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CURRENT COMMENT

There has recently been published by McClure a book entitled "The Nation of Fatherless Children." It treats of Socialism and is from the pen of David Goldstein, one who for eight years belonged to that order. Coming as it does from one so well acquainted with the teachings of Socialism, one too who voluntarily left that cult, the work is entitled to some consideration. The author, as his name would imply, is a Hebrew, yet this does not prevent him contrasting the materialistic postulates of Socialism with the principles of Christian philosophy to the disadvantage of the former.

Mr. Goldstein asserts what we pointed out last week, that Socialism leads to Atheism and, indirectly to anarchy. He states emphatically that it is the avowed object of all the Socialist leaders to sap the foundations of revealed truth, and revolutionize family life by substituting for the marriage bond the detestable principle of Free Love.

Speaking of the Catholic Church as the greatest obstacle to Socialists he makes use of the following truly remarkable words when one considers that they emanate from a non-Catholic and a Hebrew at that:

"It is my personal conviction that upon the religious aspects of this great issue the fight now centers around the Catholic Church, which is the only Church which has boldly taken up the gauntlet thrown down with scorn and defiance by Socialism. This Church is not only international, or rather universal, and so equipped to meet the power of the international enemy, but it is erected upon a basis—upon religious science—which gives it the strength to cope with the aggressions of the approaching foe. There are, I am aware, many persons who would rather see hell reign than that the Catholic Church should be the victor in so great, so masterful a struggle. They may be assured that if this institution fell in the fight (if that were possible) all religious sects and cults would collapse in its ruins."

Proofs are not wanting that we have entered upon an era of good feeling among Christians. Everywhere it is recognized that the chief obstacle to the progress of the gospel and the conversion of the world is the existence of divisions among Christians. The desire for a reunion of Christendom is a striking characteristic of our times. Separated bodies of Christians are making efforts to agree on some compromise by which union may be attained.

The desire for union finds expression in the tone of the denominational press and pulpit; in the action of church bodies looking to union and in many other ways. Until this unity exists the force and directness of the arguments in favor of Christianity are lost on some minds. There are too many who avail themselves of the divisions and differences which exist in the great Christian body to say that it is useless trying to find out where the Truth, as taught by the Divine Teacher, is.

Every honest man recognizes the lasting injury and weakness that the Christian religion suffers from the existence of sects. No one is more ready to admit and deplore this than many Protestants. They clearly perceive this want of unity. Hence many of them are making efforts today towards the securing of at least organic union. But can organic union exist with doctrinal diversity? We fear not. Outside of

the Catholic Church there is no solid ground upon which the different Protestant bodies can securely rest.

The words of Leo XIII. are as timely today as when he uttered them just ten years ago. Addressing those outside the Church he makes use of the following touching and impressive words:

"Our heart appeals to you even more than Our words; to you, Our brethren, who for three centuries and more differ from Us on Christian Faith; and to you all likewise, who in later times, for any reason whatsoever, have turned away from Us; let us all meet in the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God. Suffer that We should invite you to the unity which has ever existed in the Catholic Church and can never fail; suffer that We should lovingly hold out Our hand to you. The Church, as the common mother to all, has long been calling you back to her; the Catholics of the world await you with brotherly love, that you may render holy worship together to God with Us, united in perfect charity by the profession of one Gospel, one faith and one hope."

The Presbyterian general assembly of the United States voted unanimously, the other day, in support of a resolution enjoining on its ministers to refuse to marry divorced persons, except those recognized as scriptural in the standards of the Presbyterian church. "We are confronted by a damning, devilish, horrible condition," said Dr. Charles A. Dickey, the Chairman of the committee that brought in the report. "We wonder how many of our Presbyterian friends ever pause to consider the causes which brought about this 'damning, devilish, horrible condition.' Is it not directly traceable to the teachings of sects which allow each and every one to think for themselves in matters of faith. Our Presbyterian friends deplore the evils of divorce and well they may. But they must, if they be honest, admit that divorce is but the reaping of their own sowing. The so-called Reformation, as the Protestant historian Cobbett pointed out, was 'engendered in lust.' What, therefore, can they expect? It is an easy step from divorce to free love. Read what the Chicago Tribune one of the ablest secular journals in the United States has to say in praise of the Catholic Church, as regards its position on the question of divorce:

"Fifteen hundred years ago when turbulent barbarians settled within the confines of the Roman empire, it was the Catholic Church that coerced the vagrant lust of the barbarian heart and bound one woman to one man till death did them part. Today, when the sacrament of marriage is threatened, not so much by savage boisterousness of passion as by the frivolity and insincerity of men and women to whom unshaken belief has become impossible, it is the Catholic Church that still refuses to make a single concession to legalized promiscuity, and that still keeps unblemished the ideal of an indissoluble spiritual union between man and wife. If we cannot subscribe to the theology of the Catholic Church in this matter, neither can we fail to subscribe to its practical morality."

Arrangements are now completed for the tercentenary celebration of the landing of Sieur De Monts, at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, in 1604. It is proposed to erect a monument in honor of De Monts, and the Dominion Government will be asked

for an appropriation. The celebration is to take place this month when a French, a British and a United States warship will participate.

We have received from the passenger department of the Great Northern Railway, a little booklet entitled "Business Openings" or "Opportunities in the (American) Northwest," with a request that we review it. The object of the book as set forth in the preface is to give the best information available for those who may be interested in locations along this line of railway. The strenuous efforts of the Americans to check the enormous emigration of their people to Canada, particularly to the Canadian Northwest, may be seen when they have resorted to such literature in order to offset the growingly successful efforts of the Canadian government to attract high-class settlers, from the United States to this country.

A recent number of the Pittsburg Observer, one of our Catholic exchanges, indulges in a cheap sneer at something we wrote about the way in which sets of the "Messages of the Presidents" were sold here. We beg to remind our generally interesting contemporary that when one journal criticizes another the most elementary fair play requires that all the facts of the case be honestly stated. The facts in this case are not stated by the P.O., either honestly or otherwise. An additional proof of the P.O.'s honesty is the fact that two-thirds of the "Literary Notes" column in which its strictures on the Northwest Review appear, are copied bodily without acknowledgment from the London "Tablet," and they are, of course, the only "literary" feature of that column.

The Free Press evidently attributes to the students of St. Boniface College powers of rapid locomotion that surpass the wildest dreams of the most up-to-date inventors; for it asserts that on the morning of Tuesday last they went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, "returning in the evening." As the Tribune naively copies this item, it may be well to remind our benighted contemporaries that St. Anne de Beaupre, below Quebec, is sixteen hundred miles away. Allowing, therefore, three or four hours at the shrine, these marvellous students must have travelled at the rate of at least 250 miles an hour.

Mr. J. M. Niven, a "minister evangelist" of the Presbyterian body, attempted, last Sunday, a reply to Father Cunningham's lectures to non-Catholics and succeeded, after two or three days effort, in getting that reply inserted in two of the daily papers. It is an ignorant rehash of the most threadbare Protestant objections, with several distortions of Father Cunningham's words and at least one manifest fabrication. This last will serve as a specimen of Mr. Niven's honesty. He says that in 1840 the then Pope granted an indulgence of 100 years to everyone who would recite the following prayer: "O Immaculate Queen of Heaven and of Angels, I adore you. It is you who have delivered me from the flames of hell! It is you to whom I look for all my salvation." Mr. Niven quotes no authority nor reference for that fabrication. We pronounce it a lie made out of whole cloth. Controversy with such a man would do no good. He has no logic, no learning, no sincerity. Sincere people who listened to Father Cunningham or read the fair reports of the Free Press and Tribune will promptly detect the difference between a logical reasoner and a man who, instead of replying, flies off at a hundred tangents.

Persons and Facts

Pius X. has announced that he will this year proceed with the beatification of four new saints, who are the Cure d'Arce, a Jesuit martyr of Japan, a member of the Barnabite Order, an Augustinian who was once Curate of Genazzano, near Rome. As to Jeanne d'Arc, Pius X. says that, notwithstanding his personal desire, he has been compelled to set aside certain supposed miracles of the French heroine as not sufficiently proved.

The Emperor of Germany has again manifested his friendship for the Holy See by the presentation to the Pope of a beautifully bound copy of the first volume of the important work on the Sistine chapel which is being edited by Dr. Steinman. On receiving the book from the Prussian Envoy Pius X. expressed himself warmly in appreciation of the friendship of Emperor William, speaking not only of this most recent evidence, but also of previous actions of deference on the part of the German Emperor.

The semi-annual envelope collection at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, of which the Rev. Matthew A. Taylor is rector, amounted to \$12,000. Six months ago a similar collection was taken up in the same church amounting to \$11,500, making a total of \$23,500 in one year. Only \$25,000 debt remains on a property valued at over half a million dollars. Father Taylor has taken off a debt of \$250,000 in seventeen years.

