



MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

By a Protestant Theologian in The Sacred Heart Review.

VI.

It is commonly assumed that Catherine de Medici had formed the purpose of cutting off the Huguenot leaders and as many of their followers as possible at the very time when she invited the Protestant magnates to Paris to celebrate the wedding of their young chief, Henry of Navarre, with her daughter, Margaret of Valois. Ranke shows that there is good reason to regard this opinion as both true and false. Catherine, when she was on the point of making the young Bourbon prince her son-in-law, and when she bade her followers to the wedding, seems to have really had in mind to gain the Protestants over to her side as a support against the imperious control of the Guises, under which she had chafed during the brief reign of her eldest son, the young Francis, whose wife, Mary Stuart, was their niece, and who still were too powerful in France for Catherine's comfort. If she could gain over the Huguenots to her support, she would be independent of both sides. She seems to have meant to give the Protestants so much liberty as to keep them from rebellion, while restricting them so sharply as to hold the Guises quiet. It was a ticklish policy, but it suited her Italian and Medicean astuteness. Had she been trusted by any one, something might have come out of it. But a woman who had no French feeling, who believed in nothing, and who valued her own power above the good of her son and of France, was not likely long to hold the balance between two French parties, each profoundly convinced of the soundness of its cause.

Still, she seems really to have meant to try this policy, which afterwards Henry Bourbon himself, a person who could be trusted, carried out with such brilliant success. Yet, as Ranke remarks, tortuous and subtle natures like hers have commonly in the background of consciousness some purpose at variance with that which is at the moment prevalent with them. This is likely at any time to push to the front and take the place of control. So it seems to have been with Catherine. If, instead of trying for the uncertain adherence of the Calvinistic leaders, she should find it to her account to avail herself of their concourse in intensely Catholic Paris to entrap them and cut them off, she stood quite ready to do so. Accordingly she may be said to have meditated the massacre at the very time when she was, for the moment, planning something exactly opposite to the massacre. For the sake of the one thing which she valued in life, supreme control, she was ready to make or break promises to the Admiral, the League, the King of Spain, the Pope or anybody else.

I need not say that my cousin Coffin, in describing St. Bartholomew's, revels in blunders, for that he does everywhere. He absolutely wallows in them, although, to be sure, he does that

in so many pages of his books that I am not sure but that I am laying a false emphasis here. Of course he could not introduce the great massacre without a preliminary poisoning or two. Not long before the royal wedding, Jane d'Albret, reigning Queen of Navarre, Henry's mother, fell sick and died. Of course she was poisoned. Mr. Coffin knows all the facts so precisely, that if some difficulties of chronology did not stand in the way, I should be tempted to believe that he had enjoyed the queen mother's confidence in the matter. Mr. Lansing knows how to bring a man out of his grave 152 years late to poison a Pope, but I think that even he would shrink from bringing a man into the world 300 years early, to poison a queen. Therefore I prefer the dry remark of Guizot, that there is no probability whatever of any poisoning in the case.

One would think that the Coffins and Lansings, and such people, held, with the African negroes, that the only way to be sure that anybody has died a natural death is to hang him. Then we may be satisfied that he has gone off with that ancient and unimpeachable disease, want of breath. Otherwise, we must always assume that he has been either bewitched or poisoned. There is no surer sign of a vulgar nature, or else of one that partisan malignity has degraded into vulgarity, than the disposition to assume that persons noted in history have died of poison. The Ave Maria wittily says that poison seems to have been as convenient a medical verdict in old days as heart-failure is in ours. Or, if the doctors hesitated, the public was always certain.

However, to do these people justice, they do not think, like the negroes, that everybody in the old days was either poisoner or poisoned or both. It was only Catholics that poisoned Protestants, or else Jesuits that poisoned inconvenient popes or cardinals or kings. When Elizabeth and her ministers tried to persuade Sir Amyas Paulet to poison the Queen of Scots, of course that was merely an innocent pleasantry. To be sure, Sir Amyas gives a very serious refusal, but that, I suppose, was because, being a Puritan, he did not understand how to take a joke of his jolly sovereign. I wonder if this message of Elizabeth to the knight is one of those admirable points of "bravery in maintaining the principles of the Reformation" over which the English Methodist Doctor William Rule becomes enthusiastic.

There is one case of poisoning in the 16th century, and that a formally authenticated case, of which I do not observe that Coffin, Lansing, Edgar, or any other of these valiant champions of the pure gospel make any mention. And yet it certainly has interest enough. It is the case of a very brilliant, though very erratic king, dethroned, imprisoned, and finally poisoned by his brother, according to the solemn advice of a council of state, confirmed by the hand and seal of two successive archbishops. Of course this took place in Spain or Italy, or some other of those depraved popish countries. Unhappily, it came to pass in evangelical and godly Sweden. The poisoned king, Eric XIV., was a Calvinist, or suspected of leaning that way.

