

and only 9,000 children in the Sunday schools. The Protestant laity need to be awakened to a deep sense of the magnitude of their duty toward the children. Here is the source of strength in the Catholic Church. The seed of divine truth is planted in the hearts of the children, and if this is faithfully done we have the Divine promise that the seed shall grow up into a goodly tree and its boughs shelter the fallen race.

"The Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme and not put enough stress upon good works. Good works won't save, but faith without works is dead. I have no patience with those higher-life Christians who have not time to do practical good. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough Sisters of Charity. Kindly, generous, loving acts, people believe in that kind of religion. The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suffering, put Protestants to shame."

MISSION STORIES.

Many interesting incidents are described in the Epiphany number of "The Missionary." Here is one of Father Xavier Sutton's experiences:

An old lady came up to the railing after a mission to receive one of the books. She remarked to Father Sutton: "You say some good things and you may be honest enough, but I don't like your Church; no, sir, I have no use for the Catholic Church! I knew a man," she continued, impressively, "and he was the worst man I ever knew—and he was a Catholic."

"Now, now," said Father Sutton, "you are like lots of people I meet; you get the doctrine and the people mixed. Of course, there are black sheep in every fold. Even Judas was a pretty bad man; but he did not learn it from Christ, and he was with Christ and heard Him talk face to face. This man may have been a pretty hard sinner, but he did not learn it at church; he would have been just as bad if he had been a Methodist or a Presbyterian, wouldn't he?"

She shook her curls emphatically. "No, sir, I don't get them mixed at all. I am talking of the doctrine. It is all wrong. I know a woman who is a Catholic, too, and she is a perfectly dreadful woman; why she performed the blackest hypocrisy for the glory of the Church!"

"My goodness, what did she do?" "Well, her husband was a Methodist, and a good man, too, and he trusted her; but while he was away she went and had her children baptized Roman Catholics, deceiving her husband for the glory of Rome!"

But the conversation was interrupted, and it is likely that the lady still argues doctrine on the plan of "Some sinners I have met."

Protestant Mississippi.

"To every Catholic priest in Mississippi there are forty-five Protestant preachers!" writes Rev. Thos. McNamara. "Yet we are gaining steadily. Converts have leavened the State. Among the more noticeable is Frank Johnson and family, of Jackson, Miss., ex-Attorney General of this State. The steady and notable advance of the Church in Mississippi has alarmed the 'preachers,' and I am sorry to be obliged to record the fact that, to stem the tide Romewards, means and methods have been adopted and employed by these self-styled 'ministers of the Gospel' which outrival the earlier persecutors and vilifiers of the Church of God.

"The Jesuits have been accused unjustly of adopting as their motto 'The end justifies the means'; but the fullest expression is found in the tactics of the Protestant preachers of this State.

"I defy contradiction to the facts I am about to narrate, as I am fully prepared to give the names of reputable witnesses to the veracity of my declarations. Protestant children are schooled in their hatred of everything and everybody Catholic. From infancy almost they are taught that Catholic priests are living devils, and that the Sister-

hood of the Church is their potent and immoral auxiliary. Such books as 'Maria Monk,' 'The Secrets of the Convent' are bought at wholesale prices by preachers and retailed to the members of the various denominations at a fair profit! I have encountered cases, however, where the reverend tradesmen in impure literature have presented gratis, copies of the above works when a leaning towards the Church became discernable.

"Some converts have told me that these very books hastened their conversion. Because of their intimate acquaintance with Catholic people they looked upon the books with suspicion, and examination and study proved them slanderous as well as mendacious.

"The most thoroughly Protestant State in the United States, perhaps, is Mississippi. Yet where abounds lawlessness and crime to a greater extent? You have read of the horrors attendant upon the burning of a Negro at the stake recently in Corinth, where not a single Catholic lives. Yet it is considered one of the most flourishing and representative towns in our State."

Arson in North Carolina.