The largest class in any branch ever sent out by the St. Louis University graduated in medicine recently. Ninety-three diplomas were awarded to physicians representing sixteen states, and one was given by His Grace, Most Reverend Archbishop J. J. Glennon, and was followed by a few remarks by Dr. John H. Bond, dean of the school. Addresses were made by Rev. W. B. Rogers, S.J., president of the University, and Judge Shepard Barclay. After the distribution of diplomas, the class proceeded to the Mercantile Club where a banquet was served.

In digging in the ruins of the recently burned Catholic university at Ottawa the seal of the institution was found intact, and scores of precious manuscripts, and books supposed to have been burned, were found to be but little damaged. Of these are a number of rare volumes in the Irish language that Father O'Boyle had in his office. The explanation of their preservation is this, that when the corner fell in that contained Father O'Boyle's books, desk, safe, etc., the entire wall fell upon them, buried them too deep for the flames to get at them and thus they were saved for future use.

John D. Crimmins, the New York millionaire, celebrated his 60th birthday in an estimable manner lately. First he entertained twenty of his old workmen, some of whom entered the employ of Mr. Crimmins's father as far back as 1849. Each man received a substantial present of money. Mr. Crimmins also made a contribution to the Catholic University of America at Washington, and forwarded a sum of money to St. John's Guild to meet the expenses of a trip of the floating hospital for the little ones. He also sent a contribution to the St. Vincent de Paul Society to provide an outing for the children.

Sixty-two Chinese were recently received into the Church at Montreal by Father Martin Callaghan of St. Patrick's Church. Father

Callaghan comes of a family famous for having given three sons to the Church as priests, and four daughters as religious. Through his zeal no fewer than 5,000 converts have been received into the Church. Through the instrumentality of Father Callaghan a Chinese speaking Jesuit Missionary is coming to Montreal to assume charge of the Chinese Mission.

Last Wednesday Dr. P. P. Renaud and Mrs. Renaud celebrated at St. Jean Baptiste their silver wedding. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Fillion and the sermon was preached by Rev. Father Giroux, of St. Anne des Chenes, a relative of Mrs. Renaud. Among the guests from a distance were Rev. Fathers Perreault, Sauve, Bouillon, Dumoulin and Dr. Lambert. Dr. Renaud was presented with a gold watch, Mrs. Renaud with a diamond ring, and both with a well filled purse.

Several St. Boniface college students are meeting with deserved success in the east. At the Polytechnic School in Montreal Elzear Beaupre and Marius Cinq-Mars lead their class. The principal of that school of applied science is reported to have said that he wished he had a dozen such students. In the great theological seminary of Montreal, "Le Grand Seminaire," Adonias Sabourin, who with Elzear Beaupre, won in two successive years, against all competitors in the University of Manitoba, the previous medal, which was thereafter abolished lest the successes of St. Boniface College should become chronic, is first in his class of 80 seminarians. Our hearty congratulations are also tendered to Fortunat Lachance who recently graduated Doctor of Medicine from Laval University. In spite of his mysterious failures here his friends, who had witnessed his proficiency in the college and the university, always had faith in his ultimate success, and now wish him a long and successful career in his noble profession. After he will have spent one year as house surgeon in Notre Dame Hospital, Montreal, he will very likely return to Manitoba.

A generous benefactor, who at one time lived in Manitoba, and now resides in Montreal, has lately been showering presents on the shrine of Ste. Anne des Chenes, which he hopes some day to see rival the pious fame of St. Anne de Beaupre. Father Giroux, the worthy pastor of our Manitoban St. Anne's, says that these gifts of vestments, statues and other church ornaments, amount to several hundred dollars. We hope this good example will become contagious.

The new and beautiful church of the Trappists of St. Norbert will be dedicated on July 6. On this occasion the entire monastery, which is generally closed to women, will be open to inspection to persons of both sexes.

In the evening of June 26th Fathers Plante and Drummond, S. J., will begin a one-week Jubilee Mission in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in this city.

Clerical News.

Rev. Father Mireault is back after a sojourn of a few weeks in the Province of Quebec.

Rev. Father Hogue, pastor of St. Adelard, was here last Sunday.

Rev. A. Chossegras, S. J., left on the 5th inst. for Rat Portage where he will make arrangements for building a summer residence on one of the islands of the Lake of the Woods for the Professors of St. Boniface College.

Rev. Father Giroux, pastor of St. Anne, was here on Monday and left on Tuesday for St. Jean Baptiste.

Rev. Jules Jette, S.J., who has been teaching mathematics at St. Boniface College for the past year and who has been so efficient and hard working an examiner in both the University examinations (undergraduate and matriculation), left on Thursday of last week to see his father, Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, whence he will return in a few weeks on his way back to Alaska. When Father Jette came here last August it was regretfully understood that he would remain only one year. All his co-workers in the college and the university greatly mourn his departure; but his heart was set on his dear Alaska Indians.

Rev. Father Aloysius Rocoffort, S.J., of Philadelphia, died at the residence attached to the Church of the Gesu, that city on Tuesday last. This distinguished priest was born in France in 1819, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1839. His first work in America was done in New Orleans. He contracted yellow fever while in attendance on patients there, but happily recovered. In 1895 he came to Philadelphia when he became chaplain of the Home for the Aged, of the Little Sisters of the Poor. His zeal, energy devotion and untiring patience were most marked in his devotion to this work. Father Rocoffort was a great student of French literature and was a poet of very considerable ability.

Regina Notes.

Rev. Father Suffa, O.M.I., spent Sunday at the Capital and preached a most impressive sermon on the Sacred Heart from the text:—"Come unto me all ye that are burdened and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The month of June is certainly doubly impressive to Regina Catholics this year on account of the beautiful statue placed over our altar. The face is so life like. The eyes seem to be so pleading, that one's sorrow, no matter how keen, seems forgotten, and with renewed strength involuntarily those lovely words come to our lips:—

"All for thee O Heart of Jesus!
All the never ending strife
All the world's deep crucifixion
All the miseries of life."

Rev. Father Kim, O.M.I., though slowly improving is still far from well. Rev. Father Kasper, O.M.I., spent Sunday at Moose Jaw.

A perfect transformation has taken place in our Church under the able brush of Mr. Mattiassic. St. Mary's congregation have now a place of worship of which they may be justly proud. The walls have been decorated. The stations of the Cross have received a coat of varnish. The seats have also received their share. The sanctuary has been renovated and wonderful indeed is the effect. Outside appearances are not forgotten and a free use of paint on church and fence have simply worked wonders. The garden is nicely laid out and already blossoms are to be seen. Verily, the Oblate Fathers have taken over (and done over) the parish of Regina.

For several weeks your correspondent has not been able to send the usual notes—like Micawber, "waiting for something to turn up, or go up perhaps."

"The scent of Orange blossoms" was not at all misleading. This morning at five o'clock Miss Murphy of Mount Forest, Ont., was quietly married in St. Mary's Church to Mr. J. J. Smith, formerly of Barrie, Ont., now of the North West Government offices Regina. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. J. Kasper, O.M.I., who also celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The early hour. The lovely morning in June, the newly decorated church. The nicely adorned altar whereon sat the Heavenly guest, whose presence the very air seemed to corroborate. The solemn and beautiful words of counsel addressed by the Rev. Pastor to the contracting parties and the presence of so many friends and well wishers, all combined to make the marriage an ideal one. God's blessing must inevitably follow. Miss Stubbings presided at the organ, and did so

in a most commendable manner. At the offertory Miss McLaughlin sang a hymn with excellent effect. Miss McLaughlin's well trained contralto voice has never been heard to better advantage in our Church. As the wedding party left the Church Miss Stubbings did justice to the time honored march. The bride wore her travelling dress. A smart costume of navy blue with white vest and a stylish hat of chiffon with Ostrich plumes. The Bridesmaid was becomingly gowned in light brown. Hat to match. The groom and groomsmen wore the conventional morning dress. The presents were numerous and came from Regina, Brandon and Eastern cities. The groom's present to the bride was a valuable gold watch and chain. To the bridesmaid a pearl brooch and to his best man a gold neck tie pin. The bridal party breakfasted with Mrs. Hume on Scarth street, leaving on the 6.45 train for a tour in the east. The young couple have started on the matrimonial sea in a highly commendable manner. We tender our heartiest congratulations and sincerely hope that sea will be as smooth as the Divine helmsman may ordain in order to make sure their eternal bliss. Regina still possesses prosperous bachelors, charming maidens, Orange blossoms, zealous pastors. The month of June, the month of brides, is just commencing. May not a consideration of these facts furnish another item for your columns? Good examples are to be followed.

GENA MACFARLANE.

