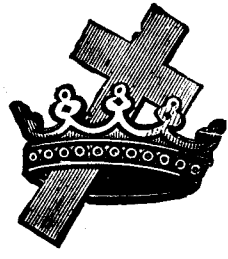


Northwest Review.

OTYAWA, ONT.
Common R. Room



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CURRENT COMMENT

Last Sunday the Rev. J. B. Silcox, a well known Congregational minister of this city, delivered a sermon on "The Graves of 1903." He has been handling this grave subject at least twenty years in succession, as we gather from the Free Press "Twenty Years Ago" department. This affords him an annual opportunity to air his views on the prominent persons who are annually translated to the realm of everlasting realities. A discourse of this kind may not be distinctly apostolic or evangelical, but when a preacher has no divine message to deliver, he naturally falls back on the human race, because he knows more about it than about God and His ways. Besides, most Protestant sensational preachers are always on the lookout for some new revelation. The fragmentary view they have of the one and only true revelation does not satisfy their untrained minds. So they eagerly grasp at any further fragments of truth reflected in the lives of great men.

That this is Mr. Silcox's disposition may be seen from his own words as reported by the Free Press of last Monday.

"Nothing could be more inspiring than the study of the great men and women of the past with whose names is linked all revelations. Great movements of earth have been the resultant of the powers of strong personalities. The greatest teachers have been men and women who have embodied in themselves some great truth of purpose."

There is, of course a sense in which the above paragraph may be interpreted as true. Nothing, for instance, could be more inspiring than the study of such great men and women as Noah, Abraham, Deborah, Judith, Peter, Paul, John the Baptist, John the Evangelist, Mary the Mother of God, not to speak of the Divine Man, Jesus our Saviour, "with whose names is" truly "linked all revelation." But Mr. Silcox evidently means to be more comprehensive than we are. He evidently attributes some vague sort of revelation to all men and women of all times and places, provided they have made a stir in the world.

Full of this idea he proceeds to say: "Truths were shadowy things until embodied in some human soul." That is a strange assertion for a man who may be supposed to believe Moses when he says that "our God . . . is a God of truth" (Deut. 32; 3,4). Truth is His very essence. In Him is all truth, not shadowy, but most definite and clear. The shadowiness comes in when men strive to grasp the truth and lay hold only of its broken reflections. Hence we are justified in reversing Mr. Silcox's high-sounding aphorism, and saying: Truths are shadowy things when embodied in some human soul that does not apprehend the whole truth as it is in God.

The Rev. J. B. Silcox, while reviewing the lives of many prominent men who died during the past year, devoted his attention more particularly to the late Pope Leo XIII., and to Herbert Spencer. We quote from the Free Press.

"Looking in retrospect at the great men, Spencer and Pope Leo, the preacher was inclined to a hopeful view of their lives in the passing. Comparing the two men, one a scientist, the other a ecclesiast, one wedded to nature, the other to the Church; one whose maxim was 'Investigate and think,' the other's 'Believe and Obey,' one devoted to the records of the past, to the diligent study of nature in the pre-

sent, to whom God and the future was "unknowable," the other devoted to "the life that is to come," the two seemed to be the very antipodes of each other. Both were pure in life, zealous for the welfare of man, for peace in the world, both were apostles of high ideals, living up to the highest in them. Both displayed unexampled consecration to their ideals, self-denial and sacrifice. With regard to the future the preacher doubted not it would be the same for both, for though all was mystery for Spencer, he dared believe that if he found not faith in God here, he would be beyond the veil which he has passed."

What a comfort it must be to Leo XIII. to know that Mr. Silcox inclines to a hopeful view of his last end! As for Herbert Spencer, he probably needs all the scraps of comfort he can pick up, and he is welcome to them. But how extraordinarily lop-sided must be the mind of a professedly Christian preacher who can draw up a hopeful, and to some extent plausible, parallel between a saintly Christian hero altogether devoted to God, and Godly things, and a systematic antagonist of God and Godly things.

So curious is this psychological phenomenon that it is worth studying in detail. "One a Scientist." This is, to say the least, inaccurate. Herbert Spencer never made any original researches in science. He took all his science second-hand and idealized it. He was essentially a philosopher, not a scientist. He built his entire system of philosophy on the unproved and unprovable theory of universal evolution. Had he been a real scientist, he would have made sure of his foundation, he would have sifted the facts more thoroughly. Thus Mr. Silcox's parallel begins with a divergence from facts and all students of geometry know that lines that begin by diverging are not parallel. "One wedded to nature, the other to the Church." This implies that Leo XIII. could see nothing outside the Church. Yet we quoted in these columns not long ago the testimony of Rev. Charles Starbuck, a Protestant Theologian, to the effect that one of the most remarkable features of Leo XIII's. life work was his sympathy with everything good outside the Church with the betterment of the working classes of all creeds, with the advancement of human society in all its phases, with every department of real science. In fact Mr. Silcox himself, further on implies the contrary of being "wedded to the Church" as contrasted with being "wedded to nature," when he says that "both" (Leo and Spencer) "were zealous for the welfare of man, for peace in the world."

"One whose maxim was 'Investigate and Think.' Was it? Read Spencer and judge for yourself. He does all the investigating and all the thinking for you. He is very fond of asserting dogmatically as first principles propositions that stand sorely in need of proof, for instance his axiom that feeling and thought are substantially the same. In his works there are scores, not to say hundreds, of fundamental propositions which the entire Catholic world challenges in vain for the semblance of a proof. On the other hand Leo XIII., of whom Mr. Silcox says that his maxim was "Believe and Obey," never claims belief and obedience without adducing irrefutable reasons for that belief and obedience. His encyclicals on liberty, the conditions of labor, civil government and other social questions have been before the world of investigators and thinkers a good many years, and we venture to say that they have met with

far less serious contradiction than have the dreams of Herbert Spencer.

"One devoted to the records of the past." This is precisely what Herbert Spencer was not. The "records of the past" mean either geology or history. Now geology is the most redoubtable of all the antagonists of evolution, because of the rarity of its transitional forms. And, as to history, Herbert Spencer's belief in the constant and inevitable moral progress of the human race flies in the face of numberless historical facts. He knew nothing of the moral history of the world because he knew nothing of its moral nerve-centre, the Church of God, which has existed, among the possessors of true revelation, from the days of Adam and Eve. Herbert Spencer took his historical data when and where they suited his theory, and shut his eyes on the other and vastly more important historical data.

"Both were pure in life . . . living up to the highest in them." Well, nobody knows anything of Herbert Spencer's inner life. He was probably a quiet, good sort of man, living by himself, exposed to few temptations, buried in his books, spinning and weaving systems for fifty years in the seclusion of his cabinet. As to "self-denial and sacrifice," we fail to see wherein he practised them. He was comfortably well off. He had none of the cares of government in a necessarily complex system as Leo had all his life. He had no worries of daily converse with all sorts and conditions of men as Leo had. He had no solicitude of the churches, no heart-burnings over eternal interests at stake all over the world. It was supremely easy for Herbert Spencer to lead an outwardly pure life. But to compare him in this respect to one whose whole life was consecrated to arduous and ever varying duties, and who "wore the white flower of a blameless life, before a thousand peering littlenesses, in that fierce light which beats upon a throne," and that throne more open to the public than any other, is like comparing the innocence of an infant to that of the veteran Sir Galahad.

Almost the only truth in Mr. Silcox's parallel is that Leo and Spencer were "the very antipodes of each other." Why then compare them except by way of contrast? Towards the end of his parallel sketch, Mr. Silcox seems to get a glimpse of the truth, when he says that Herbert Spencer's "philosophy made religion impossible, left no place for revelation, no place for Jesus Christ." How, then, can Spencer have been honest, he that is supposed to have been "devoted to the records of the past?"

From these contradictions we turn with pleasure to Mr. Silcox's estimate of the late Pope.

Enlarging upon the wonderful life of Pope Leo, the speaker said that the Pontiff had been held in reverence and affection by his own church and in esteem and veneration by the entire world. A blameless life, singular unspotted from the world, no one in whom the absolute power was vested exercised a more beneficent influence over so wide a field. Every department of world interest felt the power of his personality, whose counsels were formed in wisdom and with justice and charity. He, in common with great personalities of the past, belonged to Protestantism as well as Roman Catholicism, and his life was a worthy study for all. The Rev. Mr. Silcox traced the growth of the Pope's spiritual power from Leo I, called "the great."

Persons and Facts

Our sincere condolence is extended to Mr. G. W. Donald in his great bereavement, his young and beautiful wife having fallen a victim to diphtheria last week.