The following from Father Price, of Nazareth, N.C., pictures one of the fruits of the "methods" adopted by the ministers in Mississippi: "Fire! Fire! Fire! This startling cry at midnight, a quick, fierce blaze which illumined the whole heavens for one half hour, and St. Teresa's church, built through the generosity of Mr. Doyle, of Brooklyn, on the missions of Nazareth to non-Catholics, was one mass of coals and ashes and the sum of much mission effort destroyed! A kerosene can, a match and the envenomed heart of a poor wretch overcharged with prejudice against the Catholic Church by non-Catholic ministers, who thought the whole country was turning to the Church, and who stirred up hatred against it accordingly, did the work."

Humble Instrument of God's Grace. The following touching incident is taken from one of Father Sutton's reports:—

A servant girl—one of those earnest-minded girls who are a credit to their class—had been attending the lectures. Noticing that the girl, who had never before had the habit of going out many evenings in the week, had gone for four successive evenings before 7 o'clock, the lady of the house asked her where she was going.

"I have been attending the non-Catholic mission," said the girl, "and I think I will become a Catholic."

The lady became very much affected, and in a moment burst into tears. "Oh!" exclaimed the poor woman, "to think that you, a Protestant, should take such an interest in the Catholic religion! I was once a Catholic, but I married out of the Church twenty years ago, and no one but my husband knows I am a Catholic. But I'll go back!" she exclaimed; "I'll go back to my Church." A day or so afterward she went to confession and was received into the Church once more.

Mission Maxims.

The giving of missions on the eastern shore of Maryland has led to the framing of the following rules of action by Rev. William Temple:—

1. Give the mission in a hall rather than in a church. For many Protestants it requires an act of superhuman courage to enter a Catholic church. The ghosts of generations of lies guards the portals and their hearts fail them.

2. Use the press as far as possible. Distribute Catholic literature and print the discourses in the local papers. Country editors are always clamoring for copy, and country people will read about religion.

3. Follow the methods of St. Francis of Sales. Dip your tongue in the honeycomb and let nothing but kindness fall from your lips. Take it as a first principle of your preaching that all non-Catholics are all Catholics except in name and knowledge. The skin of a Protestant bleeds at the gentlest thrust of criticism.

Kind Old Gentleman—Little boy, do you smoke cigarettes? Little Boy—No, sir; but I kin give yer a chew.—Detroit Free Press.

STORIES OF THE QUEEN.

The Brown Book of Boston tells the following, among other anecdotes, in a little sketch of Britain's Queen:—"One afternoon, when the Queen was little Princess Alexandra Christina of Denmark, she, with her two sisters, Princess Dagmar and Princess Thyra, were having tea in the woods of Bernstorff Castle. They fell to talking as children will of what they wanted to do in life. Princess Dagmar wished to be very grand and have all the people obey her. Princess Thyra desired to be the most beautiful woman in the world. When it came Princess Alexandra's turn she said: "I would like to be very good and have everybody love me very much." The good fairy has granted Alexandra's wish, for she has won the hearts of the British people and is the best beloved woman in the land." The article dwells upon her Majesty's goodness of heart and her passionate fondness for children and continues:

"One day Alexandra came upon a tiny mite of a child crying bitterly. A comfortable, fat old lady who seemed to be in charge of him was entirely unmoved by his distress. The Queen, who is quickly touched by grief, especially that of a child, inquired of the woman what the trouble was, and if the little fellow was ill. 'Well, ma'am,' the old lady agreeably replied, 'he ain't exactly ill, but no stomach can't stand nine buns.' The country folk around Sandringham have many tales to tell about 'ryity.' One old woman tells with the utmost pride how she was struggling to get over a stile with a large head of cabbage under one arm and a bundle under the other. The Queen was on her way to aid and heal some poor laborer, when she saw the old woman. Her Majesty went to the rescue, and here the old woman's voice thrills with emotion. 'And, ma'am, the Queen held the cabbage in her beautiful arms while I climbed over the stile.'

