

A PATH THAT MANY HAVE TRODDEN.

WE are well aware that among those who drink a great many lead lives of self-control. Drink does not conquer them. It gives excitement, without serious damage. It may even make life really more agreeable.

There are thousands of self-controlled for the present at least.

Each of these is apt to look upon himself as proof of the fact that drinking is not necessarily harmful.

But each of these, especially if a conspicuously successful man, is one of the most dangerous men in the community.

Weak young men follow the example of those whom they admire.

If the successful business man drinks and controls himself, his weak clerk follows his example and does not control himself.

Many a poor creature has gone to jail, indignantly prosecuted by his employer — by the very man from whom he learned his bad habits.

We write to-day to urge upon successful men, upon all temperate drinkers, this fact:

You can, of course, do as you please with yourself — but don't put temptation in the way of others.

If you have a son of fifteen you would be furious at any man who should tell him that a little whisky would not hurt him. You would call the giver of such advice a villain. But many a grown man, weak in character, lacks the moral strength of a young boy.

Remember that what you can stand others cannot stand. When drink is discussed, think of the harm it does, think of the women and children made miserable by it, think of the pitiless slavery that it inflicts on mankind.

Never say a good word for whisky or for any of its fellow troublemakers of civilization.

You are a responsible part of the human race. You have no right to be indifferent to the effect of your example on others. The greater your own strength of character the more followers you will have. Lead them on the path that will keep them free from harm.

You are powerful and fearless. Do not on that account encourage the weak to pick a quarrel with an enemy that will vanquish them.

Harm is done by the admiring stories told of drinking men.

Perhaps you ask:

Do you expect to stop the sale of strong drinks? Have you any idea that men will ever stop drinking whisky?

To that we must answer "No." While millions of men live dull, unsatisfied lives, they will seek and find artificial excitement.

While competition, overwork, strained nerves, and ignorance of right living torment mankind, strong drink will be used to give false rest, artificial aid to digestion, and to "let down" the nervous tension.

We have no hope of reforming humanity. It cannot be reformed. It must be made strong enough and happy enough to turn aside from the stimulant that it will not longer need.

We have no hope of wholesale reform. You cannot take medicine from the sick, or whisky from the miserable in spirit.

But you can give good suggestions, you can plant good resolutions in the breasts of many. And that we hope to do.

We ask each reader to decide what is best for him.

Never mind why others drink. What is best for you?

Never mind the good excuses which certain drunkards offer; what excuse can you offer if you fail to give yourself a chance?

Many a man started on that whisky road through no fault of his own. But that will not excuse you if you take that path.

Have you strength of mind enough not to drink too much whisky? Good! But prove it by drinking none at all.

And remember this about the path that starts out so pleasantly and ends among broken bottles at the door of failure.

You never meet a good Bartender on that path.

You never meet a successful Whisky Manufacturer on that path.

The saloon owner wants, demands, and gets sober men as bartenders.

The whisky manufacturer will have only sober men for his agents and managers.

Young men, keep off that path. It leads only one way. You may walk just so far, stop and come back. But why start at all?

Human success is becoming more and more a matter of clear thought. Keep your clearness of thought. Keep your force, your vital energy to build up success.

Pity the man who drinks—he needs pity. But set him a good example.

Remember this:

A drink of whisky never did for a man anything that sleep will not do. And whisky, while it seems to rest you, hurts you. Sleep builds up your brain.

Look at the man rolling out of a gin mill in the morning; compare him with the fresh man going to his work after natural sleep. Compare their eyes, their gait, their speech, their mental alertness.

The difference between two such men is the difference between sleep. Take sleep for your stimulant.

Take good thoughts and the command of whisky.

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Take good thoughts and the command of whisky.

Leave whisky to others.—New York Journal.

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.

AN American journal says:—Loving comrades bore to the cemetery in Atlantic, Ia., last week, the body of Robert Major, a veteran of the civil war, whose uneventful later life was marred by one shadow that only served to bring out in bold relief the inherent nobility of his character.

