

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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Revenge.
Revenge is a naked sword—
It is neither hit nor guard,
Wouldst thou wield this sword of the Lord:
If thou grasp then firm and hard?
But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand it made—
It is thy blood reddens the steel.
And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of the foe
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!

For Those in Peril on the Sea.
Beyond the bar the white sails dip,
Like gulls across the reach of sky;
But all in vain I wait one ship,
From out the fleet that hurries by.

O love! What unknown, tyrannous sea
Sets walls about thy tossing bark;
What wild winds drive thee back from me?
What stars fall in the ominous dark?
What straits, sweet and strong, how far,
Far out at sea, for thee they seek;
Alone I watch the foaming bar,
And hide the fear I dare not speak.

O Thou! who rulest wind and wave,
To whom alike are seas and lands,
Be with him now to guard and save;
I can not stretch my empty hands;
Let still our need Thy tenderness be
For those in peril on the sea!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Pittsburg Catholic.
It is companionship that helps to form and mould character. The company of good men, sought and cultivated, makes the upright character. The company of the vile, depraved, and vicious gives the criminal, the shunned of society, the foul excrement the world is well rid of.

Boston Pilot.
The Earl of Denbigh, Rudolph William Basil Fielding, who died in London on March 10, was one of the prominent Englishmen who came into the Catholic Church on the high tide of the Tractarian movement. This reminiscence of him is opportune: "Perhaps the culminating moment of his Puseyism was a protest against the great gathering to be held in St. Martin's Hall, and the number of applicants for admission being in excess of the capacity of that edifice, Lord Fielding was told of as 'a safe man' to be the chairman of a supplementary meeting at Freemasons' Tavern. It was only a few months after his oration that the Catholic Church.

The testimony of fair-minded Protestants to the beneficent work of the Catholic Church is always interesting and suggestive. Here is something from a Methodist minister of Milwaukee, Wis. He said, using the word "Church" in the Protestant sense, of course: "The Church has a divine mission to children and young people. She must begin at the cradle, put in her best work before children are in their teens, or young people out of their teens, long before they are out in the world with the responsibilities of life upon them. In this respect I admire the theory, zeal and persistency of the Catholic Church. She begins with the infant. She rocks the cradle in every Catholic family, and has a right to do so. She sings her Masses in the ears of her children until their souls catch the spirit of them. She puts her creed into object lessons and through the eye indoctrinates the child. The children and youth are taught that to be out of the fold is to be eternally lost. I admire her for her fidelity to what she believes is a divinely-ordained. If she did less I could not respect her."

N. Y. Catholic Review.
Our liberal Protestant contemporary the *Christian Union* contains in its current issue some interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Manning. The following is about the best in the article: "For children the Cardinal's feeling was always tender. 'I like to go into the parks on Sundays,' he said to Mr. Waugh, 'to see the children and talk with them; and give them my blessing.' Then, with a pleased smile, he added: 'Nobody can say that I am proselytizing in that.' The same Protestant friend once regretted that a year's work for children had no larger result—'only seventy cases.' 'Only seventy cases!' he exclaimed. 'Small result! Think of seventy little children's tears dried, and seventy little children's pains stopped! I can never say that is nothing. It is glorious!' In a still more solemn voice, he continued: 'A child's needless tear is a blood-blot upon this earth.'"

Ave Maria.
We are indebted to a friend of the *Ave Maria* in England for the following extract from an unprinted discourse delivered many years ago by the late beloved Cardinal Manning in the Pro-Cathedral at Kensington. These striking reflections on the *Coffin* are timely, we think, and will cause every reader to recite that familiar prayer with a fuller understanding and with greater profit to his soul: "The *Coffin* bids us look upon God, and contemplate His character, and reflect how we have defaced His image within ourselves; it bids us cast ourselves at the feet of His Immaculate Mother, and see how unlike we are to her in purity of heart. Then we turn to the angels, who are inflamed with the love of God, prompt in their obedience to the divine will; how does this contrast with our coldness and carelessness? Next we look upon St. John Baptist, the man of penance, the saint of purity and austerity; let his life re-

buke ours. Afterward behold the Apostles Peter and Paul, who both fell—for the one denied, the other persecuted his Lord; their repentance, their subsequent zeal and devotion should be our example. Lastly, we behold the whole court of heaven, all the saints, greater and lesser in their present glory, illustrious or obscure during their life on earth; let these encourage and invite us to follow their example, to ask their intercession, to strive manfully after the happiness to which they have already attained."

