

Northwest Review.

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COMM. R. ROOPE

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CURRENT COMMENT

The true and circumstantial report of a "Visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor," which an occasional contributor from Montreal kindly sends us, would be welcomed on its merits by the best magazine on the continent, that is, if merit alone, and not, as too often happens, the influence of a literary clique, were the criterion of acceptance. What a contrast this charming description suggests between the Homes for the Aged, so successful in the hands of the Little Sisters of the Poor and the dismal workhouse or poorhouse under secular management, that bugbear of the aged poor! Official philanthropy is, at best, a wretched substitute for Christian charity. Our readers will also notice how beautifully the writer brings out the deep wisdom, the holy selfishness, the divinely utilitarian shrewdness of those heroic women who put into daily practice the folly of the cross.

Some years ago when there were two Catholic Directories for the United States and Canada, Hoffman & Saddler's, there was commendable rivalry between the two, and greater accuracy was the natural result. But now that the M. H. Wiltzius Company, of Milwaukee, alone covers the whole field, at least in the neighboring republic, inaccuracies and mistakes are becoming common. Having recently had occasion to consult the 1904 Catholic Directory for the whereabouts of a place called Cadott, we found it credited to the diocese of Kansas City, while it really belongs to the diocese of La Crosse. Again, having received a letter from the rector of the Church of the Most Precious Blood, Mount Tabor, Oregon, we searched in vain for Mount Tabor, Oregon, though we found three Tabors in three other states, and it was only by accident that we discovered that the post office address is Montavilla; but, surely if the pastor of the Church uses but one name for his church, that name ought to appear in the Directory. There are still more serious blunders in the Canadian part of the Directory, and here we are fortunately able to correct them by comparing them with a much more trustworthy publication, "Le Canada Ecclesiastique" of Cadieux et Derome, Montreal. Wiltzius's Directory, under the heading, "The Catholic Church in Canada," has "Apostolic Delegation—vacant." This will be startling news for His Excellency Mgr. Donato Sbarretti, who has been in Ottawa since the end of 1902, and whose visitations in many parts of Canada, especially in the West, have evoked so much enthusiasm. The Archbishop of St. Boniface, whose name, by the way, is given as Louis Ph., whereas His Grace always signs simply "Adelard," and the date of whose consecration is referred to the 29th, instead of the 19th of March, is represented as having only two suffragans, Mgr. Legal and Mgr. Grouard. On the other hand, the same Directory gives Archbishop Orth of Vancouver, three suffragans, Mgr. Dondenwill, Mgr. Breyer, and Mgr. Pascal. This last mistake, for anyone that knows the geography of Canada, is the worst of all. Fancy Prince Albert the residence of His Lordship Bishop Pascal being included in the ecclesiastical province of British Columbia, which is more than ten degrees of longitude to the west of it. "Le Canada Ecclesiastique" rectifies these blunders by putting Mgr. Pascal in the Ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface. For some years past Wiltzius's Directory has been reprinting cheek by jowl, in the "List of Catholic

clergymen in Canada and Newfoundland," these two names: "Chossegros, A., S.J. (M.) Sault-au-Recollet, P.Q.," and "Chossegros J. (M.) Sault-au-Recollet, P.Q.," The obvious fact that these two very similar names are referred to the same locality in the same diocese (M. for Montreal) ought to have suggested to a careful compiler that there probably was a mistake in transcription; and yet the old blunder recurs again this year. And when we look up Sault-au-Recollet we find neither Chossegros nor Chossepas. Both have dropped into space. Fortunately "Le Canada Ecclesiastique" clears up the mystery by ignoring Chossepas and placing Father Chossegros where he really is, at St. Boniface College, Manitoba. But when we turn again to Wiltzius to see if he is at least recorded in that College, we find he is not, although he has been there seven months and although all the other new arrivals at the College are duly chronicled. Thus, according to Wiltzius, Father Chossegros might be considered as a priest not in good standing, since he has no local habitation. We have known Bishops to refuse applicants for admission to their dioceses simply because their names did not appear in the directory. Evidently these bishops relied on the supposed accuracy of a rather untrustworthy directory.

The subject of directories reminds us of that standing joke book, Henderson's Winnipeg Directory. The 1904 edition keeps up the farcical reputation of its past years. The Very Rev. Father Magnan, O. M. I., the most important ecclesiastical personage in this province after the Archbishop, figures in this way: "Magnan, J.A.P., Vicar of Missions, St. Mary's Presbyterian, 353 St. Mary's." What in the world can "St. Mary's Presbyterian" convey to the casual reader who finds no title of "Very Rev." to help him out? Is it the name of a religious journal or what? The compilers of this directory seem incapable of putting two and two together. They have Father Poitras down as "bursor (sic) St. Mary's Presbyterian," and Father Cahill as "Superior St. Mary's Presby.," with the number of the street the same as in Father Magnan's case, and yet it never occurred to them to correct that "Presbyterian." But, why wonder at this inconsistency when we find these two entries, one exactly above the other: "Chipman, Percy H., clerk, Canadian Northern Land Dept., h 331 Flora Ave. Chipman, Percy H., C. N. R. land office, h 331 Flora Ave." Mr. T. J. Langford moved from one side of Donald street to a house exactly opposite, and he now appears on both sides of the street, at numbers 178 and 179, with only one name between the two versions of his own, "178 Langford, T. J., real estate" and "179 Langford, Thos. J., real estate." By thus splitting up single individuals into two Henderson's Directory easily compasses its absurdly exaggerated estimate of Winnipeg's population as 77,304.

The death of Father Godts last Monday was a painful surprise to his many friends. Although 62 years of age, he seemed strong and healthy when pneumonia carried him off. We hope to have a more extended notice of his edifying career, but meanwhile we wish to say that all Catholics in the Brandon district owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude. When the Redemptorist Fathers accepted from His Grace the Archbishop the charge of Brandon and its outlying missions, Father Godts, who was immediately appointed Superior of his brethren, threw himself heart and soul into the work, organizing the parish of Brandon and all the mission centres with a thoroughness

and a regularity that were most consoling to the faithful. Full of trust in the future development of this country, he persuaded the authorities of his Order to expend on the Redemptorist residence and the new Church of St. Augustine, Brandon, large sums of money which the Catholic parishioners were never expected to repay. He lived to see both these monuments of his enlightened zeal quite complete. They will perpetuate his blessed memory. He also leaves behind him several useful works of controversy on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Rule of Faith and the Confessional. Being a man of God, he was ready for the Master's summons. May his soul rest in peace.

Ibsen's "Ghosts" was played in the Winnipeg Theatre last Wednesday evening. The Free Press, which gave the play most favorable advance notices "as the stirring masterpiece of the Norwegian dramatist genius," scored it mercilessly after the first performance, as "unwholesome, degrading, disgusting," in fact a mass of obnoxiousness without one redeeming trait, and by the way of second lightning change, the Free Press Dramatic critic, after saying that "the performance is dangerously fascinating," concludes thus: "But as for Ghosts—well, if you are still desirous of being haunted by its uncanniness it is on again tonight." The Tribune rightly condemns this moral see-saw, and says uncompromisingly:

"The series of low grade and bum shows which have been heralded both before and after in the local theatre organs, and which have done duty as 'attractions' from time to time during the present season at the Winnipeg theatre, reached their culmination last evening in an alleged play entitled 'Ghosts.' It was obscene and disgusting from beginning to end and it is a severe reflection upon the morals of the city that it was allowed to be produced.

There is simply nothing to be said about it in a respectable journal, except that it was degrading from beginning to end and ought not to be permitted to be reproduced, if the civic authorities have power to prevent it."

This is the proper attitude towards literary malefactors such as Ibsen. Their skill in corrupting the people deserves no more praise than does the skill with which a poisoner slays his victims.

The late Anglican Archbishop of Rupert's Land, who died last Wednesday evening, was a ripe scholar and a thoroughly cultured man. As Chancellor of the University of Manitoba since its foundation 27 years ago, he was generally found on the side of real, as opposed to showy education. Although chiefly known as a mathematician, he was also a thorough classic; he excelled especially as a writer of Latin prose. Since his death he has been highly praised by Anglicans as a "Churchman," but he really seems to have remained at bottom a Presbyterian all his life; he had no conception of a divinely appointed Church, or of sacraments, or of orders. Archbishop Machray was a gentle, kindly man, full of consideration for others. Outside of his own sect his influence was inappreciable, hence, it is rather amusing to read in the daily papers that "no death in Manitoba has been, and perhaps none is destined to be, so widely and so generally mourned," and that "a prince in Israel has fallen." The men that write such exaggerated eulogies have very short memories. Archbishop Tache, who died less than ten years ago, had ten times more influence among Pro-

testants than Archbishop Machray ever had, and his share in the history of this country was incomparably greater.

Persons and Facts

There are four Catholic dioceses in Japan: Tokio, under Bishop Osouf; Osaka, under Bishop Chatron; Nagasaki, under Bishop Cousin; and Hakodate, under Bishop Berlioz. These French Bishops and most of their clergy belong to the Institute of Foreign Missions of Paris. Almost all the Sisters of Charity teaching in the schools and directing hospitals and orphanages are French; but of late several Japanese women have become nuns. The Catholic population of Japan is over 90,000.

In Korea, where the first missionaries, all French, arrived in 1836, there are 53,000 Catholics, 52 missionaries under one vicar apostolic, Mgr. Mutel, of the Foreign Missions, who resides at Seoul, one seminary, 44 churches, 59 primary schools, two orphanages and one convent of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres.