It is to be hoped that those who attended the pedro tournament between the Catholic Club and Young Conservatives at the rooms of the former, on Tuesday evening showed their good taste by appreciating the coffee and sandwiches which were served to them during the contest. The coffee was made by Mr. Wm. Jordan, who claims the Canadian championship in that line, and he labeled it his Standard Brand. The sandwiches were the result of the combined labor of Messrs. Dr. Raleigh, and Mr. J. Gladners and made a feast fit for the gods. It would have been an amusing spectacle for their respective wives to have witnessed their frantic efforts in the cuisine department.

It is rumored that the "Immaculate Conception Girls" are going to give a party at which they intend inviting a great number of the St. Mary's young men, as this is Leap Year, it would be advisable for the young ladies of St. Mary's Church to take the necessary precautions to protect their lawful property.

The greatest item of news this week apart from the war talk between Japan and Russia, is that the gentleman who wanders around the Catholic Club under the name of "The Man from Glengarry" has removed the ornament which had been decorating his upper lip from youth. He now wears an extremely guilty expression. It is not known what action the Catholic Club will take in this matter, but the "knowing ones" say that there will be "something doing," as it is understood he did not consult this great body before taking the extraordinary step.

Clerical News.

Rev. Father Bouillon, of Oak Lake, was here this week, a guest of the Fathers of St. Boniface College.

Rev. Father Robillard, O.M.I., is spending a few days with the Oblate Fathers of St. Mary's.

Rev. Father Proulx, S. J., is booked to lecture next Sunday at St. Jean Baptiste.

Rev. Father O'Dwyer, O. M. I., last Sunday preached in St. Mary's after vespers, a remarkable sermon against the infidelity of the age.

Regina Notes.

The ladies of St. Mary's Altar Society, have decided to celebrate St. Valentine's Day on Monday, February 15, by having a tea and entertainment. All arrangements have been made and as the ladies are determined to make the affair a grand success, we feel satisfied the appreciative public will do the rest.

A blizzard, of unusual severity, has been blowing here since Saturday noon and Sunday was really the stormiest day for many years. At High Mass at 11 o'clock celebrated by Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., there was quite a large congregation and one forgot the blinding storm and deep snowdrifts when listening to the dear Rev. Father's eloquent sermon. The music rendered by the choir was excellent. Miss Stubbings is ever in her place at the organ, and really she is indefatigable in her efforts to further

the interests of the choir. She certainly deserves the hearty thanks of every member of the congregation. For the first time Mr. Lyons was heard at the offertory in an "Ave Maria." His rendering of it was very fine indeed, and was much appreciated by those fortunate enough to hear him. Mr. Lyons has an excellent voice that shows careful training; he has been in Regina for some months past and is employed in the city post office. He comes to us from the "Land of Evangeline." We have during the past year had quite a few arrivals from those shores washed by the great Atlantic, and here, in our prairie capital, as they generally do elsewhere, they have proved their ability to hold their own and do credit to the land immortalized by Longfellow.

Rev. Father Kasper, O. M. I., spent Sunday in Moose Jaw, and Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., spent Sunday in Rouleau.

GENA MacFARLANE,
Regina, Jan. 18.

Home Column.

CONTENTMENT.

"My little world is very small,
Scarce worth your notice Sir, at all,"

The mother said,
My good, kind husband, as you see
And these three children at my knee,
Who look to us so trustingly
For daily bread.

For their sweet sakes, who love me so,
I keep the firelight in a glow
In our dear home.
That, though the tempest roar outside,
And fiercely beaten far and wide,
The cheery blaze may serve to guide
Dear feet that roam.

And as the weary kettle boils
We welcome him who daily toils
For us each day.
Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more
When fond ones meet him at the door
At twilight grey.

"Ah, see! we are not rich or great,
The owners of a rich estate,"
The mother said.
But we have better far than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold,
As full of love as it can hold,
With daily bread."

A HEAVEN OF SANCTIFIED WOMEN.

One of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of God, finally to reach Heaven. O, what a multitude of women in Heaven! Mary, Queen of Heaven is there; St. Elizabeth in Heaven, St. Anne in Heaven, St. Monica in Heaven; and besides these saints, a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into rest and peace of Heaven. What a rest! What a change it will be, from small rooms, worrying to make "both ends meet" and aching sides and worn out eyes to the "Home of many Mansions." No more weary night-vigils, no more endless rounds or sweeping, dusting, baking, making. An end forever to the great sorrows which bow the shoulders and whiten the hair. An eternal farewell to the petty cares that carve the wrinkles across cheek and brow. Plenty of comfort, plenty of love, plenty of kind words at last. Heaven for aching heads; Heaven for broken hearts; Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more weary watching for the last breath that takes the loved form from you forever. No,

more parting, no more pain. No, many will have no rest in this world; it will be toil and struggle and suffering on the way up. But God has a crown for these. He is now making it, and whenever the tear drops He sets another gem in that crown. Whenever there is a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until, after awhile, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor and God will say to His angel "The crown is done, let her up that she may wear it." What matter then all these cares and heart rendings. What matter then the slights and adverse criticisms of this miserable world. Heaven compensates for all. The Sweet Mother of God, she whose loving heart was pierced by the sword of sorrow will welcome you. Life is brief at best. Today, tomorrow, we know not how soon we may be called to that reward. How much to gain that reward lies within the reach of every woman. Many truths may be refuted but the influence of the good Catholic Mother following in the steps of Her who intercedes for us with Her Divine Son.—The good Mother in the Christian household, living in the faith and consistency of our Holy religion. Nobody can refute that! The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with small audience and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated, Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth. Then to the weary, tired ones, let the watchword be, Heaven! Heaven, and the company of those sanctified ones gone before!

Obituary

MR. PETER D'ESCHAMBAULT.

We regret to have to chronicle the sudden death last Friday, (Jan. 15) of Mr. Peter d'Eschambault, who was born and bred in the Hudson Bay districts of the north, his father having been a leading official with the Northwest Fur Company and afterwards a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company on the amalgamation of the two rival concerns. The deceased passed through all grades of the service to the honorable position of chief factor, and had charge of important posts in the Cumberland and Saskatchewan districts at various periods previous to his retirement ten years ago. He then took up his residence in St. Boniface, where live several of his relatives, and where he was a highly respected citizen.

The funeral occurred Monday at 9 a.m., proceeding from the family residence to the cathedral, where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Poitras, assisted by Rev. Fathers Camirand and Deshaies, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Miss Isabella Chevrier sang with beautiful effect Schubert's "L'Addio." The pallbearers were Messrs. Rod McFarlane, William Clark, Sheriff Inkster J. McMillan, Victor Mager and A. Carriere, some of whom were fellow officers of deceased in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. A large number of friends were present and accompanied the body to the churchyard, thus paying their final tribute to the sterling worth of Pierre d'Eschambault.

The Review offers its sincerest sympathy to Madame d'Eschambault and to the whole family so recently afflicted by the death of Mr. P. d'Eschambault's brother-in-law, Mr. Arthur Leveque.

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

The habit of prayer is no burden to any one, for we can pray worthily at any time in any place and in any posture. Even the motion of the lips is not necessary; the mind and heart can be engaged in it while we read or converse or go about our daily work. Moreover, prayer produces a delicious feeling of hope and rest in God, and this feeling is worth more than all the happiness that wealth can produce or the world can give.

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FATHER DOWLING ON RACE SUICIDE.

The recent lecture of Father Dowling, of Omaha, on Race Suicide, has attracted a great deal of attention and precipitated no little discussion, a portion of which has found its way into the columns of the daily press. In the Omaha Bee of Sunday November 22, a writer, signing herself Ann Tagonistic presents the case from the standpoint of mothers who believe in race suicide. Father Dowling answers this communication in an article which we copy from the Omaha Bee of last Tuesday:

The gist of Ann Tagonistic's argument can be gathered from the reply. She lays particular stress on the dangers of child-birth, on the difficulty of feeding, clothing and properly educating a numerous offspring, and holds that those who are least able to do justice to their children are the very ones who carry out most faithfully the injunction, "Increase and multiply." She maintains that the world is no better off for such an army of waifs and outcasts thus brought into existence, that this class fills the reformatories, jails and penitentiaries; that quality ought to count more than quantity; that a woman's only vocation is not child-bearing; that a wife several times a mother has a right to set a limit to the increase of her family; that if men the experience would not be often repeated. She excludes the priesthood from the controversy in this fashion: "Father Dowling, who, I am told, is a good man and a brainy one is in no position to dictate or censure or sit in judgment, for as a Catholic priest, his preaching and practice are not in accord." Father Dowling in his reply says:

I see by the communication of Ann Tagonistic in last Sunday's Bee that I am ruled out of all participation in the discussion of Race Suicide, that on account of being a priest I am utterly and irredeemably disqualified. What right has a celibate to impose obligations on those who have entered the married state? What does he know about it? Well, it is not necessary to become an actor in a play in order to understand fully the plot of a drama. Because a priest has not assumed the obligations of matrimony, it does not follow that he has no right to point out their providential duty to those who have. It is his duty to speak out upon vexed questions dealing with the moral law, the gospel and the commandments; that is what he was ordained for. Inasmuch as he has bound himself by vow not to marry, in order that he may with greater singleness of purpose devote himself to his ministry, the problem does not come up to him for personal solution. His own tastes and relations, do not affect in the least his right and duty to act as teacher and guide in his own proper sphere, in which he may be all the more reliable because he is a disinterested observer, without family ties. . . .

