ugh fear of loss worldly heir attendant pleasur at the change has taken dice would be still less the Catholic laity whole duty as citizens their rights as such in ment of public affairs.

ADVICE.- It is not t to call a man a fool, term that can be consiparliamentary. But there of them in the world toy are of so many differ-at the use of the word, provocation, may be New York they say that been made against the ight's advocacy of the t persons suffering from malady should their existence. At the r of the New York State ciation Rev. Mr. Wright self in favor of "Euthah is a plan to relieve physical suffering. When as mentioned to various ot one of them agreed s of those who are sobles should be lessened. aid that modern science very opposite direction, ender all maladies curis no right for any man at a special case is inthousands of occasions decisions have been upvery fact of cures taking pitzka claims that such ald open the door to a dition that no law could eople could be done ar ulterior motives.

Mr. Wright's theories But there are still es to be considered t inconceivable that a the Gospel and one prereach the Word of God im the justice and have to set him down as a lly a visionary, and cer n incompetent to deal uestion-be it religious, al, or other. It is a ere could not be a rehed for the safekeeping s; they are a real men-

an incurable malady ba

SWINDLERS .- From mes a story, the synopis contained in this par-

of the Church of the Disist, in West Fifty-Sixth t know whether to reat the manner in which en hoodwinked by a clewho is known to them il. Hall conceived an an, and visited all the nembers of the church. ng the names of other won confidences. The varied hard-luck stornarvest is probably sevdollars, in addition to lothing to tide him over r. In his methods Hall s, and one woman said 'he deserved all he got, rtistic about it. ed women of the Ladies' and into their sympapoured a heart-break-out a dead mother, a ne, and, for a climax, t he himself was in the f consumption. In the pathetic story, sympathy fairly delug

necessity of reproducing s of how this man per-ats of swindling. He was d it can be well imhe contrived to invent We simply reprodu the article as a aders to be careful d an ear to the beggar If you have the mear nation to be charitable ny ways of performing ks without risking t of vice and n every parish assoc ocieties of a charitable the St. Vincent -and others, to withe the u bestow will be pro d and will be furnish and deserving. Now er is coming on there of those swindlers go d making victims of a and charitable people special society in your is always the is always the parks nows the needy and he lea of who are the de o him with your de

story to your from

Our Curbstone Observer

ON CHEERING WORDS

ROM time to time I meet with brief passages in articles, or entire paragraphs, in various newspapers, convarious newspapers, that corown impressions and give such complete expression to the results of my personal observations, that I clip them out for future use. Some time ago one of these small articles came my way and I noted it down, and ever since I have had almost daily occasion to find application for it. The following is the passage:-Few people realize how much hap-

piness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encourage ment in seasons of difficulty, words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words flatly spoken often sink sc deep into the mind and heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious and oft-recurring continuous lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded, and illumined by a single expression of ap proval falling timely upon a sensive and ambitious nature. Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him, as well as to the hearer, a source of great happiness to be had for pere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words at appropriate times is easily acquired while at the same time it is of much importance and should be sedulously cultivated by all."

AN EXAMPLE.-This may seem all

common sense, but so plain that each one will say: "We know all that." But the saying of it is exactly the merit; just as the saying of the kind and cheery word only demands the good will-no effort is required. Some times, however, lack of thoughtfulness causes people to neglect good opportunities of saying kind cheerful things. This passage came home to me the other day speaking to an old acquaintance whom I had not met for fifteen years Away back in the early "eighties" young man, was full of talent. and courage, but he was also generally full of something else. He had contracted the drink habit, and some ten years he had been getting monthly and even daily worse. He felt that his constitution and resisting powers grew weaker in the inverse ratio of the strengthening of the liquor habit. He had every desire to change, but had not the strength. It was his most cruel punishment to find all his ambitious aims falling to pieces, and shattered by this very same cause. One time, in 1885, he had been indulging to an extreme extent, and by an effort that was heroic he had succeeded in sobring up. I was travelling with him on a train from Toronto to Montreal, when another of his This gentleman is long since dead. He was with us for a time, and when I had gone away for s he gave expression to his delight at seeing his young friend so well over the trouble he had been in. Just as I returned I heard him a most cheery John, my boy, I always had faith in you, and I know that you have fine future ahead. I'd stake my life on you"-He said no more, because I came along at that moment. Years went past, and I lost sight of both mpanions of that journey. 99 I read of the death of kindly old gentleman, but it was on ly the week before last that I again met the other. I was astonished to see what a fine, solid, prosperous looking man he had become. He me that he was now the leading lawyer in an American city, also a United States Senator. And, in course of our chat he recalled that trip from Toronto, and he said:-" have dated my success from that day. So cheering were the old gentleman's words, and so much in trast with all the evil that others tonstantly predicted, that the mo-ment he said that he would stake his life on me; I made up my mind that he would never lose his stake — and

