"DRUNK AND INCAPABLE"

BY REV. RICHARD KENNEDY.

It was the November fair. The town of R—, in one of the Munster counties, was noted, some twenty-five, or thirty years ago, and indeed still is, for the size and attendance of its cattle fairs. It was a bright, brisk, frosty day. The town had been filled, long before day broke in the eastern sky, with every variety of beast and man. Sheep lined the footpaths of the town, huddled closely by the shop walls, and spent their time looking stolidly at the tweeds and fancy millinery of one shop and the porter barrels and whiskey of another, or the bull's eyes, tobacco rolls, and perhaps children's dolls, hair oil or perfumes, in a third. The stronger cattle, stall-fed beef, cows, Kerry cattle, calves, held possession of the main street, all the approaches, by streets and lanes of the town, thronging them to suffocation. On the fair hill were gathered horses and donkeys of every age, shape, blood or degree of activity and stupidity that four-footed beasts may fairly lay claim to.

In a quarter of their own, the vagrant tribe, yclept "tinkers," bartered and sold their donkeys or their damaged horses and emphasized their assertions by gesticulation or oath, or jargon, or technical slang, all their own. Watching

horses and emphasized their assertions by gesticulation or oath, or jargon, or technical slaug, all their own. Watching them from a respectful distance, captivated by their strange habits and the number of their women and children congregated in carts, with all their household goods about them, but fearing to an goods about them, but fearing to approach nearer, stood a lad of ten or twelve years of age, absorbed in the curious scene before him.

The boy had stolen away for a short while from beside his father, whom (if you will come with me) I will point out to you in the fair below, in the market

you will come with me) I will point you to you in the fair below, in the market square of the town, standing beside a cartload of young pigs he has for sale.

Dull and uninviting surroundings these, you will say; nevertheless we will go on a moment to picture still further. The square is full of carts, and each cart is full of squeaking young pigs. Yesterday was the pig fair, when the "heavy" pigs were sold; to-day is the great day for the purchase or sale of the young ones "to fill the vacant places." The small, flesh colored squeakers are patted on the back, carefully moved over or hither, stroked down, soothed and petted; and if you want to know why, it is because they are money makers; some have called them the rent payers, and they are not entirely wrong.

Cast your eye around that vast throng of people from the smartly got-up gentle-man going into the hotel yonder, to that poor worn-out ballad-seller with the short foot, who leans on his crutch, and calls over his sheaf of ballads, to make a penny for his evening meal; from that vender of old clothes, who from his perch exhibits his wares, calls out their prices, and proves to the dullest intellect there that everything is dog cheap (thereby earning his title of Shaun Saur, or cheap Jack), his title of Shaun Saaur, or cheap Jack), to the brave burly farmer in his heavy overcoat of frieze, that has disposed of his score or so of fat bullocks. Look at that multitude of human beings. Each man there, I ween, has a history of his own. Where did all these sleep last night? Where did they eat their dinner yesterday? What did they do last week? What are they thinking now? What are their projects for the future? Here is a man, small and slight and quick, standing beside his rail of "slipe" (i. e. young pige); he is father to the little boy watching with curious eyes the motley crowd ing with curious eyes the motley crowd on the fair hill; that man smiles at on the fair hill; that man similes at those who come near, he puts questions or makes replies lively and gaily; he seems as any there with little to trouble him—but away down in the depth of his

him—but away down in heart there is a tale. Oh!

The wintry sun has faded. Those who look up to the sky see signs of a thaw; clouds are gathering around the horizon, clouds are gathering around to south. The and the wind has veered to south. lamps are just lighting along the streets; and through every avenue and approach to the town blow cold, gusty draughts,

precaging rain.
"Are we going home now, father?" said the boy.

"We are, my child."
"And will it be long, father? I'm "No! we'll be at home soon, and then you can go to bed, asthore. 'And will mother be well before us,

father?" " I hope so," the sorrow that had lain down And the sorrow that had lain down deep in the depth of his heart, all day, now mounted to the surface; and a tear stood in his eye, as he gazed upon the pale, cloud-enveloped sun sinking behind his own distant range of hills in the

weet.

Two or three hours have passed, the shutters are up in all the shops of the town; and the shopkeepers are with their wives and families discussing the various wives and families discussing the various topics of the day; the friends or customers that called, or that they saw passing and going into other shops; the niggardliness or "spirit" of those that bought from them during the day; the amount of money that crossed the counter and reached the till; the improbability of obtaining payment of the debts due to them; how young-looking such a person is, and he or she "no chicken;" how haggard and worn another; the matches that might take place or would be suitable; and all the while the tea urn poured forth the

one while the tea urn poured forth the cup 'that cheers, but not inebriates."