Catholic Columbian.
Marriages in Lent are becoming more and more unfashionable in non-Catholic circles. After a while, our Protestant friends, having adopted Christmas, Lent, Easter, etc., will observe all the principal feasts and fasts of the Ecclesiastical Year.

The son of a printer is to be the next Bishop of Brooklyn. The Catholic Church is the most democratic of institutions. It is no respecter of persons. It honors merit wherever found. Its first leaders were fishermen, and, along through the centuries, it has taken men from the humblest walks of life to clothe them with its purple.

Pittsburg Catholic.
When your sprightly boy grows tired of school, neglects his studies at home, has an itch for the dime museum, and is over fond of being out at night, and is not amenable to kindly advice and discipline, just put him out to good hard work. And when his wages are received see they are brought home. You will find in nine cases out of ten, the starch will be taken out of him, and his wisdom teeth rapidly develop all for the better.

Look to the children and their surroundings. See who are their associates. It is not always the youth in purple and fine linen who make the best companions, although some foolish parents think these are the only requisites. The fatal poison which corrupts and kills may lurk here under the most pleasing forms. Youth is susceptible to influences more readily than mature age. On your children's companions and the hours they keep, much, very much, depends for their honorable future. How many parents neglect this duty by their blindness to appearances in dress and standing in society!

Boston Republic.
In copying the ceremonies and practices of the Catholic church our Anglican brethren pay us a great compliment. Imitation is the highest form of praise. Until quite recently it was not known that the Lenten fast had found a permanent abiding place in the upper circles of the English High Church. Such, however, is the fact. Fasting, which has been so contemptuously sneered at as idolatrous, paganism and Romish, is now practised universally by the Ritualists. The Protestant Bishop of Ely has issued a pastoral in which he exempts the Anglicans of the diocese from the obligation of the fast. Here is close imitation with a vengeance. The Bishop divided the adherents of his Church into three classes. One class, he called the Catholic Church (he called it the unreformed Church), another make such rules as suit themselves, while the third do not observe the fast at all. To all these he says you need not fast. It will probably occur to the ordinary reader that it was hardly worth the good Bishop's while to go to the trouble of imitating Rome by issuing a dispensation. An injunction to fast had apparently not been proclaimed, nor is it contained in the Creed, nor would it be binding upon the churchmen if it had been issued, according to his own showing. It was, therefore, a rather foolish proceeding to dispense by proclamation that which was not at all obligatory by canon or decree. And even should His Lordship of Ely proclaim a fast, the three classes of worshippers would not deviate from their previous course. One would follow the Roman practice; another would be a law unto itself, while the third would ignore the ordinance altogether. And all three would be in good standing as Protestants—as orthodox as the Bishop himself.

In the year of our Lord 493, on the 17th of March—which day is celebrated as his feast by the Catholic Church and by the Irish nation at home and in exile—St. Patrick departed this life in his favorite retreat of Saul in the county of Down, where his body was interred. "His obsequies," say the old annalists, "continued for twelve days, during which the light of innumerable tapers seemed to turn night into day, and the Bishops and priests of Ireland congregated on the occasion."

The family letters of General Sherman, published by his daughter in the *Cosmopolitan*, present a touching picture of that great commander sitting down amidst the horrors and fatigues of the Civil War to write words of tenderness and affection to his children at home. In one letter to his little daughter he says: "Modesty is the most beautiful feature in a young girl, but should not degenerate into bashfulness. Think yourself as good as any, but never think yourself better than the poorest child of all."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN LONDON.

The 17th was duly honored in this city. The warmth of the affection held for the old land, and the sincerity of the veneration entertained for Ireland's patron saint, was never more evident in London than on Thursday last. Masses were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock, and a solemn High Mass at 10. His Lordship the Bishop of London occupied his accustomed place on the throne. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. M. J. Tiernan, Rev. Fathers Kennedy and Nunan acting as deacon and subdeacon. The singing of the choir, under direction of the organist, Mrs. Cruickshanks, was excellent, and several appropriate airs were rendered on the organ.