It would be strange indeed, if a person had to be a graduate of law before being qualified to pass judgment on the questionable conduct of a lawyer, if he had to be a doctor in order to take cognizance of a violation of medical and Christian ethics. The conditions might soon be pushed so far that he would have to be a thief or gambler in order to express his disapproval of stealing and cheating; he might have to become an actor before being a playwright, a finished performer before acting in the capacity of a musical critic. I opine that all this comes very near to constituting unmistakably what the logicians call a reductio ad absurdum. If Ann Tagonistic had her way the entries for this discussion would be exceedingly limited. Still the number she admits is purely arbitrary. Any one else has the same right she has to establish qualifications, and I respectfully suggest that all disputed points ought to be left to parents who have reared ten children instead of into two principal classes, married people and single people. The former are subdivided into those who have children and those who have not. The last mentioned consist of persons who defeat the end of marriage, and those who do not.

Those who have children comprise parents who restrict the growth of their families and those who do not. It seems to me that all the various classes and sub-classes ought to be ruled out except the last, for the same reason that all the men and childless women are excluded. Only the heads of large families know by experience what a full compliance with the divine dispensation entails, and experience seems to be an essential.

Sentiment is good in its way but reason is better. Very seldom is a case based on pure sentiment presented fairly. False sentiment is easily aroused and it is not difficult to distract attention from the main issue, which in this case is to find out what God wills. I find all the necessary ingredients for a misunderstanding in the letter of Ann Tagonistic. Here is the recipe: Sorrows of child-birth—brood of neglected children—paupers issuing from the slums—waifs thrown upon the cold and unfeeling world—inheriting of poverty, disease and degeneracy—work houses, reformatories and penitentiaries looming up in the background of want—high types of manhood and womanhood—quality vs. quantity—good citizenship, clean living, wholesome birthright—intelligent, respectable and patriotic limitation—difficulty of providing for numerous offspring. All abnormal and unusual conditions, bunched together in one typical case that never happened, are made to do duty in the attempt to correct the work of God and heal the ills of society, with a sub-conscious understanding that they all point the way to the prudent restriction of population, as an absolute necessity of our times.

I cannot quite persuade myself that the children of large families are inferior in mental or moral endowments to the spoiled and petted darling of the contracted domestic circle, that they lack the higher qualities supposed to be developed in what are commonly regarded as the more favorable homes. As one of a family of ten children, I think I am qualified to speak of the conditions and ideas prevalent in such households. All large families do not necessarily issue from the slums, all are not poorly provided for, all are not ill bred, all do not swell the dangerous classes, all are not a menace to the security of the commonwealth. Often it is the pampered child of indulgence and selfishness, with no fellow in the family circle to keep him company that sears the hearts of parents, and makes them wish he had never been born. The outcast from the school of adversity often outstrips the favored of fortune and the rejected child of today often makes the honored citizen of tomorrow; none can read his horoscope, or predict his future, till by the free exercise of virtue or vice he has ennobled or marred the makings of a man.

It is passing strange that the prudential check so frequently invoked in behalf of the poor unable to provide for children is invariably applied in practise by the wealthy, who are amply able to rear numerous sturdy sons and daughters fit to be the bulwark of the nation. The outcry does not come from those who have large families. Such parents do not consider themselves hardly used, or subjects for pity; rather they are generally happy in the possession of these household blessings. It is a spirit of rebellion against the providential conditions of a state which they were free to enter or not if they so willed, which makes most of the trouble for the wedded. Let us be honest and put the contention on its true and proper basis. Married people who deny the boon of existence to offspring who naturally come to them pleading for a chance to live, are not as much moved by the desire to furnish a better dowered child to the family or a superior citizen to the state. Their motives are often less disinterested; and instead of taking their stand on the high plain of supposed moral and intellectual excellence, greater wisdom and more intense devotion to and common good, they might more truly admit that they shirk obligations which savor of a plebeian caste, because it is inconvenient to bear burdens which entail the sacrifice of many pleasures, because each addition to the family requires some chapters of travel, dress and

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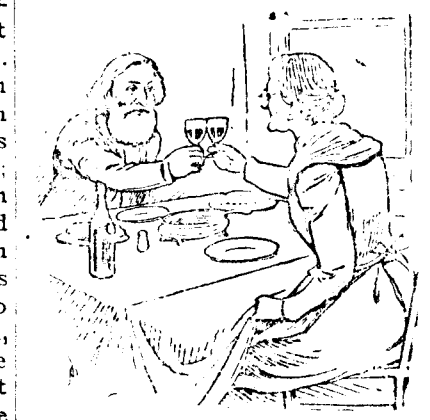
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social triumphs to be cut out, some re-arrangements and subdivision of the good things of life to be made.

Everybody admits the inconveniences and even dangers of maternity. But these inevitable penalties formed part of the design of God when he decreed the propagation of our race, for he says: "In sorrow shall she bear children." Unless He changes His decrees, these penalties stand; and woman must bear the burdens peculiar to her sex, just as man must bear other responsibilities and dangers incidental to his nature and position in the world's economy, some of which are pathetically set forth in the verse quoted by Ann Tagonistic. Man and woman have a right to get married or not, provided they can get some one to take them; they have a right to avail themselves then of all the marital privileges sanctioned by Almighty God; but they sin when by a positive act they thwart the primary end of marriage. If they do not see their way to accepting the conditions placed on them by God himself, they can follow the counsels of St. Paul, who says that he would prefer to have all even as he is, vowed to virginity, which he does not regard as impossible, though he admits that many are not called to this state.

In the discussion of Race Suicide too many lose sight altogether of the moral law, of the will of God, of divine providence as a prime factor in the affairs of men. They do not think it worth their while to consider at all what God may want; they take into account merely convenience and expediency. It may be just as inconvenient to observe the commandment which says "Thou shalt not steal," but that does not absolve us from doing our duty. If a divine law exists—and it does—it must be obeyed, no matter what the consequences.

DR. BURBANK'S ASSISTANT.

Dr. Burbank stood in the front hall drawing on his gloves, preparatory to going out in the storm. His face was very grave, and as he patted Danny Small's brown head he said: "We can't be too careful, Mr. Small; do what we will it means a hard pull for this lad's mother. She needs absolute quiet and a mind free from worry. The children must be so many mice; and Danny, here, is going to do his part—be my assistant."

Two minutes later the doctor was driving away, and Danny Small and his father were seated in the library, talking over the doctor's last words.

"He means just this, my boy," said Mr. Small, holding Danny's hand in his own; "you must do your part to keep your brothers and sisters quiet and happy while your mother is sick; and that will do as much to help as his medicine. In that way you will become an assistant of whom any doctor would be glad."

"I'll do it; begin at once," said Danny, his eyes sparkling.

"Hurrah! I'm—" said John, rushing into the house like a small tornado.

"Sh!" said Danny, clapping his hand over his brother's mouth, "don't you know your mother is sick?"

"Oh, sure enough; I forgot about mother is sick!"

"Oh, sure enough; I forgot about mother!" And John retreated toward the door.

"Well you don't want to forget," said Danny. "I'm Dr. Burbank's assistant, and—"

"Dr. Burbank's what?" interrupted John, pausing on the threshold.

"Dr. Burbank's assistant," said Danny, flushing; "and you must obey orders—no shouting and no quarreling within a hundred feet of this house."

That night the children were impatient and cross, and Danny found his services as the doctor's assistant again required.

"Be as quiet as mice, and I'll show you something new," said Danny, taking an apple from the pantry and hanging it by a string from the top casing of the door. "The first one that bites a piece out has the whole apple." Thus for an hour Danny managed to keep the youngsters out of mischief.

"How has my assistant been getting along?" said Dr. Burbank, when he came the next morning.

"My wife has had the best night's rest she has known for a fortnight," replied Mr. Small, his eyes glistening. "Danny has been an angel. I am obliged to be away at the office most of the day, and the nurse finds it impossible to keep the little ones all quiet, but Danny—well, Danny has managed it somehow, and wife says that she has not heard a sound from the children since you were here yesterday."

"Capital! Capital!" said the physician; "between us we shall have Mrs. Small on her feet again soon."

The following day when Danny returned from school, a great waggon load backed up before the house on the opposite side of the street, and the teamster was arranging the iron chute, intending to shoot the entire load into the cellar.

"See here, mister," said Danny, looking up in the begrimed face of the teamster, "my mother is awful sick over there in that house, and would you mind dumping that coal in with your basket; maybe you've got a sick mother, or had one once."