since that day till this I have never

taken a glass of liquor, my success taken a glass of liquor, my success taken in rapid succession, and I am so grateful to his memory for that one word of encouragement and of

heer." The old gentleman may not have realized all that he had done that day, he may never have dream-ed of the importance of his cheery words; for he was accustomed to speak encouragement, and I believe he could not have spoken otherwise had he tried. No matter; the good was done. The word was spoken at the right time and the results have outlined the one who spoke word. This is an example that came to my mind to-night as I reflected on a subject for this week's column, And I think there is no more delightful sensation than that which come to the one who feels that he has done a kindly deed and, by the simple means of a cheery word, has brought light where there was gloom, has strewn flowers where all was barren, has won gratitude at the smallest imaginable cost to himself. And

the cheering word is never forgotten. It may not be constantly present to the memory; but it is buried away down in the heart, and the slightest circumstance will call it up cause it to twinkle like a brilliant star upon the horizon of a person's life. It is, therefore, a good resolution to take to be always ready with the kind word, for none can tell what mighty effects it may have.

WAY OF THE DRUNKARD BESET WITH TRIALS

YOUNG MEN.-The time is coming very fast-indeed, it has already arrived in our commercial life-when a young man who has habits of intemperance is narrowing very rapidly the possible range of openings which he may make a living. Fifteen years ago, says a writer

in an exchange, as the train-master on a division of one of our large railroads in America told me, he sat in his office one day and saw a freight train stand for two hours waiting for a member of the train crew to recover from intoxication. When the men were able to handle the train, it started out of the yard. Now, the train-master said, if the breakman or any of the train crew were found to be under the slightest influence of liquor, or if they were seen even to enter a saloon, they were instantly discharged. The idea of keeping a whole train waiting for a man to recover from drunkenness would seem perfectly absurd to the railroad corporation now. The time will come when such an idea will seem equally absurd in other spheres. A young man who lost his position in an office of this same company came to me last year and begged that I would use my influence to have him taken back by the superin-tendent of the division. He frankly confessed that he had been drunk and was unable to report for duty one day, but the next morning he was at his desk. When he appeared, he received his dismissal. He 'acknowledged his fault and promised the su perintendent it would never occur again, offering to let the road nis wages and pay them to his aged father and mother. He pleaded that it was his first offence. I went with an influential citizen to the head of the department where the young man nad been employed for a second trial; but the superintendent simply 'The railroad is not in the business of reforming drunkards or reclaiming

THE OCEAN CUPBOARD. - On and sorrow. In all of the a certain steamer carried a deck passenger who retired at nightfall, having imbibed more strong beverage his constitution. His mental confusion on rising morning was sadly intensified when he made the unpleasant discovery that all his personal clothing

voung men. Past experience

taught us that it is useless for us to

take young men back in this way."

The steward and his staff promptly summoned to his cabin, and were followed in due course by the captain hinself.

The mystery seemed to defy all conjecture until the captain asked the sufferer if he had any remember ance of how he had disposed of his clothes over night.