Rev. Father Van Antwerp, of Detroit, was the preacher of the day. It would be correct to say that the sermon was appropriate to the occasion, but for many other reasons it was commendable. The rev. preacher did not confine himself to a relation of the great work performed by Patrick—his disappointments and hardships, his trials and sorrows, and his crown of joy at the close of a long life. All these events were sketched by a master hand, so true to life that the mind was carried back to the old days when paganism vanished from the land as a mist would depart before the bright sunshine of heaven. The charm of the sermon consisted in the relation of the lessons we should draw from Patrick's life and Patrick's work. While we claim to be Irishmen, and are proud of the title, do we in our lives reflect honor on that nation which has given the Church so many saints and the world so many heroes—which has in all ages produced men whose works will go down to posterity bringing blessings to mankind and shedding a halo of glory about the little isle that gave them birth. The true way to honor Ireland and Ireland's great saint was to lead blameless lives—living in conformity with the teachings of the Church of their forefathers.

In the evening a grand concert was given in the Opera House. The building was crowded in every part by a most appreciative audience. Many of the pieces were encored over and over again and good-naturedly responded to. The entertainment was under the direction of Mrs. Cruickshanks, organist of the Cathedral, assisted by Mr. Fred Evans. A large sum was realized, which will be devoted towards liquidating the debt on the Cathedral.

DIocese of London.
Parish of Kinkora.
A week of extraordinary grace has just finished here. From March 6th till March 13th a mission for the parishioners of Kinkora and Logan was conducted in our parish by the Reverend Fathers and Kreitz and Dennis, two members of the Order of Mount Carmel, of Niagara Falls. The results of the mission here have been far beyond expectations. We are all very grateful to the Rev. Fathers and to our zealous pastor, Father O'Neill, to whose zealous foresight is due the visit of the Fathers to Kinkora. The discourses of which the Fathers, the eloquence of which was equalled only by their solidity, were listened to by a large congregation every day throughout the week. Masses were said at 7 a. m., 7:30 and 9 a. m., the latter followed by instructions, and in the evening at 7 p. m. the rosary followed by a sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Such was the daily programme of the mission. On Sunday evening Rev. Father Kreitz addressed the congregation in a touching and eloquent sermon in which he commended them for the mission and exhorted them to persevere in the good path upon which they had entered, always pushing forward to greater perfection, relying on the powerful grace of God. He then expressed his gratitude to our rev. pastor and the congregation for their good wishes, and after urging again in a few words the exhortations which he had made about perseverance bade all good-bye wishing that it would not be long before they would meet us again, trusting, however, that if that happiness were not granted to us upon this earth it would one day be afforded us forever in Heaven. Our rev. pastor, Father O'Neill, addressed the Fathers thanking them in the name of the congregation for their zealous work during the week and hoped that at no distant time in the future the Rev. Fathers would once more conduct another retreat at Kinkora. A sufficient indication of the success of the mission was that a great number approached the sacraments of penance and Holy Communion during the week. On Monday morning a Mass of Requiem was sung by Father Dennis for the deceased relatives of the parishioners after which Father Kreitz delivered a short discourse on the necessity of praying for the souls of the departed. He then gave his final blessing to all, after which crowds of the parishioners were seen thronging the sacristy to say a particular farewell to those who had benefited them so much during the week and receive a particular parting blessing from their hands. At the close of the mission the Papal Benediction of our Holy

Father the Pope was given to all present. It is to be hoped that the Carmelite Fathers will come again soon to Kinkora, and we not only pray that the mission may bear abundant fruits but that the beautiful discourses may long be remembered in the hearts of all.

On March 17 Mass was sung by our pastor. The musical services of the day were specially worthy of note. "St. Patrick's Day," sung by the full choir, reminded all of the patron saint of our church. M. E. H.

MONSIGNOR MUNRO ON "PULPIT BUFFONERY."