For an instant the man stood looking at Danny in amazement. To grant the request meant much extra work, and at first he was inclined to be surly. Then he scratched his head and reached for his basket, muttering something about having a sick boy at home.

Dr. Burbank was coming up the street, and he took it all in—not the coal, but the situation—and as he mounted the steps at Mr. Small's home, he said: "God bless the boy."

So the weeks passed, each hour and day finding something for Danny to do as Dr. Burbank's assistant, and they were not irksome hours, either; on the contrary, they were among the happiest of Danny's life. Gradually health returned to Mrs. Small, and one morning early in the spring she came down to dinner for the first time in two months. Dr. Burbank came in while they were seated at the table.

"I am down once more, thanks to you, Dr. Burbank," said Mrs. Small.

"Thanks to my assistant, Master Danny," corrected the physician; "he has done more than I."

That was the proudest minute in Danny's life—the proudest of Dr. Daniel Small's life, for years passed and Danny became a physician himself and a very successful one.—Ex.

IMPURE BLOOD.

Almost every one is a sufferer from some disease caused by impure blood, but only here and there one recognizes that in his blood lurk the seeds of disease, ready to manifest themselves at the first opportunity in some of the innumerable ways so dreaded by everybody. Every neighborhood has its afflicted, many seemingly incurable, with complaints that have gradually made their appearance, growing a little worse with each change of the season until Chronic Ailments, such as Stomach, Liver and Bowel troubles are well developed. Each takes one or more forms peculiar to such diseases, but all are due to impure blood, to the absence from the blood of some necessary vital force or the presence of some foreign element, which impairs its power to faithfully perform its duties, causing a long list of complaints which yearly drag thousands to the grave.

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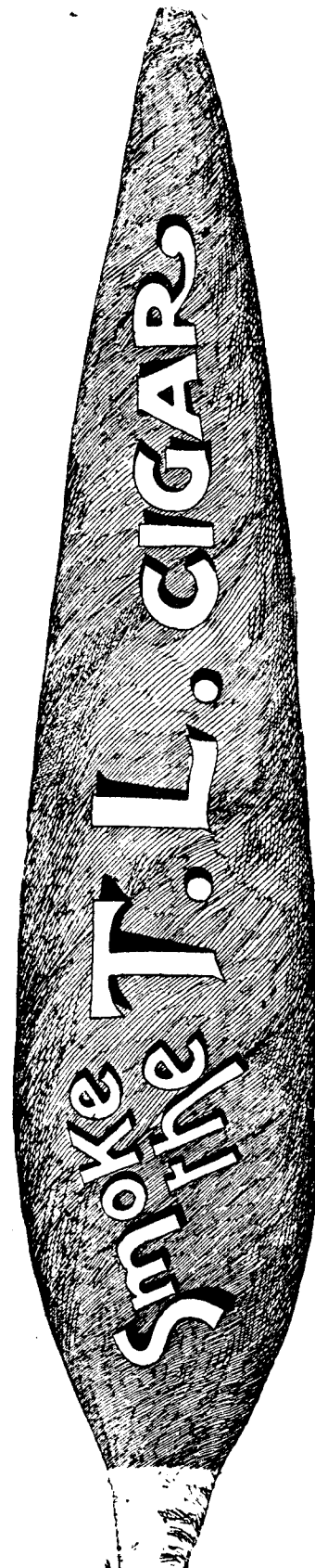
Read the 30-day trial offer made in this issue by the proprietor, Theo. Noel, Geologist, of Toronto, Ont.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY AND ATHEISM.

Sometimes well-meaning Christians have expressed surprise that the Catholic Church should be so strongly opposed to Social Democracy. If Social Democracy confined itself to purely economic problems the surprise would not be out of place. But Social Democracy exercises no such restraint. On the contrary, it enters into the domains of religion, and in doing so advocates principles that are simply pernicious. A correspondent of the "Times" who is investigating social conditions in Germany, states that the Social Democratic teaching is essentially anti-religious. The spread of Atheism used to be set forth publicly as one of the cardinal points in the party's programme. "We are simply through with God" (Engels); "We open war upon God because He is the greatest evil in the world." ((Schall); "It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our zeal nor is anyone worthy of the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of Atheism." (Liebknecht)—are quotations from utterances of former leaders. The Social Democrats found that blasphemous words of this kind militated against their progress, and they have now adopted a different tone. But the spirit in which they approach religious subjects is the same. The Catholic Church would not be worthy of its name and its mission if it were not opposed to their anti-religious doctrines.—Catholic Times.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

JANUARY.

- 24—Third Sunday after Epiphany. The Holy Family.
- 25—Monday—Conversion of St. Paul.
- 26—Tuesday—St. Polycarp, Bishop, Martyr.
- 27—Wednesday—St. John Chrysostom. Bishop, Doctor.
- 28—Thursday—Office of the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
- 29—Friday—St. Francis de Sales, Bishop, Doctor.
- 30—Saturday—St. Martina, Virgin, Martyr.

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE RED RIVER REBELLION.

To the editor of the Times, London, Eng.

Sir,—All Canadians will read with surprise, many with regret, and not a few with indignation, the chapter in which Lord Wolseley sums up his recollections of his Canadian career. That career is inseparably connected with the Red River rebellion of 1870. That rebellion is not yet a part of ancient history. Many are very much alive who took part in it. Most Canadians of middle age remember its details. To all of them the account and the comments of Lord Wolseley will seem inaccurate, unkind, and unfair.

To write a controversial chapter after so many years seems to indicate a state of feeling which ought not to exist, or which, if it existed, should have been suppressed. Will you kindly permit me to occupy enough space for a necessarily controversial reply.

In describing the origin of the rebellion at Red River, in 1870, Lord Wolseley says that the French Canadians of the west were ruled over by a clever, cunning, unscrupulous Bishop—a description of Archbishop Tache which will hardly be recognized by any one who had the honor of his acquaintance. After so many years it seems odd that Lord Wolseley should retain what seems to be personal animosity towards a man so long held in honor all over Canada. Lord Wolseley says of the Archbishop that the Hudson Bay Company had "used him" to keep out settlers—a statement which will certainly be news to the Hudson Bay people as it will be to the friends of Archbishop Tache. As well talk of "using" Richelieu! Archbishop Tache was so great a man that ordinary human cunning shrank in his presence into fear and awe. He was so wise and powerful a man that he was sent for to Rome in 1870 to try to settle the rebellion. He was so trusted a man that the Governor-General sent for him and pledged to him, "viva voce" and in writing the honor of the crown for any settlement he might be able to make of a disturbance which threatened to be disastrous. To call such a man 'clever, cunning and unscrupulous,' shows a singular want of fitness in the choice of phrases.

Lord Wolseley says that the French Canadians "saw with envy and dread the steadily increasing power and position of Western Canada," and wanted to "create a new French speaking country westward of the great lakes." He

ignores what ought to be the obvious fact, that, if Bishop Tache was in league with the Hudson Bay Company to keep out settlers, it would not be easy to create a new State. And he does not seem to know that from the moment of its purchase in 1870 the North-west country came under the control of the Federal Government of Ottawa; that Sir John Macdonald was the head of that government; and that every step taken in regard to the purchase and the government of that country was taken by an Administration in which the French Canadian Ministers were only three out of thirteen. No French Canadian "wire-pullers," as he calls them—as he calls men like Sir George Cartier!—could have prevailed in so sinister a policy against the ability and the strength of the majority of the cabinet. Had the "wire-pullers" so prevailed there was parliament ready to crush all of them.

Lord Wolseley goes on with a high degree of inconsistency to point out how the Government of Canada, in the beginning of the troubles, sent out surveyors to survey the lands of the Half-breeds; how the surveyors offended the people by their off-hand manners and ignorance of the French language; and how the Half-breed "very naturally jumped to the conclusion that there was some plot on foot to rob him of the land he occupied and had partially cultivated, but for which he could show no written title." If the mental attitude of the Half-breed was "very natural" (and why should he welcome his own extinction?), surely we do not need the romantic theory of a French-Canadian conspiracy to account for the rebellion. The conspiracy theory is just—"Fudge!"

With regard to the expedition of which Colonel Wolseley was under General Lindsay, the commanding officer, the narrative is so curiously inexact that my reference to it will seem rather tame to those in Canada who do not reflect on the seriousness of using expletives regarding a gentleman holding, so conspicuously, His Majesty's Commission. He tells us that the government were "not always the easiest people to deal with"—though they placed the whole resources of the country at his disposal. He denounces the "French Canadian politicians and their bigoted priests" for exaggerating the "physical difficulties" in his path—as if such discouragement was of any consequence to a soldier commanding a fully equipped expedition, largely manned by French-Canadian voyageurs! He goes on to say that these priests and politicians were "silly people." If they were silly they were not dangerous; to denounce them is waste of space. He denounces once more the "scheming Prelate" who was trying to save Riel, the rebel chief; but he admits that the Prelate failed—even with the "wire-pullers" at his back, and all his unscrupulousness to back him.

