but conquer and endure them. It behooves us, therefore, to be careful how we lightly describe the life-work of any man or woman as "easy" till we personally make the experiment of doing as much with equally good results. And when we are too ready to admit that certain tasks are beyond our own strength and skill let us not forget that we at the same time make tacit confession of a lack of love for the work in question, or for the persons to be benefited thereby. The greatest love is that which deliberately chooses the most difficult things to do in order to prove itself in the eyes of the beloved one. But self-love, which is far more common, ever seeks its own ease first, and counts it a sore grievance to be compelled to sacrifice comfort, pleasure, or substance for the benefit of a fellow-creature, however near and dear.—Ex.

All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus!  
All the long, unending strife,  
All the soul's deep conviction,  
All the weariness of life.

### Regina Notes

Copious rains have made the crops in this district present a most promising aspect. Merchants report a flourishing business and Regina certainly bids fair to have and to hold its place as the city of the Territories. Buildings are going up at an astonishing rate, not only in one part of the town, but north, south, east and west the carpenters are as busy as they can be—German town not excluded.

We sincerely hope ere long to see some more striking signs of the long-talked of new church, for with the present influx of settlers, Catholics as well as others, our present church, not large enough five years ago to accommodate the congregation, must surely be a great inconvenience.

Among the many new arrivals in Regina we were pleased to meet and welcome to our Prairie City Miss Murphy, of Ontario. We trust her example may be followed by more young ladies of that province.

#### STE. ROSE.

The swallows have come back again and the Whip-poor-Will repeats its plaintive note on peaceful evenings; the wild flowers bloom afar and anear for "tis now the sweet o' the year." Mother Earth renews her youth, blithe and hopeful, and forgets her thousands of winters. Other children now hasten to drink from their springtime's magical fountains, ever freshly flowing, as we did in our dewy dawn, and they shall look back to these days with pitiful tenderness and say, because of the glamour of memory, "Ah we were happy then!" Whilst we—but no—perish the thought—can an immortal soul ever grow old!

Such beautiful weather and the crops green already. We are busy breaking all around, and with a steam engine on Mr. Tholinet's section.

The cheese factories are running and the milky way has commenced every morning, and the whey that is not at all milky returns at noon.

We have any amount of new settlers of a desirable class. The price of land is going up all the time.

Our new church is getting too small for us; it will be to our interest as well as a pleasure to help the people of Ste. Amelie to build theirs, so that we may have room for ourselves.

M. Manoury de la Cour has bought land touching in the village, having for near neighbor, M. Langevin, brother of His Grace, who leaves Laurier in our favor, and who is a great addition to our choir, which up to now, like a good Christian, has principally set its hopes on the future.

We have all been delighted with reading a visit to La Trappe, written in such a bright and persuasive manner. I remember reading in some old chronicles, long years ago, how it was that de Rance instituted this order. He was, as your

charming narrator says, a French nobleman, young and distinguished, and was engaged to be married to a very beautiful girl who lived in a neighboring castle. Shortly before the day fixed for his wedding, he was obliged to absent himself for some time; when at length he returned, instead of going to his own home, he rode on to hers, and seeing lights in the drawing-room, he dismounted and, tying up his horse, stepped inside the long French windows, which were standing open, thinking to behold his dearest one. But what a scene met his gaze; she lay dead in her coffin, the yellow wax candles throwing their lustre on her mangled remains; for, as they said in the old chronicles, the coffin had been made too short for her, and according to the barbarous customs of those times, her head had been severed from her body and placed on her breast. This is why de Rance retired from the world and found out another road to Heaven, a silent and straight one, for himself and his followers, going in by the Trappe-door. What a chance they have above others, for he who offends not with the tongue is a perfect man.

#### THE OLD CAMPER

Has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea and chocolate.

#### A MACHINE FOR COUNTING COINS.

An old treasury employe has just invented an ingenious coin counting machine. It consists of a round metal hopper into which coins are poured. From this the coins are led into an attachment, or head, as it is called, which is kept constantly revolving by a crank operated by hand. Each revolution carries six or more coins through a registering device which keeps track of the exact number.