In Manchuria there are 34,000 Catholics, distributed through two vicariates apostolic. These missions suffered terribly during the war of 1900.

Caroline, Marchioness of Queensberry, mother of the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, died lately at Annan in Scotland, the place in which her son is priest of the mission. Lady Queensberry was a convert and had strong Irish sympathies due to her Irish blood. At one time she wrote to the papers, in favor of the "Manchester Martyrs," letters which revealed the literary capacity inherited and developed by her daughter Lady Gertrude Douglas, also a convert, and author of that fascinating novel, "Linked Lives." The latter has since married Mr. Thomas Stock and is now known as Lady Gertrude Stock.

Mr. W. St. John Carr, a Catholic and President of the Transvaal Irish Association, has been elected the first mayor of Johannesburg, of which he has been acting as Deputy-Mayor since the war.

The Northwestern Messenger, a Catholic weekly, established six months ago at Duluth, has suspended. It had a vigorous editorial page, but the field was too limited, even with the best editorial and business effort. We understand that the Messenger Co. had its capital stock, \$10,000, in cash in the bank, prior to the first issue of the paper.—Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen."

On Friday of last week, Mr. Joseph McCarthy, youngest son of Mr. John McCarthy, brother of the Rev. Father McCarthy, O.M.I., arrived here from Ireland with the last "Lake Erie" contingent. Nephew Joseph, who is in his twentieth year, is a tailor by trade and began work on Monday with Meyers & Co., on Portage avenue.

"La Croix" of Paris, Feb. 18, gives a very favorable notice of Father McCarthy's reply to Lord Wolseley, showing how much Mgr. Tache did for the pacification of this country and how intimately Father McCarthy was associated with the illustrious prelate.

On Monday evening last, Rev. Father Defoy, who has charge of the New Church of the Infant Jesus at Thibaultville, read before the Academie Francaise of St. Boniface College, in the presence of the rector and several Fathers, a brilliant paper on the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, its architect-

ure, its surroundings, its historical associations, its marvellous preservation during two revolutions, its present condition. Father Defoy is a facile and picturesque writer with the coruscations of fancy generally attributed to the poet, and his writings, when read by himself, are instinct with life and spirit.

Mr. James McCann, M.P. for the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, died on Feb. 16. He had been ill only for a few days. The head of one of the leading firms on the Dublin Stock Exchange, Mr. McCann was for many years one of the most prominent and best known figures in commercial and financial circles in Ireland.

The Archbishop of Dublin in a letter to his bishop says he has applied to the Holy See for one or two concessions which, if granted, would enable choirs to be formed in some churches in which, under the new legislation, if some such concession cannot be obtained, it may be necessary in future to depend altogether upon congregational singing. In this connection, the "Messenger" for March says editorially: "Meantime, the choirs as they are now constituted in most of our churches will not go out of existence, as they are congregational choirs for the most part, consisting of the members of the congregation, men and women, who are capable of singing, and who can be depended upon to be present regularly at the services, and who can also conform to most of the requirements of this new legislation on ecclesiastical music."

The Pope has issued a brief to the Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas in which he expresses the wish that the policy of Leo XIII. with regard to the Thomistic philosophy should be continued.

At a recent three weeks' mission to non-Catholics in the Paulist Church, New York, 64 conversions were made.

The Duke of Norfolk, says the "Daily News," retains quite a number of feudal privileges. Whenever he so desires, he may demand from the Committee of Defence and the Inspector-General an escort of cavalry. When an English Sovereign is crowned, the Duke of Norfolk is entitled to receive a golden wine cup. But apart from these ceremonial rights, the present Duke, regardless of dress, and silent in manner, occupies a position of his own in the public estimation. Certain stories about him have become classical. He has been ordered to get out of the way of his own carriage. Old ladies visiting his grounds have scolded him for not obeying the printed instructions to "Keep off the Grass." As Postmaster-General he was on one occasion able to secure attention from a clerk only by addressing a telegram to St. Martin's-le-Grand signed "Norfolk, Postmaster-General."

As the ninth anniversary of the consecration of His Grace Archbishop Langevin falls on Saturday of next week, it has been decided to postpone the celebration (Mass and sermon) to Tuesday, March 22. On the eve, Monday, March 21, there will be a literary and musical entertainment in St. Boniface College, especially prepared by Father Chossegros and others for the occasion. On the day itself, Tuesday, the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, will discuss "The illustrious Women of the Nineteen Centuries," one for each century.

The continuation of Father Lacombe's lecture is unavoidably postponed to our next issue.

Considering that the spring equinox is proverbially stormy and

that fine weather on St. Patrick's Day is an exception, Foster is pretty safe in predicting, as he does in his forecast of the 5th inst. that it will be well to look out for squalls between March 17 and 21.

Last Monday at 8.30 a.m. in the Cathedral Rev. Dr. Trudel sang the first anniversary Mass for the repose of his father's soul. Rev. Father Mireault was deacon, Rev. Father Camiran sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop was present, assisted by Rev. Father Dandurand, O.M.I., and Rev. Father Blain, S.J. Besides a large gathering of lay relatives and friends there were present in the chancel Very Rev. A. Dugas, Rev. Dr. Beliveau and Rev. Father Kujener.

Clerical News.

The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" remarks that the only surviving Bishop whose episcopate goes back to 1854, the year of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, is the Venerable Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania, the Most Rev. Daniel Murphy, who was at that date Bishop of Hyderabad. Dr. Murphy was born at Belmont, Crookston, County Cork, in 1815, and was ordained at Maynooth in 1838, sixty-six years ago. He was consecrated Vicar Apostolic of Hyderabad in 1846, whence he was translated to Hobart in 1865. The golden jubilee of his episcopate was celebrated with much pomp in 1896, his See of Hobart having been made archiepiscopal in 1888.

The Rev. Reginald Colley, Provincial of the English Jesuits, was found dead, sitting up in his bed with his hands devoutly joined, on Feb. 12, at Stonyhurst College. For many years he had suffered from asthma, which had recently been aggravated by a touch of pneumonia, and it seems certain that his sudden death was due to heart-failure during a fit of coughing in the night.

Reginald Colley, who belonged to a well known English Catholic family, was born on May 26, 1848, and educated at Stonyhurst, where he made his first appearance at the age of ten, and remained till the completion of his course. Entering the Society of Jesus in 1870 he went through his novitiate at Roehampton and during his philosophical course at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, he took the degree of B.A. in London University. After teaching "Rhetoric" with exceptional success in Stonyhurst College for several years he was transferred for his theological studies to St. Beuno's College in 1880, and was there ordained priest Sept. 23, 1883. Only two years later he was appointed Rector of Stonyhurst, being at the time the youngest priest in the house, a proof of his singular merit. This office he held for six years, when his health broke down from fatigue and anxiety occasioned by a bad epidemic of measles among the students. In 1891 he was sent by his superiors to South Africa in hope that the purer and more invigorating atmosphere would restore his health. There he stayed for about two years doing good work as Rector of St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown. But his health grew worse and his asthma became chronic. On his return to England in 1893 he was made Prefect of Studies at Stonyhurst, and in January 1901 he was appointed Provincial, a position he retained till his death. What he must have endured all these years from the constant attacks of his malady could scarcely be realized by those who witnessed his unvarying placidity and cheerfulness. During the time he was Rector and Prefect of Studies at Stonyhurst he was a prominent member of the Catholic Head Master's Conference, and through Dr. Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, he received a special letter from Pope Leo XIII., containing his Holiness's approbation of the English philosophical course which Father Colley established on a firm footing.

"His chief characteristics," writes Father Drummond, who lived in daily contact with Father Colley in the theologate and the tertianship during four years and a half, "were sincerity, trustworthiness, fidelity to grace and to the

rules of the Society, self-denial amounting to self-effacement, breadth of intuition and sympathy, total absence of insular prejudice, untiring industry, accurate scholarship, and above all spotless purity of soul, untarnished by even the momentary weaknesses of early youth. It was supremely fitting that such a man, ever leading the truest of lives hidden with Christ in God, should die in the lone watches of the night, in the very act of agonizing prayer to the Maker whom he had served so well. In a lesser degree it was likewise fitting that his ever blameless life should end in the discharge of the highest position of trust his English brethren could bestow upon him."

The Reverend Oblate Fathers, Legault and Prod'homme, who arrived here last Saturday, began on Sunday a mission to the French-speaking Catholics of Winnipeg in St. Mary's Church. They will afterwards give other missions in different parishes in this diocese, notably a two weeks mission in St. Boniface Cathedral, beginning with Passion Sunday.

Rev. Father Kujener, a French priest, arrived last Saturday to work in this diocese.

Rev. Father Perrault returned from the east on Thursday of last week. Last Sunday at Fanny-stelle he was assisted by Rev. Father Plante, S.J., who preached once on Saturday evening and twice on Sunday.

Rev. Father Lalonde, who was here last Monday, expressed his complete satisfaction with the mission preached in his parish of St. Adolphe last week by Rev. Father Proulx, S.J.

A Roman paper states that a circular has been sent from the Vicariate to all the priests in Rome requiring them to state their age, residence, native diocese, occupation and income. It is reported that the Pope has decided that no priest's revenue is to exceed £240 annually, and that these provisions are but the prelude to a most important pronouncement which will affect the clergy of the whole world.

The Right Rev. Richard Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburgh, will celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination as a priest on May 4 next. He is in the 19th year of his episcopate.

The funeral of the late Rev. Father Godts, C.S.S.R., takes place on Friday, March 11, at Brandon. The Very Rev. Father Lemieux, Provincial of the Redemptorists in Canada is expected from Montreal.