Lord Wolseley tells us that the expedition was economically managed, and that the reason for this was that the whole business was largely under the control of General Lindsay (and Colonel Wolseley?) in Canada, and he makes this comment: "The Cabinet and the Parliamentary element in the War Office that has marred so many a good military scheme, had, I may say, little or nothing to do with it from first to last. When will civilian Secretaries of State for War cease from troubling in war affairs?"

Now I hold no brief for the War Office, though having a long and intimate knowledge of Ministerial difficulties, and also of the somewhat peremptory tendency of the military mind. I would gladly do so. For the present I may simply say, that in this particular instance Lord Wolseley's oblique attack is singularly wanting in discretion. There never was a more purely civilian affair than the Red River Rebellion of 1870. It originated with agriculturalists and hunters. It was legislated for by a civilian administration. The expedition was half volunteers. The whole business of the expedition to the very last detail was planned and carried out by Mr. Simon Dawson, a civilian; by Mr. Lindsay

Russell, a civilian; by the Hudson Bay officers, all civilians; and by the Public Works Department at Ottawa, a hopelessly civilian organization. The only serious trouble that arose during the expedition resulted when the inexperienced military chief gave orders contrary to the advice of the experienced civilians—as, for example when he sent huge boats up stony rapids when a road was ready at hand; or when, owing to the allowance of "military rations" to the horses many were rendered useless. There was, indeed, a short, gloomy period when, in consequence of the departure of the Indians, and the discontent of the voyageurs, at the useless labor imposed on them, by the military chief, the expedition seemed doomed to failure. It was saved by civilian energy and civilian knowledge.

Lord Wolseley exaggerates the military character of the expedition. This was all very well when he was only publishing a pleasing address to the troops; as is out of place now. The fact is that the rebellion originated with a demagogue and a few farmers. It was suppressed by a military picnic. There was no fighting. The demagogue fled. The farmers were found in their fields. The route over which Lord Wolseley passed, though stiff enough for a large force with much weight to carry, had been for two centuries the highway of French commerce and communication. The exploit of passing over it was not heroic or classic, though Lord Wolseley talks of the Romans.

When the whole affair was over Lord Wolseley was so impressed with the value of the country that he asked Sir John Macdonald to appoint him to the Governorship. Sir John and Sir George Cartier refused. It was indeed a fortunate refusal. Had Lord Wolseley succeeded in getting the position he would have been ruined. It was fortunate in another way. Had he been appointed to govern a people about whose race and religion Bishops and priests he entertains such curious opinions there would have had to be another expedition—to rescue Lord Wolseley.

I have the honor to be, Sir your obedient servant,

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN,
(Parliamentary Librarian of Canada).

Kingsley Hotel, Hart St., Nov. 24.

We sincerely congratulate the writer of the above. We have much more admiration for him than for Lord Wolseley. If the latter thinks to make himself greater by throwing mud at almost every man of note that lived in the early—70, particularly the late Archbishop Tache, he is much mistaken. Lord Wolseley may appear not more than a pygmy when the pen of a fair and just historian shall compare him to the great Prelate whose memory is ever dear even to thousands of our separated brethren. History may prove to Lord Wolseley a far more impartial judge than he who writes simply to make people believe that he was a kind of military genius.—Ed.

WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT SHOULD YOU BE?

We were pleased to read that Mr. Chevrier, M.P.P., had the courage to speak French on the floor of a house from which some years ago, that beautiful language was, along with our school rights and privileges, so unjustly banished. From a political standpoint Mr. Chevrier showed a noble courage in thus administering a well deserved rebuke to his own party. For this we should heartily congratulate him, but we somewhat doubt the purity of his intentions when we have to consider that he extended his courtesy to another language, which, however dear to us all, does not enjoy the same right as the French. Mr. Chevrier may be, expects to soon meet again his constituents, that perhaps accounts for his many tongued speech. Mr. Chevrier lacks neither talents nor cleverness; but why did he not also uphold our school rights, unless in order to do so he might have had to feel the chills of fear going through his whole system? Mr. Chevrier, we are told, had different classes of supporters

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shocked at his protest. Mr. Walker when soliciting the votes of his French constituents at the recent Provincial election, made great capital of his past attitude on the school question. He had been so badly treated by his own because he had defended what he so rightly considered at the time as part of our constitution. Has Mr. Walker changed his views? Why then did he pose before his Catholic electors as a victim of the Protestant prejudices? And if he is, as we like to hope, the same Mr. Walker that stood so nobly as a defender of the constitution on the school question, why could he not be consistent enough to defend also the French language, which has been perhaps more badly treated than the school question with regard to constitutional rights.

In our estimation it would be inadvisable to have both Mr. Chevrier and Mr. Walker melted together and cast in a new mould from which they might come as one and the same M. P. P., pledged to defend with equal energy and perseverance the French language and the school question. This, to us would be an ideal member of Parliament.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE.

To be Enlarged to more than twice its present size.

St. Boniface College, although enlarged two thirds its original size the year before last, is already overcrowded. It now counts over one hundred boarders, whereas four years ago forty boarders was the maximum. Hence the need of further enlargement, the details of which are given in the following article taken from the Tribune of January 19, and corrected by us.

"As soon as the snow disappears work will be commenced on additions to St. Boniface College, which will more than double the size of that institution. The perspective plans for these additions, are now in the possession of Rev. Father Dugas, rector of the college. The architect is at work on the specifications, and tenders will soon be in order.

The additions will consist of an octagon at the east end of the present building and a rectangle to the south. The portico, which is now built of wood, will be replaced by one of white brick and will project from the college for a distance of forty feet, making a handsome addition to the building. The various towers and turrets on the roof will be further ornamented, and the exterior of the college will be generally improved.

THE OCTAGON.
The octagon will cover an area of 7,300 square feet, and will be four stories high and built of white brick in harmony with the design of the present building. The ground floor of this octagon will be divided in two by a continuation of the corridor which runs through the present building. One side will be used as a playroom for the small boys, and the other will be given over to the older scholars for a similar purpose. The second floor will be made into study halls the same division being made as on the first floor. The third floor will also be used as classrooms and a portion of it will be devoted to an infirmary. The top floor will be used exclusively for dormitories, increasing the sleeping accommodation of the college to 400.

THE RECTANGLE.
The rectangle will be 108 feet long by 52 feet wide, with a corridor leading from the main building 20 feet wide by 30 feet long. The ground floor of this addition is to be a theatre of raised seats, and will be used as an academic hall and also for entertainments. The second and third floors will be made into a chapel, kept exclusively for the students and professors at the college, the public not being allowed in except on special occasions, when invitations will be issued. On the top floor chemical, physical and natural history laboratories are to be installed, and if the finances permit, an astronomical laboratory is to be added.

The plans have been prepared by J. A. Karch, a Montreal architect, and show that every effort has been made to make the most use of the space available.

FATHER DRUMMOND IS HOME AFTER VACATION AT SUPERIOR.

Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., one of the professors at St. Boniface College returned from Superior, Wis., yesterday afternoon, where he has been staying during the past six weeks for the benefit of his health. He says that his trip has done him a great deal of good and his looks do not belie his words.

He has enjoyed his trip very much, he told a reporter for the Tribune yesterday afternoon, and is much taken with the town of Superior, which is now composed of south, west and old Superior, and all go under the name of Superior for postal convenience. It is a city of 35,000 people, and it is only three or four miles south of Duluth, which has a population of about 65,000. The two are connected by what is known as the Interstate car line, which makes the distance in about 30 minutes. The name interstate was doubtless taken owing to the fact that Superior is in Wisconsin and Duluth in Minnesota.

The climate of Superior is nearly as cold as it is in Winnipeg, but it is not so dry. For the first three weeks of his trip he had complete rest, except on Sundays when he either preached or took active parts in church services. While away he had many invitations to preach and give lectures, but owing to the trouble with his throat, he was unable to accept.

When Father Drummond left here he thought he was suffering from lung trouble, but while at Superior he was treated by a Dr. Pake, a Canadian physician. This doctor told him that it was his nose and throat that were affected and at once commenced to treat him. The rapidity with which he effected a cure surprised Mr. Drummond, and in a few weeks he was feeling himself again.

ACTED PARISH PRIEST.

From Dec. 4 to Dec. 29 he took the place of Rev. Father Charron, of St. Patrick's Church, who was visiting his relatives in Quebec, and during this period Father Drummond was the acting priest. After that he went to assist Rev. Father Farby, who has charge of the Church of the Sacred Heart, and there filled the vacancy caused by the absence of the curate. In future Mr. Drummond will take care of himself better than he has done in the past, and will only give two lectures a day at the college instead of the five he formerly gave.