There is a different sized head for each coin, and the change from nickels to pennies or from dimes to quarters or coins of larger denomination can be made instantly. It is estimated that with one of these machines a strong boy can accurately perform the work of five or six clerks. A device has also been planned which will count the coins in 100 or 200 lots, and by the use of a paper carton they may be done up in packages ready for handling or shipment. By running them consecutively through the various heads, a lot of coins may be separated and counted at the same time. The machine is expected to revolutionize coin counting methods.

John Bright was at one time very ill and near death's door. When he recovered and returned to his old place in Parliament, a young peer made a fierce attack on Bright for his political policy. In the course of his speech he was guilty of saying that Providence had visited Bright with a disease of the brain in punishment for his erratic political views. Bright replied: "The noble lord, making himself the mouthpiece of Providence, has declared that Providence, to punish me for my political conduct, visited me with a disease of the brain. Well, Mr. Speaker, that is a visitation with which even Providence itself can never afflict the noble lord."

#### GREATEST OCEAN DEPTH EVER DISCOVERED.

The greatest ocean depth ever discovered was sounded only a short time ago, during the recent cruise of the Albatross in the Pacific. Professor Agassiz was in charge of the expedition, and near the island of Guam. There the beam trawl, attached to a steel cable, was lowered to the depth of 28,878 feet, five miles, almost as high as Mount Everest. By means of thermometers attached to the trawl it was found that the water at this depth bore the temperature of only 35 degrees, just a little above freezing point.—The Leader.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect the Catholic press, and let everyone in proportion to his income, support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones

POPE LEO XIII.



SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1903.

### CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

#### JUNE.

- 14—Second Sunday after Pentecost, Solemnity of Corpus Christi.
- 15—Monday—Of the octave, Commemoration of St. Jermaine Cousin.
- 16—Tuesday—Of the octave, Commemoration of St. John Francis Regis, S.J.
- 17—Wednesday—Of the octave.
- 18—Thursday—Octave of Corpus Christi. Commemoration of St. Marcus and Marcellianus.
- 19—Friday—Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (Martyrs).
- 20—Saturday—St. Barnabas, Apostle (transferred from June 11).

### CATHOLIC CLUB PICNIC.

Someone has aptly said that "of pleasures those which occur most rarely give the greatest delight." This is especially true when the pleasure possesses genuine merit.

Once a year for the last four years the Catholic Club has offered Winnipeggers a healthful, care-free, pleasurable outing, and at the same time given them an opportunity to help a good cause. Everybody enjoys himself at this annual event, and nobody can deny that the proceeds are devoted to a good cause. In its ever ready defence of Catholic interests, in the facility it offers for exchange of views among the Catholic people of current civic events as effecting the Church, in the inducement it extends to keep young men away from the street corners and less desirable places, in its offering of a place of welcome to strangers entering within our city gates, the Catholic Club stands pre-eminently noticeable among our city institutions, and is highly deserving of every encouragement the Catholics can give it.

The club has never before been in such a prosperous condition as under the present regime, no more capable men have ever comprised the staff of officers. The affable and easily approached Mr. Russell has, as president of the club, agreeably surprised even his best friends. We bespeak for the club on Wednesday, June 17th, the most successful picnic it has ever held.

### A CREDITABLE CELEBRATION

The papers bring comforting news of the celebration of a truly Irish and Catholic St. Patrick's Day in the old land. It was a national as well as religious holiday.

There was a general cessation of business, the stores were closed and the shopkeepers joined with farmers in keeping the Feast of our great Patron in a manner worthy of his name and sanctity.

