The Antigonish Casket.

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January 3rd, 1890. 1-30-6

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Antigonish, N. S. January 1st, 1890.

The Expulsion of the Jesuits.

(Speech of Mr. Davin in the House of Commons.)

I will call the attention of the House for a moment to the position taken by the hon. member for North Norfolk (Mr. Charlton). He appeared before us to-day as a historian. He quoted a pamphlet written by Mr. Hughes, and asked us why were the Jesuits expelled from France in 1804, from Naples in 1810, from Belgium in 1818, from Russia in 1820, from Spain in 1826, from France in 1845, from Bavaria in 1848, from Naples in 1848, from the Papal States in 1848, from the Austrian Empire in 1848, from Galicia in 1848, from Sicily in 1848, from Paraguay in 1848, from the Italian States in 1859, and from Sicily in 1860. Nothing is more instructive than to bring the illumination of history to bear on the events of the present time. I remember that Lord Bolingbroke says that if a man desires to be a fruitful statesman, he should give his days and nights to the study of history. The great Arnold of Rugby says that a man who aspires to guid his nation in her councils should be a careful student of history; and, reading the other day some statements in regard to Bismarck—that great man; one of the greatest men who ever appeared on the stage of time—I read that his favorite study was history. Thus we need not be surprised that an hon. gentleman who aspires to guide the destinies of the State, who aspires to put his hand upon the rudder, and, perhaps, to guide the Ship of State like my hon. friend (Mr. Charlton), appears also in the light of an historian. But those great men, my Lord Bolingbroke and Arnold, say that the way to make history useful is to find out the crises in history which would correspond with the crises in your own country, and that you must note the measures which were successful at a given time and under given circumstances, and if the circumstances in your own country are alike, you have a lesson by which to be guided. But how does the hon. gentleman deal out history to us? He flings barren dates to us. I might ask him a few questions about his dates. Does he know—and I will pause for a reply—does he know the circumstances existing in any one of these countries from which the Jesuits were expelled? I will ask the attention of the hon. member for North Norfolk (Mr. Charlton), if he can tear himself away from the dulcet tones of the hon. member for North Victoria (Mr. Barron). He has mentioned to us the cases of about a dozen countries whence the Jesuits were expelled. Does he know the conditions under which they were expelled? Does he know whether, where there was an insurrection, it was the insurrectionary Government or the Government which the people rose against that expelled them? Has he examined the question? Does he know anything about it? I have no objection to sit down for a moment if the hon. member will tell us the circumstances.

Mr. Charlton. Will the hon. gentleman be kind enough to explain to us the circumstances under which they were expelled? I venture to say that the hon. gentleman knows nothing about the matter himself.

Mr. Davin. That would not be any answer. I did not bring forward these cases. I may be a very ignorant person, and I would be willing to learn from a superior man such as my hon. friend; but I will go over the circumstances, and I will say that it is very extraordinary that, in many of these cases set out in this pamphlet—for I have seen this precious pamphlet before—the Jesuits were expelled for meddling with such tyrants as have rarely existed in the human race.

Mr. Charlton. What particular cases?

Mr. Davin. I think the hon. gentleman might keep quiet after he has declined to give the House the information I ask for, but I will go over the cases referred to by him for his information and, with the sufferance of the House, it may not be uninteresting. He says the Jesuits were expelled from France in 1804. By whom were they expelled? Does the hon. gentleman know? They were expelled by Napoleon, who had destroyed the liberties of France and who was at the time the Apollyon of Europe. A year before Napoleon had wantonly declared war against England, and, if the Jesuits were his enemies and were expelled by him, with whom were they associated? They were associated with some of the best men the world ever saw; they were associated with the Connaught Rangers, who came from the North of Ireland, from which I come, they were associated with the sons and the fathers of Orangemen who went into battle to the tune of the "Protestant Boys." So, if the Jesuits were expelled from France, they were in company with those whom my hon. friend, in his zeal for Protestantism, in his desire to destroy everything which is not in accord with his own narrow cult, has associated himself with, and therefore he should not be angry with the Jesuits. In 1810, the Jesuits were expelled from Naples. Does the hon. gentleman know who expelled the Jesuits from Naples? They were expelled by an usurper. They were expelled by Murat, and it was very natural, if they were Neopolitans, that they, and many others with them, should show themselves hostile to the Government and for reasons which, if the hon. gentleman enquired into the circumstances, he might approve. But who was on the throne at that time? It was Ferdinand, a tyrant so base and so cruel that even misfortunes could not soften his disposition. Does the hon. gentleman know, in his zeal against the Jesuits, that he is drawing himself shoulder to shoulder with King Bomba? I think henceforth we must call him the King Bomba of this House.

Sir John A Macdonald. The King Bombast.

Mr. Davin. The hon. gentleman shows us that he has an epic knowledge of history, and therefore he must be aware that the state of the people in the prisons of Naples at that time wrung tears from all Europe. In that very year he butchered his own people in the streets of Naples, and he made of that city, surrounded by all that is beautiful in sky, and sea, and air, to use the language of a historian of Italy—he made it a very earthly hell by his crimes against liberty and toleration, aye, and against Protestants as well as Jesuits. In 1820, who ruled in Russia?—because in 1820 the Jesuits were expelled from Russia. I think they must have done something dreadfully wrong. Had Alexander I good reason for sending the nobles and burghers into exile in Siberia? If the Jesuits were expelled in 1820 from Russia, they were expelled in the company of the noblest men that ever Russia produced. Then the hon. gentleman comes to Spain, in 1826. My hon. friend's soul is stirred that the Jesuits were expelled from Spain in 1826. The fact that they were expelled proves, of course, that Ferdinand VII had good reason to expel them. They must have done something very wrong. The despotism of Ferdinand VII became a by-word. Liberals were executed for the profession of Liberalism, so that my hon. friend, if he had been there—he is a large souled Liberal, though I sometimes think when I hear him argue, that I could find a very small hazel nut in which his soul would find infinite room to wobble. . . . . Then take the Papal States. It is a curious thing, it shows what charming inconsistencies there are in human nature—the fact that the Papal States expelled the Jesuits seemed a terrible thing against the Jesuits, although the bare mention of the Pope in this Bill was done in a way which has often lead me to say to Orangemen who have spoken to me about it, that if Mercier had entrapped me into the position in which he has entrapped the Pope in this Bill, I would have excommunicated him from all time to come; because he has got the Pope into this Bill not even with the dignity of an arbiter, he is brought in as a mere seal, to secure Mr. Mercier against any afterclap, and in effect to enable him to carry his Bill. My hon. friend sees red at the sight of the word "Pope." Pope disagrees with him. I notice that he is not at best a very ruddy gentleman, but if the word "Pope" is frequently mentioned in this House, I notice that greener pallor spreads across that brow.

Mr. Landerkin. There is one over your brow now.

Mr. Davin. There is no pallor across your brow. Your front is red by nature, not unassisted by art. In 1848 there was an insurrection, and the Pope fled. The Jesuits did not like this. What sort of men would they be if they did like it? They are members of his church. Do you suppose they would be worthy the name of men at all if they had not felt dissapointed, and angry, and ready to be aggressive, because the Pope had to fly? That they were expelled would not necessarily imply much discredit on their part. Then as to the Austrian Empire in 1848. In March of that year there was an insurrection in Vienna, and, if I remember rightly, in Milan, in Venice and Sardinia. In the summer the Emperor fled to Inspurch, and the Archduke John took charge. Will the hon. gentleman tell me now, whether the Jesuits were expelled by the Government of the Empire, or by the Archduke John, or by the insurrectionary Government that was ultimately put up? Because, Sir, if the hon. gentleman has come here to-day and taken from a pamphlet these dates and flung them down on the Table and asked men who are representing Canada to draw the ignorant inference that he drew from them, that because the Jesuits were expelled by these tyrannical Governments they must have done something dreadfully wrong—if he has done that he is not worthy of attention at any future time in this Parliament. Now, he speaks of Galicia. In 1848, the Jesuits were expelled from Galicia. Now, I have a right to know which Galicia. Will the hon. gentleman tell me which Galicia? He is like one of the dumb dogs of Jupiter that cannot bark. There is Galicia in Spain, and there is Galicia in Poland. We will suppose, because it is much more likely, that he means Galicia in Poland. Who expelled them? There was only one power that could expel them, in 1848, from Poland and that was the most tyrannical emperor that ever sat on the throne of St. Petesburg, the tyrant Nicholas. I wish he had not borne that name. In Sardinia, in 1848, again they were expelled. Now, why were they expelled from Sardinia in 1848? They might not have been very undesirable guests, but where is the analogy between their condition and ours? That was a critical time for Sardinia. Cavour, on of the greatest journalists and statesmen of Europe, had just started the *Revival* newspaper. The King had just granted a constitution and definitely espoused the cause of Italian regeneration against Austria, and that great work was commenced which, some years afterwards, was to receive a glorious consummation. . . . . Now, what analogy was there between that revolutionary state of things and a constitutional country such as ours, with liberty safe-guarded, such a country, I believe, for freedom as does not exist anywhere else in the world? What analogy is there between disturbed states like those, and a country like this? Yet the hon. gentleman comes here and flings down his barren dates. . . Now, we were laughing a moment ago, but I think it is a great crime for a man occupying the high position of member of Parliament to go through the country and, without ever enquiring into the circumstances in which these expulsions took place, to hold up to ignorant mobs, ignorant multitudes and ignorant men—good hearted men, noble men in their way, but still not having sufficient time to test these things—he goes and reads out that they were expelled here, they were expelled there, they were expelled elsewhere and he leads people to infer that they are a danger to every state, whereas in most cases they were expelled by despotic governments. We know very well that in the history of the world there have been men who would exercise tyrannical power themselves, but would not allow any one else to be tyrannical to the people, and the Jesuits, as the history of Europe shows, have frequently interfered on the side of popular liberty against the tyrannical conduct of tyrannical men. There are cases in which the Jesuits have been expelled for no other reason than protesting to the King against the number of his mistresses.

SUNDAY READING.

KALENDAR FOR MAY.