MANY CANADIANS.

He said that he noticed that many of the most eminent men in Duluth and Superior are Canadians. Instead of the prejudice which exists against the Canadians in many parts of the States he says the people of these two places seem very partial to those who live on this side of the line.—Tribune, Jan. 20.

SERMONS IN SENTENCES.

(From the Chicago Tribune).

Grumbling is the child of greed. Sincerity is never self-conscious. It takes all of life to know all of love.

Style is no substitute for sterling strength.

Character may be sold but it cannot be bought.

The life that does no good is guilty of much harm.

The hope of this world is in the hard things we have to do.

No man moves this world until he is profoundly moved himself.

It takes more than a bellows in the pulpit to start a fire in the church.

Fools Use Washes and Snuffs

Thinking perhaps they will cure Catarrh—but no one ever heard of a genuine cure following such senseless treatments. There is just one prompt and thorough cure for Catarrh, and it is fragrant healing Catarrhazone which goes right to the root of the trouble. It destroys the germs, heals the inflamed membranes and cures any case no matter how obstinate or long standing. "I experimented for years with Catarrh remedies, but found Catarrhazone the most rational and satisfactory," writes W. J. MacEachern, of Waterville. "It cured me for all time." For a sure cure use only Catarrhazone. Complete outfit \$1.00 trial size 25c.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

Bishop Messmer Explains It.

Bishop S. G. Messmer, of Green Bay, archbishop-elect of the Milwaukee archdiocese, was given an ovation Sunday night when he stepped upon the stage in the Davidson theater, Milwaukee, to address the mass-meeting held under the auspices of the American Federation of Catholic societies of Milwaukee county. The theater was filled to its capacity. Every seat in the auditorium, from the gallery down to and including the stage was occupied, hundreds of people stood in the lobby, and the vestibule was filled with anxious listeners, while other hundreds were unable to gain admission to the theater.

That Bishop Messmer had the sympathy of his audience, was manifest from the start. He declared the fundamental principles of the federation to be the cementing of the different Catholic nationalities together for their social as well as spiritual welfare, and in a general way pointed out many of the advantages that would be derived from such a union. He denied in toto that it purposed to enter the field of partisan politics and went into detail to show how this prohibition was safeguarded by the nature of the organization. He drew a sharp distinction, however, between party politics, and politics of principles, and declared it to be the duty of every citizen to enter the field of the latter in the interests of public morality and public welfare, either individually or in organized bodies.

F. G. Stiglbauer presided and introduced the speaker. When the applause which greeted him as he stepped to the front of the stage had sufficiently subsided, Bishop Messmer said in part:

"I protest against the flattering introduction of your chairman, who has said I was the founder of the federation. I am not. Bishop McPaul is the man who organized the federation. In order that no one may be disappointed, I will say at the outset that I shall attempt no eloquence, no oratorical display, but will give you a plain statement of the objects and aims of our federation, and then the plan upon which it is organized. Its objects may be stated to be the strengthening and calling out of Catholic laymen into action in all the vast field that is open for the advancement of Catholic principles, the principles of religion, of morality, and public order, as they are needed for the safety of society. It is a movement to be carried out by the laity of the church.

"The field is large, and the opportunities to us, as Americans, are simply magnificent. Our constitution, in a paragraph where it speaks of our objects mentions the cementing of the Catholic population of our country. Everyone can see this is a desirable result. Particularly is it so if we take into account the different nationalities. They have, to a certain extent become strangers to each other. There is not that community of interest which we should expect to find in the same family of God's children. This circumstance, it is said, has impeded the progress of the Catholic Church. I believe I may rightly say that if the federation results in nothing else than in bringing together the different nationalities it will have accomplished a great work.

"Another object is the strengthening of Catholic influence among the Catholics of our community by cementing them into one body. By leading them toward one purpose, we strengthen their influence upon the affairs of the country.

"There are many fields where Catholic influence must be exerted. The Christian upbuilding of the coming generations is not the least of them. There is a growing sentiment among the American people, regardless of creed, that the growing generation should be instructed in religion and morality. The Catholics have given the world the benefit of millions of dollars we have spent every year for the support of the parochial schools, where religion must be taught the rising generation.

"It is a mistake to think that our first object is to get a part of the school fund; this is a secondary

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consideration. It is our desire to show first of all that our efforts should be recognized by the state, to educate public opinion to the justice of our view of the matter.

"The question of the family and the marriage sacrament, you say, belongs to the clergy to settle. This is a mistake. It is your affair, ladies and gentlemen; your duty to do what you can in your little circle, as Catholics, to bring into prominence the sacredness of the marriage sacrament; to make others understand it is the safe-

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guard of society at large—this is the duty of every Catholic. If all the Catholic men and women in the country—and there are 10,000,000 of them—should unite with a solemn conviction that society should be safeguarded by law, it would have a great influence on the nation at large. If we wish to make the people at large acquainted with what we are doing and understand it, we must do it by moulding public opinion.

"While it is true that morality cannot be separated from religion, we may for the sake of argument separate them. Is there a field for Catholic action in this regard? Every one knows there is not only an opportunity, but a positive demand to do away with the so-called social evil which threatens to undermine the public welfare. If Catholics unite to accomplish this you will find out what we can accomplish.

"The question of temperance is another that needs our attention. I often believe we Catholics are not doing our duty in this regard; that we should do much more to alleviate this curse. Let me call your attention to the custom of treating. If all Catholic men would abstain from treating, don't you think a great good would be accomplished. You may take a glass of beer, or wine, or spirits, if you desire, and I have no objection. It is your privilege. I am no advocate of total abstinence, but I say abolish treating. It can be done.

"You are all of you acquainted with the morality of politics. You can not pick up a newspaper without finding accounts of boodling and grafting. What are we doing? We blame the office-holders. We do not blame ourselves. You should not vote for any man for a public office who does not guarantee an honest administration of its duties. If every Catholic would vote according to his convictions of duty, we would not read all these things in the newspapers.

"Another subject of the federation is the spread of Catholic literature and the support of the Catholic press. Our Catholic press performs a most excellent service, but it is not enough. We need Catholic information for ourselves; we need to be told what are the Catholic principles involved in socialism, in wages, in international relations between the citizen and the civil authority, the rights of the citizen, and the duty of the civil authority. Here, again, little can be done by one society; but suppose we have all the Catholic societies joined to help spread that Catholic literature, would it not do a splendid work?

"The federation will never take any part in party politics, and never put up a federation candidate. At the last election in Ohio, one of the leaders of the federation, with the consent and encouragement of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, issued a circular calling attention to the dangers of some legislation. That was to come before its legislature. Politics? Certainly. But the politics of self-preservation—politics to protect the whole people. To oppose this action would simply mean that it was wrong to protect the church and the state. After the heads of the church have approved of the course, it can not be charged against the Catholic societies.

"We have a so-called advisory board, and an executive board, and the management of the federation from one convention to another is in the hands of these boards. The executive board is made up of laymen; the advisory board of twelve or fifteen bishops, and any measure affecting the federation must be laid before the advisory board. I believe this is safeguarded enough. With us Americans everything may turn into politics. The federation may be led into politics. Led how? Like dumb sheep. We have sufficient intelligence to see that no man gets into office who leads us into this cesspool.

"I myself have always kept aloof from politics. At one time I vote the Republican and at another the Democratic ticket. I am a mugwump. I make it a rule to vote for the best man. I believe in the politics of principle; to protect God's holy Church and our beloved country."

The robe of righteousness will never become old-fashioned.

THE VOICE IN PREACHING.

Everybody has heard of Lamb's reply to Coleridge, when the latter asked him if he had ever heard him preach. "My dear fellow," said Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else!" The satire, keen but kindly, was directed just as much to the manner as to the matter of Coleridge's conversation. His talk was quite in the pulpit style, at a time when the pulpit had a more distinctive style than is now the case. In the present day, when the number of preachers is legion, and congregations differ so widely from one another in education, in social ranks, and the subjects discussed in sermons are so multifarious, not only has the conscious cultivation of a special pulpit style been for the most part abandoned, but its survival as a distinct entity deprecated. Still it does survive—all traditions die hard—and with it, or rather, as part of it, the traditional pulpit-voice.

It is not easy to define accurately the pulpit voice, yet few there be who do not understand what the term connotes. It suggests a curious quasi-recitative, of peculiarly depressing effect, which hovers around the monotone, being varied by cadenzas, frequent in number, but limited in compass, and occurring most often at the end of a complete sentence; while it conveys throughout the impression of being wholly artificial in character. Mgr. Dupanloup, in his valuable work on "Popular Preaching," in which nothing is overlooked which has any essential bearing on the subject, speaks of this "meancholy tone of the pulpit voice." It goes almost without saying that such an eminent authority alludes to it only to condemn it as an artificial and conventional product; a thing to be studiously avoided.

