

**OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.**

By a Special Correspondent.)

In my younger days I resided on a large farm that was about five miles from the city, and upon the main highway. On the opposite side of the road dwelt a Mr. Robert Stewart. He owned some two hundred acres of splendid land, extending from the highway to the river and divided in two by a lane that was a municipal or public road. Down this lane all the farmers in that section drove their sheep to be washed; their cows and horses to water, and had a general right of passage to and fro. It was also a very inviting promenade for the young people of the countryside, especially when they were courting. On each side of the lane was a magnificent row of tall elm trees, and the sandy paths on either side of the carriage track were delightfully soft under foot. In those days I knew every inch of that lane, and I must have travelled it thousands of times. Mr. Stewart was then an old man, but one full of good nature and fun. He delighted in practical jokes, and many is the one that he perpetrated in his time.

About half a mile behind my father's place lived a family by the name of Ralph. I believe they were English people; at least one of the sons—Edward—was constantly boasting that he was a "blooming British subject," and that he "ad shouldered a gun for 'er Majesty the Queen." What he meant by that we could not exactly tell, nor did it much interest any of us at the time. I believe he had been a private in a volunteer company at one period in his life. Possibly this led him to believe that he had actually shed his blood, or possibly given his life for his country. But Ned's boasting was of little consequence compared to that of his brother Charlie. I might as well state at once that this Charlie "was not all there." He was a robust, lazy, gigantic, uncouth fellow, who could sit by a fence all day and "spin yarns," but who had a most wholesome dread of anything that savored of work. Many an hour did old Mr. Stewart spend, seated in the barn door, with Charlie Ralph, making the poor fellow go over and over his unending series of supposed adventures. To hear Charlie tell of all that he had done in his time you would have to conclude that he was either a hero of the crusader mould, or else the most inveterate liar on earth. In fact, if he were taken seriously, and if all that he told were exact, he should have been long since tried for murder and hanged. But no person ever dreamed of lodging a complaint against Charlie for having killed a human being; moreover no person would ever have been able to establish the truth of such an accusation.

One evening, about the end of August, (I think it was in 1875), I was coming up the lane from the river, when I met Mr. Stewart. He had been looking at a field of oats that was just cut, and the greater part of which had been bound and stooked. We commenced to chat, and as it was exceedingly warm, and the air of the evening coming up from the river was cooling and refreshing, we felt inclined to prolong our conversation and to enjoy the situation. We sat down upon the fence that divided the field of oats from the lane, and as the round full moon rose slowly and gloriously upon the Eastern sky, we drank in all the invigorating air of the country and enjoyed the beautiful surroundings.

After a few moments we saw, through the gathering night, the form of a man coming down the lane. We ceased speaking; he passed within a few feet of us, and we had no difficulty in recognizing Charlie Ralph. He was going to the river to look for a cow that had strayed away from his father's yard. We let him pass without giving any sign of our presence. When he had disappeared over the hill, Mr. Stewart said: "There goes the greatest boaster I ever met, and I believe he is as big a coward as he looks." After a few more comments on poor Charlie—and not all to his credit—Mr. Stewart suggested a joke. No sooner suggested than put into execution. He got down from the fence and going into the field, selected three sheaves of oats. He handed them to me over the fence and then

came out to the lane. He stood two of them up in the middle of the road, placed the third sheaf across the two, and set his own hat on the top of the pyramid. This done, we both crossed into the field and crouched down behind the fence to await developments.

In about ten minutes Charlie came along, evidently having failed to find the cow. He was swinging his long arms and striding ahead in a free and easy style, when, suddenly, in the moonlight, he caught a glimpse of something standing in the road. He began to whistle "Rule Britannia," but did not keep up the musical delusion very long. As he approached the pile of oats he slackened his pace till he finally stood still. He hesitated for a while, and at last, picked up courage to speak.

"Good night, sir," said Charlie. No answer came from the oats. "I say good night, sir," again ventured Charlie. Still no reply from the stook. "You'd better step aside," said Charlie; but the oats did not stir. He grew excited, and began to retreat. When he saw that the enemy was not in pursuit, he again ventured to address the oats.

"I'm a brave man; I'm a dangerous man; I tell you that you ain't safe on this road at night with me. You'd better go home." He paused for a reply; but none came. "I'll go home for my gun," roared Charlie, who by that time was as wild as a maniac and in such a state of fear that he did not know what side to turn to.

