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TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1902

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Down the St. Lawrence

Within Cloister Walls

(Special for The Register.)

While it might be interesting were I to continue last week's contribution by giving a sketch of each of the important institutions in the old city of Three Rivers, still I find that no weekly paper could afford the space necessary to do justice to each and all of them. Consequently I will occupy what light I may have in your columns this week with a brief account of the oldest, most unique and most special of these institutions. I refer to the Ursuline Monastery. Not only is it the most important, but it is the most exceptional as far as concerns the writer and the great public in general.

Some years ago a lady writer—I since learned it was a lady—over the nom de plume of "Fidella" contributed a series of very highly colored sketches of the Province of Quebec to the columns of The Mail and Empire. As far as regards the Catholic institutions, religious, educational or charitable of the Province that writer was anything but exact, in fact, "Fidella" was a misnomer. I would not say that she intentionally misrepresented these establishments; but she wrote about that which she had not seen, or studied, or understood. When such a writer errs in attempting to describe the life within cloister walls the sin is rather that of drawing upon the imagination. In the first place this lady, a Protestant, of course, hazarded to depict that which no ordinary Catholic writer, lay or clerical, would attempt, for the very good reason that the Catholic—male or female, lay or cleric—who is permitted to visit the interior of a monastery is such a rare exception that but few can speak or write about such an institution with the positive assurance of the one who has seen. Much less must it be so in the case of a non-Catholic newspaper correspondent, who may have never set foot even within the public reception room of a cloister, most decidedly who saw one inch inside the cloistered precincts.

For reasons that it is not necessary for me to mention, I had received the very exceptional privilege of spending almost a whole day within the forbidden limits of the Ursuline Monastery. The barrier that separates the religious from the world and that keeps out the world from that sacred enclosure, may be of stone, or of wood, but it is in reality an episcopal wall that the Church raises and that episcopal hands alone can break. That necessary episcopal permit was accorded

me, and in the company of the Vicar-General I was introduced within the monastic limits, and there spent a little over five hours.

It must not be imagined that inside of a monastery all is gloom and sadness; far from it. Rarely have I ever met with happier faces and more joyous dispositions than amongst the Sisters of St. Ursula. In fact, once the apparently grim barrier was passed I felt myself in a newer and fresher atmosphere, one that might properly be characterized as happy and peaceful. It was vacation time; the large wing—a vast institution in itself—that is used as the boarding-school was practically closed; the novices were in the gardens and extensive grounds within the monastic enclosure; the Superior and Sister Secretary, who showed me through and described every detail of daily life, were free from the additional labors that belong to the scholastic term; and within the whole cloister at will I will begin with the top of the house, as it is easier to come down than go up, and as I must follow, in this brief sketch, some course more systematic than the erratic proceedings of complete liberty exercised in the actual visit.

Beginning, then, with the upper stories, that consist of the quarters allotted to the novices, and the cells of the regular members of the community, I was struck by the fact that, while the inmates are excluded from all communication with the active world outside, they are far from being excluded from the enjoyment of magnificent scenery. The busy life of the streets may not be seen in detail, but from these upper windows one looks out upon the whole city, the surrounding country, the broad St. Lawrence, and its wealth of steamers and vessels surging in and out with the products of the Old World and of the New. And I could not help instituting a comparison in my mind: Here are those cloistered nuns gazing out upon all that nature can present of grand and attractive, unseemly by the human tide below they see all that is inspiring and worthy, from the pure sky above to the blue hills beyond, and the intervening scenery so variegated and so wonderful. So in their lives did I find that while they are removed from the din and glitter, the clash and glare of the world, they are conversant with every detail of public life, of administrative affairs, of governments and of legislators, of journalism and of literateurs, of all that we ignore, while we are in the very midst of the struggle.

In passing from the large community room, along the corridors lined with the simple cells of the Sisters, we came upon one small room, with a more comfortable bed than could be found elsewhere in the establishment. As I looked in, and was about to express my surprise at the comparative luxury (?) of that one room, the good Mother, divining my thought said: "We, each in turn, and all of us, come here to die." She added: "On that bed each member of the community, for long years back, has died, and some day I too, shall come here to give up my soul to God." I asked then to see the Mother Superior's own cell. Imagine my surprise to find it exactly the same as each of the others. And of what consists the furniture of a monastic cell? Needless to say that the floor is perfectly devoid of any carpet or matting. There is a bed, very narrow and very hard, the framework is of rough wood, the mattress of straw, the covering one blanket. There is one common wicker chair, a small prie dieu and on the wall a large crucifix. There is absolutely nothing else in the room—which is, a little larger than a small stateroom on a St. Lawrence steamer. Any one glancing at the interior of such a sleeping apartment might readily recall the graphic descriptions in Gerald Griffin's "Sister of Charity," and find that there was as much truth as poetry in that splendid poem.

It would be a very long story to tell of the library, of the archives,

and historical documents in the Secretary's office; nor would my space permit of such details at present. I remarked that if the members of the community are subjected to monastic rules and restrictions, they certainly are not deprived of fresh air and exercise. A more delightful and more instructive spot I have rarely visited than the beautiful—might use the word perfect—garden of the cloister. The profusion of roses, not to speak of the countless other flowers, would defy description. At the extreme end of the garden is a miniature chapel, with canons, kneeling desks and perfect gear of an altar. The walls are adorned with tiny Stations of the Cross—each picture a masterpiece. Here the Sisters come, during recreation, or during outdoor working hours, to pray, to meditate and to rest. At the other end of the garden is the cemetery. All the graves are alike, each has its rude wooden cross with the name and age of the deceased written upon it. And the last grave is still covered with flowers; and it will so remain, until another Sister dies and goes down into the vacant grave that awaits her. Then the flowers are placed upon that last one and another grave is dug. This garden seemed to me to be the image of the life of a religious. At vespers she made the great sacrifice of her earthly existence, as she entered the cloister; from that hour forward, amidst the perfumes and beauties of virtues such as the world cannot fathom, she walked slowly towards the grave that must close the silent pilgrimage, there to repose with her sisters gone before her, in communion with them and with those left behind, through the Communion of Saints. For the present I will refrain from any cold facts of history, and merely leave the reader to imagine what must be a life within the cloister precincts of St. Ursula.

The latest development of the literary cult, of which St. Francis of Assisi is the subject, is the foundation at Assisi of an International Society of Franciscan studies, under the patronage of the Queen Mother, the widow of the late King Humbert of Italy. The honorary president is Professor Paul Sabatier, the author of one of the most recent of the numerous Lives of St. Francis, who has treated the subject with much sympathy, insight, and critical acumen, although his conclusions on some points have been disputed and withdrawn or modified. He has also edited the Latin text of the "Speculum Perfectionis," a short life of the saint by his disciple, the well-known Brother Leo, whom the saint loved to call "pecorello di hon Dio." The acting president is Count Antonio Fiumi Roncalli, the vice-president Professor Leto Alessandri; and the secretaries Professors Regolo Casali, Mariano Falcei, and Francesco Pennacchi. Among those who form the Council of the Society are the Very Rev. Francesco Dall'Olivo, guardian of the famous sacro Convent at Assisi, built by the erratic Brother Elias, and which contains the tomb of St. Francis, discovered in 1818; Very Rev. Gregoria Frangipani, O. S. B., cure of St. Peter's, and the Very Rev. Canon Luciano Zempa, Professor of Theology.

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UNITED IRISH LEAGUE

Ottawa Branch Sends Out an Appeal for Aid to the Parliamentary Party.

Ottawa, Aug. 5.—At a special general meeting of the Ottawa branch of the United Irish League, held at St. Patrick's Hall, an appeal was unanimously adopted to "follow-countrymen and friends." After reciting the history of Parliamentary government in Ireland, with particular reference to Grattan's Parliament, the appeal concludes: "Fellow-countrymen, the Irish contingent in the British Parliament need pecuniary aid to carry on the fight, and we now appeal to you to respond to the call. Collectors, duly authorized, will wait upon you without delay, and we hesitate not to predict that the call will not be made in vain. The following have full authority to solicit subscriptions: Hon. John Costigan, M. P., Dr. A. Freeland, F. B. Hayes, J. B. Sullivan, P. Mungovan, J. O'Meara, Jas. Bennett, Ed. Reardon, William Dunnehan and P. Blake.

"Signed on behalf of the branch, A. Freeland, President; J. J. Bergin, Secretary."

DEATH CLAIMS NOTED CONVERT.

C. Kegan Paul, whose death was reported from London last week, was one of the better-known converts whom the Church in England owes to Newman's subtle and abiding influence. He was a scholar as well as a dealer in books, and he took the greatest pride in turning out work that was as nearly perfect typographically as it was fine in intellectual qualities.

Mr. Paul was born at White Lackington, near Ilminster, Somersetshire, in 1828, and was educated at Eton and Exeter College, Oxford. After taking orders in the English Church he was a curate at Great Tew and Bloxham, and after he left Eton he was for twelve years vicar of Sturminster. In 1874 he entered the publishing business, retiring in 1899.

A large number of the books published by Mr. Paul's firm have been sought after by collectors, and they also include many which have proved extremely valuable to scholars. Mr. Paul was himself an author of considerable note. He wrote a translation of "Faust" and a life of Goethe, edited the letters of Mary Woolstonecraft and produced a number of other literary works, including the remarkable essay entitled "Faith and Unfaith," a translation of Pascal's "Thoughts," a version of Huxham's "Ex Route," an edition of the "Imitation" and a simple and manly account of the intellectual process that led to his conviction that the church to which Newman had submitted was the one haven of salvation for a heart that wished to be perfectly sincere. Mr. Paul could be seen almost daily towards the close of his life kneeling for an hour in the afternoon in a quiet corner of the Servite's church at Kilmam.

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Notes Along The Highway

Recently I started out from Ottawa in pursuit of game, and as I commissioned myself to enjoy a "holiday" in its full text, and not being overburdened with predilections or prejudices, I didn't care a thrance what the quantity or the quality of the game would be. Coming down to the Central Station at Ottawa then, and investing a portion of my hoarded wealth in pasteboards, and as the stenorian lungs of a gentleman decked out in the dazzling panoply of brass buttons, lustily shouts "All Aboard," I enter one of the palatial cars of the Canada Atlantic Railway Co., and am soon steaming along in a southeasterly direction, side by side with the bright and sparkling waters of the Rideau Canal. Passing Eastman's Springs along the way, I was surprised at the number of Ottawa people who are obliged to leave their offices, their counting rooms and their stores, and come out here to stake their thirst at the healthy waters of its copious fountains. A mental investigation induces the saddening reflection that only wealthy people alone are they who used it, and the poor who cannot afford indulgence in spiritualized waters at home, are deprived of the pleasures of a trip to Eastman's Springs, Caledonia Springs, Banff Springs, Hot Springs or springs of any sort whatever. Leaving Eastman Springs with its sulphurous odor behind, and passing on the way Casselman, Indian River, etc., I reach, after little more than an hour's travel, the flourishing village of Alexandria.

Alexandria, so called in honor of the first Bishop of Kingston, Right Rev. Alexander Macdonald, is situated in the heart of a fine agricultural country. It is a Bishop's See, presided over by a grand man; grand in his zeal, grand in his piety, and grand in his learning and fine qualities of citizenship—a full namesake of the dignity alluded to already; it has churches and schools of vastly greater importance than those found in places of greater pretensions; it has a variety of manufacturing industries, and with a population of about 2,000 one is astonished that it still remains classed as a village. Alexandria, being the chief central point in the County of Olenagarry, and always the home of clever men, has been the rallying point of many a hard fought political contest. Olenagarry had able men to represent it in Parliament in the persons of the McDonalds, the McMahons, the McLeans, etc. In the Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, prior to Confederation, it was represented by a Postmaster-General of that period, Donald A. McDonald, brother of the first Premier of Ontario; in subsequent years Donald McMaster now a leading lawyer of the Dominion, was bringing it increased honor on the floor of Parliament, until, unfortunately, that clever man fell before a shower of silver bullets and bank note wadding, which went out from the well stored magazine of his rival, and R. R. McLennan also contributed enormous weight to the deliberations of Parliament, and doubtless would have continued doing so had

he not been thrashed out and completely shelled by the gentleman who at present ably and efficiently carries the banner of Olenagarry County.

During the good old days when Canadian Tories were enjoying the harvest of plenty, it was felt that Canada besides possessing political criminals who were alarmingly on the increase had also a growing crop of another brand, and that it was of paramount importance to the well-being and permanent stability of society that an institution should at once be erected wherein those poor unfortunate fellows should enjoy plenty of healthy exercise, so that in a brief time they would undergo a complete reformation. Many an Ontario hamlet sought the blessings of a Reformatory Prison and many a self-sacrificing Tory held pieces of land upon which such a much-needed institution should be built, but Alexandria won the prize through the thundering eloquence, majestic presence and vigorous vote of "Big" Rory McLennan.