Now all this time a solitary cart pursued its way along the darkening road.

"Father, may I drive Jessie?" said the boy, awakened from his drowsiness by boy, awakened from his drowsiness by the cold wind, and seized with that long-ing that little boys have to hold a horse's reins, and think to themselves for the time being that they are men.

"You may, child," said the father, handing him the hard hempen "lines" that guide our country horses. The

that guide our country horses. The father then, arranging a bag stuffed with straw in a corner of the rail, sat down upon it. A two-fold reflection was in his mind. One was to this effect—may we be allowed to put it in the shape of an apostrophe—and when we go on a little farther it will be seen that the poor man's narther it will be seen that the poor man's heart had affection in it for the bag he apostrophizes. "Poor bag! you and I have been acquainted now for many a weary day, and many a still wearier

be sure, prices are low, but things could be worse, and when she'll see all that, won't her heart brighten?—and sh'il know we'll be able to pay all with the help of God; and then she'll cheer up, and God will give her back to me and the little

ones again."

His wife was twelve or thirteen weeks in bed, hovering between life and death. He had no nurse to attend her, he was the attended. unable to pay for one; but he attended her himself, and night after night for that length of time he neither changed his clothes nor stretched on a bed, but lay on bag beside the turfen fire that burned low on the hearth—the bag his couch while an armful of turf supported his

These, friend, are but the simple annals of the poor; signs of affection of fre quent occurrence, thank God! although hidden and unknown.

She had been drawing nigh towards the time of an expected birth, when the firs shock was given her by the arrival of a legal document. It gave notice that they were to be ready to quit their little holding and their humble home. Taken sick, unexpectedly, she lay in the pangs of child birth, when the bedding on which she lay was removed from her in the name of the law. Nay, friend, this pen knows whereof it writes. The few cattle followed; their lowing as they were driven from whereofit writes. The few cattle followed; their lowing as they were driven from their accused pasture fell on her ears, and sounded to her distracted, uncultured mind with sad foreboding, as might the ominous and dismal howling of a lonely dog at night. She turned on the straw which alone remained to her for bed, and what with rain nervousness and fear what with pain, nervousness and fear almost lost hold of her reason. A friend intervened, and got time from the bailiff and the cattle were driven back to the bawn; and now the time was up when this humble man—this man of lowly position, but sensitive, and of an affection-ate nature—had promised that he would

position, but sensitive, and of an allectionate nature—had promised that he would have the money.

His crop of oats was threshed. Did you see him threshing it? Before dawn a light was in the kitchen of that yellow wall; he had no outhouse, no barn, no office wherein to separate the grain from the straw. All day long, from early morning, he threshed, and threshed with the rude, pliable fiail. His only rest was while he was preparing a drink for his wife or cooking his own meals. When the day was over he "tidied" the house, said his prayers—oh, so ferventfy!—saw his little children to bed, and after lingering long by the bedside of his wife, went to his rest on the coal bag filled with straw lying beside the kitchen fire, and laid his head on the armful of peat to snatch what broken and troubled rest he might on that rude couch.

Saturday night came; he was work ing late into the night, filling, with the aid of his little boy, the few sacks of corn that represented his week's toil. When the sack is about half filled, you know, a stout stick is thrust into it and plunged represents around on all sides in order vigorously around on all sides, in order to make the corn rush into and swell ou every portion of the bag; that is called "packing the bags"; it is done that the bags may carry as much as possible. He was not inished on Saturday night—and oh, tell it not where good Christians are-he finished the packing after coming home from last Mass on Sunday. The months of the sacks were sewn by candle

And now when the peaceful inhabitant are all retiring to rest, he is harnessing his good mare, Jessie, to travel to the dis-tant city and dispose of his corn. It after 10 o'clock at night; he looks out the stars are glittering in the sky above the multitudinous stars like pearls flung over the vault of heaven. He knows over the vault of heaven. He knows there will be frost. He goes in turns to the little font beside the bed of his wife where the holy water is, sprinkles him-self with it, takes an affectionate farewell of her that lies in bed, puts the mare to the cart, gets everything ready, goes back again to say good bye once more, pulls out on the road, draws his coarse threadbare on the road, draws his coarse threadbare sleeve across his eyes, blesses himself, and is away upon his journey. It is a lonely travel—the myriad stars on high, the solitary man with his solitary cart—on the midnight road. He walks for a time at the head of his beast; and after walking a few miles—his mind hovering the while ever the simple scenes in the the while over the simple scenes in the little home he has left-he stops the hers

and climbs on to the top of the laden cart.