Date.		Feast.
1	Thur.,	SS. Philip and James, Apos.
2	Frid.,	S. Athanasius, Doctor.
3	Sat.,	Finding of the Holy Cross.
4	Sun.,	S. Monica, Widow.
5	Mon.,	S. Pius V., Pope.
6	Tue.,	S. John, Ap. ante Portam Lat
7	Wed.,	S. Benedict II., Pope.
8	Thur.,	Apparition of S. Michael Arch.
9	Frid.,	S. Gregory, Naz., Doctor.
10	Sat.,	S. Antoninus.
11	Sun.,	S. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.
12	Mon.,	Rogation. SS. Nereus et Soc., Martyrs.
13	Tue.,	Roga'n. S. Stanislaus, Martyr.
14	Wed.,	Rogation. S. Paschal, Pope.
15	Thur.,	Ascension of our Lord.
16	Frid.,	S. Ubaldus, Conf.
17	Sat.,	S. John Nepomucene, Martyr.
18	Sun.,	S. Venantius, Martyr.
19	Mon.,	S. Peter Celestine, Pope.
20	Tue.,	S. Bernardine of Sienna, Conf.
21	Wed.,	S. Felix of Cantalicia, Conf.
22	Thur.,	Oct. of Ascens. An. of Cons. of Bishop Cameron.
23	Frid.,	S. John B. de Rossi, Conf.
24	Sat.,	(Fast) Vigil of Pentecost.
25	Sun.,	Pentecost.
26	Mon.,	Within the Octave.
27	Tue.,	Within the Octave.
28	Wed.,	Ember Day (Fast).
29	Thur.,	Within the Octave.
30	Frid.,	Ember Day (Fast).
31	Sat.,	Ember Day (Fast).

MAY 4.

St. Monica.

Monica, the mother of S. Augustine, was born in 332. After a girlhood of singular innocence and piety, she was given in marriage to Patritius, a pagan. She at once devoted herself to his conversion, praying for him always and winning his reverence and love by the holiness of her life and her affectionate forbearance. She was rewarded by seeing him baptized a year before his death. When her son Augustine went astray in faith and manners, her prayers and tears were incessant. By going to Italy he could for a time free himself from his mother's importunities, but he could not escape from her prayers. She followed him into Italy, and there by his marvellous conversion her sorrow was turned into joy. At Ostea on their homeward journey, as Augustine and his mother sat at a window conversing of the life of the blessed, she turned to him and said, "Son, there is nothing now I care for in this life. What I shall now do or why I am here I know not. The one reason I had for wishing to linger in the life a little longer was that I might see you a Catholic Christian before I died. This has God granted me superabundantly in seeing you reject earthly happiness to become His servant. What do I here?" A few days afterwards she had an attack of fever, and died in the year 387.

Perseverance in Prayer.

It is impossible to set any bounds to what persevering prayer may do. It gives man a share in the Divine Omnipotence. S. Augustine's soul lay bound in the chain of heresy and impurity, both of which had by long habit grown inveterate. They were broken by his mother's prayers.

"He who knows what to give and to whom, assists him that seeks and opens to him that knocks. But if happily he does not give, let no one hold himself forsaken. Perchance he only delays giving, for he sends no one away fasting. If he does not give at the moment, it is that he is training the seeker, not that he despises the supplicant."—St Augustine.

S. Monica was once very urgent with a learned bishop that he would talk to her son in order to bring him to a better mind, but he declined, despairing of success with one so able and so headstrong. However, on witnessing her prayers and tears, he bade her be of good courage, for it might not be that the child of those tears should perish.

"We ought always to pray, and not to faint."—Luke xviii. 1.

Almsdeeds.

Almsdeeds, according to St. Augustine, comprise every kind of service rendered to our neighbour who needs such assistance. He who supports a lame man bestows an alms on him with his feet; he who guides a blind man does him a charity with his eyes; he who carries an invalid or an old man upon his shoulders imparts to him an alms of his strength. Hence none are so poor but they may bestow an alms on the wealthiest man in the world.

"Give alms from the substance, and turn not thy face away from any poor person; for so it shall come to pass that the face of the Lord shall not be turned from thee."—Tobias iv. 7.

May is the month of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God. Let us not neglect to now implore her special aid and tender interposition in all our affairs and needs.

A meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Scotland has been convened by His Grace the Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, Metropolitan of Scotland, for the purpose of drawing up the different offices of the old Scotch saints in use in Scotland in pre-Reformation times, and these will shortly be embodied in the calender of the Church in Scotland.

Written for the CASKET:

Fifth Sunday after Easter.

"If you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it you."—John xvi.

We have but to ask through Jesus Christ, and heaven pours down upon us its richest treasures. He has told us so himself, and in words the strongest at his command, as we shall presently see. Those who are acquainted with the language of the gospel, have often observed, that our Lord, when he wishes to put special emphasis upon anything, makes use of these most solemn words: "Amen, amen, I say to you," and that is just the way he speaks on this occasion. *"Amen, amen, I say to you, if you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it you."* No terms could be stronger, and no assurance therefore greater, of the enduring love, and tender solicitude Jesus Christ has for us in heaven. To have redeemed us was not enough for his Sacred Heart; he should be also, for all time our faithful advocate, at the throne of the eternal Father. He had not, however, promised to obtain favors for us, unless we ask him by fervent prayer to do so. "Ask and ye shall receive," is the law he has laid down for us, which of course means, that *prayer* is necessary in order to merit graces from above.

In this short instruction I shall therefore speak to you upon prayer. I must pass over a great many things that *might* be said on the subject, but I shall show you, I trust, the *dignity* of prayer, and the *necessity* of performing well that indispensible act of our holy religion.

To give you an idea of the dignity of prayer, I need only tell you what prayer is. Now what is prayer? It is an elevation of the soul to God, to adore his infinite majesty, and to humbly ask of him the graces and favors we stand in need of. I cannot conceive a greater honor than that. It would be deemed a pretty high privilege for any of us to have an audience, even once in our life, with a king or any other person of high position, and I imagine the event is one which we should not soon forget. To give the meanest beggar a daily passport to the throne of the king would be a still greater favor, particularly if he returned each time with a new mark of royal kindness. Now, infinitely greater than all this is the honor which prayer places within the reach of every pious Christian; for when we pray we speak to Almighty God, compared with whom all the kings of the earth are as if they had no being at all. Nor is there need for court formalities to gain admittance to his throne. We are welcome there at all hours; the arms of our heavenly Father are ever open to receive us, and the assurance is given us that we can never weary him with our petitions. In fact, the oftener we approach him the easier becomes access to his throne; the more favors we ask the more abundantly we are sure to receive. Who does not admire in this, says St. John Chrysostom, the honor so generously conferred upon us by God, but at the same time how strange that man so eager in the pursuit of honor should often be so indifferent in regard of that which alone deserves the name. Learn, then, from all this a practical lesson. Bear always in mind that to pray is to commune with God; avoid the example of those who either omit prayer altogether, or who perform hastily and imperfectly that sacred duty.

Is it very necessary to pray? The answer to the question is found everywhere in the Holy Scriptures. Solomon, for instance, says that nothing should ever prevent us from conversing often with Almighty God, and our Lord himself teaches us that we should *always* pray; *oportet semper orare et non deficere*, (Luke xviii). Thus it will be seen that prayer is much more than a mere counsel, it is a strict obligation, a *necessary act of religion*, as St. Thomas says. This is evident, for prayer acknowledges God to be the Author of our being, and the divine source whence all good is derived. Without it we can neither believe, nor hope nor love, nor do penance as we should, for all these are the fruits of grace, and grace is the reward of humble, earnest prayer. Therefore, no one can be saved without prayer; not the just, for they must ask God to sustain them lest they fall into temptation, nor sinners for they cannot rise out of their depth of misery unless they implore assistance from above.

It would take me a long time to tell you fully the effects of prayer. Suffice it to say that it is the way to God—the sovereign remedy for all our spiritual and temporal infirmities. Moses successfully interceeding for the people of God is a good proof of this, Judith praying for the deliverance of Bethulia is another, and another still, the prophet Elias, spoken of in the Epistle which the Church reads this morning. But it is in our own souls that we have the best proof of all, for prayer has shielded us a thousand times against danger, and as often have we regained by means of fervent prayer, the friendship of God lost by sin.

The Louisville cyclone left the church of the Sacred Heart a mass of ruins, but the statue of the Blessed Virgin was left standing and comparatively uninjured. As a similar preservation was wonderfully manifested at Johnstown in the rush of waters, it would appear that special invocation of the Blessed Mother—whose month we now celebrate—against flood and tempest, should prove signally appropriate and acceptable.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

THE CASKET

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$1.00 Per Year,

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M. DONOVAN, Publisher.

THURSDAY, MAY 15.

OFFICIAL.

His Lordship Bishop Cameron will administer the sacrament of Confirmation at Arichat on Wednesday, the 28th May instant; at West Arichat, the 29th; at Descousse, the 30th; at River Bourgeois, the 31st; at L'Ardoise, on June 1st; at Salmon River, on June 2nd; at Red Islands and Big Pond, the 3rd; at East Bay, the 4th; at Grand Mira, the 5th; at Louisburg, the 6th; at Mainadieu, the 7th; at Mira Ferry and Cow Bay, the 8th; at Little Glace Bay and Reserve Mine, the 9th; at Bridgport and Lingan, the 10th; at Victoria Mines, the 11th; at Sydney, the 12th; at North Sydney and N. S. Mines, the 13th; at Little Brae d'Or and French Vale, the 14th; at Boisdale, the 15th; at Christmas Island, the 16th; and at Iona, the 17th. The programme for Guysborough County will be announced later on.

The elevation of Mr. P. A. Landry, ex-M. P. for Kent Co., N. B., to the seat left vacant by the death of Judge Botsford, is a source of very general satisfaction to the Acadians throughout the Maritime Provinces. And no wonder: for Judge Landry is the first of their race to have been raised to the Bench. Moreover the new Judge posses abilities of no mean order; his record as a lawyer and as a politician has been an honorable and distinguished one, and, best of all, he has ever proved himself a loyal, dutiful son of Mother Church.

The Liverpool (Eng.) *Catholic Times* of April 25th has the following:

"The Right Rev. Dr. Fink, O.S.B., Bishop of Leavenworth, Kansas, has deputed Rev. Father Kinsella, an eloquent talker, to spend at least a year lecturing in all the parishes in his diocese on the importance of the Press. This is the most practical and effective method of stimulating interest in the Catholic press which has ever come to our notice, and there can be no doubt that it is in accordance with the wishes of Leo XIII. "The Press and the Church," said his Holiness in an interview reported in our present issue, "should be together in their work of elevating mankind. Journalism is now very powerful, and it should help me to spread a spirit of religion and charity, and to teach sound morality."

The Ascension is the crowning event recorded in the Gospel narrative of the life of our Blessed Saviour on earth. The work His Father had given him to do was consummated, and He went back to the Father, He ascended into heaven by His own power, just as by his own power He had triumphed over death and risen glorious from the tomb. Myriads of angels came down from heaven to escort their King, and the souls of the just that were in limbo awaiting deliverance joined the angelic hosts, and helped to give added splendor to His triumphant entry into His Kingdom. Truly a memorable event that which the Church celebrates to-day, and one which may well make us rejoice.