The New Evangelicalist.
London Universe, Jan. 16.
The right Rev. Monsignor Munro, D. D., delivered a lecture on Monday night in the Trades Hall under the auspices of the newly-formed Scottish Catholic Truth Society and the Glasgow and West of Scotland Catholic Literary Association. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom were noticed Mr. James Caldwell, M. P., and one or two Protestant ministers of note. Mr. James Brand, C. E., presided, and the Rev. Fathers Stewart and Leo, C. P., were on the platform. The lecture was an intellectual treat of the highest and rarest order, and was as witty and pointed as brilliant and effective. It has created a great sensation throughout the country.

At the outset, the Right Rev. Monsignor Munro said that the Catholic Church was aggressive, in a good sense; it was anxious to embrace all within its fold. Much had lately been said and written about indifference to religious ministrations and the decay of religious feeling in this city, and, indeed, throughout the country. The subject had been extensively discussed in the daily press; it had been anxiously considered in presbyteries; and commissions had been at work to ascertain the extent of the evil, to trace its causes, and to suggest remedies. The unsatisfactory attendance at the churches, and the indifference of vast masses of the population to any kind of religious teaching or ordinances, were facts admitted on all hands, and with reason; for in enlarged Glasgow, with its population of 777,000 souls, there appeared to be 500,000 who acknowledged no connection with any Church, and who, apparently, never entered a place of worship. Putting aside the Catholic population, which could be set down at 120,000, and who were not open to any sweeping charge of indifference, there remained within the new boundaries 650,000 non-Catholics.

WHO MIGHT BE CLASSED AS THE PROTESTANT POPULATION OF THE CITY.
The church accommodation for that vast number provided only for some 120,000, leaving 530,000 unprovided for. Think of that state of things! Only 120,000 church-goers could be reckoned up by all the non-Catholic religious bodies of that great city—from the Established Church down through every grade of dissent to the Unitarian and New Jerusalem congregations. Yet at no time during this century had there been greater activity—aggressive activity—shown by the different Protestant sects to fill their churches and swell the numbers of their adherents. Assiduous house-to-house visitation by paid missionaries and Bible-women, medical missions, multitudes of voluntary workers, male and female; a foundry boys' religious society with a membership of 22,000, a boys' brigade with over 2,000, Sabbath school unions, and smaller societies attached to every congregation, showed a machinery which, by its extent, its perfect organization, and its ubiquitous activity, should be able to convert the entire community without calling in the aid of a nondescript theologico-musical combination from America (laughter). There were, besides, powerful auxiliary forces at work of a very substantial kind. Bibles and tracts were distributed weekly in tens of thousands. No class was left neglected by the Church agencies. Even the drunkard who had spent in his Saturday's debauch his family's Sunday food was freed from anxiety regarding the supplies for the day of rest by the provident generosity of one or other of the philanthropic agents at work. His weekly experience enabled him to depend with confidence on

FREE BREAKFAST, FREE DINNERS, free everything almost, by putting his children into communication with the Church recruiting service. From his experience of the working of the free meal scheme he would call it "The Habitual Drunkards' Reserve Fund" (laughter). Yet, despite that lavish expenditure of money and energy, the alarming fact remained that the people who were wanted would not come to the churches, which had to confess the failure of their devices for influencing the masses. The right rev. prelate went on to consider the suggestions made for reforming the Churches. Some would gladly see a dignified ritual introduced, with modest vestments, nor would they even object to a mild way with their old enemy—prelacy. The discouraging state of matters had called to the front a new race of reformers. Hopeless of restoring the influence of the pulpit by the old methods, they boldly aban-

doned the discredited teachings of the Confession of Faith and the once revered formulas WHICH WERE WONT TO STR TO ITS DEPTHS THE HEART OF COVENANTING SCOTLAND, and adopt measures which, whether effective or not, could not possibly be reconciled with Christian practice or religious feeling. Were those methods to prove successful in filling the churches it certainly would bring no gain to religion. It would mean that in the Protestant world Christ crucified was out of date, and that He must now give place to more attractive divinities. He could only bring before them a few typical examples to illustrate the character of the men and their work. Let me introduce you to them—first to the sensational minister, who is EVER LOOKING OUT FOR STARTLING OCCURRENCES

which may form stirring subjects for the Sunday sermon, and furnish attractive titles for Saturday's posters. Years of practice have made him aware that the worn-out commonplaces of the Evangelical pulpit could no longer draw a respectable audience together. His stock of subjects is of infinite variety—just as miscellaneous as the contents of the accident, the criminal, and the variety columns of the papers are drawn from which his supplies are drawn. Nothing comes amiss to him. He can make a telling discourse on any event which may chance to have excited the interest of the public during the week; and then he can add as much to the pleasure, or the horror, of the subject by the skillfully worded advertisement in which the sermon is announced.