A sudden gleam of intelligence lighted the passenger's eye, and the mischief was made apparent to all the onlookers, when he answered:

Before turning in I put them all into that little cupboard yonder "Why, man!" roared the captain, 'that little cupboard, as you call it,

is the porthole!" Only one person on board failed to horoughly appreciate the humor of situation, and he it was who orrowed an outfit from the steward, and abstained from drinking whiskey and like beverages during the remain of the voyage. - Temperance

THE / IRISH MELODIES.

(From New York Freeman's Journal.)

True poetry has been likened to a paintings which shows the harmonious blendings of light, shade and color, the accuracy of perspective, without any mathematical harshness, and an entire freedom from redundancy. The simile is apt. In poetry we have the blendings of light, shade and color of the poet's imagination, the same freedom from rigidity, and, above all, a truthfulness to nature. In either, a touch or word more or less may mar the picture, and the higher and finer the subject, the more easy will it be to make its reproduction

When poetry such as this-the em bodiment of high thoughts and pure emotion-is wedded to music, which for charm, weird beauty and individuality, has been unsurpassed in any age, we have a combination that as ends to the highest pinnacle of the ideal. It is-

The link that binds us here To the fair dweller of the heav'nly sphere And of the language that is spoken

there It is the only true interpreter.

Such a combination are the "Irish Melodies." They were worded by a genius to suit the music of a music-

Their music is pure, natural and

"Like the gale that sighs along Beds of Oriental flowers.

Sometimes soft and sweet, like the gentle sighing of evening zephyrs; anon, moaning plaintively, like a mountain breeze; and again thrilling n joyous melody, like the happy carol of the skylark. To attempt to embellish it would be like attempting to train the nightingale to sing according to rigid scientific rules, or o control the musical rythm of the babbling brook. The result in either ase would be fatal.

Moore knew this, and, with all the mighty genius of his poetic and refined nature, he set to work to wed words to this music, in keeping with its spirit, in harmony with its freedom, and in adaptability to the na tion which produced it. How far he succeeded the world knows. Never efore nor since, did lyric poet arouse such universal admirations, never did the nation for which he wrote those melodies feel prouder than when he 'unbound his own Is-

'Gave all its chords to light, freedom and song!"

Moore's Melodies are in keeping with the characteristics of the Irish people; they abound in warmth and expressiveness of feeling, true sentiment, elegant refinement and purity of patriotism. Among them we find soft and tender love song-pure as a dew-drop, or a tear on the lash of a sleeping child; the deep, passionate strains of patriotic the sparkling and spontaneous wit or the sighing strains of deep pathos one of her recent trips to Edinburgh, poetic imagery is predominant; every thing tending to coarseness is eliminated and, as Moore himself so beau tifully expresses it in "Dear Harp of My Country," even in those that arouse mirth and joyfulness there is an undercurrent of sadness through them that will make itself felt

"The plaintive melodies of Carolan," writes Moore, "take us back to the times in which he lived. when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or quit forever the land of their (like the hird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile mingling egret for the ties he leaves at hom with sanguine expectations of true this is! and how fittingly Moore links the words to the music express ing both of those sentiments. following lines from "The Coulin" are adapted to the foregoing part of the above quotation:

"To the gloom of some desert or cold rock shore, Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,

wifl fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind ss rude than the foes frowning behind."

And to the latter sentiment he gives expression in those well known

"As slow our ship her foamy track Against the wind was cleaving, Her trembling pennant still looked back

To that dear Isle 'twas leaving. So loth we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us, So turn our hearts, where'er we rove, To those we leave behind us?"

And so, to all those wild and melancholy strains which were "at once the offspring and solace of grief, the poet has wedded words which intensify their expression and harmonize with their weird beauty.

The patriotic melodies, or those reerring to Ireland, while not so in tense, perhaps, as those of Davis, are none the less fervent, tender and sin cere. Moore has been accused of lukewarmness in his love for his country, but who can doubt the sincerity of the man who wrote of Ire

'Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart

It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art: More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom,

and thy showers Than the rest of the world in its

sunniest hours, Wert thou all that I wished thee great, glorious and free-

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea-I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,

But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?'