The fratricidal murderer, King John III., was a Lutheran, who held that the dethronement, imprisonment, and finally the poisoning, of his elder brother and sovereign was necessary for the good of the state, and still more for the good of the Lutheran church. If any one wishes to see the whole revolting proceeding, he may consult Bernhard Duhr's "Jesuitenfabeln," Vierte Lieferung, pp. 360-362. This design of the King and Council is supported by the first two Lutheran archbishops of Upsala, and by their suffragan bishops of Linköping, Skara, Strengnaes, Vesteras, besides two pastors and one dean. The documents are in the Swedish archives, and on the spot of the murder stands a slab inscribed: "For deeds unworthy of a king, unworthily taken off." Propter facinora rege indigna indigne sublatus

Duhr very pertinently asks, What would have been said, if a Catholic king had dethroned, imprisoned and poisoned his Calvinistic brother and sovereign, on the advice of a Catholic council, of two Catholic archbishops, of four Catholic bishops, of two Catholic divines and of a Catholic dean? Above all, what would have been said, if this case of conscience had been settled in favor of the poisoning by two successive Jesuit generals, four Jesuit provincials, and three other Jesuit divines? It would no longer have been needful to surmise Jesuit poisonings and regicides, on any evidence or on none. One such authentic and accredited case would have sufficed for all the centuries. If it had been urged that Eric was tyrannical, heretical and dangerous, what an outcry there would have been. "Only see these Jesuits!" would have been the exclamation. "They first sanction rebellion, and then advise fratricidal regicide, and that in the most treacherous form, and then they offer an apology which is worse than the original offence!"

How exasperating, that all this holy indignation of ours must lie idle on our hands! We can't use it against six pious Lutheran bishops, and three Lutheran theologians. How things will still go at cross purposes in this naughty world!

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Sister Laurent, of the Grey Nun Mother House, will celebrate her fiftieth anniversary of religious vows next Sunday. As four years must precede the profession, this gives the venerable jubilarian 54 years of religious life. She entered the community at the early age of 15, and is still to be seen going her charitable rounds, visiting the sick, etc., every day.

IN THE OCTAVE OF ST. GEORGE.

It seems to us passing strange how disloyal almost all Catholic papers are towards England. This is a thing that puzzles us and we should be glad to have the secret unveiled, for it is a well known fact that our holy religion is more free under the British flag than under any other. Can it be that the memory of ages of persecution still rankles in the breast of these Christians of to-day? We think it is not generally known that English Catholics have suffered as much as Irish ones for their faith; they have undergone for centuries a social ostracism, but have always kept a dignified silence on the subject, which all have respected and allowed to remain unbroken. Methinks those who complain so much of the cross they carry lose somewhat of merit. It is not our converts that are so well acquainted with these things, but the old Catholic families who kept the faith through the dark days of penal times. Amongst these, it may be interesting to notice at present the Howards, the head of which house, the Duke of Norfolk, is now gone forth to join the army in South Africa.

"One little episode, probably not elsewhere unrecorded," says the London Chronicle, "of the going forth of the Duke of Norfolk to the war, recalls certain customs of knightly mediævalism never abandoned by the House of Howard. On the day of his departure from London the Duke took his sword to the private chapel at Archbishop's House, where, according to an ancient rite, it was solemnly blessed before the altar by Cardinal Vaughan. When the kneeling soldier of fortune—in a new sense—was enjoined in the accustomed formulary to accept no greater reward for his services than is their just due, it was a little difficult for either actor in the moving little ceremony to preserve a countenance quite impassive."

His Grace's sister, Lady Margaret Howard, died a few months since, regretted by all who knew her, especially the poor, for whose sake she had given up rank and fashion and for years had lived right amongst them, in the poorest part of London, the East End, so as to be nearer to them and of more comfort in their necessities. They tell us one day she lost a pet dog and inquired everywhere for it, but no dog was forthcoming. At last two big, rough-looking fellows came and asked to see Lady Margaret, one of them carried the dog and coming forward in a shame-faced manner put it into her arms. "Now, you shall have the reward," she said. "Oh! no, Lady Margaret, we stole the dawg me and my pal, but if we'd a know'd 'twas yourn, Lady Margaret, we'd a died before taking it."