But a day came when it was considered fitting that that this should be changed. A battle of the ballots is held which drives out the Tory almoners with a swarm of their scullions from the kitchen and scullions of the Government, and Alexandria, patronage, the vessel containing it as it is about to slip the nectar of falls to the ground and is shattered to pieces. Mr. Tarte, one of the gentlemen who materially contributed towards driving Tories out of business, and who knows much of the crookedness of their methods, declines to insult the innocent Alexandrians by presenting them with a Reformatory Prison. He must know them to be a people who keep a fair number of commandments, who keep from bad whiskey, who neither persecute voters, nor tamper with ballot-boxes, and it would be positively dangerous for their morals and their future happiness to have in their midst a horde of criminals gathered up in all parts of the Province. Better things are, however, in store for Alexandria, and if they are not forthcoming at once she has in her own hands the means of forcing the Government to shell out.

The commercial and social life of Alexandria is almost exclusively made up of the descendants of Scottish Highlanders. I have often explored its avenues and its thoroughfares in search of a few Irishmen, but could not find many, and my surprise was great when not finding a greater number of importations from the Emerald Isle in so favored a region and amongst a people possessing such ennobling qualities. To an Irishman like myself the tallman cry "Clann nan Gael a Ghobule le Ceile" must always have a charm. Mr. John Boyle, who, I am happy to say, is flourishing like a green bay tree, must be a lucky sort of an Irishman when he conceived the idea of throwing out his shingle in such a neighborhood.

My description of Alexandria, imperfect as it is, would be infinitely more so did I not make reference to a well-known and respected resident thereof who, through his genial nature and his large fund of humorous anecdote, has made each recurring visit a pleasure. I allude to Mr. D. A. McArthur, a man of fine abilities, whose voice has been often and effectively heard from many a platform not alone of Olenagarry, but of counties far beyond it. Mr. McArthur is a man widely known. Why so clever a man has not at some time represented his native county in either the Federal or Provincial Legislatures is a question often put to me. That he could do so had he sought it, I feel perfectly certain. Mr. McArthur has been many years in commercial business, but although he would be able to pass for a young man still, more especially in a strange place, he recently holed down his flag.

Leaving Alexandria, I set out for Green Valley, where I take train for the Connaught Settlement. In my next, I will attend to the Connaught Settlement. "HAMBLER."

CARDINAL GOTTI

Appointed Prefect of Propaganda to Succeed the Late Cardinal Ledochowski.
Rome, July 30.—Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and of Regular Discipline, was yesterday appointed Prefect of the Propaganda, to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski. The Pontiff's choice has produced a favorable impression.

"I neither expected nor wished my appointment," the new Prefect is quoted as saying, "but, like a soldier, when my chief commands, I obey."

Cardinal Gotti was a monk of the barefooted Carmelite order, and still to this day, in spite of his elevation to the rank of a prince of the Church continues to live the life of a monk, sleeping in a cell on a hard mattress. He was up to the moment of his receiving the sacred hat the general of the Carmelites, and although of the most humble birth, being the son of a dock laborer at Genoa, has, it is said, been repeatedly designated by Leo XIII. as the prelate whom he would wish to see elected as his successor.

Cardinal Vannutelli will replace Cardinal Gotti as Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars and of Regular Discipline. Cardinal Agliardi was appointed Prefect of the Economy of the Congregation of the Propaganda, in place of Cardinal Vannutelli.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

The new catalogue of the Central Business College, Toronto, which has just been issued, reflects to some extent the popularity of business education, as it shows that 783 pupils registered in that College during the 11 months ending July 31st. This very liberal patronage bestowed upon the school in question must also be taken as an indication of the excellent reputation this College has won for its thorough work and for the success of its students and graduates. You should not fail to read the announcement of this reliable school in our advertising columns from time to time.

ST FRANCIS CHURCH CORNER-STONE LAYING.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of St. Francis Church, corner Grace and Arthur streets, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3 p.m. His Grace the Archbishop will officiate. The street cars run along Arthur street to the site of the new church and visitors from other parishes should take transfers.

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TRAINING OF THE TEACHER

Interesting Address by Rev. Dr. Conaty at the Conference of Catholic Colleges.

Right Rev. Dr. Conaty delivered a most interesting address at the recent conference of Catholic Colleges in Chicago. Every Catholic teacher should read it with care. Dr. Conaty said:

We meet annually to discuss the conditions of our collegiate education, earnestly seeking after the best means by which to improve it. The problem is very serious one and demands our most careful thought. The annual meeting should lead to some practical results by which we may prove to ourselves the benefits resulting from a gathering of college representatives. We are not foolish enough to believe that we have reached the point in our collegiate work when we can afford to be satisfied, nor can we rest contented that we have not obtained our best results. We realize the onward march of events in college management and methods and we are not without recognizing the necessity of being abreast of the times and prepared to meet all legitimate demands. There are many shibboleths made familiar to us by what is called the New Education, some of them are but accommodations of very old principles, all of them demand attention.

A prominent expression of the new education is that teaching has become a profession which requires careful preparation and training. Formerly men did many things and also taught; teaching was but a part of their work. Now, teachers are called to devote themselves exclusively to teaching and leave other things to other people, and other trades. It is demanded that it be made a life work, and that it become a profession to which all aspirants will pledge their absolute devotedness. The result of this word of modern education is an ever-increasing demand for opportunities in the training of teachers for educational work. Men to-day train for everything; special education is called for in each department of labor. Men are not allowed to enter into the mechanical arts without apprenticeship; care is taken as to selection of candidates, estimates are made as to results of preparation, the position is made dependent upon fitness, equipment and skill. The typewriter goes to the business school; the telegraph operator to the school of telegraphy, the litterateur to the department of literature which will best fit his style. Every department in industry, every art and trade, every form of specialism, has its well-equipped fitting school where candidates acquire the knowledge by which they are to be judged competent to take positions to which they aspire. Why should we not exact careful and accurate training for the professional teacher, upon whose fitness is to depend the intellectual and moral up-building of the people? The teacher in the Catholic school should be equally well equipped, with his neighbor in all other schools and opportunities should be given by which he may be fitted to do the best work according to the most improved methods.

We are also in sharp competition with systems and colleges in which, by endowment and public tax, the greatest opportunities are given for larger and better development. We would never lose sight of the work done by those around and about us. We should be thoroughly aroused and fully acquainted with the methods used in all collegiate development. We cannot afford to ignore the energy, the activity, the zeal manifested in non-Catholic circles for educational advantages. They should act as a constant spur upon us to do the very best that is in us, all the more because the aims and purposes of education are so clearly well-defined for us while the great blessing of revealed truth safeguards us from the many disadvantages to which the others are subjected. It is important that we should keep ourselves thoroughly familiar with what is being done in other educational systems, in order that we may be prepared to take advantage of the good to be found in them and to resist or counteract the evil.

First of all, there are normal schools in nearly every state and several of them in many states.

These schools are directly under state or municipal taxation, and state and city insist that all candidates for schools shall pass through the courses established. Teachers of recognized prominence in school methods form the corps of instructors and every opportunity is offered for the broadest technical development. Candidates for these schools are judiciously selected and present requirements which entitle them to be considered as fitted to enter upon a more complete system of training for the profession of teachers. The curriculum followed, the methods used, all influences brought to bear, are directed toward the development of the teaching quality in the candidate. To follow studies that broaden education, to become familiar with methods of teaching, to be taught how to use those methods, to cultivate habits of accurate observation, to have developed within themselves their powers of imparting knowledge, these are the aims and purposes of the normal schools maintained by the state, and since their means are in many respects unlimited, the opportunities for development are consequently very vast. The system of training the teachers for the ordinary state schools is one which shows determination on the part of the state to have properly trained teachers in its schools.

The next fact we notice is the increase in what is called teachers' colleges, as also the development of departments of education in pedagogy in the universities where a higher grade of instruction in pedagogy is usually given and candidates are encouraged to do special research work with the promise of a doctor's degree, thus fitting them for the higher work in secondary schools, colleges or universities. Teachers' colleges, properly so called, or the pedagogical institutes in the universities, are reaching out to do the highest grade of training in teachers' work, frequently by university methods and by university men, with the disposition toward the control of the teaching of the higher schools. The tendency of developing specialties in all grades of collegiate work is becoming very marked, and there are many who find in this reason to believe that it is the only way in which excellent results can be obtained in each department of education. The doctor's degree is supposed to cover more than mere specialties, it calls for and frequently finds a high character of scholarship in the one who, after years of careful study under university-trained men, not only reaches proficiency in a special line, but stands ready by his productions to contribute to the world's store of knowledge.

It is also important for us to notice the development of the summer school, which, while not of the grade of either normal school or teachers' college, still contributes largely toward the general instruction of students, broadening their views, giving them opportunities to come in contact with prominent schools and teachers and follow their courses of lectures, developing a taste for special study, and in many cases receiving this technical instruction in pedagogical work during the whole summer session. These schools call to their assistance, regularly, well-organized instructors, among whom are university professors, whose labor results in developing a high grade of scholarship fitting for the teacher's work. When maintained absolutely by the universities, as is frequently the case, they partake largely of the university character and give to their students a standing among teachers holding university degrees.

If we ask why all this is done, or why this general development from the simple training school, the answer is found in this, that teaching has become a profession, with a standard of character and ability, second to no other. We are at the moment when there is a quality demanded in the teacher which cannot be acquired by mere habit or ordinary experience. It calls for a fitting for the work commensurate with its importance, and the acquisition of learning and a high grade of scholarship, as well as the use of the

methods, will alone reach the end required. The competition among candidates is so strong and the tendency towards meritorious standards is so great that people are anxious to spend their time and money in obtaining that education which will best fit them to honor their profession.

Then, again, the question of method has been placed in the fore-front of qualifications for successful work. Familiarity with the means by which successful teachers reach great results, the clearer definition of principles, the surer means of imparting knowledge, the application of it in the school-room, all these speak of method and require method. The iron laws of business are being applied to education. Everything is in order and the largest share of benefits comes to the largest number.

Then again, there is the grading of schools by which work is consolidated, one piece fitting into another, one part adjusted to another, and all buildings are of little account. You have a well-defined plan. This creates competition; it develops comparison and forces upon those in charge of education the necessity to have each part of the work equally well done. All this demands method, and method is improved by training.

After all, no matter how much we may seek for reasons by which to explain the educational facts we have noted, the chief reason with which we have to concern ourselves is that the work of education depends on the training of teachers. The teacher makes the school, the teacher is the school. Cardinal Newman had a favorite expression, "Give us universities in tents or shanties, but give us teachers." Without the teacher, buildings are of little account. You may have well-selected libraries, handsomely equipped laboratories, extensive buildings, but if you have not well-prepared teachers in them, you will never reach the honor mark in education. The teacher is one of the most potent factors in our modern life.

Of course we understand that all this matter of training teachers and the very general development of Normal School and Teacher Training Colleges, has its disadvantages. It is not necessary for us to speak of that greatest of all disadvantages, or rather positive danger, which comes with the absence of the religious element in the general training of teachers. My thought is largely directed toward the reason for the existence of these colleges. We cannot too strongly deprecate the poison of misrepresentation and misunderstanding of human character and human life that finds its expression in the false philosophical and psychological theories which form the basis of much of the pedagogical training in schools and colleges where teachers are prepared. We may however, distinguish between general and professional or merely technical training; between the history and principles of educational methods and school management itself, between scholastic or academic subjects and training in itself in what has to be taught. The first involves not only the history of education and of the part which the Church has played in education, but also the question of philosophy and psychology, and herein are found the sources of the false theories that so largely prevail in much of the training for educational work. The second refers to the science of teaching, or the method of imparting knowledge and may be taught and may be exercised entirely independent of reference to the fundamental questions in dispute. It is only when one comes to discuss pedagogy as such, and the foundations of teaching, that the necessity for accurate knowledge in the underlying principles of life becomes necessary. A teacher may be tactful, sympathetic, and deal with the child in a purely empirical way without advertent to the religious and philosophical principles that are vital to all understanding of life of right thinking; one may teach successfully in many branches without much knowledge of philosophy, but if the teacher is to understand the RATIONALE of pedagogy, he needs philosophy. The moment he drifts away from methods and begins to theorize, there is danger of false principles. The successful teacher, even confined to methods, may, by virtue of success, attempt to bolster up methods with false philosophy. The disadvantage that comes from

training where revealed truth is the only, where the only basis is God and the real and the ideal are made the basis of the method, is to be overestimated.

There are other disadvantages in the training of teachers which may be noticed. There is the everlasting faddist with his whims and caprices intersecting himself into all the methods of instruction, he is full of belief in himself and is constantly liable to change. There is the experimentalist ever asking for the testing of some new plan either in book or exercise, constantly exposing the pupils to the uncertainty as to which they are afterwards to use as the best in methods, full of theories, he is constantly changing methods only to find that what was adopted yesterday must be superseded by what he finds to-day. Experimentalism is necessary as a test of methods, but there is no experimentalism in education. But the modern experimentalist is not satisfied to be limited by methods, but seems to drift largely toward his own peculiar views as to the influence of certain elements on human character, while he loses sight of the timeliness of the most important ones, frequently he has worked himself out of belief in religion as important and is seeking for something to take its place.

