

not necessary articles, but luxuries, and I think it but right to put the chief burden of taxation upon the shoulders of those whose means allow them luxuries."

"Well, Sam, at present we will pass the question over, as I may have a chance hereafter to tell you what I think of these luxuries. But granting for the sake of argument, that they are luxuries, does that give the government a right to tax them more heavily than other matters? The question is not, whether the consumers of liquor and tobacco can pay the tax, but whether they can be asked *in justice* to pay it. Otherwise we might simplify matters a good deal by simply saying: We have so and so many hundreds of millionaires. Now, let each one pay \$100,000 a year of each million he owns, and we let the others free. The millionaires can afford to pay it."

"You are always running our principles to the absurd."

"Yes, because they are absurd in themselves, else I could not do it. Taxes are to be levied in such a way, that all those that share in the benefits of government, partake of its burden, and granted, that rich people as a rule benefit more than poor ones, it follows that the revenues of each man ought to be the basis of his taxes, and the government should not even ask how he spends his revenues, else we may bury our vaunted liberty."

"But what about the repression of vice?"

"If liquor and tobacco are intrinsically bad, the government becomes an accomplice of crime by allowing their sale at all, and if not, the action of the government is an unwarranted interference with private rights."

"I suppose you condemn our custom laws likewise?"

"Partly. However, we shall speak of this at our next meeting. For to-day we have been talking enough."

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.—QUARLES.

How often it happens that a great sorrow or great joy, or the slow passage of years, makes sayings clear which were dark before.

Heard Between Stations.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.



NOT long ago, whilst traveling towards the Sunny South, I quite unexpectedly met an old friend of mine who was likewise bound in the same direction. We were soon engaged in a lively conversation. We mostly spoke of old acquaintances.

"One person I shall never forget," said my traveling companion, "and that is, as you may well guess, dear old Father V—. When, in those early days, our family went to seek a fortune beyond the Missouri, we found little chances of living up to our religious duties. We had neither priest nor church. Our good old mother, who kept piety alive in the family, told us to say a little prayer to the Blessed Virgin daily, in order that she might send us a priest."

"Mother's word came true," he continued. "The school mistress came over to our house one day to see one of my brothers, who was ill. She was curious to know what kind of a charm was that around the neck of the little sick boy. It was a Scapular put on him by mother, whose wonderful memory at this moment enabled her to recall an instruction she had heard years ago in Ireland, by a Carmelite friar at Kinsale. Mother repeated this explanation of the Scapular for the benefit of the school ma'am, who knew a great deal about everything except Catholic devotion."

"The school mistress was always able to give us the latest news of the surrounding country, and on this occasion she had reserved the most interesting bit of gossip for the last. As she pulled her shawl about her she remarked: 'Our hired man says, the last time he was down to the postoffice, he heard a drummer tell the wife of the blacksmith, that a Catholic priest was coming here all the way from Palestine, to look after you people. I tell you what, that will be a sight for my bible-history class. They will be curious to see a native of the Holy-land.'