The father of the present Duke, one of the handsomest and most courtly men of his time, was a devout Catholic. It was indeed edifying to see him and Lady Arundel (he was at the time of which I speak Earl of Arundel and Surrey, his father being still alive) receiving Holy Communion three or four times a week

in the little chapel at Newbury, in Berkshire, near their summer residence. Once they brought Fr. Faber with them to say Mass. Shall we ever forget his angel face! The Earl always served Mass on week days, only he knelt a long way off, as if he were not worthy. On Sundays he knelt for a long time on a poor little bench right at the back to prevent the rough people from disturbing the service. This was an ideal Christian family; all the children who were old enough came to church with their parents, more simply clad than the poorest. I remember little Lord Maltravers, the present Duke, wearing a suit of green velvet, and we, children, thought the old Duke must have given it to him. "Ethel's Book," or "Tales of the Angels," by Father Faber, was written for little Lady Etheldreda Howard, and "Philip's Death," one of the tales, was about her brother, little Lord Philip, who died an infant. They say the Queen, then quite young, had taken a girlish fancy for the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and so he was sent abroad, where he fell sick and was nursed by the daughter of Lord Lyons, commanding the Mediterranean fleet, whom he married. This dear Duchess was like the spouse in the Canticles, "the beauty of the King's daughter was within," but she had lovely little feet.

Not all of the Dukes of Norfolk have been good, though none have abandoned the faith. For generations there had been a good and then a bad one, but the spell is broken, for the two last have been excellent. One of the bad old Dukes, they say, always kept his chaplain living in the house, in case he should die suddenly, so as to repent at the last. When he was sick to death, they looked everywhere for the chaplain; impossible to find him. After all was over, a footman going into the library saw him calmly saying his Breviary "Oh! where have you been, Father? We have looked everywhere for you, the Duke is dead." "I have never left the library," he replied, "all the afternoon," and this was the first place in which they had sought him. M. T.

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1900

CURRENT COMMENT

The writer of "In the Octave of St. George," contributing to this issue, is, we think, mistaken in saying that "almost all Catholic papers are disloyal towards England." None of the Catholic papers in England or Canada are disloyal. Most of them, to be sure, are not jingo papers; but there is a middle and wise course between jingoism and disloyalty, and that middle course consists in loyal service with open eyes. Loyalty to England is assuredly not a more exacting virtue than loyalty to the Church, and yet the latter does not exclude historical blame of high dignitaries in the Church of the past.

One would think that a poet—and Mr. Charles J. O'Malley is a real poet—would excel in detecting shades of meaning. Yet, strange to say, the editor of the Midland Review persists in misunderstanding our objection to a strong adjective which gave not only a special shade of meaning but a very high color to its substantive. Mr. O'Malley hailed Mr. Fréchet as an "ardent" Catholic. We poked fun at the word "ardent." He replied: "Is he not a Catholic?" We rejoined, "Who ever said he wasn't? but between a Catholic (of any sort) and an 'ardent Catholic' there yawns a chasm." Meanwhile the Kentucky critic writes to Dr. O'Hagan, who replies that said chasm is of no interest to him, and to Mr. Louis Fréchet, who writes back that he has always (?) remained a Catholic in practice. And thus the Catholic ardor of this French Canadian poet remains where it was, absolutely unproved.

Here is another instance of Mr. O'Malley's inaccuracy. We said, in our issue of April 11: "If the Midland Review were better informed on the recent literary events of French Canada, it would hardly have praised Mr. Louis Fréchet's style so highly as it did lately." Mr. O'Malley had called Mr. Fréchet's style "exquisite." We objected in the foregoing remarks to the superlative praise contained in the word "exquisite," but we dropped not the slightest hint that Mr. Fréchet's style was not good.

Even between "good" and "exquisite" we see quite a number of degrees, such as "very fair," "very good," "pleasing," etc. But Mr. O'Malley evidently wrote to Dr. O'Hagan that we had said Mr. Fréchet's style was "not good," since the Midland Review of May 8 informs us that Dr. O'Hagan replied: "As to Louis Fréchet, it is nonsense to say that his style is not good." Who ever said it was not good? We said and still say it is not "exquisite." An exquisite style in a poet supposes thought wedded to melody. Now Mr. Fréchet undoubtedly is melodious, but his best thoughts are the property of others; when left to himself, he is poor and vulgar in idea. Give him a striking fact in history and he will put it into telling dramatic verse. He knows his language well, he has the poetic temperament, and so he can turn out graceful lines. What he lacks is the creative power. No great thought ever "strikes along his brain and flushes all his face." Perhaps it is because he feels this in his heart of heart that he has so often copied other French poets. Had the exposure of his plagiarisms, which appeared some years ago in "La Vérité," been sent to the French Academy in time, that august body would never have crowned him.

L'ECHO DE MANITOBA.