A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

Mr. Daniel Maurice O'Connell, the genial steward of the Catholic Club, is exhibiting in Cranston's window, a splendid engraving of Thaddeus's historical picture representing a cardinal taking the oath of obedience to the late Pope Leo XIII. The original painting is called "The Obedienza," and has been purchased by Cardinal Moran for Sydney. But a particularly fine engraving, 2 feet, 4 inches by 1 foot 10 inches, has been produced. Mr. D. M. O'Connell secured one of the Artist's proofs, struck off under the care of Mr. Thaddeus himself, who, by the way, is an Irishman and the first English speaking artist since Sir Thomas Lawrence to be honored with sittings of a Roman Pontiff. The price of each of these impressions in the Print Market is ten guineas, about \$53, but under an arrangement made with the artist in favor of "The Tablet," this extraordinarily perfect engraving on Japanese vellum can be bought for twenty dollars. Perhaps Mr. O'Connell may be induced to have a drawing for the disposal thereof. At any rate such a work of art would be a treasure for the most sumptuous residence in Winnipeg.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. NORBERT

On Tuesday last the Professors and students of St. Boniface College to the number of 160 made a pilgrimage to St. Norbert. Leaving St. Boniface at 7.30 a.m., the pilgrims enjoyed 25 miles of a delightful sail on the "Alexandra," admiring the varied scenery and the unexpected beauties of the meandering Red River. Reaching St. Norbert at 10.30 they were met at the wharf by Father Kujener and some dozen or more surpliced acolytes. Preceded by the acolytes, and by boys bearing the Papal flag and the banners of the different college societies they re-formed in ranks and proceeded to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Help, where they were met by the Venerable Monsignor Ritchot. Rev. Father Cote, S.J., sang solemn High Mass. Father Cote possesses a voice of unusual power and as he so beautifully chanted the Mass in the peaceful little shrine with nothing to break the intense stillness save the gentle sighing of the winds and the twittering of the sweet songsters of the wildwood, it served to bring home to one the grandeur and magnificence of Catholic ceremonial. Dinner was served in a pleasant grove on the banks of the Red River. Here the boys applied themselves with great assiduity to sampling the good things provided by Brother Dugas, S.J. Needless to say they performed

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these duties in a very thorough manner. After dining, nearly all embarked once more and steamed up the river some fifteen miles as far as St. Adolphe. A few remained to visit the famous monastery of La Trappe. At 5 p.m. the "Alexandra" returned to St. Norbert where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. At 6 o'clock the "Alexandra" started on her return journey. As the boat was leaving the wharf the pilgrims joined in singing the "Magnificat." Music, vocal and instrumental enlivened the homeward trip. The College orchestra in particular contributed generously, their music being enjoyed not only by the excursionists but by the numerous canoeing parties out on the Red River. This was the most successful pilgrimage ever undertaken by the students of St. Boniface. They are loud in their praises of the kindness and courtesy extended to them by that true friend of education, Monsignor Ritchot, and his genial assistant, Father Kujener. Everybody was also very much pleased with Captain De Bellefeuille and his charming wife who did the honors of the "Alexandra."

Melissa—So you think that Nellie looks favorably upon Harry's suit? Melvina—I'm sure of it; she'll have him fast enough. I heard her say last night he was the biggest goose she ever met.—Boston Transcript.

Man's Most Critical Age.

Very often the vital resources are small at forty-two, but if not then, between fifty-seven and sixty years of age there is a strange slowing down and loss of vitality. It is important that this transient period of decay should be checked; strength must be imparted to the tired brain, the weakened nerves must be fortified. The wise man will use Ferrozone whose potency is particularly applicable to these critical periods. Ferrozone quickens the whole being, imparts vigor and power, pushes back the onset of senility in a very manifest way. It's because Ferrozone gives strength, vitality and vigor that it is useful to old men. Try it. Price 50c.

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FAREWELL TO MR. PARE.

Last Sunday the parish and district of St. Anne des Chenes bid a sorrowful farewell to its most esteemed citizen. The occasion and the scene were memorable. Mr. Theophilus Pare, who has been registrar some twenty years and secretary of the municipality almost thirty years, has, at the age of 54, determined to enter the ranks of the clergy. His wife having died a couple of years ago, and his only child, a daughter, having made her profession as a Grey Nun, he gives her \$4,500, is now winding up his business and donned the cassock in the Archbishop's chapel on the 9th inst. During all the years of Mr. Pare's civic and parliamentary life, for he was eight years a highly respected member of the Manitoba Legislature, he won the esteem and affection of all who came in contact with him by his wide and accurate knowledge of municipal and provincial affairs, his incorruptible honesty, his unvarying kindness. He and his lamented wife were father and mother to all the poor people in the neighborhood of their home. Their charity was active and inexhaustible. In that home, which has now become the property of Mr. Joseph Bleau, a large circle of friends foregathered last Sunday to say good bye to their dear friend. Besides the venerated pastor of St. Anne's, Rev. Father R. Giroux, there were present Rev. Father Defoy, of Thibaultville, who drew up the beautiful address, Rev. Father A. Giroux, of La Broquerie, and a host of lay friends, Catholic and Protestant, many of whom were Mennonites. Mr. Bleau read the address, which emphasized Mr. Pare's devotion to duty, a rare and most admirable virtue, and his charity to the poor. Rev. Father Dufresne, of Lorette, wrote sending his regrets at not being able to be present by the Lorette delegation, who contributed generously to the purse of \$125 presented to Mr. Pare. Had this demonstration of affection been properly organized, the offering would have been three or four times as large; but Mr. Pare's self-effacing modesty prevented his friends from knowing the date of his departure till it was too late to canvass the district. Mr. Pare replied in a few well chosen words. He thanked his friends for their expressions of affection and esteem, and thought he would comply with their wishes by offering the contents of the purse to the New Cathedral Fund, for, said he, "the Cathedral is the parish church of the whole diocese and I am about to take up my abode in the Archbishop's house." Several of the spectators in this remarkable scene, and in particular some Mennonite farmers, were moved to tears. They all felt they would never look upon his like again. No other could be found to disentangle the threads of notarial documents as he did, to draw up unbreakable contracts as he did and to give every one his due without fear or favor or acrimony as he always did. One leading Protestant resident remarked that the people of St. Anne were now discovering what a treasure they had lost. Many of them had failed to appreciate the virtue and capacity of him who was now leaving them for a higher service. Each of the priests then said a few words, the parish priest of St. Anne's concluding with the hope that he might be spared to serve Mr. Pare's first Mass.

SOMEWHAT OF A SEER.

Converted by a Vision—Foretold the Galveston Flood.

There died at Dallas, Tex., lately an odd character, whose life had been spent in many parts of the globe, and whose peculiar distinction it was to have foretold the Galveston flood. His name was Michael Rennie, and he was known throughout the country as the "old telescope man." He died suddenly at the workmen's hotel conducted by the Salvation Army. Upon the window sill near his bed was found an open Bible and a well-worn hymn book. On the fly-leaf of the Bible was written: "Give this book to Father Kirwin. Michael Rennie, Galveston." Inside the fly-leaf was written:

"If anything should happen to me, sudden death, this is my will. You will find enough money in the boss of my telescope to pay my expenses, and a Mass for my soul, the remainder to be given to Father Kirwin for the use of the little orphan school, the telescope and one microscope. One microscope for Father Kirwin himself, a present from me.

Michael Rennie."

Rennie was born in Scotland more than three score years ago. He received some education and soon drifted out as a sailor before the mast to the end of the earth.

For more than twenty years he followed the rough ways of the sea. In the early '80's he arrived at Galveston in a jute ship, and left the sea for the interior of Texas. He settled at Dallas and became the moving spirit of the Liberal Club, an agnostic organization.

He soon tired of life away from the sea, and eventually landed in Australia, during the period of the Melbourne Exposition. One day by chance he wandered into the Catholic Cathedral at the moment of the elevation of the Host, and afterwards declared that he saw in the priest's hands the Infant Child.

He returned the following day, and witnessed the same sight. Immediately he applied to the priest for instruction in the Catholic faith. At the close of the Exposition in Melbourne he purchased a street telescope and two binocular microscopes sent out by Couch & Son, of London. He continued his travels, finally returning to the United States. He gave exhibitions in every large city and gradually worked his way back to Texas.

In regard to the prophecy of the great flood, Father Kirwin vouches for the following story:

"On the Thursday evening preceding the great Galveston storm I encountered him at the corner of Market and Tremont. He was not busy as a showman, and I engaged him in conversation. He made arrangements for a Mass for his deceased parents on the following Tuesday, and promised to be present thereat.

"Much to my surprise he came in the following morning—he was a regular attendant at the early Mass—and said he would not wait over till Tuesday, as he had been warned to leave the city.

"I see a terrible, engulfing flood," was the way he worded it. "I see thousands struggling in it, and hundreds floating dead. Then I see a steel grey wall, stretching from one extremity of the city to the other, and then I see the wall disappear."

"Rennie left the city on an early morning train. The following day the storm bore down upon us, and after events, the world's charity and Galveston's pluck have built the steel grey wall; and now the grade rising and the gradual secretion of sand upon its seaward side are about to cause it to disappear from view."

Father Kirwin, who is rector of St. Mary's Cathedral at Galveston and whose name became national property at the time of the flood by reason of his unexampled work and heroism, went to Dallas to officiate at the funeral.—Catholic Columbian, May 7.