"My brother's been a soldier, and I'll get him to shoot you if you don't clear the way." This terrible threat did not appear to have any effect upon the stolid foeman.

"I'll have to commit murder if you don't let me pass," cried Charlie. At this point Mr. Stewart could stand it no longer, and he let out a roar that would have frightened any ordinary person in the night.

Charlie did not wait to investigate any further. You'd have thought he was propelled by electricity, so rapidly did he vanish over the opposite fence and scud down the meadow that extended for ten acres towards the woodlands. We took in the oats and walked up the lane together, laughing at Charlie's expense. I left Mr. Stewart at the corner of his farm and found my way quietly homeward. We enjoyed the joke immensely, and next morning the old gentleman came over to tell my father about the fun we had with Charlie Ralph. We were speculating upon the probable story that Charlie would have to tell to all the neighbors. We naturally expected that he would go about, from house to house, to tell each one how he had fought a brigand, or how he had conquered a most dangerous enemy on the night previous. While we were relating many personat reminiscences of Charlie, especially in connection with his imaginary achievements, a farmer from the back concession drove up to the house. After our first greetings, when Mr. Stewart was preparing to tell the newcomer of our evening's adventure, the latter started us with the information that Charlie Ralph was dead.

You can scarcely conceive the shock that news produced. Of course, the details of the sad event had to be told. They were few and simple. Poor Charlie had long been a victim of heart-failure, and the least excitement usually produced alarming symptoms. Of this we had been in absolute ignorance. We knew him to have been excitable and eccentric, but we did not know that he was actually suffering from such a dangerous affection. It appears that he ran home that evening—a distance of about three-quarters of a mile—and on entering the house fell unconscious on the floor. They lifted him up and placed him on a sofa. He revived after a time, and told a most incoherent story of murderers and highwaymen, and of one in particular whom he had left dead in the lane. Soon his strength began to fail again, and before midnight the end came. Needless to say that the lesson was severe enough to end for all time Mr. Stewart's inclination for practical jokes.

tions in the world they become dishonest. Before they are aware of it, the habit of inaccuracy extends to their statements. They do not take pains to be thorough in anything they undertake, even in clearly expressing the truth.

These people never carry much weight in a community, however honest in principle they may be, because no reliance can be placed on their words or work. You cannot depend upon what they tell you. If they are orators they are discredited; if they are at the bar, the judges always take their statements with some margin; if they are in business, they soon get a bad name for inaccuracy. In fact, whatever those people do they are placed at a disadvantage because of their habit of inaccuracy.

There is a great difference between going just right and a little wrong. These victims of inaccuracy did not start right. They failed to realize that what is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.

**The Use of Soft Coal.**

Now that the coal question is the all-absorbing topic of the hour, and as it grows daily more evident that this winter the great bulk of our people will have to fight the cold with soft coal and wood, it may not be out of place to reproduce some of the directions regarding the domestic use of soft coal which the "Scientific American" has editorially given.

The writer tells us that there is no quality in soft coal that unfits it for domestic use. And he claims that in spite of the possibilities of gas, wood, and electricity, the cheapest substitute for anthracite coal will be the bituminous. We take the following from the article in question:—

"Indeed, as a matter of fact, practically no other fuel is used, or has been used, for domestic purposes in Great Britain, and while the cooking-ranges differ somewhat in design from those used in this country for anthracite coal, it will be quite possible for the householder, by using a little judgment, to burn soft coal to advantage in the ordinary American cooking-stove. The most important fact to remember is that the great quantities of gas thrown off when soft coal is first ignited render it necessary to supply considerably more air above the bed of fuel than is the case with anthracite coal. Thus, in replenishing the kitchen stove, it will not do to fill the grate entirely full of fresh fuel, since this would result in the rapid lowering of the oven temperature, which would not be restored until the mass had become ignited and the gases had become somewhat burned off. It will be found that the best method is to feed small quantities of fuel to the fire at frequent intervals, keeping the lower drafts closed more than they would be in burning anthracite coal, and keeping the upper draft constantly open. For use in the heating furnace, soft coal will be found to give good results when once the proper manipulation of the furnace has been learned. It should be understood at the outset that more constant attention will be necessary, for the reason that soft coal burns more quickly and will not remain incandescent for so long a time as anthracite coal. During the daytime the attendant will have no difficulty in keeping a steady fire if he is careful to feed the furnace frequently; to keep the bottom drafts but slightly open; and to give a liberal feed of air through the air-inlet in the furnace-door. Owing to the rapidity of combustion of bituminous coal, it will not be possible to bank up the furnace for the night and leave it with a certainty that there will be a live fire remaining in the morning; but this difficulty can be overcome if a ton of anthracite used only for banking up the fire over-night. A ton of anthracite used for this purpose should suffice to tide the household over the period of high prices.