Many of the "Melodies" treat of Bardic tradition, or legends of Ancient Erin, and by bringing us "back to the twilight of Fable" give us an insight of the poetic beauty of !rish mythology. Among these we the :'Song of Feonnuala," which tells of the enchantment of the daughter of an ancient Irish king, and condemnation to wander, in the form of a swan, for many hundred years, over certains lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the dawning of Christianity, when the sound of the first Mass bell should break the charm and be the signal of her release What exquisite fancies are interwo ven in this legend! and how elegantly the poet depicts the dawning of the Faith in Ireland-that Faith that has been hers ever since through weal and woe, through sorrow and anguish, through famine and pestilence, aye, through rivers of blood, it has lived, and will still be alive when its oppression shall have dwindled down to the lowest depths

of Atheism and degradation! Those "Melodies" which reproduce lovely, vivid tints episodes Irish history, contain a mixture of strong, virile sentiments, deep pathos, and occasionally stirring satire. Nearly all of them dwell on the courage, sanctity and pride of Ireland's sons-

'E'er Saxon foot had dared pollute Her independent shore."

In the "Song of O'Ruarc" the poet graphically describes the cause of the Norman invasion. The following lines, expressive of deep sorrow and, alas! of truth, till prophetically the pathetic portion of Ireland's story:

While now-Oh degenerate daughter Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame! through eyes of bondage and And slaughter,

Thy country shall bleed for

And yet, with what hope and courage he concludes the song, attaching justly to the stranger, in his inimitably satirical style, in the following words:

But onward!-the green banner rear-Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;

On our side is Virtue and Erin, On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt."

Moore's companionship with and affection for the patriot, Robert Emmet, have been the source of inspira tion for some of his tenderst "tears of poesy.'' What a hush falls on ou hearts whenever we hear sung:

"Oh? breathe not his name, let it est in the shade," and with feelings of mingled pride and sorrow

"He had lived for his love, for his country he died!" But perhaps it is in those songs of deep, yearning pathos-so characteristically Irish that the poet exhibits his masterful powers in simile, metaphor and im agery. Lord Byron, himself "the and the lord of song," says that some of Moore's Melodies such

"The Last Rose of Summer," "As a Beam Over the Face. of the Waters," etc., have never been equal-

ed by any poet.

The following lines from "I Saw From the Beach" are, to my mind, gems of poetic philosophy:

'Ne'er tell me of glories serenely ad-

orning,
The close of our day, the bright eve

of our night-Give me back, give me back the wild Of freshness of Morning,

Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light."

To read those words makes one reflect, but when sung they have-

The power that, acting on man's Strengthens the nobler, kills

But, alas! my humble pen is far from having the power to write as I would wish on this theme. Weak in deed are my efforts to portray the beauties of those melodies, but none the less sincere is my desire to promulgate them. The study of thing beautiful in Ireland's history The singing of them and the propagation of their singing would be the means of keeping our Irishism intact, our patriotism warm and our religion sincere

Deep in the hearts of the Irish people there is an innate love for the beautiful, the fanciful, the ideal and if that love is stifled, from whatever eause, the Irishman is no longer Irish and all his claims to the land of his birth are null and void. And what ore potent means have we to keep that love alive than the reading and singing of words and music breathe it in every strain and that make us feel proud for being sons and daughters of the nation which engendered it.

The "Irish Melodies" are the links that sweetly bind us, exiles, to that dear old land which they so noble They are-

The voice of Hope and Love and Truth: They keep evergreen the spiritual

youth And, like soft zephyrs musically sigh-

They soothe the latest ag'nles of the dying.

Read them, peruse them, sing them oh Irishmen and Irishwomen! them to your children and instil into their youthful minds their meaning and their beauties! Let them be the power that will act as a bulwark against the sneers and scoffs of our nemies! Let them be the means of exhorting our patriotism to action for the freedom of our beloved land, and, above all, make of them the power that will keep pure our religious zeal, which is the foundation of every noble action and the source of every true sentiment!

And when the golden dawn of free dom shall brighten and gladden the hearts of the Irish people; when the harp shall resound in strains of torious melody, and when Ireland, "long a province," shall be-

the brightest gems adorning crown of liberty shall be Moore's Trish Melodies.