There is a disadvantage, also, or a danger, that by method of methodizing one becomes machine-like in school work and consequently loses the personality which in his enthusiasm, sympathy and power, constitutes the real teaching influence. After all, these disadvantages in methods are insignificant in comparison with the good, general results that come from training. The benefits are so great that they leave no doubt as to the necessity for such institutions.

We should be determined that the teachers in Catholic schools and colleges should have a systematic and thorough training according to the best ideals. They should be ambitious to acquire the best possible training for the work and it should be the determination of all who have charge of educational work in the church, to insist that every teacher be thoroughly trained. Education itself demands this, entire independent of the sharpness of the competition by which schools are judged. Honest love for the truth should force us to, the acquisition of the best methods for imparting it. No place should be found for the incompetent teacher. No one should be allowed to teach who has nothing to give, who produces nothing. The untrained teacher is usually inarticulate, dried up, withered, has neither fire nor life and cannot intelligently impart even the little that he may know. Our Catholic teachers should be the very best; our traditions as teachers are the noblest, our aims and purposes are well understood and truth demands not only learning but ability to impart it according to the methods of St. Thomas in his Treatise on the Education of Princes clearly defines for us the important requisites in a teacher, and no recent book on pedagogy can more clearly define what should be insisted upon in every teacher. The ability to select the best things to be taught, which is the result of a well-developed mind; the integrity of character which offers a model of life; wisdom which bases itself on humility; the knowledge which has the pervasion of eloquence, and finally, the ability to teach which, as St. Augustine says, is simply ability to open what is closed. "What use," says the great Doctor, "a golden key if it will not open what we wish; what harm a wooden one if it opens what is closed."

Philosophy has a most important part to play, especially in the principles that underlie pedagogical studies. After all, it is impossible to thoroughly understand child character and direct it in the ways that lead to true manhood as well as scholarships without a thorough mastery of the principles that underlie human life. There is a great deal of false philosophy serving as a basis for many modern systems of education. A false philosophy misinterprets soul-life, gives us character study without the sunlight that comes from eternal truth. Human nature can never be properly understood except under the great searchlight of revealed truth by which the evils resulting from the original lapse from integrity and the benefits accruing from Redemption and Justification through Grace can be properly understood. The true idea of manhood is based upon the true idea of life. Educational training demands that the end of existence be definitely understood in order that the material, the spiritual and the natural in man be each fully appreciated. We must never forget that we are not only human but also Christian, and that therefore the aim of education is the formation of man according to Christian ideas. It is the development of the Christian in man. Philosophy gives us the unity of education. We must have harmony in life and since religion is a necessity to our nature we cannot separate one from the other. No training of teachers can be complete without correct principles of philosophy and psychology and Christianity alone can give these principles.

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The training of the teacher should meet all methods, carefully analyze them, adopt that which is found to be good, assimilate it and make it a part of the system. There is no doubt that a very large quantity of good is to be found in all modern methods. Let the chaff be sifted out, let the danger be eliminated, the bad exposed, and the well-tested method adopted. Reach out for that which experience has proved to be good, adopt that by which tangible benefits have been reached, and thus utilize the experience the endeavors and careful study of others. We need not only a good moral, but also a highly developed technical training of our teachers both in college and school. Teachers are not developed by intuition they are not fitted by mere vocation they come to their place in work through the hard labor of patient study and careful training. They need to be familiar with the history of education as presented by all sections of the world of thought. They need particularly the history of the science they have to teach, they should be in touch with all parts of it. The teacher in the Catholic school should, above all, be thoroughly indoctrinated with the idea that the only true education is according to the Catholic ideal. He should understand thoroughly the reasons of difference between the Catholic and non-Catholic systems of education, be thoroughly convinced that the Catholic system of intellectual and moral training alone can give that strength and power to character which makes true education. The true teacher should realize the power in him, and this power should be a constant spur to him for greater and larger equipment. Mould the teachers in the ways by which study can obtain its greatest results and teaching produce the best scholarship. He is not satisfied with mere consecration to work. Insist upon a complete preparation in order that consecration may exercise its greatest influence. The call to the teacher's chair, or the appointment to the teacher's office, should find in every teacher the knowledge and professional fitness with which to fulfill all that his office demands. We never will succeed in doing that work which as Catholics we are bound to do until we demand from every teacher, in every school and college, professional fitness. The question may be asked, How is this to be done? We answer, By a greater attention to the development of teachers in the different training schools of Catholic institutions, or by exacting a certificate of fitness from every teacher who presents himself for place in our schools. A high standard of examination for teacher's certificates will insure, on the part of the teacher, the training which will entitle him to be considered for the place. It is encouraging to know that this is a great advance along these lines, that teachers themselves are demanding better preparation. The novitiates and scholasticates of religious orders, the normal schools of teaching communities, the University and all its departments of graduate work, all mark progress in the upbuilding of the sentiment towards a complete training of our teaching corps. Many of our religious institutes, with their well-defined methods of teaching, maintain a very high standard in the qualification for teachers. Yet there are some which need to be urged to give more time in their training-school or novitiate to the preparation for teachers. The experience of the class-room is not sufficient development, it is not fit for teacher or pupil. One of the great motives for the Catholic University is the training of teachers for College work. Its different departments of graduate study appeal to the Colleges and Seminaries of the country to send their best young men to be trained according to University methods in the scholarship that will fit them to honorably occupy chairs of the teachers by its establishment the Catholic educational system of this country has its opportunity for the preparation of teachers in the best possible way for the higher work in school, college and university. This conference should set its seal of approval in no uncertain ways upon the absolute necessity for the higher training of every teacher in our schools. It should insist that the College be known not so much by its brilliantly illustrated catalogue and its promises of everything in education, but particularly it should make its appeal through its teachers well fitted for their work, well trained in their departments, and anxious for comparison with men and women engaged in their same work in other colleges. When this moment arrives there is no doubt that our colleges will hold the noblest place in the work of higher education.

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1902

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF YEAR	COLLEGE	FEAST	REMARKS	MOON'S PHASES
1	31	W	St. Peter and St. Paul		
2	30	Tu	St. Stephen		
3	29	Mo	Eleventh Sunday After Pentecost		
4	28	Sa	Commemoration of All the Holy Women Martyrs		
5	27	Fr	St. John the Evangelist		
6	26	Th	St. Elizabeth		
7	25	We	St. Mary Magdalene		
8	24	Tu	St. Mary of Egypt		
9	23	Mo	St. Mary of the Desert		
10	22	Sa	Tenth Sunday After Pentecost		
11	21	Fr	St. Lawrence		
12	20	Th	St. Peter		
13	19	We	St. Paul		
14	18	Tu	St. John the Baptist		
15	17	Mo	St. John the Evangelist		
16	16	Sa	St. Mary of the Snow		
17	15	Fr	St. Mary of the Snow		
18	14	Th	St. Mary of the Snow		
19	13	We	St. Mary of the Snow		
20	12	Tu	St. Mary of the Snow		
21	11	Mo	St. Mary of the Snow		
22	10	Sa	St. Mary of the Snow		
23	9	Fr	St. Mary of the Snow		
24	8	Th	St. Mary of the Snow		
25	7	We	St. Mary of the Snow		
26	6	Tu	St. Mary of the Snow		
27	5	Mo	St. Mary of the Snow		
28	4	Sa	St. Mary of the Snow		
29	3	Fr	St. Mary of the Snow		
30	2	Th	St. Mary of the Snow		
31	1	We	St. Mary of the Snow		

Indulgences Prayer

To thee, O Virgin Mother, never touched by stain of sin, actual or venial, I recommend and confide the purity of my heart. An indulgence of 100 days, once a day, to all the faithful who, devoutly and with contrite heart, recite this invocation.

SILENCE.

What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime requests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her. When some of these cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken, which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silent, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them and the spirit of evil or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward Hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the Day of Judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty lord for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain or grief to them.

A MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF.

Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

Chats With Young Men

FINDING A VOCATION.

If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest feet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailor, Anchored yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain, steep and high, You can stand within the valley, While the multitudes go by; You can chant in happy measure, As they slowly pass along— Though they may forget the singer, They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver Ever ready at command; If you cannot toward the needy Reach an ever open hand; You can visit the afflicted, O'er the erring you can weep, With the Saviour's true disciples You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest Garner up the richest sheaves, Many a grain, both ripe and golden, Off the careless reaper leaves; Go and glean among the briars Growing rank against the wall, For it may be that their shadow Hides the heaviest wheat of all!

If you cannot in the conflict Prove yourself a soldier true, If, where fire and smoke are thick- est, There's no work for you to do, When the battlefield is silent You can go with careful tread; You can bear away the wounded, You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting For some greater work to do, Fortune is a lady goddess, She will never come to you; Go and toil in any vineyard, Do not fear to do and dare, If you want a field of labor You can find it anywhere. —Eileen Gates.

CAN YOU ADD!

The simplest operations are the ones most liable to be carelessly performed. The boy who expects to become an efficient business man cannot ignore the importance of the elemental units that go to make up his training. "Any one can make figures. It doesn't take an artist to do that," indifferently replies the juvenile to the "old fogey" who insists upon pen-and-ink to illustrate his own dexterity, dashes off a series of nine digits and lecture in this humble acquirement cipher, which, after the first half dozen, begin to look more than anything else like the proverbial duck's tracks in the mud. Let me tell you, boys, that there is one correct pattern for each figure, and the sooner you begin habitually to copy it, the better your chance will be for acceptance when you apply for a situation in a counting-house. A certain youth once learned this lesson by an experience that was costly both to himself

and to his employers. The figure five in the amount of an order for stock so closely resembled the figure nine that it was thus interpreted, and, standing in the fourth order, made a difference of four thousand dollars. The deal which the blunder compelled caused the company great inconvenience and loss. More serious still was the result to the clerk, whose situation was forfeited and reputation injured.

Any ten-year-old boy would regard it as an affront to be asked can you add? Test him, however, by requiring him to find the sum of a column of numbers, and note the errors he makes in the operation.

When the writer was attending a business institute a well-known business man of the city who was in immediate need of a clerk called and asked the principal if he had a student prepared to fill the place.

"Yes," he promptly replied, glad that he could accommodate the applicant and at the same time advantageously locate a capable young man who happened at the very time to be closing his final examination. Whilst the principal was enumerating at length the qualifications of the youth, the merchant sat wriggling in his chair. At length, his patience being exhausted, he burst out with the question, which seemed to the astonished principal an impertinence, "Can he add?"

"Can he add?" exclaimed the principal, in a puzzled tone. "Yes," was the sharp rejoinder. "Could you trust him to add large amounts representing value without watching him?"

"I should deem it prudent to run up the columns myself for a while at least," said the principal, soberly, looking not at his interlocutor, but through and beyond him, thinking the while what it really meant to trust an employe inexperienced in actual business with calculations of value even the most ordinary without giving personal attention to the results. Was he exacting that fitness of his pupils which the business public demanded, he asked himself.

"That's it," said the visitor, curtly; "you must pay a man for doing your work, then have it all to do alter him. 'It's a fact—surprising to you, maybe,'" continued he, in better humor, "that more beginners in office work fail in addition than in all the other operations of arithmetic. If I get a man that adds correctly, I can trust him to do the rest, and I keep him as long as possible."

In offices where there is much adding to be done accountants are not allowed to work continuously a great length of time, because it is a brain-exhausting process and one loses his grasp on certainty. After a brief change of occupation—a change as always a rest—he can return to his figures with a clear head.

It is possible for boys in their school days to learn to add or perform other arithmetical processes with unerring accuracy, but it requires concentration of thought on the work. The boy owes it to himself to compel the calculation bump (which lies just over the outer angles of the eyes) to do honest service. By faithful drill, before you are aware of it, the habit of exactness will take such firm hold of you that, though the earth may quake or the stars fall, it cannot shake your faith in your own work.—The American Boy.

WELCOME AS SUNSHINE after storm is the relief when an obstinate, pitiless cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balsam. No option in it. The good effect lasts. Take a bottle home with you this day.

THE MAN WHO WORE HIS HAT IN CHURCH.

An interesting incident related by a recent convert, appears in the story of his conversion in The Catholic World Magazine for August. In his own language the writer relates the story as follows: "Protestant historians and statisticians pretend to put in contrast the illiteracy of Catholic countries, and the education and enlightenment of Protestant countries, and I believed that the Catholic Church purposely kept the majority of its membership in ignorance, knowing that its unreasonable doctrines would not bear the light of knowledge. As an example of my inexcusable bigotry, I relate an incident that occurred in the year 1887. I was returning from the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville, in company with my daughter, and stopped over for a few hours in Chattanooga. It was a week-day, and while

out walking we came to the Catholic Church; actuated by curiosity, we entered. I did not take my hat off, but went strolling down the aisle with my hat on. A priest was slowly walking up and down one of the aisles reading, and noticing me, he rebuked me for showing disrespect to the house of God in not removing my hat. At that time the priest was totally unknown to me, and it was some three years later I learned he was Father Tobin, of Chattanooga, who has since then become to me a spiritual father indeed, and Providence so ordered it that the same priest who rebuked me some years afterward baptized me. I kept my hat on in church partly through thoughtlessness, but mostly through contempt; for I did not then believe that a Catholic Church building was in any sense the House of God."