The ead he travels touches his heart.

Has it been your lot to be taken by fate away from the spot that even to this day you will still call home—unconsciousday you will still call home—unconsciously call home? Have you returned by slow approach, and all alone, to that sacred spot, the only spot in all the wide, wide earth your heart has consecrated—the only spot that your heart will cherish with an unique love all the length of its days, and that it will love the more the farther distance separates you—the only spot whose fresh memory it will carry with gray hair down to the grave? Have you returned in the night time? Have you come to it with drooping spirits and you come to it with drooping spirits and a brooding heart? That road led to the spot where for you, lone man, the years of childhood and young manhood had passed. Every turn on the way brought him nearer to it. The heights and hollows on the road, the thicket of wood or greassy mound the fairy fort or silent grassy mound, the fairy fort or silent churchyard, the old Desmond castle now churchyard, the old Desmond castle now in rains, or the blue lake, ever young, by the verge of the wood, the very build of the roadside fences were famailiar to him; they seemed to know him, hold communion with him, and recalled days and scenes and forms and friends that had faded—by good by to all he once had faded—oh, good by to all he once had loved, now faded i nto the softened and tender past. Tears were gathering in that poor man's eyes, when all of a sudden the light of the rising moon awak. ened him from his reveries. He looke up; it stood, that rich shield of golde hue, glorifying the eastern horizon; it stood directly over an ancient family home going now,like the straggling world around it, to decay. It was there he was born; there he was nurtured; there he was married; there with his wife he ought to have been now, but that he had married her and she was penniless.

With a jerk of the reins he brought the mare to, jumped off the cart, and lest any tempting thoughts should occupy his mind he pulled out his beads and in haste bearen his recovery.

moved as jauntily as if it were beginning its journey. On the nap of the driver's overcoat, on hat, hair eyebrows, beard, rested the hoary rime. He pushed to market; sometimes among the carts and bustle of the city, wholly engrossed in treading his way, sometimes unconsciously wandering back to the little home for a war in the country. He sold his onsiy wandering back to the little home far away in the country. He sold his corn; and at the store where it was to be taken up, he would have had long to wait, by reason of the number of carts, but that tie foreman "starter" happened to be an old schoolfellow, who pushed the rest aside and made way for him. And for all that the short winter day was wearall that, the short winter day was wear-ing apace, while he went to buy some simple present for his wife, a cap for his little boy, some articles of dress for his little girl, and so on. The "animal" had a feed of oats, he himself a steak and a cup of tea, and with somewhat of a cheery eart-cheery because his face was turn towards home-he sat on the side lease of his cart, and saw the good beast, in response to a free toss of the reins, take

response to a free toss of the reins, take the road at a measured trot.

The lights were dim and infrequent in the windows of the neighbors' houses as reached home. It was with joy that he saw the ruddy light of his own peat fire gleam in the window pane. It was more cheering, it spoke more of comfort to the heart than candle or lamp light might heart than candle or lamp light might have done. Two or three lights, for in-stance, in the house would have been the cause of instant alarm; it would mean bustle or anxiety or unusual stir of some kind : and who would have been the of ject anxiety or stir but his poor wife. He, therefore, felt glad that he saw the light of no candle, but instead the ruddy gleam or the happy peat fire. Hastily he took the horse from the cart, and, giving it its accustomed feed, he removed its "tack-

ling" with many a careesing pat and many a soothing word, and then entered cheerfully his humble home.

The old dog that lay dreaming in the ingle corner was the first to give him a welcome. Immediately that the noise broke on its ears it recognized its master's and whimpering with any insisted proke on its ears it recognized; its master's steps, and whimpering with joy insisted on being let out, when it manifested its delight by all manner of yelp and grimace. The little boy snatched his cap and ran out also; the little girl ran into the mother's room and informed the sick woman that "father was home," as if the poor mother's ears were duller than the dog's or her child's.

log's or her child's.