THERE HAS BEEN A DISASTROUS FIRE in the city, [steamship] has been wrecked and many lives lost, a chimney has been blown down and killed a passer-by—all this is capable of sensational treatment. Here are a few examples: "Lessons from Recent Disasters of the Steamship City of Paris," "Playing the Fool," "The Opening of the Edinburgh Exhibition," "A Noisy Devil," "Lessons from the Kirriemuir Divorce Case," "Auld Lang Syne," "A Short Bed and a Narrow Blanket" (laughter). Take another type of the Evangelical preacher who is determined to keep abreast of the times—I mean the funny minister. It has struck him that what fills the theatre and the music-hall is the funny element. Now, if fun can fill theatres and music halls, why not kirks? It is true there is no Scripture warrant for this method, but so little is Scripture or Scriptural authority regarded now as binding on either intellect or conscience that the funny minister thinks he may, in fairness, be allowed to be a law unto himself in such matters. Accordingly, he provides fun for the Sabbath, and asks the public to come to his church and patronize the entertainment which he has provided. Sometimes the fun is found in the subject of the sermon. Thus:

"LANDLADIES AND THEIR LOGGERS—WHAT THEY THINK OF EACH OTHER" (laughter). This opens up a field for infinite jest when the funny man is really up to his business. Sometimes it takes the form of a conundrum. Here are a few examples: "Why Temptations?" or "Who's the Gentleman?" Or this, very much to the purpose: "Why so Much Churchgoing?" Here is another form: "Cinders and Crumbs." The following seems a very promising bid for an audience: "Are the few who answer 'No' THE CLEVER MEN,

or the hundreds of millions who answer 'Yes' confounded idiots?" (laughter). The terms of this conundrum are assuredly unparliamentary, but no doubt they thus proved all the more efficient in filling Blythwood parish church on Sunday, March 29th, than any form of words contained within the boards of the Bible could have done with this type: "Familiar queries: 1. Who is your father?" It was well, perhaps, for the funny man that he chose his pulpit in which to explode this suggestive fire-work. Had he given out a conundrum of this sort in any gentleman's private house he would, I think, have been turned to the door for violating the decencies of common life (applause). But the new method is to be expected to cover any kind or number of sins. Some

PROFESSORS OF THE NEW METHOD deal exclusively in amatory subjects. For instance, "Proposing, Rejecting, Accepting." Again, "The Pleasures of Friendship and Love." On the 8th November last the Barrowfield Church adherents were to be edified by a sermon on "Somebody's Darling; or, the True Law of Love," and it had to be preached again on the following Sunday (laughter). Another sang his amatory ditty to the rollicking air, "A Humbugging Wife" (laughter). These types are all excelled by the music-hall type. This is the kind of preacher who relies in great measure on the accompanying "entertainment." Evidently Scotch Presbyterianism is on the down grade. Its churches turned into music-halls, its ministers advertising themselves as harlequins, and its Sabbaths given up to musical selections, to masquerades, and to magic-lantern exhibitions, give evidence of the extent and rapidity of its descent. Only one step more seems wanting—the attrac-

tion of a promenade and a beer bar. The distance from this consummation seems measurable (applause). One type remains. The Evangelical swash-buckler who seeks notoriety with must bluster and far greater ardor than honest men seek fame. In this connection he is quoted from the sermons of the Rev. John McNeill and the Rev. John Robertson, and concluded with a burst of eloquence on the Catholic Church.

Priest, Doctor and Lawyer.

