

BILL MANNING. Where is he gone, the queer little man. Who made and mended boots and shoes; Who hammered the brogues and rushed at the can, And never finished and never began, While the lads were discussing the news, Bill Manning?

Where is he? Mavronel One night at nine He put out the gas and moved away. His trade was good, for he patched so fine, You never could tell where it was on mine, He earned at least two dollars a dawl Poor Manning.

I'm sorry he's gone. His Hole-in-the-Wall He made a sort of Patriots' Club, Night after night he'd lecture us all To give cash or life at our country's call, And he bately cleared enough for his grub, Poor Manning.

He worked his day and half of his nights, But never managed to forge ahead. The dead beats knew poor Bill to rights, They'd only to say they were Parmentites, And he'd mend their brogues and buy them bread, Poor Manning.

The begging nuns never called in vain; Why, he used to tip a Salvation lass! He once brought a sick nigger out of the rain, And filled him with beer to ease his pain; And he always was first at six o'clock Mass, Poor Manning.

No wonder he bought his leathers on tick, If a poor child came with a dime or two, He'd say, and he thought it a splendid trick, 'I've put a Cork sole in your brogues, awic, As he slipped a dollar inside the shoe, Poor Manning.

For Patrick's Day he'd a grand tall hat, That no one saw for another year. He talked of Emmet weeks after that, And was proud that Sarsfield's name was Pat. He couldn't say Ireland without a cheer, Poor Manning.

Some say he's gone for a soldier lad, Some say he's married the Widow Magee; (I hope it's not true, for his sake, be-dad!) Some say he's dead (that's not half so bad); But wed or dead I'd give money to see Bill Manning.

—Joseph I. C. Clarke, in New York Sun.

DISOWNED

(By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J., in Messenger of Sacred Heart.)

THE ENIGMA

(Continued From Last Week.) Now let us come to positive testimony. Gordon, the celebrated Protestant general and hero of Khar-toum, declares that it was only among Roman Catholic priests that he found heroes up to the standard of his sublime ideal of abnegation and apostolicity. In China he saw "Protestant ministers living upon 300 pounds and preferring to remain on the coast where they enjoyed the society and luxury of their compatriots. Catholic priests have, on the contrary, abandoned Europe never to return to it, they bury themselves in the interior of countries, leading there the lives of natives, without wife, children, salary, comforts or society. This is why these missionaries succeed as they deserve, and why the Protestants fall short of the mark."

There is still another reason which Gordon does not see. The one holds the full light of truth, while the other carries only an unsteady glimmer of Christianity, obscured by the mist of heresies. It is nevertheless intensely gratifying to find in the mouth of a mystical and valiant Puritan this confession of the power conferred by chastity upon the Catholic priest and religious.

This question gave rise to an immense movement in England in 1888, and the letters of Mr. Caine, a member of Parliament, to The Times have since remained famous. The Shanghai Courier, which was in a fair position to judge, humorously explained the inferiority of the minister to the priest. It is a convinced Protestant who speaks:

"One of the reasons to be here most closely considered is, if I mistake not, that, as soon as a minister takes to himself a wife, he becomes, from every possible point of view, completely unsuited to his functions. During the first year he should, as is proper, devote nearly all his time and thought to her who is called his better half. This is only natural; it is a weakness common to all the children of Adam."

"But to teach poor pagans to understand the mysterious articles of Christian faith and at the same time

cultivate the affections of one's better half are occupations as widely different as are those of a butcher and a tailor. "Soon comes the climax, when children are born to them, and husband and wife vie with each other in their tender solicitude for their offspring." — The Shanghai Courier, March 29, 1888.

"The Catholic missionary, on the contrary, has no wife to make his life unbearable (pardon me, I limit myself to writing) and can, therefore, devote his mind, his energy and his time to his chosen work." Let us confine ourselves to these few quotations. They show clearly the social service rendered by those who accept the austere law of chastity. Protestants tell us of what is accomplished in the missions — the great work of civilizing barbarous peoples, and we can see for ourselves the good done in hospitals, founding asylums, asylums, schools, colleges and in ministering to souls — in a word, all that constitutes the life of our priests and our religious, both men and women.