AN ENCHANTING LECTURER.

Father Stafford has lectured here (Augusta, Ga.), on Richard III., and taken the town by storm. He is an exceptionally eloquent man with a handsome, masculine presence, a voice of melody and dramatic talent of the first order. Had a man like Dr. Van Dyke delivered this lecture it would have made no such impression. I do not mean to imply that the substance of the lecture, exclusive of the Shakespearean quotations, sonorously uttered, is not of the first order, but I am sure that, given literary excellence, the amazing elocution-



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ary talents of Father Stafford produce an enchantment, a sorcery, that would, otherwise, break the spell to a considerable degree. As it is, in these Shakespeare lectures, Father Stafford holds his audience as Coleridge's ancient mariner did the wedding guest, "with his glittering eye" and sublime mimicry. It is said that Junius Brutus Booth could recite the Lord's Prayer so that his audience wept. Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, in his prime was a magician vocally. Father Stafford adroitly teaches Catholic doctrine through the Bard of Avon, and is doing immense good wherever he goes. His lecture on "Hamlet" I have accepted in one pivotal point, but there is no doubt of its enchantment. He should discard his lecture on "Dickens," for, like Beau Brummel's cravats, it is a failure. Even Homer sometimes nods. But on Shakespearean lines, Father Stafford is not only at his best but, I think, unapproachable, and as a pulpit orator he has few rivals, and possibly no superior. His extraordinary gifts are being put to noble purposes and he is of the stuff out of which great Bishops are made. Very likely, he would prefer remaining the pastor of St. Patrick's church at Washington, for I learn, from high authority that an American prelate's life is a terrible burden, just as happened to St. Alphonsus of Liguori, who declared that had he not been relieved of the official load he could not have stood it another year. Yet he was a saint.—J. R. Randall in the Catholic Columbian.

THIS BEATS THE SEA SERPENT.

It is told of a professor at one of our seminaries that after walking half way to town one day he turned around against the wind to light his pipe, and absent-mindedly continued his walk until he found himself back at the starting point. A Pennsylvania professor being called out on some urgent matter recently, and expecting to be engaged for some hours, affixed a notice to the door of his private sanctum, stating that he would not be back till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. As it happened he was able to get away earlier and arrived back at his chambers a little before 2 o'clock. Seeing his own notice, which he had quite forgotten, on the door, he read it carefully. When he had thoroughly digested its contents he took a seat on the stairs and waited patiently until 3 o'clock.

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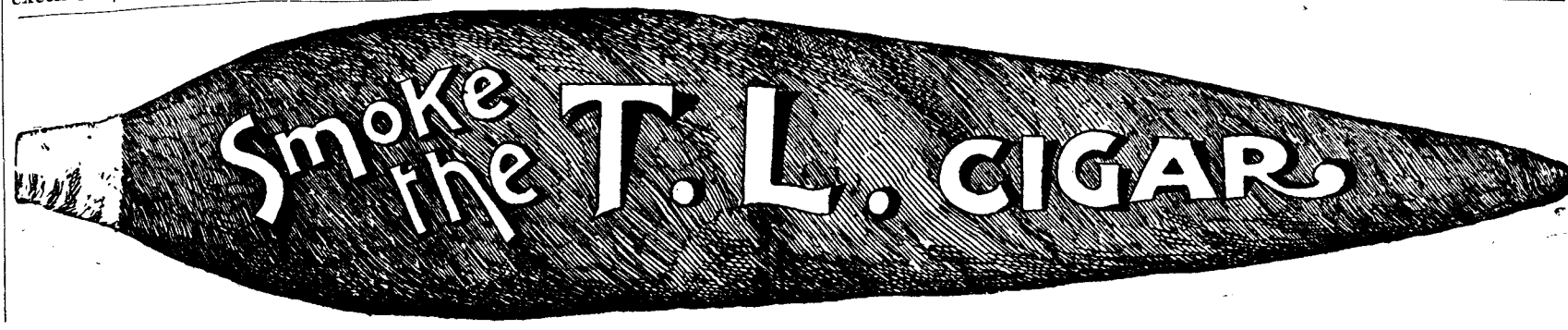
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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

JUNE.

- 12—Third Sunday after Pentecost.
St. John of St. Fagondez
(Spain), Confessor.
13—Monday—St. Anthony of
Padua, Confessor.
14—Tuesday—St. Basil, Bishop,
Doctor.
15—Wednesday—St. Germaine Cousin,
Virgin.
16—Thursday—St. John Francis
Regis, Confessor.
17—Friday—St. Bede the Venerable,
Confessor, Doctor.
18—Saturday—Votive office of the
Immaculate Conception.

THE SACRED HEART.

We go to press on Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the feast that closes the cycle of movable feasts, the feast that sums up, as no other does, the scheme of the Incarnation—the Godhead united personally and substantially to our poor humanity for the purposes of suffering love. Devotion to the Heart of Jesus is the most comprehensive, the deepest and the most powerful of all devotions. For that Divine Heart is, literally and truly, not metaphorically, a boundless ocean of mercy, the source of all graces. No conversion was ever brought about, no salvation ever obtained except through the pleadings of the Sacred Heart. The intention of this month is Diffusion of the Apostleship of Prayer, which is the most practical form of devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Apostleship now numbers 30 millions of members, at least one tenth of whom read their Messenger every month. May this year bring an increase of fervor among old members, and a multiplication of new ones.

FATHER JETTE, ALASKAN MISSIONARY.

Talks to a Free Press Reporter
About his Original Indian
Prayer Book and the
Ten'a Customs.

About to leave St. Boniface College after ten months' residence there as Mathematical Professor, is a missionary from the far north, Rev. Father Jette, S.J., whose field of labor in the Upper Yukon, on the Alaskan side of the Boundary, is the farthest north mission of the Roman Catholic Church on this continent.

To a representative of the Free Press, who called upon him, Father Jette very kindly told a great deal about the Indians of Northern Alaska, their peculiar customs and difficult language, and about the work being done among them. While here he is guiding through the press the first complete translation into the language of the Indians of his wide parish of the prayer book, catechism and hymns. Translations have already been made into a dialect somewhat akin to this one by Archdeacon Macdonald, of the Church of England. The excellence of these books encouraged Father Jette in attempting translations into the more difficult language of his Indians. The completed work, in many a ream of beautiful penmanship, has been for some time in the Free Press job department, whence it

will issue in a few days in book form. The only printing previously done in this dialect was done on a small hand press away up on the Upper Yukon, with the assistance of Indian boys.

The first job in Father Jette's translation was the making of an alphabet. This is phonetic, each symbol representing one sound only. Most of the letters of the English alphabet are retained, though with a use somewhat different from the English. The French "e" (with acute accent) and "u" are employed. There being no "r" sound in the spoken language, and the letter "r" consequently out of work, it has been given new employment, and stands for the guttural "ch" as used in German or Scotch. Finally the Welsh or Polish "l" sound, a common one in the language, is represented by an ordinary "l" with a cross stroke.

This language Father Jette calls the Ten'a, this being the word for "man," and the nearest approach the Indians have to a tribe name. The early explorer, Alexander Mackenzie, found near the mouth of the river bearing his name, a similar word in use, which he wrote "tinneh." The Oblate Fathers in still another district write it "Dene."

The language is unusually difficult, and not until he had been three years among the people could Father Jette speak it with fluency. "After one or even two years," he said, "I could say only a few of the things I wished to say, and the Indians could speak among themselves without my understanding them. Now, however, I can say all I wish and I can also understand everything they say."

How he Learned the Language.

He had only a very little instruction from an English-speaking man, and had practically to learn the whole language from the Indians themselves. His way of doing this was very ingenious. "I had with me," he explained, "the back numbers of a good many magazines. These I would give to the men to look at. I listened to the remarks they made to one another about the pictures. I wrote these down as well as I could. Then I rehearsed these sentences to an intelligent Indian boy, who, being blind, and a paralytic, was given a home at the mission. He spoke only his own language, but still managed to help me by making corrections, giving synonyms, and patiently explaining by signs and in simpler words. In this way I gathered a vocabulary. Then in my third year I was ill, and so was able to give time to the verb, and master it. Then my work was done.

There is a distinctly humorous aspect to this method of acquiring language as Father Jette illustrated by a story about Father Barnum, of St. Michael—a nephew, by the way, of the great showman—and his effort to get the different parts of the Eskimo verb "to paddle," the Eskimo equivalent of

First person.....I paddle.

Second ".....you paddle.

Third ".....he paddles.