About the middle of last month many of the European papers reported that the Pope was more or less seriously ill. In contradiction to all this, however, the Pope's brother Angelo has received a letter, in which his Holiness says: "Although the newspapers state that I am suffering from neurasthenia, home-sickness, sleeplessness, aversion to food, and particularly sore eyes, I thank God, that up to the present, I do not feel the least symptom of any of these ailments. For some years I have never been so well as I am now. I must smile at these makers of falsehoods, who can never guess aright. You have no cause for anxiety."

The total number of religious establishments ordered to be closed in France by the present Cabinet during the eleven months of its existence amounts to nearly ten thousand—in actual number 9,998. The Government submitted to the Chamber the petitions for authorization from 54 Congregations of men, and from 81 Congregations of women. These applications were refused. The number of unauthorised establishments amounted to 12,612, of which 9,934 were devoted to teaching. Of these M. Combes has closed 7,567; as to the others there is some delay, either because they exist as free schools in places where public schools are insufficient or because they represent primary schools which are to be secularized.

Rev. Father Thibaudeau, O.M.I., of Selkirk, was here on Tuesday.

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., is to lecture at Pembina on St. Patrick's Day.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin, Very Rev. A. Dugas, V.G., Rev. J. Dugas, S.J., Rector of St. Boniface College, Rev. Father Cherrier, Rev. J. U. Poitras, O.M.I., and Rev. Dr. Trudel, went on Thursday the 10th inst., to Brandon for the funeral of the late Rev. Father Godts next day.

Rev. Father Proulx, S.J., left on Thursday for Ishpeming, Mich., where he will take the place of the pastor of St. Joseph's Church during several weeks.

Rev. Father Gendron was at the Archbishop's Palace this week.

Rev. Dr. Beliveau went to St. Anne on Wednesday.

Very Rev. Vicar General Dugas went to Letellier on Tuesday to receive the vows of some of the Sisters there.

Rev. Father Camiran went to St. Eustache on Wednesday.

On Thursday evening, the Rev. Father Cote, S.J., conducted the services at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the absence of Father Cherrier, who was at Brandon.

A VISIT TO THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

Written for the Northwest Review.

It was the President's idea, and moreover the President, had all the trouble, we only came in for the fun. Some money had been left in the cash-box, after the Christmas tree for poor children, and, by some means or other, she heard that a treat for the pensioners of the Little Sisters' would be welcome. A kind friend ascertained the number of old people and what day and hour would be most convenient. That active little President then made some wonderful bargains in red handkerchiefs and white handkerchiefs, in peppermints and red cross tobacco, she made sure of some girls that could play, sing, or recite, rented a piano, and all was ready long before the appointed day. There were eighty neat little packages containing two ounces of peppermints and one white handkerchief (blue would have been more appropriate, we thought, but dearer) and sixty gay little parcels, with a silver paper box of tobacco, folded in a red handkerchief.

When we reached the big, smiling convent that overlooks the busy, low-lying part of western Montreal, the Little Sisters beamed upon us in the doorway, in their plain white caps, and poor little shawls. We gathered in a very small room, about fifteen girls and five or six ladies who take a kind interest in the aforesaid girls. We were then led into a big airy room, the "old-ladies" dining-room. There was the piano at the head of the room, and on either side a double row of placid old faces and neat old bodies. At once an odd association of ideas leaped into our minds. Not so many years back we had often sat in such rows waiting for solemn convent receptions. But what a contrast was here! What a queer looking school! This, however, was not by any means a solemn reception. Those kind ladies, who knew just what to do, at once went up to the old bodies and began shaking hands and talking, so we followed suit. How those old faces smiled, and how, "God Bless you!" began to resound on all sides! That little prayer told of what nationality were the majority here.

At last we reached our chairs at the head of the room, and the concert began. A few of the Little Sisters were sitting beside their acquaintances, others were standing among the old women, now and then saying a few words to them or caressing them in a singularly affectionate way. How completely, how refreshingly unaffected are those Little Sisters!

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There is something quaintly, surprisingly old about them: their garb, that of aged poverty, their one irresistible charm, the peculiar simplicity of age. Yes, they are all somewhat "old womanly," even that slight, girlish creature standing near the door, with her spectacles and pale, sensitive face, whose mother tongue is neither English nor French.

Two of "our club" were playing some Irish airs. They gave rise to something unexpected. A Little Sister went to one old woman, whispered to her, then to another, and what did these two old bodies do but rise, come into the middle of the floor and begin to dance! They were a little shy and stopped soon. Then came another couple who held out longer and made more fancy steps, then another, and yet another pair of these droll yet pathetic dancers, who seemed really to enjoy the queer, old fashioned jig, and the hearty, laughing applause of their audience. The last was the champion set, danced by a tall bony woman with a square, serious face and a short little Irish woman with a neat foot and a determined expression. She had been a very good dancer in her day, and pretty too. There was an amusing look of satisfaction on her face, and her little feet tripped in and out as though she would never stop. Her mate made a move to return to her place, but her hand was caught and she was brought back to the floor, with never a word, and the dancing went on as if for dear life. At last however, there were two quaint little bobs, and now we had to do our part. The first item was the "Kerry Dancers," sung by a beautiful clear voice, full of feeling and music. There was a pretty contrast between the singer and her audience. One, quite unconscious of self, singing with her whole soul, her fair, mobile face, retaining still the beautiful light of childhood, that rare blending of candor with thoughtful intelligence, seen often in convent girls. The other faces so calm, almost rigid, reflecting another light, different, yet beautiful too, that of the peaceful sunset.

After the "Kerry Dancers" came Moore's "Minstrel Boy" and an amusing operette, a lover's quarrel, sung by two bright little girls. Then we saw that our old friend of the light heels was standing up, in her blue apron and red shawl, pulling Bonne Mere's sleeve. She wanted to dance again! Of course she did to her heart's content, and the intense delight of the onlookers. The songs having all been in English, another member of our club recited for the minority, Pere Delaporte's short, but beautiful poem on the "Miracle of Roses," and received her reward in the bright look of interest in a few faces. As she finished a little old woman (who probably understood nothing at all) came up exclaiming: "God bless you, Miss. That was lovely! God bless you, and give you health to do better another time!" She spoke from the abundance of her kind Irish heart, and the laughing orator took it as a great compliment.

Meanwhile several messages had come reminding us that the old men were growing impatient. So, having distributed the little presents and said good-bye to our grateful new friends who were showering blessings on our willing heads, we left the room. There were a few parcels left over. These must be brought to the sick before we could go to the old men's quarters.

The infirmary was as neat and bright as was compatible with extreme poverty; the old inmates, all sitting up, save one suffering from a cold, seemed well contented with their lot. A few were paralysed, one had a broken hip, the worst sickness of all was their extreme old age. They were pleased to see new faces, and to tell their ailments to a fresh audience. One told how much she had suffered from sore eyes. She had been sent from one hospital to another, in hope of obtaining relief. "I was five days at the Hotel Dieu, but I cried all the time. The priest there, a nice young priest he was, and kind to me, asked me why I was lonesome, and weren't the nuns kind to me? But I told him that sure the nuns were good but they were not my nuns,

I wanted to get back to my own nuns." We felt the poor old creature had struck the key-note. The old people there are in their own home. All things are arranged solely for their convenience and pleasure.

At last the little caravan wended its way down to the basement. Here, in a large room, with several doors opening upon the yard, in an atmosphere combined of sunshine and subdued smoke, were the male members of the poor old antiquity collection. The visitors were greeted with bursts of hearty applause. The reception was warm, but for a while the visit here bade fair to be less successful than it had been upstairs. Our first impression was that the burden of life had pressed more heavily upon the men than the women, or had they less recuperative energy? Heads were more bent, eyes more listless. Here and there a crutch, a wooden leg, or an empty sleeve that told of the fierceness of life's battles. Many were deaf, some blind. Because of the former, recitation seemed useless. We had come bent upon furnishing some amusement. What form could it take? There was some deliberation over the choice of a chorus, when again the entertainment came first from the audience. A fiddle was carefully taken down from its shelf, a chair was placed in the open space before us, and a pleasant faced Irishman slowly, tenderly led to it. He could certainly play, with great vim in a musical, if artless way. It was a familiar old air, and many of the ladies tried to sing it, but Paddy had taken his key too high.

"But, can't we do something for them?" "Let's dance!" There was a laugh. "Why not?" "A set of Lancers?—Good." But this was abandoned, as being too complicated, in favor of a good old Sir Roger de Coverly. So, you can picture to yourselves a group of well dressed girls, wearing hats and rubbers, and many of them heavy winter coats, dancing before and to the intense delight of, some seventy old wrecks of humanity, to the sharp music of a primitive fiddle. Seldom was a dance so thoroughly enjoyed. Was it the spirit of the place made us all like a lot of children?

As soon as we returned to our places, there stepped into the middle of the floor a little dried up old Canadian, with a short grey beard and apparently very shaky legs. He had only danced a few steps when we realized that he was a master in his own line. It was astonishing to see how supple those old legs were, how rapidly feet and ankles moved, flashing in and out, what quaint figures were cut by this dancer of a by-gone age. Suddenly a tall, lithe figure shot down the room, and fell into position opposite our old Canuck. Miss B. could not resist the fun of it, and joined in with certainly the queerest old partner she had ever met. She danced well and gracefully, amidst peals of laughter, till almost out of breath. Still the old fellow kept up, alone once more, then, at long last, actually staggered to his chair. He had received Extreme Unction a little more than a week before.