Then, cease saying that a sacrifice such as they make is the outgrowth of pure egotism. These chaste, devoted workers, who go even to heroic extremes, would brilliantly get the best of you and cover your kind hearts with confusion. Cease saying that it is against nature, since, through this sacrifice, these men and women acquire incomparable strength to do good, and since even the Mohammedans, who are little given in that direction, have come to admire the missionary who has no family, and to call the Sister of Charity the angel without wings.

OBEEDIENCE.

Here is the subject of complaint so skillfully lodged against religious. They are said to resign into the hands of a superior, sometimes a foreigner, their liberty, their honor and their conscience. Thenceforth they are reduced to the irresponsible state of hypnotism, are continually under the influence of an unknown magnetizer, which makes them act to his liking, as so many marionettes. What a menace to society! What a degradation of human dignity! What a challenge to public morality!

Let us examine these fears with an honest heart and a fair mind, seeing things as they really are, and not as deformed by exaggeration or calumny. There are people who have foolishly vowed to hate all obedience except that which they exact in their own favor, and which must be blindly practiced. They behold it in the family circle and they weaken it; they see it in colleges, and they enfeeble it by crushing its efficacious element, restraint. They also see it in the army, and that is why they heap the army with insults; why they would suppress it, or else transform it into a ridiculous national guard. But this is not astonishing. These men are sons of pride, and have taken for their motto, "Neither God nor master."

They have good reason to hate those who proudly bend the head to duty, not as they do before brutal force or bags of gold, but before the authority that reflects the divine power of the Creator. But at least they should spare us their show of hypocrisy, and not cry out against the disobedience when a bishop speaks aloud according to the dictates of his conscience, or a general declares that he will ask the government to defend his defamed brethren. Is not this but logical? But wherefore expect anything logical from the passions?

Let us speak to reasonable men, to those who, though smitten with the spirit of independence, do not seek to use it for the overthrowing of all authority. To such we would say: Do you know exactly what religious obedience is?

It is not, as you have been told, the servility of a whipped dog, cowering beneath the lash of his master. It is not the apathy of a fakir asleep in nirvana. It is not a blind fanaticism which destroys the responsibility of conscience, and makes the inferior an irresponsible instrument in the hands of an all-powerful superior.

It is a perfectly reasonable submission to a man who is a representative of the Church of God. It is also noble, since it seeks no recompense here below; and fruitful, since its object is to do more good; moreover, it is limited strictly — mark well — limited strictly to what is not evil, to what is not sin.

Reasonable, did I say? The religious about to pronounce his vow of obedience has, indeed, thoroughly studied those to whom he will submit his will. He has chosen his Order, his congregation. He has scrutinized its history, its traditions; has acquainted himself with its spirits and its works. The authority of the superior is not subject to caprice; it can only be exercised according to written rules, known to all. This superior is often elected by his inferiors, who are all interested in making a good choice, or else is appointed by a Superior-General, who becomes responsible for him

and has power to depose him. The Superior-General, in his turn, was chosen from among a thousand or ten thousand by the votes of his brothers in religion, and he is generally a man mature in years and virtue. In all cases he is subject to the perpetual control of the Church — that is to say, of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The Pope can censure, suspend, recall him ad nutum. Such, then, is the man to whom I submit my will — a wise, virtuous and well-tried man, bound by close ties and the active duties of his office to the venerated Head of the Universal Church.

But there is still more. This religious obedience, as I have said, is limited. The subject always reserves to himself the right to refuse to obey when what he is bidden to do wounds his conscience in the least. This will greatly surprise those who have looked upon us as the disciples of an implacable and mysterious Old Man of the Mountain. He arms us with a dagger and we must strike even though the victim be our father. He puts poison into our hands and we must spill it, even though into our mother's cup. He shows us a will to be influenced, and the dying dowager must be smothered, and so on. If you doubt it, read Eugene Sue, read La Lanterne, etc., etc.

But such is the caricature; here is the reality. All religious know that they cannot obey in anything that would be sinful, even in the smallest, most insignificant way. If a superior, no matter whom he might be, were to order the least of his subjects to steal ten centimes, that religious knows that he can and must refuse to obey.

The vow of obedience supposes and includes only what is good. For what is not good it is null, it does not exist.

This theory is that of all moralists, of all masters of the spiritual life; it is taught in the novitiates as the most elementary truths. In short, every religious knows it.