Even Dublin joined in the joyous festivities. A few weeks before Patrick's Day there was formed in the metropolis a National Holiday Committee. Its purpose was to provide for a fitting civic celebration of the occasion. It met with success beyond its highest aspirations. Through its efforts all the merchants put up their shutters and granted a holiday to their employees. Even the respectable publicans denied themselves the privilege of making a handful of money. As Dr. Douglas Hyde well said, for the first time in living memory a breach had been made in the abominable system, begot by Anglicisation, fostered in flunkeyism, nurtured by the foreign spirit, which saw in the day of Ireland's patron saint the necessity of only one thing, namely, drowning the Shamrock in disgraceful drunkenness.

All this should be pleasant reading for those who remember St. Patrick's Day in Ireland in past decades. The excessive drinking and the resulting quarrels and fights were a dishonor to the fair name of our people and a mockery of our Christian character.

Now to what must this epoch-making change be attributed. There can be but one answer. To the new spirit of an Irish Ireland that has been infused into the people by the Gaelic League. The scales have fallen from their eyes. They now see things in a new light, an Irish light. Ashamed of an ugly past, they have broken with it forever. The Gaelic League has given a new soul to Ireland.

To quote again its learned President: The age of miracles is not past and the dreams of an Irish Ireland have a wonderful faculty of becoming true. The dreams of an Irish Ireland, dreamed three times, have still the power to lead the dreamers on the path to that Irish gold that was hidden and buried under the thorny and ugly bush of Anglicisation.—The Leader.

## Young Woman's Corner.

### THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are borne inward unto souls afar, Along the Psalmist's music deep, Now tell me if that any is For gift or grace, surpassing this—"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart, to be unmoved, The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse The monarch's crown, to light the brows—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved? A little faith, all undisproved, A little dust, to overweep, And bitter memories, to make The whole earth blasted for our sake—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say, But have no tune to charm away Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep; But never doleful dream again Shall break the happy slumber when "He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises! O men, with wailing in your voices! O delv'd gold, the wailers heap! O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall! God makes a silence through you all, "And giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill, His cloud above it saileth still, Though on its slope men sow and reap, More softly than the dew is shed, Or cloud is floated overhead, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea, men may wonder while they scan, A living, thinking, feeling man, Confirmed in such a rest to keep; But angels say—and through the word I think their happy smile is heard—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go Most like a tired child at a show, That sees through tears the jugglers leap— Would now its wearied vision close, Would childlike on His Love repose, "Who giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends—when it shall be That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep Let one most loving of you all Say, Not a tear must o'er her fall; "He giveth His beloved sleep."

—E. B. Browning.

There are girls who are very anxious to mark themselves out from the crowd by their attractive expensive dress and what they term their "good style."

Many of these girls are capable, if they took the trouble, to make themselves distinct by their good English; that the latter distinction is worth while does not seem to impress them. The carelessness of latter-day English particularly on the tongues of school-girls and young women out of school is proverbial.

To use one of their own euphemisms, they seem to think "any old way will do" to express themselves.

To belong to the aristocrats of cultivated speech is to be much more distinguished than to belong to the aristocrats of stylish adornment.

The former will delight the souls of those one meets; the latter mostly the senses.

The former will leave a lasting impression; the latter a fleeting.

The former needs only modification to suit the changes of time; the latter must most likely be discarded entirely every six months to be replaced by some new fashion. Both have their attractions, but the thinking girl will decide to give most attention to her conversation. How a girl converses means so much; what is back of good conversation in a girl's character is what counts. If a girl speaks carelessly one judges her careless generally.

It would pay the girls to give a good deal of attention to acquiring exact English.

### THE LATE MRS. SADLIER. THE TRUE WITNESS.

It seems but the other day that we attended that meeting in the archiepiscopal parlors, when the high and highly deserved honor of receiving the "Laetare Medal," from the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, was conferred upon the most prominent and most distinguished of Irish Lady writers—Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier. It appeared to us as the crowning of a splendid life, devoted to the cause of Irish literature in America, and to every good cause, be it benevolent or otherwise, that had for object the protecting, the elevating, or the improvement of Ireland's sons and daughters in the New World. It would be no easy task to sketch the life of the late Mrs. Sadlier; her biography has yet to be written, and, when compiled and edited, will contain the most glorious pages of Irish greatness on this continent.