Father Barnum selected an intelligent looking native, and, taking up a paddle, went through all the motions of using it. Then he said to his chosen teacher: "Cha?" "What?" which is the one word ever on the tongue of a beginner. "Cha?" The Eskimo in good faith gave him a phrase corresponding to the labored paddle movements. In as good faith Father Barnum wrote it down, though he wondered why "you paddle" should be so long in Eskimo. He then gave his instructor the paddle, urged him by signs to go through the motion of paddling, and again asked "Cha?" "What?" Again the Eskimo in good faith gave it, and the priest wrote it down. This was the first person of his verb. There remained now only the third, "he paddles." The white man pointed to a native approaching in a canoe, paddling of course, and again asked "What?" The phrase the instructor in all good faith gave him for this was quite different from the other two, and very long to be simply the third person singular indicative of a commonly used verb. But this was no more queer than many other phrases of the language, thought the priest, and, well content, he began to practise his verb. And this, as he sometime afterwards discovered, was the verb he practised—

"First person—I paddle well.

Second—you paddle very poorly.

Third—That man wants some tobacco."

As he began to acquire the language somewhat, Father Jette began in a small and imperfect way to translate it into the prayer book and Psalms. With correction after correction, made in untiring patience, he perfected the work until an intelligent Indian said to him. "Now at least I can understand your prayers. Huretofore I have not understood them." The exquisite satisfaction such a statement would bring to the patient missionary must have been well nigh indescribable. The translation thus made is the one now issuing in book form from the Free Press job department. It is by no means complete. Publishing books is an expensive undertaking. When additional funds are secured Father Jette intends having other books printed.

Upper Yukon Parish.

The Parish in which Father Jette is the only missionary lies along the Upper Yukon, within the boundaries of Alaska. There is in it territory enough for a very fair sized kingdom, the length being four hundred miles and the width two hundred. The mission headquarters are at Nulato, on the Yukon river, and of this place the missionary is postmaster. The neighboring missionaries are two, of the Church of England, one two hundred miles up the river from Nulato, the other two hundred miles down. Away out, even beyond this, well up within the Arctic circle, is a mission maintained by Moravians.

Over his immense parish Father Jette is travelling almost continuously, in summer by canoe, in winter by dog train. He visits each settlement at least once a year, but some of the nearer and more accessible can be given two or even three visits a year.

Such a visit extends over a week or some times two weeks according to circumstances. If the season is a busy one the visits are shorter. In the winter visits are often shortened by the difficulty of carrying food sufficient to maintain seven ravenous huskies and the wise missionary is determined not to make himself burdensome to the people. When the dogs can be sent away while the missionary remains in a village, winter is the best time of all for this visiting.

Almost every day during the visit Mass is celebrated in the morning. Half the people attend one day while the other half look after the fish traps. Next day the fishers of the day before are at Mass while the other half take up the work. Three or four times during each day the missionary gathers old and young for instruction. The catechism and hymns of the church are taught. In the evening the people are all assembled in one of the larger lodges and taught. In some of the villages practically all the inhabitants come to this evening instruction, in others only a few.

On Saturday there is no teaching. This is the housecleaning day. Father Jette says he thinks there is not a house in his parish the floor of which is not carefully scrubbed every Saturday. On Friday the people will say: "You will not teach tomorrow, Father, it is the washing day," and the father is very glad to let cleanliness instead of Godliness occupy the minds of the people for one day.

In this respect the Alaskan Indians are very different from the Eskimos, who are very dirty. They could scarcely be otherwise, living as they do underground. The Indians formerly lived after the same fashion, but now have well built log houses. To enter an Eskimo dwelling, says Father Jette, you must first jump down into a tunnel about four feet deep, then crawl along on hands, and knees for about twelve feet, when you come to the hanging skin called by courtesy a doorway. This you draw aside and enter—if no fire is burning. But the fireplace being located exactly opposite the door, entrance or exit must be made across it; a rather troublesome proceeding when a good fire is burning.

Baptized by Russians.

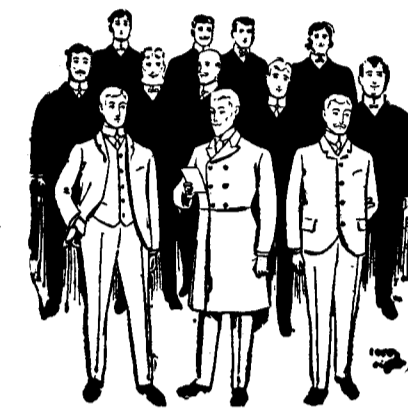
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paw of the Great Bear. Beyond formal baptism the Greek Church did nothing to Christianize the people. One idea, however, they seem to have impressed very deeply on their native mind, that they must not change their religion. So, many of the older people solemnly assert that they are of the Greek church, though beyond the name they know nothing of it. These same old people are perfectly willing, anxious indeed, that their children should be of the Roman faith. They will say: "Yes, these children are of your faith; you must instruct them, as for us we are of the Russian church."

Father Jette has much that is interesting to tell of the Indian and Eskimo customs. A few of the other Indians and many of the Eskimos, he says, yet cling to bigamy, however, the marriage of two wives, not polygamy. The most strict and exact set of conventions surrounds the family relations. In the house one wife sits to the left, the other to the right of their liege lord. The house is always built on the bank of the river, between river and forest, so that from their places of sitting the wives are known as the riverside wife and the woodside wife. Of the two, the riverside wife is the chief, though the children of the two wives seem to be on an equality in every way.

Among the Eskimos a very peculiar custom prevails. Each village has its Kasim or Kashga, a sort of club house at which all the men of the village meet. It is a very large place, provided well with bunks and all sorts of Eskimo luxuries. In the winter the men live in this club, the women remaining in the huts. Here the men work and amuse themselves generally, while the women at home prepare food and bring it to them three times a day. A stranger in the village is "put up" at this club in a Kashga as a guest of the whole community.

Indians are Not Greedy.

Father Jette speaks in the highest terms of the hospitality of the Indians. "They have," he says, "no hesitation in accepting gifts from the whites and for these they do not return thanks profusely. So they are blamed for being greedy. As a matter of fact they give quite as freely as they receive. The principle upon which they act, is that he who has plenty should as a matter of course give to those who have less—and who can say the principle is not a good one?"

In a great many cases in the north, when white men were in need, the Indians, though poor, cheerfully shared what they had with them.

"Once," said Father Jette, "when teaching in a village, a long way from headquarters, my stock of tobacco became exhausted. I paddled down the river to where there was a trader I knew would accommodate me. When I returned to the village an old man said: 'Ah, father, you do not trust us. You trust the white men only. Why did you not tell us you had no tobacco? We would have gladly shared what we have with you.' Thus," continued Father Jette, "I was reproved."

In one respect the natives of the far north are very different from their brethren of the plains. The Indian—as we have been accustomed to have him described to us, at any rate—had in him a good deal of the poetic temperament. The orations made as the pipe passed around were crammed with simile and metaphor. "The North Indians," Father Jette says, "are most matter of fact. They not only do not themselves indulge in simile or metaphor; they cannot understand the use of this form of speech. So a missionary must get along in his teaching without the help of comparisons or illustrations."

He tells of a priest who when trying to give his people the idea of authority—an idea quite unfamiliar to them, since they have no chiefs in the ordinary sense of the term—spoke by way of illustration, of the necessity of having a captain on a steamer, from whom the crew could receive orders. He had just begun to develop this illustration, when his people, turning to one another, said, "He is speaking of a steamer. A steamer must be coming. Let us go down to the river to see it," leaving the missionary alone.

So among the missionaries it has become almost proverbial that these people at any rate cannot be taught by parables.

They have their folk lore, however, and Father Jette, understanding their language perfectly, eating and sleeping in their houses, and getting their confidence entirely, has learned a great deal of it. But he says, a great part of its charm is in the telling. Certainly a great charm is in Father Jette's own telling of some of these tales, but they probably could not be well rendered in cold print.

As soon as his book is finished, which will be in the course of a week or two, Father Jette intends to return to his parish—the farthest north of his church in North America.—Free Press, June 7.

A TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN JAPAN.

Japan is hardly the country in which one expects to find a Trappist monastery, yet there is such a monastery near Hakodate, the principal port of Hokkaido, the most northerly of the five large islands which go to form the main part of the Japanese empire. Hokkaido is bleak, cold, covered with primeval forest (at least for the most part), and inhabited not only by Japanese settlers, but by the aboriginal inhabitants, the hairy Aino, a most singular people.

On the occasion of a recent visit to this outlying port of the Mikado's empire, I went from Hakodate to the Trappist monastery above mentioned. It is reached in a few hours by steam launch, being situated at a little distance from the little fishing village of Tobetsu and at the foot of a forbidding-looking mountain called Maruyama (Round Mountain). The monastery is a white, barn-like, one-storied structure about two hundred feet in length and facing the sea. The main building is flanked by two other structures which are somewhat higher and whose gables are turned towards the approaching visitor.

In the centre rises a church steeple sixty or eighty feet in height, bearing on the summit a cross, and in a niche near the summit a large terra-cotta image of the Madonna and Child.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the appearance of this severely plain edifice with its bleak background is not exhilarating; and to heighten the dismal effect, there was, on the occasion of my visit an entire absence of life and movement in the surrounding landscape—not a living thing being in sight except a large raven perched motionless on one arm of the cross of the steeple.