We were about to leave, when a tall old man came up, and thanked us most politely for coming. Why was this man here? in an asylum? There was about him the unmistakable stamp of an educated, nay, of a college-bred man. What vicissitudes had brought him here, in such strange motley company? In his sad, pale face were no signs of intemperance. One arm was partly paralysed. The fortunes of life are strange as fiction.

To our surprise we found the good Little Sisters had prepared a most welcome refection of ginger beer and biscuits. We were all bubbling over with fun, teasing our hostesses, and shyly accusing one another of covert attractions, for

some of our erstwhile audience. Was there ever such a gay little unconventional meal? We went up at last in twos and threes to don our coats. "Will some of you girls stay here for good, and put on the little cap?" came from a group ahead. "Of course, I shall," laughed our pretty singer. "Mrs. D., will you bring my clothes back to my mother?" "Indeed I won't, life is too precious!"

The laughter died away as our group came to an open door, were tempted by the quiet look of the slender columned chapel, and passed in. Kneeling there, in the sudden calm, for a very few seconds, one felt the strangeness, the underlying mystery of the place, melt silently away. The Presence revealed by the sanctuary lamp, the memories evoked by yonder crib, told why age was dancing, and why young girls had become smiling old women, the motherly sisters of friendless sexagenarians. No, of course it is not strange, since the infinite, immutable God has become a tiny, wailing Infant. This sacrifice is the consequence and the continuation of that other. Love has done it all—the Divine love that became human there in the crib, the love of immortal souls. What are youth and age? What are the fickle changes of joy and sorrow, poverty and riches, in view of an ageless, irrevocable Eternity?

That visit has evoked many, many thoughts. One, that our first fleeting impression was, after all, correct. Have you not perceived, strenuous Christian teachers, what a march your little sisters are stealing upon you? You stand at the head of the rapids in the bright morning sunshine, and man your little boats for the City Beautiful. You fit them out with sails, oars, and rudder; you furnish compass and charts to guide them amidst the rocks, and then launch them upon the treacherous current. Yet how many come to grief on the sunken reefs, how many are lost in the tempest! You know only too well! But these Little Sisters stand in the evening, by the calm water, at the foot of the current. They catch your capsized wrecks, right them, and laughing at oars, sails and chart, just fasten the rudder, and let the swift current carry them safe into the harbor. Those wise Little Sisters! That big smiling convent is really a school. The Little Sisters, probably to avoid the visits of unwelcome school commissioners, do not give the place its true name. A school it is, with battered old scholars, but a school nevertheless, and a singularly successful school. Nearly all its scholars graduate. It teaches but one thing, there is its secret. It is the one thing we all began to learn long years ago, when our mothers joined our hands and made us lisp: "Please God, make me a good child." It is hard to be good "now," it is hard to join little hands that are eager for play. Mothers do not always succeed, teachers therefore, less often; but these wise little Sisters come when the long day of work and play is ended, pillow the tired heads to rest, join the weary, fluttering hands and, with a few tender words, turn the faded eyes upwards. Having waited till the long "now" is over, they are teaching these old children to be good at "the hour of death."

M. J. D.

TRUE VERSION OF A WITTICISM OF ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

From the Catholic Universe, Cleveland.

As some of our contemporaries have been publishing a witticism of Archbishop Ryan concerning the place of his birth and have got rather mixed on it we give the true version as we heard it a day or two ago from our Right Rev. Bishop.

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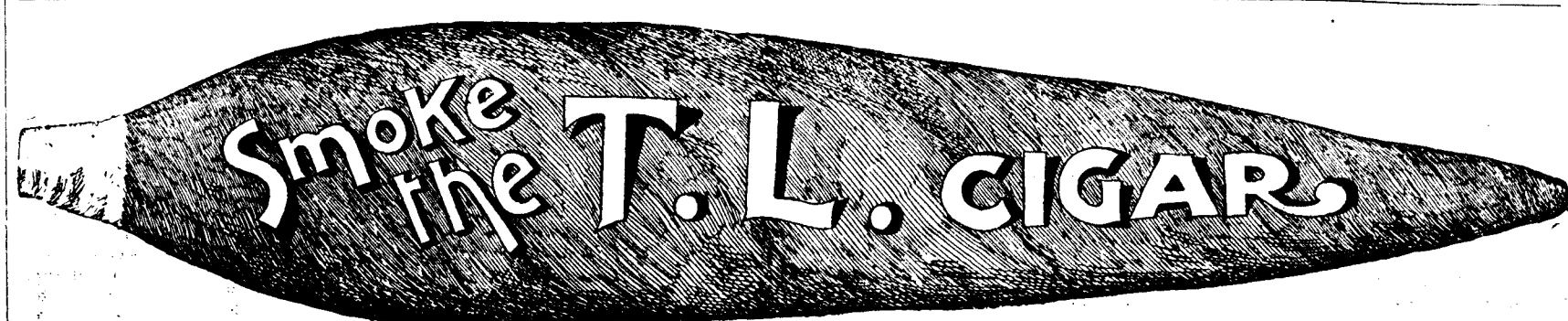
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When Dr. Horstmann was chancellor to Archbishop Ryan, His Grace one day remarked: "I am perhaps one of the most remarkable men living." "Well, that's modest," said the chancellor. "Let me explain," said the Archbishop. "The home of my parents was at Ballytore. Just before my birth they went on a visit to friends at Thurles, and while there I was born. So you see I was born in the absence of my mother."

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SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

MARCH.

- 13—Fourth Sunday in Lent. Anticipated Solemnity of the Annunciation.
- 14—Monday—Votive office of the Holy Angels.
- 15—Tuesday—Votive office of the Apostles.
- 16—Wednesday—Votive office of St. Joseph.
- 17—Thursday—St. Patrick, Bishop, Apostle of Ireland.
- 18—Friday—St. Gabriel, Archangel.
- 19—Saturday—St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, Patron of the Universal Church and of Canada more especially.

ST. PATRICK.

As next Thursday will be St. Patrick's Day, it may be well to put down here some of the leading ideas which this great day suggests. A little more than fourteen centuries have elapsed since the death of Ireland's apostle. During that long period more than forty generations of men have enjoyed the fruits of that glorious apostolate, they have treasured up his teaching as their most precious inheritance, they have recognized in his spiritual conquests the title deeds of a church, the succession of whose pastors has never been interrupted. Thus the work that Patrick wrought is writ so large that all his true children have read it plain and clear in the subsequent history of their beloved nation. The word that gave life to thousands when first he preached at Tara is now the glory and the comfort of millions.

Far otherwise has it fared with the history of his life. His character and his writings have passed through a very fierce ordeal of criticism. The Anglo-Irish Establishment for centuries expended its strength in alternate attempts to capture or to annihilate the national Apostle. While Ledwick and his school denied that there had ever been such a person as St. Patrick, Ussher and Todd tried to prove that he was either a staunch Protestant or half Protestant half Catholic. Others, like Miss Cusack, who subsequently apostatized from the faith, mixed up legend with history in a pious, but most uncritical fashion. But when in 1878 Father William Pullen Morris gave to the world his scholarly life of St. Patrick, the whole aspect of the evidence was changed. Here was a real historian who had devoted 25 years of his life to the critical study of the original sources, and who combined the erudition of a Benedictine and the accuracy of a German critic with the many-sided collateral culture of a literary artist and the wide-reaching grasp of a Christian philosopher.

Within the last few years quite apart from Father Morris's influence, a remarkable change has taken place in the tone of Patrician literature. The critics are wearied with their internecine conflicts. Observing that men of great learning, like Archbishop Ussher, Sir William Betham, Dr. Todd and the Rev. J. F. Shearman, while using the same materials, have arrived at contradictory results, they conclude that, although there was plenty of good matter in their

writings, the form of the body, the animating principle, in a word, the soul, was absent. The further conclusion then dawns upon the honest searcher's mind, that there must be some objective reality in the wonders to which all St. Patrick's first biographers bear witness. The rationalist system of evolving myth theories from the writer's inner consciousness is an insult to common sense. "The Rationalists," says Bacon, and his words were never so true as now, "are like to spiders, they spin all out of their own bowels." This process may be plausible so long as stubborn facts do not stare you in the face; it may throw dust in the gaping public eye when Max Muller applies it to the sacred books of the East, or when Elisee Reclus twists it into so-called ethnology; but in the full light of Europe the trick is a decided failure and ends in the detection of manifest fraud. In the acts of St. Patrick the miraculous element is essential to the narrative; take it away, and at once all reality vanishes, and his history, nay, the subsequent history of Ireland evaporates. Every attempt to strip him of his supernatural character has ended in the fabrication of a drama without a hero, in which a series of stupendous effects is produced without a cause. This ridiculous failure is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the Saint's wonder-working powers. All his early biographers unite in stating that at the outset of his apostolate he was brought face to face with extraordinary manifestations of diabolical power, and that his victory was so convincing to the minds of the pagans as to induce them to abandon all authoritative resistance to his mission. There is no better established event in the history of the fifth century than the fact that when St. Patrick died in 492 the Irish nation was Christian. It is equally certain that before St. Patrick's preaching the warlike Irish were the terror of the Christian world, and that after his preaching, for the space of nearly a hundred years, they disappeared from the battlefields of Europe, until in the sixth century they returned as apostles of Christianity. Here we have paganism and aggressive warfare before, Christianity and domestic peace after, followed soon by the missionary spirit of a whole nation going out to convert other nations. Surely these are striking evidences of a conversion as thorough as it is rapid; and when we look for an explanation of the fact, it is impossible to conceive one so rational as the miracles wrought by Patrick in the power of God.