Robert Major served in Bureau's Independent Cavalry, recruited in Ohio, and when the war closed he had become a first lieutenant in the Fifth Ohio Cavalry. After the war he made his way in the world but slowly, and twelve years ago he became janitor of the Federal building in this city. After eight years in this position, he was one night sweeping out the mailing room of the post-office, when he espied two pennies on the floor. He picked them up, dropped them in his vest pocket and continued with his work. But the lynx eye of a Government post-office inspector had witnessed this act, and the next day Robert Major was arrested. When the facts were presented to the Grand Jury he was indicted.

Then his friends came to his rescue and had the indictment quashed. Major went to Huntsville, Ala., where his two brothers were in business. He had only been in Huntsville a short time when both brothers died and left him \$40,000 in cash and nearly as much more in property.

The old man took a train for Omaha. Arrived here he called on Euclid Martin and Major Clarkson, former postmasters, who had befriended him when indicted and to each he gave \$5,000 in cash, saying:

"I intended to leave it to you in my will, but I thought that you were growing old as well as I, and that it would do you more good now than at any other time."

To say that Clarkson and Martin were surprised would be putting the case very mildly. They made haste to thank him with deepest feeling, but Major quietly told them that he knew just how they felt, and they did not need to tell him.

"I felt toward you once just as you now feel toward me, and I did not know how to thank you. Now I am doing my best to show you what I felt when you helped me out of my trouble."

Major again went South, and there he died. His body was sent to Atlantic to be buried beside his wife.

ANENT RENAN STATUE.

The Bishop of Saint Brieux, France, has announced that he will suspend the annual procession called the "Pardon," at Treguer, Brittany, should the municipality persist in its intention to insult the Faith of the inhabitants by erecting a statue to Renan.

FATHER GLEASON'S EXPERIENCE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE Rev. Father Gleason, of San Francisco, who is returning from a long sojourn in the Philippines and in China, honored the Transcript with a visit on Thursday. He is in possession of a fund of information which he will make public in due season. Fresh from the islands, the interview which follows will be found interesting and instructive.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war there were only three Catholic priests in the whole United States army. Shortly after the outbreak of the war there were something like 75,000 soldiers in the Philippine Islands, of whom a wonderfully high percentage were Catholics. On the ground at the time there was simply one Catholic priest, and he was with a volunteer regiment, the First California. Two chaplains from the regular service came on afterwards from Cuba, but even with that there was simply a fraction of the priests who were needed out there for the soldiers alone. As extra acting chaplains three priests went from California with the permission of the Archbishop of San Francisco. Father Doherty, a Paulist, spent about six weeks out there and was returned sick to the United States. He has since been appointed to the regular service as a chaplain. Father McGuire from San Francisco, spent eight months working in the military hospitals of Manila, and Father Gleason, now visiting Hartford, went there and spent altogether with the United States army much more than two years of active service.

Though Father Gleason acted as chaplain of the United States forces during all this time and was the only English-speaking Catholic priest with the whole army of the allies during the Boxer outbreak in China, still he occupied no official position. When there was a general demand for more Catholic priests to accompany the United States soldiers in the Philippines, Father Gleason expressed the willingness to go specially in account of his knowledge of the Spanish language and the Archbishop of San Francisco graciously gave him permission to go, and made the application to the military authorities by which Father Gleason was permitted to accompany the United States troops as an acting chaplain without pay. The Government could not make any provision for extra chaplains, inasmuch as the army reorganization bill had not yet become law. There were thirty chaplains in the United States army. These were appointed, in contradistinction to the system followed in other countries in the world, without considering the belief of the men, but rather the political influence of the applicant. There were three of these Catholic priests, yet the percentage of Catholics in the army has never been less than thirty-five and often as high as fifty per cent. of the enlistment, although the Catholic percentage of the general population is much lower. There was no vacancy in the list of chaplains, and in consequence the Government could not do more than to allow Father Gleason to act as chaplain without pay. Nevertheless, in listening to the story of the campaigns of the Philippines and of China one must say that Father Gleason deserved the gratitude of the United States Government, even though he received none of its money.