Our French contemporary in Winnipeg replies at length, and with a judicial calm that is as unwonted at it is pleasing, to our last article (May 2) on the school deadlock. We are happy to see "L'Echo" admitting plainly and unequivocally that the school question is not by any means settled. In the face of this avowal what becomes of the solemn and oft-reiterated promises of Sir Wilfrid Laurier? Did he not undertake to settle this knotty question in such a way as to do full justice and afford complete satisfaction to the wronged minority whose sacred constitutional rights had been affirmed by the highest court of the Empire?

As to the so-called "settlement," can anyone in good faith dare to aver that it has settled anything? What has been done so far is due to a combination of circumstances which have allowed us to enter upon a course of conciliation, yes, but one in which all the concessions have come from us. Conciliation is not much to boast of for people who have constitutional rights.

No; the settlement remains what the Sovereign Pontiff declared it to be, "defective, imperfect, insufficient." We have just had a striking proof of this in the failure of the Winnipeg Catholics to obtain any reasonable concessions from the city School Board. The Catholics asked for very little in return for the enormous sacrifices they offered to make in the interests of peace, and yet that little was refused not so much because of ill-will on the part of the members of the Winnipeg School Board as because of the "settlement" which those members alleged as the reason of their refusal. Now, who fathered that settlement, if not Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Thomas Greenway? "L'Echo" pretends that Sir

Wilfrid settled the school question by referring it back to the local legislature, and thus our contemporary, in order to entice us into the arena of politics, lays a trap which, albeit pretty skillfully devised, is just a trifle too glaring to ensnare us. What we want is not "a policy of partial and progressive concessions," subject to the political exigencies of parties in power, but the acknowledgment of our constitutional rights. For this have we fought since 1890, and this do we still demand to-day. This also is what the then Mr. Laurier solemnly promised in 1896 if he came into power. Instead of this full and complete vindication of our rights what have we? Alas! we regret to confess it, we have nothing but an appeal to the mercy of the local legislature. Our case is that of an uninfluential but honest citizen who, having obtained a judgment of the supreme court against an unjust aggressor, and having applied, for the execution of the judgment, to the executive officer, is informed by the latter that he must arrange matters with the aggressor himself: "For," says the executive, "since he is the cause of all your wrongs, it is his business to make that restitution which justice demands." In sober truth, were all the laws of the Empire administered in this fashion, we should soon be in the midst of anarchy the most complete.

We can easily forgive L'Echo its special plea in favor of Sir Wilfrid, but we cannot help seeing therein one more instance of the blinding effect of politics on its victims. As far as we are concerned, without refusing to take advantage of whatever good dispositions our local rulers may manifest, we persist in maintaining the vantage-ground given us by the judgment of the Privy Council and the Remedial Order of the Governor-General-in-Council. We hold that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has the right and is in duty bound to restore to us full and entire justice, and we cannot cease to pray that the hour of our deliverance may soon come.

One more word. L'Echo thinks "the diocesan authority" made a mistake in not approving the Liberal Catholic members when they wished to elicit from the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald a declaration of his intentions with regard to the school question. But, in the first place, these members are in no sense the representatives of the Catholic body and, in the second, it is obvious to retort that, during Greenway's government, the Liberal members carefully abstained from embarrassing the Hon. Thomas by any such questions.

DECOYING IMMIGRANTS.

The Montreal "Daily Witness" lately published a letter exposing the decoy system thanks to which the Doukhobors who settled in the Canadian Northwest were lured toward Southern California. Agents for the sale of railway lands persuaded them to send delegates to that beautiful but deceptive land. The railways showed these delegates every attention and carried them about to see the lands these same railways had for sale. The delegates arrived when the coun-

try around Los Angeles was luxuriating in a mantle of green and flowers thanks to the abundant rains in midwinter. They were charmed, they said they had at last found their earthly paradise. They hastened back to Manitoba and the Territories to proclaim the good news. Had they gone to Southern California last month they would hardly have been so enthusiastic. No rain had fallen since midwinter, all was parched and dried up, i.e., all the land that has not irrigation facilities, and these facilities require great capital and organization which these poor, ignorant people are not able to furnish.

The Witness correspondent says: "Southern California is a paradise for those who are in feeble health and have the means to buy a home, but for the poor laborer, depending on his work for a living, it is not what interested parties represent it to be. We have already more laborers than can find work at living wages." Farmers cannot depend upon the rain for crops. "This is the third year of defective rain fall, and poor crops are the result." The soil must be watered artificially and this is very expensive.

The only parties who will gain by this exodus of Doukhobors are (1) the railway companies, which will palm off on them at \$1.25 an acre lands that are dear at any price, unless used for mining or stock-raising, both of which operations require much capital in Southern California, (2) the beet sugar factories, which offer the Doukhobors only 50 cents a day, whilst they are now paying other laborers from \$1.25 to \$2.50 a day, and (3) the employment agents whose only object in life is to deceive one more unfortunate laborer for whom they have no pity.