Moreover, all treason commanded by a foreign general is radically impossible. This is but an elementary application to the limiting principles of obedience expressed above. To betray one's country, to do it any harm is, according to Catholic doctrine, a grave transgression. Therefore, in that respect, all prescription would be of no effect and the religious who, by an absurd hypothesis, would receive such an order, would know perfectly that he could not obey.

There is still a last objection to obedience — namely, that it will degrade man and lower his dignity. This reproach could have some foundation if there were question of purely servile submission, inspired solely by the fear of punishment or the allurements of recompense; but religious obedience is not of that character. Taken as a vow for the love of God, it is inspired, above all, by that love whence it derives its true nobility, its most serene grandeur. To say that it degrades character, is but to prove one's self a mere novice in the study of the human heart.

St. Francis Xavier was obedient; he who went about the world armed with a wooden cross, exposing himself to the raging typhoons of the Indian Ocean and the Yellow Sea, which, however, never troubled his heroic soul, facing alone the sorcerers, conjurers and witches of the coast of the Pearl Fishery, the cannibals of the Moro Islands and the angered Buddhist priests of Japan; dying abandoned, but with a smile of peace and resignation, in view of China which he set about converting at the risk of his liberty and his life.

Father Damien was obedient; he who but lately became a leper with the lepers and joyfully beheld his flesh corrode and fall away, never dreaming of leaving the scene of his labor and never regretting the heroic sacrifice he had made.

Father de Lacordaire was obedient; he who was so generous in his impulses, so ardent in his devotion to the speech in which he lived, so intense at times in his passionate outbursts in favor of liberty. The cleric who bounds in these obedient souls who bend their wills so that of a poor, weak, disarmed superior, but who waver not at the sight of the gold which they spurn, who recoil not before threats, perils, tempests, savages or the mandarins of both hemispheres, and who flinch not in presence of barbarous executioners or even of death itself. If this be not true greatness of soul and nobility of character I do not know where these qualities can be found. Here then are the virile virtues which are produced by obedience, while, on the other hand, the spirit of pride and independence engenders debility, anemia, helpless self-surrender in the nervous crises, and an utter incapacity for strength of will, disinterestedness and perseverance. The one makes men; the other, choleric, capricious, nervous children.

The triple seal is therefore neither a menace to society nor an attack upon human nature. Would you hear to what extent, for exalted souls, it surrounds with a triple aureole those who bear its imprint? "Our country," says M. de Vogue, "will accept its faith and its laws of life only from those men who have the right to command hearts, because of having disciplined their own; whose garb sets them apart, and not only the garb, but most especially, and you know it, too, the insoluble mystery imprinted on their brow, the chastity and obedience. . . . Let us leave eloquent words to those who give eloquent examples!" To be Continued.

THE HERMIT OF CAPE MALEA.

Mr. T. F. Bullen, the celebrated writer of sea stories, in a letter to The Spectator, appearing under this title, tells an extraordinary and thrilling narrative. He says: About twenty-five years ago there was a young sailor who, by dint of hard work, integrity of character, and firmness of will, reached at the age of twenty-six the summit of his ambition — becoming master of what would then be called a good-sized steamship, some 900 tons register. Upon this accession to good fortune he married the girl of his choice, who had patiently waited for him since as boy and girl sweethearts they parted on his first going to sea. And with rare complacency his owners gave him the mestimable privilege of carrying his young bride to sea with him. How happy he was! How deep and all-embracing his pride as steaming down the grimy Thames he explained to the light of his eyes all the wonders that she was now witnessing for the first time, but which he had made familiar to her mind by his oft-repeated sea-stories during the few bright days between voyages that he had been able to devote to courtship!