Culture in its truest and best sense is the refinement and polish which result from a careful and thorough training of the intellectual and moral nature of man. Now, it cannot be denied that the blessings of education are more widely diffused in this than in any past age. But it may well be doubted whether the modern school is well fitted to turn out men and women of real culture. Certainly the state school does not even attempt to educate the moral side of man's nature; and it is doubtful whether the intellect, moulded after its methods, is fitted to attain the highest degree of development. No two minds are cast in exactly the same mould. Hence, whatever may be the advantages of a rigidly uniform system of education such as that of the state, it certainly has a tendency to fetter some minds, and make others waste their energy on branches of study for which they have no natural aptitude. Again the vast number of subjects embraced even in the common-school course makes thoroughness in any one of them a matter difficult if not impossible of attainment. Thoroughness is essential to true culture of mind.

The Mount of Olives, from which our Saviour ascended rises from the valley of Jehosaphat to the height of about 2,600 feet above the level of the sea. Towards the south lies the road to Bethany so often hallowed by the footsteps of the Incarnate God. About a half a mile to the west is Jerusalem, situated, near the summit of a broad mountain ridge. From the top of the Mount of Olives a magnificent view of the city may be had. Seen from this point the city seems to be a regular inclined plain, sloping gently from west to east. On the south-west Mount Zion rises loftily. The part of it within the modern town is, to a great extent, occupied by the Armenian convent. In the south-east quarter is Mount Mariah, the site of Solomon's temple, rebuilt the third and last time by Herod a few years before the birth of Christ. On that site, which to the Jews was the most sacred spot on earth, stands to-day a Turkish temple, the celebrated Mosque of Omar. To Christians the city in whose streets the Saviour of men walked, up and down, where He taught, and wrought miracles, where finally He suffered, has an attraction surpassed by that of no other, even of Rome itself, throngs of pilgrims flock thither yearly from Catholic lands. Under the spell of that attraction

A GLANCE AT THE STATES.

Enterprise, push, gigantic industries and resulting wealth—a long list of words akin to these occurs to one in trying to express the national characteristic of the States. It is in terms of money rather than of mind one must define them. The ideal is not a high one, but it is theirs. They do not object to having a literature of their own, providing it place itself in strict subordination to money interests. They must have reading matter in abundance and of any quality, providing always it be cheap, even though they have to steal much of it from other nations. The recent debate and vote in Congress, by which an international copyright bill was defeated, is a good illustration of their national character. Copyright is much like a patent right; it gives the author a right to share in the profits of the sale of his published book. Whoever prints and publishes the book expects to be paid for his work, of course; but the writer or author has also a claim equally valid. A copyright law is intended to protect this claim of the author so as to secure to him his share of the proceeds of sale. When he cannot get his book legally protected, any publisher may ignore the author's rights. When, for instance, Max O'Rell gets a book of his published in England, a part of the price of each copy sold in England goes to him, because he is there protected by law; but an American publisher issues the same book and sells thousands of copies in America, and for these Max gets no return whatever, because there is no law in the States by which the rights of a foreign author are protected. Various attempts have been made to pass such a law, and on the 2nd of this month a decisive vote in Congress defeated the last attempt. During the debate one of the Congressmen said he felt indignant to find himself in a House representing the intelligence of the country which proposed to say that for the benefit of a few hundred authors the price of reading matter to the American public should be increased from 100 to 300 per cent. This is the narrow view taken by the majority. The "few hundred authors" referred to are the American authors. These are placed in unfair competition with foreign authors by the absence of international copyright law. When the publishers are allowed to steal foreign literary work, native writers are not in demand, and American authors naturally join the foreign authors in demanding legal protection for the latter. The Congressman, the representative American, answers, No; we don't want American authors; we don't want native culture developed to authorship; with us it is not a question of culture but of money; we want cheap reading for the masses and large gains for our publishers. The outcome of this policy is that patriotism as well as culture is being stunted. This is clearly brought out by a writer who thus addressed the American public in a recent issue of the New York *Nation*:

"In books alone free foreign labour is encouraged to supplant American labour. And it does supplant it to an amazing degree. The American mind is not nourished upon American literature, but upon British literature. Look through the immense lists of books in the cheap libaries; you will find no American names. It is nothing to the point to say that British authors receive nothing out of that enormous mass of literature; neither do American authors, for it takes the place of American literature and displaces just so much of native work. Your wives and daughters read of deans and canons, and dukes and lords, of kings and queens and courts, and their ideas are formed, in spite of their surroundings, upon a state of society un-American. The British author is teaching them gratis. The men are saved by the daily newspapers—for the Sunday newspapers are now largely occupied with foreign syndicate matter also."

Push, enterprise, and other money-getting qualities may be admirable in their place; but a nation which makes these the acme of excellence is not admirable. Such a nation naturally suggests the metaphorical coach described by Bellamy in "Looking Backward."

A REVOLUTION.

The London *Tablet* of April 26th, contains an important letter from Cardinal Manning on congregational singing. It is addressed to Canon Murnane to whom he says: "I am rejoiced to hear of your festival to-morrow for the purpose of promoting congregational singing. There are two kinds of Church music. In larger churches where choirs can be maintained a higher kind of music strictly sacred can be sung. But even in this case it ought not to be by paid choirs, but by cantors, the clergy, and those who do it for the love of divine worship, as a part of divine worship, and in the sanctuary. Western galleries have been the ruin of choirs. In all other churches the congregation ought to sing in a body, simple music especially, the responses in holy Mass, and hymns. I most earnestly desire to see the singing of hymns and litanies by the whole congregation. In most churches, even at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the choirs hinder the congregation by solos and music nobody can take part in. It is a misery and hindrance to piety."

What a revolution the adoption of the Cardinal's counsels would bring about in our churches! The organ loft would have to go. The organ would be in the body of the church and moveable. The congregation would be united in attention to the parts of the sacred function and ready to raise their voices in singing God's praises. There would be none of that listless attitude one sometimes sees in people who are sitting in their pews waiting for the choir in the "western gallery" to get through the singing of Vespers. It is evident that so great a change cannot be effected at once; but several necessary steps in this direction can well be taken. The first step is congregational prayer. When the people get accustomed to hearing their united and unabated voices in prayer, it will be far easier to get them to unite in singing. The following letter, which we take from the *Catholic World*, tells how things are done in some other places:—

"During last August, after celebrating Mass one Sunday morning in the Jesuit church in Dublin, I asked the sacristan at what hour Vespers would be sung. "We have no Vespers," he replied, "but we have a devotional service with a sermon in the evening at 8 o'clock." I confess that I was greatly surprised to hear this, as I had been informed by a Jesuit father with whom I had been travelling [that St. Xavier's, Dublin, was one of the best working parishes of the society.

"But in the evening, when I attended this service, I found it to be of a most interesting and practical character. About one-third of the best seats in the church were occupied exclusively by men who were members of some confraternity. All of the remaining seats were filled promiscuously with men, women, and children. First the Rosary was recited with great devotion, all of the congregation responding to the prayers in loud, clear tones. Then a regular sermon of half or three-quarters of an hour was preached, plain, practical, and to the point. As the preacher descended from the pulpit that vast congregation united in singing a hymn which impressed me more than any singing which I had ever heard in church, except that of the congregation of the Cologne Cathedral and that at the Holy House of Loreto. After the hymn the *Tantum Ergo* was sung with even greater effect, the preponderance of the men's voices being particularly noticeable; and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed.

"It seems to me that a better service than this for afternoon or evening could not be found.

"H. H. WYMAN."

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

The April *Journal of Education* announces that the number of teaching days in the current term is 111, that vacation will begin July 10th, that the examination for teachers' licenses will begin July 22nd, and that Boards of Commissioners will hold meetings at the following places on the days stated:

Sydney, Cape Breton, May 28th; Arichat, Richmond, July 1st; Port Hood, S. Inverness, May 27; Margaree, N. Inverness, June 3rd; Baddeck, Victoria, June 6th; Antigonish, May 20th; Guysboro, May 27th; St. Mary's, June 24th.

The annual meeting of the Provincial Educational Association will be held during the ensuing Christmas vacation in Halifax. During the summer several committees will be engaged in revising the Course of Studies, and in this connection we beg to ask teachers to send us expressions of their views on this subject. Their communications may or may not be published, but in any case they will receive due consideration where they can do most good. Several questions suggest themselves. Is an official Course of Study found to be useful to the teacher? What changes in the present Course would better adapt it to ungraded country schools? Are *Lessons on Nature* attempted in the manner suggested by the Course, and to what extent? Is the large Geography used in the schools? Why? Does not the smaller book contain sufficient information? These and similar questions should be duly considered now by the teachers, for the changes contemplated are important. After the new Course is issued there will be no separate syllabus for teachers' examination. Candidates for Grade D will be examined in the first year of the High School Course; those for Grade C in the second year of the Course, and so on.

EUROPEAN NOTES.

The corner-stone of a new diocesan college was recently laid by the Archbishop of Glasgow, Scotland. In the course of a short address spoken on that occasion the Archbishop said: "That the spot selected as the site of the college was not devoid of interest to the Catholic people of the west of Scotland. It was a part of the old parish of Kilpatrick, that it was the spot on which there can be no doubt that St. Patrick was born. For 1000 years there was no doubt about the birth place of St. Patrick; and it is only in recent years that it has been called in question. His father was Calphurnius, and he was a Roman judge at the western extremity of the barrier that separated the Roman territory from the northern part of the country, and which extended from the Forth to the Firth of Clyde, and the spot now called chapel-hill was the spot where the father of St. Patrick lived, and where St. Patrick was born."

The Russian Government, ever since the accession of Nicholas I. to the imperial throne has laid a heavy hand upon the Catholic Uniates in its Polish provinces. The Catholic Uniates are Greek Catholics in union with the Holy See. These the Russian authorities have been striving by every species of violence to tear away from their allegiance to Rome. The story is long; and if it exhibits in a strong light the barbarity and extreme cruel-heartedness of the Russian, it likewise recalls to our minds the scenes of heroic fortitude and burning faith of the ages of martyrs. Here is an instance of both: It is transcribed from the "Germania." At Drelow, a village in the district of Rodzyn, Podlachia, the parish priest, began to celebrate the services of the church according to the new Schismatic Rite. The people would have none of it; they expelled the unfaithful minister and locked up the church. A battalion of soldiers was sent down to the village, and endeavoured by force to introduce a priest into the church. The excited villagers gathered round their church and refused to yield. Major Beck called out to them to make way or he would have to use violence. They stood unmoved. He then ordered a charge, but the people wrenched the bayonets from the soldiers hands, and then again remained motionless. The Major, in a dilemma, telegraphed to St. Petersburg, and received the brief answer *perekit voyech*, "cut them all down!" The officer hesitated to do the deed; he ordered his men to fire in the air. Thereupon stepped forward Semen Paluk, a peasant highly respected by all, and addressing the Major said: "If you have orders, fire. We are all ready to die. It is sweet to die for one's faith!" At these words all knelt down and intoned the chant, "We fly to thy patronage O Holy Mother of God!" The troops took aim at the kneeling multitude and fired. The churchyard was filled with dead and wounded. The soldiers fell upon the survivors, bound them with chains and hurried them off to prison. The women and children of the slain did not even shed tears. Those who had none of their family slain envied the others, who could claim martyrs for their religion among their kinsfolk. This took place on January 17, 1874." A similar scene was enacted eight days later. The civilized world speaks out its utter abhorence of recent barbarities committed by Russian officials; we Catholics should not pass over in silence their persistent cruel treatment of our brethern in Poland.