On Sunday morning last, in her eighty-third year, Mrs. Sadlier, who had been ill for some weeks, passed peacefully and silently to her great reward. Her soul ascended to its source to receive the recompense promised to "every good and faithful servant" of God; and her name passed into history to occupy a conspicuous place, amongst those of Ireland's galaxy of brilliant intellects, whose beams fell athwart the last half of the century that is gone.

To mention her works done would mean a catalogue, to speak of her unrecognised writings—to be counted by the thousands of columns in the press of Ireland, England, America and Canada—would be to furnish an index to a library, to recall the names of all the prominent personages with whom she had been, either directly, or indirectly, associated, in her long literary career, would be to enumerate the brightest lights that Catholicity, in America, has given to the world for its education and uplifting.

As to the simple details of her life, the outline of the leading events, it is easy to give them.

She was the daughter of Francis Madden, of Cootehill, County Cavan, Ireland, where she was born December 31, 1820. She began

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NIGHT CLERK

her literary life at the age of 16, and when barely 18, began to contribute to La Belle Assemblee, a London magazine, published under the patronage of the Duchess of Kent. She left Ireland in 1844, and two years later married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers, of New York, Boston and Montreal. Her life was largely spent in New York, and it was there that she did some of her best work. One of her first works was a collection of traditional stories, published in Montreal, entitled "Tales of the Olden Time." In one of her numerous tales of Irish immigrant life and adventure called "Eleanor Preston," there are some sketches of Lower Canada rural life and scenery.

Amongst the most remarkable of her books was an Irish romance entitled "The Confederate Chieftains." She translated several very important religious works, such as "De Ligny's Life of the Blessed Virgin;" and the "Life of Christ." Her novels, all of which tended to bring out the finer characteristics of the Irish race, are numerous; and not a few of our readers are acquainted with her "Willy Burke," "The Blakes and the Flanigans," "Con. O'Regan," "Eleanor Preston," and "Aunt Honor's Keepsake." If, to-day, they are less read than in former years, it is due to the floods of periodical and cheap literature with which the market is overflowing. But, Mrs. Sadlier, as an authoress, and as an exponent of Irish character, in the field of romance, must



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go down to posterity in the same category as Gerald Griffin and the Banims.

And while she was doing all this literary work, she had a two-fold task to fulfil, which occupied all the time that could be snatched from one noon to another. As a wife and a mother she had the care of a delightful home, the duties, so religiously fulfilled towards a loving husband and adorable children; and as a biographical and literary critical preface to the collection of McGee's poems, which she edited, cannot but perceive how powerful was the bond of sympathy between these two noble and gifted Irish souls.

But that was not all. Her literary labors may have had some degree of recognition by the world; but she did other work and had other cares that were hidden under the cloak of a Christian humility. As one writer said:—

"Besides her vast literary work, she was also largely connected with many Catholic charitable institutions, and assisted in founding 'The Home for Friendless Girls,' 'The Foundling Asylum,' 'Home for the Aged,' 'The Night Refuge and Working Girls' Home' etc. For the latter institution she wrote the first page of the first year's annual report, and by special request contributed the first page to the 25th anniversary report."

During the last twenty-two years of her life Mrs. Sadlier has made her home in Montreal, and her venerable, benign and inspiring face was familiar in every circle where good was to be done, the cause of faith, or that of country to be advanced. Every morning, especially every Sunday morning, in the bright spring, the radiant summer, or the golden autumn, she might be seen wending her way to St. Patrick's, or to the Gesù. It was meet that on a Sunday morning, just as the faithful were bowing before the elevated Host, at the eight o'clock Mass, and as the bells announced that solemn moment of profound devotion, her happy soul should have moved quietly away from earth and ascended to the God whose laws she so faithfully obeyed and whose goodness she so thoroughly appreciated.