The ship was bound to several Mediterranean ports, the time being late autumn, and consequently the most ideal season for a honeymoon that could possibly be attained. Calcutta, Genoa, Naples, Venice, a delightful tour with not one weary moment wherein to wish for something else! Even a flying visit to Old Rome from Naples had been possible, for the two officers, rejoicing in their happy young skipper's joy, saw to it that no unnecessary cares should trouble him, and bore willing testimony, in order that he should get as much delight out of those halcyon days as possible, that the entire crew were as docile as could be wished, devoted to their commander and his beautiful wife. Then at Venice came orders to proceed to Galatz and load wheat for home. Great was the glee of the girl-wife. She would see Constantinople and the Danube. Life would hardly be long enough to recount all the wonders of this most wonderful of wedding trips. And they sailed, with hearts over-brimming with joy as the blue sky above them seemed welling with sunlight. Wind and weather favored them; nothing occurred to cast a shadow over their happiness until, nearing Cape Malea at that fatal hour of the morning, just before the dawn, when more collisions occur than at any other time, they were run into by a blundering Greek steamer coming the other way, and cut down amidships to the water's edge. To their peaceful sleep or quiet appreciation of the night's silvery splendors succeeded the overwhelming flood, the hiss and roar of escaping steam, the suffocating embrace of death. In that dread fight of life all perished but one, he so lately the happiest of men, the skipper.

Instinctively clinging to a fragment of wreckage, he had been washed ashore under Cape Malea, at the ebbing of the scanty tide, and his strong physique reasserting itself enabled him to climb those rugged battlements and reach the plateau. Here he was found gazing seaward by some goatherds, who, in search of their nimble-footed flocks, had wandered down the precipitous side of the mountain. They endeavored to persuade him to come with them back to the world, but in vain. He would live, gratefully accepting some of their poor provision, but from that watching place he would not go. And these rude peasants, understanding something of his depth of woe, sympathized with him so deeply that without payment of hope of any, they helped him to build his hut, and kept him supplied with such poor morsels of food and drink as sufficed for his stunted needs. And there, with his gaze fixed during all his waking hours upon that inscrutable depth wherein all his bright hopes had suddenly been quenched, he lived until quite recent years, "the world forgetting by the world forgot," a living monument of constancy and patient, uncomplaining grief. By his humble friends, whose language he never learned, he was regarded as a saint, and when one day they came upon his lifeless body fallen forward upon its knees at the little unglazed window through which he was wont to look out upon the sea where his dear one lay, they felt confirmed in their opinion of the sanctity of the hermit of Cape Malea.

SANCTITY AND LANKINESS.

From The Catholic Citizen. It is a vulgar Puritanic notion, and an intolerant one, too, that connects sanctity with lankiness. Fat men may be holy. Usually they are good-natured, cheerful and kind.

PREVENT DISORDER.

At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

The Jubilee of Leo's Pontificate is Close at Hand. The Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII will before long begin the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and a committee has already been formed in Rome, under the presidency of the Cardinal-Vicar, to make preparations for the event. Prayer is to hold the first place in the celebrations. It is proposed that in every church Catholics shall assemble to invoke God's blessings on the venerable Pontiff. In the next place there is to be a grand pilgrimage. Catholics from all parts of the world are invited to visit the tomb of the Apostles in April 1902. Thirdly, it is suggested that Catholics should show more than ordinary generosity in Peter's Pence offerings, which are devoted to the support of missions and the work of propagating the Faith. Doubtless this interesting anniversary at the close of a long life crowded with important incidents will be observed by the Pontiff's admirers throughout Christendom. Leo XIII. has had quite a list of jubilees. Long since he has celebrated the silver and golden jubilee of his priesthood. He received Episcopal consecration so far back as Feb. 19, 1843, and has therefore had his silver and golden jubilee as a Bishop, or rather as an Archbishop. His silver jubilee as a Cardinal is likewise a thing of the past, and lastly, he is nearing the jubilee of his accession to the Papacy. Surely a wonderful record. — Catholic Times.

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CATHOLICS DID NOT APPLY.

From The Western Watchman. Catholics are past masters at grumbling. We have been complaining that the Philippine commission has been appointing to positions in the schools of Manila all the Protestants whom the missionary boards have sent them. They have recently made answer that there were no other applicants. "Why do you not send on your Catholic teachers?" they ask. The only place in the whole country where an attempt has been made to rightly seize the opportunity is St. Louis; and the result has been most gratifying.

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TWO BON-MOTS OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.

From The Argonaut. Contrasting the ancient Church with the modern, Phillips Brooks once remarked that the early devout tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions. "Now," he added, "we are glad if we can save them from going to the dogs." A clergyman going abroad talked in jest of bringing back a new religion with him. "You might have some trouble in getting it through the custom house," some one remarked. "No," observed Bishop Brooks; "we may take it for granted that a new religion would have no duties attached."

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