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmalee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health and strive to keep so.

OUT OF WORK.

For hours along the crowded streets With aimless steps I've trod, Without a home or hope in life, With scarce a hope in God. The cruel night is sitting close To such a crushing day, The earth is—oh! so dreary cold, And heaven so far away.

The friendless rouse no anxious thoughts, Thy busy throng sweeps on, I've strayed beyond the city lights The twilight's gray has gone My useless arms have failed to win A crust, a place to stay, Earth has no work, no room for me, And heaven is far away.

O, great wide world! O, frowning sky! So cheerless and so vast, I dare your keen and cutting sleet, Your piercing, bitter blast— Rage, howl and lash this living spark From out the tortured clay That feels existence dark, all dark, And heaven so far away.

How dull and black beside my feet The sluggish river rolls; It beckons as a demon might To lure unhappy souls, Its sly voice is whispering— Here, rest in peace for aye, O, God! the river is so near And heaven so far away! —Exchange

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MOTHER'S LAST LETTER.

(M. J. Row.)

Thou'rt far from me tonight, alanna, In your new home o' the sea; But my heart is full of blessings, Though these poor lips weep for thee.

I'm growing older, Tomacushla, And more childish with the years— Sure, you were my heart's own treasure, And you will forgive my tears.

I'm sitting here, to-night alanna, By the fireside's mellow light, And I think I see your features In the glowing embers bright. I see your pale, sad face, my avour-nee, As you looked that autumn day When you said: "God bless you, mother, Pray for me when far away."

Ah, pray for you! Yes, my ma bouchal, While there's life in this old heart, For that heart, though all might be broken, Loves you still, where'er you art. Beside the shrine you raised alanna, With your own true, loving hand, These my prayers are offered lightly For your sake—and Ireland.

No more I'll see you, Tom, my ma, For my sight is growing dim, And my footsteps halt and true O'er the grave's dark, winding rim.

But ere I leave this world I fear One last boon I ask, my dear 'Tis, be true to God and country— True to self—and pray for me— Devil's Lake, Ni. Dakota.

WHY GIRLS DON'T MARRY.

What is the reason so many girls do not marry? Well, some girls are too ambitious; they want a rich or a famous husband and will not marry for love in a cottage. Again some girls are shy and constrained, so afraid of seeming to run after men that they go to the opposite extreme and almost repel them. They show to the worst advantage in company, and though nice, intelligent girls, they are ignored and passed by.

Others are overlooked because they will not flatter nor flirt, they will not give man even ordinary encouragement; indeed, if they find themselves caring for one man more than another among their acquaintances a mistaken pride prevents them from showing it, not because they are stupid, but because of an unfortunate

temperament which they cannot overcome. Then there are those girls who are clever, such universal favorites, so much in demand for every occasion, that at length they awaken to the fact that in enjoying society as a whole, they have overlooked the individual, their youth and heyday have passed by and they have a string of admirers but not a lover among them.

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

A pleasing voice is one of the greatest feminine charms. The voice, let it be remembered, does more to characterize a woman favorably, or unfavorably, than anything else. How beautiful are those lines of Shakespeare where he says: "Her voice was over soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman." Harsh, uncharitable thoughts lead discordant tones to the speech and kind, unselfish thoughts impart a natural euphony. The voice unconsciously portrays the loveliness, or unloveliness of our lives. Thus the necessity of cultivating high ideals and generous qualities. Beauty must commence way down deep in a woman's heart in order to give her a truly charming personality. Nothing could possibly be more vulgar than affectation in speech. Never cultivate some one else's voice, however desirable it may seem. Cultivate your own instead. Endeavor to acquire well-modulated tones and an easy, correct use of language. Thus you will keep your own individuality, which, when beautified, will exercise more charm over your speech than any amount of imitation, however clever.

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The Wonders of Nature.

Huckleby—Why, I hardly knew you; you've got to look so round.

Trydie—The effect of square meals, my boy.—"Lads."

How They Move.

"When I first settled here," said the Kansas man, "my nearest neighbor was twenty-five miles away, but now he's just across the road."

"The way you put it," remarked the Easterner, "that doesn't show anything. That may mean—"

"It shows, my friend, that cyclones are mighty powerful, that's all." Philadelphia "Green."

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The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, AUG 7, 1902.

CATHOLICITY IN IRELAND.

A more detailed report of the Irish census, some figures from which are given in another column, proves that poverty, emigration and immigration all combined, have so far failed to subvert or diminish as quickly as might have been expected the Catholicity of Ireland.

Of course if such a question as that presented by the condition of the church and education in the Philippines were being agitated for a direct political end, no language which Dr. Ireland could apply to it would be too strong.

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE APPEAL.

The articles which we have of late been publishing with regard to the conditions prevailing in Ireland and the telling work of the Irish Party in Westminster, will serve to show our readers that the Ottawa Branch of the United Irish League makes its appeal for funds at a good time.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

Father Thomas Davis, of Perth, in the diocese of Kingston, has just performed one of those sad duties of necessity which religion sometimes calls the priest to perform.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The London Westminster Gazette claims to know that Mr. William O'Brien, in his best book, sketched the late Archbishop of Cashel under the name of the Very Reverend Marcus O'Harte, D. D. Here is the portrait.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND AMERICAN CATHOLICS.

In a statement made to the St. Paul Pioneer Press Archbishop Ireland is very severe upon those Catholic papers and organizations that have opposed the policy of the Republican government towards the Friars and the schools in the Philippines.

that have passed resolutions condemning the American method of treating the church and the institutions of religious education in the Philippines.

ent to no purpose. The rabid animosity of M. Combes is inexplicable. A writer of one of the humorous articles in the Paris edition of The New York Herald has been endeavoring to lecture Catholics and Conservatives over the question of the evictions and his conclusion is practically the "Serve you right or wrong."

For this the slipshod and ill-informed scribe is justly taken to task by a writer in a Catholic paper, who remarks that the Americans ought at least to observe neutrality and to preserve a decent attitude in front of the internal struggle now caused in France by the Freemasons.

According to an English paper, Lord Cadogan's object, while Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, seemed to have been "to discover how much time he could spend out of the country."

Diocese of Peterborough.

The opening and blessing of a church near Morinus, Muskoka, Tuesday, July 22nd, 1902, was indeed a great day for many who gathered from far and near to assist at the opening and solemn blessing of a little church, situated on a beautiful point, and surrounded by a thickly wooded forest, near Morinus, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, and belonging to the Parishes of Gravenhurst and Bracebridge.

The ceremony, which began at 10 a.m., was solemn and inspiring. In the presence of a large congregation, his Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, attended by the Ven. Archbishop Casey of Lindsay; Father McGuire, Hastings; Father Kelly, Trout Creek; Rev. T. Crowley, Peterboro'; and Rev. Father Collins, Bracebridge, dedicated the new edifice to the service of God, under the patronage of St. John the Baptist.

Solemn High Mass, solemn evensong, was then celebrated by the Rev. Father Kelly, assisted by Rev. Father McGuire as deacon, and Rev. T. Crowley as subdeacon. His Lordship also assisted, in copo and mitre. After the Gospel, Ven. Archbishop Casey preached an able sermon, taking for his text St. Matthew xxviii, 19 and 20: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Archbishop Ireland is very severe upon those Catholic papers and organizations that have opposed the policy of the Republican government towards the Friars and the schools in the Philippines.

Dr. Ireland's claim to speak upon this question is a peculiarly strong one, inasmuch as he is a man of rare political insight, in addition to his prominence and dignity as a patriotic citizen and representative of the American hierarchy.

The Edicts of M. Combes, the ex-Abbe and now Premier of France, are being ruthlessly carried out, and evictions of monks and nuns have been taking place in Paris and throughout the country.

The large gathering listened with the closest attention while the venerated gentleman, who was so well qualified for his subject, delivered it as a pleasing and instructive way. He said that the Muskoka Lakes, being devoted to pleasure, it was only right that amongst these resorts there should be one place especially dedicated to the service of the Almighty, where the voice of man might be united with the voice of nature to give pleasure to the Creator, and this little church, situated as it is, on this beautiful point, and seen from all sides, has now been dedicated for such a purpose.

their sorrows and in their joys. Here they will bring the Lord to rest, the first games in holy baptism. The sinner will come here with his life of sorrow to receive forgiveness.

The Rev. Father Collins then addressed the congregation, and said he was much pleased to see so many present. He thanked them for their generous donation, which he had received. He said he was particularly grateful to the non-Catholics and visitors who gave assistance, especially Mrs. Cascahen of Hamilton and Mrs. Clark of Erie, Pa., who contributed so liberally, and through their untiring efforts collected this large sum for the benefit of this little church.

The steamer Nymph, owned by Mr. R. Stroud of Millford Bay, had been chartered to convey the choir of Graychapel and, Bracebridge to Morinus, and great praise is due the choir for their resolution of excellent music throughout. The principal solos of Webb's Mass in G were taken by Misses Dowd, Carleton and Cairmont, and Messrs. Le May and Moore, all of which were very acceptable.

After Father Collins finished his few remarks to the congregation everyone present was invited to partake of a luncheon set on tables in a grove near by, prepared by the earnest workers of the little Church of St. John the Baptist.

Mrs. Delmyer of Pittsburgh, Pa. kind placed her handsome yacht, Bonita, at the disposal of his Lordship and clergy, who spent the entire afternoon in cruising around the beautiful lakes of Muskoka.

The opening of the little church at Morinus Point will no doubt be remembered by all who were present, and the kindly and genial manner of his Lordship and clergy added greatly to the pleasant memories of this notable day.

THE NEW HEAD OF THE PROPAGANDA.

The announcement that Cardinal Gotti has been appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Ledochowski in the office of Prefect of the Propaganda has a special interest for the Catholics of this country, as the Church in the United States is always in the closest touch with the Propaganda, writes Father Lambert in The New York Freeman's Journal.

Cardinal Gotti, who may yet succeed to the Papal chair, is the son of a Genoese dock laborer. He, therefore, owes nothing to the advantages of birth. He began life in poverty, and it is due to his own personal character and to the fact that the Catholic Church discriminates against no son of hers who possesses the requisite moral and intellectual abilities to fill her highest office, that the son of a Genoese dock laborer holds his present exalted position to which are attached world-wide responsibilities. Thanks to the interest taken in young Gotti by some friends of his mother, he was enabled to prosecute his studies at Genoa and Rome. From the outset he was a hard and successful student, who devoted himself zealously to philosophical and theological studies, with the result that to-day he is one of the greatest theologians in the Church.

Young Gotti's religious zeal kept pace with his love of study. He was still quite young when he became a Carmelite. From the day he donned the habit of that religious order down to this hour he has been a strict observer of its rules. His promotion to the Cardinalate in no way interfered with this observance. Today he lives the simple and, so far as he can, the ascetic life of a Carmelite Leo XIII., who knows and thoroughly appreciates his character, erected him a Cardinal in 1895. The Holy Father also sent him on a most important mission to Brazil.

In all the offices he has been appointed to Cardinal Gotti has displayed abilities which give assurance that the new duties he will be called upon to discharge as the head of the Propaganda will be performed with a loyalty which will redound to the benefit of the Church in the many lands whose spiritual affairs are under the direction of the Propaganda.

PLEASE MR. DRUGGIST give me what I ask for—the one Painkiller, Perry Davis'. I know it is the best thing on earth for summer complaints. So do you. Thank you. There is your money.

split it as possessed their forefathers. The Rev. Father Collins then addressed the congregation, and said he was much pleased to see so many present.

Over seven hundred years ago the people of Florence, gentle and simple, gave way to the most joyous exultation over an event which would have then and would now pass almost unheeded in any country outside of Italy.

The event was the painting by a new artist named Cimabue of a picture of the Madonna, in which the artist freeing himself from the rigid conventionalities in which art has been found for centuries, put some life into the folds of the drapery of his subject. It was a very little thing, apparently, but the attending people of Florence saw in it the germ which was eventually to develop to the full glory of the renaissance.

Another event has just happened which shows that the love of great art is still strong in Italy in spite of the decadence which has fallen on the productions of most Italian artists. Alas! that it has required a catastrophe to show it! Last Monday morning, Vox Urbis happened by the merest chance to be in Venice. He stood in the historic Piazza di San Marco, noticing a number of American tourists engaged in feeding the pigeons, while one of the party took some snapshots of his friends, and hardly observing a lit crowd of Venetians who gazed anxiously to the great tower which, after the Golden Basilica, has been the most conspicuous object in Venice for nearly a thousand years.

Pumpkin seeds contain a medicinal principle which, in large quantities, proves poisonous to chickens and turkeys, and is probably injurious to cows. Where large quantities of pumpkins are fed in the fall and winter, and the seeds, sometimes paralyzed at the legs, walk about as though intoxicated. It would be well to remove the seeds from pumpkins are fed to stock, for they probably contain much of a good fruit dose.

A correspondent of Hoard's Dairyman offers the following formula as a fly repellent: Mix about one-half teacupful of the oil of kerosene and use this to dress a table-spoonful of pine tar, stir thoroughly till the tar is dissolved and add the quart of crude oil. This will fill a small air spray pump and if applied in the morning will last well all day. It is this amount I spray eight cows five times, taking about ten minutes each day.