The father came in at the door with the little boy swinging from his haud. He laid his hat carelessly on the corner of the kitchen table, and turned into the sick woman's room. He did not put off his coat, he did not warm his hands, he did coat, he did not warm his hands, he did not ask for something to eat, but he went to the bedside of his wife. Softly he related how he had succeeded at the market, retailing as he went all the tit-bits of news he had gleaned by the way about places and persons they both knew in earlier days. He was not hungry. His affection was keener than his appetite; and when at length he went to the kitchen, which was their dining room, drawing room and room-of-all-work, and sat to ing room and room-of-all-work, and sat to his meal consisting of potatoes cooked for some time, but kept warm by the fire, and delicious sheep's milk that had been boiled and was now cool—the bedroom door of his wife stood open, and they con

tinued the conversation.

That was Monday night; in an hour or That was Monday night; in an horror two it would be Tuesday; but before that time the house grew silent, the household had retired to rest, and the poor father, laying himself as usual on the bag of straw by the fire, with the armful of turf for a pillow, was soon rapt in sleep. Shortly after the witching midnight the each from the roset over the kitch cock, from the roost over the kitchen door, where all the feathered tribe was gathered, sent the haunting ghosts of the gathered, sent the naunting gnosts of the night to their proper abode. After the cock crows every peasant and peasant's child knows that there need no longer be any dread of ghosts. Some years back, and in remote localities to the present day, the cock is the poor man's alarm clock. Perched on the roost or hurdle above the door, on the inside of the borse he grows are numerically, that from house, he crows so punctually, that from time immemorial his crowing at nigh has been to the watchless peasant what the movement of the sun is in the day,

"an indication of the passing hour."

At the call of the cock the man rose from his hard couch; he needed not to dress, as he had not undressed; and his first visit was to his wife. He then began to make preparations to carry the "big" pigs to market. The market town for pigs was some eight or ten miles distant, and the squeaking rent-payers were usually bought before the break of day. He went, made his market, and though he had sold by the light of waning moon, yet was it high noon and after before it was paid, and night saw him once again approach his home. The same scenes repeated, but he got to his bed somewhat earlier than the previous night.

The morning of the third day saw him on the road once more. He was carrying the young pigs to market. We have seen him standing in the fair; we have seen him returning home with his little boy on the cart; sleep overtakes him as they journey on; at a cross roads his little boy ran to make preparations to carry th

on the carr; sleep overtakes him as they journey on; at a cross roads his little boy calls him to know if the horse is taking the proper road; he wakes up of a start, mistakes the way, draws the poor beast from her own road, falls back asleep again, and they wander aimlessly from road to road; the good beast not knowing whithershe is diven, and the child permitted the start of th whither she is driven, and the child per whithershe is driven, and the child per-plexed and disheartened that they are not coming near home, or near some place that he knows—and the poor father fast asleep. Hour after hour passes; the child is seized with alarm and terror; the tears come from his eyes; he tries to awake his father, but the weariness of three heavy days and the sleeplessness of three nights is on the slumbering man, and he cannot be awakened. And so they wander, wander, aimlessly, from they wander, wander, aimlessly, from road to road, the hungry beast pining for something to eat, the child sobbing and in mortal terror, the father dead asleep, and the cold misty fog surrounding and enveloping all.
At length, as they round a belt of wood,

a bright light grows up before them. A number of lights appear; the child does not know what to make of them; he heart had affection in it for the bag he apostrophizes. "Poor bag! you and I have been acquainted now for many a weary day, and many a still wearier night."

The other reflection was about his wife; and thus might run the current of his thoughts:

"Will so be better when I get home? "Will so be better when I get home? The city ere yesterday; look at what I made of the fat pigs yesterday, and what the little bonneers' made to-day. To counts them ; there is one and another

tart, is dazed with all the lights aroun him, cannot recognize where he is, cannot recall the thread of his being — what brought him there, or in what region of the wide earth he is—he recognizes, however the officers of the law. wide earth he is—it.

r, the officers of the law.

respectively. he exclaims

"Holy Mother!" h Gentlemen, where am I?"

"Gentlemen, where an I?"

At the moment a civilian stands on the pathway. He has a stoop on his shoulders, is dark in features, and wears a heavy beard, the policemen touch their caps; evidently he is a magistrate. He once had a public house, is now a private money lender, got to be chairman of the town commissioners, and a justice of the peace for the time being, a man of airy moods and enviable self-complacency. He has done "a good trade" during the day, has taken in a round sum of money, and "loaned" out just as much, if not more. At present he is evidently satisfied with the day's proceedings, has had a good dinner, and has temperately confined himself to two glasses of punch. He has gone out for a short walk, it is a strict rule of his every night; it is hygienic; he has been thinking of his own good deeds, the tithes he has paid, the alms he has given. He raises his gold eye glass to his eye, and at a glance takes in the situation—nay, do not condemn him we all doit every day. At the moment a civilian stands on the

eye glass to his eye, and at a glance takes in the situation—nay, do not condemn him, we all do it every day.