Shortly after landing in the Philippine Islands he went on campaign through Luzon and later through Mindanao, mingling with the infantry and the artillery of the different commands, winning the affection and the respect of officers and soldiers irrespective of their creed placating the population of villages inclined to be hostile, making public addresses in the Spanish language to the inhabitants when requested by the military authorities, mingling with the people, learning their likes and dislikes, their weaknesses and their ambitions and often, as the first Catholic priest in a year or year and a half, he has visited different towns and villages and been able to administer the sacraments to the inhabitants.

On occasions of this kind he has married as many as twenty-five couples and baptized two hundred children of the Filipinos in one morning. Mingling with the people as he did, he was able to get an insight into the Philippine question as few could. The Spaniards spoke freely to him in Manila and the other towns. The Filipinos spoke freely to him because he was a Catholic priest and not a Spaniard, and the members of the army never hesitated to reveal what was in their minds, although very often later investigation showed that their early conclusions were rather unfounded. In this way Father Gleason was of much use to the American force in the Philippine Islands and also to the Catholic Church. He it was who translated into English much of the official correspondence that passed between Archbishop Nozales, of Manila, and the military authorities. He was friendly with the friars and with Filipino priests alike wherever he met them in the islands, and in consequence of his experience has been able to give us an insight into affairs there, especially ecclesiastical affairs, that is very different from that gotten second or third hand.

In regard to the friar question, his statement of affairs is very simple. The Spanish religious orders made of less than a million savages and Christians of the Filipinos. Outside about 2,000,000 Moros, who are Mohammedan subjects of the Sultan of Sulu and now in revolt against the United States, the rest of the inhabitants are Catholics. Of course, there are good and bad and indifferent among these, but the great bulk of them are as good as could be found. It is true they have their national weaknesses, the weakness of the Oriental character, lack of truthfulness on many occasions and often enough a lack of gratitude. But still these faults are counterbalanced by many a good trait. There is a certain amount of superstition, but not more than might be expected from a people who are only a few centuries removed from absolute savagery. To-day they are perhaps the most cultured race in Southern Asia, especially the most cultured Malay race. They hold a place second to none as regards musical culture, and the bands and orchestras of the entire Chinese coast and that of the Malay Peninsula around as far as Burmah are composed entirely of Filipinos. In the Philippine Islands education has always been universal. The Filipino man or woman who cannot read and write, at least in his own language, is comparatively rare among the civilized inhabitants, and it seems an extraordinary thing that the rate of illiteracy in the Philippine Islands was only a small fraction of the rate for Spain to which country it was subject. The parishes all had their schools, which schools have since been taken as American Government schools, with virtually no change of force except an American principal and an American teacher of English receiving at least \$100 per month, while the Filipino teacher of the other branches receive fifteen or twenty pesos (\$7.50 to \$10) as of yore. Spanish never became the language of the people, in spite of the centuries of occupation, and in spite of the theoretical ideas of some of our American people in the Philippine Islands, Father Gleason asserts that the English language has still less an opportunity of ever being universally used there.

As regards the accusations that have been made against the friars time and again, without the slightest foundation except the accusation of the revolutionary society of the Katipunan, Father Gleason states it to be simply a question of veracity between the revolutionary society, whose word has been proved untrue in other cases, though too often accepted in this, and the statements of the Catholic Church and its representatives there in the Philippine Islands. It is true there have been some unworthy priests out there, but for one such there have been forty or fifty good ones against whom the finger of scandal could never be pointed. Yet general statements have been made, even by our American papers and even by some Catholics of high position in the United States, condemning the whole body on the score of immorality. One might just as well condemn the Twelve Apostles on account of the action of Judas. The American public, at least the fair-minded Americans who know something of the Philippine Islands through actual residence there and through actual contact, not with Tagalo members of the Katipunan only, but with the people in general, have laid aside much of the preconceived bias against the friars that they had with them when they went to the Philippine Islands. They know, according to Father Gleason, that the whole friar question was a political question. It was a question between religious orders and secular priests, the friars being all Spaniards and the secular priests all Filipinos.