The foregoing details of this method of decoying immigrants as exposed by one who has been residing in Southern California for the last sixteen years and who may therefore be supposed to know what he is writing about, are recited here not because we have any great affection or esteem for the Doukhobors, but because we like to see a fraudulent bubble burst. We consider this merely one out of many instances of the tricks of immigration and employment agents. Laborers are decoyed into a country where work for laborers is hard to find at any time, and once there they will receive—for how long, nobody knows—a wage on which a family cannot live.

As to the Doukhobors themselves, without being quite prepared to accept La Vérité's saying, that "people who are kept in Canada in spite of themselves will make sorry settlers," we think their departure would not be an appreciable loss. The fact that Count Leo Tolstoi organized their removal to this country has always militated against them in the eyes of well informed Catholics. Tolstoi is a hater of the supernatural, masquerading in the guise of a thoughtful peasant. That this prince of materialistic humbugs, who looks upon all the history of both Testaments as trash, should patronize the Doukhobors is proof positive that they are at bottom an anti-Christian and therefore an uncivilizing element.

RESTRICTED FRANCHISE.

The Government have given notice that they intend this week to introduce their new franchise legislation. They are to be congratulated on their determination to redeem their ante election pledge to reform the system of making up the voters' list. We speak feelingly on this point, having on one occasion with many other Catholic residents of the city been the victims of a registration clerk's partisan manipulation of the list, and we trust that the new law will be an absolutely fair one, under which every duly qualified British subject will get square treatment and be assured of a vote. It is rumoured that the new act will contain clauses excluding certain classes of lately arrived immigrants from the franchise until they pass some kind of educational test. When appealing to the people at the last elections all references to a provision of this kind proved exceedingly popular, and we believe that in some constituencies it had a great deal to do with the success of Conservative candidates. It is a point, however, which must be handled very carefully. We certainly believe there are many immigrants that have arrived in batches during the past year or two who are not fit to be entrusted with the power of voting and who will not be fit for a good many years to come; but it is a most difficult matter to deal with and we shall await with interest the details of the government legislation.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

This beautifully illustrated magazine opens its May number very appropriately with a graceful, melodious six-act sonnet by P. J. Cormican, S. J., on "The Queen of May." One line in the sextet—a flawless gem—"Her very touch made earth what eye had never seen," is used as a legend for the sweet Madonna that forms the frontispiece. Another Marian contribution is "Gleanings from Bossuet on false devotion to Our Lady and the Saints," by F. M. Capes. This writer introduces Father Tyrrell, S. J., the now celebrated author of "External Religion, its use and abuse," as repeating the solemn warning of the Eagle of Meaux, a warning that is most timely in this Month of Mary. Too many Catholics, supposedly pious, think they are devout to the Blessed Virgin because they recite faithfully a number of prayers in her honor, and yet they make no effort to bridle their tongues, to curb their vanity, to deny themselves. True devotion consists in eagerness to serve God with ever increasing fidelity. If we wish to be really devout to Mary, we must strive to imitate her virtues. Bossuet says truly: "How many people think of offering their vows or asking help of the Saints against their faults and vices, of begging prayers for their own conversion?"

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The May number of this bright magazine contains many good things. One of the most interesting is the short sketch of the late Father Alfred Young's devoted life. This great Paulist deserves a full biography. He will be known to posterity as the author of that unanswerable book, "Catholic and Protestant Countries Compared."

In the "Talk about New Books" the writer strikes a note in loud discord with the prevailing chorus of praise welcoming "My New Curate." He finds fault with several points in Father Sheehan's much talked of novel. The gravest fault, and one which is of course hopelessly irremediable, is that it lacks the creative power. We are inclined to think that the reviewer is not far wrong. The general impression Father Sheehan leaves is not so vivid as the admiration his clever bits arouse.

Alice A. Catlin, in a "Visit in South-Western France," describes in a pleasant, chatty vein (with the American girl, however, a little too prominent) the prosperous life of the dwellers in the department of Deux-Sèvres, which, by the way, is not in the southwest but exactly in the middle west of France. "One peasant family in Boisragon has one hundred and five pairs of linen sheets... One gets some idea of the wealth of household and personal linen owned, when told that 12 dozens of everything is not an unusual number to possess." Fancy twelve dozens of white shirts worn under a workingman's blouse, and compare this with America's false fronts, skimpy cotton sheets and wretchedly small blankets. Solid comfort versus show.