Many seem to think that water is the only time when care and attention are needed in the poultry yard, and that the fowl can get along "any old way" in the summer. Work around the poultry house is tiresome, and when hot weather comes, the fowl are left to shift for themselves. A greater mistake was never made. Lice, the great enemy of the feathered tribe, multiply and flourish in summer, and destroy the fowl in the flock. The fowl, often overcrowded and suffering from exposure to the hot sun, drop and lose their vitality, which they are liable not to regain with the coming of cool weather. They should receive the most careful attention now. Their food should be given regularly, fresh water provided in abundance and the flocks kept clean and placed in the shade, and a shelter from the hot sun furnished. The poultryman who neglects his feathered charges will certainly be punished, not in any mystical future of mysterious torture, but in the loss of good hard cash now out of his pocket, and place where the average man is most sensitive.

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A LETTER TO AN EPISCOPALIAN

The Failure of Ritualism

H. F. De Costa writes the following in The New York Freeman's Journal—My Good Friend:

I have read the little book of sermons by your estimable pastor, the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, rector of St. Ignatius Church, New York City, and I am obliged to you for calling my attention to the publication. Only a single sermon, now, however, needs my attention, namely, the one entitled, "Looking Homeward," which deals with a habit of mind prevalent among Ritualists in the country at large, reflecting also the traditional prejudice entertained by many preachers, and, consequently, needing little recognition from Catholics. It is simply environment, a long use that enables Protestant preachers to think that statements like some of those found in this sermon relating to the Catholic Church and converts are correct and justifiable. I do not see, however, that such statements carry any force. They simply represent unfortunate training, for which the victims are not usually held highly responsible. Nevertheless, the doctrinal collapse of Ritualism, now so evident in both England and America, puts these statements in a new light, which, possibly, you did not consider in bringing the subject thus to notice.

Your pastor admits that "it can be confidently maintained that Ritualism has been a stepping stone to Romanism in the case of a number of Rome's most intelligent and earnest converts" yet he inclines to think that the system does not "foster Romanism." He then goes on to say, "I am persuaded, as the result of a good many years' experience, that Anglican Orders and most of the much debated points have really very little to do with the matter," which is quite contrary to my "many years' experience." If the view of your pastor were correct, why should so many converts send out their testimonies against Anglican Orders? Among the clergy of the Church of England, more than five hundred have declared definitely against Anglican Orders in leaving for Rome, while a large company of Protestant Episcopalians in the United States have left their denomination distinctly on this ground. The latest of the departures, I have been told by a person concerned, was primarily the result of a loss of confidence in Anglican Orders. Nevertheless, your

pastor says, "Our people as a rule go over to Rome because Rome is naturally more attractive than our own Church; it is a matter of sentiment, not of logical conviction." He then goes on to make the remarkable declaration: "I do not believe it was a matter of logical conviction, even with so great a mind as that of John Henry Newman. His 'Apologia' tells the story between the lines, that it was sentiment, and morbid sentiment at that, which took him over."

Now, anyone making a statement so preposterous as this must, of course, hold to the notion that others are decided by the same feeling. I cannot help saying, nevertheless, that the charge against Newman is one quite unworthy of the amiable minister of St. Ignatius. The statement was framed for use in attempting to stay the parting steps of parishioners going "homeward," and is only one of the many disreputable efforts that have been made to explain the conversion of the great John Henry Newman to the Catholic faith. His conversion was a stunning blow to Anglicans, whose heads often whirl at the mention of his name, and in a dazed condition they begin to grope around and clutch at the air, in search of false charges, aimed at Newman's intelligence and manliness. Mr. Ritchie should do better than this, or else let the great man alone.

Your pastor explains, to his satisfaction, the continuance of that part of his flock which remains. He overlooks the fact that the average member of a ritualistic parish knows comparatively little about the present Anglican situation, which has thrown a summer-sault, or knows how unlawful are the practices of Ritualism, now stamped upon by the highest authority in the Anglican Communion. Possibly very few of your pastor's own flock have any sufficient knowledge of the character and scope of the Judgment given against Ritualism by the two Archbishops whose decision was so approved by all the bishops on the bench. The organ of Ritualism in this country, the Living Church, has concealed the text of this Judgment from its readers. The Ritualist stand convicted in the very highest Anglican court of disloyalty to the Church of England and what Sadler calls "The Blessed Reformation!"

It would be well for the listy among the Ritualists to possess themselves of a copy of that Judgment and see where they stand in the law, and thus be able to learn whether or not they remain in "the Protestant Episcopal Church," held by "sentiment, and morbid sentiment, at that."

But, to proceed, permit a remark concerning what your pastor says on the subject of those who may be convinced that the Anglican system is false, and yet should not go to Rome. Why not? Because there is the Greek Church, and "I see no reason why it would not be more reasonable to join the Greek communion."

Yes, the Greek communion, which, led by the heretic Photius, broke off from the Catholic Church in favor of a mutilated creed. This, in the extremity, is what your good rector has to advise. Anything to beat Rome.

He, indeed, frames a five-fold indictment against the Catholic Church, one drawn too often to have any force. Besides, I shall show that his very indictment is indicted by the members of the Ritualist household. His scheme includes the following points:—

(1) Papal supremacy and infallibility; (2) a teaching in respect to the Blessed Virgin; (3) the doctrine of indulgences; (4) semi-idolatrous popular devotion; (5) the communion in one kind.

Now, in all this, as I shall show, Mr. Ritchie is sadly behind the times. While those to whom these objections are offered do not seem to be aware of the fact that Ritualism is doctrinally disrupted, and, like the Protestantism which it denounces, is adrift. Indeed, Ritualism is itself Protestantism, however difficult it may appear for the Ritualist to take in the fact.

Protestantism is not simply a scheme of doctrine, as Ritualists often suppose, nor even a scheme of false doctrine. The highest and best Protestant teaching, perhaps, to be found in this country declares that Protestantism is not any doctrine at all, but is "merely a principle of action." This fact is practically recognized by the Ritualist, who denounces his Low Church brother as a Protestant, and glares at him on the street when returning from church on Sunday. This is simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Ritualism is another name for Protestantism, the Ritualist being a dissenter who has lost his balance and gone astray. Ritualism itself illustrates the fact that Protestantism is a mental attitude, "a principle of action." What is that principle of action? It is "private judgment," often spoken against by the Ritualist, but unhesitatingly acted upon as circumstances require. This principle

entered into the Tractarian movement at the start. It forms the core of Tractarianism, and it is private judgment that has split the movement in pieces to-day. All about Ritualism has been engaged in warning itself around the smouldering campfires of Protestantism, lighted by Cranmer and Ridley. It is the acme of dissent. As the result of private judgment, Ritualism doctrinally has gone bankrupt. Once it seemed to be a solid organization, but Pusey and Keble passed away, defections to Rome took place, and the movement was left without leaders. The only bond of union to-day is found in the rebellion against the Bishops. This issue alone has produced two parties, while altogether there are at least four, we might say five or six, all the offspring of that fell spirit of dissent inhaled from the "reformers."

Four schools have been formally set up. The latest is represented by the Rev. Spencer Jones, rector of Hatfield and Morton-in-Marsh, in his work entitled "England and the Holy See," which has an introduction by Lord Halifax. Mr. Jones, or "Father" Jones, has a large following of admirers, and endorses not only Papal supremacy and infallibility, but the entire body of Roman teaching, ending his volume with a vindication of the Jesuits. This school is growing rapidly, and in the United States has most devoted advocates.

Your pastor, speaking of the condition of the Episcopal church at large, says that one of his flock going out of his parish for a Sunday, passing into some other Episcopalian parish, "finds the doctrine taught in the pulpit the very opposite of what he hears in his own parish. He visits other parish churches and finds that many of our clergy defend the most shocking, Broad Church theories, and that these are the very men whom the head of the diocese, successor of the Apostles, seems most to approve." But the preacher quite ignores the fact, if indeed he has begun fairly to appreciate the situation, that the same state of things is found to exist in going from one Ritualistic parish to another. There is the inevitable clash between Ritualist and Ritualist. If your pastor is not aware of the fact, others know all about it, and the "shocking broad Church theories" set forth are broad enough to include the Papal supremacy and infallibility denounced by Low Church Ritualists like himself. This has gone into literature, and the Rev. Father Jones explains, defends and urges upon the acceptance of Anglicans both of these "shocking" theories. In the latest Ritual "position" Leo XIII is the lawful head of the church, and your pastor's five difficulties are no difficulties at all. His own friends declare his teaching to be false where he says, in the sermon under consideration, "If we accepted Romanism to-day we should have to turn our backs upon the truths of history and profess our belief in what is certainly false." Thus, what is false in his pulpit is true in his neighbor's; and Bishop Coleman of Delaware has already emphasized the situation by withdrawing his support from the establishment at Graymore. Besides, the situation is growing worse day by day, there being not only two parties, but four, neither of the four having any authority beyond what is assumed by the preacher. Ritualism has now definitely lost all semblance of any unity and guidance that it once seemed to have. The Ritual movement is rent in pieces by the inexorable requirements of its inherent Protestantism. It is private judgment against private judgment, as in the Episcopalian denomination at large. The movement is already in the tolls of the rapids, and will soon go over the falls. Ritualism forms simply a poor device, a sorry make-shift for use in staving off the inevitable. The hand of history has already written its verdict, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting." The Oxford movement, no more than Protestantism, can now be deemed otherwise than as a mental attitude, while there are as many different Gospels as preachers, who simply resemble the sailor at sea without chart or compass, each one having his own private judgment about the real position of the North Star.

From the beginning of the "Blessed Reformation" there was never the least interdiction laid upon the habit of exercising private judgment in either doctrinal or ecclesiastical issues. The example was set by Henry VIII., who was supported by Archbishop Cranmer and the rest, the "unredeemed villains" of Dr. Littledale, who, in the language of the Apostles, were "successors of the Apostles." The Ritual movement has never lacked most notable examples of "private judgment." A conspicuous case has just been pointed out by a distinguished Episcopalian writer, who, having been always accustomed to this "mental attitude," is able to recognize it when it comes in sight. For illustration, he takes the Rev. Father Spencer Jones, styled, "The Champion and expositor of the Roman dogmas of the Immaculate Conception, the Infallibility of the Pope, of Penance and Indulgences, and at the same time the galant defender of the Jesuit Order, the Holy Office and the Index!" Here, then, he says, is the Jones

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platform, as stated by himself on behalf of Ritualists: "We have said to the civil courts—we will not obey you, and on certain specific questions we have said also to the Bishops—we will not obey you. The Bishops in their turn now ask us—and it is inevitable that they should do so—whom, then, will you obey? And to this we return the answer—we will obey the Holy Church throughout all the world."

But it is always to be understood that Mr. Spencer Jones and those for whom he is authorized to speak are to be the ultimate judges of what the Holy Church throughout all the world ought to say! And in whimsical evidence of what they mean, Mr. Jones first proves the infallibility of the Pope to the entire satisfaction of his Protestant private judgment, and yet, in the pride of Protestant self-will, he addresses to the Pope himself the same defiance which he has hurled at the British civil courts and the Anglican Bishops. "We will not obey you!"

Thus, it is left to private judgment to decide what "the Holy Church throughout all the world" holds to be true. The "Holy Church" is what each man makes it. Archbishop Laud, who indored the Orders of the Continental Reformers, as you may see from my "Whither goes thou?" makes the German Schismatics a part of "Holy Church."

It might be said here in reply: "But Spencer Jones speaks for himself. Well he may, since his speaking, if it had been done in the time of Elizabeth, would have sent him to the Tower. It is treason, both to the Church of England and the British Constitution. He speaks for himself, but that is all your pastor can do. It is what all the men of his school are doing. Some day Ritualists may come out of their dream, realize that the situation is lost, and find that they are trifling with issues which closely concern the salvation of the immortal soul."

One of the American defenders of Ritualism, standing at the head of his "Order," declares: "The society believes that the See of Peter is to this very day the city of Rome, and that Leo XIII, the Roman Pontiff, sitting in the chair of Peter, is the vicar of Jesus Christ and by divine right the universal shepherd over the flock of Christ. This being so, Church unity can only be realized by all the bishops of the world acknowledging the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome as the successor of St. Peter and being reconciled with him."

The Reformation is thus boldly trampled upon. What is more, the "blessed reformation" of your own Sadler is trampled upon. In fact, your pastor's five objections are crushed in the same way. Ritualism is not only Protestantism, but it is revolution. In the exercise of private judgment it now seeks to erect a branch of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. It dispenses the halfway measures of St. Ignatius Parish, and adopts the whole Roman scheme. Ephraim is a cake unturned, and in the emergency your pastor bids you look to the Greeks!