"Drunk and incapable," the verdict. "Policemen, arrest the man!"

The constables touch their caps once more, as much as to say "All right, your honor." His honor gives one look behind to see that his behest is carried out, and seeing the belated peasant with his child and his cart led away to the barracks, he puffs one of his self-complacent puffs, drops his eye glass, and moves forward into the fog glorifying God that he has added one more to his many good deeds.

Ah, but the heart of the little child!

The autocratic power of the Czarof all the

The autocratic power of the Czar of all the Russias is but a feeble type of the awe that the peasant child has of the majesty of the officers of the law. Never in a of the officers of the law. Never in all their days have the children of the poor seen the power or majesty of the law exercised in any of its beneficent forms; never in any other than to terrorize and to crush. Manacles, bayonets, rifies, police are to them terms of awe, the subsidiary instruments of the ruling class. If spirits from the unseen world had led the horse by the bit, the child could not have been more terrified; but when they had see a brought in from the cart, and the been more terrined; but when they had been brought in from the cart, and the father in the day room of the barrack was taken and somewhat violently pushed to-wards the lock-up or "black-hole" as it is commonly called, and the child was placed on asset with his eyes staring after his father, his pent up feelings burst forth uncontrolled and he cried, while a food of tears like a morning shower gushed from his eyes: "O, my mother! I want to go home to my mother!" and he trembled and sobbed, as if his little heart would break.

The policeman on duty kind-heartedly thought to soothe.

thought to soothe him; but the child could not repress his emotion, and hy-sterically cried, "Oh, my mother! Oh, my mother! I want to go home to my mother!" The father in the dark cell heard the child, and tears burst from his eyes, too; he wrung his hands and shool his head, as was his custom when deep

ly moved but said nothing.
"Oh, my mother, my mother! I want to go home 'o my mother!" sobbed the child.

"But you would not know your way,"
terposed the kind-hearted policeman.
"Oh, my mother, my mother! I wan to go home to my mother!" persisted the

At that instant the wind mouned plain At that instant the wind mounted plantively and a dash of rain rattled rather harshly on the window pane: it but added to the emotion of the child.
"Don't you hear the rain? You'd be drowned, little man," whispered the good-

drowned, little man," whispered the goodnatured policeman.
"I must go home! I must go home,"
burst forth from the child.
Seeing that it was useless to try and
appease him, two of the men who were
then going on patrol volunteered, although
with many a qualm, to take him with
them as far as their beat extended.
The rain fell, and it was pitilessly
dark; but the men encouraged the child,
made light of the journey, told him the
rain would cease and the moon appear.

rain would cease and the moon appear and such other things as they though would give him heart for the road. With touching courtesy, the child held out his little hand as they parted and bade them good night. The men, greatly moved shook him warmly by the hand, and once more renewed the detailed instructions they had already given, regarding the roads he was to take on his homeward way.

He pushed forward at a quick pace; the

winds moaned around him, and the rain ell. The little heart was for a time so full of emotion and so eager to get home that he felt neither rain nor wind, hunger nor fatigue; but the tramp, tramp on the road that was fast changing from the hardness of frost to the slush of thaw, and the strain of pushing forward against the force of the wind soon began to exhaust him; the wind, too, lost the inspiring force of its first eagerness and emotion; by degrees thoughts of harm from natural and preternatural powers began to hant him, and he at length grew so terrified that a leaf whirled by the wind behind him almost took his breath away, and left him with no other strength to move left him with no other strength to move than the fitful evanescent strength that terror lends. Hc was going by the side of the demesne wall; the darkness of the trees seemed to cast a deeper gloom on the ebon blackness of the night. He had heard stories of robbers who lay in wait for the young and kidnapped them. All at once a new and nearer terror occurred at once a new and nearer terror occurred to his mind; he remembered the motley tribe of tins people he saw at the fair that day. It dawned upon him now that it was by the edge of a wood (he had heard) that they always put up for the night; what particular form of harm they would do him, if asked, he could not have told; that the more natural it was the more to but the more unknown it was the more to be dreaded it appeared; his eyes vaiuly strove to pierce the darkness, they opened and looked and exerted and strained, till and looked and exerced and strained, till with the blank effort they feit a terror peculiar to themselves. He stood for a while to listen, but could only hear the melancholy sighing of the wind through the leafless trees and the monotonous patter of the rain on the slushy road. His limbs tottered, a sickness begotten of terror exercity to averence over him bis ror seemed to avercome over him, his head felt dizzy, and stumbling forward a few paces he fell heavily by the side of