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Among those who freely acknowledge the benefit derived from this great medicine is Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Dromore, P.E.I., a lady who possesses the respect and esteem of all who know her. Mrs. Hughes speaks of her illness and cure as follows: "Until about four years ago I had always enjoyed good health, and was looked upon as one who possessed a robust constitution. Then I began to grow weak, was troubled with severe headaches, and frequently with violent pains in the region of my heart, from which I would only find ease through hot applications. My stomach also gave me much trouble, and did not appear to perform its customary functions. I was treated by a skillful doctor, but although under his care for several months, I grew gradually weaker and weaker, until finally I was not able to leave my bed. Then I called in another doctor, whose treatment, although continued for some eight months, was equally fruitless. I was scarcely able to hold my head up, and was so nervous that I was crying half the time. My condition can best be described as pitiable. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of a cure of a woman whose case was in many respects similar to mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided that I would give the pills a fair trial. When I began the use of the pills I was in such a condition that the doctor told me I would always be an invalid. I used four boxes of the pills before I noticed any benefit, and then I could see they were helping me. I used twelve boxes in all, covering a treatment of nearly six months, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and I have ever since enjoyed the best of health. I believe there would be fewer suffering women throughout the world if they would do as I did—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

A medicine that is not right is worse than no medicine at all—much worse. Substitutes are not right; more than that, they are generally dangerous. When you buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be sure that the full name is on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer

does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NATURE'S MELODIES.

Written for THE REVIEW by an English Banker.

Near the romantic town of Freiberg, in South Germany, is a natural eolian lyre, which at times produces undulating waves of melody of startling beauty and power, the rising and falling cadence of the melodious strains being audible for a considerable distance from the strange nature-formed source whence these harmonious chords proceed. This literal "wind instrument" is fashioned out of a chasm, rent in the adjoining range of mountains, cleft, as it were, by the ponderous stroke of a gigantic axe struck deep down into the solid rock, and somewhat resembling in form one of those mighty glacier crevasses caused by the splitting of the gradually advancing mass of ice. The deep yawning fissure is clothed on one side with tall fir-trees, whose swaying branches and uprising trunks doubtless add to the rythmical harmony of this music of the spheres issuing apparently from the depths of the solid earth. Near by is a flowing waterfall, plashing down its rock-encumbered bed, whose purling eddies and falling spray add to it a most fascinating accompaniment.

During the prevalence of calms, of course, the strings of this harp of nature are dumb and silent; but when the gathering winds slowly commence to rise, the exquisite tuneful beauty of the soft zephyr harmony thrills the lover of the poesy of music with an emotion—even with a quivering pulsation of unwonted pleasure—such as no artificial chords could create. At first a gentle sighing, melancholy but soft and tuneful, appears to rise from the profundity of the mountain, as from a bevy of earth-fairies in distress. Soon, as the moving air gathers force, this sad and mournful moaning gives place to more vivacious melody. The strings of the harp are better attuned, and the strains of lively music are frolicking up and down the gamut, as if the fairies, who a few moments before were bemoaning in sorrow, were now carolling in the exuberance of bithesome glee; anon, however, flitting, as the cadence sinks for a moment, to return with hilarious gaiety as the bright symphony again swells with ever added sprightly vivacity.

But now a violent storm has arisen, and the wild tempest rages on the mountains, tearing its way through the narrow cleft, and shrieking with shrill and piercing clamour, as if ten thousand marine sirens, attuned to their acutest pitch, were buried deep down in the depths of the cleft, and their half-smothered warning voices were sonorously apprising some far-off mariner of a hidden danger. But though the hurricane is raging so wildly, tearing its way through the forest with destructive blast, and causing ruin and devastation in its path, yet, even in its wildest moods, there is music in its roar; and as it gradually abates and calms down, first to a steady though forceful breeze, and then to a gently moving air, the shrill, fretful clamour from the rocky chasm is changed to an anthem of long sustained chords, succeeded then by a mourning sougning dirge, soon to die away in a soft, scarce audible whisper of tender melody.

Thus even inanimate nature herself is capable of producing music, is able to take part in the universal anthem of praise to the Creator which is continuously resounding from all His works,

and if here below in our present imperfect state we are able to produce such brilliant melody, in that supernal Realm of song, where angels and beatified spirits cease not day nor night to sing His praises, how much more sublime and overpoweringly glorious must be the harmony. Thrice happy they who, living the life of the righteous, through the merits of the Redeemer attain to that home of highest song. For there can be no melody in the Outer Darkness!

THE "BOOKMAN" AND ST. GEORGE MIVART.