But now the stoutest Ritualists tell us that the Church of England is the "fallen sister," who must go back to Papal supremacy and infallibility. They tell you about the absence of authority in Protestantism, but, my good friend, what authority does the Ritual party show? Ritualism, like the current Protestantism, is a house divided against itself. As when a worm is cut into four parts, each part assumes to have its own way, and in the exercise of private judgment wriggles to suit its own fancy, so the four parties are dismembered Ritualists develop separate individualities, each in good Protestant fashion following its own sweet will. Authority, unity, agreement you have none, neither in Ritualism nor "the Protestant Episcopal church." The Oxford movement, or Tractarian movement, is now what the individual Ritualist sees fit to make it. Mr. Jones says that it means Rome, with her supremacy and infallibility, and that Ritualists must prepare to submit. Read his book and find it so.

At this point one is prepared to appreciate the remark of your pastor that Ritualism does not "foster Romanism." In reality, it has come to be the propaganda for "Romanism," since if Papal supremacy and infallibility do not form "Romanism," where shall we be able to find it? Ritualism fosters not only "Romanism" but Unitarianism, and a Ritualist has been obliged to publish a volume against Kenosis. Even on the nature of Christ it is Ritualist against Ritualist. One wing has reached Cambridge, Mass. and the other is halting at the gates of Rome. Ritualism has no mind of its own, being part and parcel

(Continued on page 5)

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WINNIE WALTON'S FORTUNE OR THE JACKBOOT LEGACY

A STORY OF OLD DUBLIN

The oft-repeated aphorism, that truth is stranger than fiction, cannot be better illustrated than by the following story, which we happened to light on among the papers of an old staff officer, who died not far from Dublin a few years ago, and who was descended from the hero and heroine of the tale. Changing a few names only, we shall proceed to relate the story just as it is told in those papers, without altering a single incident.

In a certain ancient street, not far from old St. Patrick's Cathedral, there dwelt in the commencement of Queen Anne's reign an old man, named Sam Grimes. It was no figure of speech to call Sam old, for at the time our story commences, he had just attained his ninety-eighth year. And yet, to an indifferent observer, he did not appear like one about to earn his century, for he was still hale and vigorous, and was endowed with that continual and jovial flow of spirits, that tends, more than rude health, to make a man look youthful, even when he has progressed far beyond the stage generally allotted to us as the final one on life's journey. Keeping Sam's age in memory, it will be seen what a number of wild and stirring events he had witnessed since the day he first opened his eyes upon the world's stage—events which, from the happy temperament aforesaid, he had ever looked upon as things to be laughed at, and profited by, rather than as matters of fear and sorrow. The Puritan Parliament was victorious, and King Charles' head fell upon the bloody scaffold. What did Sam care? Certainly, he was a trooper in one of Cromwell's regiments, but beyond the actual act of giving the "malignants" a thrashing, for the mere fun or profit of the thing, he was not a whit concerned. Cromwell died, and the "Merry Monarch" was brought home, to stultify high and low, rich and poor—his own regal self among the number; but still, Sam Grimes, although no long-serve trooper, was as jovial as ever. James the Second, and William and Mary, came and passed away, but it was still the same with Sam Grimes. What? Simply because he was the host and owner of "The Jolly Drummer," a tavern of renown in the city, and one which was frequented and patronized by all kinds of cavaliers, swags, dandies, spongers, ruffians, gamblers, and so on, to the end of the catalogue.

Sam Grimes was rich, for, besides being the host of "The Jolly Drummer," he was also the owner of extensive wine cellars in the neighborhood. For many years he had been a miser. His only son, Abel, with whom long before he had some management, was living in England, and there carrying on a thriving business as a wine merchant. Of this the neighbors were not aware at the period of our story; so they thought old Sam's possessions and the undoubted fortune he had made would eventually fall to the lot of his son, who was living with him at the time. But old Sam, in his secret heart, thought more kindly of the absent Abel, and determined at his death to leave "The Jolly Drummer" and the wine cellars to him, instead, of course, at the same time not to allow young Winifred to remain unprovided.

Winifred Walton was the pink of handsome girls. At the period to which we allude she was still in her teens; and in the populous city of Dublin there was no more handsome woman than hers, no heart merrier or more glibber, no looks more golden bright and beautiful, no form more sleek, no step more graceful, and no hand whiter and prettier than hers, as, day by day, she waited old Sam in waiting out the wine goblets and she bankards to his customers, for in those old times girls of her degree and expectations were not above attending to their business, industriously and contentedly. Winifred had received a good education, and this, in conjunction with a naturally refined and cultivated manner, winifred, but at the same time she was not without a certain amount of cunning and guile.

the coarser sort of customers that attended "The Jolly Drummer." But if the revellers of low degree, in consequence of what they thought her haughty and distant demeanor looked upon her, some with indifference, she was not without a plentiful array of admirers among the higher bucks and exquisites that frequented the house.

Foremost of Winifred's admirers was a gentlemanly dandy, whose name was Charles Parsons, or as he was called by his numerous acquaintances "Handsome Charlie," from the clear and almost effeminate complexion of his well-cut face, and from the exquisite taste displayed by him in dressing a la mode at the time. It was a marvel to those who did not know him intimately how Handsome Charlie contrived to indulge his taste for dress to such a degree, seeing that he had long ago got rid of his ample fortune in the dissipations of town life. But, to the untalented few, all this was easily accounted for; for the worthy Charlie had means at his disposal by which he seldom failed to recruit his fortune, even at their lowest ebb, and many successive broods of poor pigeons—in other words, young country gentlemen—alter undergoing a process of plucking at his hands, had reason to deplore the hour they first entered the secret gambling houses in the Liberties, for, by means of certain nice implements called cards and loaded dice, many a bright guinea was transferred from their pockets to those of Handsome Charlie and his associates. But the sun of fortune cannot always shine upon a gambler, no matter how experienced he may be. For a few months previous to the time of the following incidents, Handsome Charlie had met with a continual run of ill luck, and thus it was that, with his affairs involved still more desperately than ever, he and some of his companions entered the drinking room of "The Jolly Drummer," on a certain Saturday night, in order to drown care in a stoup of wine, and look out for some stray pigeon whom they might entice to his plucking in the gaming-house.

"Come," said Handsome Charlie, holding up his pint of mulled claret, "we will for once drink confusion to Dame Fortune!"

"Right!" exclaimed his companion. "Here goes. Confusion to the blind jade!" and each imbibed a copious draught.

"Ah!" rejoined another, "she has treated us shabbily. Since the night that Charlie there emptied the pockets of the College buck, in Rainsford street, we have scarcely got a single chance!"

At the mention of the College buck, a tall young man, at the far corner of the room, turned round upon his seat, and cast his bold, roving eyes with a half-distant, half-inquiring gaze upon the speaker and his party. Noticing this, Handsome Charlie touched the foot of one of his companions under the table, and by a slight gesture, directed his gaze upon the stranger in the corner.

"Look!" said Charlie, in a voice half audible to the stranger, "look, Tom Fenton, upon my life, there sits a second edition of the poor pigeon a second edition of the poor pigeon. After this the whole party turned and looked upon the stranger, who now returned their gaze with a somewhat indignant brow, and rather a vicious sparkle in his eyes.

"He seems game," whispered one of the party to Handsome Charlie. "I think I have seen him before, and, if it be as I imagine, I will venture my life upon a rough guess, that we had better let him alone."

"Be it so," said Handsome Charlie. "I know, by the cut of his shabby beaver, that his purse is not worth the throw of a die. So let him alone. Here is to the health of handsome Winnie Walton, who goes yonder to give his sleeping draught of boggary beer to the scurvy fellow!"

The latter, who had been listening all the while, attentively, heard and understood the remark of the gambling exquisite. He took the silver tankard, which, by the way, instead of beer, contained a full measure of hot sack, and smiling kindly upon Winifred, as he received it from her hand, he stood up and walked delib-

erately over to the table around which his satirists were sitting.

"To whom am I indebted for the cognomen of 'scurvy fellow'?" said he, giving a general stare to the company. "To you, sir, I believe," continued he, at last, turning full and fiercely upon Handsome Charlie.

"To me, sir!" answered the latter, with a supercilious glance at the stranger. "Yes, I think I may acknowledge myself as father to the phrase!"

"Perhaps," said the other, with a sneer, "you will also have the goodness to acknowledge the name of the worthy parent?"

"My name is Charles Parsons," answered the exquisite, with another insolent look.

"Very well, Mr. Charles Parsons," resumed the other quietly. "I am a College man My name is Rupert Russell, and you will find my chambers at number twenty-four, old College square, in Trinity. Take this to aid your memory!" and with that he dashed the measure full of hot sack right over the face and elaborate shirt-front of Handsome Charlie.

In an instant the latter was on his feet, the sack wiped as well as his fury would allow from his face and eyes, and his sword drawn, for we need not remind the reader that every gentleman in those days wore a rapier under his coat-tails. Charlie's companions had all imitated his example, and one and all turning upon the stranger, who, with his face towards them, and his weapon extended, after the most scientific mode, in his right hand, now began to retreat to the corner of the room, in order to prevent himself from being surrounded. The moment he had gained that desirable spot his assailants, headed by the now furious Charles Parsons, were upon him, and the clashing of steel, as the young Trinity man parried the thrusts and lunges made at his chest and face, soon made itself heard in the outer room of "The Jolly Drummer," where, at that particular time, old Sam Grimes happened to be sitting in his huge arm-chair. Up started old Sam with far more agility than might be expected from one of his age, and grasping a strong ash staff, his constant companion, he strode into the inner room, where the unequal combat was, of course, promising to go against the bold, Trinity man, though he still held out stoutly, giving a few scratches to his assailants and receiving a few slight ones in return. But old Sam had been preceded by young Winifred, who, seeing a general rush about being made upon the handsome stranger, darted between the combatants, in order to prevent further bloodshed, and was just in time to receive a sample of the reward of almost all pacificators in such quarrels, namely, an involuntary sword-cut in the arm from the weapon of Tom Fenton, the bosom friend of Handsome Charlie, and which was, of course, intended for the heart of the young Trinity man! At this juncture old Sam Grimes came upon the scene, and flourishing his ash staff with a hand that had not lost its old dexterity at the broadsword, in an instant succeeded in striking up the rapiers of the assailants.

"Recover swords!" shouted old Sam, who to the day of his death never lost the military phraseology he had learnt in his youth. "Right and left flank, fall back in quarter troops; and centre retire in close order!"

This antique command was obeyed sooner than it otherwise would, chiefly in consequence of the accident that had befallen Sam's grandniece. Handsome Charlie and his companions dropped their sword points, and scowled sullenly upon the young Trinity man, who, supporting the drooping form of Winnie Walton with one arm, extended the other with his naked sword towards the group, and glared upon them in return, with a look of mingled scorn and defiance.

And now Charles and his compeers had taken their departure, and Rupert sat upon a chair, still supporting the young girl, while Sam Grimes essayed, with a practiced hand, to stop the blood and bandage the wounded arm.

"Keep your shoulder steady, Winnie," said old Sam, affectionately. "There! it's only a flesh-wound. I trust a courageous girl like you for not being frightened at such a little scratch. Hold her elbow, good sir, for she shakes the limb so that I shall never be able to get this handkerchief properly round it."

"I was frightened," said Winnie, now recovering herself—"far more frightened than hurt, when I saw such a brave young gentleman about being run through the body."

A slight but sweet thrill shot through the heart of Rupert Russell as he heard this acknowledgment from the beautiful young girl who, suddenly conscious of his look, now blushed as red as the blood that was still trickling slowly down her arm, old Sam in the meantime applying some lint which was brought by one of the attendants.

This was a nice situation for a warm-hearted and hot-headed young man like Rupert Russell to be placed in. After raking up our memory of all the novels, romances, and even philosophical treatises, we have read on such subjects, after looking for innumerable historical incidents and parallels bearing upon the same, and throwing our own experience of the working of human hearts into the balance, we have come to the deliberate conclusion that there never was a young man placed in such a position that did not fall in love. At all events, all we can say at present on the subject is, that before leaving the "Jolly Drummer" that night, Rupert Russell delivered himself of a few affectionate but rather confused phrases to Winnie Walton, and then drank two rousing tankards of mulled sack to her health. He then proceeded, in an ecstatic state of heart and mind, along the street, and meeting and joining a set of his college companions, got into a thundering affray with a party of watchmen, which tumultuous scene had the effect of ridding him of some of his exuberant spirits; after which he was enabled to retire to bed and sleep soundly.

Early next morning he was awakened from a romantic vision, in which Winnie Walton figured as a fairy queen, by the voice of his college chum, Bob O'Mahony, who was engaged in an animated conversation in the outer room with Tom Fenton, Handsome Charlie's friend. Bob was a tall, somewhat gaunt but handsome student, with a head of curling raven hair, and a pair of black eyes which were ever sparkling with fun and devilment.

"I understand it all," he said, after Tom Fenton had laid the facts of the case before him. "It is useless to think of an apology from Rupert Russell; so the affair must be settled between himself and your handsome friend in the usual way. But what of the young girl's wounded arm, of which I have heard from my friend? Is that to be thrown into the shade altogether? As for my part, I say that it would be a sin and a shame to let it pass; for you know such a nice and delicate point of quarrel may not turn up again for a twelve-month. In my opinion, then, the best, most friendly and most delightful way of settling the whole affair is this, namely, to have Rupert fight your friend for the cup of sack and you to fight me, at the same time and place, on account of the wounded arm you gave to the fair maid at 'The Jolly Drummer.' Does this arrangement suit?"