When consciousness returned a change when consciousness returned a change had come over the night, the rain had ceased, the curtain of log had risen, and the glad face of the moon appeared, re-vealing the familiar though hazy outlines

of his own strong keep in the distant west. With renewed strength and hopes better founded than at first, he resumed his journey. There was no light in any house that he passed to encourage him, but he needed no encouragement now. There was not a wayfarer on the road, but he did not seem to notice that he was alone. The moon was there. God's aweet lamp The moon was there, God's sweet lamp at night, and nestling near the strong old ep, now not far away, was the home he

At length, at length-how short the distance and yet how long it took to travel—at length he came within sight of the trees that sheltered his home; and before him on the road, half a mile away from home, rejoicing in the moonlight, and welcoming him with every manifes-tation of joy, was the faithful dog. As he approached the door the hens stirred on the roost and the cock crew. He entered quietly; by the clean swept hearth sat his little sister.

"Oh, what kep' ye? Where is my father?" she said.

Tather?" she said.

There are moments when we think we are quite cool, and our hearts farthest removed from thoughts of sorrow, and at that very moment the least word, the slightest incident opens the sluices, and shows (for all our thinking) how charged the poor heart has been. the poor heart has been.
'Oh, what kep' ye? Where is my father?" she asked.

"In the barrack!" he stammered, and

"In the barrack!" he stammered, and burst out crying.
The mother overheard and called him.
"Oh, mother! father is in the barrack!" sobbed the little girl.
The mother called the child once more. At that moment the sound of wheels was heard, and the vehicle stopped. The children ran out, and immediately returned clapping their hands.
"Father! father! it is father, mother!" It was father. The resident magistrate,

It was father. The resident magistrate, one of those good men that recognize that official position has duties as well as emoluments, made it a rule to personally investigate all barrack cases. Seeing that it was all a mistake, he ordered a immediate release; and the poor man immediate release; and the poor man getting his horse and cart ready as fast a

getting his norse and cart ready as near as he could, made all the speed possible to try and overtake his child.

As soon as explanations were made, and first fright over, the household retired to rest; peace entered in, and from its heavenly fan sprinkled celestial drops over their sinless hearts; and the winter sun of the next morning was far advance in its course before they opened thei eyes to its blessed light.—Irish Monthly

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY OLLA PODRIDA.

The Protestant Missionary Board find themselves face to face with a dil ficult problem in reference to the Phil ippine Islands. Says the Christian Advocate (Methodist):

"A scheme is proposed to establish an Evangelical Church, so as to avoid the confusion of denominations and present one open and unequivocal sub stitute for Roman Catholicism. to be ad apted to meet the wants of those wh are dissatisfied with that body. This should be watched with considerable care by our representatives. No wave of enthusiasm, but the exercise of de liberate judgment is called for in discussing a proposition of permanent

"If one Evangelical Church, so called, departs from sound doctrine, another will have to be started, and Methodism should certainly not affiliate with any body constructed on the jelly fish principle, or with such vague statements of doctrine that persons could belong to it and hold almost any view of the main subject implied in the statement."

The missionaries of the several con flicting evangelical sects do not prac tice their common Protestant rule of faith. Instead of handing the Filipino a Bible and letting him judge for himself, the Methodist missionary teache him Methodism out of it and assures him that it is in it. The Presbyterian missionary tells him that not Methodism, but Presbyterianism is in it, and the Baptist missionary tells him that neither Methodism nor Presbyterianism, but Baptistism is in it.

The intelligent Filipino is very naturally puzzled, and, if he take then seriously, scandalized at their contra-He says : "Gentlemen, this dictions book which you are all so eager to give me must be a very curious book indeed, seeing that you do not agree on what it says. Had you not better take it away and yourselves with it and try to agree on what it says before you come here to muddle my poor head with your disputes about what it means?