AGNOSTICISM ITS OWN REFUTATION.

The following ingenious and subtle argument against the Spencerian theory of the Unknowable is given in a letter from Mr. J. A. Mullen to the English "Catholic Times" of February 19. It proceeds on the lines of St. Austin's famous ontological argument and takes for granted that the Unknowable is supposed to be utterly unknown. In point of fact Herbert Spencer admitted that he knew a good deal about the Unknowable when he called it "an infinite energy from which all things proceed," but Mr. Mullen is not concerned with the illogical admissions of the agnostic philosopher, and he is perfectly justified in taking the Unknowable at its face value. Viewed in this way, the argument is certainly provocative of deep thought.

"How do we know that we don't know that God exists? We can only know, or not know the knowable. We cannot know or not know the Unknowable. We only know by the faculty of knowing, and the use of that faculty is necessarily confined within and limited to the region of the knowable, yet without consciousness of the confinement and limit. We have no 'not knowing' faculty any more than we have a quality of 'not being.' Therefore, in saying we don't know in the Agnostic sense, i.e., that we cannot know, it is the knowing faculty affirming of itself that it is 'not' a knowing faculty. Now, to affirm or deny anything of anything, we necessarily imply

its existence, and to imply the existence of a thing is to bring it within the knowable. There is, therefore, no such thing as the unknowable. If there were we could not be conscious of it as a knowing subject. Herbert Spencer in his "Essay on Education," says that in our pursuit of knowledge we meet with barriers in every direction beyond which we cannot go. But a barrier has a 'that' side as well as a 'this' side. It is only by knowing of the existence of another side that we can recognize the existence of the barrier. To give a simple illustration: What constitutes the idea of a prison? It is the knowledge on the part of the prisoner that there is an outside from which he is debarred. If we could conceive of a person confined within four walls having no knowledge of the existence of anything beyond he would be unconscious of being in prison. If the brute were conscious of the limitation of his reason he would have already transcended that limitation and would cease to be a brute. Again, the idea of knowing is only apprehended in opposition, yet in relation to, not knowing, and vice versa. When we say we know a thing we mean that we distinguish that and other things that we don't know, though not unknowable. I know that I don't know Russian only because I know that Russian is known. If Russian were not known I could neither affirm nor deny anything of it. Thus, the Agnostic "don't know" is self-destructive. He cannot say he does not know God except by presupposing His existence. So we discover that God—the Absolute Reason—has put it beyond the power of our finite reason to reason Him out of existence."

THE MACDERMOT, K. C.

We borrow from the Dublin "Irish Daily Independent and Nation" the following sketch of the great Catholic lawyer who died on Feb. 6.

Hugh Hyacinth O'Rourke MacDermot was born in 1834, and was educated in the old Catholic University, where he was one of the most favored pupils of the late Cardinal Newman, who predicted a brilliant future for his talented pupil. Continuing his educational career in Trinity College he achieved many distinctions, and in his several examinations had as candidates against him men who today occupy prominent positions in art, in law, and in literature. The MacDermot was a descendant of the ancient Irish kings, and came of an old Catholic, Celtic and Connaught family, and represented the historic house of Coolavin. Originally the family title was Prince of Moylurg, Tivoiel, Airteach, and Glancuain. This may be found by reference to the books of Lecan, Ballymote and Killionan, also the Annals of Lough Key and the works of Dr. O'Connor, Buske's "Hibernia Dominicana." The family history of the MacDermot's predecessors is one of particular interest, showing how the chief of the race, having been driven from the ancient patrimony during the Cromwellian wars, removed to Coolavin, situated near Lough Gara, in the County of Sligo. The Irish title referred to has been borne distinctively by the chief of the name for more than eight hundred years.

The country Viceregal residence in the west, Rockingham Castle, was the old seat of the MacDermot's. Tradition ascribes to the old castle in its lake strange stories of the family. It was a great stronghold admirably adapted by nature for the purpose. This was the ancient stronghold of the MacDermots before being driven thence to Coolavin, in Sligo. At the beginning of the present century Rockingham was in the possession of Lord Lorton. Now it is owned by the King-Harmans. The deceased gentleman, according to latest returns, was an extensive land-owner. He possessed estates in three counties—215 acres in Mayo, 185 acres in Roscommon, and 4,340 acres in Sligo. In all 4,740 acres, valued at £1,400. Here it is right to state that the prince of Coolavin, which title is proudly in use even today among many people in the West, was a good and



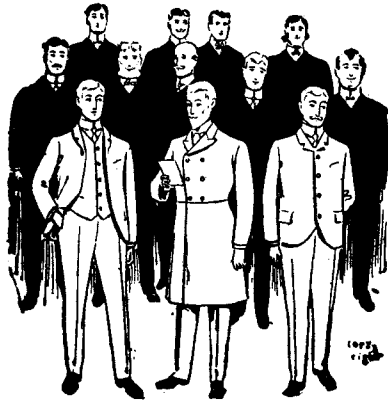
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just landlord. He and his tenants were never at a misunderstanding. He knew their wants, and he studied their comforts. He was beloved by his tenants. By none will the loss of The MacDermot be mourned more.

In his private life, in his home circles, among his most intimate friends, he was a lovable character. Genial, kind hearted, generous, and charitable, endowed with all the attributes and practising most of those virtues that make a man admired and honored by his fellows. The representative of the House of Coolavin went through life making many friends and daily adding to the esteem in which he was generally held.

But it was as a man of great learning, of deep thought and legal acumen, as a man pre-eminently entitled to the leading position accorded him at the Irish Bar, that the Right Hon. The MacDermot will perhaps be most widely known. His charitable Christian deeds, his grand, holy, exemplary life, will help to make him best remembered by those who attach more merit to kind acts than to worldly distinctions. As a young practising barrister he first gained prominence in public notice by his advocacy in the case of a man named Barret, who was charged with shooting at one Captain Thomas Lambert. The evidence was remarkably strong against the prisoner, but in the lengthy hearing the jury was greatly impressed by the statement made by the young counsel for the defense, and the prisoner was acquitted. His next marked triumph was in connection with the famous Mullarkey poisoning case, where his powerful advocacy and adroitness in cross examination evoked the admiration of his colleagues. In the famous Galway Election Petition, which was at hearing for over a month, he appeared for Colonel Nolan. Among other actions of note in which he held briefs were the Cork County Club Card Scandal (Pike vs. Cork County Club), the Tallow Conspiracy Case, the De Freyne action, in which he was leading counsel for the traversers. He prosecuted in the famous Sullivan case, in which Mr. William O'Brien played such a prominent part; he played a conspicuous part in the Wilfrid Blunt prosecution, and, indeed, all along, it might be said that the bare record of his work is practically a history of the jury trials, that, for half a century were held in Dublin. His practice was also in Nisi Prius Courts, and Chancery suits.

In all the great political trials fought out in Ireland the MacDermot was invariably briefed. The latest big action in which the exercise of his legal acumen was called for was that in which Mrs. Milling, widow of Dr. Milling, who was killed in a railway accident on the Midland Great Western Railway, sued the Company for damages, which case was settled, Mrs. Milling receiving very substantial damages. The MacDermot's latest appearance in public was at a meeting of the Irish Bar, called to pass a vote of regret at the retirement of the Vice-Chancellor.

In his long and illustrious career the MacDermot took a more or less active part in the political movements that effected this country. He was a strong professed Home Ruler. In the agitation that raged through the country on the findings of the Financial Relations Commission, he contributed not a small share to the many representations made on behalf of Ireland for just treatment. In the year 1888 a great meeting was held in the Leinster Hall in connection with the visit of the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. John Morley to Dublin, to receive the freedom of the city. On that occasion The MacDermot delivered a speech, the force and eloquence of whose language was equal to anything he ever displayed in the greatest of his forensic triumphs. In 1890, immediately after the "split," the MacDermot, who had been solicitor-general, in company with Mr. Walker, who had been Attorney-General, attended the meeting at Leinster Hall at which it was decided to support Mr. Parnell.

Through all his career his march had been ever onward. Called to the Bar in 1862 he took silk in 1877. He was Solicitor-General for Ireland during the Gladstone Min-

istry of '85 and '86 and Attorney-General for Ireland from 1892 to 1895.

Great indeed will be the grief in the West when it goes forth that he, who was so good to the people, so beloved by them—he, the final representative of the old sept and head of that fine old Celtic clan, is no more.

Commenting on the career of the great lawyer who has passed away, a contemporary says:—"In any other country but Ireland, where political and religious cleavages are so marked, a man of such eminence and erudition would have been long since on the Bench—that is, if professional merit brought one there, as it does, apart from political considerations, in England, and, indeed, in Scotland too. In Ireland alone, so unrelenting and fierce is party spirit, so pronounced the feeling that to the "victors the spoils" that no government would venture to promote a deserving lawyer, however otherwise recommendable, who was not of their own party, and, as a result, the most curious anomalies are sometimes witnessed in the Irish courts."

FATHER GODTS, C.S.S.R.

His Sudden Death—A Sketch of His Life.

Brandon Daily Sun, March 7.
The death occurred here this (Monday) morning at an early hour of Rev. William Marie Godts, superior of the Redemptorist Order in Brandon, and parish priest of St. Augustine's Church. The news of the death of Rev. Father Godts came with a shock to his very many friends throughout the city, as few, even of the parishioners of St. Augustine's, were aware of his illness. For the last ten days the deceased had been suffering from a very severe cold, but no serious result was anticipated.