"There is one feature connected with the use of soft coal, however, which, unless it be carefully safeguarded, may introduce an element of danger. We refer to the heavy deposit of soot in the flues which will occur when soft coal is used. This soot, unless it is swept out at stated intervals, will accumulate, and being inflammable would be liable to ignite and produce a fierce fire in the chimney, with a consequent risk to the dwelling. It sometimes happens that the ends of rafters or beams are, by careless or ignorant construction, allowed to project into the chimney flues. These might become ignited and carry fire to the interior of the house. There is further danger that the shower of sparks from a burning chimney would ignite the shingle roof of the suburban cottage. These risks may be obviated by sweeping the chimney, say, once in two months. The 'chimney-sweep' is an important personage in the old countries, and it would be a curious incidental development of the strike if he should make his appearance, even temporarily, in this country."

**The Duty of Catholic Young Men.**

A notable address was delivered by the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., in the Cathedral of Hartford, Conn., before the members of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, who were about to hold their twenty-eighth annual convention in that city. The duty of the Catholic young man of to-day was his theme; and certainly he chose a very opportune topic. Three things, he pointed out, should be left behind by those who cross the bridge that separates the boy from the man—childish speech, a childish grasp of truth, and childish reasoning. There is far too much childish speech to-day among those who ought to speak as men. We have duties of speech towards our fellowmen; for each one is affected by what he hears, and there is a moral, as well as a physical atmosphere around us. "And we must not be satisfied," he said, "with merely speaking as men; we must also take a man's grasp of the many weighty questions now before the American people, and reason on them as men should. And here let me call your attention to the mighty power almost irresistible of a union such as yours; let me say a word on the actual necessity of association and of federation. A child considers himself merely as a unit; he has not as yet grasped the great principle that ten times one are ten. The Catholics of the United States have been thinking as children in this regard. We have been acting as separated units, and hence we have accomplished comparatively little in this great country of ours. I have heard more than one young man say, when urged to take some more determined stand for the good of his fellowmen: 'Oh! what can I do? I am only a very insignificant unit, only one tiny grain of sand on the seashore.' I answer at once: 'Oh! no, you are not a mere grain of sand; a grain of sand has no power in it; but you are a grain of dynamite.' Suppose, for a moment, that in our late naval conflict at Santiago, each minute grain of powder wedged shoulder to shoulder against its neighbor in the dark cavern of the Oregon's thirteen-inch gun, had said to itself: 'What can I do to propel an enormous projectile against the enemy's fleet? I am utterly useless for so tremendous a work. I shall not lend my tiny aid to do my country's bidding.' That grain of powder would have been a traitor to the cause. But it did lend its tiny aid; and when the gigantic projectile crashed through the enemy's ship, the result was due to that tiny grain of powder, not by itself, but side by side with its myriads of fellow tiny grains. It was the federation of these minute grains of powder that won the day. Every Catholic young man here before me is dynamic, and the power which Almighty God has given him is to be used for good. Let him be welded into one with his million neighbors; let cool heads and skillful hands direct the moral gun, and then no obstacle can stay the Catholic young man's onward march for 'God and the neighbor.' For let it be well understood, let it be shouted from the housetops, let it be through deepest love for our great country that we Catholics are drawing closer the bonds that unite us.