"A most accomplished nurse, her Majesty personally visits the children's hospitals and ministers to them. Some little girls, inmates of different wards in the Great Ormond street hospital, were having a spirited discussion one day as to which ward was the most favored by the royal lady. Finally one little girl triumphed over the others by saying, 'The Queen visits our ward and gives flowers—a bunch to everybody—and mine was tied with red ribbon—a ribbon she had worn, mind you.' With a nerve as true as steel, infinite womanliness, tenderness that is the essence of kindness and usefulness, and a divine sympathy, such are the attributes that make the United Kingdom rejoice that the crown of England is worn so worthily."

A STRANGE MOUSE.

As in the nursery Mrs. Puss Was looking out for mice, She threw a glance upon the shelf, And there saw something nice.

A little mouse among the toys Was standing very still, "I'll catch that mouse," said Mrs. Puss, "Most certainly I will."

Then crouching down behind the shelf, Her instinct to obey, She made a sudden upward spring, And pounced upon her prey.

But what was this? In sudden fear Her claws let go their hold, At coming into contact with A substance hard and cold.

Then frightened Mrs. Puss turned tail, And fled from out the house, While still her prey remained unmoved— He was a clockwork mouse! —Selected.

The sad, discouraged Christian who feels his shortcomings and the degeneracy of the times in which he lives so overwhelmingly as to take away his peace and joy, needs to get out into God's pure air on some errand of mercy.

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The Power of Laughter in Some Curious Odds and Ends.

Catholic Columbian.

A friend once remarked to Lord Chesterfield that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," he replied, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

A recent witty speaker put in this way: "Man is the only animal that was made to laugh and, as science teaches us that laughter is conducive to health, we ought to laugh. Laugh to increase the blood circulation, enlarge the heart, expand the lungs and beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth—they are not altogether human."

Carlyle says that laughter is the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man. Holmes says: "You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun; But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done; The children laugh loud as they troop to his call, And the poor man who knows him laughs loudest of all.

Peter Pinder puts it this way:

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt; And every grin, so merry, draws one out.

I am led to this quote by noticing the publication of a new book, titled "An Essay on Laughter"; though called an essay, it spreads out over 441 pages. The author seems to think that mankind don't laugh enough and is inclined to think it is not polite to laugh, somewhat after the mind of Lord Chesterfield, who proudly boasted that since he had come to the full use of his reason nobody had ever heard him laugh. The author of this essay, however, put it well when he says as a final conclusion: "Pure and honest laughter, like mercy, blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AND YOUR RUBBER STAMPS MADE BY THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.

"I wouldn't say anything unkind to a person behind his back," said Maud. "Neither would I," answered Mamie; "I'd rather say it where he can hear it, so as to have the fun of seeing him get angry." —Washington Star.

Miss Jilt—I'm sorry. No doubt you'll find some other girl who'll make you forget me. Mr. Kloseman—Oh, but I can never forget you! Miss Jilt—Nonsense! You did it last Christmas without any trouble.—Philadelphia Press.

Hairdresser—Hair begins to get very thin, sir. Customer—Yes. Hairdresser—Have you tried our tonic lotion? Customer—Yes. That didn't do it, though.—Punch.

Father—This is going to hurt me more than you my son. Son—Hold on, Pop! Please remember that I'm the consumer in this case, and you're the striker and operator.—Puck.

First Youth—That was a great tragedy, wasn't it? Did you take your parents to see it? Second Youth—Oh, no! They are too old for that sort of thing. They went to a farce comedy.—Life.

City Friend—In this house occurred New York's most famous murder mystery. Country Cousin—Indeed? Which do you mean? City Friend—The one the police solved.—Judge.

There are queer nooks and corners in England yet.

A country parson lately went to preach in an old remote parish one Sunday. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said:

"I hope your riv'ence won't mind preachin' from the chancel. Ye see, this is a quiet place, and I've got a duck sittin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."—London Tit-bits.

"Why do you call them 'French duel' pills?" asked the customer in the drug store. "Because they cool hot blood and are harmless," replied the bright clerk.—Chicago Daily News.