The "Bookman" has the following in its May issue:

"A very different type of man from Archibald Forbes was Dr. St. George Mivart, whose death would probably have passed unnoticed by the majority of educated men had it not been for the interest lately excited in him by his controversial correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan. Mr. Mivart can hardly be rated as a really eminent man of science, for his modified evolutionary theories were acceptable neither to Darwinians nor to the opposing school; so that as an evolutionist he was neither fish, flesh nor fowl. His letters, however, to Cardinal Vaughan drew forth an immense amount of discussion, more particularly in this country. Their theological interest to us, at least, was nil, for Mivart's position was one that seems untenable, in that he appeared to wish to remain within the Catholic Church while refusing to accept its discipline. He claimed, indeed, the privileges of a spoiled child, and we cannot feel any sympathy with him whatsoever. He was perfectly free to have left the Church if he found the restrictions galling, and he was equally free to have remained in it and to have submitted his individual opinions to the ruling of those who officially interpret its fundamental dogmas. But what he seemed to wish was to remain a Catholic and at the same time to promulgate views which were antagonistic to true Catholicism. Furthermore, when he found that this was impossible, instead of withdrawing from the Church in a quiet, self-respecting way, he felt bound to make an absurd fuss about the matter and to do a little public posing as a modern Galileo.

"What interests us in the correspondence with Cardinal Vaughan is the perfect way in which the letters of each of the two men reflect and reveal their personality. Those of the Cardinal are so genial, so urbane, and so full of personal kindness and consideration as to be among the most charming that we have ever read. On the other hand, Mivart's replies were bumptious, pragmatismal and aggressive to the verge of actual discourtesy, and in this way they form an effective contrast and a foil to the Cardinal's replies. The whole correspondence is worthy to be preserved and read as illustrating the difference in tone and temper between a cultivated and polished gentleman and a pugnacious pedant."

ST. PIE-LETELLIER.

The splendid spring weather has enabled farmers to get forward their work, without being too hard on the horses; nearly all the wheat and oats are sown, most of them coming up well. The frost this week does not seem to have done much damage.

Mr. Forcier and family leave this neighborhood for Moose Mountain district in the early part of next week.

For the Easter duties, the Rev. Father Blain, S. J., came to as-

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assist the Rev. Father Juras at the end of Holy Week. The reverend Father preached several times and was much appreciated.

On Easter Sunday the new monstrance, which is quite handsome, was inaugurated; the new benches were in their places, and were sold by auction after High Mass. At Vespers, in the evening, a collection was taken up by Mesdames Graveline and D. Parent, of the Altar Society, the proceeds amounting to close on \$15, to be devoted to cleaning and painting the floor of the Church.

Last Sunday, the first Sunday of Our Lady's Month, Vespers were at 7 o'clock. The singing by the Children of Mary was good, and the Rev. Dr. Béliveau delivered an eloquent address on the Blessed Virgin.

Several cases of diphtheria have occurred at Letellier, but as the authorities have now taken every means to prevent the spread of the disease, we trust it will be speedily stamped out.

Mr. Monceau has lost a son six years old; we trust that his other children, also those of the other afflicted families, will be restored to health.

The Letellier school has been closed for a fortnight.

There is no sickness at St. Pie.

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NORTHWEST REVIEW, ST. BONIFACE.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

MAY.

- 20—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
- 21, Monday—Rogation Day. Our Lady of Mercy.
- 22, Tuesday—Rogation Day. St. Anselm, Doctor (transferred from April 21).
- 23, Wednesday—Rogation Day and Vigil.
- 24, Thursday—Feast of the Ascension.
- 25, Friday—St. Gregory VII. Pope.
- 26, Saturday—St. Philip Neri. Conf.

BRIEFLETS.

Father Eeck, O.M.I., attended Gretna last Sunday.

Rev. Father Kenny, of Gratton, N.D., was in town last week.

Mr. Nicholas Bawlf returned last week much improved in health.

Mr. Louis Bouche is back from Chicago, where he was studying dentistry.

Between Sunday evening and Monday morning the thermometer dropped 47 degrees.

Several High Masses will be sung this week in the Cathedral, at the request of parishioners, to obtain the much needed rain.

Rev. Father Cherrier is superintending the University examinations at Portage la Prairie; Mr. W. A. McIntyre at Brandon.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Monchamp left last Thursday for Boston, New York and other places. They will be absent about five months.

Don Juan Rule, a wealthy mining man of Mexico, was received into the Church recently and baptized by the Archbishop of Mexico.

His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by Father Cloutier, went to St. Eustache last Monday to push on the beginning of the new church.

Rev. Father Guillet, O. M. I., pastor of St. Mary's, Winnipeg, left on the 13th inst. for Portland, Oregon, where he will represent the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface at the ceremony of the conferring of the pallium on the Most Rev. Alexander Christie, Archbishop of

Oregon City. Father Guillet will afterwards make an extended trip, taking in Chicago among other places.