"The United States of America are entering upon a new era of existence, and if our prosperity has increased almost beyond belief, so have our dangers. It is childishness amounting to treason to close our eyes to those 'breakers ahead.' Now, we Catholics know that the ethical principles of our holy religion are most important for the stability of a nation. Let me explain the Catholic stand for reverence, for authority, parental, civil and religious, and every one who reads aright the signs of the times must admit that in America reverence for authority, parental, civil and religious, is rapidly dying out. We Catholics stand for the sanctity of the marriage, tie and the protection of the home. We believe that the unit on which the State must rest is not the individual, but the family, and that whatever tends to the disruption of the family tends with equal certainty to undermine the State. Once more, every one knows that in many parts of our great country the family is disappearing. So marked is this sad feature of our material progress that our fearless President deemed it his bounden duty to call public attention to the fact that in many parts of New England the official

birth rate was rapidly becoming a blank page! "Catholics believe that after the family the school is the surest support of the State, but we maintain that the school is not doing its duty to our homes or to our country if it only looks after the intellectual development of our children. We maintain that God has at least as good a right to enter the class room as the multiplication table has or the speller. Time was when we Catholics were the only people to raise our voices against the banishment of God from the schools, but now on all sides, from distinguished Protestant ministers, from college presidents and from the press, comes the mighty question, How shall we increase the moral power of the schools? The Catholic Church studied and answered this question 1,900 years ago, and the answer is. It is impossible to separate morality from religion. So pointedly has the need of morality in the schools been brought before the country by certain recent unsavory happenings in some New York schools, that one of our great daily papers fearless champion of the truth, does not hesitate to write: 'We are within measurable distance of the time when society may for its own sake go on its knees to any factor which can be warranted to make education compatible with and inseparable from morality, letting that factor do it on its own terms and teach therewith whatsoever it lists.'

"The Catholic Church in this country has, by heroic sacrifices, been solving the question practically, educating one million of its children in its own schools at an expense of \$22,000,000 annually. We are thus doing yeoman service for the State; but, strange to say, the State, which does not begrudge paying the men who look after the cleanliness of the streets, absolutely refuses to alleviate the burden of our Catholic fathers and mothers, who are not by any means millionaires, and who are striving, by sound education, to keep the moral atmosphere of the country sweet and pure. It will not do to answer that it is against the Constitution to expend money for sectarian purposes.

"This answer may satisfy children, but we have left the nursery and crossed the bridge to manhood, and we want a man's answer to a man's question. As was recently pointed out by a professor of Princeton Seminary, it is by no means against the Constitution of the United States to disburse money for so-called sectarian purposes. "What about the many Protestant chaplains for the brave soldiers and sailors in our army and navy? Are not these chaplains placed where they are in order to teach religion, and are they not paid for it in good American money? What about the Protestant ministers and Catholic priests in our public asylums and prisons? Are they not there to teach religion, and does the Constitution of the United States forbid them to be paid for their services? Now, is it in harmony with the noted good sense of the American people to wait until our fellow-citizens become cut-throats and convicts and then administer with a considerable outlay of American dollars a small dose of religion as a tardy remedy for crime? Would it not seem a saner policy to try religious teaching at an earlier stage and make use of it as a preventive of crime rather than merely as a doubtful cure for a chronic case? Might not the entrance of religion into the hearts of the pupils in the class room diminish the number of applicants for the convict's cell? And might not this plan diminish also the outlay of American dollars later on, when fewer prison cells would be needed?"

**The Centenary of Robert Emmet**

On the twentieth day of September, 1902, will occur the hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Robert Emmet; and it is a prediction that may safely be made that on that day this tragic and glorious event will be enthusiastically celebrated all over the habitable globe, wherever a group of faithful and true-hearted are found. Lapse of



The title of the work, *Hib. Dominicana, Col.* The extract is translated from a man who resided in early sixties, and who the original in the British Museum; and I have it before me now and in English. How well afford to let the I. "In the year 1647, the time the Reverend Father Barry (of Cork) came of Cashel and Pres whom the heretic army tured with others on the Patrick, reserved for the having butchered ecclesiastics there with ber of lay Catholics or tack. Therefore being that he might reject U habit which he wore ar to their rites, boldly "This vestment represents of Christ and His represents the banner fare." On uttering wh is bound to a pillar a branches are got ready the most cruel manner, to the wanton insults diery; presently the fire around he is slowly bur hours about the lower body. During which to not cease to commend faithful people as his o God. Transfixed with side to side he yielded on the 15th September departure of the enemy ried from thence and b own convent."