One evening, away back in the early nineties, the writer sat beside her in her little, comfortable parlor, in Park Avenue—where for several years she resided—and felt a glow of sentiment that no pen can tell and no pencil trace, as he gazed upon that beautiful yet aged face, and listened to the thrilling, softly melodious tones of that sympathetic voice as she read for him the last poem that McGee had written—that imperishable "Miserere Domine." And, in extending to her bereaved relatives the expression of our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, we cannot more worthily bid adieu to the grand old lady of Irish heart and Irish genius, than by paraphrasing the last lines of that poem:—

"Sadly we wept who laid her there,  
Where shall we find her equal?  
Where?  
Naught can avail her now but  
prayer:

Miserere Domine!"

And that tribute of prayer the Church offers to-day, and in it we join, with all our heart, as we humbly repeat—"May her soul rest in peace."

### Drusilla and the Cow.

Two startled old faces looked down from the haymow. What was Drusilla saying?  
She was carrying on a conversation in the cow stall—a conversation of the most personal character. To whom was she unfolding family secrets? To whom was she making such a moan about loneliness and misery and other girlish nonsense?  
"Now, you see, my dear Daffy," her voice went on, "I must do something. I cannot live on in this state. Here am I, eighteen years old. When I was fifteen, I

thought I would run away. You said, 'Wait a bit.' I did wait till I was sixteen. Then I wanted to run again. You said again, 'Wait,' and I've waited and waited, and now I'm not going to wait any longer."

"But surely you are not going to do such a silly thing as to run away?" said a voice singularly like the girl's own.

"Good gracious, no, Daffy; I've too much sense now. I've outgrown that foolishness. I've read too many stories of girls and boys running to large cities. Oh, the poor things!" and there was a quiver of compassion in the girl's voice. "I can just see the crowded streets, the cold buildings, the stony-hearted strangers. No, I want to stay near my aunts. They are not wholly disagreeable. They are good and kind in their way; but, oh, it's a terrible way for young people! We get up, eat, drink, work, and lie down again. Why, we are no higher in the intellectual scale than you are, Daffy," and she convulsively hugged her listener's neck.

"Other people live in the same way," was the severe response. "And other people have their children leave them!" said the girl, passionately. "If you don't make home pleasant, your children will drift away. Who comes to see us? I have'n't a friend in Grovetown—no, not one!" and the unhappy young voice trailed away into miserable weeping.

One of the two old women in the haymow above held up her dismayed hands. "Who's Drusilla got down there?"

"Sh-h, Purpose!" murmured Aunt Melinda, shaking a forefinger at her. "No one—no one," and she shaped her mouth into a big O. "She's talking to the cow—our family cow. Thank fortune, she's not babbling her secrets to any of the neighbors—the baby!" and she listened contemptuously to the pitiful sound of the young girl's sobs.

"Talking to the cow!" whispered Aunt Purpose, stupidly. "But there are two people, I hear their voices."

"Do hush; she'll hear you! I tell

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you she is alone—the little mix! She talks to the cow, and the cow talks back."

"But I don't understand!" muttered Aunt Purpose, in deep bewilderment. "Cows can't talk."

"Well, girls can rattle on enough for themselves and a whole herd of cows," said her sister. "She's pretending Daffy can talk. Hush! she's stopped crying."

There was silence below for a few minutes; then the cow remarked, brokenly, "You say you are going to leave your aunts, and yet you do not intend to run away. What are you going to do?" The girl answered in a choking voice: "This evening, after I have washed the dishes and hung up the cup-towels I shall say, 'Aunts, I am going to leave you. If I could do you any good or myself any good by staying, I would do so. I have written a note to

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Mrs. Leary—I see that she is advertising in the Guardian for a nursery governess for her children. I think she will give me the place. It isn't much of a position, but it is a step above that of a household drudge, and something higher may come of it. Then if I leave you, Aunts, you will be forced to get a hired girl, which will be a better thing, as you are getting too old for hard work."

"And what do you suppose your aunts will say to this?" inquired the cow.