It is generally known that all over the world the Trappists make a special point of receiving visitors and entertaining them gratis as long as they wish to stay. This hospitality I and a friend who accompanied me (a gentleman friend, for no lady, unless she be a sovereign or a princess, is ever admitted into a Trappist monastery), experienced to the full; in fact the Hokkaido monks seem, perhaps on account of their isolation to be unusually hospitable.

Into a detailed description of this monastery I need not enter, as all the internal arrangements are the same as in Trappist monasteries in England and elsewhere. The monks tell me that in winter time the cold is excessive, so that it is almost impossible to prevent the water which is used in the ceremonies of the Mass being frozen. Moreover, in order to withstand the winter hurricanes, the windows in the hotel, or guest's quarters, are double.

The lay brother who had charge of myself and my friend was, strange to say, a Dutchman, and he told me that there are two other Dutchmen in the community. He seemed to know all about the Transvaal war; but tactfully avoided any discussion of it, saying (in French, the language in which he ordinarily converses to guests) that there was no use in talking of it now, it was all over, and the Boers and British were fast friends. Besides these Dutchmen there is one Italian and eight Frenchmen in the community. The Japanese monks outnumber the foreigners, there being no less than thirteen of them, eight of those thirteen being novices,

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ces, and all very recollected, devout and almost angelic-looking. The Trappists had no difficulty in obtaining thirty-seven hectares of virgin soil from the Japanese government, and they have brought the most of it under the plough, their principal crop being corn. In their byres they keep about thirteen Japanese cows, two fine Holstein cows, several calves, and one fine Holstein bull. There are also seven or eight horses, all of them Japanese; that is to say, by no means famous, and mostly used for ploughing. I have, however, seen Japanese boys employed by the monks ride about on them while driving home the cattle; and this fact is sufficiently striking, for in Japan proper a farmer's boy has very seldom a horse to ride on and does most of the horse's work himself. There is nothing remarkable about the collection of domestic fowl kept by the monks, save that, perhaps, the only other collection of the same kind is at the Sapporo Agricultural College, a government institution, besides their agricultural pursuits, the Trappists have a school and an orphanage.

Here in Kokkaido the Trappists lead the same severe life as they lead in Europe, living only on vegetables, fruit and bread; working six hours a day with their hands, and getting up at two in the morning to pray.

Their winter is, as I have already remarked, extremely severe, as may be judged from the fact that near Aomori, which is further to the south two hundred soldiers were lost in the snow exactly a year ago, and all of them frozen to death. The monks manage, however, to survive their six months' winter; and perhaps the excitement of sallying forth occasionally on snowshoes in order to collect fuel on the mountain side is a wholesome break in the monotony of their lives. The monastic museum, which also contains a few snakes, preserved in spirits, and a number of severely religious books, among the latter the ponderous tomes of Cornelius a Lapide.

A final touch and I am done. While walking with the guest-master on the day of my departure among the waving corn fields, I came suddenly on the cemetery. It is as yet only twelve feet square for it contains only one grave, at the head of which is planted a wooded cross, painted white, with a low fence running around it.—Francis McCullagh in the Catholic World.

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SENATOR HANNA AND THE CHURCH.

Our Catholic people, says a Baltimore exchange, perhaps may not be fully aware what manner of man Marcus Alonzo Hanna was, and especially how far in his thoroughly honest way he was a friend of all the people and without prejudice, and in reality the advocate in high places of the claims of the Catholic Church and its American children.

Three years ago in Washington it happened that the Rev. P. F. Flanagan, of St. Anne's Chicago, was given a special audience by the late President McKinley. The President was particularly anxious to learn the views of prominent Catholic priests and laymen with regard to the Philippine question, and the claims of the Catholic people were staunchly urged by Mr. Hanna. To the end, however, that he might better know of conditions, Mr. Hanna had asked his clerical friend, several questions, and finally Mr. Hanna turned to the friend and President McKinley, and said: "Mr. President, I know this man well and can vouch for who and what he is and the great service he has rendered to his Church and country. and I want you to bear well in mind his words. And I will go further, Mr. President, and say to you that the day is not far distant when we shall have a greater crisis in this country than that which we have just passed through. The Catholic Church has at all times furnished some of the most loyal defenders of our flag, but I look to it to do still more. The day is coming when treason will rear its head, and socialism become rampant, and in that hour Mr. President (and I am not afraid to say it here or elsewhere), the flag must rely on its staunch friends, and among them, in my opinion, our greatest protector will be the Supreme Court of the United States and the Roman Catholic Church."

About three months before his death Senator Hanna was in Chicago and was almost heart-broken over the strife and trouble of the labor element. Speaking to a particular friend in the most scathing terms of the socialistic agitator and anarchist, he said: "I have always been a friend of honest labor, and I am giving it the best days of my life; and I have not lost hope, but on the contrary expect to see labor—honest labor, well and duly rewarded. Nevertheless, there is a crisis coming on which will have to be met, and the sooner the better, there is no place (and there must be none) in this country for anarchy and treason. In this connection I once said that in the day of trouble the United States must look to the Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church. I will go further now and say that I believe the best friend and protector of the people and the flag of our country will have in its hour of trial will be the Roman Catholic Church, always conservative and fair and loyal. That is the power I look to to save the nation."

THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALLIUM.

What is a pallium? In the Latin Church the pallium at present is an archiepiscopal ornament, consisting of a circular band, three fingers wide, of white lamb's wool. Woven to this circlet, one half of which is double thickness, are two short pendants of the same width and material. At the ends of these pendants are attached thin sheets of metal, usually lead, covered with black silk. When worn the pallium rests on the shoulders, over the chasuble with the pendants hanging, one on the breast, the other on the back of the prelate. Moreover, it must be so worn, according to the "Ceremoniale Episcoporum," that the half which is of double thickness may rest on the left shoulder. Six black silk crosses adorn the vestment, four on the circlet, one on the back and one on the front pendant. This is the custom at present, although during past centuries the form, number and color of the crosses have changed several times. Finally, the left shoulder and the pendants are ornamented with jewelled pins, which replace those formerly used to fasten the pallium to the chasu-

ble.—Valentine F. Rochfort, in the Messenger for May.

The greatest care is used in selecting the wool from which the pallia are woven. On the feast of St. Agnes, January 21st, two white lambs are blessed in the church of this saint, which is on the Nomentan Road, a mile and a half outside the city of Rome. After the blessing they are taken to the Vatican and presented to the Holy Father. He confides them to the care of the nuns of St. Cecilia in Trastevere. About Easter the lambs are shorn of their beautiful fleece, which, mixed with other lambs' wool, forms the material from which the nuns of the Convent of 'Torre d' Specchi' weave the vestments. The earliest documents which mention the use of lamb's wool for the making of the pallia also record the fact that the wool used was obtained from lambs thus blessed at the Church of St. Agnes.—Valentine L. Rochfort, in the Messenger for May.

THE SAINTS AND THE BEES.

Many charming stories are told in the lives of the saints of the intercourse between those holy personages and irrational animals of all kinds; lions, wolves, dogs, birds and even the little bees. One pretty incident concerning bees is narrated of the great St. Ambrose.

Before Ambrose was either a saint or great, when he was decidedly little—in fact being just a roly-poly baby in his cradle—he was lying fast asleep one day with his mouth wide open, in the courtyard of his father's palace. His nurse, who had gone to have a little chat with another servant on the opposite side of the yard, was suddenly startled by seeing a whole swarm of bees fly toward the cradle, circle above it for a moment or two, and then settle upon the baby's face. The woman was alarmed lest the insects should sting the child; especially when she saw the bees one after another, fly into the baby's mouth and fly out again in a regular procession.

She was just going to "shoo" them away when little Ambrose's father came along, and, noticing the strange behaviour of the bees, he told the nurse to let them alone. After a few minutes, when the queer visitors had all paid their respects to the baby, they flew away of their own accord, and went right up into the air—so high that they were soon lost to view. Ambrose's father thought he saw in so strange an occurrence a mysterious sign, and remarked: "If God grants this child length of days, he will one day be something great." And everybody knows how true his prediction became.

There is another story about bees related in the life of St. David of Wales.

One of St. David's monks, an Irishman, named Madonnoc, could not resist, in his old age, the desire to see once again his native country. Such a longing is very common among old people of all nationalities; they like to die where they were born.

Well, Madonnoc received the necessary permission from his superiors and went on board the vessel that was to carry him to Ireland. No sooner had the monk embarked, however, than all the bees of the monastery flew down to the shore and established themselves on the vessel's bowsprit. Madonnoc denounced them to his superior, and tried repeatedly to chase them back; but it was of no use; the bees hadn't taken any vow of obedience, and they persisted in sticking to the vessel and accompanying Madonnoc to the Emerald Isle.