On Sunday evening, at about 8.30, the Rev. Father was visited by his medical adviser, Dr. Matheson, and appeared to be making favorable progress. The patient felt that he was not ill enough to be confined to his bed and insisted upon being up and around as much as possible. He chatted with the doctor and took his usual nourishment. And after the doctor's departure Father Godts was unusually cheerful and not suffering in any way. At his usual hour he fell into a peaceful sleep, after assuring his attendants that he was comfortable for the night.

When the members of the household retired at 10 o'clock Sunday night, Father Godts was quietly sleeping, and during the night gave no sign of distress or of needing assistance. At the hour for rising this morning, five o'clock, one of the brothers proceeded at once to the superior's room, fully expecting to find him improved after a good night's rest. Upon entering the chamber, he found that death had come to the venerable and respected head of the house and only a short time before, for the body which lay upon the bed, had not yet grown cold. The immediate cause of death is not known, but undoubtedly was the result of general weakness.

For some years Rev. Father Godts appeared frail and aged looking to those who were most intimate with him, but he appeared to disregard any weakness or illness. During the recent severe weather he had several attacks of illness, but they scarcely interfered with his duties, to which he gave the closest attention whatever the condition of his health happened to be. His life had been one of constant activity and he seemed not to realize that the day had come when there was a limit to his strength. The heavy responsibilities of the great work he has accomplished for the Church in Brandon were a great burden in the closing years of such a career of work as his had been, and his sudden collapse, when all is considered, is not surprising.

The news of the death of Rev. Father Godts was heard throughout the city with feelings of the deepest regret. Few residents were better known or more highly respected than the deceased.

The late Rev. William Marie Godts, C.S.S.R., was born in Bel-

gium on Dec. 18th, 1842. He entered the Redemptorist Order in April 1864, and was professed on the 15th of April, 1865. He became a priest on Oct. 8, 1869. He began his studies at the Redemptorist Novitiate, Saint Trond, Belgium, and completed them at Wittem, Holland. He came to Canada in 1889, and was for a time at St. Anne's Church, Montreal. He was also at St. Anne de Beaupre, and Hochelaga, Que. He was always recognized as one of the ablest exponents of Church doctrines in the Redemptorist Order, and during his residence in Eastern Canada, much of his time was taken up with missionary work. Before coming to Canada, Rev. Father Godts spent a number of years as a missionary in the West Indies. He had also been in England and Ireland, and was actively interested in the work of sending young men and women from the crowded centres of Great Britain to Canada.

The late superior of the Redemptorist Order here came to Brandon and opened the house here on Aug. 15, 1898. Prior to that he came through western Canada on an inspection trip, and the result of his report to his superiors was the taking over by his Order of this city and the surrounding missions where the Redemptorists have since accomplished great work. Under the direction of Rev. Father Godts the fine residence of the Redemptorist Fathers was erected, and the splendid church of St. Augustine, at the corner of Lorne avenue and Fourth street, was built. At the different missions in the Brandon district, too, much progress has been made since Rev. Father Godts took over the territory for the Redemptorist Order, less than six years ago. There are now nice churches at Rapid City, Austin, Souris, Shoal Lake and other places, and at Yorkton a new house has been opened under the direction of Rev. Father Delaere. St. Michael's Convent, which the Redemptorists found unoccupied when they came here, is now on a splendid footing, with a capable staff of teachers and a large and flourishing separate school. All this progress and much more, which it would take columns to enumerate, is due almost entirely to the great zeal and splendid administrative ability of the Rev. Father Godts. Probably the greatest wish of the dead superior was to see in Brandon a Church in keeping with the rapidly extending requirements of his people here, and he was spared to see the completion of the splendid edifice which will stand as a monument to his zeal and devotion.

The funeral of the late Rev. Father Godts will take place on Friday next at 10 a.m., word having been received from Montreal this afternoon that Rev. Father Lemieux, vice-provincial of the Redemptorists will leave to-morrow for Brandon. He will arrive here on Thursday evening. Tomorrow and until Friday the remains of the late superior will lie in the chapel of the house of the Redemptorist Fathers, where parishioners and friends or acquaintances may visit. On Friday morning at 10 o'clock, the remains will be removed to the Church, where High Mass will be celebrated, after which interment will take place at Brandon cemetery.

The arrangements are being made by Rev. Father Borgonie, who is the only priest at home today. Rev. Father Lietart, was at Austin and Rev. Father Decoene at Minnedosa yesterday, but both will return to Brandon today.

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FATHER FITZPATRICK'S DEPARTURE FROM CALGARY.

We have already noticed the departure of Rev. Father Fitzpatrick from Calgary. It appears that the climate of Alberta was too severe for one who had spent many years in Ceylon. The regret evoked by the Rev. Father's forced return to warmer climes is apparent from the following letter and report which, though they reached us too late for last week, are worth inserting as memorials. One unfortunate result of swapping horses while crossing the St. Patrick's Day rapids is the determination to celebrate the feast of Ireland's penitential apostle by a ball in the latter end of Lent, just before Passion week. Ye shades of the Isle of Saints!

Calgary, Feb. 22, 1904.
To the Editor of the Northwest Review:

Rev. Sir:—Please find clipping from this day's Calgary Daily Herald which will explain itself.

Calgary has lost one of the cleverest Rev. Fathers ever located in the west.

Should you find room in your valuable journal for the whole or part of the enclosed your readers in Alberta would think it a favor.

Hoping your Journal is progressing, and wishing you personally much success, I have the honor to be, Rev. Sir,

Your obedient servant,
J. W. COSTELLO.

ST. MARY'S CONGREGATION AND THE C.M.B.A. GIVE ADDRESSES.

The announcement of the departure of the Rev. John A. Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., from Calgary has been received with regret not only by the members of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, but by many friends of other denominations in the city.

Father Fitzpatrick preached his farewell sermons yesterday, expressing his sincere regret that he was obliged through ill health to seek another climate. Since his arrival in Calgary just a year ago, he had endeavored to promote the interests of the parish and had been loyally aided by the parishioners. He predicted a great future for Calgary, and hoped the blessing of God would be always with its people.

The members of the C.M.B.A. presented Father Fitzpatrick with the following address in the church after the evening service:

Rev. John A. Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.,
Parish Priest, Calgary.

Reverend Sir:—In behalf of the C.M.B.A. of this far west city, we, on the eve of your departure, come to pay our respects, veneration and love to you as our spiritual adviser, as our faithful father and as a very dear brother of our cherished association.

The year of your ministry amongst us has been our most prosperous in obtaining new members since the organization of the branch, and though you will not be with us personally guiding and directing the ship, still we hope that the good work done in your time amongst us will bear good fruit, and that the memory of your great zeal and interest in our affairs will float down the corridors of the coming years.

We have great pleasure in bearing testimony of the great good your stay in our young city has wrought, as your sermons, your lectures, your missions and retreats will be to us who have had the good luck to partake in them, guiding lights to steer our individual barks to the great haven for which we are all aiming, and to meet you again there, is the wish of this branch of the C.M.B.A.

That your health may improve, that your location in the Lord's vineyard may be pleasing to you, whether eastward or westward you roam, and that your pious prayers before the altar may be directed to the throne of grace for Branch 126, Calgary, is the earnest wish of our association.

Signed on behalf of the Branch:
P. LAURENDEAU,
CLIFFORD B. REILLY,
J. W. COSTELLO,
J. J. WALSH.
Calgary, February 21, 1904.

After the evening services last night a committee representing the congregation waited on Father Fitzpatrick in the presbytery, and presented him with a purse of gold and the following address:

Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.,
Very Rev. and Dear Father:

On behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Calgary, with whom you have labored so zealously for the past twelve months, it is our duty to ask your acceptance of the accompanying purse, for your own personal use and benefit, as a small token of the universal regard and esteem in which you have been held by your parishioners.

It is with much regret we heard of your decision to leave this congregation, and we pray God that in your future sphere of labor your ministrations may be of the same service to those to whom you may administer as they have been to us.

Wishing you God Speed on your journey.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. Mary's:

J. H. TOMLINSON,
J. A. KANE,
M. C. COSTELLO,
P. LAURENDEAU.
Calgary, Feb. 21, 1904.

MR. ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

On the occasion of the conversion of Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, a newspaper said that he was "the biggest haul that the Roman fishermen have made for many a day." He is a young man of various and graceful talents, a persuasive preacher, and the author of a really thrilling book on the supernatural called "The Light Invisible." It is understood that Mr. Benson has been led to secession by his disgust of the time-serving policy of the English bishops, and his conviction that their pet scheme of "Church Reform" is an unworthy concession to the secular opinion which it is their business to fight. The "Church Times" confirmed this opinion in measured words: "Mr. Benson is a young man of great promise, of most winning personality, and of considerable gifts. His loss is a real one." Mr. Benson was born in 1871. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree in 1893, and M. A. in 1898. He was ordained a Deacon of the Church of England in 1894, and became a clergyman the following year. In 1901 he became a member of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, in the diocese of Wakefield. His residence, until his conversion was the House of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorks. It is interesting to know that he has now three works in the Press. One is "A Book of the Love of Jesus," the bulk of which is made up of medieval devotions, most of them composed by Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampoll, who though a layman, was, curiously enough, a director of nuns. It is enriched with essays and notes illustrative of 14th century English devotion. The book will appear in Isbister's Lambskin Series." The second book is a tract on the Church, which the Catholic Truth Society is bringing out. Mere chance will decide whether this or the other prove to be the first work published by Mr. Benson as a Catholic; but as things stand, the odds are that the tract will precede the book of devotions. The characterization quoted about "The Light Invisible" confers special interest upon the third book which the author has in the press, because I have reason to believe that the one reflects the other. This is an historical novel of the Elizabethan period. While the book of devotions was drawn up during the author's residence at Mirfield, the romance has been penned since his conversion. Besides "The Light Invisible," Mr. Benson has so far published but one other book. This was an editing of the prayers and services which were written by his father at various times, and which he began after the death of the latter, and gave forth as a memorial.—Rome correspondent of the Catholic Times.