Old residents say this is the warmest and driest spring they have ever seen. Last Saturday and Sunday we had 88 and 90 degrees in the shade.

The Tablet of April 28 denies that the visit of Mgr Moyes to Rome has any connection with questions concerning the late Dr. Mivart, and that there has been an appeal in this matter to the Congregation of Rites.

Mgr. Merry del Val, Rector of the College of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, and Consultor of the Congregation of the Index, was consecrated titular Archbishop of Nicæa on the 6th inst.

In the latest edition of Henderson's Winnipeg Directory (population 54,000) there are 161 Smiths, of whom 16 are John Smiths. The family, whose name has lately been discovered on Egyptian monuments 3,000 years old, is still well to the fore.

Mr. Frank Rajotte, of Montreal, brother of Mr. Edmond Rajotte, of Winnipeg, came here last week with C. P. R. Conductor Carlin on a short visit to his brother and to the Jesuit Fathers of St. Boniface whom he had known at St. Mary's College, Montreal.

On Monday, the 28th inst., the English-speaking students of St. Boniface College will present, in the College hall, the well known comedy, "The Private Secretary," adapted to male characters alone. To those who have never seen this famous contemporary play, which is a prime favorite with lovers of the legitimate drama, we can promise a real treat.

The University examinations began last Monday and will last till Friday of next week inclusively, with intermission on the Queen's Birthday, which is also this year the feast of the Ascension. In all there are 475 students writing, divided as follows: St. Boniface College, 19; St. John's College, 45; Manitoba College, 108; Wesley College, 82; Collegiate Institute, 66; non-collegiate, 27; LL.B. course, 4; all the foregoing are writing in the Brydon rink, Winnipeg; at Brandon, 20; at Portage la Prairie, 15; at Regina, 5; Medical students, writing in the University Rooms, 84.

ST. BONIFACE ORPHAN GIRLS.

Though the following report has been crowded out week after week, it may still prove acceptable to all who are interested in a noble work of charity.

On Tuesday evening, April 24, Mr. J. B. Leclerc's "Salle du Bazar" was completely filled with an appreciative audience gathered to witness a joint entertainment of ladies and gentlemen from St. Boniface assisting the orphan girls' drama. The musicians, who played the overture and the closing piece, and also between each act, were Miss Cécile Jean, presiding at the piano; Mr. Jean Gingras, violinist; Mr. S. Jean, cornettist; and the Messrs. Beaudry, father and son, violinists. Their rendering of choice selections was greatly relished.

The central attraction of the evening was a touching melodrama entitled "Zélie, ou la martyre de l'obéissance." Zélie is an heiress persecuted by a wicked woman, who has got hold of some family documents which place the 18 year old maiden in her power, till she is providentially found and rescued by her

mother. This title role was very well filled by Miss Christiana Wilson, a demure damsel who proved letter-perfect in her long part. Miss L. Lafortune looked and acted with suitable wickedness as Madame de Rancy, the enemy of Madame d'Aglémont and her daughter, Zélie. Most realistic was Miss Julia Wilson's acting, when, as Madame d'Aglémont, she meets in the closing scene her two long-lost daughters. The tears fairly gushed from her eyes and affected several persons in the audience in the same way. Miss Agnès Guichon, as Joséphine, Zélie's youngest sister, who had been stolen by gypsies and was ultimately found first by Zélie and then by her mother, played her part with perfect ease and naturalness. Miss Angéline Lafortune personated Madame de Monfort, a friend of Madame d'Aglémont. Two comical figures, La Concierge (Miss Ida Grenon) and La Mère Thomas (Miss Albina L'Évêque), both dressed like old crones, kept the spectators in roars of laughter. Stéphanie, femme de chambre (Miss Anna Lafortune) gets her fortune told by La Bohémienne, (gypsy woman) Miss Albina L'Évêque, who did very well as an ill-tempered persecutor of poor Joséphine. Louise, a friend of Zélie (Miss Annie Ryan) remains faithfully with Madame d'Aglémont during the two years of Zélie's enforced absence.

This was followed by "Le Rêve de l'Orpheline," a poem recited admirably by Miss Ida Grenon. "The Dolls' Hospital," an amusing child-talk between five tiny little girls and Miss Edna Ryan, acting as doctor, matron and nurse, revealed the various woes of doll nature. One doll had the smallpox, two had their heads cut off, two, dressed like Galicians, had lost their arms.

This pleasing entertainment was brought to a close with "God Save the Queen," every one voting it a great success, which speaks volumes as to the skill of the good Sisters in charge of the orphanage.

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