Not only is this artificial style of utterance condemned by great Churchmen like Mgr. Dupanloup and Fenelon (who also strongly censures the perpetual monotony of some preachers' voices); your plain man cannot away with it. Many men are offended by it; they resent it as an implied assumption by the preacher of some kind of "ex cathedra" authority. "Why can't he speak like a man?" is the question they ask. Both classes of critics require in the preacher naturalness of utterance. A simple and natural enunciation best becomes the words of truth and zeal, says the Bishop of Orleans. The man of the world listens to other men attempting to persuade him of the truth of their words and of the value of their cause, in the senate, on the platform, at the bar; he hears them speak as men of like passions with himself; he is displeased if it is otherwise in the pulpit. From all sides, then, the voice is heard crying to the preacher, "Be natural!"

There is in some minds a lurking suspicion that a natural method of utterance necessarily involves a speedy degeneration, not only into a familiar and conversational tone, unsuited to the sublimity of Divine things, but worse still, into a vulgarity of manner, or even into a sheer buffoonery, excessively shocking to all right-minded people. But the suspicion is dispelled when the truth is recognized that careful and assiduous study is required before a preacher can succeed in being "natural." No one begins by being natural; it is a quality acquired only by cultivation.

Here we are met by two objections. The first arises from the apparent paradox just enunciated—the paradox that a natural manner is the product of art. When a man is speaking to a friend in the ordinary course of conversation, his words, his actions, his manners are spontaneous, unpremeditated; he expresses himself in the easy flow of friendly talk; then if ever, without art, he is perfectly natural, and his voice takes its "natural" tones. But let him speak to a number of people, all of whom are listening to him as he makes a set statement of his opinion on some subject, and this easy manner of speaking—this manner which is the absence of all mannerism—instantly forsakes him; he becomes inevitably conscious of self, and the conditions of speaking are entirely changed. It is this self-consciousness which is the disturbing element in the mind of the young preacher who finds himself

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in a pulpit, in the presence of a church full of people who are listening to him for instruction, help and guidance. He has quitted the modest retirement of private life for the most prominent of all offices. To tell a man under those circumstances that he has only to continue to be natural in his new position is all very well, but the bare advice is not very helpful. Nothing could be more unreasonable than to suppose that no special discipline is needed to preserve naturalness of voice and manner under conditions so altered. The young preacher hardly recognises the sound of his own voice: its tones are strange. He can hardly escape falling into some grotesque mannerism: in his nervousness and inexperience he tends to take refuge in the impersonal inexpressiveness of the pulpit voice. To tell him to be natural is to mock him, unless the advice be accompanied by some recognition of the fact that to be natural is not only the result of art, but the highest result of art.

The second objection arises from the prejudice, deeply rooted in some minds that the bestowal of time and effort on so trivial a matter is unworthy of the Christian minister who is called to the discharge of duties out of all comparison more momentous. The prejudice rests on the assumption that the matter is a trivial one. Moreover, many things which are thought to be trivial in comparison with far greater matters do yet sometimes assume an unexpected importance. The object of the Christian preacher is to persuade men to forsake sin and follow Christ, and to instruct them in Catholic truth. Now "no ends appear to be accomplished without means;" and we have no right to neglect any means which will conduce to this persuading of men to Christ. If the monotonous sing-song of the "pulpit-voice" offends men—and we have shown that it does—if it is an obstacle in



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in acquiring completer control of the tones of the speaking-voice in private, criticise his public delivery in the pulpit—never forgetting, as a righteous man, to smite him friendly! Many preachers have expressed their indebtedness to the kindly functions of such a critical friend. W. J. FOXELL.

Heaven is very high, but the way is very low.

The other day an Irishman entered a tramcar and before he could find a seat the car suddenly started and precipitated him into the lap of an old lady. The lady, much annoyed at such proceedings, indignantly exclaimed: "Sir, who are you, and where were you born?" "Indeed," replied Pat, "I always thought I was an Irishman, but after all I must be a Laplander."

The following quick repartee was heard at a pleasure camp, not a hundred miles from Fredericton a short time ago:

M. S.—"After all you must admit that man is better than woman!"

H. M.—"Oh, I don't know. The Bible doesn't say anything about 'seven devils' being cast out of a man."

M. S.—"No, of course not; he has every one of them yet."

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XI.

"Alive a queen, now dead I am a saint;
Once Mary call'd, my name now Martyr is;
From earthly region debarr'd by restraint,
In lieu whereof I reign in heavenly bliss.
Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose;
It was no death to me, but to my woe;
The bud was open'd to let out the rose,
The chains unloosed to let the captive go."

Poems by Father Southwell.

From the broad Roman road which led from London to Chelmsford, a narrow lane turned off and passed directly into the avenue of Thoresby Hall. The house was a large building, in the then modern style, such as we are wont to call Elizabethan. It formed three sides of a quadrangle, which enclosed a of a spacious court-yard. On one side of the hall were glassy slopes and beds of flowers and bushes, and these slopes ran down to a small piece of water, on the opposite side of which ran a grove of lime trees, whose branches interlaced each other.

The window of one of the principal rooms in the hall was wide open, and near it sat a lady at work. Ever and anon, she turned to speak to another lady, also sitting near the window, but in a different attitude. The chair in which this latter was placed was of a curious construction, and well lined with cushions, and the fragile form that reclined in it was that of a cripple. The thin fingers, unnaturally long, hung down by her side, and the pale face and sunken eyes told of long and constant suffering. She spoke gently in answer to the anxious looks of her companion. "I am very comfortable, darling sister, do be at ease concerning me for awhile."

Is it possible then, that this is our friend Mary Thoresby, and the sufferer Blanche, of whom we remember her speaking at Castle de Lisle?

The bright looking Mary was changed considerably—she had passed into a calm, thoughtful woman, somewhat older than her years. We can trace that she has endured much—indeed, she has had cause. Her mother has been dead for some years, after a long illness, and the charge of the household has devolved on her, with the constant attendance on her sick sister.

Blanche had been just on the eve of quitting her father's house to follow her earnest desire of entering religion. The day before, a priest having happened to arrive it was arranged a Mass should be said by him. At this Mass Blanche was more than usually anxious to assist, it being her last opportunity ere leaving the home of her childhood forever.

The Mass was said in a small chamber near the roof of the house from whence an easy way of escape might be found in case of alarm. This room, or loft was reached by two ladders, which led into different parts of the house. The Mass was just over when an alarm was given, and a party of men, in search of the priest rushed into the house. The priest and the other gentlemen instantly sought the roof, and Blanche felt that if she could only remove the vessels and vestments which, in the haste, were left on the temporary altar, the pursuers would be off the scent. She gathered them all up, and as the feet of the men were ascending one ladder she left the room by the other. In her haste she missed her footing, and fell from an immense height. She was picked up by the terrified servants, insensible, and, as they thought, dead, but still clasping close to her breast her sacred charge. Lady Thoresby was at the time ill, and Mary attending

on her, which had been the reason why Blanche had been the only woman present at the Mass. The alarm hastened Lady Thoresby's death, and Mary went from her mother's death-bed to what she supposed to be that of Blanche; but Blanche did not die. Her fall had rendered her an incurable cripple, and a life of continual suffering was her portion.

Not only was Mary compelled to witness the severe daily suffering of her sister, but a deeper shade had been thrown over her life by the necessary postponement of her marriage with the Viscount Clinton, a young Catholic nobleman to whom she had been just betrothed. During the last few months Blanche's general health had decidedly improved, and Lord Clinton had been earnestly pressing that their marriage should take place, and that Mary should not leave her home, but still remain the nurse and comforter of her helpless sister. To this Mary consented; and the marriage would take place soon after the arrival of a priest who was expected at the hall.

"Mary," said Blanche softly, "while I slept this morning, saw you Clinton?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mary, blushing; "we were together in the lime-grove."

"That is a favorite spot of yours," said Blanche smiling. "And did he tell you any news?"

"We were speaking of the old subject," answered Mary. "The sorrows around. This late act of the queen hath affrighted us all. To lay violent hands on an anointed sovereign and sister-queen betokens such virulence against our religion we know not what will come next."

"Poor Mary Stuart," answered Blanche; "'tis well for thee, at all events; the prison bars are broken down, and the bird set free. But it must have been sad to die without the sacraments; that was such frightful cruelty on Elizabeth's part."

"Ah," said Mary, "Clinton hath heard the particulars of her last hours; most touching and wonderful they are."

"When she found that her almoner, Le Preau was to be kept from her (although he was in the castle), she wrote to him, begging him to keep vigil that night with her and for her, desiring to make her general confession to him thus, being prevented from doing it otherwise,—declaring she died innocent and requesting absolution.