But although Russia is hostile to the Catholics of Poland, Russia is not the worst enemy of the Church in Europe; the Jew and the Free Mason are her bitterest foes there. There is scarcely a Catholic country in it in which these do not conspire, and work with preternatural activity to destroy the religion of Christ. In receiving a body of Austrian pilgrims recently, the Pope remarked to the editor of a journal, who was among them: "You have had a hard battle to fight with the Jewish journalists and the Freemasons." But it is in Italy and in France the battle is hottest. A satanic conspiracy of Jew and Freemason has in those nations the reins of government in its hands. Its work are the laws that there banish religion from the school and hospital, that transform the candidate for the priesthood into a soldier, laws ultimately directed at banishing Christ from the hearts of the people. We need not mention the flood of pestilential literature which is issued with this same impious object from its press. Jew and Freemason hate the name of Christ with the intensest hatred. The Jew hates it by birth, the Freemason by choice, and it is for this reason that we heap a thousand anathemas upon the latter's name. His presence breathes poison, his influence means the sapping of every Christian virtue, his sway the death of social, civil and religious life. With this, when we consider how influential the Jew is, how powerful Freemasonry, and that it is spread like a net work over the fairest Catholic lands, is it a wonder that we should say that the Church is passing through a most trying crisis? It is unlike every other storm through which she has passed. Her former assailants attacked her under the cloak of religion; the Roman Emperor persecuted her in the name of the pagan gods; the Turk battled with her with *Allah* on his lips; the heretic raised his arm against her for the sake of some false form of christianity; the infamous league of Jew and Freemason would deal a death blow to religion.

The indignities which the Catholic clergy suffer in Italy under Signor Crispi's penal laws are illustrated after a somewhat amusing fashion by a story which is now going the rounds of the press. At Easter the parish priest in Italy goes round in surplice and stole to bless the homes of his parishioners. On such occasion, according to traditional usage, each household presents the priest with an offering of eggs. In a certain village, while the priest's attendant was bringing home in a basket this Easter offering, he was pounced upon by the police, who proceeded to relieve him of his burden in the name of the "powers that be," on the ground that it was a collection made by one of the clergy without due observance of certain conditions sapiently laid down for their guidance by the aforesaid laws. For once, however, the voracious maw that devoured so much of the Church's substance in Italy was forced to disgorge. It was shown that the eggs had in no case been asked for, and consequently did not come under the penal statute. But the attempted application of Crispi's iniquitious measure in the present case, foiled though it was, reaches the lowest depths of meanness.

Fire in Montreal.

MONTREAL, May 6.—Montreal was the scene to-day of one of the most frightful calamities ever recorded in her history. The famous provincial insane asylum, which is known all over Canada and the United States and which contained inmates from every portion of the continent, is to-night a mass of ruins. The magnificent structure has been burned to the grounds and of the 1,500 inmates over one hundred are supposed to have perished in the flames. The buildings constituting the St. Jean de Dieu Asylum are at Longue Pointe, a small place about ten miles from Montreal, fronting the River St. Lawrence. The asylum, which was established by the Quebec Government in 1873, consisted of a main building and four smaller buildings connected by wings, with a total frontage of 630 feet. The buildings were of brick and cut stone. The principal building was six stories high and the other buildings five stories. The institution was under the care of the Providence order of nuns.

About noon to-day a report reached Montreal that fire had started at the asylum, and *The Sun* correspondent was soon on the scene. About 11.30 o'clock this morning smoke was discovered entering the chaplain's room in the centre building. The chaplain immediately rushed out into the chapel and made a desperate effort to save what ever he could, but he had to beat a hasty retreat after being badly burned. In the meantime, the fire, which is supposed to have started in a cupboard in the top of the centre building, spread with amazing rapidity, and the buildings were in an incredibly short space of time enveloped in flames.

There were over 1,500 inmates in the burning building at the time. The scene was well nigh indescribable. There were 163 Sisters in the asylum, and their first care was for the unfortunate inmates who were unable to care for themselves. Many of the inmates rushed from their rooms and jumped from the different stories of the buildings to the grounds beneath, which were soon swarming with demented people rushing wildly hither and thither. In the background stood the vast buildings almost entirely enveloped in flames, which shot high into the skies.

Only the two end wings were untouched, but it was only a question of time when these, too, should go. Of the centre building nothing was visible but flames and smoke, and at intervals portions of the walls could be seen tumbling into the fiery mass below.

Above the flames could be heard the shrieks and moans of many of the demented inmates who were being roasted to death in the upper stories of the buildings. At intervals men and women would appear at the windows, linger for a moment amid the smoke and flames, and then frantically jump to the ground below or fall back into the seething mass. Hundreds who had escaped wandered aimlessly around the grounds, some with nothing but their underclothes on and with bare feet. A few who had torn their garments off in their excitement were entirely naked.

To add to the horrors of the scene, the rain was puring down in torrents, and the frightened inmates, dazed with horror, were huddled around in groups, shuddering and moaning. The Sisters and men connected with the asylum worked like horses to rescue the inmates from their terrible position. Many a Sister lost all thought of herself, but, filled with a noble heroism, rushed to the cells of the inmates and literally dragged out the inmates, who, in many cases made frantic by the flames, refused to move.

To prevent the inmates from escaping, the large gates leading to the grounds were shut, and were only opened to allow the Sisters to pass out with the groups of inmates, who were removed to St. Isidore Convent, a large institution near by. Meanwhile the fire continued to burn with unabated fury, and it soon became dangerous to approach within twenty-five yards of the burning buildings.

The demented inmates, however, appeared to be entirely oblivious of all danger. Half a dozen of the more violent, frenzied by excitement, rushed from their keepers, and, jumping under the tumbling walls, started to yell at the top of their voices, tearing their hair, contorting their faces, and laughing like witches at the ruin that was being done. They had to be removed by force.

While the flames were at their highest many of the inmates still remained inside, although the nuns and the doctors had done everything in their power to get them out. The flames seemed to have a terrible fascination for the poor creatures, who, in many instances, welcomed the horrible death that awaited them. All hope of saving those in the upper portions of the building was soon abandoned. Most of the men were got out, but many women, those in violent wards, had to be left to their fate.

Many acts of heroism were performed by the nuns and doctors in trying to save the inmates. Dr. Bowique, one of the medical attendants, continued his efforts until he had to be carried out half dead with smoke. As soon as one body of rescuers was exhausted there were others to take their places until at least two-thirds of the inmates had been rescued. The utter destruction of the institution was a certainty from the beginning of the fire. The village fire brigade was unable to cope with such a fire, and the Montreal brigade, which was called, arrived too late to be of any service. At 2 P. M. the flames, after consuming the main building, attacked the two outside wings, and it become evident that nothing but the outhouses could be saved. Shortly afterward the front wall of the main building fell in and was followed by the back wall. Then with a roar the roof of the eastern wing fell in carrying the walls with it. In a little less than an hour the whole series of buildings were in flames, the remaining walls fell in with a rumbling sound like that of artillery, and a dense cloud of smoke and sparks ascended. When evening fell all that remained of the splendid set of buildings, which cost over $700,000, were a few outhouses.

In the violent ward were seen twenty-five women huddled together with their arms entwined waiting for the flames to reach them. The firemen tried to break their ranks, but they resisted, and the firemen had barely time to escape with their lives. In another portion of the building several firemen had a hairbreadth escape. They pushed open the door of one of the women's cells to rescue some inmates when the door closed behind them with a click and they found themselves securely imprisoned by a spring lock. They were in a room filled with frenzied women, with flame and smoke on every side. Rushing to the window they broke it to pieces, and shouted for help. Ladders were raised, and the firemen descended after several desperate attempts to save the inmates. Among those who perished in the flames were several sisters who offered their lives as an heroic sacrifice.

In the infirmary, on the fifth story, there was a sick nun, Sister Marie. Knowing her helpless condition, three of the other nuns, Sisters Demerise, Gilbert, and Lumiere, rushed to her assistance and bore her in a blanket to the staircase. But they were too late. They were caught in the flames, and all perished.

The Providence nuns, who owned the building, and under whose management the institution has been running since its establishment, is one of the largest and richest of the Canadian communities. Its founder was Mme. Gamelin, widow of a wealthy Montreal merchant. The Superior in charge of the asylum was the famous Sister Theresa, who, when the fire started, was ill in the infirmary with inflammation of the lungs. With the exception of the medical department the Sisters had complete control of all the departments of the asylum.

Most of the private patients were lodged in wings. The staff consisted of seventy-two Sisters and ninety-two lay Sisters, of whom three were in the office, two in the parlor, and the others in the wards, kitchen, and working departments, fourteen female keepers, twenty-eight male keepers, and six night guardians.

In addition to these there were employed on the farm and in superintending the patients 242 men. The Lady Superior had the control as well as the general direction of the establishment.

The authorities of the Protestant Hospital have offered to take care of the helpless inmates of the asylum. Many of the inmates were lodged in the neighboring convents of St. Isidore, St. Joseph De Benoit, St. Lawrent, and Pointe Aux Trembles. The Montreal Exhibition Buildings have been placed at the disposal of the nuns. The total loss is estimated at between $700,000 and $800,000. The loss of life is placed at at least one hundred souls, but it will be impossible to tell the exact number until the record is made up.

Hundreds who escaped from their keepers to the woods are still missing. Those who were removed in safety are now in the various Catholic institutions throughout the city. Seven nuns are reported missing. The Government, it is understood, will take steps toward rebuilding the asylum at once.—*New York Sun.*

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Local Items.

FROST last Sunday night.

PAY CAR.—The I. C. R. pay car passed over the Eastern Extension Monday afternoon, on its monthly mission.

LAST SUNDAY Father Gillis preached a very practical sermon to the farmers of his parish on the industry, the thrift, and the knowledge a farmer should have.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL in its session from Tuesday until Friday of last week, did considerable business. It adjourned to meet again on the third Tuesday of June.

TENDERS CALLED FOR.—The attention of contractors is directed to tenders called for in another column for the building of a new church at Little Glace Bay, C. B.

THE STEAMER "HALIFAX" continues to take large numbers of passengers for Boston. She sails every Wednesday morning. See advertisement in another column.

A SUBSIDY of fifty thousand dollars has been granted to the Inverness and Richmond railway by the Dominion Government, that is, a thousand per mile for fifty miles.