There was another long silence, broken finally by the girl: "Daffy, I leave that to your imagination."

Consternation reigned in the hay-mow, and when self-possession came, the girl was declaiming mournfully, "Oh, the abomination of desolation of two old women living alone and hating company! Were they ever young, Daffy? Did they ever jump and run about, or were they born stone images?"

"Come, come!" It was Daffy's turn to speak. "You are too hard on them. My mother, who was family cow before me, said she remembered when the Graybetter mansion was the liveliest place in town. There were six children growing up, and the Judge and Mrs. Graybetter kept open house. Your Aunt Melinda was always a serious girl, and fond of the housekeeping, but your Aunt Purpose was the gayest of the gay, and a beauty, too."

At this point Aunt Purpose, on the haymow above, blushed, bridled and nervously clasped her hands.

Daffy went on: "The young men used to hover round her just to hear her talk and watch her shake her golden curls."

"Golden curls, Daffy!" said the girl, incredulously. "That iron-gray hair?"

"The hair-dresser, Time, will finger your yellow locks, my dear," said the cow, severely.

"Then let me pass a caressing hand over my aunts' gray heads," said the girl, brightly. "But if only they would change, if only they would become model old women!"

"What is a model old woman?" asked the cow.

"A model old woman is one who wears a simple, pretty gown, and sits by the fire or the window, and knits and reads, and encourages the young people to come about her. She doesn't wash dishes and sweep floors and do all kinds of housework if there is no need for her to do so, and that only exhaust what little strength she has."

"It takes money to have a pleasant time."

"But we have plenty, Daffy, plenty. People think we are poor because we lost half our fortune. There is enough left to keep us in mild luxury."

"But your poor aunts got a fright."

"Yes, because we lost a part they thought the whole would go. But our money is safe, safe as a bank. I've heard old Mr. Dilkington, the lawyer, telling them again and again. They could relax this frightful grind whenever they liked. Oh, how I should like to make them over and have a lovely home here!"

"Now, what would you do," said the cow, kindly, "if you had your own way? Just make believe for a minute."

"Oh," cried the girl, in an ecstasy of imagination, "what wouldn't I do? First of all, I'd throw open the doors and windows and say to every fly in Grovetown, 'Com in, innoculate us with some of the spirit of the outside world, soar into these old-fashioned corners, and bring some life into our lives!'"

"H'm!" said the cow, dryly. "You'll never do that while your aunts live."

"Then I'll never do it after they are dead!" said the girl, vehemently. "Never, never will I do anything after their death that they would not have approved of in life! I'd shut up this house and move away. I'll never, never have any pleasure here!"

Fortunately the girl could not look into the haymow. Aunt Melinda had become rigid, and a menacing crease was forming itself about her lips. Aunt Purpose, seized by a sudden fit of trembling, gasped miserably, "Sell the house—the old Graybetter mansion?"

Drusilla was going on with her imaginary changes.

"After the flies got in, and I had become tired of watching them have a good time, I'd go downtown. I'd buy hammocks and red garden-chairs to put under our lovely old elms, and I'd get hanging-plants and bird-cages for the veranda, and little tables, with all the latest books and magazines; and I'd keep two maids to do the work in this enormous house, and I'd take music lessons and study some more; and I'd have all the young people running out and in, and once in a while I'd give a party; and I'd go to the different ministers in Grovetown and say quietly, 'If you know any lonely and homesick young people in this town, just give me their addresses and I'll invite them to my house.'"

"And I'd buy handsome black silk dresses for Aunt Melinda and Aunt Purpose, and have a horse for them to drive, and I'd try to get them to make a little fuss over me, and not act as if I didn't belong to them, and—"

"Drusilla Mary Graybetter!" exclaimed a terrible voice.

The girl sprang out to the floor of the barn.

Her Aunt Melinda, in cap and glasses, was on her hands and knees in the hay, peering down at her like some gigantic, unfriendly spider calling a halt to a timid fly below.