Now it is to meet this mental attitude of the Filipino and to avoid scandaliz ing him that it has been proposed to concoct a church—a la cook book composed of ingredients carefully selected from the doctrinal cupboards of the various sects. For instance, equal parts of Methodism, Presbyterianism, Eniscopalianism boiled down to a deli cate jelly in a gallon of Baptistism, with a pinch of Eddyiem, spiritism, Seventh Dayism, Old-two-seed-in-thespirit - Predestinationism, Mormonism, Lutheran and Limburger cheese each. as condiment. This mess presented to the Filipino as the United Church of the holy olla podrida might prove an irresistible temptation if it would only stay on his uneducat-ed and unexperienced stomach and not give him the appendicitis. It would impress him with the idea of its beautiful unity and its multum in parvo, and wean him by degrees from his accustomed more plain and less diversified Catholic aliment. If we mistake not it is to Prof. Schur

man, president of Cornell University, an unofficial philosopher and friend of the Administration, that this great invention in the missionary doctrinal culinary art of right belongs. And no one should dare to rob him of the title of the first hierophant of the church of the holy olla podrida, the unequivocal substitute for the Roman Catholic Church."-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE INDIANS' FRIEND.

Non-Catholie Editor's Praise Church's Work for the Red Mer

Charles F. Lummis, the well known Charles F. Danielle, and well known historian and editor of The Land of Sunshine, delivered a most interesting address on "Indian Education" cently before the Newman Club, of Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic. "I have known a great many

Indians of a great many tribes and countries," said Mr. Lummis. I have never known a Protestant Indian. have known several that thought they were Protestants, but never knew one that really was. That Indian system which the Catholic Church and the Spanish Government administered over two-thirds of America for three and half centuries the root of that system was the consideration that the Indian was a human being, born of woman and loved by his mother; that he had a father and tended to love him. would like to be Czar for one weekjust long enough to compel every American and every bigot to read the Spanish laws formulated for the treatment of the Indians—'las Leyes de Indios.' No other nation in the world -and I am willing to stake my reputation on the statement -put into force laws so noble, so far sighted, so humane as those formulated by the Crown of Spain, with Church assistance, and car. risd out by the official and clerical ad ministrators.

"Where are our millions of Indians? There are about 200,000 left now in the United States, and the great ma jority of those are left because they happen to be in the areas that the Spanish Government and the Catholic Church controlled until 1848. It is a proved fact that, take Spanish America all together, the Indian is as numeron there now as in 1520. A reason why these Indians are alive to day is that the missionaries who converted and edu-cated them were Men, with a large letter. They were among them all the time, and came in contact with the le people as well as with the children, and uplifted all of them together.

You doubtless know for something like a dozen years there has been a great cry raised in regard to sectarian education of Indians. in plain language, the fight has been to wipe out the Catholic contract India; schools. 'If it is fair to leave out the Presbyterians and Methodists, it is also fair to leave out the Catholics,' said the sly politicians. The simple fact that there are one or two Methodist schools and five or six Presbyterian and fifty Catholic, does not cut an figure, of course! I am opposed to this campaign against Catholic schools not because they are Catholic, but be cause they are good schools—the only ones I know of that are doing the Indians lasting good. I have not known a child from a Cathelic school who had forgotten his parents or his language. I have not known any of the girls that have gone wrong in the Indian towns who have come from a Catholic school. Not one! But I have known many a girl from Carlisle and other government schools. If there is anything in the world, though not a Catholic, that I admire, it is a Sister of Charity. And it seems to me that any American, not to say any Catholi American, could not better employ part of his money than in aiding the support of the Indian schools ducted by these noble and unselfish women, now frowned upon and even actively antagonized by the partizan employees of the government Indian

CURES AT STE. ANNE'S.

It is claimed that four cures of the blind and the crippled were effects by miraculous intervention at Ste. Anne de Beaupre on Sunday last Singularly enough that day reached about the high-water mark of the numbers who worship at the shrine, on pilgrimage bent. There were six distinct pilgrimages

from the West and South, and the as sembled multitude numbered not les than 11 000 people. One of the persons cured was a resident of St. Johns, one of Ottawa, and two of Quebec neighborhood.

The pilgrimages who visited the shrine on this occasion were those of Rev. Father Decare, of St. Henry Rev. Father Plante, of St. Edward de Napierville; Rev. Father Duhamel, 0 St. Hyacinthe; one from Ottawa and two from Quebec City and neighbor-

The announcement of these cures was made immediately after the celebration of High Mass at 10 o'clock, and the persons cured walked in front of the procession both inside and out side the Church .- Montreal Herald, July 11.