NEXT WEEK we shall delay publication of CASKET till Thursday evening, in order to get as full a report as can be got in that time of the elections throughout the Province.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.—The meetings of School Commissioners for the Counties of Antigonish and Guysboro will be held as follows: Antigonish, May 20th; Guysboro, May 27th; St. Mary's, June 24th.

BASE BALL.—A friendly game of base ball between two nines captained by Wm. Foster and Dan. McIsaac, on the base-ball grounds Monday afternoon, was won by Foster's team,—score: 14, 11.

ACCIDENT.—A son of Alex Forbes, of James River Station, while coupling cars loaded with logs at that station last Thursday, was badly crushed round the chest. No bones were broken, and it is expeced he will recover.

PERSONAL.—Miss Maggie Fraser left for Boston on Thursday of last week.

Frank Ronan was in Town the first of the week, representing the ever-growing house of Davidson Bros., Halifax.

Mother St. Maurice, of St. Bernard's Convent, Antigonish, left for Montreal on Monday.

A LIVE HOTEL MAN.—Mr. Duncan Broussard, of Harbor au Bouchie, some time ago opened the British American House in Halifax, and rapidly earned a reputation and a business for it equal to any of the second-class hotels in Halifax. The British American, in order to meet its growing business, was compelled to add ten rooms this spring.

WATER WORKS.—Prof. Butler, civil engineer, has examined two of the proposed places from which the town may receive a supply of water. His report is not yet received. The Old Gulf Road stream may prove insufficient in quantity. The Clydesdale stream, three and a half miles distant, has such an elevation that a smaller pipe may be used, and the difference in cost will not be nearly so great as the difference in distance would lead one to expect. The supply in the Clydesdale stream is all that could be desired as regards both quantity and quality.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A despatch received by the Sheriff from Bear Creek, British Columbia, stated that a young man about twenty-one years of age, named Daniel McDougall, thought to belong to this county, met with a serious accident, on Thursday, and asked that his parents be communicated with. No trouble was experienced in finding his parents, for the young man was well remembered; and his father, Mr. Arch. McDougall, of North Grant, when interviewed, knew too well that the sad intelligence was his. On Sunday, a second despatch announced that the young man was dead. No particulars of the accident have, as yet, been received, but it is supposed that it was the result of a railway collision, as Mr. McDougall, since he left here, some four years ago, has been a fireman on the Canada Pacific Railway. His parents have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. The body will be sent home by the Brotherhood of United Firemen, of which he was a member, for interment.

Halifax Notes.

The Inverness and Richmond Railway Co. have opened an office here. This would seem to point to active operations on this very necessary road during the coming summer.

The Catholics of Dartmouth are soon to commence the construction of their new church, which is to be a handsome brick structure. The building at present occupied is altogether inadequate to the needs of the congregation. Father Underwood, the energetic pastor of the parish, intends to have a bazaar during the coming summer to raise funds to meet the expense of the building.

The corner stone of the new hall for St. Mary's T. & B. society was laid by Archbishop O'Brien, on Wednesday evening last, in the presence of a large assembly. The hall, which is situated on Barrington St., will be a brick structure and will when completed cost in the neighborhood of $12,000. The society deserves great credit for the efforts it has made to make the hall a possibility; and the building itself will be not only a credit to the society, but an ornament to the city. The members of the society who turned out *en masse* and marched in procession to the site of the building, created quite a favorable impression on the large number of citizens who crowded the streets through which the procession passed.

The Appletons of New York have just published a narative poem for the use of Archbishop O'Brien. "Arminte" for so the poem is named, describes the overthrow of agnosticism in the mind of the youth, by the study of religion. The poem makes a nice book of 150 pages and His Grace has succeeded in throwing an interest about the characters he has introduced, which forces the attention of the reader until the last line is read. I think if an edition, at popular prices, of this poem and of the Archbishop's former publication—the novel "After Weary Years"—was printed, a ready sale for them would be found among the people of the maritime provinces.

Cheticamp, C. B., Items.

The new chapel will not be commenced this year.

Rev. P. Fiset, P. P., arrived home from Halifax on Saturday last.

Mr. Philip LeMontais of the firm Charles Robins & Co., will soon resume his summer residence at Eastern Harbor.

Donald McLeod, merchant of Broad Cove, and councillor McIntosh, of Pleasant Bay, were in town last Monday.

Mr. Polycarps AuCoin, Lucienc's son, is dying of consumption. Mr. AuCoin is highly esteemed, and his loss will be seriously felt.

Our Councillor, Lazore LeBlanc, left recently for Halifax to assume a position in the firm of H. W. Brown, for the summer.

To-day (Friday) is one of those genial days that came as a foretaste of summer. The breezes from the south and the bright sunshines make everybody happy.

Our farmers are busy cropping. Some have already finished. Hay is plentiful, but potatoes are very scarce, and a cargo would sell well here.

A small quantity of herring was caught in nets last week, but since then, none has been caught. Codfish is reported plentiful at Cape North. 'Tis probable that our anxious fishermen will soon be satisfied, and consequently business will hum.

William AuCoin, of Eastern Harbor, has made great improvements during the past winter. He had a shop and other stores built. Mr. AuCoin is a brother of Charles, proprietor of the Rialto House, Halifax.

Mr. Dawson of Margaree is having a lobster factory built at Cape Rouge, which will be completed soon.

The Gulf is entirely free of ice. The steamer "Beaver" is now making her weekly trips here. She leaves Pictou for this port every Thursday after arrival of morning express from Halifax, calling both going and returning at Arisaig, Cape George, Port Hood and Margaree. She generally arrives here on Friday morning.

Schr. "Flora Belle," Captain LeBlanc of Margaree, has been chartered by our Local Government as a packet from Halifax to this place. The "Flora Belle" will call both going returning at the principal sea ports of the coast. This will be an advantage to our merchants, who, in consequence of this, will not fall short of stock.

Schr. "Euxine," Capt. Doucette, sailed last Saturday for fishing grounds. Schr. "Quick," Capt. Burns, sailed last Monday for herring at the Magdalene Islands. Schr. "Dolphin," Capt. Hache, is expected here to-day from Port Hawkesbury, and will immediately proceed to Anticosti. Schr. "Emma," Capt. Boudreau, is ready to leave for Halifax with a cargo of codfish exported by our industrious fishermen. Schr. "Zadie," Capt. King of Arichat, arrived here last Tuesday evening from Halifax. The vessel is loaded for Michael Crispo and William AuCoin.

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor:

In reading over the various items in last week's issue of your valuable paper, I was much surprised when I came to the averages of the public schools of this town, to see the vast difference in the work that the different teachers had to perform. In the other two schools the average to each teacher is from 24 to 26, while in the Main St. schools, where my children attend, the total average was 112, or between 37 and 38 of a daily average to each teacher.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think that any person that has the least idea of what school teaching is, will agree with me in saying that justice can not be done the pupils attending the departments of Main St. school nor can the expected progress be made, especially in the second and third departments. Not only is it impossible to do justice to the pupils, but it is also impossible for the teachers to do justice to themselves.

Now, I think that the School Board should move in this matter and open another department, or try and make some other satisfactory arrangement.

Thanking you for the space you have allowed me, Mr. Editor, for to express my views in this matter, I remain,

Yours very truly,

A PARENT.

Antigonish, N. S., May 13th, 1890.

The Old and the New Compared.

(Toronto Truth.)

To appreciate the simplicity and sublimity of the Genesis of Moses one has only to place it in contrast with the scientific enunciation of the facts contained in the opening sentence of the inspired word. Taking the latest declarations of the science which ignores a personal God, regarding the time and manner of the origin of the maternal universe the new Genesis, according to Dr. Parker, of London, would run something as follows: "Fourteen hundred and eighty two billions of ages ago there was infinitessimal and sub-microscopical deposit of carbon; which simple substance commenced a serions of eccentric and unpronounceable gyrations, revolving at a pace, technically called a velocity, which no mathematical formulæ can even rudely express; when suddenly there struck out a primary compound, ages afterword known as quartz; and in course of milleniums primary compounds yielding carbonate of lime, gypsum and silicates; and then began the mysterious process of crystallization. After countless æons we come upon the formation of chemical rocks, igneous and aqueous as the case may be, both kinds having concretionary, nodular, or sparry textures. Ages after ages came Feldspathic lavas, Augitic lavas, &c." Now place beside this account (which those who are familiar with the attempts of science to state these far-off events, will not accuse of being exaggerated) the account as found in the Genesis of Moses. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." What simplicity is here and yet what grandeur and comprehension. It covers everything, as to time and explains everything as to manner by the one word "God." That the cosmogony of the old lawgiver will soon give place to that of those who would dispense with the intervention of a personal and independent Will, is a statement that few will be rash enough to hazard. It does not appear a particularly difficult task to find fault with Moses and the record he has left us; but if we want to know the superior excellance of his story we have only to try and replace it. Then we discover that it is like trying to get enough candles together to make up for the loss of the sun.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

The *North American Practitioner* tells of a doctor in a neighboring State who was called one rainy night to attend a case of croup. Not wishing to get wet, he directed the child to be held to the telephone (so the story goes), and, hearing it cough, corroborated the diagnosis and gave directions for treatment. He then returned to bed, and on calling the next morning found the child doing well—under the care of another physician.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

FROM JANUARY 16.

A. A. McDonald, College,	$1.00
A. Fraser, Antigonish,	1.00
E. Corbett, P. M., Harbor Bouchie,	1.00

FROM FEBRUARY 27.

Miss Cassie Chisholm, Heatherton,	1.00
H. McPherson, Millright, F. Mills,	.50
A. J. Boyd, Esq, Frasers Mills,	.50
John J. McGillivray, Big Marsh,	.30
Donald Gillis, Esq., Glen Alpine,	1.00
Rev. A. McKenzie P.P., Victoria M.	1.00
Mrs. T. Gorman, Afton, Ant. Co.,	1.00
J. McPherson (H.'s son) Georgeville,	.50
John McLean, Georgeville,	1.00
Thos. Mackie, Thorburn, N. S.,	1.00
A. McIntosh, Thorburn, N. S.,	1.00
Peter Webb, Pomquet Chapel	.50
R. J. Curry, Upper L'Ardoise, C. B.,	1.00
George Burke, L. L'Ardoise, C.B.,	1.00
H. McDonald, P.M., East Bay, C.B.,	1.00
A. McPherson, Cross Roads, Ohio,	.50
S. McNeil, Big Pond, C. B.,	1.00
C. Woods, Blacksmith, Cow Bay,	1.00
E. Phalen, North Sydney, C.B.,	1.00
R. D. Ohisholm, Black River,	1.00
Rev. Dr. McDonald, Bishop, Nfld.,	1.00
M. McMillan, Lillooet, B. Columbia,	1.00

FROM MARCH 6.