Ever since that time bees have been found in Ireland. Some historians say that, previously, they were unknown in that country; although the Green Isle is so sweet a place that I think the bees must have made honey there ever since Noah let them out of the ark.

Boroughs—Mr. Merchant's out, you say? Why he had an appointment with me here. That's very funny.

New Office Boy—Yes sir; I guess he thought it was too. Anyways he was laughin' when he went out.—Philadelphia Press.

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Is the hawthorne bough less white,
 Are the Azure skies less bright,
 Than they used to be in Erin in the days gone by?
 Is the perfumed breeze less cool
 In the willow by the pool—
 Why does the throistle's song
 awake within my heart a sigh?

II.

Oh, the May is just the same,
 And the sunset's golden flame,
 Leaves a glory on the brown hills
 that watch out across the sea;
 And 'tis only my heart's moan
 That makes drear the world,
 and lone,
 Since the day that dawned and
 found you, stoirin, far
 from me.

III.

There is wealth galore, they
 say,
 In that strange land far away,
 Where mo stoirin ban has gone to
 win for me a golden prize;
 But the gold for which I pine—
 Would to God that it were
 mine—
 Is hidden in the sun-kissed hair and
 laughing Irish eyes.

IV.

Mine the black and bitter woe,
 Here where Slaney's waters
 flow,
 Where the whispering willows hush
 to hear my dirge of cease-
 less pain;
 For me stoirin ban machree,
 My heart's portion shall I see
 Back in Erin of the green streams
 never more again.
 —Cahal O'Byrne, in the
 Messenger for May.

THE RETROGRESSION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

That a reaction has begun to set in against some of the phases of what is popularly styled "woman's rights" is unmistakable. The movement has reached its high tide and the signs indicate that, hereafter, it will ebb slowly, but surely. Let it go.

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The things it has done in the past for women's amelioration must stand to its credit, but the principle on which it is based aims in its last analysis, to subvert the divine decrees as well as the natural laws governing the sexes.

It has developed the mannish woman and the womanish man. It has weakened the marriage bond and promoted divorce, thus loosening the very corner stone of our Christian civilization—the home. It has signally failed to elevate the standard of morals, either public or private.

For all these reasons the handwriting is upon the wall. "Theoretically, I still believe in woman suffrage," says a once ardent suffragist, "but practically I fear its results are extremely disastrous."

"You may say that it doesn't sound very nice to hear your wife slam the door after her when she leaves the room," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "but it may sound a good deal nicer than if you heard what she said."—Yankers Statesman.

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	12 30
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		
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 Junc., 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
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	16 50	10 20
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 10	10 00
St. Paul Express, Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	13 55	13 40
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 45	10 45

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

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
EAST		
Daily ex. Sun. 10 25	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun. 16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri. 10 25	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Keshabow, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 16 25
WEST		
Mon. Wed. Fri. 10 45	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumas, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat. 10 45	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glendale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri. 10 45	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minitonas, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri. 10 45	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri. 10 45	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 17 00
Fri. Sat. 10 45	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues. 17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri. 7 00	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Tues. Thurs. Sat. 17 50
Daily ex. Sun. 8 05	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun. 18 25
SOUTH		
Daily 17 20	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min. 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 10 10
Daily 13 45	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 30

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FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

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

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Most dear and loving children in Our Lord,

"Be of good courage; hereafter, at the pleasure of God, we shall meet in heaven; do not then weep, do not lament, do not take heavily my honorable death. Know you not that we are born once to die, and that always in this life we may not live?—do you not consider my calling, my estate, my profession?—do you not remember that I am going to a place of all felicity and pleasure? Why then should you weep, or mourn, or cry out? But, perhaps, you will say, 'We weep not so much for your death as we do for that you are hanged, drawn and quartered.' Dear children, it is the favorablest, honorablest, and happiest death that ever could have happened unto me. I die not for knavery, but for verity; I die not for treason but for religion; I die not for any ill-deed or offence committed, but only for my faith, for my conscience, for my priesthood, for my Blessed Savior Jesus Christ. We are not made to eat, drink, sleep, to go bravely, to feed daintily, to live in this wretched vale continually; but to serve God, to please God, to fear God, and to keep His commandments, which, when we cannot be suffered to do, then rather must we choose to lose our lives than to desire our lives. Be of good cheer, then, my most loving children, and cease from weeping; for would you not be glad to see me a bishop, a king, or an emperor? How glad you may be then to see me a martyr, a saint, a most glorious and bright star in heaven! My sins are great, I confess, but I flee to God's mercy, my negligences are without number, I am unworthy of His blood, His bitter passion is my only consolation. It is comfortable that the prophet has recorded that 'He hath written us in his hands.' Oh that He would vouchsafe to write Himself in our hearts. All that dulls me has been delay of my death; it was not without cause that Our Master said Himself 'Quod facis fac cito.' for I had hoped ere this, casting off the body of this death, to have kissed the precious glorified wounds of my sweet Savior, sitting on the throne of His Father's own glory. Commend me to all my spiritual children, wheresoever they are now sorrowing; remind them that the joy of this life is nothing, and the joy of the after-life is everlasting. It is said, on Friday next I shall be passable; God grant me humility, that, following His footsteps, I may obtain the victory. God comfort your, my children; Jesus save your souls, and send you to His glory.

"Farewell, farewell, ten thousand times!
"Your loving Father in the Lord
Walter de Lisle,
Priest."

There was, indeed, a fourth letter written altogether by Walter himself, at many intervals, and at the cost of much agony. No eye save his own saw its contents; he sealed it and addressed it to the Countess of Beauville. But Isabel was unable to read the letter of her dead brother. Her life had for weeks hung on a thread, but on the day of Walter's condemnation the fever abated; then followed a fearful exhaustion, and at length, gradually, strength seemed to return. For weeks she had never spoken, save in ravings, and her state had alternated between delirium and stupor. Now Rachael and Rose and Constance, who watched by her, waited anxiously for a moment when strength should bring consciousness and consciousness memory, and the hideous past should gleam before her eyes. But Isabel woke again to life, but not to reason. When she spoke, it was to talk of the days of her childhood, and she became amused by each passing trifle as an infant. The past was one great oblivion—the physician gave

it as his opinion that reason would return, if ever, only shortly before death, and that she would probably recover much of her strength and might live for years. This latter point decided, Constance hesitated no longer to take a step, which was truly a taking up of her cross and confessing Christ. In the chapel of the French embassy, with no witness save her loving Rose, Constance was received into the one Church. On her return home she told her husband. For a long time simple and unfeigned astonishment so filled the Duke's mind that he could not entertain any other idea. That Constance, his young and lovely wife, surrounded by all that could make life pleasant, should deliberately throw away all for religion's sake, was to him simply incomprehensible. If she had been brought up a Catholic and kept to her faith, though that for his part he could not understand, still it would be more understandable; but to adopt it, save only when it was the Sovereign's creed, and so a way to advancement, was incredible. He tried all his arguments, and Constance answered them in the same strain as St. Philip's Neri's "what then!" and each answer puzzled the Duke more and more; and at last, seeing like a child, he reminded his wife that he had no power to shield her from the Queen's sentence, whatever it might be. Constance knew it well, and she knew too, as every Englishwoman did, that her beauty, and fidelity to her husband, and her freedom from the least taint of scandal, were not likely to advantage her in Elizabeth's eyes. The royal sentence on the Duchess was banishment from her husband's house, to retire on a small allowance (the amount of which Elizabeth herself would fix), and never on any account again to see her children. They should run no chance of being taught their mother's religion. And the Queen appointed the Lady Fortescue, an elderly kinswoman of the Bertram family, and a bigoted Protestant, to bring up the children. In three days Constance must part with them. Alas! how the hours fled counted by the mother's aching heart; how fondly she watched over them and how she strove to prepare them for a separation from her.

"But if we go away, you will soon come, mother!" said Lady Mary; and Constance said "she hoped so."

Alas! what death-like hopes. "I will teach thee one prayer, my little Mary," said Constance, fondly, "which thou shalt say each night; and when Harry grows older, thou shalt teach him too, but not till he is old enough to know that it is a secret—mother's secret, which you must tell no one."

And Mary with great importance promised; and she repeated after her mother the words of the "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

A shadow of awe gathered on her childish face.

"I will never forget it, mother, and say it every night when I think of you, before I go to sleep."

The day of parting came at last, and Lady Fortescue, stern, cold and harsh, arrived to receive the children; and when Constance, with bursting heart would have given her some of the counsels respecting them, which a mother's heart alone can give, she was repulsed by—

"Pardon me, your grace, the mother who can forsake her child is one who can meet with no sympathy from me."