"Admirably," answered Tom Fenton, who, whatever else he might be, was a man of courage. "For my part, I am quite content;" and, after settling the remaining preliminaries, he took his departure.

We shall not go into the details of the double duel, which was fought early next morning at Bully's Acre. All we can say upon the matter is, that Handsome Charlie appeared at "The Jolly Drummer," about a week afterwards, with a lame step and one of his arms in a sling, and when Tom Fenton made his appearance his sword hand and his face showed many a deep mark of the amicable settlement he had entered into with the victorious Bob O'Mahony.

It is now full time to give some account of Rupert Russell, whose visits at "The Jolly Drummer," after the above occurrences, became, day by day, more frequent and regular; and for this purpose we must go back to the stormy days when old Sam's (and "Old Harry's") General, Oliver Cromwell, led his iron legions with fire and sword throughout the length and breadth of the land. At this period there lived in the ancient town of Drogheda, or Drogheda, an old gentleman who, as a merchant, was one of the richest men in the town, besides being owner of a fine estate in a certain district near the shore of the Boyne. This old man had an only son—at that time a cavalry officer, fighting under the banners of the Kilkenny Confederation. After the investment of Drogheda by the army of Cromwell, and before the actual siege commenced, the old merchant had contrived to escape, but was forced to leave his papers and most of his ready money behind him in the general sack that followed the house in which he lived did not, of course, escape. It was plundered, in fact, from threshold to garret, and remained for many a year afterwards a frightful souvenir of the destruction committed during that terrible siege. Soon after his escape, the old gentleman died, and when his son returned from the wars, he found the estate that should by right descend to him, in the possession of a distant cousin who had somehow or other gained favor with the government. After the restoration the poor cavalry officer entered into a suit at law to obtain possession of his patrimony but, although he went so far as to prove his identity and his right in all justice to the estate, the title-deeds had been lost in the sack of Drogheda, and the want of the same turned the tables against him, after almost begging himself with the expenses of the suit. At length he died, leaving behind him, also, an only son, who, following the example of his father, tried every means in his power to obtain, possession of the estate, and in a law suit which he entered into during King William's reign, again succeeded in bringing affairs up to a point at which the production of the missing title deeds would have made him successful. The loss of this suit broke his heart, and he died, leaving to mourn their loss a wife and daughter, both of whom soon followed him to the grave, and a son by whom the losses of his progenitors were not a whit forgotten. This son was Rupert Russell, who was now living in old Trinity, on a somewhat scanty income.

We need scarcely say that, when the smallest member even of a delicate machine is put out of order, the whole construction is usually rendered unable to perform its stated evolutions. It was so with Handsome Charlie's hand, and we must remark, by the way, that a finer or more delicately constructed implement did not exist in the city of Dublin than that same member. One of the muscles that moved it had been almost cut in two in the encounter with Rupert Russell, in Bully's Acre; and its master, being thereby rendered unable to handle either cards or dice-box with his wonted dexterity, was reduced, during the month that followed, to the lowest state in his financial affairs. He still however, frequently visited "The Jolly Drummer;" but, of course, never either spoke or gave cause of insult to his late antagonist, except a stern look of hatred, when occasionally their eyes met.

"Charlie," said Tom Fenton to him, one evening, as they met together in the shabby garret that now served for their lodging. "I have been thinking seriously of your affair, lately; and I have come to the conclusion that there is only one method by which to free yourself of your embarrassments. What do you think it is?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Handsome Charlie, "except it is to cure my hand as speedily as possible, and take to box and dice once more."

"You must guess again," said Tom. "Your method is far too uncertain in your present need. Old Solomon's bill will be down on you before six weeks are passed, and when that time comes, you are sure to be disgraced and in prison. There is another plan."

"Out with it, then," returned Handsome Charlie, somewhat testily, "for I am in no humor for guessing at the present moment, I assure you."

"What would you think of marriage?" remarked Tom.

"Marriage?" exclaimed Charlie. "With whom, pray?"

"Let us see," said Tom, reflectively. "Of marrying in your own station there is now no chance. You must, therefore, descend a little, and try to make up in fortune what's wanting in birth and breeding. What do you say to Winnie Walton?"

"Between us both," said Charlie. "I have been thinking of Winnie Walton for some time past. But I cannot reconcile myself to bring disgrace upon an old family like mine by marrying so far beneath me, so she ever so beautiful. Besides, I can see no way of bringing it about. Old Sam is too shrewd not to be aware that I have ruined myself long ago."

"Well," it can be brought about, I advise you to proceed in the matter at once," resumed Tom Fenton. "If you were once married, and had the money in your hands, it would be easy to get rid of both wife and

uncle-in-law. Away with us then, to 'The Jolly Drummer' at once, where you can pay your court, in the best matrimonial fashion, to the handsome Winnie, while I sound your praises in the ears of old Sam," and off went both worthies, without further delay.

As they were sitting over a preliminary cup of wine, at the far end of the room, a number of students entered and took their seats in the opposite corner. Among them was Rupert Russell, who, after gazing rather cavalierly on Tom and Handsome Charlie, sat down amidst his companions, and called for a supply of sack.

"You can now judge for yourselves," said Rupert, gaily, while they were waiting for the wine, "you, I say, that have not been here before, can see with your own eyes, if she is not the handsomest girl in Dublin."

"Pon my honor," said Bob O'Mahony, "I that have seen her will go farther, and say that she is the prettiest girl in Ireland."

"They are both in love," remarked another student. "Which do you think is most likely to win the affection of this lovely Hebe?"

"Oh!" said Bob, showing under his swarthy brows, a mock look of despair. "I resign my claims in favor of Rupert. You know, she perilled her life for him, and in such a case no one has a chance when he is in the field. But, here she comes."

"No staring," whispered Rupert, as his companions, one and all, bent their gaze upon Winnie Walton, who now entered with a large vessel of wine and some drinking tankards. "Come, come! She is a lady every inch of her, and it is unfair to cause her a blush especially as she looks so lovely to-night."

"Do you hear that?" whispered Tom Fenton to his comrade in the corner. "Mark me, Charlie, you will have to look to it sharply else you lose your best and last chance; for yonder crack-brained Trinity man is mad in love with the girl."

"I will look to it," answered Handsome Charlie, in a low, but vehement whisper, "and if it were only to thwart him in his passion—yes, him I hate as I hate the demon of darkness—I will look to it, and win her, although he thinks himself so safe and pleasant in the matter. Come! my last crown is gone, and we cannot afford to have it known at 'The Jolly Drummer,' that Charlie Parsons is at last penniless!"

With that the two friends stood up and left the house, Handsome Charlie revolving in his mind the best manner of gaining the good-will of old Sam Grimes, in order that he might make known to the latter his intentions regarding Winnie Walton. Before he reached home, however, Charlie had come to the self-consoling conclusion that old Sam would be only too glad to have a gentleman of his birth and powerful family connections as a nephew-in-law, and it was finally resolved that night, between himself and his worthy adviser Tom Fenton, that once the ceremony was over that bound him for ever to Winnie Walton—the moment he got her fortune into his hands, he would get rid of her in some way or other, and set off for London, in which El Dorado the two villainous associates hoped to live a jolly life on the proceeds of the scheme.

A circumstance happened soon at-

ter that seemed to aid their nefarious plan. At this time the only theatre in Dublin was in Smack Alley, and here the lively citizens thronged, night after night, and made the roof resound with their applause of the merry company that then occupied the stage. Among the other play-going people was Sam Grimes' next-door neighbor, Donat Connor, whose three blooming daughters usually accompanied him on each merry visit to Smack Alley. About a week subsequent to the incidents we have related above, these three jovial girls not only persuaded their father to take them to the theatre, but coaxed old Sam Grimes to allow Winnie to accompany them; and away they all went, as happy a party—if happiness can be measured by amount of laughter—as could be seen in the whole city. The play was at length over and the audience were in the act of leaving the theatre, when they found the narrow street half blocked up by a rude timber stage, on which a "Merry-andrew," painted and bedizened in the most grotesque fashion, was playing off his capers, and bantering the crowd around with an infinite amount of wit and volubility. In this individual, as he now made the most ludicrous grimaces at some over-dressed exquisite in the crowd, and again gave forth the name, the life and actions and many of the secret affairs of some swaggering buck beneath him, or made witty jokes on the rotundity of some fat citizen, few could recognize Bob O'Mahony, senior "wrangler" in Old Trinity, and bosom friend of Rupert Russell. Bob O'Mahony it was, nevertheless; but of his identity not a single soul, either in Trinity College or in the city, was aware, not even excepting Rupert himself, who happened that evening to be away at a dinner party, beyond the suburbs. We he know, however, it would occasion but little wonder among the crowd, for the students of those days were in the habit of playing off some of the wildest tricks and antics imaginable.

(To be Continued)

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A well-known New Hampshire farmer of the old type has two grown-up sons. One is an excellent preacher of the Gospel, while the other is a liquor dealer. A Newburyport man, in company with several other boarders at the old man's home, was talking with him about his family. At last one of the company present asked him what his sons did for a living.

The answer of the old man was characteristic and concise. "One is serving the Lord, the other 'he devil, and both are doing well."—Boston Journal.

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Mainly About People.

There was a witty fellow out in a Michigan hospital, says Representative William Alden Smith, "who had to be fed on a daily diet of egg and fish."

It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the King: "There is a good saying, that fools make friends and wise men eat them."

There is another saying, replied the King, "that fools repeat them," and the King advised Lauderdale to make sure of his name in future.

During the recent strike in St. Louis, Professor Hyatt, the weather observer, was about to get on his car, when a number of the weather committee stepped up to him and asked if he intended riding on the car.

The professor replied that such was his intention. The striker sought to persuade him not to ride, but he started to get on the car.

"Well, if you ride on that car we will withdraw our patronage from you," said the striker. "I don't care whether you patronize me or not. I'm in the weather business," replied Professor Hyatt, and he entered the car.

John Georgia Justice court a colored witness was asked to name the time a difficulty occurred. He was in food-puller time, he replied. "You don't understand me," said the judge. "I mean, what time was it by the clock?" "Day wasn't go clock day, ma," said the witness. "Well, by the way, then?" "New," exclaimed the witness, "because you be well-meaning Quaker, and you be a friend of the deceased, and you be a friend of his great sense of humor, and leaning over his shoulder, asked him: 'What part of the service have you reached?' To which the Quaker, without a smile, replied: 'Just opened for business.'"

A story of poor Aurelio Scholl, who "died" joined the majority, gives a new idea of the curative humor which made him an oddity among French writers. At a celebrated cafe-not, I think, the Maison Doree, though he was at one time a great supporter of M. Verlaine, and his most established friend, he was offered a Burgundy, which was praised by the host as "true silver," but had, in fact, become a "little sharp with age."

"Yes," said Scholl, after tasting it, "velvet, but with pine in it." Soon after came a Benedictine, and the same authority was to be the "most generous wine in his cellar." "It is," was this time the verdict, "for it has given away all its good qualities!"

What Office Boy-I've got sixteen grandmothers and a great-grandmother. Second Office Boy-Doesn't a lot of ball games you ought to be able to play.

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A Wonderful Case-Itching Almost Unbearable-The Fleab Balm and Fleming.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Mr. G. H. McConnell, Engineer in Henry's Foundry, Aurora, Ont., writes: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold."

"After about thirty years I was troubled with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfortunate as to have blood poison, and this developed in eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases."

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Emigration and Religion Statistics

Further particulars are obtainable of the figures contained in the completed report of the Irish census. Amongst the most important are those relating to emigration.

As stated yesterday, the total number of emigrants from Ireland during the ten years, from 1891 to 1901, was 430,993, compared with 703,103 in the previous decade, and bringing the number for the past 50 years to the appalling total of 3,816,393.

Of those who left the shores of Ireland during the past decade no less than 309,626 were between the ages of 20 and 45, and of the remainder 24,780 were under 10 years old; 82,834 were over 10 and under 20; 16,220 were aged 45 or upwards; while the ages of 60 were unspecified. From the foregoing it will be observed that 70.5 per cent. of the emigrants were between the ages of 20 and 45, that is in the prime of life.

The number of emigrants during the past 20 years was equal to an average annual rate of 52.5 of the mean population, the rate for the province of Leinster being 7.8; Munster, 18.0; Ulster, 9.2, and Connaught, 19.0 per thousand. County Kerry suffered more heavily than all the other counties from the terrible drain on the population, the average annual rate for that county being 26.8 per thousand, the other counties coming in the following order: Galway, 20.2; Clare, 20.1; Leitrim, 19.4; Sligo, 19.0; Mayo, 18.8; Cork, 18.0; Roscommon, 17.1; Longford, 15.8; Cavan, 14.9; Limerick, 14.7; Waterford, 14.7; Tipperary, 14.6; Queen's County, 13.8; Carlow, 12.9; King's County, 12.1; Tyrone, 12.0; Donegal, 11.2; Monaghan, 10.7; Fermanagh, 10.4; Kilkenny, 10.2; Londonderry, 10.1; Westmeath, 10.0; Armagh, 9.5; Antrim, 9.1; Meath, 9.0; Kildare, 7.4; Wexford, 7.0; Down, 7.0; Louth, 6.3; Wicklow, 7.2, and Dublin, 4.1.