As regards the general talk of the friars leaving the Philippine Islands, first of all there is a question of justice involved. The American Government made its promises at the Treaty of Paris to guarantee the rights and liberties of these friars, which promises should be kept as a matter of obligation. On the other hand, only a little more than one-third of the original Spanish friars are now in the Philippine Islands. Many died in captivity under Aguinaldo and Generals Luna, Pava and others. Those who could reach Manila in the beginning were sent off as fast as possible to the missions of China, South America and also to Spain until the arrival of Archbishop Chapelle as Apostolic Delegate put a stop to any more friars leaving the Philippine Islands. The feeling against the friars fomented by the Katipunan, in certain districts might prevent the return of the original parish priest in that locality, but if he returned to another place it would be another story. As it is to-day the Filipino secular priests are only one-fourth as numerous as the parishes, and the result is that huge tracts of the country are absolutely without a priest on account of the friars still in the Philippine Islands being kept in Manila.

American priests cannot easily take their places, first of all because it is hard to get a sufficient number from America, and even those who go will find the climate and the conditions much more trying than the army find it, and we all know what the general complaints on their side are. Moreover, even if we had a sufficient number of American priests who could be spared and who would be willing to do the work, it is not merely a question of good intention, but it is the very practical question of the knowledge of Malay tribal dialects, of which the Spanish priests are masters through long residence in these different districts. There are two practical suggestions to a solution of the friar problem; one is the establishment of monasteries all over the Philippine Islands, where the friars will be called upon to assist the secular priests in charge of the parishes. The other is the secularization of the religious orders. This latter is not such a difficult problem as it may seem, because the Spanish friars there, though members of religious orders, have not lived the community life prescribed by the rules of their orders, but have in every instance outside of colleges acted as parish priests, doing the work among the people or in the world that causes diocesan priests to be called secular priests. In short, the friars in the Philippine Islands have been secular priests in everything except their name and the color of their habit.

As regards the lands of the friars, to judge from the ordinary American newspaper one might imagine that they represented eleven-tenths of the Philippine Islands, whereas as a matter of fact there are only some hundreds of thousands of acres, the title to which in every instance is clear as day. The intention of the Government in buying these lands is a very just one, as it wishes to make peasant proprietors of the tenants who have not paid rent in the last seven years on account of the condition of war. The aims of the American Government, according to Father Gleason, have been just and honest all the time. But the application of the intention of the Government has not always been such, and many of our American officials have been the worst enemies of the American cause in the Philippine Islands through trying in a day to force upon the Filipino people a new system of conditions absolutely unsuited to them and in certain instances creating the impression that Catholicity is inconsistent with true American principles.—Catholic Transcript, Hartford.

GERALD GRIFFIN AS A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

ONE of the latest and best of the Irish Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets is "Gerald Griffin as a Christian Brother." Gerald Griffin as a writer is pretty well known to the readers of English literature, but his life as a member of that noble religious institute, the Irish Christian Brothers, is little known. His term of service in the order was brief. He entered the institute in 1838 and died at the North Monastery, Cork, June 12, 1840, aged thirty-six years.

"leaving behind him, with his reputation as a graphic writer, the memory of a genial, lovable and saintly companion."

Gerald Griffin was born in Limerick, December 12, 1803, and his literary taste began to develop at a very early age. He produced many short poems, and before he was twenty years old had written his fourth tragedy, "Gisippus." In his twentieth year, full of literary aspirations, he went to London. His classical dramas but little suited the vitiated public taste of the day. In the field of fiction, however, he was significantly successful. "Hollandtide," his first tales, produced a marked effect. Then followed in quick succession "Tales of the Munster Festivals," "The Collegians," "The Invasion," "Tales of the Jury Room," "Poems," "Barber of Bantry," "Duke of Monmouth," "Tales of the Senses," etc. As a delineator of the Irish character Griffin stands unrivaled. "The Collegians" is his masterpiece. Carleton, his contemporary, gives it the first place in the school of Irish, if not European fiction. It has been dramatized by Boucicault in his "Colleen Bawn," and produced in the lyric stage by Benedict in his "Lily of Killarney."

It was such a record of high literary achievement which Gerald Griffin left behind him when, in the prime of life, he gave himself wholly to the service of God in religion. When a member of the Christian Brothers his fame as a writer (everybody was then reading "The Collegians") excited the curiosity of many persons of distinction to see him and have the pleasure of speaking with him, but his detachment from the world was complete. He was desirous of living unknown and placing himself in every respect on a level with his brethren. He requested the master of novices and the director of the house not to call him to people coming to see him. His immediate friends and near relatives came occasionally to visit him, but while he received them cordially and affectionately, he did not remain long with them nor encourage their frequent visits.