And Constance turned away to hold her children for the last time in her arms. Her little lovely Mary, just six years old, and her noble boy of three, with his large, star-like eyes, and his playful ways, and a wisdom beyond his years—

they cling to her neck and cover her with kisses, and cry and sob, with all their childish misery at parting; but she knew well this will pass, and they will be taught to forget and despise the mother who loves them so wildly. She knew it, and she bears it all, and her heart is rent and broken within her. It is 'her' torture-chamber, and 'her' racking. And now the desolate future lay before Constance, and in the midst of her agony, as before in her joys, she was thoughtful for others. She saw that Rachel's strength was rapidly giving away from the great strain on both body and mind, attendant on Isabel's long illness, and her present state; and Constance knew that Rachel's one prayer was that she might live to see Isabel recover even an hour's consciousness, and be reconciled to her God. Constance thought also of Rose and her future; for Rose's parents were dead and her brothers scattered.

The Duchess proposed to her brother that he should commit to her the care of his afflicted wife, and that they should together seek a refuge in France or Belgium. They would there be free from molestation, and the entire change of air and scene might possibly tend to restore Isabel's mind. The Earl gladly consented. His wish now was to obtain a divorce, and by a second marriage perpetuate his family, and, in his burning indignation against his sister, he desired to persuade the Duke of Bertram to follow his example. But this the Duke, sorely afflicted, refused to do. Nothing could, however suit the Earl's plans better than the exile of Constance and Isabel, and he facilitated their speedy departure. They left London in the direction of Apswell, but turning sharply away when within a few miles of that place, they travelled the same road over which eleven years before Walter de Lisle had passed in his hasty flight. A small vessel was in waiting, and the party embarked. Isabel was laid on cushions on the deck, and she laughed with childish glee at the foaming waves and sails, while Rachel sat beside her, with the tears rolling down her face. The proud Isabel with her haughty intellect and her indomitable will, and this was the end! Rose too, sat still and wept, and by her side sat a tall, thin woman, on whose pale cheeks there burned one spot of red, and whose sunken eyes were glassy and bright, and who looked on the receding shore with no glance of sorrow or regret. The tears rolled, indeed, down her cheeks, but they came from a sorrow within—it was easy to see they were the constant tears of a penitent. There were no tears on Constance's face. She stood gazing at the white cliffs of England, as they grew dim in the distance. From the land where her children dwelt she raised her eyes to the clear sky above, and as she thought of the love to which even a mother's is a vain shadow, her bruised heart was still.

To be Continued.

There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose high and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight,
And they found it next day, in the
spoir.—Tit-Bits.



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One of the pictures is called

"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

CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC MISSION WORK.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the following letter written by an Englishman, W. B. Cooper, for the columns of the "Sierra Leone Times," in regard to the work of Catholic missionaries in Africa, and then to the illuminating comments made upon the letter by the editor himself. Says Mr. Cooper, who, it is to be noted, is an Anglican in his religion:—

"Your issue of today gives an interesting account of the anniversary meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society. One of the speakers, the Rev. W. L. Forfeitt, from the Congo, makes a charge against Roman Catholic missionaries to which I would like to reply. Having worked in four British colonies in West Africa during the past seven years, I am bound to admit that the best and most lasting good is done to the natives of West Africa by the Roman Catholic missionaries. Any employer of native clerks will tell you that the best work is done by the boys from the Roman Catholic missions. This also applies to carpenters and other trades.

"I myself am a member of the Church of England, educated in the Birmingham Blue Coat School in the doctrines of that Church, but as a lover of fair play must raise my protest against the charges brought by Mr. Forfeitt.

"In Sierra Leone there are seven Sisters, domesticating, educating, feeding and clothing, about 500 native girls; five or six priests are educating the same number of boys, and the following incident will illustrate the veneration in which they (the missionaries) are held by all classes of the population, black and white. Father Brown, a dear old man of seventy-five years, died last May in Freetown. Every European (and many a native) store was closed on the day of the funeral. Most of the Europeans personally attended, including military and naval officers and men (all Protestants). I myself saw several Church and Non-conformist ministers. Nearly all the civilian white men were there, and deputations from civic authorities, Government offices, etc. If ever a testimony were needed to show the love and respect felt for the dear old man and his work, the attendance at his funeral was that testimony.

"From what I have seen of missionary work in Lagos, Gold Coast, Nigeria and Sierra Leone, I have no hesitation in saying that many of the methods of the Roman Catholic missionaries are worthy of imitation, and if the Rev. Mr. Forfeitt would have a little more of that religious toleration about which we hear so much missionary enterprise would meet with more success, and if the Church of England and Nonconformist ministers generally would show half the zeal and earnestness of the Roman Catholics, the latter would not be making such headway, not only in our colonies, but also in England.

"All Roman Catholic missionaries go out to remain until their health breaks down; and they receive no pay."

Upon this letter the "Sierra Leone Times" makes the following bitter comment:—

"Turning to the religious denominations, we regret to have to record that the aspect of affairs in them, with the solitary exception of the Roman Catholic denomination, has done more to contribute to the great and dangerous unrest pervading the country, which unrest equally dangerous proletarians are subverting to their own Machiavellian ends. . . . Beyond this consideration, we need only to chronicle the usual rounds of anniversaries, services of song, conferences, missionary sermons, and Sunday-school picnics, which have left no more impression on the inner life of the Church than does the breath on the surface of a first class mirror."

It will not be out of place for us to quote in this connection the following tribute to "the heroic works" of the Sisters of Mercy at Mafeking, South Africa,—"the soldier nuns who, true to the tradition of their order, braved shot and shell and all the miseries of war at the call of duty." We are told: "Their deeds were glorious

then, not less glorious is their present work. In a heathenish land, and in the face of difficulties and obstacles, they have led the little ones to God's altar, and inspired us grown-ups with fresh ardor in the practice of our religious duties; they have built a convent and school, and are offering an education which equals, and in many respects surpasses, the high class schools of the Colony. They get no aid from Government, and are entirely dependent on their own resources."

These are samples of Catholic missionary work in Africa. Space alone prevents our giving more. The examples given serve to intensify our impression of the general vagueness of non-Catholic missionary work as compared to the practical result from Catholic endeavor.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE DIVORCE FRANKENSTEIN

Representatives of fourteen of the leading dissenting denominations met in New York last week, and in accordance with resolutions of the Interchurch Conference on marriage and divorce, presented a report and declaration. They say:

We are facing a condition in our country today which threatens danger to the most sacred things. Behind the monster of polygamy, behind the spectre of the divorce court, with its collusions, its corruptions and its contagion, stands the sad fact of the low ideal of marriage.

Marriage is the institution of God Himself. Reformation must begin here. Children must be taught it. Protected in purity, boy and girl, man and woman alike must be trained to look with reverent eyes upon the holiness of this estate; upon its mysteriousness as something higher and deeper and larger than can be measured or reached by the low ideas of convenience, of worldly advantage, of the gratification of passion, or by the light and easy estimate of the consent of the passing personal fancy and the mutual recognition of the civil contract.

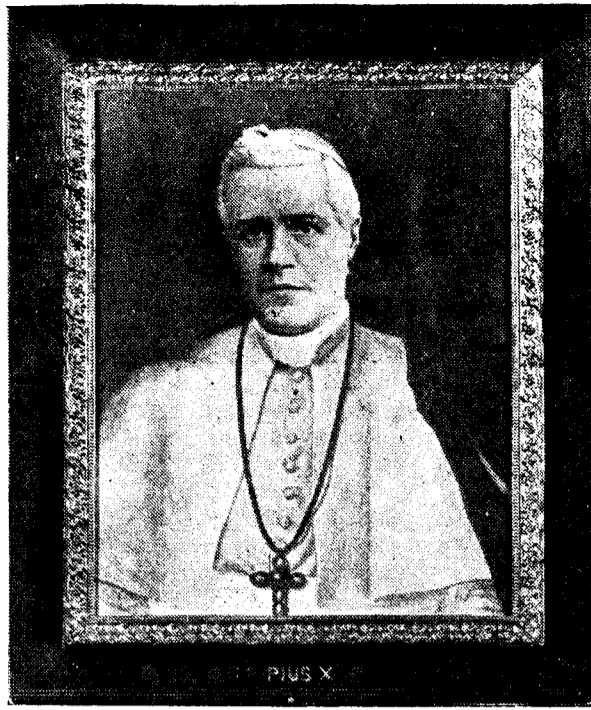
If marriage be, indeed, regarded as the institution of God, does not that fact make it sacramental? The reason why we have divorce among us is that this character was denied it by the prototypes of those who signed this declaration. Protestantism is the parent of divorce, and therefore it ought to put on sackcloth and ashes for all the sin and shame and misery which it brought into the world.

It is well, however, that the creators of this monster, or rather their successors, should feel alarm at the horrors it portends. Better late than never. It may be a sore task, it may be impossible, even, to check the growth of the awful cancer, but it is a healthy moral symptom when some united action is recommended. To effect any improvement a radical change in the laws of every state is essential. Marriage and divorce should, as things of God, be taken out of the hands of police magistrates. The State disclaims interference with spiritual things, no doubt, and if the Protestant bodies insist that marriage is not a spiritual thing it is hard to see how they can ask the State to take its hands off. This is the real trouble.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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