**BOYS OF ST. ANN'S SCHOOL HOLD FIELD DAY.**

Of course, the leading feature in the day's sports was lacrosse. There was a match in every corner, and judging from the way scores of little lads handle the stick, we may conclude that the National game is only in its infancy. The following is the names of the prize-winners:— 100 yds. run, over 14 years.—1, Thos. Benoit; 2, J. Clarke; 3, Thos. Coonan. 440 yds. run, over 14 years.—1, Thos. Benoit; 2, J. Clarke; 3, J. Gallery. Hop, step and jump, over 14 years.—1, J. Mooney; 2, W. Kennedy; 3, J. Clarke. Long jump, over 14 years.—1, J. Mooney; 2, W. Kennedy; 3, J. Clarke. Three quick jumps, over 14 years.—1, J. Mooney; 2, J. Clarke; 3, W. Kennedy. 100 yds. run, 12 and 13 years.—1, T. Rossiter; 2, M. Meehan; 3, M. Sproul. 440 yds. run, 12 and 13 years.—1, M. Meehan; 2, T. Rossiter; 3, J. Cooney. Hop, step and jump, 12 and 13 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, R. Carroll; 3, J. Sheeran. Long jump, 12 and 13 years.—1, J. Laydon; 2, R. Carroll; 3, F. Liston. Three quick jumps, 12 and 13 years.—1, R. Carroll; 2, J. Shea; 3, F. Liston. 100 yds. run, under 12 years.—1, J. Cloran; 2, P. Horan; 3, P. Gallery. 440 yds. run, under 12 years.—1, P. Horan; 2, P. Gallery; 3, M. Delaney. Hop, step and jump, 12 and 13 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, R. Guilfoyle; 3, J. Gleeson. Long jump, under 12 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, C. Pegnem; 3, J. Gleeson. Three quick jumps, under 12 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, C. Kelly; 3, H. Laflie. Three-legged race, over 13 years.—1, J. Sheeran and R. Carroll; 2, T. Coonan and W. Murphy. Three-legged race, under 13 years.—1, G. McCrea and J. Regan; 2, P. Horan and P. O'Reilly. Wheelbarrow race, over 13 years.—1, T. Coonan and J. Shea; 2, J. McMenamin and J. Gleeson. Wheelbarrow race, under 13 years.—1, J. Regan and G. McCrea; 2, T. Hughes and J. Smith. The Executive Committee wish to thank the following gentlemen who gave prizes for the day's sports:—Hon. Dr. J. J. Guerin, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., Ald. M. J. Walsh, Mr. J. Slattery, Mr. Thos. O'Connell, Capt. M. Fennell.

**THE LATE MR. T. HEFFERNAN**

The teachers of the Edward Murphy School have forwarded to the Rev. Thomas Heffernan and the Rev. Peter Heffernan a resolution of condolence with them in the sad loss of their father. A copy of the resolution has also been sent to their mother, Mrs. Heffernan. The bereaved family have been deeply touched by this manifestation of sympathy in their bereavement.

**A RARE**

LAST week I received a very curtailed copy of the Archdiocese which I had not weeks ago. I have the papers, books, upon which that sketch came upon an extract, rare work that is preserved in the British Museum; and might be of interest to readers were I to reproduce it.

The title of the work, *Hib. Dominicana, Col.* The extract is translated from a man who resided in early sixties, and who the original in the British Museum; and I have it before me now and in English. How well afford to let the I. "In the year 1647, the time the Reverend Father Barry (of Cork) came of Cashel and Pres whom the heretic army tured with others on the Patrick, reserved for the having butchered ecclesiastics there with ber of lay Catholics or tack. Therefore being that he might reject U habit which he wore ar to their rites, boldly "This vestment represents of Christ and His represents the banner fare." On uttering wh is bound to a pillar a branches are got ready the most cruel manner, to the wanton insults diery; presently the fire around he is slowly bur hours about the lower body. During which to not cease to commend faithful people as his o God. Transfixed with side to side he yielded on the 15th September departure of the enemy ried from thence and b own convent."

**Marriage When Religions Differs.**

In the last issue of "The True Witness" is a very elaborately reasoned article, from Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., an important subject of marriage. We can do little draw attention to this contribution. It must be in order to be rightly understood. But we cannot refrain from a couple of extracts from as they furnish powerful evidence in favor of the Church's condemning mixed marriage.

(By a Regular Contributor)