E. F. M'KENNA.

Kansas City, Kan.

HISTORY REPEATED .- The "New World," a Catholic weekly newspaper of Chicago, says:-

An earthquake during the week shook up portions of Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky and other states, and more seismic disturbances are being looked for.

To add to the phenomena wonder ful spots have appeared on the sun. And it is little wonder. When we re call the astounding graft and boodle revelations of the last few weeks it s small marvel that the earth shakes and the sun tries to hide his Even nature is doing a little shaking up in the Middle West.

DANCE HALLS AND SALOONS. From the same source we learn. The fight against the saloon side-door and back-room labeled "Ladies" Ex trance," yet goes on. Nearly all the Christian organizations in the are joining in the struggle and so is the city press, especially the "Chronicle." Among prominent Catholic influences at work are Judge Walter Gibbons and the Catholic Total Abstinence League, and Hon. William J. Onahan, whose name will prove tower of strength to the movement Surely the cause is one which ought to appeal to every Catholic in the city. The infamous dance-halls and side-doors ought to be driven out. They ought not be allowed to exist among a Christian people. We are surprised that all of the city's Protestant religious journals are si lent with regard to the movement.

Language Worship.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The Catholic Church is the only ne on earth that possess one, universal and unchangeable language. Other churches make use of the languages belonging to the various counries in which they are established, and they cannot use other than "living," and changeable tongues. Latin, used by the Church is a "dead" language, and therefore it is not susceptible of any variations. It remains as it was spoken and written when it was the one, universal language of the world, in the days of the Roman Empire. Times out of mind has this been explained, and it is a rare thing to find a non-Catholic who can understand the significance of a single language for a The most educated and the most illiterate of Catholics may go together to St. Peter's in Rome, and then proceed to visit churches every quarter of the globe, and no matter where they go they will find the same Mass said in the exact same words, and they feel at once as if at nome in the Church. It matters not whether it be a gorgeous basilica, or an humble chapel in the back-woods, the same service, the same prayers, the same hymns, the same ritual they meet and hear. This is another evidence of the universality of the Church and of her adaptability to all conditions, all ages, and all nations. As we have said, it is seldom that any one outside the fold can understand this.

However, there are exceptions to every rule, and one of those excep-tions is Mr. Lloyd George, M.P. in the British Parliament. Recently this gentleman was called upon to speak at the laying of the foundation stone of a new Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, or chapel, and he took occasion to say that sometimes they criticized the Catholic Church very verely, but there was no church that had made a surer and deeper search into human nature. "That Church," ne said, "the greatest religious organization in the whole world, conducts its worship in a common tongue. The Catholics conduct their worship in the language of worship. Their Church utilizes every means for taking people away from day interests, and seeks to induce them to forget what is outside. The language of commerce and of everyday occupations is thus left outside, and the people are taught the langworship. This shows age of shrewd, deep insight into the human mind. The Welsh have preserved their language for the hearth for worship. English will become the language of commerce, the language of professions, the language of the street, even for Welshmen, but the Welsh language, when it dies, will die at the steps of the altar."

This is certainly a new way to ook at the matter, and it is decidedly a very good argument. But the principal force of the assertions of Mr. George, is that they come from one who is so very far removed from atholicity, yet whose education and position in life combine to make his words bear a special significance. He has observed and he has drawn conclusions from his observations. None more just than this one in favor of the universal language used by Catholic Church. It is clear to even the least reflecting that a Church which draws its people away from all worldly considerations and causes them to turn absolutely to God and to the association of the thoughts that mount up to Him, in hours of worship, must have a Divine inspiration behind its great machinery and consequently an dence of Divine Truth in the religion it teaches. Never do we hear Mass or the Vespers sung that does not come home to us, how different from the cold formality of language that is used in barter in profane occupations. The fact that the Catholic Church possesses and ses the "language of worship" another evidence of her Catholicity and truth.

The measure of capacity is the m re of sphere to either man or

Don't judge a man by his failur in life, for many a man fails becau he is too honest to succeed,