His indifference to literary reputation was particularly striking. During the whole time he was with the Brothers he was never heard even once to speak of his writings, except in private conversation with the master of novices, who was himself a literary character, and who had even then to introduce the subject himself. He was sensibly affected and blushed like a child at the least word said in his praise, and he himself avoided everything, directly or indirectly, that could incite it. As for writing new stories, or in fact doing any literary work, poems or historical matter, religious or otherwise, from the moment he had fairly entered on his new mode of life he manifested the greatest disinclination to take a pen in his hand. The Brothers did not in the least urge the subject upon him, but left him altogether to himself. They hoped that this feeling would gradually die away, and that a fondness for literary work would return in due time. In this they were not altogether disappointed, for while stationed at Cork, Brother Joseph (as he was known in the order) received a letter from Mrs. Rhoda White, of New York, wife of Judge White, his nephew, which set him to work on a story called the "Holy Island," which was unfinished, however, when he died. The original manuscript is preserved in the Cork house of the Brothers. It is written on carbonized paper which he used to prepare himself, and he wrote with an ivory style. In this way he could procure several copies together by the impression. The manuscript is neatly written, letters small, but distinct, few erasures or corrections. The tale, as far as it goes, is most interesting. The last sentence he wrote is very remarkable. It runs thus: "Of all things in this world they (the druid priests) are well informed, but of the abyss that lies beyond—"

When he had proceeded thus far the bell rang; he laid down his pen, leaving the last word unfinished. His fatal illness began soon after.

But when things go again to look in that little glass, der what you saw in me. "The glass will never show that," he asserted, stoutly, found out for myself, and tion is, can you see any to make you risk taking ter or worse. Just no better, I have charge of steady pay, and findings! What do you say, Emmie? "It will be for better at said, her eyes shining with trust. "All I've got to say that since you found me, your perquisites. Findings tings you know."

A month later the love out of St. James, man. Their wedding trip extended blocks, and in less than an were at home. No bank set up a smaller establishment in a tall tenement, yard, but no bank clerk's entered home than did Ed led her through the t showing her the treasures together for her reception edly pausing before a thr glass closet he exclaimed

The Gr

"You're in luck at said the harbor master government position be take it. What do you my boy?"

"Is it anything I can "None better," was reply. "What do you t a bank clerk, Tom?" The bright look faded young man's face as he touch of quiet dignity i "You know I've no sch tain. Never had a cha any, but—"

"Hold on, old fellow! the genial captain. "You for a minute that I wan one of those perfumed d you, do you? No indee runs round the freight your duty is to patrol i our energetic citizens fr new track for a dumpin There have been severa ready. Our poor chap, ver, is lying in the hos smashed head and arm. won't happen once you a —that is if you'll take it "That I will," was assent. You'll never kn means to me, Captain." "The terms are smu with, only forty dollars e it will lead to something knows but that some da may be cast over, and i yours."

"Mine is made now, Ca the grateful Tom, joyo know how fuck has been Now I can see my way to "Getting married?" su captain blithely.

The newly appointed c like a girl, and stammer things have happened, si The harbor master's vo bantering tone. "The m his life to save another r he said, "brings better t to his own home. God Tom, and the girl of you wish I could do more to how I feel about little R "Don't mention it," ple "It was the most natur the world that your boy hanging round the water. I should be near to fish h he tumbled in. Don't sp gain, Captain."

"Well, I won't since like it, but I'll never for added as Tom fairly ran his expressions of gratitu He went his way blithe shine falling on the shabli ever worn by a public of a clerk or cashier in the passed but would have any connection with his yet as he passed them b was filled with pity for th "There you are, poor c up in caskets, long before any need to be here I am! down a side street he pau a door set in a brick wall ered a message that was answered by a tall young welcomed him with a rad "You've had a stro! Tom? she questioned eag "Now, Emmie, how did "Your eyes gave it a Tom."

She held up a pocket m reflected in it Tom saw a blue eyes, trustful as a ch "I didn't think you Emmie."

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