THE CHURCH IN KOREA.
While the eyes of the world are turned towards Asia it will be of especial interest for Catholics to learn something about the "old faith" in that far away land, says the Boston Pilot. Today in Korea, out of a population of 12,000,000 there are about 53,000 Catholics. The country is picturesque and mountainous. It has an exceptionally fertile soil and considerable mineral wealth. The language is unique, being more flexible than the Japanese and less cumbersome than the Chinese. It is just a hundred years since the first Chinese Catholic missionary, in disguise, penetrated into this pagan land, and the first Mass in the "Hermit Nation" was celebrated on Easter Sunday, 1795. A few years later this priest was arrested, and in 1801 he had the privilege, with three hundred of his converts, of sealing with his blood the testimony of his faith. Other missionaries followed in his footsteps, and many of them shared his crown of martyrdom. In 1839 the first Vicar apostolic and two priests fell victims to the fury of the persecution stirred up against the Christian name, and with them 127 natives were numbered among the martyrs. It was not till 1845 that the next vicar apostolic could penetrate into the kingdom. One of his priests, Father Maistre, spent ten years in his endeavors to break through the barriers hedging in that Pagan realm. He at length succeeded in 1852. In 1860 the Catholic Church in Korea numbered 25,000 Christians, with several native aspirants to the priesthood. In the beginning of that year pagan fanaticism stirred up anew the embers of persecution. On the 8th of March the vicar apostolic with three companions was beheaded. Before the end of the month five other priests laid down their lives for the faith. A general massacre of the native Christians followed, and it was calculated that more than 10,000 perished including the victims of the incredible hardships and privations which were endured. Cardinal Moran, commenting on the awful period of Christianity in Korea, asks and answers the question: Where were the Protestant missionaries during all this series of persecutions and trials? "They were conspicuous by their absence," he says, "from the missionary field. It was only when the ports were thrown open that they appeared upon the scene. The first resident Presbyterian missionary came from the United States, and settled at Seoul in 1884. He was followed by the Methodists. Their united congregations last year reckoned 177 members. Six other Protestant societies have now their missionaries in Korea, but as yet they report no progress." (This was in 1895).

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St. Paul, Minn.

A protestant minister who had visited Japan and Korea, thus writes of the Catholic missions in those countries in August, 1894: "It is not surprising that the heroic missionaries of the Roman Church win the plaudits of onlookers who are not impressed by the pleasant home life with wife and children and abundant comforts, of the Protestant missionary. However, out of sympathy with the dogmas of the Roman Church, their poverty, endurance patience and suffering excite the admiration of us all. Every thoughtful missionary is forced to ask himself whether the Reformation did not go too far; whether the priestly monastic militant types are not, after all, more in accord with the missionary spirit."

Today in Korea there are 44 churches or chapels, with one bishop and fifty-two priests, of whom eleven are natives. A seminary has been built, in which thirty-three young men are preparing for ordination, and the several houses of religious women number fifty teaching and nursing sisters.

During the year 1902 there were baptized 5,807 adult pagans, 2,111 pagan children in danger of death, 2,149 Christian children, 623 pupils are being taught in 53 small schools, 870 infants are under the care of consecrated Christian women. There are two orphan asylums, two dispensaries and one hospital.

At Seoul there is a cathedral, a monument to the industry and ingenuity of the French missionary priests and their earnest followers.

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

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

F. P. BRADY,
Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
	EAST	
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
	WEST	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonas, Swan River.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues. 17 00
10 45		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

He was gone and Isabel threw herself on the ground, and gave vent to a storm of passionate grief. There struggling, almost with convulsions, her husband found her an hour afterwards.

"Are you distraught, Countess of Beauville?" said he, angrily; "or deem you this the way to keep me at your side, as you often beseech me? Let me have no more of it—let me, at least, find peace when I do come home. Verily I do not trouble you too much with my company!"

"Beauville, said Isabel, kneeling at his feet, "I have given up all for you—even heaven itself—and you spurn me as you would the very dogs from your footstool. This is not just. Give me either the love for which I sold my soul, or give me back that soul."

"Your soul!" said her husband scornfully; "does every girl who falls in love lose her soul. I throw heaven will be an empty place!"

"Beauville, do not mock me; you know well my meaning. Let me be reconciled with the faith I have denied with my lips (God knows not with my heart)."

"Now by Heaven," said the Earl, "some recusant hath been with thee this very day, in this house—my house! Who is it, woman? An' thou tellest me not, I will kill thee at my feet!"

But the violence of threat and manner had no effect on Isabel. She answered not, and did not shudder in his grasp of iron.

"I know it," he said, starting; "tis thy brother come hither—no other would have dared. Thou canst not deny it, Isabel."

The look of mute terror on the white face told him.

"Thou 'wilt' not harm him?"

The Earl grew cool directly.

"Tush, tush! I am not going to hurt the idiot; I have my hands too full for such employments. But one thing I must insist, and that he comes hither no more, and that I have no more of these scenes with you in consequence."

"No, no!" said Isabel eagerly, "you never shall. I will be still and will bear all, and he is not coming again; I bade him not. We have parted for aye."

"And a good thing, too!" said her husband, carelessly. "Now, fair Countess, if I were you, I would call my damsels to tire me afresh; for all these conflicts have disordered both dress and beauty."

And Isabel obeyed; and the Earl humming the air of a love-song then in vogue, quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Theres nothing in this world so sweet as love,

And, next to love the sweetest thing is hate;

I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged."

—The Spanish Student.

It was a bleak, cold day, and the east wind swept keenly along the streets, driving the clouds of dust before it, and making the passers by shiver and hurry on more quickly. The streets were, indeed, almost empty, and the few people in them all seemed those who were intent on business. Among them was one whose rapid step, and the searching glances he cast around, marked him as evidently occupied upon some weighty matter. His cloak, of the finest cloth, and richly trimmed with sable, was wrapped around him, and drawn up close to his chin. His long boots were lined and trimmed with the same fur. His hat was slouched over his face, as if he shrank from observation; while his whole appearance was that of one who would generally have sent others to do his bidding among the narrow and dirty streets along which he was winding his way. At length he reached his destination, when, on perceiving the tavern of the "Wild Boar," he at once entered the tap-room. It

was crowded; loud talking and laughing were going on, and oaths and curses were flying in all directions. Near the fire was seated one group, consisting of about twelve or fifteen men. Most seemed to be of the lower ranks: some were half drunk, and each face displayed a variety only in vice and brutality. But on the outside of the group, his arm leaning on the back of his seat, his wine-cup in his other hand, sat one whom a keen observer of human nature would at once detect to be a deeper sort of villain. He was slightly made, better dressed than his companions, and there were no marks of habitual intemperance on his somewhat pale face and deep-set glittering eyes. It was this man whom the eye of the stranger sought, and to him he advanced, and, laying a hand on his shoulder, said, in a whisper, "A word with you in private, good Master Eliot."

Eliot started from his seat, and, in an obsequious manner, led the gentleman into one of the small rooms that opened from the bar, closing the door after him. The parley lasted about ten minutes, and they came forth together, still conversing in whispers.

"The thing is easy enough," said Eliot, "now I understand your wishes, for, generally such of these fools that have relatives high in the state plume themselves on the privilege, and go on unmolested."

"See thou dost thy errand quickly, good Master," returned the other, "and thy reward shall be ample."

"Well, well, my—sir, I would say these things will take time. It is oftentimes a hard matter to hunt these foxes from their lair; but you may depend on it it is done at last."

"But I tell thee I cannot wait," replied the visitor. "Didst thou ever know what it is to be hungry for revenge?"

"Well, well," responded Eliot, with a look of diabolical malice darkening his face.

"Then," responded the other, "thou canst understand that it must be done at once, and I pay; but delay is fatal."

"I undertake it," answered Eliot briefly, and with a hasty nod.

The stranger was about to depart, when the host, coming forward, exclaimed:

"Good, my masters; part ye not surely, without tasting my good wine. Thou shalt pledge thy 'friend,' continued he to the stranger.

He started for a moment in displeasure; some patrician blood was aroused at the link between him and the low-born villain; but controlling himself, he answered:

"Thou dost well to remind me, mine host. Fill up two cups!" And then, taking one of them, he turned to Eliot, and said—"I pledge thee to the success of our enterprise." And after having drained the cup, he flung down a gold piece in payment, and strode out the tavern.

Two days after this conversation when the shades of evening were beginning to fall, Master Eliot was seen walking leisurely along the streets in the neighborhood of the "Wild Boar." He turned at last into a little court where the houses were of the poorest kind. He entered one of them, and after ascending two pairs of stairs, he entered without knocking, the door of a small and miserable room. In it, Eliot, though not a tall man, could hardly stand upright. There was scarcely any furniture in the room; a heap of straw was in one corner, a large embroidery-frame, carefully covered over, stood in another, and near the hearth, upon which there were a few dying embers, sat, or half crouched, a woman, attired in a cloak with a large hood, which was drawn partly over her head and face. She did not rise, or move, or start, at Eliot's entrance. He seized a stool,

which was near the work-frame, and sat down near her.

"You have no welcome for me, Maud."

There was no answer.