Protestant Tribute to a Priest. A number of prominent citizens of Toledo, O., believing that Rev. Edward Hannin, a Catholic priest of that city, had overworked himself in the interests of his parish in the erection of a new Church, quietly collected among themselves over \$1,000, and tendered it to defray his expenses on a health trip abroad. Father Hannin declined the offer on the ground that he cannot this year sever himself from

Sore Throat and Hoarseness with their attendant dangers may be specify averted and remedied by the use of Polson's Nerviline. Excellent to gargle withten times better than a mustard plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nerviline penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures sofe throat and hoarseness simply because that what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle what it is made for. The large 15 cent bottle of Nerviline is unexcelled as a household liniment. It cures everything.

THE MISTAKE OF PROTEST. ANTISM.

It may be doubted whether the em-phasis which has been placed upon the right of private judgment expresses a right of private judgment expresses sound principle. In no kind of social organization are rights or liberties the imary concern. A family in which first business of every mem ber to assert his own rights, or to mag nify his liberty, will not be a united and happy family. In the organic relations of the family, love and duty are fundamental - not rights and

We may awake, by and by, to the fact that the same thing is true of the State. The attempt to base a commonwealth upon the doctrine of rights will probably result in social disinte gration. A community in which it is the first business of every citizen to assert his own rights will not continue to be peaceful and prosperous. The social and political disorders which threaten the life of the nation all spring from the fact that the people been trained to think more of rights than of duties.

By misplacing the emphasis in the same way, Protestantism has intro duced into its own life a disintegrating element. Neither the right of private judgment, nor any other right, can be safely asserted as the foundation of the Christian Church. The foundation of the Church is loyalty to Christ, and His Kingdom, all rights to be held and interpreted under that obligation. The failure to do this-the assertion of the individual will as against the com mon welfare—has rent the Church into organizations far beyond all the needs of varying tastes and intellects. This is the approbrium of Protestantism; its power is lessened and its life is marred these needless divisions and by the unlovely competitions that spring from them. — Washington Gladden D. D., in the North American Review.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

most pathetic occurrence tool place here on Taursday evening last writes the Bathurst correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, of Sydney, N S. W. Four little boys, named W. Davies fourteen, Morris twelve, W. El liott thirteen, and Bavies twelve, wen out rabbit shooting with a pea rifle The eldest of them, Willie Davies, fired at a rabbit and missed it. He reload ed and handed the rifle to the boy E! liott to hold while he got a few mor bullets from his pocket. The boy E liott, not knowing the rifle was loaded pointed it at Davies and touched th trigger, with the result that the ba tally wounded him. He ran about thirty or forty yards with his hand o his heart, saying, "You've shot me. The bcy Morris, twelve years of age followed him and asked him to say a followed him and asked him to say a act of contrition, which poor Willi did, asking Morris to help him to pray He then asked his brother to kiss him him, and expired in the arms of Mo

How very sad and yet how beautiful to see these little boys in a skeptic age like this helping their little frient to meet his God! The religion of the Catholic Church was shown here in i true colors. When the case came b fore the Coroner, Mr. O'Neill, the gentleman was visibly affected at hea ing the boys' story. During an eperience of twenty-three years on thench, never before, he said, did su a pathetic scene come before him. I highly praised the boy Morris for h Christian act in directing the dyindoy's thoughts to the Almighty. was a grand and consoling thing find boys so young knowing their du so well. The Christian education th must have received was highly to

When the account of the occurren was seen in the papers many an ewas dimmed. It was touching beyo description. The Rev. Father McK spoke a few words about the sai eve at the children's Mass on Sunday, a there was scarcely a dry eye in church. He pointed out the beauti teaching of the Catholic schools, a the necessity for everybody to be p ways to be in good company, a asked the children to pray for the li-boy who was so suddenly called aw boys were pupils at the Patric Brothers' schools. Davies and Mor were also altar boys. All the all boys from the school attended funeral, marching in procession

THE CARE OF CHURCHES.

The Bishop of Fonca, Italy, has s out to the priests of his diocese the lowing circular :

"1-In all the Churches imme tely after feast days on which th e been very larg congregations, floors most be disinfected by mean wood sawdust soaked in one tenth cent. solution of corrosive sublim On ordinary days they must be quently swept, after sprinkling th

water so as to rise no dust, 2-Every week, and even often the pews and confessionals must cleaned with sponges and cloths me ened with pure water.

"3-Every week and oftener, necessary, the grills of the consionals are to be washed and polish "4-The holy water reception must be emptied every week, oftener, if necessary, and washed hot water or a solution of corresponder."

sublimate. That the provisions of the circ may be carried cut, the Bishop has stituted a service of inspection, requires the payment of fines into