Allan McDonald, Moncton, N. B.,	1.00
A. McRae, James River Station,	1.00
J. H. Hearn, Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
Gillis & McDonald, Sydney, C. B,	1.00
A. P. McIsaac, Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
J. A. Gillies, Barrister, Sydney, C. B,	1.00
J. McMillian, Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
J. A. McDougall, Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
E. C. Hanrahan, Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
A. Hamilton, North Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
C. F. Power, Halifax, N. S.,	1.00
Angus Campbell, Croft Way Office,	.50

FROM MARCH 13.

Angus McGillivray, Antigonish,	1.00
Hugh McDonald, St. Andrews,	.50
Val. D. Forbes, St. Andrews,	.25
M. McNeil, Maligant Cove,	1.00
Austin Chisholm, Lismore Pictou Co.	1.00

FROM MARCH 20.

D. McAdam, College,	.50
T. O'Brien & Co., St. John, N. B.,	1.00
Rod'k A. Chisholm, Addington Forks,	1.00
Dan McGillivray Esq., St. Andrews,	1.00
D. A. McDonald, M. D., Pt. Hawksb'y,	1.00
Wm. Strople, Afton, Antigonish Co.,	.50
Alex. McDonnell, Port Hood, C. B.,	1.00
A. McPhie, Upper South River,	1.00
J. McDonald, (John's son) Clydesdale,	1.00
E. Donoughe, Halifax,	1.00
John Chisholm, Halifax,	1.00
Capt. John Gillis, Pictou,	1.00
John B. McDonald, Black River,	.30
W. Power, Halifax,	1.00
Dan McEachern, Brown's Mountain,	.50

FROM MARCH 27.

Wm. Conway, St. John, N. B.,	1.00
C. Chisholm, Esq., Black River,	.50
Mrs. Caroline LeCras, Tracadie,	1.00
A. McDonald, Dunmore, P.O.,	.50
John McAdam, McAra's Brook, Ant.	.25
Andrew McKenna, Briley Brook,	1.00
Angus D. McDonald, Morristown,	.50
John McInnes, Lakevale,	1.00

FROM APRIL 3.

Stephen Gillis, Araisag,	1.00
H. E. Chisholm, Marydale,	1.00
Angus McLellan, Big Marsh,	.50
J. McNanara, Victoria Mines, C. B.,	1.00
John McKinnon, Georgeville,	.50
J. M. Hall, Tracadie,	1.00
R. L. Wilkins, West River,	.30
D. McLeod, Town Point,	.50
John Stewart, Lochaber,	.50
A. McDonald, North Sydney,	1.00
D. McMaster, Dorchester, N. B.,	1.00
M. McLeod, Antigonish Harbor,	.50

FROM APRIL 10.

R. McDonald, Antigonish,	1.00
Alex. McDonald, Sylvan, Mills,	1.00
Alex. A. McDonald, Add. Forks,	1.00
J. McFarlane, McPhersons P.O.,	1.00
M. McNeil, Hillsboro, C. B.,	1.00
Alex. McDonnell, Port Hood, C. B.,	1.00
A. J. McDonald, Port Hood, C. B.,	1.00
H. McMaster, Long Point, Inv. Co.,	1.00
D. McDonald, L'Ardoise, C. B.,	1.00
John Gillis, Sydney, C. B.,	1.00
D. A. Chisholm, Black River, Ant.,	1.00
C. Dweyer, Boston,	.75
M. W. Somers, Boston,	.50
Alex. McIntosh, Lismore, Pictou,	1.00
Bishop Rogers, Chatham, N. B.,	1.00
A. McKinnon, W. Merigomish, Pictou,	.25

FROM APRIL 17.

D. C. McKay, Antigonish,	1.00
Maggie Fraser, S. River Road,	1.00
Joseph DeBassie, Antigonish,	1.00
Eugene McDonald, Antigonish,	1.00
A. B. McDonald, Beech Hill,	.50
Dr. McKinnon, Town,	1.00
Alex. Chisholm, St Andrews,	1.00
John Kiely, Lower South River,	.50
Lauchlin McNeil, Mabou, C. B.,	1.00
M. McNeil, Christmas Island, C. B.,	1.00
A. McLeod, Afton,	.25
D. D. McFarlane, Broad Cove, C. B.,	1.00
Roderick McDonald, Harbor road,	1.00
J. A. Wall, Guysboro',	1.00
M. Reddy, teacher, Boylston,	.40
D. McEachern, Cambridgep't, Mass.,	1.00
Angus Cameron, Ingonish, C. B.,	1.00
Duncan Cameron, St. Peter's C. B.,	1.00
Rev. A. McGillivray, P. P., Lismore,	1.00
J. M. McNeil, Benacadie Pond, C. B.,	1.00
M. McDonald, Trenton, Pictou Co.,	.50
Alex. Farrell, Grand Norrows, C. B.	1.00
D. McDonald, " " "	1.00
E. A. McNeil, " " "	1.00

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents,—Having used MINARD'S LINIMENT for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing I know of for horse flesh. In the family, we have used it for every purpose that a liniment is adapted for, it being recommended to us by the late Dr. J. L. R. Webster. Personally I find it the best allayer of neuralgic pain I have ever used.

B. TITUS,
Proprietor Yarmouth Livery Stable.

DEATHS.

POWER.—At Big Mountain, May 6th, after receiving the last rites of the Church, Catherine, daughter of the late John McEachren and beloved wife of Robert Power, aged 67 years, leaving a sorrowing husband, one son and six daughters to mourn their loss. Rest in peace.

MCDOUGALL.—At Donald Hospital, B. C., on the 11th inst., Daniel McDougall, in the 21st year of his age, son of Archibald McDougall, North Grant. *R. I. P.*

MCKINNON.—At Back Settlement, South Side Harbor, on Sunday evening, 4th May, 1890, of pulmonary disease, John A. McKinnon, in the 26th year of his age. Deceased was a young man of unblemished character, imbued with many Christian virtues. He bore his illness with Christan resignation, and was strengthened in his last moments by the sacraments of the holy Church. We tender our heartfelt sympathies to his bereaved family. The community in which he lived can but ill afford the deprivation of his edifying conduct, his social qualities, his sterling virtues; but all are consoled that he is gone to reap the eternal reward of his praiseworthy life. May his soul rest in peace.

GRANT.—At Kappoch, on the 18th April, Catharine Grant, in the 31st year of her age. May her soul rest in peace.

MACDONAD.—At Bailey's Brook, on May 6th, after a short illness which she bore with Christian resignation to the Divine will, Catherine Macdonald, daughter of the late Hugh Macdonald, aged 32 years. She calmly passed away to reap the reward of the righteous. (Pictou *Standard* please copy.)

The Farmers' Emporium.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING A FULL AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, HATS and CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING.

TAILORING.

We have engaged for the Season Mr. A. McGILLIVRAY, whose reputation as a FIRST-CLASS CUTTER is Unequalled.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

English, Scotch and Canadian Suitings,

From $12 up, always Carried in Stock. Samples on Application.

GROCERIES.

Just received 500 Boxes of our Well-known TEA—quality guaranteed. Buy our Superior Brand of "GOLDEN STAR" FLOUR. Always on hand STANDARD OATMEAL, ROLLED OATS, CORN-MEAL, DRIED FISH and HERRING.

NOW ON HAND

ONE CAR SEEDS,

Including Red and White Fife, White Russian and Black Sea Wheat. Peas, Bean, Onion, and Red Cob Ensilage Corn, Canadian White Oats, Quebec Hayseed, Large Late Red and Alsike Clover Seeds with a Full Supply of Field and Garden Seed.

SOMERS & O'BRIEN.

NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received by the Committee on Public Property until Tuesday, the 20th inst., for the Repairing of the Fence round the Court House. For particulars apply to COUNCELLORS MCISAAC and MCDONELL. Tenders to be left at the Municipal Clerk's office.

JOHN McDONALD, WARDEN,
Chairman of the Committee.

Antigonish 13th May, 1890.

NOTICE TO HORSE-RAISERS.

THE HALIFAX "MORGAN"

Is expected to travel this season from James River Station, by Addington Forks, Ohio, Lochaber, down through the South River to St. Andrews, and will be at John McDonald's, farmer, May 31st and fortnightly during the season.

Parties are invited to have a look at the stock wherever they are—Antigonish, Pictou and Halifax—and take them as a whole.

Parties wishing to have French in their Stock can have it this season as "Morgan" is a French horse.

Pedigree is not necessary as you have his Stock, and as a General-Purpose Horse cannot be surpassed.

JOHN N. MACDONALD.

Bridgeville, East River, Pictou Co., May 3. 17 3-4

Public Auction.

To be sold at Public Auction, at my Farm, Briley Brook, on Saturday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,

13 BULL AND HEIFER CALVES,

From 3 to 6 weeks old. Mostly all Thoroughbred Ayreshires of the Very Best Milking Strain. All Hand-Fed from birth and in fine condition. Terms: 5 months credit, with approved security; or 5 per cent. discount for cash.

L. C. ARCHIBALD.

Antigonish, May 1, 1890. 5i

TENDERS CALLED FOR.

Tenders for the building of a new Catholic Church at Little Glace Bay, C. B., will be received up to June 10th. Separate Tenders are required for excavations, foundation walls, and erecting and finishing the outside superstructure, and also one tender for all three.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the residence of the undersigned, who does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

FINLAY G. CHISHOLM, P. P.

Little Glace Bay, May 5.

JUSTICE SOAP.

HAS / No / EQUAL

For Purity in Make.
For Washing Qualities.
For Retaining its Color.
For Healing Chapped Hands
For Full Weight.
For Delicacy of Perfume.

BEST ROUTE TO BOSTON.

Canada Atlantic Line.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA. QUICKEST and MOST DIRECT ROUTE.

LOWEST FARES.

The Magnificent Clyde-built Steel

STEAMSHIP "HALIFAX."

Is the Largest, Fastest and Best-Furnished and most comfortable Passenger Steamship ever placed on the route between Canada and the United States.

Sails from Noble's wharf, Halifax, every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, and Lewis's Warf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 o'clock. Through Tickets to New York and all Points. Baggage Checked Through from all Stations. THROUGH TICKETS FOR SALE BY ALL AGENTS OF INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. Passengers by Tuesday's evening Train can go on board on arrival Without Extra Charge.

CHIPMAN BROS., Gen. Agts, Halifax.
Or H. POWER, Antigonish.

Administrator's Sale.

Do not forget the SALE of the BISHOP PROPERTY, at NOON, TUESDAY, 20th inst.

At same time I will Sell all the HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE belonging to the Estate, consisting of CANE-SEATED CHAIRS, TABLES, LOUNGES, CARPETS, ETC., ETC.

Great Bargains may be expected as every thing must be sold without reserve. TERMS CASH.