Eliot uttered an oath. "Then, if you can't be civil, you must attend to me, for I have business with thee, and desire not to tarry long in this accursed hole."

Maud raised her head, and displayed a face so pale and haggard, so marked and seamed with suffering, that it might have provoked pity in the most heartless. Eliot did seem for a moment staggered.

"How awfully ill thou lookest, Maud. Why wilt thou be so obstinate, and refuse the gold I would gladly give thee? Here, take!" and he put his hand in his pocket.

"No," said Maud, speaking for the first time, in a low and hollow voice. "We have settled that point before. No gold from thee. Better hunger, better death."

Eliot responded with another imprecation.

"Then starve, an' thou listest; and now hearken. The Catholic serving-maid of the Duchess of Bertram comes hither tomorrow."

A look of astonishment was visible on Maud's face.

"Ah, thinkest thou 'I' do not know who comes hither? Never dream, Maud, to hide from me. I would follow thee and track thee to the land's end."

"Well," said Maud, bitterly, "supposing she does come hither; what harm is that? Surely the tiring-woman of the Protestant Duchess is not an object of thy vengeance?"

"I desire that you find out from her tomorrow where a certain priest called De Lisle, a kinsman of her mistress, is staying."

"No," said Maud; "I will do no such thing. Thou shalt harm no one through 'me.' Work thy devilish trade I never will."

Eliot's face was paler still with passion; he did not answer, but, rising, and going towards the heap of straw, he lifted the coverings, and underneath there lay a child, a little girl of three years old.

"What dost thou there?" exclaimed Maud, springing after him frantically. "Wilt harm my child?"

"She must wake and go with me."

"Whither?"

"Where I please. I shall do as I list; she is as my child, and I have absolute power over her. She goes with me, and you will look no more on her face."

"Monster! thou canst not—darest not do this crime."

"If thou refuse my request. Do my bidding and thou shalt stay in peace together."

Maud fell on her knees and clasped her hands.

"It is like staining my hands with blood, and through her; deceit to her, who has but just taught me to hope for mercy, has just led me back to God with her angel voice. Eliot thou meanest death to this man?"

"Certainly not," returned he; "and I would have told thee so, an' thou hadst been reasonable. Is it likely the kinsman of the Duchess and the brother of the Lady Beauville should die, but he will be fined heavily, and half, at least, will be the informer's. I want gold—mus' have it; that is the whole."

"Art thou deceiving me?" cried Maud. "If this be all I could do it."

"Judge for thyself, fool," answered he. "What object can I have in deceiving thee? And judge quickly, or I take the child."

"I consent," said Maud hastily; "I will do it. God forgive me! Now leave me in mercy. Tomorrow night, if thou wilt come, I will have the news ready."

Without another word Eliot departed.

(To be continued.)

The little daughter of a professional gentleman had been reproved by her mother for always leaving her crusts of bread, and was told how many poor little girls there were who would be glad to get them. The next meal, noticing the same habit, the mother asked the disobedient:

"Gerty, what are you going to do with those crusts?"

The little one looked up brightly and replied:

"Why, mamma, I am saving them for the poor little girls who want them."

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

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

"Hard to Choose"

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

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

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Northwest Review

CONSIDERATIONS OF CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacred Heart Review—CCXC.

Our friend Ibanez tells us that before the Reformation the common people had no sense of human dignity, no sense of their rights, duties, or responsibilities.

This is a very extraordinary statement. How could such things be? From every pulpit, every altar, every confessional, every catechism, the people were continually instructed that Man is created to the image of God, and appointed to an eternal participation of the Divine perfections and blessedness; that he, by his own fault, has lapsed from this exalted destiny; that God, in His infinite compassion, has restored him to it by the sacrifice of His own Son; that He offers us the unbounded gifts and sanctifying impulses of His Spirit, that is, of Himself, to abide in our hearts continually, and to exalt us, if we will, to sit down with the Redeemer on His throne, as He, having overcome, has sat down on the throne of the Father. We are there, as St. Peter assures us, by the adoption of grace, to become eternally "partakers of the divine nature." What can go beyond this for maintaining the sense of human dignity, and for absorbing the sycophancies of "life's poor distinctions?"

On what do Protestants chiefly rest for maintaining the sense of human dignity among their people? On the reading of the Bible, and on the diffusion of scriptural knowledge from the pulpit. Of the former there can not have been much in the ages of costly manuscripts, and when as yet the rude vernaculars were regarded as almost profane; but of the latter, there was abundance. As an English evangelical remarks, though far from friendly to Catholicism, the medieval sermons decidedly surpass the usual sermons of today in simplicity and Scriptural fullness.

The Catholic Church esteems the Sacraments as the chief means of grace. But the Sacraments are the same for all, from the Emperor to the beggar. There are no royal sacraments. The greatest monarch and the humblest artisan receive the same Eucharist and the same absolution. Any priest who can absolve a peasant can absolve a king. In a Catholic country no sovereign would think shame of himself if, meeting the Viaticum on its way to the poorest home, he should dismount and accompany it to the door or to the bedside of the dying person. In a country where Catholic reverence for the sacraments has laid hold of everyone, how can there fail to be a profound sense of essential equality, however many marks of evil distinction there may be, and however much, for civil ends, these may be insisted on? The Lutheran ordinance of the sixteenth century, that in time of plague the clergy should only carry the Communion to the rich, struck every Catholic heart with horror, and seems to have been one great reason why multitudes began to return to the elder Church.

Of the populations which are noted for their intense Catholicity, foremost, in common esteem, stands the Spanish peasantry. Now this is distinguished, among all the peasantries of Europe, for its high sense of personal dignity. It is only the Spanish beggar who, soliciting charity, and being admonished as idle, would answer: "Senor I asked your alms, not your advice." It is not the New England boy, as Charles Kingsley foolishly imagines (I wish it were) but the Castilian innkeeper, who says, with hardly a sense of bravado: "I am as good a gentleman as the king; only not so rich." The height of Catholicity and the height of personal dignity are found together. No one can read Don Quixote and not be struck with the tone of cheerful friendliness pervading all ranks. Abating some of the highest dignities, "Brother" seems to be a term freely used by any one towards any one, saving, of course "Father" to a priest.

No one will accuse Froude of a disposition to embellish Catholicism, but Froude, speaking of the Spanish peasantry, their dignity, their courtesy, their friendliness,

and their sense of justice, and their cheerful piety, asks what more we need wish for them. We may call the Spanish peasant an obscure artist, but as Froude intimates, an obscurantism that bears such fruits can hardly be a very undesirable thing. Goldwin Smith, too, is no lover of the Ancient Church; but he hopes that Spain may yet be regenerated by her virtuous peasantry.

Of course some of those men who "compass sea and land to make one proselyte" will easily, among all the millions of Spain, reckon up any number of vicious peasants and will then jeeringly triumph over us that we have spoken of the virtuous peasantry of Spain. With such people we need not encumber ourselves. When we say that a country has a virtuous and pious peasantry, we mean that virtue and piety are generally revered, are deeply influential and shape multitudes of lives. Few persons speak warmly of the Spanish upper classes, which have been deeply tainted with Voltairianism for more than a hundred years, although I do not believe but that there are among them many, very many, virtuous and pious men and women. We do not believe that the memory of St. Ignatius has yet become impotent, or of St. Teresa, St. Francis Borgia, and their holy helpers, nor the memory of the illustrious Spanish episcopate of the olden days, although probably there are multitudes who have not a notion that Spain ever had a prelate above the level of the archbishop who patronized and dismissed Gil Blas.

It certainly can not be said that our abundance of New England Puritanism has developed among us a high sense of personal dignity. We have our share of virtues, I hope, but certainly that is not conspicuous among them. It may not be a chief virtue, but it is deeply interfused with the virtues that are chief. It blends with the Saviour's beneficent friendliness to give a double glory to the Son of Man.

No doubt the Spaniards will be much the better for more schooling, especially technical schooling, to put them more on a level with the nations which are so endowed, and also to overcome that unhappy dislike of the mechanic arts which was brought about by their centuries of warfare with the Moors. But as concerns the development of character, the Spanish people do not seem to have been in any acute distress for the lack of Protestantism, although the 'Spectator' suggests of another people, it is well for Christians to learn to keep the mind on a level with the heart. Emotion may doubtless sometimes overbalance thought, in the land of St. Teresa, that

"Fair sister of the Seraphim," but the Spaniards, whose land has been famous for theologians as for saints, will probably think that they can do very well without overpassing the resources of the Peninsula.

By the way, during the Spanish war, while we and the Dons were both making faces at each other a little more than was befitting, our Free Baptist friends of the "Morning Star," although the intensest of Protestants, maintained a steady protest against our policy towards Spain, and emphasized the whole qualities of the Spanish character, and the evidence given in the excellence of the modern Spanish literature that this character is not degenerating. I could wish that I were Charles V. of Spain for a little while. I would certainly decorate our friend Bickford with the Golden Fleece. He well deserves it.

One may answer for all. We have gone to the very centre of intense, nay of fanatical Catholicism, and have found it also a centre of the sense of human dignity, national and personal. And in the ages before the Reformation we find this sense of dignity stronger than now, rather than weaker.

We have found therefore, that the charge that the people have no sense of human dignity until the burly peasant Luther arose to overwhelm them with floods of vituperation, and to express a wish that they might all be bought and sold "like other asses and hogs," is a charge worthy of the vulgar proselytizing sheet in which it ap-

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The choir was organized in the autumn of 1902, and was placed under daily training for a full year before its establishment. Beginning last Sunday the choir will henceforth be clothed in the choral habit and surplice. It consists of about

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