From the above it will be observed that in all the five counties of Munster the rate exceeded 10 per thousand.

DESTINATION OF EMIGRANTS.

Of those who left the country between 1891 and 1901, as many as 405,363, or 93.6 per cent., went to the colonies or foreign countries, and 27,901, or 6.4 per cent., to Great Britain. Of the former number 387,489, or 89.4 per cent., of the total emigrants, went to the United States; 8,531, or 2 per cent., to Australia; 6,581, or 1.5 per cent., to Canada; 841, or 0.2 per cent., to New Zealand, and 2,117, or 0.5 per cent., to other countries, and of those who left for Great Britain 17,518 went to England or Wales, and 10,443 to Scotland.

RELIGION.

The table dealing with the religious professions of the people show a steady decline in the percentage of Catholics to the population, as a whole. In 1801, when the question of religion was first taken cognizance of in these census returns, Catholics formed 77.69 per cent. of the whole population; in 1871 the proportion was 78.80; in 1881 it was 76.64; in 1891 it was 75.40, and last year it was only 74.21, the actual number amounting to 3,308,601 in a total population of 4,458,775.

The percentage of Protestant Episcopalians, on the other hand, has as steadily increased, though their actual number has fallen off. In 1801 they were 11.96 per cent. of the population; in 1871 they were 12.34; in 1881 they were 12.36; in 1891 they were 12.78, and last year they were 13.03.

Similarly Presbyterians increased from 9.02 per cent. in 1801 to 9.04 per cent. in 1901, while Methodists increased from 0.79 per cent. in 1801 to 1.60 per cent. in 1901, and all other denominations from 0.94 to 1.43 per cent. Catholics have their highest proportion of the population in the province of Connaught. Arranging the provinces in the order of absolute strength of Catholics, it will be found that, with the exception of Connaught, they follow the same order when placed according to the proportion which the Catholics bear to the whole population. Thus in Munster there are 1,007,876 Catholics, forming 93.6 per cent. of the population of the province. Leinster comes next with an absolute number of 961,768 Catholics, and a proportion of 90.2 per cent.; Ulster has 699,202 Catholics, with a percentage of 44.2 of the population, whilst in Connaught, where the Catholics are 93.8 per cent. of the population, they number only 619,816. From these figures it will be apparent that Catholics form the great majority of the inhabitants of each province, except Ulster, and even in Ulster they largely exceed in number the numbers of any other denomination, the population of that province reduced to a basis of 1,000, being composed as follows:—442 Catholics, 227 Protestants, 239 Presbyterians, 30 Methodists and 32 members of "all other denominations."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

A letter to an Episcopalian

(Continued from page 5)

ed with a disintegrating Protestantism. Ritualism is not only Protestantism, but it is Aetholdism, which now has its fall. The teaching of St. Ignatius is still. You are sheep without a shepherd, and, therefore, permit a counsel and seek the true fold.

Your pastor suggests, in his sermon, that by leaving the Episcopalians you would cast discredit upon the ordinances employed in the past, yet I do not find that the ordinances enjoyed by the followers of the sons of Korah are spoken against, while the command was given to take up and care for Korah's censers. But what does your pastor's suggestion make for the salvation of your soul? On the other hand, no one would doubt your salvability in the Roman Catholic Church, and in the now disrupted and lost condition of the Oxford movement, why not come into the Catholic ark?

Since the following was put in type I have received No. 3 of "Catholic Parish Tracts" on "Transubstantiation," in which your pastor declares that Article xviii. of the Church of England does not condemn transubstantiation as taught by the Roman church, and this infers that transubstantiation is a doctrine of the "Protestant Episcopal church." This assumption has been refuted many times, yet your pastor persists in telling his flock that Article xviii. was aimed at "error prevalent in some places on the continent three hundred and fifty years ago."

"On the continent," but where on the "continent," and by whom was this error taught that the Church of England itself needs go out of the way to condemn it? Who tells us that the Anglicans thus went abroad to stamp out an obscure error that no one had ever heard of in England? In fact, Episcopalians in England and the United States repudiate the transubstantiation, and have ever done so. In England they have knocked down and destroyed the altars on which the Catholic Mass was said, designating the very orders of the priests who said the Mass as the "linking, greasy and anti-Christian orders" of Rome. They also politely observed "With all our heart we defy, detest and spit at" these orders. In fact, every body really conversant with the subject and willing to treat it honestly, knows perfectly well that your good pastor fails to state the case correctly, and that the transubstantiation condemned by the article is the transubstantiation taken by Edward VII., arrayed in Pontifical robes as the "head of the Church of England." This oath condemns not an "error prevalent in some places on the continent," but the transubstantiation taught by Cardinal Vaughan in London Town. If your pastor teaches the "Roman view of transubstantiation," then, according to the oath, as administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Reverend Rector of St. Ignatius is an "idolater." The Church of England has ever held that transubstantiation was idolatry, and no one will ever be able by any false history, assumption or sophistry to change the record. This is simply a case of private judgment arrayed against the Church of England, and the person guilty thereof is as much a Protestant as John Kenait. But Ritualism is capable of any depth of Protestantism, as proven within a few weeks by The Church Times, which, at the end of the Archbishop of York's charge on reservation and fostering communion, informs his Grace that he is all wrong and not qualified to treat these subjects. The Ritual movement is practically dead. Private judgment has reduced it to the condition of the Episcopal church in general. It has neither faith nor order. Like the Anglican body at large, Ritualism is simply the victim of Protestantism.

I need only call attention to your rector's impeachment of the Incarnation, where, in touch with an old heretic, he teaches that Christ was not truly born of the Virgin Mary.

With kind regards, faithfully yours, D. F. De Costa.

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For further particulars apply to:— J. F. DOLAN, H. POSTER CHAFFER, O.P.A., Montreal, Que. W.P.A., Toronto, Ont. OR TO: THOS. HENRY, 2700 Market, Montreal, Que.

C. M. B. A.

HAMILTON

Palace Steamers Macassa and Modjoka SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902

Adult's Tickets, 75c. Children, 40c. Including trip on Electric and Incline Railway to Mountain View Park.

Boats leave Yonge St. Wharf 7.30 and 11 a.m. Return leave Hamilton 5.30 p.m.

Amusements for old and young. Baseball, between C. M. B. A. members, Hamilton and Toronto; dancing, children's games, etc.

T. F. Callaghan, Chairman, Wm. Moran, Treasurer; Jas. Callaghan, Secretary.

Committee—Ald. Wm. Burns, J. J. Seitz, P. J. Crotty, Frank J. Walsh, D. P. Kennedy, E. W. D. Stock, W. J. Burns, E. F. Wheaton.

Tickets may be had from any member of the Committee, of from E. F. Wheaton, 15 King street west; J. J. Seitz, 15 Adelaide street east.

A Free Range.

On most farms chickens have free range. A free range for chickens has its disadvantages, but it is unquestionably the place for rearing chicks with hardihood. It is on the free range where strong, vigorous breeding stock is produced. In speaking of a free range we are free to say that there is a vast difference in even a free range. Nothing will be found anywhere that is equal to a farm range for fowls. Flocks that range all over the farm are exposed to many dangers, but these are the ones that are sought as good breeders when quality is found there.

In addition to the varied diet secured by such fowls there is obtained that vigor that alone can come with exercising and rustling about the farm. The young being reared in this way are wonderfully improved when he is put out and commingles with nature. One who has been running down on account of sedentary habits will develop an appetite like a threshing machine should he get out and camp, hunt and fish and take all kinds of open air exercise. This same kind of development is also found in the chick that is given the same opportunities.—Poultry Farmer.

Kable's Mistake.

Appropos of the rather slighting remark in Cecil Rhodes's will, with reference to the college authorities of Oriel, that they "were like children as to commercial matters," someone recalls the story once current of John Kable, who in his time was bursar of Oriel. The worthy poet was thrown into a panic by the discovery that the college accounts came out about two thousand pounds in the wrong way. The learned and pious men of Oriel tried in vain to find out where the error was, and it was not until an expert was called in that it was discovered that Kable, in casting up a column, had inadvertently added the date of the year to Oriel's debts.

Husband's Face.

Benedicts who are in the habit of trying to palm themselves off as spring hatched roosters will learn, not without alarm, that the phrenologist is on their track. He has, in fact, evolved a new terror called the "husband's face." Every married man is said to possess it, and it marks him out as a Benedict just as surely as if he had a label to that effect hung round his neck. Don't imagine, says "Tickle-Up," that we are going to give the secret away—the ladies know too much already—but any duly certified married man who sends along sufficient cheques and stamps to cover the postage cost of taking, and registration, can have it by return, or later. It is just as well to be on your guard, boys. There is small comfort in being told by a casual confection that you are not what you pretend to be, even supposing you aren't, and if a little wrinkle does "come who knows" ran a very woman, I'm sure you're heartily well pleased.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Chicago Wheat—American and Canadian Live Stock—Cheese. Tuesday Evening, Aug. 6.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. The receipts of grain and other farm products here today were light, as a result of the heavy rain, and besides this the farmers are too busy now to market much stuff. There was no wheat received here. There were 500 bushels of oats, 200 of barley, and 100 of rye.

Butter—There was not much offering, there was very little inquiry and the market was unchanged.

Eggs—The demand was light owing to the large offerings of fresh fruits and prices were unchanged.

Vegetables—The receipts were light, but apparently ample to fill the demand. Prices were steady in some lines, but some were higher and some were lower.

Hay and straw—The receipts were small, being 20 loads of hay, which sold at \$18 for old and \$10 to \$12 for new. There was no straw offered. It was quoted at \$15.

Dressed Hogs—There were none received. Prices were steady at \$9.50 to \$10.75.

Cheese Markets. Campbellford, Aug. 5.—The Campbellford Cheese Board report that 1,400 boxes were offered. The sales were as follows:—Hogdon, 323 at 95c; Magrath, 100 at 97c; 700 at 97c; 100 at 97c. Balance refused 95c to 97c.

Helleirle, Aug. 5.—At the last meeting of the board of the Impurity of the Milk Commission, it is likely that the board will advise Mr. Lowery to prosecute for impurities.

Intersect, Aug. 5.—At the Cheese Board held here today, 1,400 colored and 250 white were offered. No bids; no sales.

Toronto Live Stock. Trade today was fair all round, and there were few changes in prices. Hogs were firmer and sheep and lambs a trifle higher. All lines of cattle were unchanged in price. The run of cattle was fairly large, but the total receipts of everything were 60 head—1,200 cattle, 370 hogs, 230 sheep and lambs and 100 calves.

Export Cattle—Were steady at \$3 to \$3.00 for choice ones and \$4.25 to \$5 for medium. Hottelers' Cattle—Were unchanged, selling at \$5 to \$5.50 for picked lots and \$4.25 to \$5 for the balance.

Feeders and Stockers—Fair demand at \$2.50 to \$3 for short bred feeders and \$2.50 to \$3 for heavy stockers. Some choice sheep—Export ones sold firmer at \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt, with a better demand; but the run of sheep was light, and sales at \$2.25 to \$2.75 for choice ones and \$1 per cwt for light and fat.

Lamb—Firmer at \$4.25 to \$4.60 per cwt, with some choice lots at high as \$5 per cwt. Sold at \$2 to \$3 each or \$3.50 to \$2 per cwt.

East Buffalo Cattle Market. East Buffalo, Aug. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 200 head; steady; shipping to export steady \$4.75 to \$5.25; common to fair butcher \$3.75 to \$4.25; cowboys \$4.25 to \$5.25; etc. \$2.75 to \$3; bulls \$3 to \$4.75; feeders, \$2.25 to \$4.75; stockers, \$3.25 to \$4.25; yearlings steady, \$1.75 to \$2.75; fair to good, \$1.50 to \$2; common to light, \$1.25 to \$2; grassers, \$2.50 to \$4. Hogs—Receipts, 1,000 head; steady; shipping to export steady \$10 to \$11; Yorkers, \$7.25 to \$7.50; light do, \$7.25 to \$7.75; pigs, \$7.15 to \$7.50; roughs, \$6.50 to \$7.25; steers, \$3.15 to \$3.25; sheep and lambs—Receipts, 500 head; steady; lambs, culled to top, \$1.25 to \$2.75; yearlings, \$1.75 to \$2; sheep, \$2.25 to \$2.40; ewes, \$1 to \$1.40.

The Visible Supply. The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada is 21,072,000 bushels, an increase for the week of 351,000 bushels. A year ago it was 20,200,000 bushels and two years ago it was 47,200,000 bushels.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day, closing today.

	Cash.	Sept.	Oct.
Chicago	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
New York	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Toledo	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Min. No. 1 hard	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Midwest No. 2	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Detroit, 2 red	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
St. Louis	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Portland	77 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2

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