L. C. ARCHIBALD,
Administrator.

Immediately after the above sale, we will sell at Auction in the Town Office Yard, a lot of ODDS and ENDS left from the LARGE FURNITURE STOCK we formerly carried, consisting of IRON and WOOD BED-STEADS, BUREAUS, CENTRE TABLES, WASH STANDS, TOILET TABLES, IRON & WOOD CRIBS, CRADLES, CANE PARLOUR & DINING CHAIRS, WOOD SEAT and ASH DINERS, CANE and WOOD ROCKERS, ETC., ETC. TERMS CASH.

L. C. ARCHIBALD & Co.

Antigonish, N. S., May 6, 1890.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY

BY BUYING YOUR

SPRING SUIT

AT

McMillan & Chisholm's

FIRST-CLASS

Tailoring Establishment.

ALL NEW STOCK IMPORTED FROM MANUFACTURERS.

English & French Worsteds,
Scotch Tweeds,
Fancy Trouserings,
Light Overcoatings.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO

CLERGYMEN'S SUITS AND SOUTANNES.

Largest Stock! Best Trimmings! Perfect Fits!

OUR STOCK OF

English and American Hat Goods as Usual.

McMILLAN & CHISHOLM.

FOR BOSTON,

Portland and Gloucester,

VIA

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

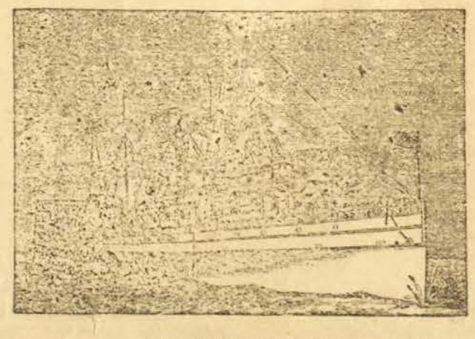
AND THE

PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SS. Co.

LOW SECOND-CLASS RATES



FROM ALL POINTS.

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, MAY 5th,

The Steamers of this Line will make

Three Trips per Week,

Leaving St. John

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY

AT 7.25 A. M.

Returning will leave

BOSTON SAME DAYS AT 8.30 A. M.

HORSE CARS leave Depot for Steamers on Arrival of all Through Trains of Intercolonial Railway, and Passengers are Allowed the Privilege of stopping on board without Cost. The LOWEST RATES are always in force by the Steamer from St. John.

THE INTERNATIONAL SS. LINE offers to the Traveling Public Superior Accommodations on its Steamers for those holding 2nd-Class Tickets.

Ask for Tickets via INTERNATIONAL SS. CO.
All Agents Sell Them.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

C. H. SANBORN, General Trav. Agent.

Mary's Month.

The orchard is a rosy red,
The oak is a rosy mist
And oh, the gold of the buttercups
The morning sun has kissed!
There are twinkling shadows on the grass
Of a myriad tiny leaves.
And a twittering loud from the busy crowd
That build beneath the eaves.
Then sing, happy children,
The bird and bees are here,
The May time is a gay time,
The blossom time o' the year.

A message comes across the fields,
Borne on the balmy air,
For all the little seeking hands
There are flowers enough to spare.
Hark! a murmuring in the hive—
List! a carol clear and sweet—
While feathered throats the thrilling notes
A thousand times repeat.
Then sing, happy children,
The bird and bees are here,
The May time is a gay time,
The blossom time o' the year.

—Anna M. Pratt.

CECIL'S FORTUNE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

A SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[Cecil Lorimer, the heroine, lives in America with her sister, Mrs. Jack Bernard. Cecil has inherited millions from her father, but is not generally known to be wealthy. The Vicomptesse de Verac of Paris, a former American belle who married a title in that city, invites Cecil to visit her without knowing anything of the large fortune. In crossing the Atlantic Cecil's travelling companions are an artist lady friend, Grace Marriott, and an elderly brother of the latter. On the steamer she makes the acquaintance of Mr. Tyrconnel, an Irishman who proved to be a very cultured and pleasant acquaintance. The steamer encounters a storm, comes into collision with an iceberg, is partially disabled, puts into Halifax and transfers her passengers to the out-going Allan steamer. Cecil's bent of mind is thus described by her sister: "I never saw a girl who thought less of marriage; in fact it provokes her to hear it spoken of. She has all kinds of ideas about the tremendous responsibility of wealth, and of doing some great work in the world—I don't know what exactly." When the steamer reaches Europe Mr. Tyrconnel goes home and Cecil and her party proceed to Paris. Mr. Craven, a friend of Jack Bernard, has received from the latter a letter asking him to act the part of guardian towards Cecil.]

Probably she was thinking of herself as she glanced toward a tall mirror, which gave back her graceful reflection. But Cecil could scarcely restrain a smile as she caught a glimpse in the same mirror of her own beauty, and knew how well she was able not only to restore Villemur but to bear herself worthily as its chatelaine. For the first time it flashed through her mind that here might be the use which she was seeking for her wealth—not the mere vulgar use of repairing a ruined fortune, but the better one of restoring a great name and a great house; of making Villemur itself all that Madame de Verac dreamed; and, more than that, to plant in it afresh the house of De Verac, and transform its head from an insignificant adherent of a great cause to one of its leaders. All this passed before her like a vivid dream. She seemed to catch a view of possibilities as noble and far-reaching as the vista of stately rooms stretching before her. She had but to put forth her hand to make those possibilities realities. It was a dazzling thought.

The light of it was still in her eys when presently the young Comte came to beg them to go out into the gardens. "I have some beautiful views to show you," he said. "Little else, I fear."

The views were beautiful indeed, so were the gardens to Cecil, overgrown and neglected though they were. What noble possibilities were here as in the chateau! The terraces with their flights of marble steps, the long, green alleys, the picturesque pond filled with venerable carp, the great wooded stretches of the park,—all enchanted her, all were full not only of actual beauty but of romantic suggestions, of the poetry and splendor of the old life which passed away forever under the bloody wheel of the Revolution. She felt as if she were walking in a dream of past and future mingled. The stately figures of the *ancien regime* seemed to fill the wide spaces; and mingling with them, as it were, was her own, adopting this life as her own, making this place her home, beautifying, restoring, pouring a stream of wealth into which would make its capabilities realities.

"You have more than a beautiful place," said Cecil to the Comte, when they were walking a little apart. "It is a poem, and speaks of a great position and a great influence. The seigneur of Villemur is, I perceive, a much greater person than I had imagined."

He smiled in answer to her smile as she uttered the last words, but said, a little sadly: "You mean that the seigneur of Villemur should be a great person. That is true. But, unfortunately, what he should be is very different from what he is. The greatness of Villemur is a tradition of the past, and the influence of its lord is too limited in scope to be recognized in these days."

She made a slight motion of her hand over the wide and beautiful scene which lay before them—the smiling, fertile, verdant country, with the red roofs of its farm-houses scattered here and there, and the village of Villemur lying at its feet.

"Your influence must surely be recognized here," she said.

"Oh! *here*—yes, of course, after a manner it still exists here," he replied. "But I have never cared for this, and from the long absence of both my father and myself it has greatly diminished."

"But it could be restored," she said, thoughtfully. "From the position which God has given you, you are naturally the leader of these people—their leader in thought as well as in action. It seems to me that you might do much good, great good, here. Have I not heard you deplore the alienation of feeling between classes in France, and the apathy of the people, especially in rural districts, toward the most vital political questions? Do you not believe that this could be in a great measure changed if men like yourself strove to win their confidence and regard, to instruct and direct them—in one word, to use nobly for noble ends the position and influence which are yours?"

She looked at him with a glance which seemed to see the noble ends of which she spoke,—a glance so radiant with the glow of high thoughts that it might have fired a more sluggish nature than that of the Comte de Verac. He responded with quick enthusiasm:

"Yes, all that is possible. You are right in thinking it. Much, very much, could be done here. But many things are needed in order to do it—things which I do not possses."

"You possess the essential things," she said, "and the others might be added."

He shrugged his shoulders lightly. "They might be—yes," he answered; "but it is not likely that they will be."

Cecil did not reply, and they walked on in silence for some moments. She felt like one who held in her hand the key to great contingencies, and she was tempted as she had never been tempted before—not by the splendid position which she might command, but by the opportunities for action and for good which seemed opening before her. She turned suddenly a quick, penetrating gaze on the young man.

"Tell me," she said, "what is the first, the most important thing which you need to enable you to do these things?"

He smiled. "Do not be disgusted," he replied, "if I say that the first, the most important thing is money—a great deal of money. At this day one can not be a very important personage without it."

"Surely here, in the home of your race, your importance should not depend upon money."

"A poor man cannot live at Villemur," he said. "Or if he did, he would have little influence. You know the world well enough, I presume, to know that. And I am, comparitively speaking, a poor man. If I were not"—he looked at her with a glow in his eyes which was unmistakable—"there are things at which I would aim more important to me than those of which we have spoken."

"It does not appear to me that anything could be more important than those," she answered. "If you do not feel that, you would never be likely to accomplish them.'

"A man might accomplish anything who had you for an inspirer," he said quickly. "You seem made for great things—not for small ones at all."

"I confess that I like great things better than small ones," she answered; "but life is so ordered that one has much more to do with small than great ones. And I suppose that true wisdom and sometimes true heroism consist in regarding the small ones as if they were great ones."

She spoke more to herself than to him, and it marked a great difference in Cecil, from what had formerly been her opinion, that such an idea had occured to her, and that she recognized its force. The whole bent of her nature was so strongly toward great things, that it was difficult for her to realize the greatness that often lies in small things, when those small things are lifted to nobleness by the purpose that underlies or the sacrifice that hallows them.

At this point, somewhat to her relief, they were joined by the rest of the party, and presently, when they assembled on the great terrace in front of the chateau, she was glad that Craven came up to her. Even if he had not been Bernard's friend she would have liked him, and all the better that his liking for herself was evidently of so calm an order; but, being a link with the home and the friends she had left, he was specially agreeable to her. Just now, as she looked at his keen, thoughtful face, a recollection of their first, partly jesting words together occurred to her. "If you need a counsellor," he had said, "remember that you may command me." And a wild impulse seized her to take him at his word—to ask his advice, or at least to draw upon his knowledge of the people and things around her. She did not positively say to herself that under certain circumstances she would marry the Comte de Verac, but she was conscious of a leaning attraction, which might result in such a decision. It did not at the moment occur to her, that it was not so much the man himself who attracted her as the circumstances of his life and position. She had long ago made a covenant with herself that she would devote her fortune to some great end to furthering some worthy cause: was it the romantic charm of Villemur which tempted her to think that the end and the cause might be found here? She was asking herself this question when Craven spoke,

"I am sure you agree with me, Miss Lorimer, that our friend De Verac is a lucky man to possess this noble old place. To have it might reconcile one to the danger of being beheaded some day simply for the crime of its proprietorship."