Catholic priests who have charge of thinly settled and widely scattered rural parishes in Maine have need of all the Christian virtues, not to speak of great physical endurance and varied accomplishments. The Reverend Father who has charge of the church at Winterport, Me., has parishioners in half a dozen towns along the Penobscot River, who are remote from one another in the farming districts, and to them he must be, as occasion requires, not only a spiritual guide, but also a legal and medical adviser. During the epidemic of grip, now subsiding, he has travelled day and night over rough roads and through deep snow drifts visiting the sick. When a case was dangerous he despatched a messenger for the nearest physician; otherwise he prescribed and administered simple remedies, and always with the greatest success.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Catharine O'Donnell, London.
We regret very much to announce the death of this good lady at the age of seventy-six years. She had been a resident of London for many years and was most highly respected by a large circle of friends. In life she was a most fervent and devoted Catholic and before her death had the happiness of receiving all the sacred rites of the Church. Deceased was mother of Mrs. John Brougole, of this city. May her soul rest in peace!

Mrs. James P. Walsh.
On the 20th inst. Deborah Jane, beloved wife of James P. Walsh, departed this life at her home near Lonsdale, Ont. She was in her fifty-second year and unlamented by her family, when she was taken ill with a severe grippe, she had enjoyed the best of health. Her generous hospitality, kindly disposition and unostentatious charity endeared her to all who knew her. Her death was as happy as her life had been useful and she passed peacefully away fortified and consoled by the sacraments of our holy Church and surrounded by her sorrowing family and relatives. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, her remains were followed to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery at Marysville by a large concourse of the parishioners desiring to show their respect for her memory and their esteem for the bereaved family and friends. May her soul rest in peace!

Mr. Henry Stafford, Almonte.
It was with profound regret that we announced the death of the late Mr. Henry Stafford of Almonte was received by his large circle of friends and acquaintances in Western Ontario and the Niagara peninsula. The deceased was a man who had travelled much and seen the world, and had many warm friends and kind dispositions. He was a brother of the late Rev. Father Stafford, formerly of Pakenham, Ont., is a sister of Dr. Wm. Hanover, the well known physician who formerly practised in this city. Mr. Stafford, barrister of Almonte, is the deceased's eldest son.

We take the appended notice concerning the late Mr. Stafford from the *Almonte Gazette*. The funeral of the late Mr. Henry Stafford took place from his late residence at Almonte on Friday morning, and, although the day was one of the stormiest in the annals of the country, it was largely attended by all classes of citizens. The solemn service of Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the St. Mary's Catholic church, where the deceased had resided for the occasion. The pall-bearers were Messrs. T. W. McDermott, Patrick Reilly, John Slatery, John Murphy, Wm. Kearney, Perth and Wm. Kehoe, governor of the county jail. The chief mourners were the deceased's three sons and four brothers. The subject of this sketch was born in Drummond county of Ontario, and received his early education in the common schools. He then decided to enter into business, and took a commercial course at Niagara Falls, where he resided for some years. He was, however, suddenly called home by the illness of his father, the late Tobias Stafford, of Drummond county. The deceased finally decided to locate in Almonte, where for many years he was one of our most successful and enterprising merchants. Being of a retiring disposition, Mr. Stafford time and again finally declined all public honors. He was always foremost in all one of its most generous contributors. The present handsome new structure owes much to his tact and judgment, having been one of the church committee's most active and zealous workers when it was in course of erection. The deceased also contributed to all the other churches in town, irrespective of religion. To the widow and orphan he was ever a faithful friend, ample proof of which was evinced by the expressions of sorrow over his death. After retiring from business the deceased accepted the appointment of license inspector for South Larnark, which office he had held for fourteen years, resigning two years ago on account of continued ill health. For the last couple of years he had lived retired, enjoying the comforts of his elegant home, and his beautiful grounds, which, by his untiring industry and thriftiness, he required means to erect. The final summons came on Wednesday of last week, and all that medical skill could do was of no avail. During his illness he was constantly attended by his spiritual adviser and warm personal friend, Very Rev. Canon Foley. His dying hours were soothed by the loving hands of his devoted wife and affectionate children, who have lost a kind husband, and a loving and generous father. Requiescat in pace!

There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, all have their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is happy only, because it as yet knows nothing; age is miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of death begin. —Chateaubriand.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness, recurring daily and hourly; it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles will rarely be loved.