"But a joy beyond price was in store for her. Some time ago, the Holy Father, seeing the malice of her enemies, and to what lengths they were tending, sent her the Blessed Sacrament. It was enclosed in a gold ciborium, richly jewelled, and with it he sent his permission that, if in the hour of death, she were deprived of the assistance of a priest, she might communicate herself."

"Oh, how marvellous a privilege!" exclaimed Blanche; "beyond what has been granted even to the saints. I suppose a woman's hands have not even touched the Blessed Sacrament since the Blessed Clare defied the heathens. Go on, tell me all about it."

"So, on the morning of February the 8th, arising from her rest, during which she had continued to pray, she entered alone into her oratory. No one went with her, her loving servants were without. No eye save the adoring angels, no ear save the listening saints, saw her awful act,* or heard her whispered prayer."

"Oh," said Blanche, "what must have been her feelings in that hour! did not her thoughts wander back to her own 'Belle France,' to the solemn hour when, perchance, in the royal chapel, and clothed in silvery robes, the child-queen made her 'first' communion? Ah Mary, how fair looked the world to her

*See "Lives of the Queens of Scotland."

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

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

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

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
EAST		
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Keshabowik, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
WEST		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minitonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon.	Bowsmann, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanessa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25
SOUTH		
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14 hrs. 20 min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glyndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily
17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
13 45		13 30

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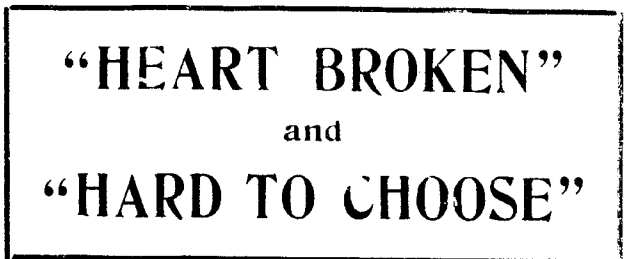
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"Heart Broken"

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

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

"Hard to Choose"

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

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

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Northwest Review

then, how proudly waved the banners of two broad kingdoms by her side, how lightly sat the crown on that brow of angel beauty, how gaily beat the heart in those days of guileless youth! What a thought could have shadowed then her 'last communion?'

"Yes," returned Mary, "a heart-broken prisoner—a woman aged in her prime—a desolate widow, a forsaken mother, a betrayed queen. Gone were riches, crowns and friends; passed away the pomp of regal France, and the once fervent loyalty of false Scotland!"

"But," said Blanche, looking out to the clear sky, "how blessed to think one thing was left, the same faith, the same God. Even when His priests were kept from her, He came Himself, to absolve the sins of that sore-tried heart—to feed the fainting soul with angels' bread. What wonder, then, if, in the strength of that food, she went forth to die with a martyr's fortitude! What wonder then, that neither the insults of the Earl of Kent upon her dignity, nor those of the Dean of Peterborough, upon her religion moved her! Her spirit was in the hall of Caiaphas and upon the hill of Calvary—what wonder, then, that she forgot not for one instant the tenderness of the woman, the courage of the sovereign, or the endurance of the saint! So died she; so went she to her crown. Mary Stuart, queen and martyr, pray for us!"

Blanche lay back exhausted by her sudden burst of feeling. Mary was in tears and there was a short silence.

"I hear my father's step outside," said Mary; "are you well enough to see him dearest?"

"Oh yes," said Blanche, opening her eyes.

Mary went to the door and admitted her father. After gently kissing his suffering child, Sir Robert said:

"We have had news that a priest is to land on this coast immediately, and we have been in great tribulation, not knowing how to get any one to meet him."

"Could not Henry have gone?" said Blanche.

"Upon what horse, my child?" replied her father "thou forgettest the state of a recusant's stables. Henry went forth instantly to try and borrow a horse of Arthur Leslie, but Arthur declares it is far safer if he go himself; he has friends along the coast, and, being well known as a Protestant, there will be no danger of question."

"A singular sort of Protestant is Arthur," remarked Mary. "It is very noble of him to undertake such an office."

"Ay," said Robert, "and we must hope and pray his charity may be rewarded by the gift of faith."

"How is it," said Blanche, "that he stays out of the Church?"

"Simply because," said Sir Robert, "he cannot relinquish the hopes of life at one glance. He is his uncle's heir to one of the finest properties in the county, with every prospect of advancement. He knows well that to become a Catholic is to become poor, and despised, and persecuted—Well, I must not tarry, to fatigue my Blanche; I only came to tell you that perhaps tomorrow we may have a priest with us once more, and now, farewell, for here comes Henry to fetch me."

It was a beautiful sight to see the fine old grey haired baronet leaning on his son's arm, a young man full of the strength of early manhood. Both one and the other maintained well the reputation of the Thoresby family, as producing the finest men in England, and their faces bore evidence, too, of the character of the same family—generous and noble-hearted, and brave and loyal, and kind to the poor; and yet those were the men, who, in the glorious reign of good Queen Bess, held their lands, their homes, oftentimes their lives, in fear.

"Madam," interrupted the Earl of Kent, "your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation." "Ah," exclaimed Mary, "I did not flatter myself with the thought I was worthy of such a death, and I humbly receive it as an earnest of my acceptance into the number of

God's chosen servants."—Lives of the Queens of Scotland.

Note.—"No papist, or reputed papist, so refusing or making default in making and subscribing the declaration as by the last mentioned Act, shall have or keep in his possession any horse above the value of five pounds; and two justices by their warrant may authorize any person, with the assistance of the constable or his deputy, to search for and seize the same for the use of the king. But if any person shall conceal or be aiding in concealing any such horse, he shall be committed to prison by such warrant and Act for three months, and shall also forfeit treble the value of such horse."

CHAPTER XII.

"They who call me to the work can shield me,
Or make me strong to suffer."
—Ion.

"You seem to be watching that ship very narrowly," said a young and fine-looking gentleman on horseback to two weather-beaten fishermen, who were mending their nets on the flat coast of Essex.

"Marry, and well we may sir," answered one of them; "for she is actually putting off a boat."

"And you think it will not live in this sea?"

The sailor pointed for answer to the boiling surf that dashed upon the sand, and the distant foam of the billows.

"Why, sir, the vessel herself is obliged to put to sea again, 'tis so dangerous on the coast; and some fools, I suppose, who want to land choose to drown themselves. Why not go on to London, I marvel?"

But Arthur Leslie did not wonder and felt convinced that the adventurer in the boat was no other than the man he was in quest of; so he gazed with absorbed interest on the struggle. The little boat was tossed up and down, as if the proud waves toyed with its destruction. Now it was lost to view, and seemed engulfed forever, then it rose triumphantly upon the white crest of a billow.

"She nears the shore, by Heavens!" cried one of the men.

"There must be some witchery about it," muttered the other; "for no mortal power could bring that boat to land."

"Could we not give help, now it is so near?" said Arthur, turning to the men.

"No, no," answered the last speaker; "I'll have nought to do with witchcraft; I'll not help them to land."

"Shame on you then!" returned Arthur—"will you not?" addressing the other.

He was too intently watching the scene to answer; but suddenly rousing,—

"By my halidome, but they are brave men!" he exclaimed "I'll down to the shore to see what I can do;" and he dashed down followed by Arthur. The raging spray flew in their faces and almost blinded them. The boat neared—it was amongst the breakers!

"There she goes!" said the sailor,

as, amid the roar of the waves, the cracking sound was audible.

"Now they must struggle for their lives!" and accordingly, getting free from the fragments of the boat, the two men who had been in her breast the waves bravely

No human help could avail!—the mighty waves tossed them back

again and again, till at length, one more kindly threw them, panting

and exhausted on the sand. Arthur

and the sailor ran to them, and

lifting them from the ground, drew

them into a place of safety. Arthur

was quite certain his conjecture was

correct, and the form he held in

his arms was that of a priest.

Presently the man revived a little,

and his first act was to look up to

heaven, and his first words were—

"Thanks be to God!" Then, suddenly

making an effort to rise, he exclaimed, "My poor companion, I

trust me he hath not suffered."

"Be at ease, sir," answered Arthur,

"he is nearly well, and less injured than you. He is, I trow,

more accustomed to such feats than yourself."

"I have not indeed, tried swimming for some years, and I did feel as if I could struggle no longer, when suddenly the friendly waves dashed me on the beach. Thanks,

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good sir, for your courtesy; I can now rise."

"You must change your drenched clothing," returned Arthur; "there is a fisherman's hut hard by, and afterwards I trust you will let me conduct you on your journey, for I know this . . . well."

The stranger seemed embarrassed at the kind offer, and Arthur, desirous to put an end to the mystery, said:

"Perhaps it is you, sir whom I am bid to seek. My good friend Sir Robert Thoresby, is expecting a friend from foreign parts."

There was the start he looked for. "Sir Robert Thoresby, of Thoresby, in this county?"

"The same."

"Then," said the stranger, "I think I am the one you seek."

(To be continued.)

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