Cecil smiled. "I hope M. de Verac's head is in no danger," she answered; "but certainly it is a noble place, and ought to represent a great deal of power and influence."

"Perhaps so," said Craven, doubtfully; "but in France at present a man is handicapped by the great name and an aristocratic position—that is, politically. An adventurer like Gambetta, or an obscure soldier like Boulanger, is the man who becomes leader of sentiment and opinion."

"But might not that be changed if, among the men of old name and hereditary rank, some one would arise with the capabilities of a leader?"

"If he were a man of genius of course he could do much; but, as I have already remarked, his rank would handicap him—unless he followed the *role* of Rochefort. And I suppose you are hardly thinking of that."

"Hardly. And yet I am sure—I feel positive—that such rank and position as are here might be used for great good—might give the possessor a great power to lead and influence men to the best ends, rather than, like Rochefort, to the worst."

"It might be," he assented; "but the man who could do this must have powers which I fear the Comte de Verac, charming as he is, does not own. And, besides these powers, he must have an impersonal end in view. He must either be a philanthropist or an ardent partisan. M. de Verac is neither."

"He is ambitious to serve the party to which he belongs."

"Yes within due bounds. But the enthusiasm which leads men to self-sacrfice is not in him, and without that no man will ever serve a cause greatly." Then, catching a sudden, startled look, in Cecil's eyes, he added: "Do not think that I mean to depreciate him. He has a good deal of generous ardor, I am sure; but he naturally thinks first for himself and his own ambitions. There are few men who do not."

"Few—yes. But there must be some, else great things would not be done."

He shrugged his shoulders lightly. "Are many great things done? I think not. But do not let me spoil your faith in any one, least of all in our plersant young host. If I were so unfortunate as to do that, he would never forgive me; for there is no one whose good opinion he values more than yours."

She smiled a little skeptically. "Are you sure of that?" she asked. "I am not, by any means."

And she turned away.

XII.

The Vicomtesse was the next person who took Craven into her confidence. A day or two had elapsed since the arrival of the party at Villemur, and the devotion of the young host to his fair American guest could no longer escape notice. His passions had indeed passed beyond his own control, and, fanned by the close association with its object, was rapidly approaching the point when declaration became unnecessary. The Vicomtesse, who up to this time had viewed his fancy complacently enough, began now to take alarm, and the first result of this was her summoning Craven to a private interview.

"You have a great deal of tact," she began, "and I want your advice in a matter which is beginning to disquiet me."

He smiled. "A little judicious flattery sometimes does wonders in developing tact as well as other qualities," he remarked. "Mine is at your service. What is it that disquiet you?"

"I am sorry to say that it is the fear that Armand is acting very foolishly with regard to Cecil. Have you observed his manner toward her?"

Craven laughed a little. "I should be totally deficient in observation if I had not perceived that he is very much in love with Miss Lorimer," he replied. "But you know your world—you know that he is not likely to allow a sentiment of the kind to interfere with the serious objects of his life."

"If I were sure of that I should not be disquieted at all," said the Vicomtesse, frankly; "and for a time I *was* sure. But since we have been here I have changed my mind, and I think—I fear—that he is ready for any folly. What steps to take I do not know. Remonstrance from me would be useless if his infatuation is serious. I have thought that perhaps you might sound his intentions. He speaks to you very freely, does he not?"

"He has done so. I could sound his intentions very easily, I think. But how if they should prove to be what you fear?"

"In that case I should leave no means untried to change them. I could never forgive myself if I were the cause of his ruining his life by such a *mesalliance*."

"Do you really think it would be a *mesalliance?*" he asked, regarding her curiously. "It seems to me that Miss Lorimer would be a fit bride for a prince."

The Vicomtesse shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "Miss Lorimer in the abstract is very well," she answered. "With training she could fill any position. But Armand needs to look for much besides beauty and good manners. You know that."

"If she were an heiress would you object?"

"What is the good of such a supposition? She is *not* an heiress.

"I suppose not," said Craven, slowly; "but if she were—say that she had one of the great American fortunes,—do you not think she would make a good Contesse de Verac then?"

"Even then I should prefer to see Armand to marry in his own rank. But a great fortune could do so much for him and for Villemur that I should be reconciled if it were united with a person as irreproachable as Cecil. But why dwell on such an idea? I repeat that she is no heiress."

"Well, I will sound De Verac, and let you know the result, said Craven. "Meanwhile do not let the matter annoy you. I have a firm belief that nothing which you fear will come to pass."

With these words he went away, smiling to himself; for he had a very well defined idea of what would come to pass. After Cecil had tested the disinterestedness of De Verac's affection, she would reward him with her fortune and herself in approved romantic style, he had no doubt. He was a shrewd observer, and her manner of late had made him sure of this.

Some little time elapsed before he had an opportunity to approach De Verac on the subject. But when he did so, he found the young man not at all inclined to evade him: indeed it seemed a great relief to him to speak frankly.

"Yes," he said, "I confess that I find Miss Lorimer so charming that if I were differently situated I should not hesitate to offer myself to her. But"—he flung out his hands with a dramatic gesture—"under the circumstances what can I do?"

"Well, said Craven, coolly, "if by the circumstances you mean that you can not marry her, I should say that you could at least refrain from making your admiration so manifest."

"But why should I refrain from manifesting what I feel with the utmost intensity? I have never seen any woman whom I admire so much—whom I could so readily adore. She is adorable, Mademoiselle Cecil—so noble, so high-minded, so above all coquetry."

"She is a very fine type, though a little spoiled," said Craven. "But what has that to do with the fact that a man who does not mean to marry a woman has no right to let her see that he 'adores' her?"

"I have not shown her that," said the young Comte.

"Yes, you have shown that, not only to her but to every one else. And the question now arises: What are you going to do?"

"To do!" The young man stared. "What is there for me to do? *Ma foi*, you know well how I am placed. I have a fortune to retrieve, a future to make, position to maintain. All of these things, which are absolute duties, render it impossible for me to follow the dictates of my heart."

"Then you should keep the dictates of your heart more under control," said Craven, dryly. "I am to understand that you have no intention whatever of offering yourself to Miss Lorimer?"

"How can I have such an intention?" asked De Verac, in a tone of despair. "You know that with us marriage is not a matter of sentiment. I have to think of others besides myself—of the family I represent. And you," he continued, turning suddenly and beginning to walk up and down the floor, "I confess that I am greatly tempted. I have never been so charmed by any woman. If she had anything suitable in the way of fortune, all might be arranged. Tell me, my friend, do you know with any positiveness what *dot* she has?"

"I know nothing whatever concerning her fortune," answered Craven, with perfect truthfulness. "But if you wish I will inquire."

"Of whom?"

"Of herself. Who else could be so well informed?"

"Impossible. She would misunderstand. Our French ideas and customs seem to you people mercenary—do I not know that?"

"I think that I can obtain the information you ask without betraying your interest in the subject. And it is well that the matter should be ended, one way or another."

"Yes, it must be ended," said the other, gloomily. "Find out if you can, then, what fortune Miss Lorimer has; and if it is any amount which would justify me in offering myself to her, no one will ever be more grateful to you than I."

It was not a desire to win the gratitude of the Comte De Verac, however, which made Craven feel that it was not an unpleasant task to sound Cecil Lorimer's intentions. His own curiosity and interest were very much aroused, and the opportunity to learn what she really meant to do was too tempting to be resisted. Watching, then, an opportunity to speak to her in private, he saw her from his window one morning early, walking alone down the great avenue of chestnuts which lead toward the village; and, hastening out, he overtook her.

(To be continued.)

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CARD.

To the Electors of Antigonish County:

GENTLEMEN—

Four years ago you did me the honor of electing me to represent you in our provincial parliament. Under the exceptionally capable leadership of Premier Fielding, one of Nova Scotia's ablest and most trusted sons, and in conjunction with my worthy colleague, I have endeavoured at all times to prove myself worthy of the confidence you so generously reposed in me. I have given careful attention to all legislation which in anywise affect your interests, or the interest of the province at large. The various measures caried forward by the government which I had the honor to support, were so just in themselves and so clearly in the public interest, that nearly every one of them received the support of some, if not all, of the opposition.

It is my desire to meet all of you before election day and to discuss the public questions of the day before you and before my opponents if they choose to appear.

Anticipating a favourable verdict, I again solicit a renewal of your confidence and support. I remain,

Your obedient servant,

C. F. McISAAC.

CARD.

To the Electors of Antigonish County:

GENTLEMEN—

Having been nominated by the Liberal-Conservative convention, held at Antigonish on the 11th of March last, as a candidate for your suffrages at the ensuing election, I now place my services at your disposal.

If elected I will spare no pains to represent you in such a way as to merit your approval. I will do all in my power to redeem the credit of our Province, to foster our industries and advance the cause of education.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

ARCHIBALD McPHIE.

Antigonish, April 28th, 1890.

CARD.

To the Electors of Antigonish County:

GENTLEMEN—

While thanking the electors of the county of Antigonish for the honor accorded me in nominating me as one of the Liberal-Conservative candidates for the approaching Local elections, I submit, that if elected, my best efforts will be in the direction of furthering the interests of my constituents; in supporting such measures as will tend to the prosperity and advancement of the province in general and of my native county in particular.

The Road moneys must be judiciously expended, and the educational interests of the province carefully subserved.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

J. J. CAMERON, M. D.

Antigonish, April 28th, 1890.

CARD.

To the Electors of the County of Antigonish:

GENTLEMEN—

Having had the honor of representing you in the House of Assembly for the past twelve years, and having to the best of my ability served you faithfully, I appeal to you for your suffrages at the approaching elections.

The efficient and economical, though not ill-liberal, administration of the affairs of the country by the government of which I am a member merit a continuance of your support.

The revenues at our disposal have been carefully husbanded and judiciously appropriated to the purposes most beneficial to the interests and wants of the people.

Measures for the advancement of higher education and for the promotion of the agricultural and mining industries of the country were introduced and carried into effect.

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The construction of our larger bridges was commenced some six years ago. On the eve of their completion the government turned its attention to the highways of the Province which are being built in as permanent a manner as the circumstances and resources of the country permit. Provisions have also been made, from time to time, for the various public works within the exclusive powers of the local legislature.

The government sustained by parliament has passed many other useful measures. The policy of the government has been one of progress. If sustained, as I have no doubt it will be, we will continue to pursue a vigorous policy tending to advance the interests of the province and develop the resources of the country.

I trust, therefore, that I am coming before you as a member of a progressive government which has administered the affairs of the province wisely and well. If I am returned to serve you again in the councils and parliament of my country I shall do my utmost to advance your interests in particular as well as those of the province in general. Meantime I remain,

Your obedient servant,

A. MACGILLIVRAY.

Antigonish, April 23rd, 1890.

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