"Drusilla Mary Graybetter," she said again, "have you sent that letter?"

"No, Aunt Melinda," murmured the frightened girl.

"Go destroy it!"

The girl hesitated.

Aunt Melinda's cap-strings trembled. "Are you going?"

"I don't know, aunt."

Something choked in Aunt Melinda's throat. This rebellion had come to a head. "Keep your letter then, for a few days," she said, firmly. "Do not send it."

"Very well, aunt," said the girl, and she went slowly toward the house.

"Oh, Melinda," said Aunt Purpose, hysterically, "what are you going to do? What does this mean?"

Aunt Melinda groaned. She knew better than her sister what it meant. It meant ruin—ruin to her family pride. It had never occurred to her that her young niece, apparently so meek under her iron rule, would, at the first opportunity, break away and go to live among strangers.

A long and painful silence fell between the two sisters. "She wants to go," said Aunt Purpose, at last, "and we are old and set in our ways. I suppose it's dull for a young person. I've said nothing, but I've often felt dull myself."

"She shan't go!" said Aunt Melinda, sternly. "Not if we have to make ourselves over to keep her."

"How will you keep her?" said Aunt Purpose, mildly. "She's too old to whip or put in a closet."

"You'll see!" replied her sister, harshly. "Here, let me go down that ladder first. You might slip."

Aunt Purpose looked over her shoulder. "I haven't been up here for years," she said, softly. "It takes me back to the time when we were children. Do you remember our nests of apples in the hay, Melinda?"

Aunt Melinda grunted some inaudible reply.

"We always had a good time when we were young," continued Aunt Purpose. "Mother was very kind about letting us have our friends visit us."

"Make haste!" said Aunt Melinda, shortly; but she did not lift her head, for her grim old eyes were full of tears.

The two old ladies strolled slowly to the house, through barnyard, henyard and chipyard. Aunt Purpose sat down in the first chair she came to, and clasping her aching head with her hands, murmured, "I feel as if I had been out in a thunder storm."

Aunt Melinda strode through to the wainscotted front hall, where she threw open the big oaken door. "There!" she said to a swarm of amazed Grovetown flies playing without. "Come in and see what the old family portraits look like. I guess you've never seen them before."

The swarm needed no second invitation. Headed by one swarthy veteran, they came sailing in over their hostess' head. Aunt Melinda groaned again as she watched them, but she was not one to put her



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For first class certificates (non-professional): Winnipeg, Brandon, and Portage la Prairie, at the same time.

Each intending candidate is required to notify the Department before June 5th, enclosing the requisite certificate of character of recent date, stating the class in which he desires to be examined and the place at which he will attend.

A fee of five dollars (\$5.00) will be charged all candidates writing for first, second or third class certificates at the examination in June, 1903. Those candidates writing on Part I of the third class examination will be charged three dollars (\$3.00), and those writing on Part II, third class examination, will be charged two dollars (\$2.00). This fee must be paid to the presiding examiner before the candidate will be allowed to write on the examination.

All persons engaged in teaching before the examination will, upon becoming candidates, have their licenses extended to the date of the publication of the results.

#### NORMAL SCHOOL SESSION.

The next session of the Provincial Normal School for teachers holding first and second class certificates will be held in Winnipeg, commencing on Tuesday, August 18th, 1903.

Persons who have taught successfully one year since attending a local Normal School session for teachers holding third class certificates and who have passed the non-professional examination for first and second class certificates, are eligible for admission, and should apply to the Department of Education for the necessary card before August 1st, 1903.

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hand to the plow and then turn back.

Her sister, startled by the flies, had come out of the kitchen and was staring at her as if she thought she had gone crazy. Then, with a troubled air, she followed her from one room to another. Shutters were thrown open, rusty hinges creaked, old mahogany furniture glistened and shone.

Finally Aunt Melinda sat down at the late Judge's seldom-used writing-desk. For a few minutes she wrote painfully; then she turned to her sister. "Listen, Purpose. (To be continued.)"

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